

THE GLADSTONE DELTA.

Volume XXVI.

CHAS. E. MASON, PUBLISHER.

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Number 45

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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. 13002, Serial No. 0387, 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 Oasen of Brampton Mich.
Edwin DeGroff, of " "
Frank Richards of " "
Peter Conklin 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 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 48 north, Range 23 west, Michigan Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Delta County, at Escanaba, Michigan, on the fourth day of March, 1912.

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

HUMOR OF THE DAY

The Candidate's Name.

They were nominating justices of the peace in a convention. An orator named Dugan had the job of presenting the names of several of them. He had the names on slips of paper.

"Gentlemen of the convention," he roared, "it is my duty, as it is my pleasure, to place in nomination for the highly important office of justice of the peace a man whose name is a household word in our community, a man whose name is known to us all, a man who is popular with us all, a man whose name, as I said, is a household word."

All this time Dugan was shuffling his slips and trying to remember what the man's name was. He saw the anxious candidate in the back part of the hall frantically making signs:

"Hey, you!" shouted Dugan. "Come on up here and tell us what that household word name of yours is!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Literary Taste.

"Say," remarked the hasty individual to the young woman in the book department, "have you a novel about a girl with slate colored eyes?"

"I don't recall one just now," she said, "but we have a very good novel by Harold Grinders about a girl with tawny hair."

"Is her picture on the cover?"

"Yes, sir; drawn by James Montgomery Twisty."

"Well, gimme that."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Rocky Road.

"Some of those railway roadbeds are pretty rough," the commercial traveler remarked. "I remember on one occasion ordering some fried eggs for breakfast in the dining car. After I'd waited awhile the colored waiter returned and said: 'Sorry 'bout dem fried aigs, boss. De cook says de road's so rough dat ebery time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles.'"—Boston Transcript.

Inadvertent Rudeness.

A teacher in one of our local schools, hearing a somewhat smothered laugh, inquired who dared to be so rude.

"Please, sir, it was me," answered a loud voice, "but I did not mean it."

"Did not mean to do it?" asked the now angry teacher.

"No, sir. I laughed up my sleeve, but I did not know there was a hole in my elbow."—New York Mail.

Probably.

Witts—What do you suppose would happen if an earthquake should hit New York, laying every building in ruins and tearing great holes in the ground?

Bitts—All the natives would probably lean over the improvised fence and say, "Goodness, what a lot of building going on this year!"—Judge.

Woman's Way.

"A woman's convention, eh? What do women know about enthusiasm? Now, at the last national convention we men cheered our candidate for an hour."

"That's all right," said his wife. "We threw kisses at ours for sixty-seven minutes by the clock."—Kansas City Journal.

Worth Waiting For.

"Do you think we shall ever be able to fly across the ocean?"

"Yes; I am convinced that it will be possible to do so some day."

"I hope so. What a relief it will be when we shall not have to listen to people boasting that they never get seasick!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Quite a Heroine.

"Really," said the cov girl, "I think I'm entitled to a Carnegie medal. I saved a life the other evening."

"The idea!" exclaimed her friend. "Whose?"

"Jack Hansom's. He said he couldn't live without me."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Real Danger.

Damocles sat all night at the banquet with a sword hanging over his head.

"That's nothing," he said. "The thing that bothers me is what my wife will do to me when I get home."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Her View.

The Brother—She's got lovely eyes, kissable lips, a huggable shape and holdable hands.

His Sister—Yes, and she's got removable hair, adjustable hips, colorable brows and a transferable complexion.—Puck.

British Business Methods.

"Has your son brought back any business methods from London?"

"Oh, yes. He thinks we ought to serve tea afternoons and that all the stenographers ought to be blonds."—Pittsburgh Post.

Up to Date.

"I see they have torn down a twenty story shack in New York to get a site to put a building on."

"Yes, and they are using last year's

Dreadnoughts for targets."—Kansas City Journal.

A Poser.

Tommy—Say, pop, Tommy's Pop—Well, what is it now? Tommy—If heaven is a place of perfect peace where do all the policemen go when they die?—Philadelphia Record.

The Young Member.

Grantley Berkeley in his "Recollections" notes one of the shortest parliamentary speeches on record. It was in the house of commons. Leonard



"I AM BUT A YOUNG MEMBER."

Charlton tried to make a maiden speech, and, rising in his place with a very bald head, known, too, as he was to everybody as one of the oldest stagers in all the ways of the world, he began with great affectation of inexperience and with an exceedingly mild voice, "Mr. Speaker, I am but a young member." On hearing this assertion from so crafty a man, possessing so venerable a pate, the entire house roared with laughter. Twice he stopped, and three times he commenced with these words, but it was useless. The house would not listen, and he never essayed to speak again.

Out of the Battle.

There is in existence a very modest man who, though now peacefully employed, has in his day seen fighting in many parts of the globe. His friends know this and lose no opportunity to draw him out about his thrilling war adventures. But the veteran's modesty is such that his tales are more than likely to be colorless and disappointing. Once some of his friends cornered him and by artful subterfuges led the conversation straight up to a certain battle, in which, as they knew, the veteran had participated. In a moment of carelessness he allowed himself to be trapped into statements regarding that battle, whereupon, noting that he had warmed to the subject, one of his friends suddenly said, "You were in that battle, weren't you?"

"Yes," confessed the veteran, much embarrassed. "Tell us about your experiences on that day," commanded one of the gathering. There was a breathless silence. The fighter saw there was no way out of it. "On that day," he began slowly, "at a conservative estimate"—all leaned forward eagerly—"I ran twelve miles."

Scared Him Off.

Ralph R. Bradley, a Chicago lawyer, had a client who had some differences with a farmer down state. Mr. Bradley wrote in the interest of his client on a letterhead showing the address of the lawyer's firm in the Rookery. He received no reply and was obliged eventually to make a trip to close the litigation. Meeting the farmer, he asked him why he had not shown him the courtesy at least to acknowledge the receipt of the letter.

"Well," said the down state, "I noticed 'The Rookery' on your letterhead, and it bothered me. I am not an educated man, so I had some one look 'rookery' up. He told me it meant a den of thieves, and I concluded not to have anything to do with you."

Literary Interpretation.

A sneak thief had got into the car and made off with a fellow traveler's pocketbook. A greeny, who was evidently on his first trip to the city, had taken the episode in with a certain amount of relish and, despite his supposed greenness, apparently knew more about the identity of the guilty one than any one present when the alarm was raised.

He touched the conductor on the arm and pointed to a man who was hurrying down the block for dear life. "There's the thief," he chuckled dryly.

The conductor turned on him sharply. "You — fool! If yer saw 'im pick 'im th' gent's pocket why didn't yer report 'im 'stead of lettin' 'im slip off that way?"

"That sign up there scared me," returned the hayseed.

"What sign?"

"Th' one that sez 'Beware of Pickpockets.'"—Exchange.

TIMELY BREVITIES

The population of Alaska is increasing very slowly.

Poole, England, pays a reward for every rat killed in the town.

There are 43,604 farms in this country of more than a thousand acres each. Pitcheblende from Cornwall is so rich in radium that Sir William Ramsay declares a grain can be produced every month.

Secretary Meyer says the United States spends \$10,000,000 a month on its navy. This has been the rate for the last five years.

Carrying letters throughout the empire for about seven-tenths of a cent, Japan has the cheapest domestic postal service in the world.

The term "Eurasian" has been officially discarded by the government of India, which has decided to adopt "Anglo-Indian" in the next census.

A German engineer has perfected a water power method for breaking down rock in masses instead of crumbling it, as usually is the case with such devices.

Crystals of sodium nitrate were recently exhibited in Paris so pure and perfectly formed that they can be substituted for calcite in optical instruments.

A Brazilian railroad which found it could not use wooden telegraph poles because of attacks by insects is utilizing old rails, erected in pairs, to hold the wires.

Spectacles with a white spot in the center of a black disk on each lens, the invention of an English doctor, are said to induce drowsiness in a wearer, curing insomnia.

There are thirty dental surgeries for the school children of Sweden, the effect of which has been to reduce absences from school on account of toothache to a negligible minimum.

Claim is made that the new bridge spanning the Bel river at Weott, Cal., is the longest and largest reinforced concrete structure of the kind in the world. It is 2,501 feet over all.

There were 28,000 automobiles in Iowa on July 1 last, the greater number owned by the farmer and villager. This is five to one as compared with New York state on the basis of population.

The Earl of Meath in an address before a girls' club said that "there were 1,500,000 more women than men and the future of the British empire not many years hence was going to be decided not by men, but by women."

Last year the Philippine government spent over \$3,250,000 of local revenue for educating half a million children. There are at present employed as supervisors and classroom teachers over 9,000 American and native instructors.

Cheesemakers in Holland by making use of government stamps are endeavoring to make the full fat product more profitable by marking it as such. This at the same time will promote the manufacture of cheese of superior qualities.

Great Britain has about \$90,000,000 invested in hounds, horses for following the hunt and hunt club property. There is one clerical master of foxhounds, the Rev. E. A. Milne, who has been master of the Cattistock hounds for eleven seasons.

Kansas City, Kan., is said to be the only town in America that runs a post-office in another town. The stockyards station of the Kansas City (Kan.) office is located in Kansas City, Mo., and it furnishes nearly one-half of the postal receipts for the Kansas town.

Fourth place among the tea exporting countries of the world is taken by Java, which follows closely after Japan. British India, with Ceylon, is first and China second. Java is rapidly gaining on Japan, for the cultivation of tea is increasing steadily and the product is gaining in quality.

Fifty members of golf clubs were present at the first meeting in London of the Caddies' Aid association, an organization formed for the purpose of improving the condition of caddies. Plans for employing caddies at fixed weekly wages and teaching them useful trades were discussed at the meeting.

Mr. John Murray, the publisher, speaking in London on the censorship of literature, instanced a book published last year, of which a dozen people had told him they would never allow it in their houses. "They had all apparently read the book—in the house of somebody else," said Mr. Murray.

The total population of Virginia in 1910 was subdivided as to color as follows: White, 1,389,809; negro, 671,006; all other persons (Indians, Chinese and Japanese), 707. The equivalent figures for 1900 were: White, 1,192,855; negro, 660,722; all other, 607. For 1890 they were: White, 1,020,122; negro, 635,438; all other, 420.

A further evidence of the possibilities of aviation is noted by Consul General Griffiths of London, who calls attention to the proposed inauguration of an aerial parcels post to deliver boots and shoes from Northampton (sixty-five miles from London) to Hendon (seven miles from London), where they will be taken charge of by the post-office for distribution.

WILL GET THE MONEY

President Johnson of the tournament association has appointed a soliciting committee as follows: chairman Sidney W. Goldstein, William H. Needham, August Lillquist, Philip Louis, and Matt Haga. You can hand your contribution to any of these gentlemen and get good results.

PURIFIED POLITICS

Governor Osborn, acting on the ground that Robert Shields, chairman of the state tax commission, has impaired his effectiveness as a member of that body, has asked for his resignation to take place February 16 next. He would like it sooner only he does not want to make it too hard on the bookkeeper.

So the break has come, and probably all over small things politically. Just because Osborn and Shields have had a political falling out Shields is considered to be of no further use to the state as a tax commissioner!

And right up to this time he has been looked upon as the most capable member, being recently elected to the chairmanship of the board.

Too bad!—Ishpeming Iron Ore.

BIGGEST ENROLLMENT

There were fifty names enrolled in the township of Brampton Saturday. This is 90 per cent of the vote for governor and 104 per cent of the vote for secretary of state last election. If any precinct in the upper peninsula can make a better showing, it would interest us to hear from it.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS

During the month of February there will be entertainments as follows:

Tuesday, February 6. Masquerade Ball at Wesa Hall, by Rachel Hive, L. O. T. M. M.

Monday Feb. 12. Lincoln's birthday. Blue Bell Girls' third Annual Ball, at the theatre.

Wednesday, Feb. 14. St. Valentine's day. Special skating at Roller rink.

Monday Feb. 19. Volunteer Firemen's Ball, benefit of tournament fund.

Tuesday, Feb. 20. Musical Comedy "The Candy Girls."

Thursday, Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday. Roller Skating matinee.

Monday, Feb. 26. The Juvenile Bostonians, at Gladstone Theatre.

Thursday, Feb. 19. Firemen's night at Gem Theatre.

CURRENTS & COMMON CUSTOMS

In Organized Society To-day, will be discussed by T. O'Callaghan of Vulcan, Mich., on Sunday evening, Feb. 4, at 7:30, in Wesa Hall, to which the public is cordially invited.

AN APPEAL TO REASON and a PLEA FOR THE YOUNG! of interest to both sexes.

General admission 25c. Boys under 18, and Ladies 15c

AN IMPORTANT RULING

The ruling of the supreme court that a license to engage in the saloon business is "voluntarily" surrendered when the man holding it decides to go out of the traffic at the end of the year for which the license runs will put some life into the Warner-Cramton law.

This law, which was the compromise that the warring "wet" and "dry" factions in the legislature of 1909 agreed on, was regarded at the time of its passage as a measure that would bring about a steady and reasonably rapid reduction of the number of saloons in the state until they stood in the ratio of one to each 500 population.

But because of the manner in which the phrase "voluntary surrender" has been interpreted this feature of the law, which was regarded as of first importance, has had no significance whatever, and the statute has been, as a matter of fact, pretty much of a joke. Because the attorney-general held—and the great majority of the attorneys agreed with him—that a man who left the liquor business at the expiration of the license year did not "voluntarily surrender" his license—because he had nothing to surrender—the Warner-Cramton law has failed signally to bring about any reduction of the number of saloons, and where the number has been reduced it has been brought about by the operation of local ordinances.

The supreme court "reverses" the attorney general who was responsible for this interpretation of the law, and all the attorneys who agreed in it. The court says that the statute is to be interpreted in the light of the legislative intent; that the legislature evidently desired to bring about a reduction in the number of saloons and that, therefore the court must hold that when a man quits the liquor traffic at the end of his license period he must be regarded as having "voluntarily surrendered" his license.—Mining Journal.

May Be The Issue

The recent decision of the supreme court is important to Gladstone as to all other upper peninsula municipalities. Only six of the saloonkeepers of this city have been continuously in business since April 1909; and it is probable that there will not be more than eight saloons licensed in this city at any time before 1921, unless the law is changed. As the census population is 4311, nine saloons would exceed the lawful ratio of one to five hundred population. However, economic reasons have been rapidly cutting down the saloons here, without recourse to the legislation, as few saloonkeepers have made their expenses the past year or so. In the course of business ten or twelve applications may be filed. The council is free to select from any applicants, without regard to their previous establishment in business, and there will probably be some pressure put on the aldermen, before and after election. Their choice will affect both the business of individuals and the value of their property.

Another question is that of revenue. To have its liquor revenue cut to \$4000 will leave the city of Gladstone in desperate financial straits. It has already borrowed away and spent its tax levy for the year 1912 (through Chapter XXVIII, section 19, of the amended charter says the council may borrow not exceeding one half of the tax) and if the liquor money is reduced, it will be hard enough to pay interest on bonds without any municipal expenditures. To put off the evil day, every city in Michigan has taken advantage of the attorney-general's opinion to license more saloons than the legislature intended.

The question is, therefore, can the city increase the license tax? It is doubtful. Manistique failed two years ago in an endeavor to collect an additional \$250 on each license. The city of Gladstone has a fighting show, however, in the fact that its special charter does not contain the inhibition which prohibits cities of the fourth class from licensing the sale of liquor.

PUBLIC SCHOOL NOTICE

On February fifth, there will be a beginning, first grade class organized. The class will meet every forenoon in the kindergarten. All pupils who are six years of age, or will be six within two months, should take this class. It is very important that children begin now and attend as regularly as the weather will permit. The regular kindergarten work will be continued in the afternoon sessions.

E. J. WILLMAN,
Superintendent.

GLADSTONE MEN INTERESTED

The McGreevy Iron company was organized by Gladstone, Iron River and Duluth parties to explore for iron ore in promising localities of the Iron River district. The Gladstone men interested are Albert E. Neff and Clayton Voorhis. The company is now offering a limited amount of stock for sale at ten cents per share.

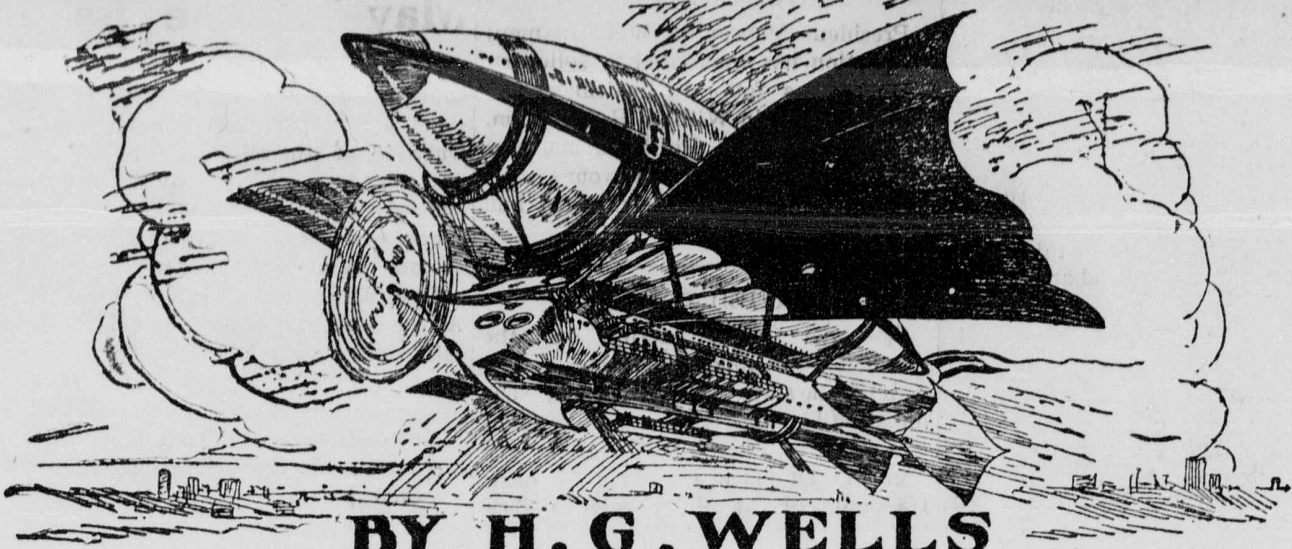
The company has secured a large acreage of well located land in the center of the Iron River district; and commenced work January 23 with two diamond drills. The exploration is under the supervision of an experienced mining man, so that thorough and economical work will be obtained from the expenditure. All of the men interested in organizing this company have been successful in other extensive mining operations, and will use the best of their knowledge and experience zealously to make their latest venture a success.

