

THE GLADSTONE DELTA.

Volume XXVI.

CHAS. E. NEBEL, PUBLISHER.

Gladstone, Mich., February 17, 1912

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

Number 47

DIRECTORY.

GLENN W. JACKSON

LAWYER

PHONE 21 OVER POST OFFICE

DR. DAVID N. KEE

Physician and Surgeon,

Office and Residence 811 Delta Ave.
Telephone No. 44. 49.

DR. A. H. KINMOND,

Dentist. 41

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

DR. F. W. STELLWAGEN,

Dentist.

Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m.,
from 1 to 5 p. m. and from 7 to 8 p. m.
Delta avenue and Ninth street, over
Minnewasca Furniture Co's store.
18xvi.

SWENSON BROS.

Flue Furniture, Undertaking, Up-
holstered goods and Steamship Tick-
ets. Delta Avenue near Central.

CHAS. E. NEBEL & SONS

Plumbers and House Movers

42-16

Phone 25-L

Use the TRAVELERS
RAILWAYGUIDE
PRICE 25 CENTS
431 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

COAL

PLENTY ON HAND. CLEAN
AND BRIGHT, AND DE-
LIVERED PROMPTLY.

GENUINE POCAHONTAS.

CALL ME UP WHEN YOU
WANT GOOD COAL.
Phone 7.

C. W. DAVIS

I. W. HARPER KENTUCKY WHISKEY

for Gentlemen
who cherish
Quality.

FOR SALE BY

EMIL VANDWEGHE

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 Lathrop, Michigan, who, on June
23, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 12002,
Serial No. 01857, for NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 28,
Township 41 N., Range 22 West, Michigan
Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make
Final Five year Proof, to establish claim
to the land above described, before the Clerk
of the Circuit Court of Delta County, Michigan,
at Escanaba, Michigan, on the fourth day of
March, 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Olof Oseen of Brampton Mich.
Edwin DeGroot, 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. 11995,
Serial No. 01851 for SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, 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.

Those Papers

The Plan by Which They Were
Carried From London
to New York

By STEPHEN TROWBRIDGE

One morning while in London on taking up my newspaper after breakfast to scan the news my eye fell on a personal which read as follows:

Wanted.—One versed in smuggling devices to carry valuable papers.

Now, if there was any man who could beat me in methods to pull the wool over customs officers I would have been pleased to meet him.

I had begun my labors by working the hollow boot heel racket; then I had a lot of diamonds fixed up in cherries to ornament a woman's hat and hired a passenger on the ship going over with me to wear it. She got through all right, but came down on me for all the profit or she would peach. I made some money by having the tiny works of a lady's watch put in a chronometer, the space around the wheels and pivots being filled with valuable jewels.

A wax tumor on the top of my head was cut open by a butcherly customs man and disclosed a big diamond, the profit on which would have been \$20,000. The diamond and the profit both went by the board. Passing over the Swiss line into France, I had a bouquet in which there was \$10,000 worth of Geneva watch works. A lady confederate carried it safely over for me, and she didn't bleed me either, for she didn't know she carried anything but flowers.

It occurred to me to get on my feet again by securing, if possible, this advertised job; but, though I knew ways and means, I was the best known man in the business to the customs men, and that would make me the worst man to successfully carry valuable papers, for it was evident that the owner wished to get them through secretly, and all my luggage would be turned inside out for smuggled goods. Besides, the papers might be bulky, and that would make them hard to get through. They couldn't be wound

around the body like lace, and they couldn't be carried in a false wart on the nose.

I spent a whole day trying to think up a plan to get these papers, through, providing for dangers similar to those to be met in a custom house, but failed. At 4 o'clock the next morning I awoke and lay in bed thinking. My brain always works better at that time than any other. I worked out a scheme which I consider the crowning device of my life.

By 9 o'clock I had mailed a reply to the ad., and the next morning's post brought me a reply. I was invited to call at the office of a prominent firm of solicitors. I went to the address at once and was introduced into the private office of the head of the firm, Mr. Collamore.

"Now, sir," he said to me, "I am ready to listen to your fitness for the work of carrying some legal documents to New York, of which any ordinary messenger would be robbed on the way, if not murdered as well."

I gave him a history of my work in deceiving customs officers. He was quite pleased at some of my devices, especially the carrying of watchworks in a bouquet, and asked me if papers could not be carried in that way. I told him that depended on the person or persons who would try to get possession of them. He was sufficiently impressed with my accomplishments to tell me all about the work he needed done.

Viscount B., one of his clients, had married an American heiress owning an immense property in New York. There were other persons—the countess' half brothers and sister—who were interested. She had recently died, and her husband was having a big fight

with these persons for the property. His case hinged on certain papers which were in London and must be transmitted to the surrogate's office in New York. Unscrupulous attorneys were acting for the American parties, who knew of these papers and that if they could get possession of them some \$10,000,000 would pass to their clients. "Now," said Mr. Collamore, "can you transmit the papers safely? If you can you will be paid 10 per cent of the viscount's inheritance."

"How do you know that I will not turn them over to the New York parties for twice that?"

"I have a plan for preventing your doing so."

"Your plan would fail. However, I can give you a scheme of operations by which you can work with me. I shall need a confederate. You may name that confederate."

"Proceed."

"I shall require a few carpenter's tools, which I shall take with me on the ship, and a tiny pot of paint. I suppose from what you have told me that the moment the papers leave your vaults the enemy will know it."

"I have been told that we have spies here in this office, and the best London detectives are watching us."

"Very well, send the papers to the ship in any way you like and deliver them to me in my stateroom, which you will secure for me. As soon as you have secured it cable some one you know in New York to engage it for the return trip. This done, we shall proceed further."

"I will attend to the matter at once. How about your confederate?"

"He may go with me on the trip and will take the papers from me in New York."

"But I don't understand the necessity for these details."

"They are more necessary on my account than on yours. A long experience enables me to get these papers through for you, but that experience makes me a suspicious character. I shall be searched by the customs officers in New York. But there is this advantage in your employing me. Likely your opponents will get on to the fact of my taking the papers to America. If they don't I prefer that you should see that they do. This will concentrate suspicion on me."

"And insure failure."

"It took some time to convince Mr. Collamore of the expediency of employing me. In fact, I was obliged to give him my whole scheme before he would do so. When I told him all he engaged me at once.

I was given the papers in his office and went direct to the ship, watched by several detectives, who remained on the dock till the ship had sailed. Once in my stateroom I took my carpenter's tools from a satchel, loosened a board in the floor, put in the papers and, putting back the board, dabbed a little paint on it, so that its removal would not be noticed. To make more sure I removed the board under the berth.

I was conscious of being watched all the way over, but I did not know whether my watchers were in the service of the London or the New York parties interested in the papers. One man, a middle aged gentleman, I suspected of being my confederate, who was not to make himself known to me, but I was not sure. It didn't matter to me how closely I was watched, for as soon as I had concealed the papers under the floor of my stateroom my work was done. When we arrived at New York and I went ashore I was accosted by a customs man who knew me well by:

"Hello, Bob! What racket are you working on this time?"

"He took me and my baggage into a private room and went through everything. He found nothing dutiable, not even my carpenter's tools, for I had thrown them overboard. Finding nothing, he let me go. I had not got a block from the dock before I was attacked by a gang of roughs, one of whom, doubtless disguised, searched me. A policeman picked me up half dead, put me in a cab and sent me home.

My confederate had received full instructions from Mr. Collamore. A couple of hours before the ship sailed the former went aboard the ship, accompanied by one who purported to be his daughter, but who was really a typist in the employ of a legal firm who were Mr. Collamore's correspondents. The confederate, having obtained the key to his stateroom—the one I had occupied on the last trip from England—went there and, with tools he carried in his suit case, took up the board in the floor, secured the papers, the typist concealed them on her person and, when the "All ashore!" bell was rung, bidding a tearful goodbye to him who purported to be her father, she went down the gangplank, and in another hour the papers were deposited in the vaults of a safety deposit company.

According to the contract I had made before leaving London, I was given \$200 a month till the estate was settled, when I was to receive a million. I was paid the \$200 regularly, but when the final settlement was made I was put off with a beggarly half million on the ground that after all the viscount had been obliged to compromise with the American heirs.

However, I am quite comfortable and do not need to practice any more

schemes, for I can get on very well from the income I enjoy from the proceeds of my last venture. I live in London and am much respected, though I am known to be a retired smuggler. You see, of late years smuggling has become fashionable. The wives of American millionaires do the principal part of what is done in that line and do it on the other side of the big pond. As for the English, they so dislike our protection system that any man who can beat an American customs officer is popular among them.

But I'm getting tired of London. I'm thinking of going to Ireland. The pride of family is going out in England, and there is no country where it is still held in respect except among the older families of the Emerald Isle. If that rascally viscount hadn't beaten me out of a part of my pay for getting his bloomin' papers through I could have set up a racing stable in Ireland.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS

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

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

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

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

Saturday, January 24: "The Rosary," a return engagement.

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

Thursday, Feb. 29. Firemen's night at Gem Theatre.

HORSE FOR SALE

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

POPULARITY CONTEST

The management of the Gem Theatre will conduct a popularity contest, commencing next Monday and continuing for five weeks, to ascertain the most popular lady, married or unmarried, in Gladstone. Tickets will be given out at each performance on which the holders can vote.

That the contest will be a success is already assured, for the following names have already been entered by their friends: Misses Lizzie Anderson, Agnes Johnson, Lou Gordon, Theresa Lynch, Adell Wenner, Lydia La Fond and Ruth Hammond.

The prizes will be a \$25 gold watch for the first prize and a handsome piece of cut glass for the second prize; the third prize will be announced later. *

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

"THE ROSARY"

"Better than a sermon," is the comment of theatregoers who have attended the performances of "The Rosary" during its three months engagement in Chicago and its two months run in New York City, to see this wonderful play. It treats a great and powerful subject graphically and in such a way as to grip the attention every minute of the performance.

The play is built upon the thoroughly modern theme, viz: the influence of thought upon the lives and well being of the men and women of our present day.

That thought, intangible and evanescent as it is, still is a force, a power, is a theory that has for some time past engaged the serious attention of our foremost psychologists, but its portrayal upon the stage has been neglected heretofore.

The play attacks the theme boldly. It deals with the lives and fortunes of a little group of people living in the beautiful West Chester country near New York city. The husband is a disbeliever in all religion; his wife, a woman of serious conviction regarding faith in the things of life unseen. Strong in his belief and thoroughly human a priest moves through the subtle story of the play. When doubts come and the man and woman's lives are shattered, seemingly, beyond human power to repair, this priest analyzes the situation and by the power of his faith brings both people whom he loves back to happiness.

Mingled with the darker colors of human tragedy is a vein of natural comedy evolved from the effects which occur during the action.

The stage settings are unique in their way; the first act occurs in a wonderfully beautiful grape arbor, the second and third acts are laid in a charming interior, showing the atmosphere of serene home life, while the fourth is a new church built by this unbelieving husband for his friend, the priest.

After all the discussion of the play during four acts, a wonderful effect is obtained by the peace and serene quiet of the church, where the man and woman who have suffered come at last to lay their burden down and find peace.

The "Rosary" will be presented at the Gladstone Theatre next Saturday evening February 24.

"The Press Bunch"

All is not lost. Sault Ste Marie is still for Osborn.

Yes, this is a h— of a year for the G. O. P.—Houghton Gazette.

There are thirteen candidates for sheriff in Iron county. One will find it a lucky number.

And W. Frank Knox packed Michigan in one corner of his grip, with six other states and a spare shirt, and caught the train for Oyster Bay.

Secretary of State Martindale has bought a big automobile. Looks very much as if the gasoline campaign season had begun.—Kalamazoo Telegraph.

"Chairman Knox won't be forced out. He will retire and another will be elected." One of Dickens' characters, Mr. Cly, was never kicked downstairs. He was kicked once and fell downstairs.

Our esteemed friend, P. E., follows suit with a scriptural quotation appropriate for a job printer. It is our painful duty to give him as a text for his next homily First Samuel, third, sixth.

The name of J. C. Kirkpatrick, for delegate to the national convention, has met with general approval throughout the peninsula, and unless the legislature upsets all previous calculations, Mr. Kirkpatrick will have the honor of casting his vote for Taft at Chicago. Few men have so wide or favorable acquaintance in this end of the peninsula, and the fitness of the choice is recognized by all.

It appears that the Houghton Gazette was not represented at the Marquette gathering of the press. We are sorry that the Gazette missed a good meeting; and also that we cannot give the Gazette credit for a share of the anti-Teddy sentiment so prevalent.

"Probably no organization ever created in this country, or any other country for that matter, owes its origin to newspaper advertising more than the National League for Medical Freedom. It sprang into existence at a time when it was needed to oppose the creation of a national department of health." So says the Publishers' Auxiliary, the agent of the Western Newspaper Union, which has made millions by filling the newspapers of America with loathsome medicine advertising. The league alluded to is an organization of cranks financed by all the quacks and nostrum vendors of the country, and is certainly no credit to the publications who accept its subsidy.

