

FASHIONS AND THE HOUSEHOLD

Hat, Cape and Muff to Match



An ensemble set, including hat, cape and muff, made of satin and marabou, is considered very smart this winter. The muff of the black satin and white marabou set shown in this department resembles a large loosely tied bow. The shoulder cape is gathered in the lamp shade effect.

What's What in Present Styles

COSTUMES in Russian style are very popular again this winter. The cloth or velvet Russian coat fastens at the side front with a series of braided tabs and buttons, and the fur collar comes high enough for winter comfort. The long, smooth fitting sleeves are finished by a band of fur at the wrists.

BLACK satin, snowy chiffon and jet or rhinestones are one of the effective combinations for evening.

PLUSH hats are being very much worn. They appeared last winter, but were not seriously considered.

Church News and Views

The step taken by the Central Presbyterian church of Brooklyn, the third largest in the denomination in the United States in point of membership, in the adoption of the free pew system created considerable comment.

A number of ministers of several denominations discussed the matter. The churches of which they are the pastors are pretty generally committed to the pew system, for the reason, as some of them said, both rented and free pews have been tried and they have come to the conclusion that in order to support the church the former is the common sense way of raising the money. One pastor said that if a pastor had a number of rich men in his church who stood ready to make up deficits each year it might be all right to make the pews free, but the danger of men paying deficits lay in the fact that these men might want to run the church and make the pastor subject to their wishes in the matter of church administration. Cases were cited where the free pew system had been tried and had proved an absolute failure.

Why These Men Avoided Church. Results of a year's inquiry among 500 nonchurchgoing neighborhood men—"backsliders"—were announced in a summarized report by the Rev. Harry E. Peabody, pastor of the South Congregational church, Chicago.

Men's faces had been missing regularly every Sunday. The church board

WHITE FOX WORN AGAIN.

Women's Dresses Made Entirely of Fur a Paris Style This Winter.

White fox is a fur which has become very fashionable again. This peltry, though sometimes worn in the country, has been rarely seen in the cities for some seasons back owing, perhaps, to its soiling so quickly.

Now there is a great revival in white fox. At the beginning of the season in some of the fur shops there was a large display of stole and muff sets in white fox, and the millinery show rooms had arranged becoming little caps to match. Women who were tired of darker hued furs at once chose a stole, muff and cap set of white fox, and white fox was selected as the trimming for the evening gown in place of the skunks and opossums of previous seasons.

The caps of white fox with a small cluster of scarlet berries at the side, or a leaf or two of scarlet velvet, are more becoming to the dark haired woman of faultless complexion and to the girl in her teens, but white fox is also being worn by other women as hat trimmings. In one set stole and muff are accompanied by a hat of black velvet encircled round the crown with a wide band of the same peltry, the band being so arranged that only a line of the wide velvet brim showed between coiffure and fur.

In Paris women have been wearing dresses composed almost entirely of fur.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

To remove dust marks from wall paper apply cornmeal with a cloth.

Bottles which have contained olive oil are cleaned the most satisfactorily with ammonia.

Two towels sewed together on two sides and one end, the top turned over and a cord run through a casing near the top make an excellent bag for soiled linen.

When fruit jars are empty washing them in order before they are put away for future use. The washing of the jar will be made easier and the danger of scratching one's hand on the rough edge of the jar averted if a dish mop or long handled clean paint brush is used.

Ordinary soap and water is never sufficient to keep the kitchen table free from grease and stains. Take half a pound of soft soap, half a pound of silver sand and a quarter of a pound of lime. Work these together with a wooden spoon and keep in a jar. When required to use rub some of the mixture on the scrubbing brush and scrub vigorously. Use plenty of warm water to wash away the lather.

Sequel of a Bread Basket Elopement

By HENRY PETER COOPERS

The scene of this story is London, the time that of Queen Elizabeth. The story is true, and the virgin queen is one of the characters.

Among the courtiers was Lord Compton, a good looking young man imbued with the spirit of adventure of that time. He did not, like some of his fellow courtiers—Raleigh, for instance—interest himself in the settlement of new countries. He worked in a more circumscribed field. But if some of us are prone to admire the pioneer surely "all the world loves a lover."