There have been several valuable iron mines opened up in the Iron River district within a few years, and many other good mines will be uncovered as the exploration of this little-worked field continues.

James R. Finlay the celebrated mining engineer whom the state of Michigan recently employed to make an official appraisal of its iron mines, makes the following emphatic statement:

"We get here a total of approximately 65,000,000 tons as a reasonable estimate. I have no doubt this will be greatly exceeded, for the area of ore in sight in these mines is two and one-half times as great as was the average of the old Monominee range which has accounted for 50,000,000, five times as great as the Crystal Falls district which has accounted for 20,000,000 tons, and one and one-half times as great as the Gogebic range, which accounts for 75,000,000 tons. All these comparisons would lead me to believe that this district would produce 110,000,000 tons by the time it reaches the state of development in which the other districts are. It contains one of the largest ore reserves in Michigan, if not quite the largest."

The War in the Air



BY H. G. WELLS

[Copyright, 1907, 1908, by the Macmillan Company.]

PROLOGUE OF THE STORY.

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

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

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

The balloon carries Bert across the North sea. He finds drawings of Butteridge's airship in some of Butteridge's clothing and hides the plans in his chest protector. His balloon drifts over Germany's immense aeronautic park. German soldiers shoot holes in it and capture Bert. They think he is Butteridge. Soldiers carry him to the cabin of the Vaterland, flagship of the air fleet. Lieutenant Kurt guards him. The vast fleet starts across the ocean to attack New York. Graf von 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, which reaches New York and finds the city unprepared.

New York Surrenders.

SEVERAL of the Staten Island guns, and especially that at Giffords and the one on Beacon Hill, were remarkably well handled. The former, at a distance of five miles and with an elevation of 6000 feet, sent a shell to burst so close to the Vaterland that a pane of the prince's forward window was smashed by a fragment. This sudden explosion made Bert tuck in his head with the celerity of a startled tortoise. The whole air fleet immediately went up steeply to a height of about 12,000 feet, and at that level passed unscathed over the ineffectual guns. The airships lined out as they moved forward into the form of a flattened V, with its apex toward the city, and with the flagship going highest at the apex. The two ends of the V passed over Plumfield and Jamaica bay respectively, and the prince directed his course a little to the east of the Narrows, soared over the upper bay, and came to rest above Jersey City in a position that dominated lower New York. There the monsters hung, large and wonderful in the evening light, serenely regardless of the occasional rocket explosions and flashing shell bursts in the lower air.

It was a pause of mutual inspection. For a time naive humanity swamped the conventions of warfare altogether; the interest of the millions below and the thousands above alike was spectacular. The evening was unexpectedly fine—only a few thin level bands of clouds at seven or eight thousand feet broke its luminous clarity. The wind had dropped; it was an evening infinitely peaceful and still. The heavy concussion of the distant guns and those incidental harmless pyrotechnics at the level of the clouds seemed to have as little to do with killing and force, terror and submission, as a salute at a naval review.

Below every point of vantage bristled with spectators—the roofs of the towering buildings, the public squares, the active ferries, and every favorable street intersection had its crowds, all the river piers were dense with people. Everywhere shopkeepers had left their shops, men their work and women and children their homes to come out and see the marvel.

"It beat," they declared, "the newspapers."

And from above many of the occupants of the airships stared with an equal curiosity. No city in the world was ever so finely placed as New York, so magnificently cut up by sea and bluff and river, so admirably disposed to display the tall effects of buildings, the complex immensities of bridges and monorailways and feats of engineering. London, Paris and Berlin were shapeless, low agglomerations beside it. Its port reached to its heart, like Venice, and, like Venice, it was obvious, dramatic and proud. Seen from above, it was alive with crawling trains and cars, and at a thousand points it was already breaking into quivering light. New York was altogether at its best that evening—its splendid best.

"Gaw, what a place!" said Bert.

There came an end at last to that pause. Some wireless communications had failed of a satisfactory ending, and fleet and city remembered they were hostile powers. "Look!" cried the multitude. "Look!"

"What are they doing?"

"What?" Down through the twilight sank five attacking airships, one to the navy yard on East river, one to city hall, two over the great business buildings of Wall street and lower Broadway, one to the Brooklyn bridge, dropping from among their fellows through the danger zone from the distant guns smoothly and rapidly to a safe proximity to the city masses.

At that descent all the cars in the streets stopped with dramatic suddenness, and all the lights that had been coming on in the streets and houses went out again. For the city hall had awakened and was conferring by telephone with the federal command and taking measures for defense. The city hall was asking for airships, refusing to surrender as Washington advised and developing into a center of intense emotion, of hectic activity. Everywhere and hastily the police began to clear the assembled crowds. "Go to your homes," they said, and the word was passed from mouth to mouth. "There's going to be trouble."

A chill of apprehension ran through the city, and men hurrying in the unwanted darkness across City Hall park and Union square came upon the dim forms of soldiers and guns and were challenged and sent back. In half an hour New York had passed from serene sunset and gazing admiration to a troubled and threatening twilight.

The first loss of life occurred in the panic rush from Brooklyn bridge as the airship approached it. With the cessation of the traffic an unusual stillness came upon New York, and the disturbing concussions of the futile defending guns on the hills about grew more and more audible. At last these ceased also. A pause of further negotiation followed. People sat in darkness, sought counsel from telephones that were dumb. Then into the expectant hush came a great crash and uproar, the breaking down of the Brooklyn bridge, the rifle fire from the navy yard and the bursting of bombs in Wall street and the city hall. New York as a whole could do nothing, could understand nothing. New York in the darkness peered and listened to these distant sounds until presently they died away as suddenly as they had begun. "What could be happening?" They asked it in vain.

A long, vague period intervened, and people looking out of the windows of upper rooms discovered the dark hulls of German airships gliding slowly and noiselessly quite close at hand. Then quietly the electric lights came on again, and an uproar of nocturnal news vendors began in the streets.

The units of that vast and varied population bought and learned what had happened. There had been a fight, and New York had hoisted the white flag.

"We have surrendered. Dear me! Have we?" was rather the manner in which the first news was met. They took it in the same spectacular spirit they had displayed at the first apparition of the air fleet. Only slowly was the realization of a capitulation suffused with the flush of passion. Only with reflection did they make any personal application. "We have surrendered!" came later. "In us America is defeated." Then they began to burn and tingle.

The newspapers which were issued about 1 o'clock in the morning contained no particulars of the terms upon which New York had yielded, nor did they give any intimation of the quality of the brief conflict that had preceded the capitulation. The later issues remedied these deficiencies. There came the explicit statement of the agreement to victual the German airships, to supply the complement of explosives to replace those employed in the light and in the destruction of the North Atlantic fleet, to pay the enormous ransom of \$40,000,000 and to surrender the flotilla in the East river. There came, too, longer and longer descriptions of the smashing up of the city hall and the navy yard, and people began to realize faintly what those brief minutes of uproar had meant. They read the tale of men blown to bits, of futile soldiers in that localized battle fighting against hope amidst an

indecipherable wreckage of flags hauled down by weeping men. And these strange nocturnal editions contained also the first brief cables from Europe of the fleet disaster—the north Atlantic fleet for which New York had always felt an especial pride and solicitude. Slowly, hour by hour, the collective consciousness woke up; the tide of patriotic astonishment and humiliation came floating in. America had come upon disaster; suddenly New York discovered herself with amazement giving place to wrath unspcakable.

As that fact shaped itself in the public mind there sprang up, as flames spring up, an angry repudiation. "No," cried New York, waking in the dawn—"no; I am not defeated. This is a dream." Before day broke the swift American anger was running through all the city, through every soul in those contagious millions. Before it took action, before it took shape, the men in the airships could feel the gigantic insurrection of emotion, as cattle and natural creatures feel, it is said, the coming of an earthquake. The newspapers of the Kuype group first gave the things words and a formula. "We do not agree," they said simply. "We have been betrayed." Men took that up everywhere. It passed from mouth to mouth. At every street corner under the paling lights of dawn orators stood unchecked calling upon the spirit of America to rise, making the shame a personal reality to every one who heard. To Bert, listening 500 feet above, it seemed that the city, which had at first produced only confused noises, was now humming like a hive of bees—of very angry bees.

After the smashing of the city hall and postoffice the white flag had been hoisted from a tower of the old Park Row building, and thither had gone Mayor O'Hagen, urged thither indeed by the terror stricken property owners of lower New York, to negotiate the capitulation with Von Winterfeld. The Vaterland, having dropped the secretary by a rope ladder, remained hovering, circling very slowly above the great buildings, old and new, that clustered round City Hall park, while the Helmholtz, which had done the fighting there, rose overhead to a height of perhaps 2,000 feet. So Bert had a near view of all that occurred in that central place. The city hall and court-house, the postoffice and a mass of buildings on the west side of Broadway had been badly damaged, and the three former were a heap of blackened ruins.

In the case of the first two the loss of life had not been considerable, but a great multitude of workers, includ-



Dropped the Secretary by a Rope Ladder.

ing many girls and women, had been caught in the destruction of the post-office, and a little army of volunteers with white badges entered behind the firemen, bringing out the often still living bodies, for the most part frightfully charred, and carrying them into the big Monson building close at hand. Everywhere the busy firemen were directing their bright streams of water upon the smoldering masses; their hose lay about the square, and long cordons of police held back the gathering black mass of people, chiefly from the east side, from these central activities.

[To be continued.]

A GLANCE AT WORLD AFFAIRS

THE world is moving fast these days, and revolutions that before would have occupied years are now accomplished in months. Hardly had the world become thoroughly alive to the news that there was a Chinese insurrection than a peace parley was called and the imperial representative had recommended a republic as the only way out. Hardly had Italy declared war against Turkey than the royal fleet was hammering at the doors of Tripoli and the city had fallen. The Ottoman empire is excluded from Africa in the course of a few weeks; the Manchu dynasty is ended in China in as many more. Yet both of these were ancient dominions that had lasted for centuries. The same swift action attended our own abrogation of the treaty with Russia. This pact had been in existence since 1832, or nearly eighty years. For more than thirty years there had been protests from America at the refusal of passports. Administration after administration had taken up the question, but nothing came of the complaints. Then in the twinkling of an eye the thing was done. One day there was a great meeting of protest in Carnegie hall, New York. Shortly afterward the abrogation resolution passed the national house of representatives by a vote of 300 to 1. Two days later President Taft notified Russia of the abrogation of the treaty, congress concurred, and it was up to Russia. Now the two nations are preparing to draft a new treaty. Truly history now moves with locomotive speed.

Children's Courts.

That special judges should be created for the children's courts is the firm conviction of Judge Julian W. Mack, member of the national court of commerce at Washington. Judge Mack has appealed to civic organizations in



Photo by American Press Association. Judge J. W. Mack, Who Urges Special Legislation For Children.

Chicago for their co-operation in the matter and hopes that the idea will be taken up by legislatures throughout the country.

Judge Mack presided over the juvenile court in Chicago prior to his transfer to the national capital and was credited with settling the cases coming before him with remarkable success from every viewpoint. He was not a stern judge, and he understood children well enough to administer the proper proportions of justice and mercy. Judge Mack believes that the adoption of his plan everywhere in the United States would effect a greatly needed reform in dealing with juvenile problems.

The Panama Exposition.

Although President Taft and Colonel Goethals have given repeated assurances that the Panama canal will be ready for ships in 1913, the exposition in San Francisco commemorating the opening of the big ditch will be held in 1915, the year originally scheduled for the completion of the canal. The president broke the ground for the exposition when in San Francisco last fall. Since that time the work of preparing for the big show has been going forward actively. One of the features planned is an immense exposition monument, which is to be made permanent and turned over to the federal government. This is to be the highest monument on earth, more than 800 feet in height, or 300 feet taller than the Washington monument.

The Dickens Centenary.

Preparations are now practically completed in many all English speaking lands for the centenary celebration of the birth of Charles Dickens on Feb. 7. It is perhaps not too much to say that Dickens was the greatest novelist of any land. He was in a sense the Shakespeare of fiction. By the power of his pen alone he effected many needed reforms and left the world kinder and more democratic. In some degree he created the modern Christmas. His vogue in his own day was tremendous, and his books still have an immense sale. For the present busy age he is perhaps a trifle too prolix and wordy, and it has been objected that he is commonplace, but that is only because he has been

so thoroughly read. Dickens started a new school of the novel. He pictured the common life of the people. Dickens' characters stand out. They are flesh and blood folks that the reader would know anywhere. Americans thought themselves slandered by his "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," but even this resentment cannot affect their immense liking for the man.

The Ohio Primaries.

One of the hottest political fights in the country is now getting under way in the president's own state of Ohio. It concerns the selection of delegates to the Republican national convention. In the congressional districts the delegates are elected by the voters of the party by the primary system. State Chairman Walter Brown insisted that the delegates at large be chosen in the same way. The situation is complicated by the fact that Brown declared for Roosevelt and that the progressives are generally against the renomination of the president. Arthur I. Vorys, the national committee man, represents the Taft forces. On Jan. 30 the president himself appeared at the state capital to attend the dedication of the government building. On the day previous he had been at the Tippecanoe club in Cleveland.

Still After Bathtub Trust.

Following the decision against the bathtub trust in the civil suit the government has started a criminal prosecution, which came to trial in Detroit on Jan. 30. Everybody who owns a bathtub is interested in this case, even though he uses it as a receptacle for potatoes or coal. The per capita of bathing is gradually increasing year by year, and a trust in bathtubs might in time become oppressive. At any rate, keeping clean is to be put on a competitive basis. There must be no monopoly on bathing. An important point in the case concerns the debated rights of the defendants to use their ownership of a patent in controlling the manufacture and sale of enameled ware made with patented tools.

An Ambitious Program.

London is preparing for the reassembling of parliament on Feb. 14. Premier Asquith has planned an elaborate program of legislation, the most important of which are Irish home rule, universal suffrage on the one man one vote principle, disestablishment of the Anglican church in Wales and reform of education along the lines advocated by the nonconformists. The house of lords will, of course, oppose home rule, but their power was so curtailed last year that they can give only a suspensory veto. Mr. Asquith promises to force the bill through in two years despite the lords. The proposed extension of the suffrage to practically every male adult was what aroused the suffragettes to fury recently when they smashed so many windows and got into jail for their pains; also for the pains of other people. The disestablishment bill for Wales and the education bill will meet the opposition of the Establish church, but are in the line of progress. Since the adoption of the single tax as a feature of the budget the British Liberals have been fairly making the world gasp because of their radicalism. Not only have they put the lords substantially out of business, but have passed old age pensions and recently enacted compulsory insurance for the sick and unemployed.

Arizona's New Senator.

The proclamation of the two new states of Arizona and New Mexico by the president, following their first state elections, will insure four new members of the United States senate. In New Mexico the result was very close, and complications have resulted, but in Arizona the Democrats had a clear majority. Candidates for senator were voted on in the primaries, and one of the men chosen was Mark

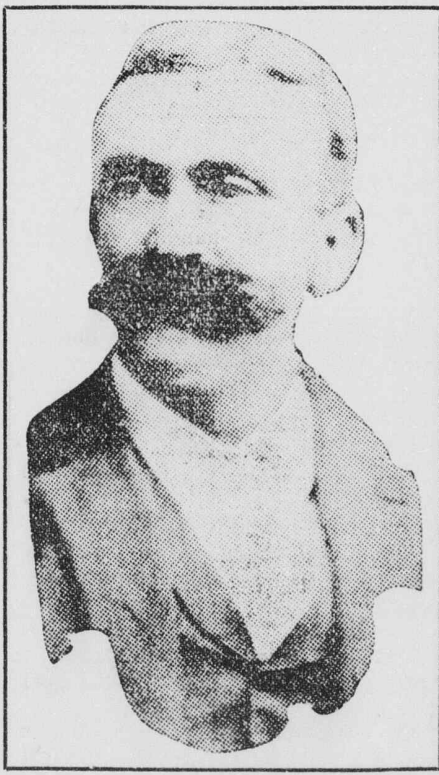


Photo by American Press Association. Mark A. Smith, Chosen Senator From New State of Arizona.

A. Smith, former delegate from the territory in congress. Mr. Smith's real name is Marcus Aurelius Smith, but he seems to prefer the shorter form. He was born in Kentucky in 1852, was educated there and admitted to the bar, removed to Arizona, was a prosecuting attorney and afterward delegate to congress for twelve years. [5 B]

RAIN TREE LEGEND.

Supposed to Exist in Peru, but This Is Denied.

Another dream has been shattered—that of the rain tree. For years the records show that the rain tree has figured at intervals in newspaper articles, promoters' prospectuses and elsewhere as a reality. It was pictured as the most beneficent of trees, which absorbed moisture from the atmosphere and discharged it in streams from its branches to the thirsty earth. The rain tree has been described as the redeemer of all deserts. One of the latest reports has credited the rain tree to Peru, says the New York World.