The P. E. of the Houghton Gazette has the bad taste to dislike Dickens. He has also the good taste to dislike the "disgraceful exhibition of the fawning, frank beggary of the Dickens posterity" and wants to know why they don't get out and hustle for their chuck.

The Detroit News, which publishes the following does not seem to be aware of the fact that William J. Roberts, Socialist, was a few years ago elected mayor of Ishpeming. "In the upper peninsula the Socialists have yet to win their first office at the polls. At Crystal Falls, home of Senator Moriarty, they are organizing to try and elect a mayor next April."—Ishpeming Record.

The funniest stunt that is being pulled off in politics is the recrimination between the Marquette Journal and the Houghton Gazette on the Roosevelt question. Each is trying to show the other as a wobbler and a close scrutiny of the ballot leads to the conclusion that both are correct.

The Canadian parliament having adopted measures to bar Hindus on the same day as the Canadian missionary conference decided to redouble its efforts at converting the Hindus in India, it must be that Canada would like her oriental brother to go to heaven, but, by all means, to stay out of Canada.—Detroit News.

And all this time Auditor General Fuller is keeping sweet, eating three meals a day, taking a proper amount of sleep, and giving the same close and careful attention to the duties of his office that has commanded the respect and approval of the Michigan taxpayers.—Escanaba Journal.

The Houghton Gazette says that if Chase Osborn's campaign fund be inspected by the legislature, "what interests us more than anything else, however, is what they did with all the money." Any paper that boosted Chase Osborn's candidacy without money, price, or pap is to be pitied, for there is certainly no honor to be derived therefrom.

The direct primary is a direct aid to gangsters, ringsters and political morality and public decency. Thanks directly to "primary reform" in Wisconsin, La Follette and four of his clique were able to "recommend" a slate for the republican voters of Wisconsin, fifteen months ago, whereas formerly a republican state convention of 500 men or upwards named the ticket. Are we going backward or forward when the politi-

cal power formerly in the hands of 500 men, is centered in the grasp of five men? It is high time that the honest citizens of this state and country awoke to the fact that the words progress and reform are merely cloaks, assumed by clever demagogues. There is and can be no law that will take the control of politics from the hands of those who are active workers along political lines. The only way to break a political ring is for those who wish to break it to organize against it, and the moment they organize, they become a ring themselves.—Horace J. Stevens.

The echoes are still rolling in from that Marquette explosion.

THE FORLORN HOPE

Governor Osborn has put himself upon the country. With the immense antagonism he has stirred up by foolish and unnecessary words and deeds, it is necessary for his political salvation to execute some coup.

As matters stand, either Michigan must declare for Roosevelt or Osborn be relegated to the obscurity he richly deserves. If he be able to carry his state to Chicago, tied hand and foot, and if Roosevelt be nominated Osborn's political career might be national. Let any one of a dozen obstacles block his campaign, and his star will set in night.

Everywhere thoughtful men are in opposition to the hairbrained governor: it may be seen whether the rank and file of Michigan voters are as blind as Osborn thinks.

AIN'T NO SUCH THING

An effort is being made by the Upper Peninsula sportsmen to hold public meetings in the various towns for the purpose of discussing new game laws whereby it is hoped something will be gained toward securing sensible game legislation.—Munising News.

OSBORN IS WILLIN'

If Colonel Roosevelt is nominated, his running mate will be a good western man, of course. He can take his pick from an assortment of "progressive" governors, all of whom are standing on tiptoes and coughing loudly.—Kansas City Journal.

NONE TO SPARE

In the Yakima Valley, Washington, where apple growing is an important industry, rain is scarce. Last summer a fruit grower, who owns forty acres of orchard, was rejoicing in a slight precipitation of rain when one of his hired men entered the house.

"Why don't you stay in out of the rain?" inquired the fruit grower.

"A little sprinkle like that doesn't bother me in the least. I can work right along just the same."

"That isn't the point!" exclaimed the fruit grower. Next time it rains you come into the house. I want the water on the land."

'T WAS EVER THUS

The other day President Taft cornered a big bunch of Ohio editors and very earnestly told them what they already knew, viz: That the success of the Republican party next November depends very largely upon the thoroughness and enthusiasm with which the newspapers which advocate its principles diffuse light and information to their readers.

Too numerous to mention—and then some—are the times when the newspapers have saved the day for the Republican party in this state and nation.

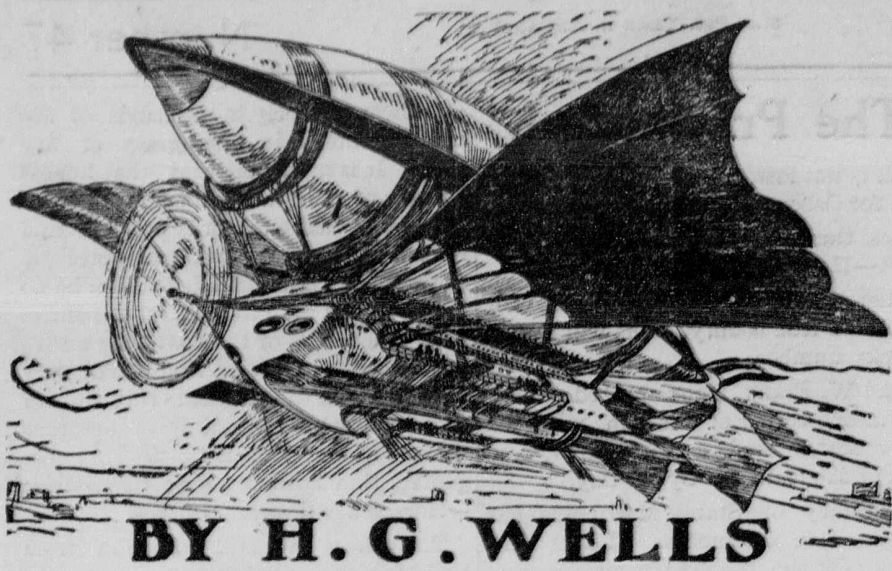
Therefore in this year of grace and of the trusts 1912 the Republican bosses expect and as often as they think they can make the bluff stick will demand that every G. O. P. editor does his (the boss's not the editor's) duty "whooping 'er up" daily or weekly as the case may be for the principals (instead of principles) of the grand old party.

And if in spite of and not because of the bosses, the hard fought fight should be won, party principles will be relegated to the far distant background while the party principals, as usual, will be busy picking all the nice, fat, juicy plums and handing to the victors who furnished the sinews of war certain spoils consisting chiefly of emerald-hued, sour fruit or over-ripe promises.—Munising News.

OVERDONE

I voted twice this morning,
I voted thrice at noon,
The right to cast my ballot
I consider such a boon.
I voted in the drug store,
And everywhere I went,
I even gave the hardware man
My vote for president.
I voted at the office
And at the grocery store,
I visited the butcher
And balloted once more.
Though some may think straw-voting
Is a harmless sort of fun,
It seems to me, this season,
It is being overdone.

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 seaside. Bert catches hold of the basket of the balloon and falls into it just as Butteridge and the lady fall out.

The balloon carries Bert across the North sea. He finds drawings of Butteridge's airship in some of Butteridge's clothing and hides the plans in his chest protector. His balloon drifts over Germany's immense aeronautic park. German soldiers shoot holes in it and capture Bert. They think he is Butteridge. Soldiers carry him to the cabin of the Vaterland, flagship of the air fleet. Lieutenant Kurt guards him. The vast fleet starts across the ocean to attack New York. Graf von Winterfeld denounces Bert as an impostor, but offers him £500 for Butteridge's secret. The prince agrees to take Bert along "as ballast." An American fleet of warships is destroyed by German warships and Germany's air fleet, which reaches New York and finds the city unprepared. The air fleet smashes the Brooklyn bridge, the postoffice and the city hall, and the city surrenders. The people start an insurrection and attack the airships.

The Vaterland is Disabled.

THE gun fired two shells before the frame of the Dexter building collapsed, and each shell raked the Wetterhorn from stem to stern. They smashed her exhaustively. She crumpled up like a can that has been kicked by a heavy boot. Her fore part came down in the square, and the rest of her length, with a great snapping and twisting of shafts and stays, descended, collapsing at Tammany hall and the streets toward Second avenue. Her gas escaped to mix with air, and the air of her rent balloonette poured into her deflating gas chambers. Then with an immense impact she exploded.

The Vaterland at that time was heading up to the south of city hall from over the ruins of the Brooklyn bridge, and the reports of the gun, followed by the first crashes of the collapsing Dexter building, brought Kurt and Smallways to the cabin porthole. They were in time to see the flash of the exploding gun, and then they were first flattened against the window and then rolled head over heels across the floor of the cabin by the air wave of the explosion. The Vaterland bounded like a football some one has kicked, and when they looked out again Union square was small and remote and shattered, as though some comically vast giant had rolled over it. The buildings to the east of it were ablaze at a dozen points under the flaming tatters and warping skeleton of the airship, and all the roofs and walls were ridiculously askew and crumbling as one looked. "Gaw!" said Bert. "What's happened? Look at the people!"

But before Kurt could produce an explanation the shrill bells of the airship were ringing to quarters, and he had to go. Bert hesitated and stepped thoughtfully into the passage, looking back at the window as he did so. He was knocked off his feet at once by the prince, who was rushing headlong from his cabin to the central magazine.

Bert had a momentary impression of the great figure of the prince, white with rage, bristling with gigantic anger, his huge fist swinging. "Blut und Eisen!" cried the prince, as one who swears. "Oh, Blut und Eisen!"

Some one fell over Bert—something in the manner of falling suggested Von Winterfeld—and some one else paused and kicked him spitefully and hard. Then he was sitting up in the passage, rubbing a freshly bruised cheek and readjusting the bandage he still wore on his head. "Dem that prince," said Bert, indignant beyond measure. "E'as'n't the manners of a 'og!"

He stood up, collected his wits for a minute, and then went slowly toward the gangway of the little gallery. As he did so he heard noises suggestive of the return of the prince. The lot of them were coming back again. He shot into his cabin like a rabbit into its burrow just in time to escape that shouting terror.

He shut the door, waited until the passage was still, then went across to the window and looked out. A drift of cloud made the prospect of the streets and squares hazy, and the rolling of the airship swung the picture up and down. A few people were running to and fro, but for the most part the aspect of the district was desolation. The streets seemed to broaden out; they became clearer and the little dots that were people larger as the Vaterland came down again. Presently she was swaying along above the lower end of Broadway. The dots below, Bert saw, were not running now, but standing and looking up. Then suddenly they were all running again. Something had dropped from the aeroplane—something that looked small

and flimsy. It hit the pavement near a big archway just underneath Bert. A little man was springing along the sidewalk within half a dozen yards, and two or three others and one woman were bolting across the roadway.

Then blinding flames squirted out in all directions from the point of impact, and the little man who had jumped became for an instant a flash of fire and vanished—vanished absolutely. The people running out into the road took preposterous clumsy leaps, then flopped down and lay still, with their torn clothes smoldering into flame. Then pieces of the archway began to drop and the lower masonry of the building to fall in with the rumbling sound of coals being shot into a cellar. A faint screaming reached Bert, and then a crowd of people ran out into the street, one man limping and gesticulating awkwardly. He halted and went back toward the building. A falling mass of brickwork hit him and sent him sprawling to lie still and crumpled where he fell.

In this manner the massacre of New York began. She was the first of the great cities of the scientific age to suffer by the enormous powers and grotesque limitations of aerial warfare. She was wrecked, as in the previous century endless barbaric cities had been bombarded, because she was at once too strong to be occupied and too undisciplined and proud to surrender in order to escape destruction.

Bert clung to the frame of the port-hole as the airship tossed and swayed and stared down, through the light rain that now drove before the wind, into the twilight streets, watching people running out of the houses, watching buildings collapse and fires begin. As the airships sailed along they smashed up the city as a child will shatter its cities of brick and card. Below they left ruins and blazing conflagrations and heaped and scattered dead, men, women and children mixed together as though they had been no more than Moors or Zulus or Chinese. And it came to him suddenly as an incredible discovery that such disasters were not only possible now in this strange gigantic, foreign New York, but also in London—in Bun Hill—that the little island in the silver seas was at the end of its immunity; that nowhere in the world any more was there a place left where a Smallways might lift his head proudly and vote for war and a spirited foreign policy and go secure from such horrible things.

And then above the flames of Manhattan Island came a battle, the first battle in the air. The Americans had realized the price their waiting game must cost and struck with all the strength they had, if haply they might still save New York from this mad Prince of Blood and Iron and from fire and death.

They came down upon the Germans on the wings of a great gale in the twilight amidst thunder and rain. They came from the yards of Washington and Philadelphia full tilt in two squadrons, and but for one sentinel airship hard by Trenton the surprise would have been complete.