Sir John Spencer was a merchant prince of London. So wealthy was he that he was called "the rich Spencer." Indeed, he was worth a sum equal to the income of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie for a whole month. Sir John had but one child, a daughter. She was the object of Lord Compton's love.

Just here, for novelty, the story scrapes bottom. No one can infuse novelty into a case of a pair of lovers whose marriage is opposed. Sir John scouted the idea of his daughter marrying Compton, and that is all there is to be said on a subject that has had first place in stories ever since they began to be written, but if the motif is commonplace the variety of its ramifications is infinite. In this case the special ramification is unique.

There is no need to concern ourselves over the unhappiness of a pair of lovers. Lovers—at least unmarried lovers—are usually unhappy, and as to those who are kept apart, their condition reminds us of what Marshal von Moltke said about the roads in wartime, "They are always bad." Separated lovers are always unhappy. Given a young man, a girl and a cruel parent, the problem is how the young man can get the girl away from the cruel parent. There are a great many ways of doing the trick, and those used in stories that are not true are almost always romantic. There is nothing romantic in the plan adopted in this case; but, as I have said, this is a true story.

One morning the baker, as usual, went to Sir John Spencer's house to deliver the loaves of bread. He carried them on his back in a large wicker basket. Such necessities for breakfast were delivered then, as now, in the early morning. This morning the bread was delivered unusually early. It was laid on the kitchen table before even the cook was out of bed. But if the cook was in bed there was one who was up and dressed and waiting for the baker. That was Miss Spencer.

She threw her arms about his neck, they whispered a few hurried words, she hopped into the basket, the cover was slapped down, the baker hoisted it on to his back and started off.

Of course the baker was Lord Compton disguised.

It happened that morning that Sir John was up early himself. Seeing the baker coming downstairs from having delivered the bread, he accosted him. "Up and at work early, my man! That's the way to get on in the world. I got my start by working when other people were asleep. Here's a sixpence for you."

Not very far from the house a "chair" waited. The bread basket was put in it. It was lifted by two bearers and carried away.

About a year after all this happened the virgin queen honored Sir John Spencer by inviting him to stand sponsor with her for a child. Furthermore, it was suggested by the queen that since the undutiful conduct of his daughter had deprived him of an heir, here was an opportunity to adopt one. Suggestions from sovereigns in those days were tantamount to commands, for if they were not acted upon the person to whom the suggestion was made was liable to a trumped up charge of treason and to have his head dropped by the fall of an ax into a basket. There had been one basket too many already in the family affairs, and Sir John signified his assent.

The day of the christening came round, and a boy baby dressed in fine linen and French laces was carried into her majesty's private chapel. A goodly assembly of courtiers was present, among them Lord Compton and his wife, though they stood back where they were not noticeable. When the clergyman asked what name should be given the child the queen answered, "John Spencer."

Sir John started, the ceremony was performed, and the queen informed the godfather that his godson was his grandchild. Then her majesty called for the mother, who threw her arms about her father's neck and was forgiven. Lord Compton advanced, and the reconciliation was concluded.

The principal beneficiary of this little episode was John Spencer Compton, who by his father's marriage inherited a fortune. In his coat of arms he should have introduced a bread basket and an ax, the one being the means of his getting a rich man's daughter for a mother and the other the means of his being made an heir.

LINCOLN AND WAR NEWS.

For Four Years He Passed Hours Each Day in Telegraph Office.

Abraham Lincoln has been studied from almost every point of view, but it is a noticeable fact that none of his biographers has ever seriously considered that branch of the service with which Lincoln was in daily personal touch for four years—the military telegraph—for during the civil war the president spent more of his waking hours in the war department telegraph office than in any other place except the White House. While in the telegraph office he was comparatively free from official cares and therefore more inclined to disclose his natural traits and disposition, writes David Homer Bates in the Century.

During the last four years of Abraham Lincoln's public career, even until the day before his tragic ending, the writer was most fortunate in being able to see him and talk with him daily and usually several times a day, for he visited the war department telegraph office regularly morning, afternoon and evening to receive the latest news from the front. His tall, homely form could be seen crossing the well shaded lawn between the White House and the war department with unvaried regularity.