United States Consul General Henry Robertson at Callao, Peru, having received numerous inquiries concerning the rain tree, recently undertook an investigation of the matter. He has reported the results to his government, and they dissipate the rain tree dream. He says that no such tree exists in Peru or elsewhere to his knowledge and quotes eminent botanical authorities in support of his statement. One of the letters says that in certain moist sections of Peru a certain tree becomes saturated, so to speak, and occasionally discharges a small amount of moisture. But the tree could not exist in other localities, so that it would not benefit arid lands.

After the consul reported the bureau of manufacturers asked the agricultural department about the matter. Assistant Secretary Hays replied that the rain tree legend is centuries old. He says that Australia has fallen a victim to the delusion and is planting many alleged rain trees. It is no more efficacious in condensing water than any other free growing tree. An English botanist, Secretary Hays said, once offered an explanation of the legend.

According to this authority, at times swarms of cicadas, or locusts, settle upon the trees and extract their juices, which drop upon the ground. The weather bureau investigated the rain tree legend and published an expose of it in 1905.

LET THE PAST DROP.

What need you care if you've done your best
And things have gone wrong in spite of all?
Go to your couch at night to rest
And laugh at the way things chance to fall.
Never brood about what you couldn't stop.
Let the past drop.
Turn to the new tasks born today,
Forgetting the failure made before.
Forging ahead in the selfsame way,
With the selfsame courage you knew of yore.
Worry won't help you to reach the top.
Let the past drop.
—Detroit Free Press.

HARDNESS OF DIAMONDS.

Some Placed on Steel Rails Will Sink In Under High Pressure.

A carpenter runs his plane over a piece of wood and out come the pretty, curly shavings. Now, if a plane is made with a diamond blade and the blade is set just right the plane when run over glass will turn out fine, thinnest shavings, something like those made by a plane on wood. This gives some idea of the wonderful hardness of a diamond, yet there is something harder than a diamond. It is another diamond, or even the same diamond, for a diamond may be extra hard in one part and not so hard as it ought to be in another part, according to the New York Press.

The Kohinoor diamond was in places so hard the cutters feared they might have to give up work on it. Other parts of the stone were soft, if you could say any diamond is soft. If a diamond is placed between the ends of two heavy steel railroad rails and then by hydraulic pressure the rails are forced closer together and then still closer until they touch the diamond will sink right into the steel, almost like a key forced into beeswax.

Out in Arizona diamonds fell from the skies, according to meteorologists and mineralogists, as if from the stars. But these diamonds were mostly black, although there were some small clear ones. It seems the Arizona diamonds were mixed up with tons of molten iron. So one theory of the formation of diamonds is that they are made in heaven and imbedded in vast quantities of iron. They then fall to earth, and in centuries of time the iron wastes away, leaving the beautiful stone in the rough. In several parts of the United States diamonds have been found, not the meteor kind.

Edible Snails in England.

Burgundy snails are not the only ones eaten in France. The hedgerow habitants are also used, and though a contemporary, eager to make a political point, says we have no edible snails in England, it is in error. We have precisely the same snails which are served in savory fashion in the south of France. They are somewhat brown as to shell and of fair size, but not so large as "les escargots de Bourgogne," which is a favorite dish in Paris. This writer has assisted to collect the snails for a cook in a southern village. She kept them for a week under special treatment and then boiled them with red wine, grated ham and chopped nuts. There are few snails in England compared to France, owing to the hosts of birds that revel in snail diet. Well cooked fat hedgerow snails make a most appetizing, easily digested entree.—London Chronicle.

Fashion and Care of the Home

A Tailored Suit and Lace Trimmed Hat



Simplicity combined with many chic touches marks the pretty tailored gown here illustrated. For instance, the coat is cut along novel lines, as may be noted in the deep pointed effect carried out in the wide shawl-like revers and white collar, the turned back cuffs of white and the skirt of the coat. The helmet shaped hat was framed with gold net over which a heavy cream lace was laid. Satin ribbon was threaded through the lace and knotted in a huge bow at the side.

IMPROVES THE NECK.

A Like Treatment Found Good For the Arms and Hands.

The neck may be made white and smooth and ready for the winter dance dress by dipping a cloth in boiling water and applying it to the skin very hot for about three minutes in order to open the pores. The process must be done at night.

Then rub in a little almond oil with an upward movement to the throat, and afterward rinse it off with warm milk and water in which a pinch of boracic acid powder or carbonate of soda has been dissolved.

Another similar method may be used for the arms and hands and is a useful treatment just before going to a party. The arms and hands should be rubbed with almond oil, then with a little carbonate of soda and afterward with almond soap.

BAKING DAY.

Should you happen to make too much pie crust and wish to save it for another day's pie-making try rolling it in a ball and dropping it in the flour barrel or bag. You will find in this way you can keep a ball of pie dough for several days without its being hard or spoiling in any way. When you are ready to use the dough take it from its hiding place, flour your board and roll the dough out on it. When it is rolled out spread with lard or butter, whichever you are accustomed to use, then sprinkle with flour, lightly fold up and roll the dough again to any thickness you desire.

GIVING A SPINSTER PARTY.

A Suggestion For an Afternoon or Evening Entertainment.

Each fair spinster can be given a skein of worsted to disentangle, giving as she does so her own version of "why I am a spinster."

Such recitals, in which all kinds of purely imaginary romantic episodes can figure, are often amusing, and there can be a prize for the cleverest.

Give the "Love Letters of an Old Maid" or any other book of similarly appropriate title as a prize in this round.

Follow this with various contests in old fashioned knitting or crochet, the results of each girl's work being exhibited later and a prize offered for the best. Any dainty bit of crocheted, knitted or spun goods would be fetching as a prize gift.

Before going in to supper or refreshments pass around a dish containing seashells matched and glued together, in each of which is hidden a little fortune. The fortunes should be as romantic as possible.

Have the supper table decorated with the usual emblems of single blessedness, tabby cats, teacups and thimbles, and for beverage have steaming tea.

Style Fancies Now In Vogue

THE malines chou for the collar bow is sometimes centered with a silk rose that has regular artificial flower stems. This is a recent fancy.

GOWNS that are practically made of braid, with little more than sufficient cloth or velvet to hold them together, have made their appearance.

RIBBED serge is used for smart frocks, braid and oriental hued embroidery imparting the decorative note.

DRAPERIES soft and clinging and of every imaginable form and material are seen on nearly every one of the new evening gowns.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Never use soap on windowpanes. Use either alcohol or ammonia to make them shine.

Coal soot is easily removed from tin articles or porcelain if they are first coated with kerosene.

A good cleanser for hard wood is to wash it with a clean flannel wet in turpentine and rub lightly afterward with linseed oil.

Filling For Pincushions.
It is not generally known that coffee grounds washed and dried make an excellent filling for pincushions. Sawdust is not always easy to get, and bran, which is often used as a substitute, is not always clean.

Steam Out Wrinkles.
To remove wrinkles from clothes hang the articles in the bathroom, shut the door and windows, turn on the hot water to fill the room with steam and leave the clothes for an hour or two.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

By G. McRoy Mitchel

I remember my mother as always weeping. Why she did so I could never guess, and she would never tell me. We lived in a cottage which had once stood on a corner of the Gessner estate. I believe when we went there a deed for the house and lot was given to my mother. We drew a very small income, which was paid us by the agent for the Gessner property. Our name was Cowles.

My mother was the daughter of an English gentleman who came to America impoverished and left her at his death without a penny. When she was eighteen Charles Gessner fell in love with her, but his father forbade his marriage with the penniless Agnes Cowles. Charles went to the civil war and was killed. Six months after his death I was born. Our cottage and the income were at this time settled on my mother by old Gessner. Before I was old enough to remember them the Gessners had gone to the city to live. Charles Gessner's younger brother Henry was the only living child. When Charles Gessner was two years old an aunt had left him most of what there was in the Gessner estate, but afterward was persuaded to alter the will to read "to his eldest son." This property Henry Gessner was now enjoying.

My mother on the last day of her life gave me the key to a box which, she said, contained a secret she had pledged herself not to reveal and which would now descend to me. When I opened the box and came upon the revelation I found there, I was filled with but one idea—revenge. As soon as I could get away, taking the name Walworth, I went to the city and was lucky in securing a situation and in making friends who introduced me into the best society. This I wished in order to gain access to the Gessners.

One of the most attractive young girls just "out" the season of my entry into society was Lucia Gessner, Henry's only child. Through her I resolved to revenge my mother. She was not only at an age when conquest is easy, but she seemed to be drawn to me from the first. Before spring came she consented that I should go to her father to ask for her hand, but assured me the case was hopeless.

The next day I asked for Lucia and was refused. It took me six months to induce her to consent to a clandestine marriage, but I had a devil's tongue in my head and never for a moment lost sight of my mother's wrong. Soon after our marriage, without a word of warning to any human being, I disappeared. I sailed for Europe.

Thus far I had been so blinded by the spirit of vengeance that I had not thought for anything else. A revulsion came the first night out on the ocean. I was sitting on deck when, casting my eyes up at the stars, they seemed

to say, "Villain." A sudden realization of what I had done rushed upon me, and I was overcome with remorse, shame and beyond all the thought that I loved my wife and had made a barrier between her and me that would never be passed. The days that remained to the end of my journey, the days I spent on the return trip, were not days to me, but months.

As soon as I reached home I sent word to my wife to be ready to receive me in secret and late at night was introduced to her chamber. I was appalled at her appearance. Throwing myself at her feet, "Hear me," I said, "then you are free to condemn me as I deserve to be condemned." And, still on my knees, with my head bared, I told her of my mother's wrong—how a woman's life had been made one of suffering when it might have been made happy, then confessed my plot, ending with the discovery that had come to me so suddenly that my wife's love was, after all, far stronger than a revenge that I had conceived to be a sacred duty.

During the hysterical scene that followed I found but one source of comfort. My wife clung to me as if I had not treated her despicably and when I offered her her freedom only cried, "No, no, no!"

The next day I made the best explanation I could invent to my friends as to my singular vanishment and one evening soon after stood in Henry Gessner's private study and confessed that I was married to his daughter.

"Who are you?" he asked as soon as he could master his voice.

"From my birth I have been called Charles Cowles, but I am Charles Gessner, your brother's son and your nephew. My wife is my cousin."

I threw on a table beside which he sat a certificate of my mother's marriage with his brother and an agreement she had made with his father soon after her husband's death to keep the marriage a secret and remain under her maiden name on condition of a home and an income. She had chosen between starvation for her and her babe and disgrace.

If my uncle had been pale before he was paler now.

"You are the rightful heir to this property," he said.

"I shall never claim it. Use it as long as you live, and at your death it will go to your daughter."

He looked at me steadily for a long while, then suddenly put out his hand. "It was my father's sin," he said. "I was in complete ignorance of it. I forgive you the pain you have caused my daughter."

"For that I shall never forgive myself."

By a mutual arrangement the Gessner property that belonged to me was settled on my wife and her heirs.

LIBRARIES OF STONE.

"Thirteen Classics" of China Carved on 182 Tablets in Peking.

The public library has been an unknown thing in China. Here is a vast field almost untouched for some donor of libraries, suggests the New York Sun. Such donor will be not without honor, for the lover of books and patron of letters is much revered by the lettered and unlettered alike. The public library has its beginnings in these modern times in the libraries that are being slowly, almost painfully, built in connection with the modern schools and colleges. The provincial government of Shantung, at the capital city, Tsinanfu, has also started a small library in connection with its provincial assembly, both being housed under the same roof. The library contains only a few thousand books, but it is a start. In Peking the board of education has established modest little one-story houses in various parts of the city as public reading rooms, where newspapers are kept on file.

There is one public library in Peking. It is the library of the Kuo Tze Chien, or "School For the Sons of the Empire," an ancient university that existed a thousand years before the Christian era. This library is of stone. On 182 tablets of stone composing it are carved all of the "Thirteen Classics," the summary and essence of all Chinese culture. This stone library itself is not of the age of the School For the Sons of the Empire, but probably dates from some time late in the Mongol or early in the Ming dynasty, about 500 years ago.

THE BURRO.

The burro is a tiny beast.
No bigger than a St. Bernard,
But he can haul an awful load
O'er any road, however hard.
He weighs about three hundred pounds,
And he can carry on his back
Six hundred pounds of copper ore
Tied up securely in a sack.
We lazy mortals ought to learn
A lesson from this little beast.
We groan and moan at every turn
When we are burdened in the least.
What would we think, we slothful men
Who squirm around and rail at fate.
If each of us were now and then
Obliged to carry twice our weight?
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

WOMEN IN ENGLISH LAW.

Their Position Has Improved, but Statutes Are Criticized Still.

Although the legal status of women has been much improved in England, the law still favors the stronger sex at the expense of the weaker, asserts a writer for the Queen, adding that apart from the question of divorce there are other laws which are unfair.

At one time the law did not recognize the wife as having any separate civil existence. She could not dispose of any property or enter into any contract without her husband's consent, and he could at any time revoke her will if he chose. The only way in which her property could be protected was by a marriage settlement, and such settlements were unusual except in the case of well-to-do women.

Today the wife who has separate property or who is capable of earning her own living is practically independent. She may dispose of her money and other belongings if she pleases and enter into any contract without obtaining her husband's permission. But if she has no source of income beyond that her husband allows her she is very much at the mercy of his whim. He is not bound to make her any allowance, either for her personal use or for house-keeping expenses.

Analysis of the Sun.

In his book on the sun Charles G. Abbot says that the sun is composed of a gaseous or vaporous substance, except in the spots. He holds that the temperature is too great to permit its being in a solid or liquid condition. As the temperature attributed to the sun, 6,500 degrees absolute, would melt any known substance, it seems only reasonable to believe this statement. He further states that the specific gravity is too low to permit the sun's mass being other than gaseous. The visible part of the sun is in the form of a gaseous shell, known as the photosphere. It is clear and incandescent, due to the great temperature. Although it is theoretically probable that the diameter of the sun is slowly decreasing at a certain rate, due to radiation and contraction, it cannot be decided practically, as it would take 10,000 years to cause an appreciable change in the solar diameter. Even after transmitting energy to the earth in the form of light and heat through some 33,000,000 miles of space during a period of about 50,000,000 years the sun is apparently none the worse for wear.

The Largest Bird on Earth.

So far as scientific research has revealed, the largest bird that has ever inhabited the globe was the moa, which was domiciled in the hot springs section of New Zealand. It is supposed to have become wholly extinct some 500 years ago, when it is said the earth experienced a very severe winter, which caused the complete extinction of a number of creatures that had lived on the globe up to that time. In the region abounding in hot springs in New Zealand, where these birds were in the habit of congregating, supposedly to find heat, their bones can be dug up by the tons.

Devoted to Our Boys and Girls

A BOY CORN GROWER.

Jerry Moore Is a World's Champion For 1910.

Boys, the lad you see illustrated here is Jerry Moore of Florence, S. C. In every respect he seems to be like all other boys of his age, and he is in all but one. He holds the boy's world's championship title for growing corn in 1910. Two hundred and twenty-



Jerry Moore.

eight bushels and three pecks was his record.

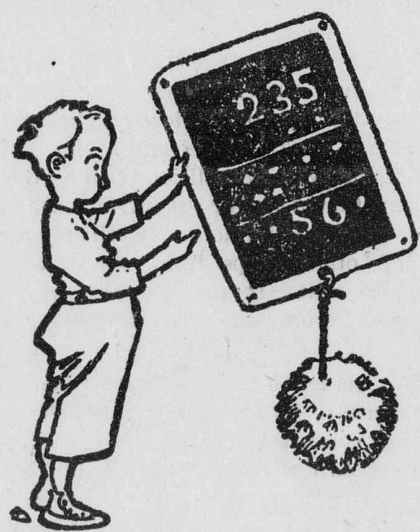
Do you think you could come anywhere near this mark?

He had many youthful competitors when he received the award due him for the remarkable results of his endeavors.

TO RESTORE FIGURES.

A Challenge You Can Issue to Your Young Friends.

The young mathematician correctly works his sum in multiplication, and then, just to puzzle you, he rubs out



thirteen of the figures and challenges you to restore them.

Solution.—Multiply by 96.

Hidden Authors.

1. In Idaho wells are rarely seen.
2. I would not like to meet a thug or a bandit.
3. On Thursdays we skip lingual lessons.
4. See Dick ensconced on the satin sofa.
5. The Hindu masters are very strict.
6. We have a co-operative store in town.
7. It is hard, yes, but try again.
8. Have you heard of the new Stockholm essayist?
9. He was carried from the church, ill unto death.

Answers.—1. Howell; 2. Hugo; 3. Kipling; 4. Dickens; 5. Dumas; 6. Cooper; 7. Hardy; 8. Holmes; 9. Churchill.

SCHOOL CLOCK PUZZLE.

A Mathematical Problem Which Will Test Your Skill.

The school genius has discovered a puzzle on the schoolhouse clock, and his schoolmates are trying to figure it out.

It will be seen that the clock hands form a straight line across the dial. On one side of the line the figures add up a total of twenty-seven, while on



the other side the figures add up to fifty-one. The genius asks:

"Where would you draw a straight line across the face of the clock, dividing it into halves and each half bearing the numbers which foot up to a total of thirty-nine?"

Answer.—A straight line across the clock which cuts between the three and four and the nine and ten divides the dial into halves, each of which contains numbers footing up thirty-nine.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Charade.

My first is a covering for the head, my second is dimension, and my whole is to overture.
Answer.—Cap, size—Capsize.

Church News and Views

Speaking of the men and religion forward movement in the Protestant churches of America, the Rev. Randolph H. McKim has made some interesting comments. He says:

"There are 3,000,000 more women and girls in America who are members of the churches than there are men. It is the 3,000,000 men that this movement aims to reach.

"In 1858 it was commonly said in France that religion was a fine thing—for women. If religion, with its grand conceptions, its glorious hope and its strong consummations, were only for women, then they are worthy to be called blessed.