The Germans, sick and weary with destruction and half empty of ammunition, were facing up into the weather when the news of this onset reached them. New York they had left behind to the southeastward, a darkened city with one hideous red scar of flames. All the airships rolled and staggered, bursts of hailstorm bore them down and forced them to fight their way up again; the air had become bitterly cold. The prince was on the point of issuing orders to drop earthward and trail copper lightning chains when the news of the aeroplane attack came to him. He faced his feet in the breast south, had the drachenflieger manned and held ready to cast loose, and ordered a general

ascent into the freezing clearness above the wet and darkness.

The news of what was imminent came slowly to Bert's perceptions. He was standing in the mess room at the time, and the evening rations were being served out. He had resumed Butteridge's coat and gloves, and in addition he had wrapped his blanket about him. He was dipping his bread into his soup and was biting off big mouthfuls. His legs were wide apart, and he leaned against the partition in order to steady himself amid the pitching and oscillation of the airship. The men about him looked tired and depressed. A few talked, but most were sullen and thoughtful, and one or two were air sick. They all seemed to share the peculiarly outcast feeling that had followed the murders of the evening, a sense of a land beneath them and an outraged humanity grown more hostile than the sea.

Then the news lit them. A red faced sturdy man—a man with light eye lashes and a scar—appeared in the doorway and shouted something in German that manifestly startled every one. Bert felt the shock of the altered tone. Then came the shrill ringing of the bells that called the men to their posts.

Bert with pantomime suddenness found himself alone.

"What's up?" he said, though he partly guessed.

He stayed only to gulp down the remainder of his soup and then ran along the swaying passage and, clutching tightly, down the ladder to the little gallery. The weather hit him like cold water squirted from a hose. The airship engaged in some new feat of atmospheric jujutsu. He drew his blanket closer about him, clutching with one straining hand. He found himself tossing in a wet twilight, with nothing to be seen but mist pouring past him. Above him the airship was warm with lights and busy with the movements of men going to their quarters. Then abruptly the lights went out, and the Vaterland with bounds and twists and strange writhings was fighting her way up the air.

"Woow!"

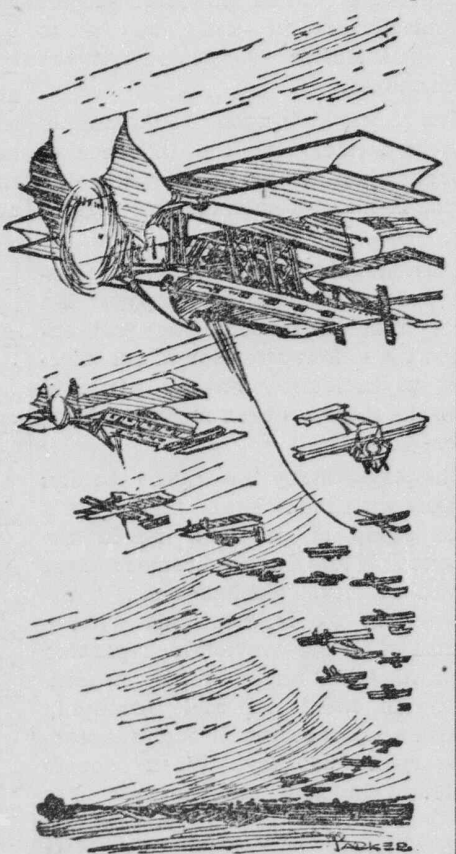
Something fell past him out of the vast darkness above and vanished into the tumults below, going obliquely downward. It was a German drachenflieger. The thing was going so fast he had but an instant apprehension of the dark figure of the aeronaut crouched together clutching at his wheel. It might be a maneuver, but it looked like a catastrophe.

"Gaw!" said Bert.

"Pup-pup-pup!" went a gun somewhere in the mirk ahead, and suddenly and quite horribly the Vaterland lurched, and Bert and the sentinel were clinging to the rail for dear life. "Bang!" came a vast impact out of the zenith, followed by another huge roll, and all about him the tumbled clouds flashed red and lurid in response to flashes unseen, revealing immense gulfs.

Crack, bang, bang, bang! And then hard upon this little rattle of shots and bombs came all about him, enveloping him, engulfing him, immense and overwhelming, a quivering white blaze of lightning and a thunderclap that was like the bursting of a world.

It was then he saw the American aeroplane. He saw it in the light of the flash as a thing altogether motionless. Even its screw appeared still, and its men were rigid dolls, for it was so near he could see the men upon



They Came Down Upon the Germans on the Wings of a Great Gale.

it quite distinctly. Its stern was tilting down, and the whole machine was heeling over. It was of the Colt-Coburn-Langley pattern, with double up-tipped wings and the screw ahead, and the med were in a boatlike body netted over. From this very light long body magazine guns projected on either side. One thing that was strikingly odd and wonderful in that moment of revelation was that the left upper wing was burning downward with a reddish, smoky flame. But this was not the most wonderful thing about this apparition. The most wonderful thing was that it and a German airship 500 yards below were threaded as it were on the lightning flash, which turned out of its path as if to take them, and that out from the corners and projecting points of its huge wings everywhere little branching thorn trees of lightning were streaming.

And then darkness, utter darkness, and a heavy report and a thin, small sound of voices that went walling downward into the abyss below.

[To be continued.]

A GLANCE AT WORLD AFFAIRS

THE Sherman law has been effective, and court decisions in the Standard Oil and tobacco cases have demonstrated that the next advisable step in controlling industrial corporations is a permanent federal agency, declared Secretary Nagel of the department of commerce and labor. This raised the question of whether such control be exercised by commission, federal incorporation or other means suggested by Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel corporation, and George W. Perkins.

While Secretary Nagel in his report to the president did not make a defi-



Copyright by American Press Association. Charles Nagel, Who Recommended a Federal Trust Agency.

nite statement on this point, he favored a development of the powers vested in the bureau of corporations.

"A certain degree of combination of capital is admittedly essential to the carrying on of our great business enterprises," the secretary said. "To control properly such necessary combinations we must have some administrative federal office or commission which shall make this work its business.

"We must have a permanent authority which shall by steady and continuous supervision and publicity safeguard the public interests and at the same time allow full scope for necessary and proper business efficiency and development."

The Exposition at Seville.

In 1914, upon completion of the canal which is to shorten and straighten the Guadalquivir river from Seville to the Atlantic ocean, it is proposed to hold in Seville a Spanish-American exposition to celebrate the opening of this new era in the history of that city as a seaport.

In the sixteenth century Seville was the principal European trading port with the new world. To inaugurate a second epoch of growth at commercial and maritime activity the Spanish-American exposition has been planned, and all the Spanish-American republics of the Americas will be invited to participate.

According to the project of the executive committee, the exposition will utilize the park section, including the beautiful San Telmo Palace gardens. The fair grounds form an irregular crescent, with a shorter length of 4,200 feet between the horns. It is near the banks of the Guadalquivir, from which water will be conducted to the fair site of about 100 acres.

Alarming Spread of Forgery.

So widespread has become the crime of forgery in the United States and so great were the losses in 1911 that companies issuing forgery insurance adopted the most stringent restrictions in issuing policies.

The chief new restrictions demanded are that the bank insured should not open an account with any one not known personally to an officer or director or whose integrity was not vouched for by a depositor.

A favorite method of forgers has been to deposit a bogus check, apparently certified, on a bank remote from the depository and withdraw the money two or three days later, or before it is discovered to be a forgery.

The Mount McKinley Expedition.

Professor Herschel C. Parker has gone to Alaska to make a third attempt to reach the crest of Mount McKinley, 20,464 feet high, which is covered with snow for a distance of some 18,000 feet. He was with the Cook expedition in 1906, but did not witness Dr. Cook's subsequently proclaimed feat of ascending the mountain.

Reindeer Steak to Replace Beef?

In the opinion of William T. Lopp, an official of the federal department who has charge of the federal government's reindeer service, it won't be so very long before we will be stepping into the butcher shop and ordering a reindeer steak instead of beef. Mr. Lopp estimates that within less than twenty-five years, provided the reindeer of Alaska increase at their present rate, there will be 2,000,000 prime animals in the territory on which the people of the United States can depend for much of their meat supply.

Reindeer can be raised for the market much more cheaply than cattle. They will thrive on wastes that would starve a goat. There are 400,000 square

miles of frozen tundra in Alaska, which at present are of no use, but which as reindeer ranches would provide abundant pasturage for 10,000,000 of the animals.

Reindeer raising was undertaken in Alaska about twenty-five years ago by the United States government, originally as a benevolent and educational enterprise. It was desired to advance the civilization of the natives from the hunting to the pastoral stage and also to provide a food supply for them to take the place of the whale, the seal and the wild caribou. That is how the bureau of education came to have charge of reindeer raising.

Civil War Anniversaries.

Among the civil war anniversaries this month that are of interest is that marking the surrender of Fort Donelson by the Confederates on Feb. 16. On Feb. 13, 1862, Grant's troops, 20,000 strong, invested Fort Donelson, and Commodore Foote's gunboats opened fire, the Confederate forts replying. The next day Foote's gunboats were repulsed by the Confederates. On Feb. 15, 1862, the decisive day at Fort Donelson, the Confederate garrison attacked the Federals, but were repulsed, and a Federal division charged through their lines. Then followed General Buckner's surrender to General Grant.

On Feb. 14, 1862, the Confederates evacuated Bowling Green, Ky., which was their main position north of Nashville.

On Feb. 17, 1862, the Federal flag was carried over the border into Arkansas for the first time.

Pan-Pacific Congress.

The pan-Pacific congress, instituted last February, holds its second annual session in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, Honolulu, Feb. 19 to 24. Originally the congress was intended to be merely a convention for the discussion of travel conditions. At the meeting last spring it was decided that the work of the convention should be broadened to stand in the same relation to all countries bordering on the Pacific as the pan-American union does to the republics of North and South America, its scope to include everything that might in any way tend to the development and exploitation of the Pacific.

Gold Discovery.

We hear less now of Alaska's wonderful riches than we did immediately following the discovery of gold in our territory of the northwest. Yet Alaska's wealth still amounts to millions yearly.

It is only within the past month or so that a new gold field was opened and hundreds rushed from Dawson to the south fork of Sixty Mile river, 130 miles away, to stake claims. The fortunate ones to arrive first were offered a dollar in gold per square foot of bedrock if they wished to sell.

It is reported that in staking many claims were blanketed. This would invite prosecutions on the ground of fraud. Blanketing on former occasions has resulted in penitentiary sentences.

Many more miners are going from Dawson and Stewart River to stake before spring. The first rush was completed in a temperature of 40 degrees below zero. Sixty Mile river lies between Klondike and Stewart rivers.

That White House Job.

Reaching into the grab bag of possibilities for the presidential nomination, one of the names that came out not long ago was that of Governor Foss of Massachusetts. Upon inquiry it was discovered that the Foss boom was started in the belief that the candidates then in the field had so divided the necessary support that a dark horse would be necessary. Governor Foss' backers said he'd take a solid delegation from the New England



Governor Eugene N. Foss, Who Has Shared in Talk About the Presidency.

States to the national convention. When a reporter asked the Bay State executive about his candidacy Mr. Foss chuckled and hinted things. But it was said then that the governor would withhold a formal announcement of his position for some months.

"We've heard about 'Roosevelt luck.' Well, in Massachusetts they speak of 'Foss luck.' The governor believes in the latter himself. Moreover, he has been endorsed for the nomination by the Massachusetts organization of his party. [7 B]

THE HOUNDED DEER.

Old Hunter Riddles a Belief He Calls a Backwoods Fable.

"It doesn't make any difference now," said a hunter of long experience in the woods in an after supper talk at an Adirondack campfire, according to the New York Sun, "inasmuch as the deer hound is no longer permitted to be a part of the hunt, but it is a fact that one long cherished belief of deer hunters is simply a backwoods fable. That belief is that a deer pursued by hounds when it takes to a stream will invariably go down with the current instead of upstream, its instinct teaching it that if it goes up its scent will pass down with the water and the dogs will be enabled to follow it, just as they did on dry land.

"I long ago satisfied myself that water doesn't carry the scent of a deer with it, but that on the contrary it destroys the scent. Many times in studying this matter have I seen deer running from the hounds come to the water's edge. Invariably they would stop on the margin of the stream and glance eagerly up, down and ahead. Quickly deciding, they would go up, down or across the stream, just as in their judgment seemed best.

"If the water is deep enough for the deer to swim it suits the fleeing animal best. If it is not, the deer trots or lopes along through it. It does not bound, as on land, for it must drink and must drink as it goes. In the bounding days the hunter who believed that the deer always went downstream and acted in accordance with that belief might recover the trail and he might not, while the hunter who knew better than to take stock in that belief would not be a great while in getting his dogs on the scent again.

"Of course I am speaking of deer that took to some fountain stream and not those that found a pond or lake more convenient, it being the nature of all deer to seek water if possible when the dogs are on their track."