In cool weather he invariably wore a gray plaid shawl thrown over his shoulders in careless fashion, and upon entering the telegraph office he would always hang this shawl over the top of the high screen door opening into Secretary Stanton's room, adjoining. This door was nearly always open. He seldom failed to come over late in the evening before retiring, and when returning to the White House after dark he was frequently accompanied by a small guard of soldiers. He sometimes protested against this latter precaution as unnecessary, but Secretary Stanton's orders to the guard were imperative.

Cleverness Explained.



"Talkyrandy is wonderfully clever, don't you think?"

"He's smart enough to mix with people of tact, who make him think he is as clever as he thinks he is."

ST. VALENTINE GIFTS.

Some Suggestions for the Benefit of the Perplexed.

The habit of substituting a dainty little gift for the conventional lacey and beflowered valentine on the 14th of February is beginning to take root. A heart or a Cupid or a true lover's knot figures in it as a rule. But sometimes the valentine symbol is omitted altogether, and the very fact of remembrance on that day is considered enough to tell the message, or the gift may be gloves or handkerchiefs or something of the sort, wrapped in valentine crape paper or packed in a heart shaped box or tagged with the familiar red hearts with the name written in white ink instead of with the usual pasters.

Candy, either heart shaped or packed in heart boxes, is one of the most familiar gifts. Little articles for the room, such as a heart shaped placushion or even a sofa cushion, are excellent for such a purpose. For either a girl or a man a little remembrance, such as a bookmark appropriately ornamented or a penwiper in the shape of a heart or having a small Cupid mounted on the top, which may be made at home, will be a change from the usual card. Heads of pretty girls, by famous artists, are mounted on red cardboard, the face being outlined in gold in heart shape. Stationery is also included in the list, the boxes being heart shaped. More personal is a heart shaped photo frame containing a picture of the donor.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Why He Was Fired. "Why did you leave the place in which you were previously employed?" asked the head of the firm.

"I think," said the applicant for the position of office boy, "de boss was afraid if I stayed I might git his place."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A PLACE FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS

To the Wee Cherub Who Says He Is My Little Valentine



LITTLE boy with eyes so blue, Cheeks so fair and heart so true; Little sunbeam sent to shine On me, thou'lt be my valentine.

SWEETER lover could not be; Nothing e'er of jealousy Comes between thy heart and mine, Faithful little valentine!

What Am I Doing?

The players in this game seat themselves in a row, and the leader of the game takes his place behind them, beginning at the top of the row. He makes some absurd gesture and then asks the person behind whom he is standing, "What am I doing?" If the player replies incorrectly, and he generally does, he is doomed to stand up and imitate in silence the gesture he could not guess.

OFT I wonder what fair face, What gentle maid of tender grace, The coming year hold in their shrine To be thy future valentine.

YET thy love for me is sure, None more beautiful and pure. May the grace of God divine Be with thee, my valentine!

Reading Advice.

Write upon separate slips of paper different kinds of advice, some witty, some serious, some comical. Have these slips passed around, each taking one before it is opened. An opinion must be passed upon it, whether it is good or bad, appropriate or inappropriate, whether it applies to himself or to some one else, etc.; then the advice is read aloud. This will cause a great deal of amusement.

LINCOLN NOTICED THE CHILD

Greeted Anxious Youngsters With Choke of the Hand.

"I saw Abraham Lincoln for the first time in the winter of 1863 at one of his public receptions," relates a writer in the New York Tribune.

"I was only a child, but had heard so much of Abraham Lincoln that I had a sort of vague idea that he was not a mere man, but some kind of divinity to be worshiped from afar, and naturally I was anxious to see him. I was therefore permitted to accompany my father, who was then serving as chief clerk of the house of representatives, to one of the presidential receptions. I knew nothing of public functions at that time and had some sort of notion that we would only be permitted to gaze upon the great man from a distance. When we came to him in the line, however, and he had greeted my father with a few pleasant words and we were about to pass on the president said: 'Wait one moment. I haven't shaken hands with this little man.' He took me by the hand, patted me on the head, said a few kind words to me, and we passed on."