"How about America today? Is religion a thing for women alone? Is it unmanly? We don't like to believe it, yet there is the fact, developed by this men and religion forward movement, that women in the churches greatly outnumber the men. The Christian religion is so far from unmanly that the wisest and noblest men pursue it, embrace it and endeavor to live up to it. The best thing in the world is to be a real Christian.

"No man can be a Christian without courage, grit and determination. Any man must be stronger and better for taking it up, if he goes to the heart of religion instead of merely touching the surface. A large proportion of the ablest men of the world have accepted and rejoice in the belief of the Christian religion. Philosophers, mathematicians, orators and poets have accepted it and have found in it rest and satisfaction.

"A large part of the aristocracy of the human intellect, both past and present, is enrolled in support of the Christian religion. Men of America and Europe are rallying to it. I would not say that the conversion of the world is exclusively man's problem, however, for that is a task that comes home to women as well as men.

"Why do men accept religion? Because it appeals to their reasons. The Christian religion, however, is the only one that does appeal to reason; the Mohammedan religion addresses itself to passions, with its slogan of 'Beauty and booty.'"

Co-operating With the Jews.

For the second successive winter Jews, Unitarians and Universalists are holding a series of Sunday evening union services in New York city, the general theme of which is "Social Justice." The latter part of the speaking program was arranged as follows:
Jan. 28. A. Leo Weil of Pittsburgh

and Professor George W. Kirchwey, "The Courts and Social Justice;" Feb. 4. Gifford Pinchot, "Democracy and Social Justice;" Feb. 11. Bishop Charles D. Williams of the Episcopal diocese of Michigan, "The Church and Social Justice."

Widest Open Church.

In the course of his twentieth anniversary sermon in the old First Presbyterian church, Fifth avenue and Eleventh street, New York city, the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield, the pastor, outlined a policy for this historic church which will, according to the pastor, make it "the widest open church," including auditorium, chapel and grounds, in the country.

According to Dr. Duffield, great multitudes are outside of the church not because they are bad, but because they do not know their need.

"They are simply lonely," said Dr. Duffield. "They want change from the monotony of life. They are hungry for God, and they don't know it. They turn to the saloon, the dance hall, the dive. They are not bad. They are hungry."

For Churches' Young Folk.

In advocating parlors for young women and pool rooms for young men of churches the Rev. George F. Durgin, pastor of the Tremont Street Methodist church, Boston, asked: "What harm could come if we had a pool and billiard room or a bowling alley and gave opportunity for enjoyment free from corrupting influences? Why should the basement of a church be used for storage when parlors and rooms could be provided therein, the use of which would be a moral factor in the redemption of a city or town?"

Boston Catholic Clergy Honored.

Cardinal O'Connell sent word from Rome that the pope had granted the privilege of the Roman office to the clergy of the archdiocese of Boston, and he directed that the use of this privilege become operative on Jan. 1. The granting of this privilege places the priests of the archdiocese on the same basis in the recital of the office as though they were under the immediate jurisdiction of the pope. The favor is one rarely granted.

Sunday School Class of 2,441.

A men's Sunday school Bible class, with 2,441 members, met at Macomb, Ill. The class is said to be the largest of its kind in the country.

Gems In Verse

"CARPE DIEM"
TODAY is ours! Whatever tomorrow bring
 Of sweet or bitter for the harvest-
 ing.
 Let us be glad today and gladly
 bear
 Full store of flowers and fruit of all
 things fair,
 Meet to adorn the sovereign shrine of
 spring.

Too soon the rose will fade and youth take
 wing.
 Let us be glad, nor heed the reckoning
 For all the year's sweet secrets that we
 share.
 Today is ours!

And, though hope fade in autumn's with-
 ering,
 Life will yet leave us one unbroken
 string—
 Rich in old memories of days that were,
 Old dreams too dear to die. Then need
 we care
 How sad a song the still tomorrows sing?
 Today is ours!
 —Author Unknown.

AS THE STORY GOES.
AEGYPTUS, sir, had fifty sons,
 Danau's fifty daughters,
 Danaus took his fifty girls
 And fled across the waters.
 For these two men were deadly foes—
 At least that's how the story goes.

AEGYPTUS followed with his sons
 And caught the girls and father.
 Danaus cried, with mournful wail,
 "To die, my dears, I'd rather
 Than see you wed such boys as those!"
 Now, that is how the story goes.

THE fifty sons at once proposed,
 The fifty girls said, "Yes, sir,"
 Danaus gave each girl a gift
 I fear you cannot guess, sir,
 He gave to each a dagger bright.
 This was upon the bridal night.

THE morning broke. "Twas bright" and
 fair;
 The sun shone on the waters.
 Aegyptus didn't have a son,
 Danaus had his daughters!
 They said, "And now we'll choose our
 beaux!"
 At least that's how the story goes.
 —New York Evening Sun.

RETRIEVER.

She threw a kiss at him,
 The pretty, tricky elf,
 And then, with eager vim,
 He brought it back himself.
 —Judge.

TELL HER SO!

AMID the cares of married life,
 In spite of toil and business
 strife,
 You who value your sweet wife,
 Tell her so.

When days are dark and friends are few
 She has her troubles, same as you.
 Show her your love is ever true—
 Tell her so.

In days of old you praised her style
 And spent much care to win her smile,
 'Tis just as well now worth your while—
 Tell her so.

There was a time you thought it bliss
 To get the favor of one kiss,
 A dozen now won't come amiss—
 Tell her so.

She'll return for each caress
 A hundredfold of tenderness,
 Hearts like hers are made to bless,
 Tell her so.

You are hers, and hers alone,
 Well you know she's all your own,
 Don't wait to carve it on a stone—
 Tell her so.

Never let her heart grow cold,
 Richer beauties will unfold,
 She is worth her weight in gold,
 Tell her so.
 —Bayonet.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.

WHEN eager youth, impetuous, takes
 command
 And boards at dawn his galleon at the
 quay
 He cuts the cords that hold her to the
 land
 And drives her headlong, scudding, out
 to sea.

THEN golden hope is singing in the
 wind,
 The throb of life his pulses set astir,
 And lord high admiral is his conquering
 mind
 And every sense a master mariner.

BENEATH the salted magic of the
 spray
 As leaps his gallant vessel to the swell,
 Absorbed, he turns his ardent thoughts
 away
 From those who pray the gods do fare
 him well.

BUT ever grips the helm with burning
 eyes
 That scour the dim horizon of the west
 For that far land where visions tell him
 lies
 The treasure laden city of his quest.
 —Unidentified.

A LOVE SONG.

Brown eyes I say, yet say I blue,
 I think her mouth is a melody,
 Her bosom a petal sunned and new,
 Her hand is a passing sigh.

Blue eyes I say, yet somehow brown,
 Her mouth is the verge of all re-
 pose,
 Her breast a smoothed out viol tone,
 Her hand is an early rose.

Be her eyes of blue or brown, in-
 deed;
 Be color or music what she is,
 I nothing know, but my life's own
 need
 Is the fancy of her kiss.
 —Trumbull Stickney.

IF ONLY THOU ART TRUE,
 If only a single rose is left
 Why should the summer pine?
 A blade of grass in a rocky cleft,
 A single star to shine—
 Why should I sorrow if all be lost
 If only thou art mine?

IF only a single bluebell gleams
 Bright on the barren heath
 Still of that flower the summer dreams,
 Not of his August wreath,
 Why should I sorrow if thou art mine,
 Love, beyond change and death?

IF only once on a wintry day
 The sun shines forth in the blue
 He gladdens the graves till they laugh as
 in May
 And dream of the touch of the dew,
 Why should I sorrow if all be false
 If only thou art true?
 —George Barlow.

"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

RICHELIEU

Stands for the
 best quality
 of package
 groceries
 The best
 of service is
 indicated by
 the firm name of

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

ME TOO—KNOX

Gov. Wilson may soon come out in
 favor of the recall of all private letters
 on political subjects.—New York Trib-
 une.

ON TO MARQUETTE

And will W. Frank permit the govern-
 ment to discontinue his private ar-
 my post?

Governor Osborn once said "Don't
 start anything." Another case of a
 man who didn't take his own advice.

A derby hat these days is neither a
 dressy touch nor an eccentricity—It's
 tough luck. Jackson Citizen-Press.

Undertaker arrested for planting dy-
 namite, says an exchange. Should think
 what trade it would bring him undesir-
 able.

What would Chase and Frank have
 said if any such document as the letter
 to Shields had been fathered on the
 Hon. William Lorimer?

The South Michigan league has adopt-
 ed a salary limit. The next thing to be
 heard will be that some club has broken
 it as usual.—Bay City Times.

Liberia, the negro republic, has just
 elected a president without any sort of
 fuss. Liberia, however, has no Oyster
 Bay and no Outlook magazine.—Hough-
 ton Gazette.

Fort Brady is to be abandoned, it is
 said, and we will have no protection in
 event of war with Canada. If Champ
 Clark is elected the results will be too
 terrible to contemplate.

A person doesn't know what is worse:
 To endure a bad cold or to take so
 much quinine that he feels as if he had
 swallowed an overture from the Swiss
 Bell Ringers.—Detroit News.

The Grand Rapids Press says that
 speaking of a dark horse, Chase Osborn
 is a brunette. Judging from the Shields
 affair the estimable governor does not
 belong to the right species of the equine
 genus.

Our prescription department is our
 pride and specialty. We solicit your
 patronage, La Bar & Neville.

Republicans in Indiana freely admit
 that Mr. Taft will not carry that
 State next year. It seems strange that
 he will not refuse to be a candidate.
 There are Republicans who can be
 elected.—Pueblo (Col.) Opinion.

The politicians (some) tell us that
 Taft cannot be reelected. But if this
 be true, no other republican can succeed.
 And this brings us back to the old con-
 undrum. What is a republican? It is
 to be feared that he will be scarce next
 November.

The Saginaw Courier-Herald has
 found the farmers solid for Osborn and
 the Grand Rapids Press finds them solid
 for Smith after taking a straw vote.
 Did anyone ever hear of a straw vote
 coming out contrary to the opinions of
 the election board?

The pinocchio editor of the Houghton
 Gazette says "Take your winesaps and
 sheepskins and Northern Spies. We will
 have the Kings, if you please." Reminds
 us of the minister who let the bible fall
 open at random to select his text—and
 opened on II Kings.

We take it that the trouble that ails
 those Woodmen insurgents is that they
 are like a lot of other folks who go into
 fraternity insurance. They expect to
 get something for nothing and that isn't
 a successful game in the world these
 days, even in the insurance world. It
 worked for a few short years when the
 fraternal insurance game was young
 and the members didn't die very rapidly
 but it is not the popular thing any
 more.—Houghton Gazette.

The Iron county board of supervisors
 was roused to wrath at its last meeting
 by a lot of contagious disease bills for
 services and supplies furnished people
 who are abundantly able to care for
 themselves. To make the comparison
 more odious it was shown where two
 widow women at Iron River who have
 hard work to make both ends meet had
 called at the drug stores and paid for
 the supplies used at their places while
 the more well-to-do people were content
 to allow the bills to be paid by the coun-
 ty board.

You see there is really nothing that
 enters into the cost of manufactures
 but labor. Materials—analyze materi-
 als. You find that material means
 nothing but labor. Freight and sup-
 plies? Analyze them. They mean
 nothing basically but labor—just so
 much labor. Therefore, my friend, you
 must acknowledge the obvious. If the
 tariff does not protect the steel industry,
 if the tariff does not protect the manu-
 facturing industries, the labor must suf-
 fer. Either we must dispense with a
 portion of our labor or else cut down
 wages.—Charles M. Schwab.

The News man received by mail this
 week a sample from an eastern nursery,
 accompanied by a column article of
 veiled advertising with the request that
 we publish it. We have had booze,
 patent medicine, sewing machines, and
 pretty near everything else from a pin
 to an anchor offered us in exchange for
 advertising space, but this is the first
 time anyone has ever come across with
 one little red apple in exchange for ad-
 vertising space worth at least five dol-
 lars. If we possessed the nerve of these
 nursery fellows we would have been rich
 long ago. The apple was very nicely
 flavored, but not one whit better than
 those raised by our Luce county farm-
 ers.—Newberry News.

THIS MAN'S TOWN

There are but eight weeks to elapse
 before the spring election, though city
 politics are not yet as active as national
 affairs. It is not believed that Mayor
 Hammel will be a candidate for reelec-
 tion; and in the condition that the city
 is for the administrative year 1912, a
 skillful financier with a sharp pencil is
 needed to figure a way over the hill Dif-
 ficulty. The natural suggestion is that
 our next executive should be the man
 who has for years drafted all appropri-
 ations for the city. To assist him in the
 work of making such property as has
 heretofore been underassessed, pay on a
 just valuation. The Delta will be pleas-
 ed to join with Mayor Clark in a peti-
 tion to the state tax commission to
 equitably reassess the city of Gladstone.

The Rexall Remedies are not patent
 medicine, but a combination of the best
 remedies known. They are used with
 success in 6000 villages and cities, and
 guaranteed to do all that is claimed; or
 your money back at

STEWART'S PHARMACY.

One hundred and fifty-four names
 were enrolled last Saturday, an excel-
 lent turnout as compared with other
 towns. The second ward led with fifty-
 four; third ward, forty-three; first
 ward, thirty-three; fourth ward, twenty-
 four. The first ward has four social-
 ists and three democrats; the second
 three democrats and two socialists; the
 third three socialists and two democrats
 the fourth eight democrats and one social-
 ist. The second and third wards have
 each a prohibitionist. All persons will
 be afforded an opportunity to enroll on
 election day.

Several new contributions to the
 tournament fund are received, and the
 total is swelling visibly. Still, there are
 a few blank lines left on the paper.

Charles S. Slining returned Thursday
 from the auto show at Chicago, where
 he secured the Palmer-Singer agency
 for upper Michigan and Wisconsin.
 The cars are all self-starting six-cyl-
 nder and come at \$2000 and \$3000 for
 forty and sixty horsepower. Mr. Slining
 will have a demonstrating car here
 March 15.

Yes, at the new drug store you always
 can get what you want; they never
 substitute.

The boiler of Hammel's garage ran
 dry and became overheated Saturday
 night, setting the roof of the addition
 on fire. The damage, but for the boiler
 itself, was slight. The fire department
 attended in a body; and were not unre-
 warded for their efforts.

Delta county is entitled to 13 dele-
 gates out of 1312 at the state convention,
 called at Bay City Thursday, April 11.

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.

"State has \$1.25 it can't spend." Don't
 fool yourself; the state never yet fell
 down on the job of spending money.

Business on the Soo Line has been
 heavy since the weather moderated.
 Big grain shipments are moving east,
 and especially large quantities of valu-
 able and bonded merchandise are on
 the move.

Valentines and valentine postals of
 the very latest designs from 1 cent up
 at La Bar & Neville's.

The annual report of the isthmian
 canal commission shows that so far
 \$293,561,486 has been expended on the
 Panama canal, and \$81,639,531 will
 be required before the waterway is
 opened in January, 1915.

Judge Winter: Six more weeks with-
 out the alternative of a fine.

If the tax rate of the city of Glad-
 stone is to keep on increasing with the
 size of the city, what will it be when
 this town is as big as Duluth? About
 one hundred per cent probably.

The Delta county agricultural society
 on Thursday reelected its officers and
 directors for another year. P. R. Legg
 of this city was in attendance.

This Friday evening the stunt at the
 roller rink will be a race between Frank
 Bryant of Duluth and Hughie Boyle, of
 Escanaba, both crack skaters.

The water board adjourned from
 Thursday to Saturday, when the ques-
 tion of repairing or discarding the old
 pump will be taken up.

Wanted, the names and addresses of
 some of those Gladstone fans who are
 burning for the chance to get into a
 league with Ishpeming.

The Yeomen last night adopted a
 class of fifteen. In spite of the piercing
 cold, the hall was crowded with mask-
 ers until late.

See the new novelties in valentines.
 The Gibson Art Co's full line to select
 from, one cent up to two dollars, at
 STEWART'S PHARMACY.

The anniversary at Alice Memorial
 M. E. church was well attended this
 year. Sunday morning services
 were conducted by Rev. Frederick
 Spence, and in the evening by Rev. F.
 Jones. The banquet hall the following
 evening was well filled, as has
 been customary each year. W. L.
 Marble presided—the affair could
 hardly be conducted to success by a
 less experienced guide; and after the
 feast, there was two hours of discourse
 interspersed with quips and music. The
 speakers were G. C. Ogden, Rev. King
 D. Beach, of Escanaba, Mrs. A. W.
 Wolfe, E. J. Willman, Rev. Frank
 Jones (in place of Rev. J. G. Haller)
 and I. N. Bushong, each of whom took
 as a subject a single phase of the
 church's activities. Rev. Frederick
 Spence was selected to take up the var-
 ied threads and form them in a harmo-
 nious whirr. After the set program,
 Rev. Levi Bird, Rev. Frank Jones, Mrs.
 L. N. Bushong, and Rev. F. N. Mörner
 were called on for impromptu remarks.
 An appreciated feature was the reading
 of greetings from former pastors and
 their helpmeets, by Mrs. Fitzpatrick.
 After the departure of the orchestra,
 three excellent musical numbers were
 rendered, "Come where the Lilies
 Bloom" by the quartette, a violin solo
 "Resignation" by Mrs. H. W. Black-
 well, and an enjoyable group of old
 Scotch songs, by Mrs. Frank Jones. All
 went well with the whole program, and
 the workers are well satisfied.

The Eagles were pleasantly surprised
 last Friday evening by the arrival of the
 ladies' relief corps with provisions for
 the famished aerie. A sociable time
 followed.

UPPER PENINSULA

While working at a circular saw in
 the manual training department of the
 Marquette high school Tuesday, In-
 structor H. L. Hallen was struck in the
 side by a heavy piece of wood and ren-
 dered unconscious. He will likely be
 confined to his home for several days
 as a result of the bruises he received.