An Up to Date Baby.



Girl Baby—Gee whiz! Twelve pounds! Well, that's awful! I shall have to go on a diet and stop drinking my meals.

A Thousand Bites to a Biscuit.

It might be well for those who adopt the one meal a day system to become chewers at the same time. A chewer, according to dietetic experts, is one who chews all things so long as they have any taste left in them. Gladstone, it is recorded, used to take thirty-two bites to every mouthful of food. This would be considered dangerously rapid eating by the modern school of chewers. "I have tried chewing conscientiously," writes Eustace Miles. "A banana has cost 800 bites, a small mouthful of bread and cheese 210 bites, a greedy mouthful of biscuit (while I was walking on a Yorkshire moor) over 1,000 bites. It still seemed to taste about as much as at first, but I knew that taste by then, so I swallowed."—London Chronicle.

Battling With Snow.

Thirty-two miles of snow sheds, costing \$64 a foot, or a total of \$10,313,440, represents the price one transcontinental railway had to pay before it could run its trains over the Rocky mountain division of its road. That was merely the first cost. The various roads crossing the Rockies have their seasons of play and their seasons of work. During the summer months, when even in the higher passes the sun and warm winds serve to keep the permanent way clear and free, there is little to do save the ordinary run of repairs and reconstruction, but along about the 1st of October all this is changed.

A Tip From Arkansas.

The young men whose pockets are filled with cigarette wrappers, mustache combs, finger nail cleaners, miniature curling irons, looking glasses, etc., and who have their mothers cross their pants every day are not the ones who will make promising husbands. The pockets of those who are helping to make the country bloom and causing two blades of grass to grow where God planted only one will be found filled with barbed staples and different sizes of nails and screws. They are the boys the girls had better look after. —Paragould (Ark.) Press.

Fashion and Care of the Home

Fetching Net and Satin Gown



This handsome gown for afternoon wear includes a tunic of net embroidered with beads and weighted down with a beaded fringe. The tunic is crossed over at the side, a fashion touch which is new and modish. The tunic is adjusted over a gown of emerald green satin.

The Cross Stitch Revival.

A child's bib in white linen or huckaback may have a design of a tiny horse, a dog, a cat, a little rosebud, a duck or a bird. It will only take about fifteen minutes to cross stitch one of these figures in the lower left hand corner of the bib, which then may be hemmed by machine.

A fancy work bag in creamy linen with little flowers of cross stitch across the lower end of it for a border and the owner's initials in cross stitch above would be appreciated by an old lady. There are endless possibilities in the use of this delightful old time needlework.

To Keep Children's Caps On.

To keep children's caps of any kind on and over the ears in cold weather and also to keep mischievous playmates from pulling them off sew elastic on one side. Let it extend around under the chin to the other side. Pull cap down to desired place, measuring your elastic for length.

Allow enough for a loop and sew a button on the side where you make the loop. The cap will stay on and stay in place and is also much easier to put on than it would be to slip the cap on with elastic sewed fast on both sides. Use buttons the color of the cap if possible.

News of the Churches

Home Mission Week.

The Home Missions council and its auxiliary, the Council of Women For Home Missions, announce a home mission week and set the date for Nov. 17 to 24, 1912. They urge that nothing interfere with a presentation throughout the country of the scope, problems and claims of home missions. Work has been ordered on the preparation of data, especially relating to conditions in the home mission territory west of the Missouri river and throughout the south.

The move is made by the home missionary societies of all religious bodies, which three years ago formed a home missions council on the lines of the earlier conference of foreign missions of the United States and Canada. It was brought into new life in its own defense when the laymen's missionary movement thrice refused its appeal either to include both home and foreign missions or else put the word foreign into its name. When it refused to do either home missionary interests go down to work in their own behalf.

Co-operating with the federal council, they have lately made a most comprehensive study of conditions in the Rocky mountain and Pacific coast fields.

The council of women is composed of the women who make up the auxiliaries to the home mission boards, and they represent these societies or auxiliaries. They are the same for home missions as the women's jubilee for foreign, which held the series of conventions last year and are continuing their work in committee and completing the \$1,000,000 jubilee fund. Both councils promise plans at an early date for the home mission week.

Corporate Reunion.

Through the Christian Unity foundation there came to the United States the text of an agreement on union be-

tween the Church of England in Australia and Tasmania and the Presbyterian church in Australia, accompanied by a letter of explanation from the archbishop of Melbourne, the Right Rev. Dr. Henry L. Clarke.

So significant was the agreement for the Australian union that American leaders in the bodies named held an informal conference. As individuals they refrained from committing themselves to all provisions of the Australian plan, but by unanimous resolution expressed delight at steps already taken by others and urged wide publicity of the action, to the end that Christians in America might be encouraged to believe that corporate reunion is possible here.

Renovations in St. Peter's, Rome.

Important restorations are being made in St. Peter's cathedral, Rome. Three thousand square meters of new pavement have been laid at an expense of about \$33,000. The pope has paid into the hands of Mgr. Di Bisogno, the administrator of the edifice, 131,000 lire, and another sum of 30,000 lire has been given for the same purpose by Cardinal Rampolla. In 1854 Pope Pius IX, made plans to recover all of the pilasters in the cathedral with rare marble, but owing to lack of means never carried out the project.

Now a wealthy Roman has contributed 35,000 lire to continue the work, and the Vatican has voted a like sum. There are sixty-six pilasters, and they are now covered with stucco. The fine marbles to be used in recovering these pilasters will add much to the beauty of the interior of the famous basilica.

Odd Advertising of Sermons.

The People's church of St. Paul, Minn., of which the Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Smith is pastor, adopted the bill-board as a means of advertising special services at the church.

SEASONABLE STYLE SUGGESTIONS.

THE modish belt with plaited peplum is usually a short waisted affair. Some of the medium priced waists are made in this fashion.

UNLESS the fancy is killed by the passing of the present season we are going back to polka dots of all kinds and descriptions. One sees disks and dots sprinkling and powdering everything from velvet to cotton.

FRINGE is a popular trimming for street bags of silk, satin, moire and fur. Some of them have the fringe as a trimming around the lower edge and the sides, and others, which have deep turnover flaps, rounded or pointed, are also bordered with fringe on the edges of these flaps.

SHOT taffeta frocks, with just such lingerie fichus as our grandmothers wore and with flowers tucked into the belts in just the way they had their portraits painted, are found in the wardrobe of young women this season. Such frocks are worn for little house toilets, for the more conventional purposes of luncheons and even for all sorts of semidress afternoon affairs.

A SMART suit, in advance spring style, brought from Paris for a February bride, is of prune colored permo material, a light mixture of wool and mohair, ideal for spring wear and having a lustrous, silky texture. The coat is a modified cutaway and has the new sailor collar of satin, stitched flat on the coat fabric. The skirt shows the new lines straight, but with plaits pressed flat to give graceful width.

HOW TO PLUCK FOWLS.

Method That One Woman Tried and Found Most Satisfactory.

At this time of the year, when fowls are so much in request, it is well to know the right way to pluck them, as unless this is properly done the appearance is apt to be spoiled. Immerse the fowl in a pail of hot water, the water to cover all the feathers. One minute is long enough to keep the fowl under the water. After this hot bath the feathers are so loosened that they can almost be rubbed off. The bird is then rinsed in cold water and wiped with a soft cloth. It should then be put in a cotton bag and hung in a cool place.

When fowls are not to be used immediately they should always be loosely rolled in cloth or paper to keep them from turning dark. Ducks cannot be managed in this way, as their feathers contain so much oil that the water does not penetrate them.

When the Face Is Red.

Utmost redness of the face can be relieved for a time at least by placing the feet in hot water to draw the blood from the head. The stays should never be tight and no highly seasoned foods or condiments indulged in.

Deserted In Midocean On the Ship Magnet

By Payne W. Sherman

Several months previous to our arrival at Rio in the whaler John Davis a craft called the Magnet, containing about sixty gold seekers, had left that port for the coast of Africa. As she had not been spoken and as we were bound to those seas, we were asked to keep a lookout for signs of her. Forty days later, one day when I was aloft in the crow's nest, I sighted a derelict not over four miles away. What I made out was a craft with all her masts, yards, bowsprit and standing rigging gone. She was nearly bows on to me, so I could not make out how badly her bulwarks were damaged. The stump of the foremast was about twenty feet high, while the others had broken off lower down. The hull was very buoyant and floated high, but, as was to be expected, it presented a weatherbeaten and forlorn appearance.

On descending to the deck I reported my discovery to the captain, and an hour later, the wind being very light, we were up with the wreck. To our great surprise the drifting hulk proved to be that of the missing Magnet. From the time of sighting her to the moment of heaving to we looked for a signal to show that some one was still living aboard her, but none was shown. When we had her under our lee the crew ran aloft to look down upon her decks. The fall of the masts had crushed her bulwarks, but the damage had been repaired afterward, though the new work had not been painted. As for the hull, it was apparently as tight and buoyant as when it sailed out of Rio. It was terribly weather worn, however, and seemed to be sailing in a bed of grass.

A musket was brought up and fired three or four times, and the crew shouted in chorus again and again, but as we got no response the captain ordered a boat lowered to go aboard. We boarded her at the bows, and when I followed the captain over the rail I braced my nerves to meet a grewsome spectacle. Nothing living or dead was in sight, however. Every bit of the wreck was gray white in color because of long exposure to the weather, and here and there about the decks were black spots of decay. There were a few coils of rope, a heap of clothing and bedding little better than black mold, and three or four water casks had rolled about with the hull until demolished.

The door of the cook's galley was held open by its hook, and we looked in to find pots and pans hanging up and the stove in good condition. The Magnet left Rio with sixty adventurers and a crew of seventeen men. In the deck house, where the crew was quartered, we found bedding and clothing and sea chests, but nothing to show what had been the fate of the sailors. The between decks had been

fitted up for the passengers. I at least expected to find dead men down there, but no such spectacle met our eyes. There were bedding, clothing, firearms, knives, tobacco boxes, bottles and jugs and other stuff which the passengers wanted for use on the long voyage or after they had landed. In some of the bunks the bedding was nicely arranged, but in others it was rolled in a heap. The lamps had been taken down and the oil poured out of them, and we found on a nail some wicks which had been taken from candles. Neither here nor in the deck house above could we find so much as the heel of a boot or shoe.

From between decks we proceeded to the cabin. The first sight to greet our eyes was that of a human body hanging by a rope around its neck from a hook in the ceiling. There was no odor emanating from it. The body had simply shriveled up until it was no more than a skeleton. On a table just beyond where the man was hanging was the ship's log and near it an ink bottle and a pen. The captain took the log on deck and very soon announced that it contained some particulars of what had happened aboard. We then made a closer search and found the ship's papers, about \$200 in gold pieces and a bag containing \$125 in silver, together with several watches and other things of value. Neither the ship's flag nor any charts were to be found, and not a compass, quadrant or sextant could be turned up. The entries in the log book for the first two weeks were in the captain's handwriting. Then came an entry in a different hand, reading:

We found out that they had deceived us and sent them adrift in one of the boats.

Ten days later another entry in still another hand referred to some of the people sailing away in the longboat. After that many weeks elapsed before there was another entry. The man now hanging by the neck and swinging to and fro like a pendulum had written in a trembling hand:

I have been all alone for the last ten days, and for the last four I have tasted neither food nor drink.

On the next day or the next he had arranged the rope and put an end to his sufferings. After the gold hunters left the Rio they must have found out that they had been deceived by the originator of the adventure and perhaps blamed the captain and mate as well and sent the three adrift. After that followed a storm and the wreck. Of the people who left in the boats not one was ever heard of, and the only one who refused to leave the hulk remained but to commit suicide. We left the wreck to drift whither she would, bearing the grewsome burden in her cabin, and during the next three months she was twice boarded by merchant craft. They found the same sight we did and continued their way, and she may have drifted for months later before she plunged to her doom or went ashore on the sands of the African coast.

MARK TWAIN AS A PILOT.

Was a Poor One, Says Veteran Mississippi River Steamboat Man.

Captain Louis Shuckers of Cairo, Ill., one of the veteran steamboat men of the Mississippi, was telling some of his friends a few of his experiences on the Mississippi in the olden days. Captain Shuckers navigated the Mississippi a few years after the late Samuel L. Clemens had given up his job as a pilot and became famous as a writer of humor.

"Mark Twain," said Captain Shuckers, according to the Washington Star, "was known to nearly every steamboat man on the Mississippi, and, while he was personally one of the most popular men on the river, he had the reputation of being about the worst pilot that ever took out a boat. Some of Mark Twain's contemporaries are still living, but most of them are dead."