Lie and Lay.

These two little three letter words have a capacity for making trouble with speakers and writers that is out of all proportion to their size. It seems to be utterly useless to remind people that "lie" is an intransitive verb and "lay" a transitive; that grammatical distinction is entirely too vague. The only way to correct the abuse is to keep on calling attention to it and to illustrate it by example, as in the following sentences, in the present and the past tense: "I told him to lay the book on the table;" "He lay down and was quiet;" "He lay aside enough money for his expenses;" "He has lain in bed too long already."

A Box of Pens.

What pen claims Moses for its authority? Pentateuch. What pen appertains to a clock? Pendulum. What pen is made of copper? Penny. What pen signifies poverty? Penury. What pen names a religious feast? Pentecost. What pen is patronized by church-goers? Penance. What pen is provided with wings? Penguin. What pen enables us to draw? Pencil. What pen is a lady's name? Penelope.

The Blue Ribbon

A Man Becomes a Convert to Its Charms

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mr. Turner glanced listlessly at the latest applicant for the vacant position in his office. She was a rather tall girl, quite stout, with light hair and blue eyes. There were soft infantile curves to her features that suggested a sentimental disposition. Mr. Turner uttered a soundless snort of contempt. "What experience have you had?" Turner began, glancing at the card which bore the young woman's name, Flora Cass.

Miss Cass proceeded to relate in a monotonous voice that she had been employed by various concerns in the city, and she presented sundry letters of recommendation from the different establishments, which all appeared to be cheerfully resigned at the prospect of dispensing with the services of this competent stenographer.

"Wear blue ribbons in your hair?" rasped Turner at length, turning his sharp eyes upon her.

Miss Cass tossed her head defiantly. "Well, nobody ever asked me that question before," she uttered in an offended tone.

"Do you?" insisted Ralph Turner.

"Sometimes," snapped Miss Cass rather impudently.

"Well," remarked Mr. Turner, playing with an ivory paper cutter, "I will make a note of your name and address and let you know within a day or two whether you will fill our requirements."

"Old crank!" muttered Miss Cass as she went down in the elevator. "I'd



"I ASKED YOU IF YOU EVER WORE BLUE RIBBONS."

like to see the man who can dictate to me whether I shall wear a blue ribbon in my hair or not?"

As she stepped into the street she bowed to a tall, pretty girl who paused for an instant beside her.

"I haven't seen you for some time, Miss Cass," said the pretty girl pleasantly.

"I've been working right along," explained Miss Cass hurriedly. "Are you working now, Miss Dorman?"

Hester Dorman shook her head. "You know the firm I worked for went into bankruptcy. Except for some stray work at home, I haven't anything to do."

"Want a position?" Miss Cass grinned impishly.

"Of course I do," was Hester's eager reply.

"They want a first class stenographer and typist up there in the Ralph Turner Insurance company, room 212. I don't suit because I wear blue ribbons in my hair. Perhaps you'd do, Miss Dorman."

"Blue ribbons? What has that got to do with it?" Miss Dorman looked puzzled.

"Hasn't got anything to do with it that I know of, only he asked me if I ever wore blue ribbons in my hair, and I told him that I did sometimes, so he didn't engage me."

Hester Dorman smiled as she went up in the elevator to the second floor. Work had been very dull in her field, and it seemed as if every business firm in the city was retrenching in office expenses and that there was no room for her anywhere. She needed the work too. Her father was not very well, and she longed to be of some assistance in sharing the wage earning so that he might take a hard earned and much needed vacation. If she could get this position at \$12 a week she knew she could persuade her father to rest for a couple of months.

At the door of No. 212 she paused, and a brief prayer fluttered on her lips before she entered. An office boy took her card in to Mr. Turner, and a moment later she was sitting before

him in the same chair that Flora Cass had occupied.

In response to his queries she briefly set forth her experience in the work, offered her references and stated her price.