Fire that practically destroyed the
 Catholic church at L'Anse Tuesday after-
 noon is believed to have started from
 an overheated stove. The structure
 was insured for \$10,000, which it is es-
 timated may possibly cover the loss. Al-
 though built of stone, the walls of the
 church were badly damaged and it is
 doubtful if they can be used again. The
 edifice was erected in 1894.

A Manistigean who has spent some
 time in England during the past two
 years is opposed to this idea of the Dem-
 ocrats endeavoring to knock out the tar-
 iff. He says that he has been slaved in
 that country for four cents, paid three
 cents fare, to a conductor who received
 \$4 per week, and saw the railroad men
 striking for a raise above a dollar a day
 for an engineer. Any man who visits a
 "cheap" country will thank God that
 he does not have to work and live in
 one. Good prices, good wages and plenty
 of work are the Republican princi-
 ples, while poor wages and low prices,
 which result from lack of work, are the
 Democratic program. Every working
 man will see the point.—Manistique Pi-
 oneer-Tribune.

If the total consumption of sugar in this
 country—3,600,000 tons—were all grown
 and manufactured in the United States
 the actual distribution among the farm-
 ers and workmen would amount to
 \$270,000,000, while if it were all imported
 and only refined, it would amount to
 only \$80,000,000. There are now seventy
 beet sugar factories in the United
 States. It would take over 400 factories
 to produce the total sugar consumed.
 Would it not be much better to have
 this vast sum—\$270,000,000—distributed
 by so many separate interests, widely
 scattered over the United States, than
 to have the entire sugar industry con-
 trolled by half a dozen gentlemen in
 New York, who control the refining
 industry? In addition to this, the pro-
 duction of all our sugar from sugar beets
 would add immensely to the production
 of other crops from the well-known
 fact that a root crop rotated with cere-
 als improves the soil and very material-
 ly adds to the yield of other crops.

Samuel H. Henghens, of Trout Lake,
 a cruiser in the employ of the state
 tax commission, passed from life very
 suddenly at the hotel in Big Bay Thurs-
 day night. Mr. Henghens was fifty-
 one years of age, and was one of the
 best informed men concerning upper
 peninsula timber lands in the state. He
 came to northern Michigan from Nova
 Scotia, his birthplace, about thirty-five
 years ago, to work for his brother,
 George, who was then managing log-
 ging camps for Hebard & Sons near
 Pequaing. Later Mr. Henghens had
 charge of camps for Davis & Mason of
 Gladstone. For the last twenty years
 he had been working under A. B.
 Connors, of Trout Lake, head timber-
 man for the Upper Peninsula Land
 company. On January 8 he entered
 the employ of the state tax commission
 working under J. H. McLean, who is in
 charge of all the timber estimators in
 the employ of the state now working in
 upper peninsula, and was one of a party
 of six timber men who have been
 valuing timber land in Powell township
 for several weeks. Mr. Henghens was
 a widower and is survived by a daugh-
 ter, who is attending the University of
 Michigan.—Mining Journal.

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 & CO.

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	
Juneau 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
tablespoon	
Battleship Brand Catsup	75c
gallon can	
Sleepy Eye Flour	\$3.10
98 lb sack	

ELOF HANSON

GROCER

PHONE 48

Jolted His Dignity.

James J. Hill, the railroad king, told the following amusing incident happening on one of his roads:

"One of our division superintendents had received numerous complaints that

freight trains were in the habit of stopping on a grade crossing in a certain small town, thereby blocking travel for long periods. He issued orders, but still the kicks came in. Finally he decided to investigate personally. A short man in size, very excitable, he went down to the crossing, and, sure enough, there stood, in defiance of his orders, a "MOVE THAT TRAIN LONG FREIGHT TRAIN ON!" spluttered anchored squarely across it. A brakeman who didn't know him by sight sat complacently on the top of the car.

"Move that train on!" spluttered the little superintendent. "Get it off the crossing so people can pass. Move on, I say!"

"The brakeman surveyed the tempestuous little man from head to foot. 'You go to blazes, you little shrimp!' he replied. 'You're small enough to crawl under.'"—Cosmopolitan.

The Abiding.

Pain and pleasure both decay.
Wealth and poverty depart.
Wisdom makes a longer stay.
Therefore be thou wise, my heart.
Land remains not, nor do they
Who the lands today control.
Kings and princes pass away.
Therefore be thou fixed, my soul.

If by hatred, love or pride
Thou art shaken, thou art wrong.
Only one thing will abide—
Only goodness can be strong.
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

A Mixed Drink.

A cafe in Peoria which was famous for its beer was owned by a Bohemian and conducted actively by his son and nephew. The old man seldom had occasion to go behind the bar or to deal directly with the public in other ways.

One day, however, all hands were out of reach when a man came in to get a drink. To make the situation acute, he ordered a cocktail.

The proprietor knew of such things vaguely, but in a place where everybody came to drink Bohemian beer a cocktail had no place.

First he took a lemonade glass and put some ice in it. Then he poured from every bottle behind the bar and set the mixture before the customer.

"There," he said. "You have everything but the license. Drink it!"—Chicago Post.

Moliere and the Doctor.

Moliere had written many plays to ridicule doctors and medicine. Louis XIV. heard that the author had, however, a doctor at his service since he became famous and well to do, so the king one day called upon Moliere and said to him:

"I have heard, Moliere, that you have a physician. What is he doing to you?"

"Sir," answered the author of the *Malade Imaginaire*, "we chat together, he writes prescriptions for me, I don't take them, and I am cured!"

Unexpected Candor.

In court martial trials in the United States army the attorneys are selected from among the officers at the post regardless of their lack of legal training or their inability to handle a case.

One young officer, a surgeon, whose ignorance was bliss, so far as the law was concerned, found himself appointed "counsel for the defense" at his new post, and when he entered the court his only legal knowledge was that he had a right to "object" to the tactics of the other side. Accordingly, when one of his witnesses began to be cross questioned, he sprang to his feet and shouted in a voice of thunder: "I object!"

"On what grounds?" demanded the prosecuting attorney.

"On what grounds?" echoed the surgeon. "On mighty good grounds. Why, if my witness tells the truth when he answers that question it will ruin my case!"—Lippincott's.

The Archdeacon's Slip.

In his "Reminiscences" the bishop of Ripon tells of an archdeacon who was speaking at a temperance meeting and who adorned his speech with several humorous anecdotes. At length it seemed to strike him that he had perhaps been a little frivolous, so he pulled himself together and endeavored to close his speech in a fittingly serious vein. "But, my friends, to be serious, the sum total of all I have been saying may be told in a single word—'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Train up a child to avoid the bottle, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Automatic revolvers bring nine shots and capable of being carried at full cock are to be furnished to London policemen patrolling districts in the west end, Soho and the neighborhood of the docks.

THE HONEST MAN

There can be no question about the ugly tone of Knox's letter to "Bob" Smid. One not familiar with the actual conditions could be excused for assuming that it proposed a frank holdup of the mining interests, on the ground that the prospective governor could be of immense use to them, and would give his influence to securing their protection from some burden they could justly be called on to carry.

It was well that Mr. Shields did not raise any of the money used. Tax commissioners should not be called on for that particular kind of political service. Probably more money was used in the Osborn campaign than was necessary, or than should have been used. There is a crying need in Michigan for a law calling for complete publicity of both campaign contributions and campaign expenditures, and a statute calling for the ouster from office of any man who is shown to have profited through improper methods. It will be agreed that Mr. Knox's letter, liable to distortion as it was, was not a safe kind of letter to place in the mails, even though there is supposed to be a bond of sanctity about a man's personal correspondence.

But those who know Chairman Knox know that he is clean and honest in politics, and that he would not countenance improper methods.—Marquette Mining Journal.

If our Shakespeare does not fail us, when Doctor Caius found an intruder in his home under suspicious circumstances, he remarked: "What shall the honest man do in my closet? There shall no honest man come in my closet."

FIGHT OF ITS LIFE

We are here to tell the Republican readers of this newspaper that so far as the future can be read by analyzing present conditions the Republican party will have the fight of its life in the campaign of 1913.

One-half of the party cannot put in three years fighting the other half, assailing the platform, repudiating historic principles and maligning those who have been placed in public authority, and then expect that the breach can be easily healed in the third year and everything immediately become one grand, sweet song again.

The Republican party is in the most demoralized condition at the present time that the present generation has known.

The Democratic party is today showing more real cohesion and better generalship than at any time since the Grover Cleveland victories.

This time it is the Republican party which finds itself confronted by a condition instead of a theory.—Des Moines Capital.

CHINESE PIG IRON

The importations of pig iron at Port Townsend, which is port of entry to the State of Washington, increased from the last year under the Dingley law from 1,494,000 pounds to 12,402,000 pounds from China. At the same time the increase from the United Kingdom was from 4,000,000 pounds to over 21,000,000 pounds. There was a great reduction in the tariff rate in the Payne law from the Dingley law, and the result is that practically all of the iron and steel used on the Pacific coast, or at least an exceeding large portion of it, is now imported and the present tariff paid upon it, because it is cheaper to import it than it is to have it made in this country. The importations have so very largely increased from China that, with the decrease proposed by the Democratic steel schedule bill, it is almost certain the importations will be greatly increased.—James R. Mann.

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. 0288, to purchase the S. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4, Section 26, Township 42 N., Range 23 W., Michigan Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such values might be fixed by appraisal 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 20th day of February, 1912, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Delta County, at Escanaba, Michigan.

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

OZRO A. BOWEN
Register.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Personals

About 50 members of the Soo club were in attendance at the third monthly dinner Tuesday evening, which was served by Steward Atkinson in excellent style. A departure from the customary round table talks during the smoker which followed was introduced, Fred J. Merriam giving a splendid interpretation of "The Death Dream" of Mathias in the tragedy, "The Bells."—Soo Times.

G. R. Empson was in Escanaba Monday on behalf of the Jerry Madden Shingle Co., in a case brought against that company to recover attorney fees, by W. J. Miller and A. H. Ryall. Two hundred dollars was claimed and half that sum awarded.

The home of Regis Beauchamp, about two miles west of this city, was destroyed by fire Saturday night, with all its contents. The family had a narrow escape, being unable to save even their clothes, so fierce was the blaze when discovered.

Frank Louis and Leo Brassick were fired Tuesday afternoon with an ambition to rival Weston, and walked as far as Escanaba and back. Their going time was unfortunately not taken for record.

The residence of Peter Caron was quarantined Tuesday morning for diphtheria, three members of the family, the Misses Jean, Mabel and Myrtle Caron having developed the disease.

Alex and Eugene Peterson arrived Saturday from Long Lake, where they have been in camp, called by the news of Miss Peterson's death. John Kinzie accompanied them.

P. H. Snyder narrowly escaped injury Friday morning. The footboard of a switch engine, just outside the roundhouse, struck him and rolled him over in the snow.

Joseph Green left last Thursday for Negaunee, where he has accepted a position with the Marquette county telephone company, which is rebuilding its lines.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Webb spent Sunday at the home of G. J. Sling. Mr. Webb returned to Marquette, while Mrs. Webb is visiting here for a few days.

J. P. Bushong went down to Chicago Sunday, returning Wednesday after visiting the big auto show. While there he called on W. F. Hammel.

Mrs. Dudley Green left last Friday evening for Concrete, Wash., after spending a month here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot.

R. J. Hammel will spend Sunday in Chicago with his brother, and G. R. Empson will probably go down Monday for a day or so.

Mrs. A. E. Neff on Saturday afternoon entertained a party of twelve teachers with games and refreshments at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Peterson arrived Wednesday morning from Calumet to attend the funeral of their niece.

G. T. Werliue, of Nadeau, passed through here Tuesday on his way home from Masonville with J. K. Stack.

If you haven't found what you want you haven't tried La Bar & Neville's.

J. S. Sword and daughter returned Tuesday morning from visiting his relatives at Faithorn Junction.

Rev. Frederick Spence, who spent the anniversary week here, left Wednesday for his home at Saginaw.

Miss Frances Wilson has resigned her position as commercial science teacher, because of ill health.

William Wright spent the first of the week in Gladstone, leaving again Wednesday for camp.

Soren Johnson attended the meeting of the county road commission in Escanaba Thursday.

The infant daughter of P. L. Burt is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. E. H. Bidwell and Miss Bidwell arrived Thursday evening from New Haven.

The postmaster seemed to be enjoying the program Monday evening, all right.

Ed Sharkey is reported to be critically ill with diphtheria at his camp near Osier.

Oscar Carlson and Z. Gagnon made a trip to Escanaba Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. C. A. Chapman of Bay City, is visiting Mrs. Goldstein for a few days.

Masks for the big masquerade ball can be secured at La Bar & Neville's.

Archie Jacobs, of Trenary, spent a couple of days in the city this week.

Master Albert Whybrew has been laid up with a hard cold this week.

A son was born Monday, January 29 to Mr. and Mrs. Axel Nordle.

A daughter was born Wednesday to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Peterson.

Miss Ethel Hood was ill with tonsillitis for several days recently.

A son was born Thursday to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berg.

Edward Reagan went up to the Soo Thursday morning.

Miss Myrtle E. Peterson died last Friday night at El Paso, Texas, at the age of eighteen years and six months, from tuberculosis. The body, after disturbing delays, arrived here Thursday morning, and the funeral was held the same afternoon from the mission church, Rev. J. H. Carlson, of Escanaba, officiating. The pall bearers were six young ladies, fellow members of the young people's society of the church. Miss Peterson was born at Whitefish, near Rapid River, and lived there the first few years of her life. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Peterson, then moved to Gladstone where she attended school. Early in the winter her father journeyed with her to El Paso, where it was hoped she might find health. Encouraging reports were received, until a telegram came Saturday with the news that she had died suddenly during the night. The week has been a bitter one for the family, whose misfortune is one to move the hearts of all who know them.

George Tennant of Rapid River spent Monday night here on his way to Mt. Clemens. Mr. Tennant, who has been for years crippled by rheumatism, narrowly escaped serious injury while boarding the train at Rapid River, the steps of a car striking him as the train pulled in.

Among the subjects at the Gem Sunday and Monday will be Pathe's views of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Farley laying the cornerstone of the Catholic University of America at Washington; also the German kaiser and many other distinguished persons.

The teachers of Gladstone and vicinity spent Tuesday in Escanaba, where Messrs. Wright and Harvey gave addresses of interest. The pupils also enjoyed the institute with a days vacation.

The condition of Hon. W. F. Hammel, who underwent an operation last Saturday morning, is reported to be steadily improving, and it is believed he will have a speedy recovery.

J. M. Beattie writes from Winnipeg that the weather is fine and there is no sleighing there. He is enjoying life out in Manitoba.

George C. Ogden was taken ill Wednesday with the chickenpox, and will be confined to his home for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Huber are entertaining their daughter Irma, who is home on a visit of a month or so from the west.

Quick and accurate service at La Bar & Neville's.

HORSE FOR SALE

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

CARD OF THANKS

For the assistance by word and deed of our friends, we cannot express our gratitude as we feel it. Until we needed them, we did not realize that we possessed so many true friends; but of their hearty and practical sympathy, our memory will never lose a thought.

We are unable to thank in person all whose kindness smoothed our rugged pathway; but this is to show them that we fully appreciate all they have done for us.

MR. AND MRS. ALEX PETERSON
AND FAMILY.

Haste Not, Rest Not.

Without haste, without rest.
Blind the motto to thy breast.
Bear it with thee as a spell.
Storm or sunshine, guard it well.
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom.
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not. Let no reckless deed Mar for aye the spirit's speed.
Ponder well and know the right.
Forward then with all thy might!
Haste not. Years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not. Time is sweeping by.
Do and dare before you die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time.
Glorious 'tis to live for aye.
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not; rest not; calmly wait.
Meticulously hear the storms of fate.
Duty be thy polar guide.
Do the right whatever be the tide.
Haste not; rest not. Conflicts past.
Good shall crown thy work at last.
—S. Hillier.

A Case of Economy.

Mrs. Johnson, the wife of the new minister in a New England town, asked a neighboring farmer's boy to bring her a dozen eggs and a roasting chicken when he brought the vegetables the next day. The boy appeared promptly, but in his basket were only eleven eggs. "Ma says she will send over the other egg after a while," he explained. "But what about the chicken?" Mrs. Johnson asked. "That does not seem to be here either." "She will send that, too," was the answer.

"But," complained Mrs. Johnson, "I want to cook the chicken for dinner. Why didn't you bring it over with you this time?" "Because," replied the boy, "the hen isn't killed yet. You see, ma's waitin' till she lays the other egg."—Lippincott's.

A COMMON CASE.

I felt quite sorry for the girl.
I must confess.
The damsel only seemed to have
A single dress.
My wife explained the case to me
The other day.
The girl is saving twenty gowns
To go away.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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 **35c**
large jar.....
Heinz Peach Butter **45c**
extra large jar.....

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.
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Meets every Tuesday night in Castle hall, Minnawasca 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.

Feb. 3 April 27

Mortgage Sale

Whereas, Default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a Mortgage dated the twenty-sixth day of November, A. D. 1897, executed by John McCarthy and Catherine McCarthy, his wife, of the city of Gladstone, Michigan, and of the county of Ontonagon, Wisconsin, to Thomas O'Connell of Gladstone, Michigan, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Delta, Michigan, in Liber "P" of Mortgages on page four hundred and three (403), on the fourteenth day of December, A. D. 1897, at ten (10:00) o'clock A. M.

And Whereas, the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said Thomas O'Connell to Mary O'Connell of said city of Gladstone, by assignment bearing date the first day of June, A. D. 1909, and recorded in the office of the Deeds of the said County of Delta, on the eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1909, at 10:15 o'clock A. M. in Liber "N" of Mortgages on page one hundred and eighty-eight (188) and the same is owned by her.