"It was my privilege to see the famous race between the Mississippi river steamboats, the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez. Probably no race of steamboats attracted wider attention. There had been intense rivalry among the officers of the two boats, and at last a match was made for \$20,000 a side, the course to be from New Orleans to St. Louis. Old Tom Cannon commanded the Robert E. Lee, the finest boat on the Mississippi at that time, and Captain Pepper was the chief officer of the Natchez. The distance from New Orleans to St. Louis was officially figured at 1,248 miles. I was in Cairo, Ill., when the two steamers puffed by with every ounce of steam up. This was in April, 1870. The distance from New Orleans to Cairo is 1,000 miles and from Cairo to St. Louis 248 miles. When the boats passed Cairo the Robert E. Lee was about three minutes ahead of the Natchez, but when the Lee docked in St. Louis she was one hour in advance. The Natchez must have met with a mishap between Cairo and St. Louis to have lost all the ground she did. If I remember correctly the time of the race was 3 days, 12 hours and 54 minutes, at that time a record for a steamboat and one that stood for several years."

Even He Believes It.



"Dinks never misses an opportunity to state that he is a gentleman." "Yes, and he has made the assertion so often that he almost believes it himself."

The Children's Part of the Paper

Laughter of the Girls



Hear the laughter of the girls, pretty girls!
What a fund of merriment each ruby lip unfurls!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter in the balmy air of night,
While the stars that overspatter All the heavens hear their clatter in a soft and mild delight,
In a sorter kinder rime
Keeping time, time, time
To the tintinnabulation that, unceasing, ever purrs
From the girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls,
From the wild, capricious, saucy, jaunty girls!

A Good Sea Story.

A good sea yarn that relates actual experiences is told by Captain Slocum, who journeyed around the world in a little boat built and sailed entirely by himself. That was indeed a great adventure!

The captain tells of the place where the benighted inhabitants still believed the earth to be flat and of how he labored in vain to correct this error. There were excited discussions, neither side yielding an inch. At last, however, there was nothing left unsaid, and the opponents gave up in despair, confining themselves to gestures whenever they met, the captain describing circles in the air, his opponents spreading their hands in order to designate huge, flat spaces. Silently they would pass each other, dumbly waving their arms, and the captain at least enjoyed it thoroughly.—St. Nicholas.

Can You Complete the Block?

The puzzle is to place the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in such position in each block that when any tier of three adjacent blocks is added the sum will be 15—that is, the figures must be so arranged that any three adjacent blocks added together, either up, down, across or diagonally, will always make 15. We have placed four figures properly—9, 5, 1, 8. See if you can complete the block.

The Oldest City.

The consensus of opinion among historians is to the effect that the most ancient city is Damascus. There is no doubt about the fact that Damascus has the longest continuous history of any city in the world, says St. Nicholas Magazine

GRATITUDE OF LIONESS.

Rubbed Head in Fondness Against Man Who Saved Cubs.

A party of a ship's crew being sent ashore on a part of the coast of India for the purpose of cutting wood for the ship, one of the men, having strayed from the rest, was greatly frightened by the appearance of a large lioness, who made toward him. But on her coming up she lay down at his feet and looked very earnestly first at him and then at a tree a short distance off. After repeating her looks several times she arose and proceeded onward to the tree, looking back several times, as if wishing the man to follow her. At length he ventured, and, coming to the tree, he perceived a huge baboon with two young cubs in her arms, which he supposed were those of the lioness, as she crouched down like a cat and seemed to eye them very steadfastly. The man, being afraid to ascend the tree, decided on cutting it down, and, having his ax with him, he set actively to work, when the lioness seemed most attentive to what he was doing. When the tree fell she sprang upon the baboon, and after tearing him in pieces she turned round and licked the cubs for some time. She then turned to the man and fawned round him, rubbing her head against him in great fondness and in token of her gratitude for the service he had done.

Game of Planting.

One among a circle of friends says she or he has planted something in the ground. This need not be either a seed or a plant. It may be a person or anything, in fact, but a plant, but whatever is planted must come up something bearing the name of a flower or fruit, tree or vegetable.

Plant a couple of hedgehogs, and what comes up? A prickly pear.

Plant a mouth, and what comes up? Tulips.

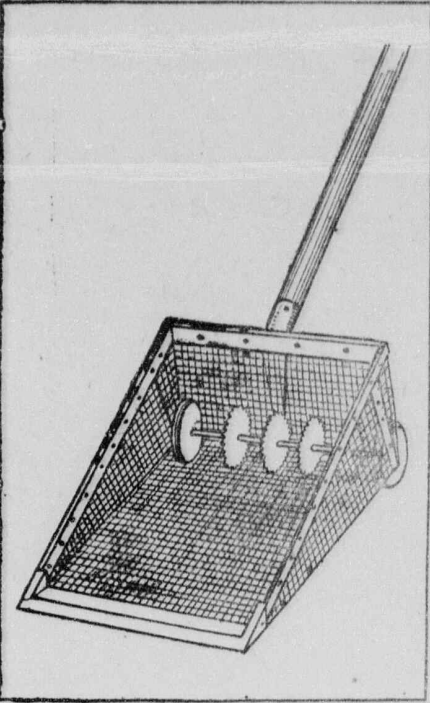
Plant a widow, what comes up? Weeds.

Plant a studious young lady, what comes up? Bluebell.

Plant a city appointment, what comes up? Large celery.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Ash Sifting Shovel With Cinder Crusher Attached.



An ingenious implement for sifting ashes is the ash sifting shovel designed by a New York man and shown herewith. As will be understood by the name, it performs two operations practically simultaneously. The scoop of the shovel, which is unusually capacious, is meshed and bound in iron strips. In the back is a series of sharp toothed wheels, projecting slightly through slots in the bottom of the scoop, so that when the latter is passed over a supporting surface the wheels revolve and cut the larger cinders into pieces small enough to fall through the mesh. Good coal will be too hard to break up in this way. Therefore as a man takes a shovelful of ashes from the heater he need only turn to an ash box with a strip on top, on which to operate the wheels, and pass the shovel across this once or twice.

Boiled Salad Dressing.

Four tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of mustard and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of tumeric powder. Mix the above with enough cold water to make a thick paste. Next stir in one egg, then add a cupful of boiling water in which one-half of a teaspoonful of black pepper has stood for five minutes and add one cupful of vinegar. Mix all and strain through a coarse muslin. Then add two cupfuls of milk. Put in a double boiler and cook until thick and creamy. Remove from the stove and add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and butter the size of an egg. If too thick add more milk, or to make it more delicious add cream. This will make a quart of nice salad dressing.

Delicious Chicken Pie.

Stew two good sized chickens until tender with a small slice of bacon added and unless very fat a little butter and salt to season. When done remove all bones, then add the liquor to make it very juicy, with plenty of pepper and flour stirred in to thicken. Crust.—Take one and a half cupfuls of good sour cream and half a cupful of buttermilk, half a cupful of lard, a little salt and one teaspoonful of soda. Flour to make a dough soft and easy to handle. Line a pan with half of the dough, pour in the chicken filling and cover with the remaining dough, leaving plenty of air holes. Bake one hour.

Hot Pot.

Cut into inch wide strips half a pound of beefsteak or mutton. Peel one and a half pounds of potatoes and two large onions. Use a stone jar having a lid (a bean crock will do). Place a layer of meat in the bottom, then a thin layer of sliced onions and then a layer of sliced potatoes. Sprinkle over a little flour, pepper and salt, and so on, having some larger pieces of potatoes on top and finishing with flour. Lastly add at one side half a pint of water, put on the lid and bake three-quarters of an hour. Remove the lid and brown on top.

Chopped Meat Pie.

Chop meat, raw or cooked, one or two kinds, if they blend well, as veal and ham, beef and pork, enough to make about two cupfuls and season. Make a good biscuit crust of two cupfuls of flour, roll not too thick, longer than wide, put the meat in and wet the edges, pinch together on the top and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes. Have ready some gravy. If none is left over make some with a little of the meat, pour over the pastry and return to the oven for about ten minutes.

East Indian Curry.

For an East Indian curry dredge with flour a large onion cut into thin slices, an apple chopped fine and half a cupful of green peas drained from a can. Add two level teaspoonfuls of curry and cook in a couple of tablespoonfuls of butter until the flour and onion brown, then add hot water or, better, real stock. Put in a chicken that has been cut into the usual pieces and simmer the mixture slowly until the chicken is tender. Season with salt and serve around a mound of hot boiled rice.

BICYCLE REPAIRING

BICYCLE BAKING ENAMEL

Now is the time to bring in your bicycle to be cleaned and put in first-class condition. Have it ready when you are ready for it.

I carry a large stock of bicycle sundries—the best in town.

A large stock of new bicycles and of second-hand machines in good condition.

I am agent for the

INDIAN

Motorcycle, the best and fastest in the world. Please call for catalog and free instruction.

Chas. LaCroix

Next to Exchange Bank, Delta Avenue
46-7 GLADSTONE, MICH.

The Great Lakes

Are frozen over and it may yet be possible to skate from Superior to South Chicago without wetting your feet;



but a more comfortable stunt is to visit with Mr. Stevenson in the cosy Harbor and spend a few jolly winter hours. Everything to eat and drink, and some more coming tomorrow.

ANDREW STEVENSON

Just Round the Corner.

The Mercury

—30 Finds little trouble in Going
—20 Down these wintry days, but
—10 if you want for somewhat that will go down comfortably and leave a pleasant afterthought,
—0 that everything in that particular line may be had of

Fred Anderson

819 DELTA AVE.

For Lent

We will have everything you desire during the Lenten season.

Salt Mackerel and Herring.

Smoked Whitefish, Trout and Herring.

Fresh Shrimps.

All manner of canned seafood.

We have a host of good things compatible with the reasonable regime and that will be a welcome change of diet.

Andrew Marshall

Phone 164

GOTHAM'S OWN SKYSCRAPER.

New Municipal Building Will Tower 560 Feet In the Air.

Of all the big structures in the city the new municipal building has the largest steel frame, the height of which is forty stories, including the tower, which begins at the twenty-sixth story. There were used for it 26,000 tons of steel, several girders weighing fifty tons each, and some floor beams were required of such a size that many weigh ten tons each.

The building is 560 feet high and will be the fourth tallest building in the world when the Woolworth building, the highest, is completed. It required 700,000 cubic feet of granite to encase the steel frame, some of the base stones weighing as much as sixty tons each, and more than 1,000,000 square feet of tile and floor were used.

There is about an acre of usable space on every floor, except those in the tower section, which will be used by more than 6,000 employees of various departments of the city government that will be accommodated in the new building. The basement will have about two acres of space, which is to be wholly utilized for a subway station. This is probably the only building in the world that has its basement above ground, as the provisions for the subway necessitated the using of the fourth floor of the building as the basement for machinery for elevators and the operating plant. The building will have thirty-two elevators and four stairways.

The structure, including the land it covers, will cost between \$12,000,000 and \$15,000,000, but despite this enormous expenditure for one building it will prove a most profitable investment, as is indicated in a recent report of Comptroller Prendergast that the city spends about \$1,000,000 a year in rent. The bulk of the expenditure will cease when the municipal building is completed.—New York Post.

BIG FORTUNES IN GERMANY.

Forty-five Million Dollars Is the Top Figure of the Empire.

The essential matter of a recently suppressed Prussian "year book" is gradually coming to light, and a conspectus of the millionaire class of Germany is now possible. A millionaire in that part of the world is the possessor of a million marks (\$250,000), and of this class, according to the author of the compilation, there are 8,300.

The greatest seven fortunes in Prussia range between \$45,000,000 and \$17,000,000. The two named are both possessed by women—the former by the daughter of Krupp, the latter by a daughter of the Vienna Rothschilds. Between them come a number of noblemen whose wealth is principally in coal and zinc, a fact strongly corroborative of the claims to mineral wealth lately put forward by Germany. Immediately behind the fragment of the Rothschild fortune follows a Berlin banker. After him comes a duke in the mining and manufacturing district of Westphalia with \$15,000,000.

Americans will wonder at the precision with which the Prussian fiscal authorities ascertain and tax them. The information is based upon assessments for "income and capital taxes," and an ingenious Teutonic system of checks and counterchecks leaves no room for ambiguity and permits no rich man a chance to escape paying his just dues. A publication equally accurate and comprehensive, dealing with American millionaires, would have its interest, but cannot be looked for at once.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Latest in Ocean Palaces.

A German company is planning to build the greatest passenger carrying steamship in the world, the idea being to provide luxury rather than to seek speed. She will be an eleven storied floating palace, will carry 5,000 passengers and will have engines of 80,000 horsepower, exactly twice as powerful as those of the new White Star liners. On the promenade deck one of the new features will be quiet summer houses in old English rustic style for tea and coffee parties. Another new feature will be a huge marble swimming bath running through two decks. The bath is to be an exact copy of one found in Pompeii, and its mosaic pavements are to be copies of Roman pavements discovered at Treves.

Fresh Air.