Ralph Turner nodded his head approvingly as he listened to her recital. When she had concluded he asked with less confidence than he had inquired of Miss Cass.

"Do you wear blue ribbons in your hair?"

Hester shook her head, suppressing the smile that struggled to come to the surface. "No," she said gently.

"You may think it a peculiar question, but the fact is that I've lost five stenographers in the past two years all because they wore ribbons in their hair—married my clerks or my neighbor's clerks or bookkeepers until I've been continually breaking in new typists. I resolved never to hire another young woman who was addicted to the wearing of blue ribbons in her hair."

"You may feel perfectly safe so far as I am concerned," assured Hester.

"Will you be here tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock?" asked Ralph Turner.

"Yes," she replied and went away happy as a bird at the idea of once more being among the workers.

The next morning when Ralph Turner passed through the outer office on the way to his sanctum he nodded approval with a good morning to the slender, dark eyed girl sitting at her desk. He noted that she wore a simple dress of some dark material and that she wore no jewelry, and her abundant hair was neatly dressed.

He spent considerable time showing her what to do and explaining the nature of the work she was to perform. She was to be his especial stenographer, and instead of working in the large room where half a dozen other girls chattered away at as many machines Hester Dorman had a small private office near that of Mr. Turner.

Hester soon fell in line with her new work and grew to like it. She grew to like Ralph Turner as well and to understand that his outward air of gruffness covered an unusually warm heart and a whimsical turn of mind that made him a most interesting companion.

It was easy to see that Mr. Turner was not interested in women. To him they lived and moved and had their being quite apart from him. The girls in the outer office chattered with their tongues, clattered at the type machines and coquetted with the callow clerks under his very nose, but he saw them not. So long as they turned out good work and obeyed the rules of the office he appeared satisfied. He accepted them as inevitable results of woman's hunger for a busier life. As for his personal stenographer, there he was particular to a fault. But he found little to criticize in Hester Dorman's exquisite neatness of attire and her faultless work.

Hester had been there three months before Ralph Turner looked up from his letters one day and really saw her. He started imperceptibly when he realized that she was pretty—nay, more than pretty; she was beautiful. To gaze at her was like looking at some lovely picture painted from life.

Hester Dorman never knew when the transition from his indifference to interest took place in the breast of her employer. She only knew that she had never been so contented and happy in all her life before.

One morning as he passed her desk Ralph Turner paused.

"Miss Dorman"—He hesitated. "You will recollect that when I employed you I asked you if you ever wore blue ribbons in your hair?"

"Yes, Mr. Turner," she answered wonderingly.

"It was merely a passing fancy on my part that my stenographer should not do so. If you—er—care to wear them pray do so. I would not place too many restrictions upon you," he said awkwardly and went into his office.

"How funny!" thought Hester as she resumed her work. "Why should he concern himself over the color of our ribbons?"

Indeed, why? Because Ralph Turner realized that he loved for the first time. He loved Hester Dorman, but he doubted whether she could ever care for him in the same way. There were younger and more attractive men in the office, and perhaps if Hester had had a fair chance with the others—if he had not demanded that she dress plainly or hint that such was his wish—perhaps her beauty would be more apparent to the other chaps. Hester ought to have her chance.

He waited several weeks, and Hester Dorman never wore a blue ribbon in her hair. But she wore pink signals in her cheeks whenever she spoke to him, and he was too obtuse to understand their significance. One day he accidentally overheard two of his clerks talking.

"Old Turner will be advertising for another stenographer of the nonribbon sort," remarked one flippant youth.

"Why?"

"Because he'll be marrying Miss Dorman before long. They certainly like each other pretty well," grinned the first youth.

"Like each other pretty well?"

The words sang themselves into Turner's heart. That must mean that Hester might like him too. In spite of his grouchy ways and his banning of pretty ribbons in his office it was possible that she did care. He resolved to ask her.

He did, and her reply had nothing to do with blue ribbons.

The new stenographer was a young man, and he had curly hair and wore baby blue neckties, and nobody cared, because everybody was so happy.

And Ralph's young wife always wore a broad band of pale blue ribbon about her head at the breakfast table—because he liked it.