And Whereas, the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice, is the sum of one hundred seventy-nine and 34/100 (\$179.34) dollars of principal and interest; and the further sum of twenty (\$20.00) dollars as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage; and also the further sum of one hundred sixteen and 79/100 (116.79) dollars for taxes assessed upon the lands described in said mortgage since its execution, which taxes have been paid to protect his lien by the Mortgagee named in said Mortgage and his Assignee; and which taxes so paid, are in said Mortgage declared to be a Mortgage lien in addition to the sums secured by said Mortgage in the instrument.

And Whereas, the total indebtedness secured by said Mortgage at the date of this notice, including taxes and interest thereon, is the sum of two hundred ninety-six and 13/100 (296.13) dollars and the said Attorney's fee; and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said Mortgage or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now Therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the said power of sale, and in pursuance of the Statute of such state made and provided, the said Mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction, to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House in the city of Escanaba, in said County of Delta, on the second day of May, A. D. 1912, at (10:00) o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows:

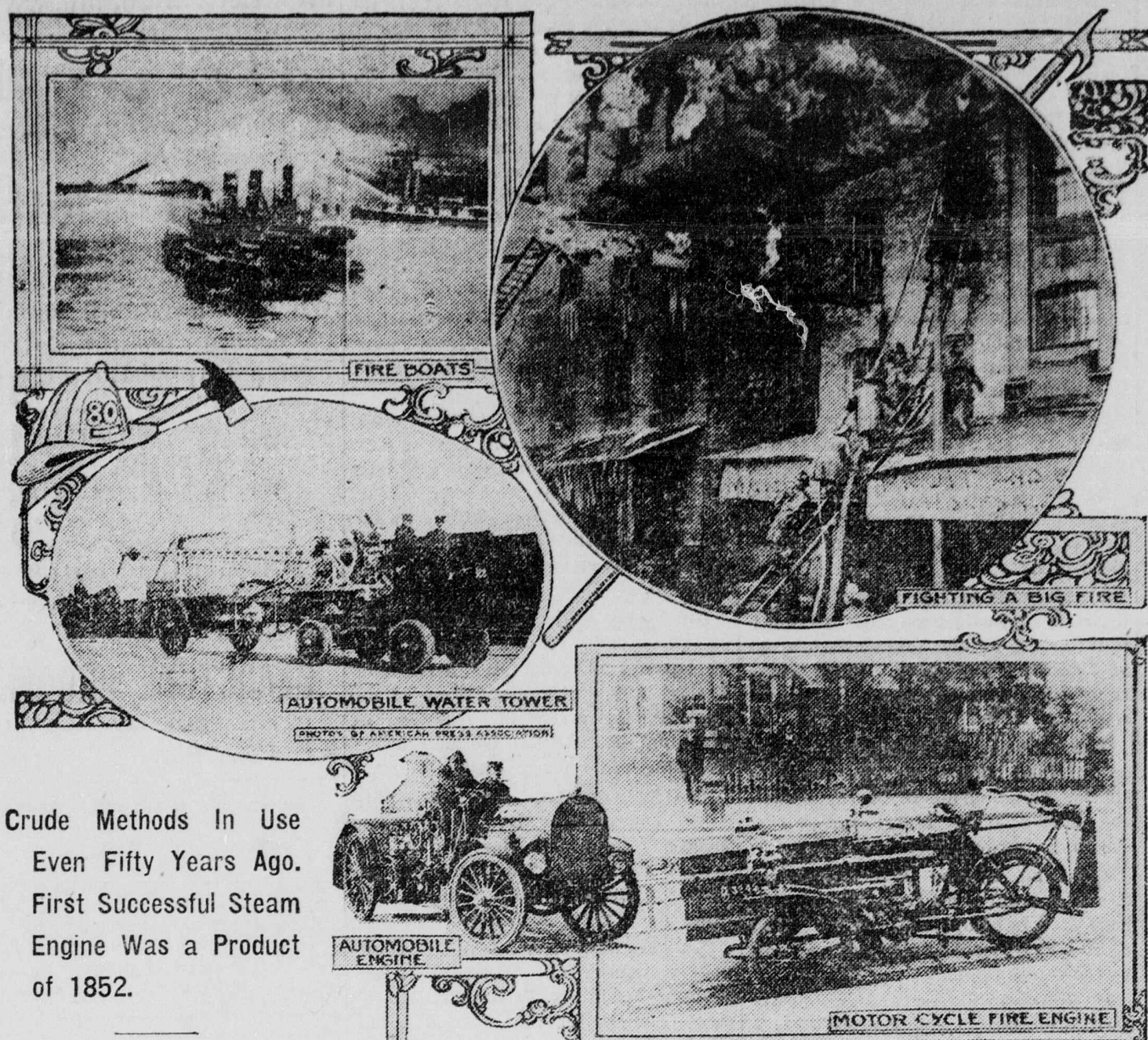
Lots five and six (5 & 6) of block twelve (12) and lot thirteen (13) of block thirty-two (32), city of Gladstone, in the County of Delta and State of Michigan, according to the recorded plat of said city.

Dated this twenty-seventh day of January, A. D. 1912.

MARY O'CONNELL
Assignee of Mortgagee.

JOHN POWER
Attorney

Fighting the Flame Fiend



Crude Methods In Use Even Fifty Years Ago. First Successful Steam Engine Was a Product of 1852.

MODERN methods of fighting fire and those employed years ago are in striking contrast. Going back only half a century, we find thickly populated places depending upon the bucket brigade, ladders and hand pumping engine, although the first successful steam fire engine was built in 1852. In fact, great cities of today then were no better off in the matter of protection from flames than the smallest and most unprogressive country communities of the present time. Even a fire alarm system was unknown until 1852, when, on April 29 that year, the first alarm was sounded in Boston.

Something approaching the more modern fire engine appears to have come into existence in the early part of the sixteenth century, and it is described as a "water syringe." This was mounted on wheels and was worked by levers. Fire engines of this kind were apparently much used in Germany. In England during the latter part of the sixteenth century large brass syringes holding several quarts of water were utilized at fires. They were operated by three men, two holding the syringe at each side with one hand and directing the nozzle with the other and the third operating the plunger. After having discharged the water the syringe was refilled from a well or cistern near the scene of the blaze or from buckets.

Early Fire Engines.

Boston possessed the first fire engine on the American continent, which it imported from London in 1678. Boston had six engines when Philadelphia, the second city to possess one, purchased its first in 1718. New York was third in 1732, Salem fourth in 1749 and Baltimore fifth in 1769.

All of these engines were small affairs, without either suction or leading hose, and were built by Richard Newsham of London, who built nearly all the fire engines used in the world at that time.

The first American fire engine was built by John and Thomas Hill of Boston in 1733, the next by Anthony Nichols of Philadelphia in 1735 and by William Lindsay of New York in 1737, none of which was a success, and none was ever in the service of either of the places named.

As early as 1654 Boston, then twenty-four years old, gave its selectmen authority to purchase of Joseph Jenks of Lynn five engines, but there is no record that the engines were bought or that Jenks ever built an engine.

The first successful American fire engine was built by Thomas Lote of New York in 1743 and was used by No. 3 engine company for a number of years. Other fire engines of that city were also built by him.

The first successful suction fire engine, the Hydraulion No. 1 of Providence, R. I., was invented and built by Sellers & Pennock of Philadelphia in 1822 and was one of the world wonders of that time. People came in large numbers from all sections to see it work. Through the efforts of Boston's second mayor, Josiah Quincy, the city was one of the first to adopt them, and in a few years none but suction engines were made.

The first steam fire engine was built by George Braithwaite of London in 1829 and the second by Paul Hodge of New York, neither of which was a success. The first was designed by Captain John Ericsson of ironclad monitor fame.

The first successful steam fire engine of 1852 was built by Miles Greenwood of Cincinnati from designs made by Moses Latta and named the Uncle Joe Ross, in honor of the alderman who introduced the order for its purchase.

Boston was the first city outside of



HORSE DRAWN ENGINE GOING TO FIRE

BIGGEST FIRES IN UNITED STATES FOR FIFTY YEARS.	
Dec. 12, 1881,	\$10,000,000 loss in Charleston, S. C.
July 4, 1866,	\$10,000,000 loss in Portland, Me.
Oct. 8, 1871,	\$105,000,000 loss in Chicago; 18,000 buildings destroyed.
Nov. 9, 1872,	\$70,000,000 loss in Boston; 748 buildings burned in less than forty-eight hours.
May 3, 1901,	\$10,000,000 loss in Jacksonville, Fla.
Feb. 7, 1904,	\$50,000,000 loss in Baltimore; 2,500 buildings destroyed.
April 18, 1906,	\$350,000,000 loss in San Francisco.

Cincinnati to recognize the merits of steam in fire service.

Philadelphia used the first leading hose in 1791, but it was not successful, and Boston had one in 1798, which was also a failure. The firemen were opposed to leading hose because it placed the engines at too great a distance from a fire.

Women Helped Fight Flames.

Prior to this time all the hand engines were stationed as near as possible to the fire, the tub of the engine filled with water by bucket passers from the closest water supply, and, through a short metal pipe attached to the engine, pumped on the flames, a crude system, necessitating all the available men and frequently women and children to operate it.

More of the engines had a gallery in the center, in the top of which was the play pipe called the gooseneck, and here the pipeman stood and directed the stream. This gave the name to the gooseneck engines, most of which were built in New York and Philadelphia and many of which are in existence at the present time.

The principle of the earliest hand engines was the box or tub, which was filled with water, and from the first to the present time hand engines have always been called "tubs."

With suction engines and leading hose came lines of hand engines, one playing into another, instead of lines of bucket passers, when the water supply was some distance from the fire, as it frequently was, as water supply systems were then very few and insufficient.

When such lines were formed, sometimes with a number of engines in line, each company would endeavor to wash another by giving it more water than it could take care of, which overflowed and washed the outside of the engine, or to pass more water than it was receiving and suck air and to either wash or suck another engine, which was then as great a victory as it is now to win the championship at long distance playing.

And now, in 1912, when the fire engine has been brought up to a high degree of perfection, there are signs that the next few years will see surprising advances over what are now regarded as wonderful fire fighting

methods. Horseless fire department are coming!

In a short time New York probably will have put the fire horse in the list of curiosities, substituting all motor drawn apparatus throughout the city. The investment, costing close to \$1,000,000, is expected to prove more efficient and more economical. In large cities no large building is more than five minutes from a fire house, and this distance is lessened by auto engines. The speed of a horse drawn engine at full gallop seldom exceeds twelve miles an hour, and as successful battles with flames depend not alone upon prompt discovery, but the quickest attack as well, the worth of the auto engine is apparent.

Of course automobiles for fire department officials have already ceased to be objects of wonder, but there are not so many auto fire engines that they fail to attract notice as they dash along city streets on their way to a blaze. On Aug. 24 last fifteen New York engine drivers of their own accord quit washing harness and took their first lesson in the department's school for chauffeurs. These fifteen men were the first New York fire department attaches to take up the new study. The drivers found that learning to run an automobile was not a matter of a single day or of a week even. And, what is more, they found that to fit themselves to repair their auto fire engines when they got a kink on the road—to be their own mechanics, in other words—they would be obliged to take instruction from Captain Henry for one whole month.

"Now, sit up there and throw in your clutch," said Captain Henry to a stocky young driver whose eyes shone with excitement when an ordinary racing car had been cranked. The pupil awkwardly did as he was told. The clutch shut in, and the car darted ahead. "Shut her off!" cried the instructor. "Whoa!" muttered the husky driver under his breath.

"Now try your reverse clutch." The order was carried out after an embarrassing pause, and the car went backward with increasing speed as it approached the walls. "Stop!" "Geddap!" was the audible command of the candidate at the throttle. Then he blushed a trifle and came to himself. It was a round wheel he had in his hands and not a bunch of leather reins, and that pedal under his right foot was to be used instead of the lash.

An Eight Ton Auto Engine. On March 9, 1911, Rhineland-Waldo, then fire commissioner, piloted an eight ton auto fire engine through the streets of New York at a speed averaging during part of the trip almost thirty miles an hour. That was the real beginning of the movement for a horseless fire department in New York.

Fireboats are among the most picturesque features of a city's harbor. Massed into a small fleet for the purpose of extinguishing marine fires, the vast interests of the sea, docks, wharves and warehouses, which stand in dread of fire above all the branches of commerce, depend on them for protection.

Fireboats are costly. The greater part of the time they lie at their docks, eating up coal by the ton. When idle they must keep up steam and be ready to scurry to a fire.

A writer in the Municipal Journal and Engineer has said: "The date at which floating fire engines were first employed for subduing fires among shipping along harbor or river fronts and adjacent thereto cannot be ascertained; neither is it positively known by whom they were first used, but there is no doubt that those worked by hand, both for propelling the boat or float and the fire pumps, are as old as the hand fire engine itself."

An Attempt to Shield A Kleptomaniac's Guilt

By JOHN HENRY GEORGE

"You profess to love me. According to your idea of love, I presume you do. Any kind of love will do before marriage, but it must be a strong devotion that will stand the faults and foibles of a life partner."

"You will never show a fault too pernicious for me to bear with."

"You don't know my faults."

"If you possess all there are in the dictionary, I shall still love you always."

"There are faults that come from a physical defect. One may have a passion for gambling, for drink, for a number of vices, any one of which is excited by an abnormal brain condition. Suppose after marriage you should find me suffering from something like this."

"I should do all in my power to protect you from the consequences of your deficiency."

I tried to bring her to a decision, but I could not, and I was obliged to leave her without either a "Yes" or a "No." I did not doubt that she suffered from some such cause as she had mentioned, though I knew it was not drink and I did not believe it to be gambling. She had named these as illustrations.

We were at the same winter resort on a beautiful lake. It was in a hotel that was popular, and as most of the guests had been there for five or six weeks we were all acquainted. One afternoon we were listening to music in the parlor when the landlord entered and announced that one of the guests had lost a valuable jewel. The servants had been searched and nothing found. Would every guest consent to the same process? The question was put to a vote and carried unanimously.

The doors were locked, and the searching began. While it was going on my eyes fell on the girl I loved, and I soon noticed that whenever the searchers came near her she moved away. After I had been searched she came and stood beside me. I felt her hand against mine, and she placed within it a small box. Then she moved away and in a few minutes submitted to be searched, evidently relieved of a great dread. After she had been searched she passed by where I was standing, giving me a supplicating look, either a request that I would not betray her or blame her, I could not tell which.

All was clear to me now. The fault she would not name was kleptomania. It would be impossible to describe my emotions. When I felt her passing the box it seemed as if I had been bitten by a rattlesnake. Nevertheless for her sake I took it and concealed it.

When she looked her appeal I had realized the situation—she was not a thief for gain; she stole because she was impelled to do so. But think of a man accepting such a defect in his

wife, entering upon matrimony knowing that at any moment she would be liable to bring disgrace upon herself, him, their children! I turned, looked out through a window and shook convulsively. My soul was wedded to this woman, and I suffered the same as if she were already my wife.

Some one touched my shoulder, and I turned. She was looking up at me, her eyes full of gratitude and love. The search was ended, the doors were open, and the guests were leaving the room. The jewel had not been found.

"Come," she said, "for a walk."

Mechanically I followed her to the margin of the lake. She stepped into one of the cedar rowboats there, and I entered after her, she taking the tiller, I the oars. I pulled away from the shore, and she steered the boat across the lake toward a point where a bed of rushes grew higher than a man's head. I felt sure that she would take me to some concealed spot where she could repossess the stolen jewel. Was it a proclivity of kleptomaniacs to wish to keep what they stole?

Presently I heard the boat's nose penetrate the rushes, and in another moment we were in their midst, completely concealed. Then she said to me:

"You have repeatedly asked me to be your wife, and I have repeatedly declined to say 'Yes.' Now that you know what I am, do you still wish to marry me?"

She was lounging back in her seat, toying with one of the tiller ropes. She was simply dressed in pure white, her neck and arms uncovered, unadorned except by a rose in her hair. As she asked the question she looked up at me with an honest look that assured me she was innocent at least of a sense of guilt. It was for me to decide then and there, once and forever, if I would take her with her physical defect or resign her. Looking steadily into her honest eyes, I said:

"Yes."

An expression of supreme happiness passed over her face.

"Give me the box," she said.

I took it from my pocket and handed it to her. It was a ring box. She opened it and turned it so that I could plainly see the inside.

It was empty.

I sat for a moment scarcely understanding what it meant, but her face soon broke into a smile that revealed the trap into which she had led me.

"Fool," I muttered, "to have been thus duped!"

She clapped her hands in glee at the success of her ruse and my discomfort.

"Well," I said at last, "if I have been made a guy I have at least stood your test. You have not given me the answer I have earned. Is it yes or no?"

"Yes."

What a convenient place to receive such an answer!

The Sunday School Lesson

Golden Text, Look Unto Me and Be Ye Saved, All the Ends of the Earth: For I Am God, and There Is None Else (Isa. xlv, 22).

Verses 1-6.—A religious mission.

The subject of today's study has a romantic interest, because it draws aside the veil from the mysterious orient and introduces us to a few of the best representatives of eastern nations. "When Jesus was born." This auspicious event was heralded to an expectant world in ways that were suited to its several needs. The saints of Israel, the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, and the wizards of the far east received different communications, regard being had to their spiritual conditions. God still makes such considerate provision to supply our separate, individual needs. "We have seen * * * and are come." These students of the heavens were seekers after God. It was their belief that the appearance of a new star was a sign that a great person was born. They shared the belief that was common throughout the world that the time had come for the arrival of a mighty deliverer. It was also held by many that Judea was to be the birthplace of this world's Redeemer. "In the east." Better translate "at its rising." The reference is not to the position of the star in the heavens, but to its appearance. "He was troubled." Herod had been living in suspicion of rivals to the throne, so that this visit agitated him, lest his authority should be disputed and destroyed by a stronger "king of the Jews." This was the name given by the magi to him whom the Jews would have called the Messiah. "Chief priests and scribes." These were the national and religious leaders of the people in whose keeping were the keys of Old Testament knowledge. "Demanded of them." Better "kept on asking" with suppressed fear and anxiety. "Bethlehem of Judea." This passage is really an interpretation of Mic. v, 2. "Rule my people." "Be shepherd of my people" (revision). See John xxi, 16.