A calendar published by a manufacturer of a ventilating novelty bears in conspicuous type under every date the words, "Good air—the best doctor—costs nothing." For every day there is also a short hint on the volume of good air. Among the little essays are these: "Once upon a time hot putties and tightly closed rooms cured (?) pneumonia. Now it's fresh air." "In 1812 consumptives died in stuffy rooms; in 1912 they live in fresh air." "Ten full inhalations of good air before dinner do more good than the best cocktail." "Fresh air in your bedroom will make you cheerful at breakfast." "A doctor for mind and body—always on call—never sends a bill—fresh air."—New York Tribune.

Keep Off the Track!

More than half the persons who are killed on the railways each year are trespassers who walk on the tracks. In ten years 50,708 such trespassers have been killed and 54,183 injured. Laws prescribing safety appliances for the protection of persons engaged in hazardous occupations are on the books in all the states. There are also laws forbidding trespassers upon railroad rights of way. People who walk upon railroad tracks simply tempt providence.—Leslie's.

THE SPECTATOR

The nineteenth anniversary of Minnawasca Chapter, No. 96, Order of the Eastern Star, was celebrated last Friday afternoon, by a dinner and program at Masonic hall. Between six and eight, over a hundred Masons and Stars and their families dined. The hall had been splendidly decorated with emblems, two hundred and fifty colored stars, with festoons and pendants, adorning it. Among the musical numbers were solos by Mrs. Doig and Miss Grills, a "coon" recitation, "Chicken Pie" by Dolores Mertz, a solo by Margaret Henke, and a duet by the two little girls. Victrola music kept the hall resounding to the strains of the waltz until a late hour. In attendance and jollity the anniversary banquet surpassed all former ones.

Now is the time to feed Stock and Poultry Food. Take advantage of the big cut in prices. While in window, all 25 cent packages go for 20 cents, 50 cent size for 40 cents. One week, only remember, at

STEWART'S PHARMACY.

At the council meeting last week Glenn W. Jackson, as attorney for ten owners of property on Dakota avenue, filed a claim against the city for the excess of special sewer tax above the lawful limit. It is provided by section 5, chapter XXIV, of the city charter, that "any cost exceeding that per cent which would otherwise be chargeable upon that lot or premises, shall be paid from the general funds of the city." The twenty per cent fixed by law as the maximum of assessment was tendered to the city treasurer last month by the parties petitioning. The council has referred the matter to the finance committee.

As the slabs which I have are wet, I have procured for my customers, use a large supply of dry Tamarack as a substitute until the slabs are in condition, and will sell it at \$1.50 a cord, 16 inch wood. I have also a full line of coal, especially the Genuine Pocahontas.

J. T. WHYBREW.

The soliciting committee for the tournament fund has almost completed its labors, with but a few persons to see. Considerably over two thousand dollars has been put on the roll, which will be made public in a few days. The committee is thankful to the business men and citizens, who have without a single exception met them courteously and donated liberally. No previous proposition has ever met with such universal support from the people of Gladstone.

Invest a few of your spare dollars in iron mining with A. E. Neff and C. Voorhis. The man with little money who gets in with the prospectors is the one who makes money in mining.

The Yeomen followed up initiatory work Thursday with a dance and supper. A special meeting will be held Feb. 29 to take in candidates. To incite interest in attendance, the homestead will have a drawing each meeting night in March, and the member present who holds the lucky number will have his assessment paid for the month.

It is expected that a large party of of Gladstone men will attend the ski tournament at Ishpeming on Washington's birthday.

The Michigan Bonding & Surety Co. is also under fire by the administration, and charged with perpetuating dives in Michigan for the benefit of the brewers. Well, it is to be fancied the company hasn't made much in this county, by the number of lawsuits it is up against.

The Perry club overslept and the grand torchlight parade to the depot Tuesday night was unavoidably postponed.

The F. R. A., which now meets in Odd Fellows' hall second and fourth Fridays, took in a class of twenty-eight at the last meeting, and followed it with a social time. It is expected to have a hundred members here by March 1.

The work of repairing one of the old pumps at the city station is now almost completed. The experiment was quite successful before and resulted in quite an increase of efficiency.

It is reported from the lower peninsula that peaches, plums and raspberries have suffered exceedingly from the cold in Southern Michigan, and the crop will be short.

The Blue Bell dance had an immense attendance Monday evening; guests from Escanaba and Manistiquie, as well as other points, were numerous. The girls scored a big success with the ball, which cleared a handsome profit.

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

Invitations are issued by the Apollo Belvedere club of Escanaba for a carnival party next Tuesday evening. A large number of Gladstone young people, it is expected, will go over. Admittance is only by invitation.

The winter has been a good one for the ice industry, at least. As much as twenty six inches of ice is reported at some places in the bay and twenty inch cakes are going by every day on John Young's sleighs.

International Poultry and Stock Food, Pratt's Stock and Poultry Food, Dr. J. M. Stewart's Condition Powders, Howell's Condition Powders, all at cut price one week at

STEWART'S PHARMACY.

The Firemen's Ball next Monday evening gives you the last pre-Lenten chance to enjoy the pleasures of a dance and also a good chance to give the boys a little boost with their fund. As usual, arrangements have been made to assure that nothing will be lacking from the height of enjoyment for those in attendance. There will be a special car held until all the Escanaba guests are ready to return to their homes. Arrangements have been made for supper to be served at the Delta cafe. The hall will be specially decorated and music furnished by Cardin's full orchestra. One dollar is the price of a ticket, and you can't get a bigger dollar's worth anywhere.

Sixteen inch Dry Body Wood single cord \$2.10, full cord \$6.00; 15 inch Maple and Birch mill wood \$1.75 a single cord, \$5.00 a full cord, Hemlock, \$1.15 single and \$2.75 full cord; delivered to any part of the city. Call up C. W. Davis, Phone 7.

If some termination to the service of the chief magistrate be not fixed by the constitution or supplied by practice, his office, nominally for four years, will in fact become for life, and history shows easily that degenerates into an inheritance. I should unwillingly be the person who, disregarding sound precedent, set by an illustrious predecessor, should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of office.—Thomas Jefferson.

It is understood that a petition, to restrict the saloon of Gladstone and increase the license tax, will be presented to the council at its meeting Monday.

THE FIFTH WARD

The Hon. John B. Mathey, our representative, is working on a plan for a self-sharpening hoe. He got the idea in the first place from those used in the downtown abattoirs; but he has added so many improvements that it will soon be a pleasure instead a pain to get your face sandpapered. We will all be glad when the new device is on the market.

The great question here is, not who is to occupy the boots of Chase Osborn or William Taft, but who is to guide Gladstone to a haven of safety during the stormy period that threatens us after the April election. It seems to be conceded in the north end of the ward that Alderman Clark is the only man who can bring order out of chaos and put the city's bonds in the A1 class. Still, there is so much cow pasture in this ward that it is assessed by lot and block, that it will require a Napoleon of finance "to get blood out of a turnip," as old Socrates said to King Agrippa. Some of those old guys had queer ideas on the subject of taxation; but they even went so far as to say that the more property a person has, the more he should be taxed. This notion is no longer considered canonical and the fundamental principle now is to soak the fellow who is not in a position to make an effective holler. We in this ward know that it takes money to run a town on an up-to-date basis, even if graft and electrolysis are entirely eliminated, and we will willingly make our ante good if everybody will tote fair. Our motto is "Hew to the line, if you have openers, no matter where the chips fall."

We notice that the Escanaba Mirror is advocating post office telephones, so that strangers need not walk so far when they wish to know whether the mail is in yet. The idea is a good one; out here in the fifth ward it would be a great boon if we could call up "Hughie" and ask if there is anything in our box. I myself, personally, frequently walked all the way to the postoffice, only to learn that the Soo mail is four hours late. Then, too, it is not seldom the case that I draw only a few circulars or notices of drafts at the bank, when I open my box. So, if I could learn from the telephone clerk at the postoffice what was in my share of the last mail, I should be saved many a weary walk down Delta. By all means let us have the necessary phone in the postoffice; we need it. Don't walk; telephone.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank all our good neighbors for their kindness and attention in our sorrow; also the Lady Maccabees, the Yeomen and the Knights of Pythias and our lady friends for their abundant gifts of flowers. We assure them that it is heartily appreciated by

MR. AND MRS. P. L. BURT AND FAMILY.

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.

DRINK
PURE ARTESIAN WATER
Avoid Typhoid Germs. All Orders Promptly Delivered.
ELMER BEAUDRY
PHONE 156 J.

LENT BEGINS ASH WEDNESDAY

February 21, 1912.

Our prices on Fish Specials are

Fat Young Norway Mackerel, salt pound... 25c
Irish Mackerel, 2 lbs, 25c, one pound... 15c
Fancy Salt Herring per lb..... 8c
Smoked Tag Bloaters, extra fancy, each..... 5c
Fancy Skinned and Boned Herring, lb.... 20c
Smoked Whitefish per pound..... 12½c
Smoked Jumbo Finnan Haddies, at... 15c
Fancy Red Salmon, Salt, per pound..... 18c

J. R. BARRETT & CO.

Phone 55-J.

Messrs.

Soren Johnson and Carl G. Fisher request the pleasure of your company at their Buffet 901 Delta Avenue on any day of 1912 at any hour between those of 7 a. m. and 11 p. m.

REFRESHMENTS.

Rhineland Creamery Butter per pound 40c
Battleship Brand Peanut Butter, per pound 18c
Maple Flavored Sugar Butter per pound 25c
Crisco for cooking, as good as Butter, can 25c
Heinz Apple Butter in crocks 35c
Beechnut Brand Peanut sizes 10, 15 and 25c
Full Quart Jars of Bismarck Olives 25c Jams 30c
Swan's Down Prepared Cake Flour, per box 25c
Purina Health Flour, 5 lb. box 25c
Hoffman's Zamona Coffee, one of the best we ever sold 40c
Try a can at 30c
Old Time Coffee in one pound package at 30c
We have just received another car of Sleepy Eye Flour 49 pound sack at \$1.55

ELOF HANSON
—GROCER—
PHONE 48

Cold Days
Cold Nights
Cold Fingers

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

AUG. LILLQUIST
917 DELTA AVENUE

OUTWITTED THE GAMBLER

A Nonbetter's Scheme to Squelch a Nuisance.

It is singular how people on board ship are given to betting. I have known a man who when ashore would consider himself disgraced at risking money on a national election by a wager at sea on the color of the eyes of the pilot who would take the vessel into port.

We were in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, and those of us who frequented the smoking cabin had become well acquainted. There was a more inveterate set of gamblers aboard than usual. We not only bet on the daily run of the ship, the weather and all that, but would conjure up all sorts of disputes on which to stake money.

There was one man who always smoked with us who could not be induced to gamble, a clean shaven, smooth looking young fellow in spectacles. Somebody said that he was a Princeton divinity student, but that was not substantiated. Seeing that he was not of the betting kind, we all let him alone, except a fellow named Ashurst, a coarse, ill favored man whom none of us liked.

"Mr. Tillotson," he would say to the man who declined to bet, "I'll bet you \$10 to a cent that we don't see another vessel this side of Sandy Hook," or "I'll bet you twenty to five that there isn't a cloud in the sky tomorrow at eight bells noon."

"I never bet," said Mr. Tillotson. "I only want to make it interesting for the party."

"Well, then, for once, for the sake of the party, I'll go you. I'll bet you \$500 even that before we sight Fire Island I'll pull the captain's nose."

Every man present took his cigar out of his mouth and looked at the speaker. The captain was the most dignified and forbidding man commanding any of the great liners, a tyrant to his men and irascible with his passengers.

"I can do that myself," said Ashurst. "If I am willing to abide the consequences."

"I will stipulate," rejoined Tillotson, "that if the captain makes the slightest objection I lose the bet."

Ashurst puffed nervously, blowing a cloud of smoke, showing by his expression both a desire to possess himself of Tillotson's money and caution lest he should be outwitted.

"Oh, there's some guy in that. It's not a legitimate subject for a bet."

"See him crawlfish," remarked one of the smokers. "I knew he'd back out if any one faced him."

"Why, Ashurst," said another, "he's sure to be pitched overboard, and you'll take in the \$500."

Thus badgered on the one hand and encouraged on the other, Ashurst began to give way.

"Will you all see that there's no catch in the matter," he asked the party, "that he really pulls the captain's nose?"

"We will!" shouted every man.

"Where and when will you do it?" asked Ashurst.

"When and where I like."

"Who's to witness it?"

"Any or every man here, including yourself. I'll notify you in time to be present."

"And if the captain knocks you down?"

"If he objects in any way whatever the money is yours."

Ashurst was an avaricious man, and the chance of winning the money was drawing him far more than the chaffing of the party was driving him. He sat puffing vigorously, trying to think of some way by which Tillotson could win, but as no way appeared to him he determined to take the risk.