UPPER PENINSULA

It is planned to build a 32 mile railroad from the Soo to Les Cheneaux through the farming country of Chippewa and Mackinac counties; to make connections with the Detroit and Mackinac at Cheboygan.

John Scott, of Ishpeming, has been placed on the pension list of the Cleveland Cliffs Co., after forty-six years and a month in the continuous service of that corporation. He has been a miner and pumpman since the civil war, of which he is a veteran.

"One thing we should look out for" said Austin Farrell discussing the boosting of the upper peninsula, "is that other people don't steal our thunder. A Soo Line folder contains a view of the Runley farm in Alger county labeled 'A Prosperous Farm in South Dakota.'"—Marquette Chronicle.

Water was turned Wednesday into the new penstock of the Cleveland-Cliffs Co., which feeds the Carp River power plant. The plant will transmit power to the mines at Ishpeming and Negaunee, at a tension of 33,000 volts. The system is provided with a standpipe 125 feet high on the bluff above the power house, to take up all fluctuation in the water supply.

During the past year the development bureau had 2,529 members, six of them honorary, being members of the Detroit board of commerce. These members are divided as follows: Menominee county, 428; Chippewa, 417; Houghton, 341; Marquette, 249; Ontonagon, 233; Delta, 218; Iron, 150; Mackinac, 134; Schoolcraft, 73; Alger, 59; Dickinson, 98; Gogebic, 17; Luce, 14; Keweenaw, 3, non-residents, 88. Plans are to be made for the organization of a boys' and girls' auxiliary association, each member to be charged twenty-five cents a year for membership, and the money raised in this way to be devoted to prizes to boys' and girls' corn growing contests, etc., throughout the upper peninsula.

Red Cross Lodge, Knights of Pythias, at the Soo, is in the throes of one of the hottest contests in its history. While a friendly fight, it is nevertheless an aggressive war, and will be carried on to the end. The membership has been divided into two factions—Regulars and Insurgents. The object of the contest is to arouse keener interest in the order and increase the membership and attendance. A big banquet will be the climax, served at the expense of the losers. According to the rules one point will be scored for each member in attendance at a convention; ten additional points for each member attending every convention during the contest; five points for each new member by initiation, reinstatement or card; ten points for each member whose dues are paid to July 1, 1912.

In Iron county there is now operating a wood mill which consists of a steam log jacker, steam drag saw and steam splitter. The plant will contain no belt, direct steam pressure being used for all purposes. The mill is somewhat of an experiment. It is to be set up in the bush and the logs skidded to it in as long lengths as the skidding team can handle economically. The log is first rolled upon the jacker, which is an endless chain arrangement that, on touching a lever, moves the log along the desired length, when it is caught by dogs and held while the steam drag saw cuts off the block. The block is carried automatically to the steam splitter, which splits it into as small pieces as desired. The wood is loaded on sleighs from the splitter and hauled to the banking grounds or the car.

THE ARCH-ENEMY.

The meeting at Marquette was roused to wrath by the announcement that it is planned by those in authority to remove Leo M. Geismar from Chatnam, with a view, undoubtedly, to cut off that experiment station. It is the general sentiment of the peninsula that its agricultural interests have been shamefully neglected by the state; and that no suitable appropriation was ever made for the Chatnam station. The cause of the trouble is not hard to find; the political activity of President J. L. Snyder of the M. A. C., who is endeavoring to cast aside the already minimized agricultural features of the college and to rival the university. Snyder's actions have shown a hostile spirit toward this part of Michigan, and it will be a good day for this peninsula when his official head goes into the basket.

SPEAKING OUT

It is our personal expression of opinion. We believe that William Howard Taft has been a good president. We believe that he will be a better one in his second term. We believe that by all precedent of party he is entitled to a second nomination at the hands of the Republicans without opposition. That he is not to receive it is a matter of regret.

As to his opponents, we hope to make our position clear also. Mr. LaFollette is impossible to the thinking man. A self-seeker, a four-flusher, an ingrate he is not entitled to any consideration. Mr. Roosevelt is an opportunist with a wonderfully developed gift of ascertaining the state of the public mind and then taking a position in accord with that state.