Verses 7, 8.—A goddess motive.

In the light of subsequent events and, indeed, of his well known wretchedly corrupt character the true purpose of Herod clearly stood out in this confidential conference with the wise men. "Inquired diligently." "Learned exactly." It was necessary that he should know the precise time when the

star appeared so that he might carry out his evil designs with certainty. "Go and search diligently." His instructions were suggestive of an eager mind in hearty sympathy with the mission of these wise men. "Bring me word again." He practically exacted of these men a promise that they would return to him with full information concerning the results of their search. "That I may come and worship him also." From this interview we can learn how cleverly Herod "bore welcome in his eye, his hand, his tongue. He looked like the innocent dove, but was the serpent under it." But he was to learn in bitterness that his sin would find him out and that he was caught in the net that he had hid for others.

Verses 9-12.—A blessed reward.

As soon as they had received the information they set out on their quest. "Lo, the star." The celestial guide that had started them on their long journey from home again appeared. It kept moving before them and was all the time visible to them until they reached their destination. "When they saw the star." "When they caught sight of the star" (Moulton) they were filled with abounding gladness. It was an assurance that their undertaking had been propitious.

There came three kings ere break of day, All on Epiphany, Their gifts they bare, both rich and rare, All, all, Lord Christ, for thee, Gold, frankincense and myrrh are there. Where is the King, oh, where? A maiden bent o'er the Babe in prayer. There is the King, oh, there!

"Worshiped him" in a spirit of healthy reverence and made confession that in this innocent babe, nestling in his mother's arms, they saw the Saviour and Shepherd of the nations who would guide all people into the way of truth and peace. "Presented unto him gifts." They offered of their best as a token of their sincerest appreciation and satisfaction. "Being warned of God." They soon learned the character of Herod and surmised the meaning of his purpose. It was impossible that these saintly seers could be made the agents of evil. They had come in search of peace and had not been disappointed. Rejoicing in their success, they hastened back "into their own country" by a route that avoided Jerusalem, and they carried back the gracious news of a Saviour born to mankind. Their happiness was doubtless shared by many.

A QUAKER'S BARGAIN.

How the Farmer Was Taught That Dishonesty Doesn't Pay.

An amusing tale of a farmer who found out to his sorrow that honesty is the best policy comes from Thomas De Voe's "Market Book." It happened in 1820 in a New York market, when a weighmaster had been appointed by the Agricultural Society to see that the public was honestly served.

One morning a respectable looking and wealthy farmer, who was generally known to cheat whenever he had a chance, brought his butter to Fly market done up in pound rolls. This was when butter was scarce and worth 2s. 9d. a pound, and it had a quick sale, which no doubt induced him to scant the weight in each roll.

This morning the weighmaster appeared unexpectedly and saw the farmer's butter open for sale. He prepared his test scale to weigh it. While he was doing so the farmer slipped a guinea—a five dollar gold piece—out of his pocket and while the weighmaster's back was turned thrust it into the top roll, as he thought, unperceived by any one, to make up the required weight. The roll was taken up and weighed full weight, which satisfied the weighmaster, who did not weigh another.

While he was putting up his scale a Quaker gentleman, who had been standing off a little distance and had seen the whole transaction, came up and inquired the price of the butter.

"Three shillings," said the farmer.

"Put me up that roll," said the Quaker, pointing to the guinea roll.

To this the farmer replied, "I have sold that roll to a friend."

"No, thee has not," responded the Quaker. "Thee can give thy friends another roll if they are all good and weigh alike," and he turned to the weighmaster for support.

"You are entitled to the roll or any roll you choose to take if they were priced to you," said the weighmaster.

With this the Quaker took up the guinea roll and placed it in his basket, then laid down 3 shillings. As he was going he turned back to say to the farmer, "Thee will not find cheating always profitable."

Taking Heroic Measures.



MAKING OF PAPER BOXES.

One Industry Alone Requires 4,000 of Different Sizes and Shapes.

A thousand machines of many types and sizes and designed for many purposes are used today in the manufacture of paper boxes. This assortment of machines is absolutely necessary, for the number of styles of cardboard boxes used for packing all sorts of articles is without limit.

One industry alone, the making of pens, pencils and erasers, requires boxes of 4,000 different sizes and shapes.

Paper box making, one of the new but very important industries of this country, has made its greatest progress during the last half century, and particularly within the last twenty years, after modern machinery has been introduced. The business has assumed wonderful proportions in New York city, where the capital investment exceeds \$5,000,000, according to the Edison Monthly.

One hundred years ago there was no such thing as a paper box. The container of those days consisted of nothing more than a heavy sheet of paper wrapped around the article to be carried. In time some progressive person conceived the idea of cutting part way through the paper in order to make it fold more readily. With this four sided wrapper it became the custom to tuck the loose ends in to prevent the contents from slipping out.

From this was evolved the idea of scoring the paper so both sides and ends folded up and then gluing the ends together. That was the way the first paper boxes were made, and it was years before any marked improvement was made. In those days a knife, a pair of shears, a kettle of paste and a straightedge, with a supply of boxboard, were sufficient equipment to start a man in business.

Starfish Forms American Flag.

Director John M. Clarke of the New York State museum received from the hillsides of Ulster county, near Saugerties, New York, 900 feet above tide-water, strata of limestone formation which look like the fields of large American flags. The stone is filled with small starfish which were petrified, Professor Clarke believes, during the Devonian period, millions of years ago. He says that never before has there been found any limestone so thickly covered with starfish.

The Weekly Farm Budget

KUBANKA WHEAT.

Found by Texan to Do Well in His Part of the Country.

IT COMES FROM RUSSIA.

Has Much Vitality and is Able to Resist Both Drought and Rust—Attains Height of Five Feet, With Heads Bent Down.

Writing to Farm and Ranch of Dallas, Tex., a Limestone county (Tex.) correspondent says that when it is a question of sowing small grain for winter pasture, etc., it is well to consider which is the most desirable and profitable to sow. Oats have rusted so badly and otherwise done so poorly for a number of years back that many of our farmers have come to the conclusion that they are no longer worth bothering with. On the other hand, some varieties of wheat and barley have done remarkably well alongside of oats that were a complete failure.

Some small grain ought to be raised on every place where chickens are kept. Buying feed for chickens at present high prices will make the feed come much higher than both eggs and chickens are worth.

The wheat that has given the best results the past season was bought under the name of macaroni wheat. Now, since there are a number of varieties classed under this name and wanting to make sure of its specific name I sent some heads of it to the department of agriculture at Washington and had it identified as "Kubanka." It was brought to this country a number of years ago from southern Russia, naturally a very dry country.

The accompanying illustration shows a patch of this wheat about ten days before ready for the binder. The man standing in it is a six footer. Thus it shows a height of fully five feet before heads bent down with weight of grain.



Photo by Farm and Ranch.

A PATCH OF KUBANKA WHEAT.

Now, this wheat appears to have a great deal of vitality and thus is able to resist both drought and rust. Not more than twenty yards from this two acre patch I had, say, one-half acre of Mediterranean wheat which was sown in November and which was growing nicely when I sowed the Kubanka in February. Like oats, the Mediterranean rusted badly, never got over knee high and made but very little grain, while the other never showed a sign of rust, grew to a fine height and yielded well in spite of extreme drought while maturing. Beardless barley was also free from rust, grew to a good height and was otherwise satisfactory. The writer believes the wheat may prove a great blessing to our country.

To Avoid Wormy Cherries.
The insect that is responsible for the wormy condition of cherries is the plum curculio. This insect damages all stone fruit to some extent, including cherries. The most effective remedy is to apply a poison spray lotion to the trees once just before the blossoms open, again just after the blossoms fall and about three weeks after that date. The poison solution may be made with three pounds of arsenate of lead and fifty gallons of water. To make the solution mix the arsenate of lead thoroughly in a small quantity of water and strain into the spray barrel. Add the remainder of the water, agitating the mixture thoroughly while it is being applied.—Farm Progress.

Little Things the Farmer Should Know

Promising New Fruits.
Some promising new fruits have been originated at the South Dakota experiment station by crossing the native Dakota plums and sand cherries with other stone fruits from Europe and Asia. The native sand cherry amalgamates readily in hybridizing with a number of other species, and excellent results may be anticipated, especially with hybrids of the Japanese plums. Many other combinations have been made, and the fruiting of the resulting seedlings is awaited with interest. The fact has been demonstrated that it is possible to secure fruits combining the hardness of native stone fruits with something of the size and quality of the choice cultivated stone fruits from Europe and Asia.

Rye For Silage.
Rye can be fairly well ensiled if cut in quarter inch lengths, but it does not make as good ensilage as corn. It should be cut just as the grain is fairly in the milk stage. The only rule for feeding it is to observe well the cows that eat it and be governed accordingly. Rye is apt to develop an undue amount of acidity in the silo, hence our advice to cut in short lengths; also it should be treated well at the edges in filling the silo.

For Winter Litters.
If any winter litters are expected provide a warm, sunny pen in the most sheltered part of the pig house. Use close shutters over the windows at night to keep out the cold. Be sure there are no drafts and that the floors are not cold. Drafts under the floors are death to pigs and even to grown hogs. Pigs are not protected from cold by warm coats of hair.—Farm Journal.

Early Tomatoes.
The most important factor in growing early tomatoes is a good hotbed, or, better, a good greenhouse. The seed must be sown not later than March 1, and two weeks earlier is an advantage in many sections. When the plants are about a month old they must be shifted to flats or beds and planted not less than one and a half inches apart each way, and two inches secures a much stronger development of the plants. As the heat in the hotbed is expended in five or six weeks, a second hotbed becomes a necessity unless a greenhouse is available. In about three weeks after this first shift has been made the plants must be set again, allowing much more space between them. Some growers set in flats, while many prefer to use berry baskets, paper pots, earthen pots and many other devices. When grown in this way they can be set in the field without any disturbance to roots.—National Stockman and Farmer.

Protecting the Small Fruits.
All small fruits are benefited by some slight protection during the winter slumber. Strawberries are best protected by covering with clean straw or marsh hay. Do this after the ground has frozen solid enough to hold up a team and wagon. Good clean straw or hay thrown over the plants from four to six inches deep is of much value.—American Agriculturist.

Chicken Advice.
Order pure bred roosters early to head your flock. It will need new blood next spring. And don't expect to get good birds cheaply. They cost, but to grow vigorous, healthy chicks you must have one to every twelve of the hens whose eggs you will save for hatching.

PAINT WISDOM.
The following advice on painting is taken from a bulletin on "The Use of Paint on the Farm," issued by the United States department of agriculture:
Do not use any paints containing compounds of lead about stables or outbuildings where the fumes from decaying organic matter occur, since these gases are likely to darken the lead paints. Do not use with lead compounds any pigments which may liberate compounds of sulphur. For example, ultramarine blue which contains sulphur in a form in which it may be set free is a beautiful and very permanent blue and may be used with zinc white, but should not be used with white lead or any other lead pigments. Prussian blue, on the contrary, does not contain sulphur and may be used with lead pigments. Remember that turpentine and benzine are very inflammable.

You Can't Help Laughing at These

Repetition Unnecessary.
One day Mark Twain was being shaved by a very talkative barber and was forced to listen to many of his anecdotes.
The barber had to strop his razor, and when he was ready, brush in hand, to commence again he asked:
"Shall I go over it again?"
"No thanks," drawled Mark. "It's hardly necessary. I think I can remember every word."—Everybody's Magazine.

Made Four of Them.
I drew a picture last night that made me \$25 richer."
"What was it?"
"A king."

Well Equipped.
Manager—We want a man for our information bureau, but he must be one who can answer all sorts of questions and not lose his head.
Applicant—That's me. I'm the father of eight children.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

When the Gamekeeper's Son Caught a Poacher

By WILLIAM H. J. LOGAN

NOW that the wild game is disappearing, especially from the eastern states, and multimillionaires are fencing in thousands of acres we are getting preserves such as they have in England. There are a number of these estates in New Hampshire, where all kinds of game are preserved, from a pheasant to a deer. A gentleman whom we shall call Keith owns one of them, though he is a very busy man and seldom goes there. Tom Dealy is the gamekeeper, and Tom has a son Richard, commonly called Dickey, seven years old. There is lots of honesty in childhood, and it usually stamps itself on childish faces. Any one looking into Dickey's honest countenance would trust him with uptold riches.

One afternoon Dickey was out on one of the hills included in the estate more than a mile from the lodge in which he lived. Suddenly he heard a shot, and a pheasant fell not a hundred feet from him. In another moment a man with gun and game bag advanced from an opening in the trees and was about to pick up the bird when he was arrested by a "Hi, there!"
Looking up, he saw Dickey. The sun shone full in his face. His hat was thrown back, permitting the red autumn rays to fall full on the boy's face, which expressed disapprobation. The man paused and, resting the butt of his gun on the ground, regarded Dickey curiously.
"Well, what is it?"
"Let that pheasant alone. It doesn't belong to you. It is the property of Mr. Keith, who owns this place."
"What right has Mr. Keith to it more than I?"
"He bought it with money."
"How did he get the money?"
"Made it."
"Honestly? Are you sure he didn't rob the people—freeze out a lot of stockholders in some of his numerous schemes and appropriate the properties to himself?"
"I don't know anything about that. I know that's not your pheasant. It's his, and you let it alone."
"Mayn't I as well have it as to permit it to rot where it is?"
"No. I'll take it to my father. He's the keeper. He'll turn it in to Mr. Keith."

"How will I know that it reaches Mr. Keith?"
"You have my word for it."
"How do I know your father won't keep it for himself?"
"Because it's his business to see that all game here is turned in."
"That seems to you a good reason, but because a man is employed to see that his employer gets his own he doesn't always do it. However, you

Uses an Ancient Violin.
When George A. Yearly, a musician living in Sacramento, Cal., responds to the call of the muse he carries with him a violin he holds priceless.
The instrument is a genuine Cremona purchased by Marcus Yearly, a Greek gentleman and musician, in the year A. D. 1600. Yearly was great-great-grandfather to the present

owner, and the violin has been continuously in the possession of the Yearly family since its purchase by Marcus from the conservatory of the famous Danker.
It was made by Francesco Ruggiero in Cremona, Italy. It was worn, eaten and broken for several years until a few months ago, when Yearly had it repaired.

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The Farmer's Discovery.
Farmer Green—I'd like to git hold of the hound that sticks these signs up on my pond. This'll make the thirteenth I've pulled up.

Asking Too Much.
"So he refused to let you marry his daughter?"
"No; but he has imposed conditions which I cannot entertain."
"What were they?"
"Said I'd have to go to work first."—Kansas City Journal.

A Warning.
A new railway was being made, and the design including a small farm, the officers of the line paid a visit to the owner, an old lady.
"Madam," said the surveyor, "we understand that you own this farm, and it is my duty to inform you that our new railway will run through your barn."
"Oh, will it?" said the old lady. "Well, let me tell you that the last train will have to be not later than 9 o'clock, because you'll not catch me sitting up after that to open the doors for it or anything else. So mind!"—New York World.

Tasse or John.
Harry Highflyer—Bring me demt. Waiter—Tasse or John?—Leslie's Weekly.

Realized His Limitations.
A well dressed man entered a Euclid avenue florist's establishment the other day, threw down a five dollar bill and said he wanted some flowers to take home. He was a bit unsteady, and it was evident to the florist that the flowers were to be a peace offering. The proprietor picked out half a dozen big chrysanthemums, and the caller started to leave. At the door he stopped and inquired:
"Watsch name of these flowers?"
"Chrysanthemums."
"Ain't you the joker! Gimme pinks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LINGO OF RAILROADERS.

Some of Their Queer Expressions and What They Mean.

The talk of trainmen is replete with picturesque slang. A collection of these expressions made by the Railroad Man's Magazine reached astounding proportions.

A locomotive is called a "mill," "kettle," "scrap heap," "junk pile" and frequently and familiarly referred to as the "old girl." A fireman is known as a "tallow pot," a "diamond dealer," a "diamond pusher" and in this day sometimes as a "stoker."

The heaviest type of consolidation engine is known as a "battleship"; the lighter type of consolidation is called a "hog." Although the term "hog" is generally applied to all engines nowadays, in the strictest sense of railroad language it should be used only when referring to locomotives of the consolidation type.

A new fireman or brakeman is a "student." A "boomer" in the strictest sense of the term is a man who stays only about one pay day on a division. A locomotive engineer is known as a "hoghead," "hogger," "eagle eye," "throttle puller," "runner" or "engine-man."

Freight brakemen are called "shacks," "strong arms," "twisters," "brakies," "cullies" and "dope artists." "Varnished cars" are passenger coaches. A "gon" is a gondola or coal car. A "steel gon" is sometimes called a "whalebelly" or a "battleship." A refrigerator car is a "reefer."

"Taking her by the neck" is used when an engine is made to pull a heavy "tag" up a steep hill or around a sharp curve. "Patting her on the back" is an expression used when the reverse lever is down in the corner and is gradually hooked up notch by notch on the quadrant as the saturated steam is worked off. "Making her pop" is to maintain a fire so that the instant the engine stops working she blows off.

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

"Lo, time and space enough," we cry,
"To write an epic!" So we try
Our nibs upon the edge and die.

Muse not which way the pen to hold,
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold;
Soon come the darkness and the cold.

Greatly begin; though thou have time
For but a line, be that sublime.
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Ah, with what lofty hope we came!
But we forget it, dream of fame,
And scrawl, as I do here, a name.
—James Russell Lowell.

DOCK FOR SUBMARINES.

France Has Big Plant For Salvage of Underwater Craft.