The money was put up in the hands of a passenger, a man named Gerkin, who had never been in the smoking cabin and was supposed to be entirely unprejudiced. The terms of the bet were explained to him, and he was pledged to secrecy. Every man gave his word to refrain from any collusion with the captain. In short, every care was taken that the wager should be fair for both parties. The stakes were not to be turned over to either without the unanimous vote of every smoker present when the bet was made, an even number. Gerkin to cast the deciding vote.

The day passed without any molestation of the captain. The weather was stormy, and he rarely left the bridge.

"Go up there, Tillotson, and do the job where all can see it," said a smoker.

"No need of that," replied Tillotson. "He'll come down when the weather clears. If I should try it now, he'd murder me."

The next morning was serene, and after breakfast we were notified by Gerkin to assemble in the smoking room and wait for the ceremony. We did so, and about 10 o'clock Gerkin came to us and desired us to follow him. He led the way to the barber shop. There, reclining on a chair, his face covered with lather, sleeping for the first time in forty-eight hours, was the captain. Over him, in a barber's white jacket, stood Tillotson, shaving him. When the smokers appeared, Tillotson took the commander's nose between his fingers and gave it a strong pull. Its owner was too sleepy after his long watch even to waken, nor did the shout of laughter from those who did not produce the slightest effect.

It was unanimously decided that Tillotson had fairly won. The money went to the Sailors' Snug Harbor.

Forty Days

Of Lent are near, a time of fast and not of cheer; but yet no reason do I see why you should not contented be; e'en though your table have no meat, I've lots of things you like to eat. I've Fish of all kinds, fresh and salt, with which you cannot find a fault. With can goods too my shelving creaks; of good cheer all my market speaks. I'm sure you'll have all Lenten joy, who buy your food of

M. P. FOY

Sanitary Meat Market

Phone 158

This Promises

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

It's Easy.

P. W. Peterson

725 DELTA

Sweet, juicy meat from a tender "critter"

A blend of spices that makes it taste like more

Unremitting efforts to secure a uniform product that you can depend on.

Skillful thorough cooking—saves you the trouble of preparing the meat.

A fresh supply constantly on hand to work off

Grosswork eliminated—we have the experience that counts. All these

Enter into the production of our sausage. That's why it's good.

OLSON & ANDERSON

THE LEADING BUTCHERS.

Phone 9

745 Delta Avenue.

"There's Death In the Cup"

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

BUBBLING FOUNTAINS

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

Good Work and the Best Material

H. J. KRUEGER

PHONE 260-J

A JAPANESE LEGEND.

It Tells a Pretty Story of the Origin of the Chrysanthemum.

The Japanese have an interesting legend in connection with the origin of the chrysanthemum. In a garden bathed in the soft moonlight a young girl plucked a flower and commenced to strip the petals to see if her fiance loved her truly. Of a sudden a little god appeared before her and assured her that her fiance loved her passionately. "Your husband will live," he added, "as many years as the flower which I will let you choose has petals." With these words he disappeared. The young girl hastened to search the garden for a flower which should have an abundance of petals, but each one appeared to promise but a brief future for her beloved.

At length she picked a Persian carnation, and, with the aid of a gold pin taken from her hair, she separated each one of the petals of the flower so as to increase the number of folioles and of the number of years accorded by the god to her fiance. Soon under her deft fingers 100, 200, 300 petals, thin, pliant and beautifully curved, had been evolved, and the young girl cried for joy to think of the happy future which her husband had assured her fiance. So, runs the legend, was the chrysanthemum created one moonlight night in a Japanese garden, where silvery brooks murmured softly as they ran beneath the little bamboo bridges.—London Globe.

CRY OF THE GIRAFFE.

It Is a Peculiar Sound Something Like a Sheep's Bleat.

Those who read the accounts of the giraffe in the textbooks and the descriptions given by travelers may have noticed that no mention is made of its voice. Sportsmen, in fact, allude to its apparent voicelessness.

Nor so far as the records go has it ever been heard in captivity. Up to the present it appears that no one could say whether the cry of a giraffe was a groan, a bellow, a bleat or a neigh; hence the record of the recent experience of a naturalist in east Africa, who has actually heard its voice, is of special interest.

Blaney Percival, the naturalist in question, spent the day in concealment over a waterhole where the wild animals came to drink. He had at times seen giraffe and zebra drinking within thirty feet of him. While thus watching he had the good fortune to hear the giraffe.

It was making a bleating noise, but Mr. Percival says it is quite impossible to describe the sound in writing. "The nearest I can get to it," he says, "is 'warre' rather drawn out, not just a 'baa,' like a sheep, but more prolonged, and the softening at the end more noticeable.—London Field.

The Strange Sea Spider.

One of the strangest creatures of the sea is a certain species of sea spider named Nymphon gracile. It has a body about the size of a bit of thread a quarter of an inch long and tied into four knots. The head looks like the end of a thread split into two horns. From each of the four knots start two legs, one on each side, making eight in all. The legs are three or four times longer than the body, but the odd thing about them is that the alimentary tube into which the food goes runs down into every one of the legs, so that whatever the spider eats circulates through his legs, and, in fact, the legs are like the body in internal structure. Another curious feature of this form of life is that the baby sea spider is not in the least like the grownup of the same family. It is much more like a crab, but how it develops from a crablike form is not yet ascertained.—Exchange.

Lost and Found.

"Almost too strange to be true," said a woman who had lost and found again a piece of jewelry a few days ago. On arriving at her husband's office in the Wall street district she discovered that an amethyst was missing from an ornament which she wore. The prongs which held it had evidently worn away, and the stone was given up for lost. She went on a shopping tour and when leaving the Seventy-second street subway station on her way home dropped her muff. She stooped to pick it up and close to one of the iron pillars saw her lost amethyst. "I was so glad to find it," she said, "but people don't believe the story. Even my husband made a queer face when I told it."—New York Tribune.

Fact and Fiction.

"I suppose your wandering boy will come home and pay the mortgage of the farm as they do in Christmas stories."

"No," replied Farmer Cornstossel; "that ain't his custom. When he gifts through makin' suggestions it generally means another mortgage."—Washington Star.

What Bachelors Miss.

"You bachelors don't know what you miss," said the married man.

"Well, we have the satisfaction of knowing that what we do miss isn't lifted from our pockets while we are asleep," retorted the bachelor.—Philadelphia Record.

Move On.

Do not gaze backward nor pause to contemplate anxiously what is in front, but move. If you are faithful God will carry you through.—Prothigham.

It is difficult to persuade mankind that the love of virtue is the love of themselves.—Cicero.

Personals

Captain and Mrs. P. L. Burt were bereaved Tuesday morning by the death of their six-months-old daughter, Dorothy Stella, from pneumonia. The little girl had been recovering for several days, when a sudden relapse occurred. A great many flowers were sent in by friends who sympathize deeply with the parents in the loss of their darling. The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon at All Saints' church. Among the relatives present were Mr. and Mrs. George Ames and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Burt, of Rapid River, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Valind, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Valind of Escanaba.

Dr. Charles J. Finnegan, son of Patrick Finnegan of Escanaba, died on Monday at Anacortes, Wash., at the age of forty-eight years. He was in practice in Escanaba for a short time, but left for the coast twenty years ago and had established a fine practice there.

Henry Schaaue, the well-known fisherman, states that the piercing cold of the past six weeks cut down the catches of fish immensely. During the cold weather the fish are sluggish and inactive, and net after net is hauled up empty.

The Blue Bell girls desire to express their thanks to the ladies who so kindly assisted them in the previous arrangements and conduct of their ball Monday, and to all the others who have assisted to make it a success.

Maclairin & Needham are believers in the efficiency of fresh air. Unusual attention was paid Wednesday evening to ventilating the Gem so that the atmosphere should be pure and sweet.

Hon. W. F. Hammel is expected to return early next week from Chicago, much improved in physical condition and fully recovered from his operation.

Charles E. Nebel left Wednesday night for Ashland, and will go to Saxon, near which point a power dam is to be thrown across the Montreal river.

Mrs. James Norton of Manistique, arrived Thursday evening on her way home from Bessemer, to visit for a few days at the home of E. S. Eaton.

Drs. Bjorkman, Kee, Miller and Mitchell attend the quarterly meeting of the Delta county medical society this Friday evening in Escanaba.

J. P. Bushong leaves today to attend the lumbermen's convention at Milwaukee, on behalf of the Northwestern Co-operation & Lumber company.

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

Earl Byerly, while working at the flooring mill Saturday, caught his right hand in a scraper gear, crushing the middle two fingers.

Gladstone Aerie, F. O. E. attended the funeral this afternoon in Escanaba of Elmer Berg, a member. About twenty went over.

F. W. Aslett was called to Elk Rapids Sunday afternoon by the death of his infant son. He is expected back tonight.

Miss Mary McCarthy returned Thursday evening from Detroit, having completed her art course at the Thomas normal.

City Clerk Williamson, who had a touch of the grippe, is out again and attending to his duties, as usual.

Robert Little was called to Menominee this week by the illness of his sister. He returned Thursday.

R. W. Nebel was in Escanaba Friday afternoon, on social, departmental, legal and Boy Scout business.

The condition of Supervisor Joseph W. Call, who has been for some time semiparalyzed, is unchanged.

Mrs. A. Lee-Wise has returned to the management of the Delta hotel and cafe, and will conduct it.

Miss Grace Gordon leaves Saturday for Milwaukee to study the 1912 spring styles in millinery.

The Coterie met Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Clark to discuss the period of the Mexican war.

H. J. Neville is spending the week in Manistique, and John J. Burgess is taking his place.

J. T. Whybrew is out again and attending to business with his usual vigor this week.

S. Goldstein has been ill for a couple of days with the seasonable complaint, lagrippe.

Mrs. O'Connell returned Friday morning from her trip to Chicago.

H. E. Hite returned Wednesday from a brief trip to the lower peninsula. A daughter was born Thursday to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Erickson. A daughter was born Saturday to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hellman. Mrs. J. E. Neville has been seriously ill for several days past. Thomas Jachor visited his parents in Manistique last week. Prosecutor Strom was in the city Monday afternoon. Dr. E. H. Bidwell was in Escanaba Monday afternoon. Ole Lundeen leaves Monday night for St. Joe, Idaho. G. R. Empson left Tuesday evening for Chicago.

FOLLOWING THE BAND

The editor of this paper has a failing, common, we believe to most men, and that is the wish to espouse a popular cause. We have always been desirous of following the band closely, especially if the drum major was leading in the proper direction. With this failing of ours in mind, we suppose we ought to join this Roosevelt procession and yell our lungs to a condition of soreness, and we would if we saw the light as some of our brethren seem to have seen it, but we frankly confess, that in this Roosevelt band-led procession, we cannot bring ourselves to see any good in it.

We have it dinned into our ears from early morn to frosty eve, that the generally torn up condition of the party is due to President Taft, but we can't see it that way at all. What the party is now suffering from can be traced back to the Roosevelt regime. Theodore was the whole thing, and when he informed an expectant world that he would not break the time honored traditions as far as the presidency was concerned, thereby refusing a third term, he also practically cinched the nomination of William Howard Taft for the greatest gift of this nation of ninety million people. When President Taft finally assumed the office, the fine Italian hand of someone close to the ex-president, was noticed with the suggestion of certain men for cabinet positions, but they quickly discovered that a strong man had succeeded a strong man as president and had views of his own as to the cabinet make-up.

From this first break between the ex-president and the present occupant of the White House, up to the present there has been continual efforts, more or less stealthy, to knife Wm. H. Taft, and it is beginning now to dawn upon the minds of thinking people that a meaner, smaller, or lower gift was never made upon a candidate for the presidency, than the fight that has been waged by the Roosevelt-Garfield-Pinchot combination against Taft.—Mohawk Miner.

AN INTELLIGENT VIEW

We have in Wisconsin three parties: First, the Republican party that believes in a protective tariff and upholds the principles advocated by Lincoln, McKinley and Taft. Next the Reform party that has been in power over ten years and has named themselves Progressive Republicans; they advocate a tariff that shall equalize the difference of wages and home-made goods. Then we have that great fighting party known as the Fighting Democracy, that believes in a tariff for revenue—a party the Progressives draw a great deal of their strength from. On the question, there is not much difference between the Democracy and the Progressives.

A tariff for revenue or a tariff that will make up the difference in the cost of labor amounts to the same thing. There are other factors to be taken in consideration. Lower interest on money and lower rents are factors in the cost of manufactured goods as well as labor.

I know a foreigner who bought a farm on credit. His capital was \$300. In ten years he paid for the farm. How did he do it? He raised everything he ate on it and sold the surplus. He lived well.

Now it is so with the tariff and a nation. That nation that produces nearly all it consumes will grow wealthy, for it keeps money at home.

December 16, 1911 February 17, 1912

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE MICH

December 5, 1911

Notice is hereby given that Louis Tondolo, whose post-office address is Defiance, Michigan, did, on the second day of March, 1911, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 02888, to purchase the S. E. ¼ of N. W. ¼, Section 23, Township 42 N., Range 23 W., Michigan Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such values as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been estimated and valued by applicant: the timber estimated 40,000 board feet, valued at \$100.00; and the land nothing; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 20th day of February, 1912, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Delta County, at Escanaba, Michigan.