We have nothing in particular against

Mr. Roosevelt except that he makes a lot of noise and really accomplishes little; that he has started more things that he couldn't finish than any man who ever occupied the president's chair.—Marquette Chronicle.

HORSE FOR SALE

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

BANKS CLOSE

Monday, February 12, being a legal holiday, the banks of this city will be closed all day.

RUINED

The "favorite" son boom in Michigan appears to have been struck by a spring blight.—Bay City Times.

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.

SEEING THINGS

The really vital question is, of course, the one whether LaFollette will quit when the convention is over.—Mining Journal.

DIVIDE THE TALENTS

Out of all this Watterson-Harvey-Wilson controversy we are able to arrive at only one clear, definite conclusion—namely, to wit: Col. Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is an infinitely better editorial writer than Col. Roosevelt, of the Outlook, but Col. Roosevelt has Col. Watterson "beaten to a frazzle" as a collector of campaign contributions.—New York World.

MORE GOOD LAND

The Houghton Land & Drainage company will reclaim some ten thousand acres of low land in Houghton and Baraga counties. The plan consists of the dredging of a main canal ten miles in length, thirty feet wide and six to seven deep, with laterals at intervals of half a mile, a mile to a mile and a half in length and six feet in depth where they empty into the main, which will flow into the Snake River, draining a swamp ten miles in length and from two to three miles in width, lying about midway between Chassell and Keweenaw Bay, in the delta of the Sturgeon.

Of the tract procured by the development company, 6,000 acres were purchased from the South Shore and 1,200 acres from Houghton county. About half the swamp is open, and half of it is covered with a heavy growth of tamarack, large enough for ties which will be cleared off. An analysis of soil shows it to be exceptionally rich, consisting of six to eight feet of black muck, with a subsoil of clay. The swamp dips toward the center, and there is a fall of about three feet to the mile, excellently adapting it to the form of drainage proposed.

Two large dredging machines will arrive the first of April and work will be started immediately under direction of the Clements Dredge Co. of Cleveland. The larger dredge, to be used on the main canal, will be of the floating type, while the one which is to dig the laterals will run on rails. The engineer is now clearing the way through the brush for the machines, which will work without ceasing once operations are begun.

REACTIONARIES ALL

Under the agitation in favor of destroying the American wool industry, wool has declined from 10 to 18 cents per pound in two years, and number of sheep in the United States is decreasing. That's reactionary.

Hides were placed on the free list and as a result the farmer gets less for his hides, but pays a higher price for his shoes and harness. That's reactionary.

In short, a policy which produces industrial growth and development, and brings prosperity to the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer and the laborer, is a progressive policy; while any policy, the very advocacy of which produces financial distrust, industrial stagnation, closed mills and factories and starts armies of unemployed begging for bread, is reactionary. Where do you belong?

Taft refers to the present tariff as "a Chinese wall" which is an old Democratic phrase worn threadbare by Free-Traders. He also says that "we of the Republican party are under an obligation as soon as opportunity comes to advocate and carry through a revision of the tariff which shall meet the present popular demand and to which we are really pledged." That's reactionary; it's the old camping ground of the Democratic party. And we find LaFollette and his following occupying practically the same ground. No matter what they call themselves, they are not progressives, but reactionists of the worst kind.—Carrollton (Mo.) Republican-Record.

THE STANLYS AT THE GEM SATURDAY AND SUNDAY FEBRUARY 10 AND 11



Advertising—Attracts Attention
Advertising—Awakens Public Interest
Advertising—Creates Demand for Article Advertised
Advertising—Acts As a Personal Solicitor—Appeals to the Reader
Advertising—Is the most important factor in the education of the customer to a knowledge of his wants. The thousand and one conveniences and necessities of modern life, which were unknown fifty years ago, are the product of advertising. It is the greatest force in the formation of our national character today.

THE GLADSTONE DELTA A GOOD ADVERTISING MEDIUM

VALENTINES! A splendid line of sweet missives, including the very finest products of the artist's brush. All, even the cards that sell for a penny, are neat and in good taste.



The Strength

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