A floating dock for the salvage of submarines which the French government has had built will endow the French navy with one of the finest plants in existence for the purpose intended. The problem has been solved in a simple way by the constructors of the French navy, says Shipping Illustrated. In order to give the structure the necessary stability to perform its work as well as rigidity the hull has been divided into two parallel sections, joined above by a series of beams. These two sections form a unique caisson at the forward end, so that a bow view of the dock reveals a hull similar to that of an ordinary seagoing ship.

The two floating sections have straight and smooth surfaces internally and are shaped outside almost vertically with flat bottom and the usual concave stern, each section having an independent rudder. The sections are joined astern by a permanent bridge, which can be used to maneuver the vessel, while contributing to structural stiffness. The overhead beams are ten in number, and each is fitted with two lifting platforms, one on each side, having a capacity of seventy-five tons. All the lifting platforms are hydraulically connected, so as to insure a uniform tension. The actual power of all the lifts is thus 1,500 tons, which gives a reserve power of 500 tons.

All the lifting apparatus is electrically operated, power being supplied by two dynamos of eighty-five kilowatts each. The floating sections of the dock are divided into water tight compartments by longitudinal and transverse bulkheads, and water ballast has been installed to the extent of 160 tons to supply the trimming tanks. The dock is fitted as a complete seagoing ship to act independently after being towed to the scene of its work.

Chinese Telephone Girls.

It is a curious thing, but proportionately the Chinese are about the most extensive patrons of the telephone in America, particularly the long distance and especially in San Francisco. The San Francisco Chinese telephone business is so large that a year ago they built in that city a special Chinese-American exchange in the form of a pagoda with three roofs, one above the other, the number of roofs indicating the importance of the building. Chinese "hello" girls are in this exchange.

Tragedies in Headlines.

"Had Left His Railroad Ticket in His Other Clothes."
"Woman Had Hidden Her Money in Cook Stove."

The Flower Girl's Gift

Bunch of Violets Unites
Hearts Long Estranged

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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If you chance to pass the corner stand where Emilia displays her flowers and turn to look again at her charming face, with its fresh color, be sure that she will remember to greet you with an irresistible smile and frank "Good day" should occasion bring you back upon a following morning, for to Emilia the crowded city is but a joyous place, filled with friendly hearts and hands. She is deeply interested, this little foreign maid, in those whom she proudly calls her "customers," and in her eager desire to please does not distinguish between the great lady who carelessly tosses a coin from



"JES' A LONGING FOR YOU," SHE SANG.

her carriage and the working girl who foregoes luncheon in order to buy one flower. To Emilia all are alike save one, and this one exception is her beautiful lady. That is what she calls her divinity when she and the crippled sister sit at evening exchanging confidences.

"Did you see the beautiful lady?" Tilda would ask, "and did she wear the plumed hat or the scarlet one of velvet?"

Then Emilia's eyes would widen and her voice sink to an awe inspiring whisper, while Tilda leaned forward expectantly, awaiting the glowing description sure to follow.

Each day as the flower girl arranged her small stock the beautiful lady would come quickly from a great stone doorway to be whisked away in a motorcar, but the brief moment was always one of pleasurable excitement to Emilia. Upon a certain afternoon the lady waited long at the curb, and her fretful frown deepened as the tardy auto failed to appear; then half absently her gaze rested on the shabby little figure whose dusky head bent low above the purple violets. As their eyes met Emilia came forward impulsively.

"Pleeece," she whispered, holding in her outstretched hand a bunch of the fragrant flowers. The beautiful lady fingered her golden purse undecidedly, while a rosy flush crept from the tip of Emilia's chin to the clustering curls on her forehead.

"But, pleeece," she said, with reproving dignity, "it is a gift."

The lady's frown gave way to a transforming smile. "For me?" she questioned. "A gift for me?"

Emilia nodded vigorously. "Always I have wanted to give it," she said, "but there was not time."

The lingering smile sparkled in the lady's eyes. "You have seen me then before?" she asked amusedly.

Again Emilia nodded. "Many times I have seen you," she answered, "and once we stood in the doorway, my sister and I, and heard you sing."

And the beautiful lady, who is also known as a great singer, laughed softly. "That would be a poor place to hear," she said. "Next time you must come inside." Drawing a notebook from her purse, she wrote a hasty line or two and, tearing off the written page, handed it to the flower girl. "Give that to the man at the office if you care to hear me sing again," she said. "He will see that both the sister and you are taken care of."

Emilia's eloquent eyes spoke her gratitude, and that evening long before the doors of the opera house were opened two eager faced girls in faded clothes headed the waiting crowd. The man at the window glanced at them curiously as he exchanged the slip of paper for two bright pink tickets, while Emilia dazedly followed an usher into an enchanted place of brilliant light and color. Down the aisle they went, Tilda's crutches falling noiselessly upon the heavy carpet, until at length they found themselves seated directly before the magic curtain. When the beautiful lady appeared, standing silent before that sea of upraised faces, the two girls clasped

hands in speechless admiration, but as the audience listened spellbound to the wonderful voice Tilda turned to her sister.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "what she sings we cannot understand."

Emilia's own face expressed secret disappointment. "Whatever she sings is beautiful," she answered loyally.

Again and again Mme. Claire bowed her acknowledgment of the echoing applause, coming forward at last with a smile which seemed to include them all.

"At your request," she announced simply. There was a moment's expectancy; then the silvery notes rang out, "Jes' a Longing For You." With tears wet upon her cheeks the flower girl leaned forward. Her eyes gazed unseeing across the rippling lights. Once more she was back at home in the little fishing village, waiting, watching, with fast beating heart for a glimpse of a boat—a boat which sailed at evening far over the black waters, and in the boat was Karl—Karl, her lover.

She went to meet the beautiful lady the following day, timidly offering her gift flowers.

"Well," Mme. Claire asked cheerfully, "did you like it, Emilia?"

The girl's eyes were troubled. "I do not know," she answered hesitatingly, then with passionate gesture touched her heart. "It hurts me here," she cried, "for it is too true—that song—all the time I long so for Karl, and he is far across the ocean. He would have me marry him there, but it was too dull, too slow. Tilda and I must first see the new rich country, so when we came he said:

"One day you will be sorry, then you will send for me to take you back."

"But I have been sorry, and I have not sent for him because of the pride. So Karl he thinks that when one sells many flowers and makes other friends that one is happy, but it is not so, for always—only—I long for him."

The singer laid her hand gently upon the girl's. "Yes, yes, I know," she answered, and there was a tremulous catch in her voice—"always, only you long for him."

That night when Emilia climbed to the tiny room at the top of the tenement Tilda met her excitedly. "See the newspaper!" she cried. "It is all there about your beautiful lady. First I saw her picture; then Mary Ryan she read it to me. 'Mme. Claire,' it reads beneath the picture, but that is not all true, for Claire is but her first name, and yet she is married, Emilia—married across the ocean, and her husband he is a very great man, and he would not have her sing on the stage, and she would sing, so they quarreled and parted. It is all here in the paper. And now he comes to New York, and they ask him, 'Will you go to the theater tonight to hear your wife sing, and I do not like that man, for he tells them, 'No, I did not come to New York to hear Mme. Claire sing, and when she hears—your beautiful lady—what her husband says she shrugs her shoulders, so, and laughs. And his name it is Sir John Burrows, and he stays at the Palace hotel.'"

Tilda ended her narrative breathlessly, while Emilia caught up the paper, looking long at the winsome pictured face. "Married across the water," she repeated slowly, "and they quarreled, too, and parted, and she knows then—my beautiful lady—that it means to be sorry." A light of recollection shone in the girl's eyes. "Always—only I long for you," she murmured.

"What are you saying?" her sister asked.

But Emilia shook her head, with a little inscrutable smile.

When Mme. Claire again awaited her auto Emilia was not to be seen in attendance upon the little stand.

"Where is she?" she asked of Tilda, who endeavored to fill her sister's place.

"It was the heat," the girl explained. "This morning the sun shone hot on the corner, and when Emilia fainted they took her to the people's hospital. If you could but see her there," she added pleadingly. "It would make Emilia happy."

"Certainly I shall see her," the singer agreed with quick sympathy. It was a white face which smiled bravely from the pillows as the "beautiful lady" approached.

"I knew you would come," Emilia whispered happily. "You would not go away without seeing me again. And it is true what the papers say—that you are going?"

"Quite true," the singer answered. "I go to fill another engagement, Emilia, to sing in a distant land."

"And you will come no more to the corner?" the girl asked dully.

"Some time, perhaps. Who knows?" Mme. Claire sighed. "I shall think of you often, dear," she said—"of your sweetness, your courage. And at parting will you not let me give you a gift, something to remember me by when I am far away? You are such a proud little thing!"—the singer laughed unsteadily—"that one feels it necessary to ask permission."

Emilia sat up suddenly, disobeying all orders. "Will you, then," she begged, "give me whatever I ask?"

Mme. Claire nodded in pleased surprise that her offer had been accepted. The girl drew a long breath.

"I should like," she said, "a picture of you, the pretty picture that stands at the door, with the rose in your hair and the gown of white."

"But, child, is there not something else?" the singer interposed. "You may gladly have the picture also."

Emilia sank back upon her pillows. "Nothing else I want but that," she answered firmly. With feverish im-

patience she awaited her divinity upon the following day.

"Where is the picture?" was Emilia's abrupt greeting.

The singer was deeply touched. "Why, little one, do you really care so much for me?"

The flower girl raised her eyes in mute reply. "Will you please write your name on the back of the picture? The little true name 'Claire' I would have, and beneath it the line of that song which says, 'Jes' a Longing For You.'"

The beautiful lady bent over the cot until her hair brushed the girl's face. "Oh, you queer little thing, you dear little thing," she said tenderly. When the photograph, with the desired sentence written in Emilia's hand she smiled in blissful content.

"If I could I would also give to you a parting gift," she said gratefully.

Mme. Claire stopped to leave her card with the hospital superintendent. "Kindly see that little Emilia does not leave too soon," she said.

When Emilia asked the nurse later when she might go home that cheerful person shook her head noncommittally.

"Tomorrow, maybe," Emilia ventured, "I might take a little walk."

"Decidedly not tomorrow," was the discouraging answer. Therefore when Emilia rose shakingly from bed the next day she cautiously closed the door of the private room whither she had been unquestioningly removed and donned her garments in nervous haste; then, creeping stealthily down the stairs, she passed unseen into the gardens and fled. The downtown streets rolled dizzily before her eyes, and she rested often, vainly trying to steady her strangely confused senses. She must also go out of her way in order to avoid Tilda, who would detain her with useless questions, and there was now no time to lose. As Emilia plodded along she repeated a name, saying it over desperately lest this buzzing thing in her head should cause her to forget, and the name that she whispered was, "Sir John Burrows, the Palace hotel." She said it mechanically to the man at the desk, sinking down unasked into an office chair.

After one hurried look at the forlorn little figure the man spoke sharply: "What can you want of Sir John Burrows?" he asked.

Emilia passed her hand across her eyes. "To give him this," she said.

The man glanced contemptuously at the dainty packet held out to him—a fold of tissue fastened with a silken string. Then Emilia smiled faintly, speaking as from a distance. "Pleeece," she entreated. When she opened her eyes again the man was bending over her concernedly, while a gentleman standing near exclaimed "Good!" in a tone of relief. It was this gentleman who claimed Emilia's prompt attention, for he held in his hand a photograph of her beautiful lady, and beneath the picture was an angular written sentence, "Jes' a Longing For You." Emilia whispered; then, with tense anxiety, she studied the face of the man. "It is a message," she said daintily—"a message from her."

"I thank you," the man replied. "If you can tell me where Mme. Claire may be found I will answer the message in person." There was a suppressed eagerness in his tone, which the flower girl noted with a quick, happy laugh.

"You will go to the White Marble apartments," she directed joyously, "and when you see Mme. Claire tell

her, pleeece, that Emilia sends a parting gift. It is all right," she explained in answer to his puzzled stare. "The beautiful lady will understand."

Emilia did not return to the hospital. She was in her accustomed place the following morning, nodding gayly to her customers as she deftly arranged the blossoms. And very early, while the dew still lay upon their petals, a man and woman came and stood before the corner stand, and the woman, who was very beautiful, clasped the little flower girl in her arms.

"We shall never forget you, dear, for making us happy," she said. "But what of yourself, Emilia?"

"I have written a letter," the girl confided, "and soon my Karl comes, sailing far over the ocean." She paused shyly and then looked up with her radiant smile. "Me? I wait," said Emilia.

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BUZZ SAW

Mr. Editor:

You will be much surprised to receive this letter from California. Years ago I had an old friend by the name of J. G. Waite, who now lives when at home at Guelph, S. Dak. He raises flax in the summer and builds airships in the winter. He just got a new one built, so he took a fly over here to try out his new machine and pay us a visit at the same time; and convinced me, as my health is not the very best, that it would do me good to fly around with him a while.

So I changed my socks before I started, not knowing what company I would get into, and started with him. When we bid everyone good-by and got in the machine and she started to rise, I felt as though I had been taking too much liquid refreshments. We did not go five miles high before I saw where I missed it, and another thing made me mad. I had left my money purse at home. Of course there was nothing in it, but I might meet someone on the way and borrow some.

As we flew over Michigan and Wisconsin and looked down on the large tracts of good land—nobody on them, nobody to work them—I began to think that there are not many people in this world after all.

But after going miles we came to a settler's cabin. I coaxed J. G. to alight and find out what was the matter. The settler told us it was all owned by a big company, but by some mistake they did not get his forty acres. He said the land of this company was not for sale until they could sell the whole 70,000 acres at one time. He did not know of any poor man that wanted that much, and this poor man did not know when he would get any neighbors or schools for his children.

We started for Chicago and travelled right along after that until we reached the city. After taking our airship down to the stockyards and cleaning it off and bedding it down for a rest, we started to do the town on foot, as our heels felt as though they would like to hit the cement again.

We made up our minds to walk as far as we could go and then take a street car back. We walked until we were so tired we could not walk more. I noticed J. G. with his hands in his pockets and a kind of tired look in his face. He explained he had left his pocketbook in his overcoat down with the machine. Of course, I was honest, I turned my pockets inside out. Not a street car ride between the two of us, and mighty hungry and dry.

I spied a lager beer sign and wanted to go in, but J. G. being a church man, he would not go. We were in a nice fix, too tired to walk and not a cent to ride with. About that time I did not think the trip was going to help my health much; but he inquired for a church and away we went for something to eat. The man in charge gave us a card to go about a mile to see some committee and we went. They asked us our denomination. We said Methodist, but we did not guess right. They said they had all they could do to feed their own poor, so we tried another one and sat waiting in line for about an hour. It was then three in the afternoon. They gave us a card saying we could get a bowl of soup the next day at twelve o'clock.

By this time J. G. gave it up and I steered him across to Hinky Dink's and told the bartender my troubles. He did not wait for a committee but gave us a bowl of beer and told us to go over to the lunch counter and fill our face. We thanked him and did so and walked back to our airship.

The next morning we started, but flew around Chicago for an hour to get a good look at the city. We saw thousands of people that were starving, nothing to eat, potatoes \$1.50 a bushel, nothing to grow them on without they could buy 70,000 acres in a bunch. I asked J. G. how it was that God put 70,000 acres in one place and 70,000 people in a corner where they could not use it. He explained it to me that God was not to blame for it; that years ago some men were a little smarter than others and they got in power and made laws for themselves. I asked him if they never made any laws for the poor man. He said lots of them, but that is to keep him in subjection. I asked him if they never make one for the poor man's benefit. He thought a while and told me if I did not stop asking fool questions he would dump me out, so I kept still for a while.

We were flying about a mile a minute over several states. I could tell the states by their color because I looked at the map before I left home. We went across a large tract of land. I asked J. G. whom that belonged to. He said that was 90,000 acres the Southern Pacific and our good government stole from the people. I asked him how it was the government let them keep it if they did not earn it. He said "There you go again. Do you want to ride or walk?" So I kept still for quite a while after that if not longer.

Then we came to Salt Lake City. Just outside of the city I saw a big billboard that said on it Back to the Land! (Some sharper had land to sell, I guess) I asked J. G. if he had seen anything in

the papers about the back to the land movement. He said Yes, but they were starting cleaning house wrong-end first: they ought to start in Washington and make it read, get the land back to the people.

I asked him if he did not think a man could see how things are going on on this earth when he was up five or six miles better than when he was on earth. He said "Of course you can. You can look down and see the stealing and see the misery it causes, but you can not tell who is to blame. But the all-seeing eye of God can look down and see who is to blame." I asked him if it did not say somewhere that "the gold and silver is all Mine and the cattle on a thousand hills?" He said yes, but some smart jiggers had stolen the use of it as long as they live, then they will have to give it all up.

He asked me if I had ever read that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. I told him yes, but I always thought they had ought to have made it a darned needle; that would give them a little better chance. He said a small cambric needle.

was just as good, as they had no show anyway.

We had to go uphill then as we had to go over the mountain. When we got up we saw three great grizzly bears. J. G. wanted to stop and take a shot at them, but I told him to remember the state of my health, as my temperature had been rising ever since I first saw them. I wished we had Gust Lillquist or Teddie Roosevelt or Cap Fisher along, we would not have done much to them, but we sailed right along until we came to San Francisco.

We got here last night about five o'clock. I will write you the rest of our experiences next week.

BUZZ SAW

TAX NOTICE

The tax roll of the city of Gladstone is now in my hands for 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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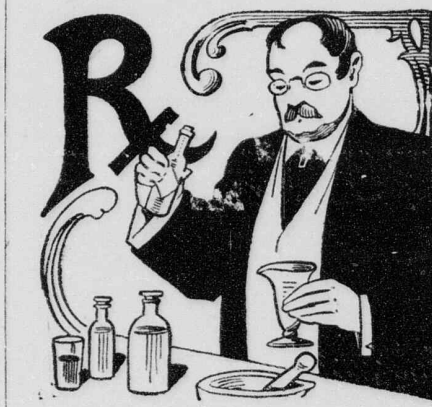
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