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

OZRO A. BOWEN

Register

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. For 5¢ a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D. C.

Best That's Grown Is None Too Good

When you are drinking Coffee, It is our good fortune to hold the Sole Agency for the

CHASE AND SANBORN HIGH GRADE COFFEES

We have all the grades from cheapest to highest priced coffee sold by this celebrated firm.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER

for one of their coffees, and you will use it exclusively.

GLADSTONE GROCERY "THE QUALITY STORE"

P. J. LINDBLAD, PROP. PHONE 51

GLADSTONE LODGE NO 163.



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. 1887, 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. 1887, 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 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.

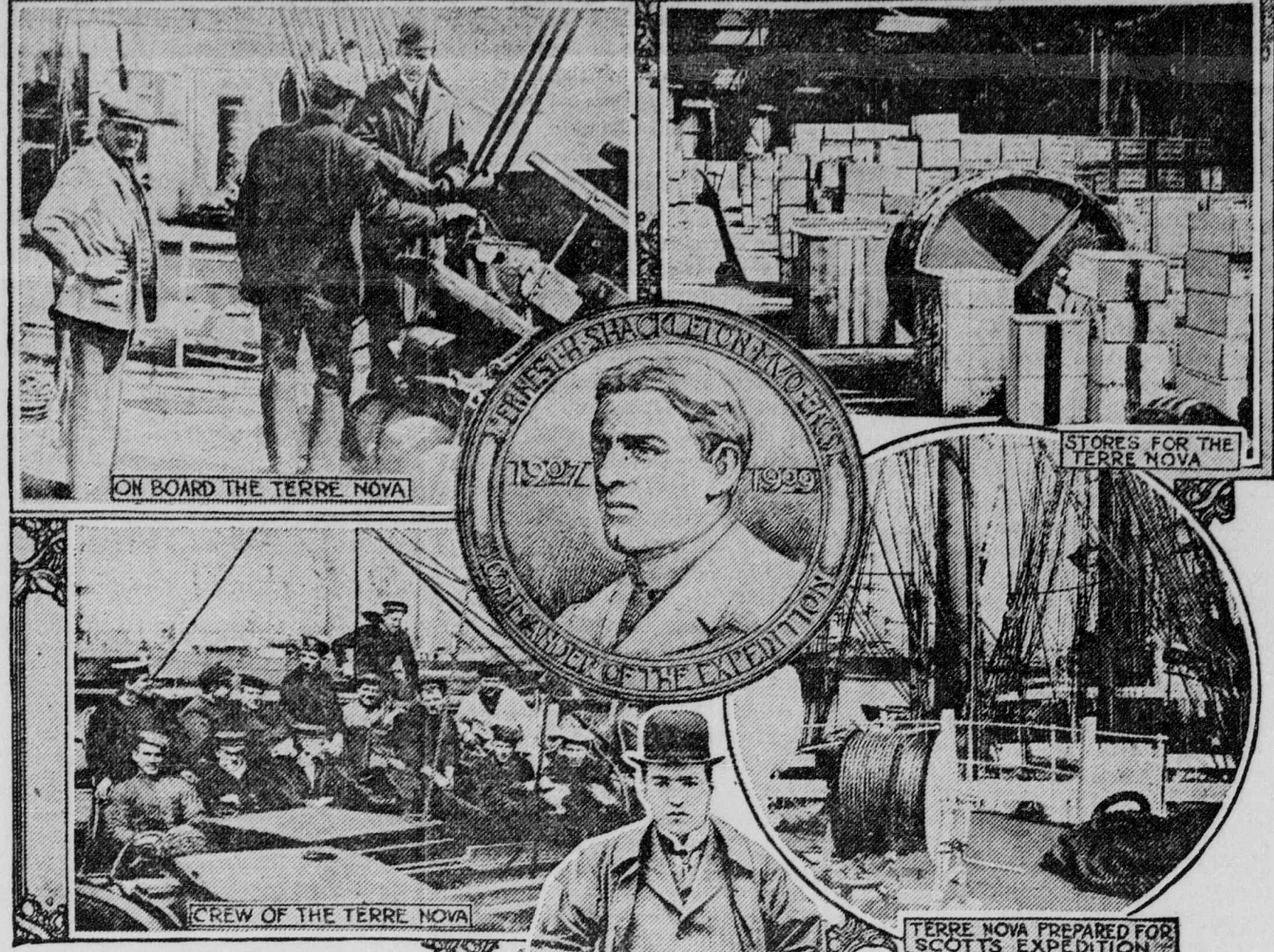
Now Therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the said power of sale, and in pursuance of the Statute of such case made and provided, the said Mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction, to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House 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 Mortgage.

JOHN POWER Attorney

THE QUEST for the SOUTH POLE



Scott and Amundsen, Rivals
In the Antarctic Regions of Glacial Ice, Awesome Stillness and Disquieting Desolation—A Journey Fraught With Perils and Adventure Such as Would Quicken Pulse of the Bravest Explorer.

WHEN news electrified the world that man finally had reached the north pole hopes of scientists that success was destined to attend the equal discouraging efforts in the field of antarctic exploration were built up anew. One region of mystery and seemingly insurmountable obstacles had at last been penetrated and the American flag planted there. Why not the other? This was the common thought. If the second conquest would not fall to an American, as had the first, some other nation would get the glory, but that conquest was inevitable was the general belief.

As Dec. 25, 1911, approached speculation began regarding the south pole expeditions of Captain Robert F. Scott of England and Captain Roald Amundsen, Norwegian. These two intrepid men had made their way into the "end of the world" at the south, and Scott had given voice to a prophecy that on Christmas day, 1911, he would have reached his goal.

Those best versed in antarctic exploration began discussing the chances of the two men who monopolized attention to the exclusion of all rivals.

In February, 1911, the Japanese antarctic expedition had set out from New Zealand, but turned back in April because it was unable to cope with the ice packs and icebergs that were encountered.

In May, 1911, the German expedition led for Buenos Aires, intending to enter the Weddell sea to the south of South America and try to settle geographical, meteorological and biological questions, the further plan being that four of the party would finally dash for the south pole. The German expedition had three motor vehicles and one motorboat.

News Comes From Scott.
In March of last year news came from Christchurch, New Zealand, that the whaler Terra Nova, which left there Nov. 20 with the expedition headed by Captain Scott, had returned to Christchurch.

She reported that the expedition was landed at the place designated for the start for the pole and that when she left the members of the party were well.

The captain of the Terra Nova said that Captain Scott landed his expedition on the shores of McMurdo bay in January. It then developed that a rival expedition was already on the same coast equipped for a search for the south pole. This was the party headed by Captain Amundsen, from whom nothing had been heard since he sent from Madeira in the middle of October the intimation that he had decided to change his plans and instead of seeking the north pole head for the south one.

From dispatches landed at Stewart Island and cabled from there to London it was evident that Scott was unaware of the presence of Amundsen on the antarctic continent. The fact that Amundsen was in the antarctic was discovered by the captain of the Terra Nova in February after he had left McMurdo bay.

Amundsen upon reaching the antarctic regions tied up his ship, the Fram, near an elevated part of the coast and, establishing a camp close by, began preparations for the trip to the pole. The Fram was subsequently found by the Terra Nova at Balloon light.

Amundsen's expedition was much lighter than Scott's, but hardly lighter

THE POLAR QUEST.
UNCONQUERABLY men venture on the quest
And seek an ocean amplitude un-sailed,
Cold, virgin, awful. Scorning ease and rest
And heedless of the heroes who have failed,
They face the ice floes with a dauntless zest.

The polar quest—life's offer to the strong.
To pass beyond the pale, to do and dare,
Leaving a name that stirs us like a song
And making captive some strange otherwhere,
Though grim the conquest and the labor long.
Forever courage kindles, faith moves forth
To find the mystic floodway of the north.

—Richard Burton.

than the one with which Shackleton pushed so near to the south pole. The Norwegian had neither motor sledges nor ponies, but relied on Greenland dogs of the breed that served Eskimos, mariners and explorers so well. He had less experience in actual sledging than Captain Scott; but, on the other hand, he and all his men have been trained from childhood in the use of skis.

Shackleton's Graphic Picture.
On Christmas day, which Scott had predicted would find him at the south pole, Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, the English explorer, said:

"I picture to myself Scott and Amundsen on the big plateau, about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, close to the pole, but whether fighting their way toward it or on their way back after discovery who can say? I imagine a strong, biting, southerly wind, with a temperature of about 40 degrees below zero, warm clothes, frozen sleeping bags and a thin tent, which just serves to keep out the wind, but not the cold.

"Food will be short, but I am sure, from my experience, that little bits of biscuit and bacon have been hoarded up for the great day, and a diminutive plum pudding will be produced from the place where it has lain hidden, though talked of and thought about for at least a couple of months. Inspired by that succulent delicacy, so different from the ordinary sledging fare, the thoughts of the explorers will come very close to home.

"I think it quite possible that Scott or Amundsen, or both, have already succeeded, especially as the competition between them is in the nature of a race."

British Explorer's Own Experience.
Shackleton himself and three companions celebrated Christmas, 1908, almost within sight of the south pole, dining on a plum pudding saved with scrupulous sentiment from their jet-tisoned supplies. Shackleton on scaling an 8,500 foot glacier near the end of his journey found himself on a plateau which apparently extended to the pole. Had he had fifty pounds more of food on his expedition it is likely that the discovery of the south pole would have been recorded in his name.

Shackleton, who left England on the

Achievements of the Shackleton Expedition—Its Leader's Reference to Personal Experiences—Scott's Sanguinary Regarding His Own Success and Peary's Comment on Chances of Reaching Second Pivotal Point of the World.

ship Nimrod in July, 1907, upon his return reported the following results of his expedition:

Point reached within 111 miles of the south pole, where the union jack presented to the party by the queen of England was planted.
Magnetic pole also reached.
Eight mountain chains discovered.
One hundred mountains surveyed.
Volcano of Mount Erebus, 13,120 feet high, ascended.
Theory that there is an area of atmospheric calm surrounding the south pole disproved.

The winter was mild, and the lowest temperature encountered was 40 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. A party including Lieutenant Adams, Sir Philip Brocklehurst, Forbes Mackay and Eric Marshall left Cape Royd on March 5, 1908, to climb the great antarctic volcano of Mount Erebus. On the morning of March 7 they climbed with the sledge to an altitude of 5,500 feet.

Carrying the equipment on their backs, they reached on the night of March 7 an altitude of 9,500 feet. The temperature was 50 degrees below the freezing point. Then a violent blizzard raged for thirty hours.

Resuming the ascent on March 9, they reached an old crater at an altitude of over 11,000 feet. They explored the crater, and unique fumaroles (smoke holes) were found.

Brocklehurst had both feet frostbitten, and one toe was subsequently amputated.

The summit was reached on March 10. The active crater is half a mile in diameter and 8,000 feet deep. It was ejecting vast volumes of steam and sulphurous gas to a height of 2,000 feet.

Hypsometric readings were taken at the summit simultaneously with those from the base station at Cape Royd. Geological collections were made and photographs taken.

Commencing the descent on March 10, the party glided by stages down 5,000 feet, reaching the sled depot. "The geographical south pole is doubtless situated on a plateau 10,000 to 11,000 feet above sea level. Violent blizzards in latitude 88 degrees show that if the polar calm exists it must be small in area or not coincident with the geographic pole," said the returned explorer.

Peary Said Scott Had Advantage.

When told of Shackleton's opinion regarding the possibility of Captain Scott or Amundsen having reached the south pole Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the north pole, said:

"Scott had the inestimable advantage of knowing exactly what his route was and of marching over a fixed surface instead of over shifting masses of sea ice, such as are encountered in arctic work.

"Scott proceeded over that vast antarctic promontory where, at an elevation of 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, there is a constant and fixed condition of the snow surface at the summer solstice as well as at the winter solstice."

The antarctic ice sheet is not the frozen surface of a sea. It is glacial ice, part of the primeval sheet that has planned off from the antarctic continent for centuries. It floats in the sea, yet it is not moved by the water, but only seamed with crevasses. On the Arctic ocean the floes are from twenty to sixty feet in thickness. This sheet probably reaches 3,000 feet in places or more than half a mile.

The Magnified Gnat That Resembled a Torpedo Boat

By THOMAS WINFIELD FRISBIE

How do I, so young, hold such high rank in the naval service? Well, there's a story about that, but if it got out it would ruin me. They say some are great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. I had it thrust upon me, and I don't mind telling you in confidence that I came within half a minute of being disgraced instead of getting my principal promotion. On your promise to keep the matter a secret I'll tell you all about it.

It was in the summer of 1908 off Havana. Hot? Well, it couldn't be hotter except under a volcano—just the kind of weather for one to lie in a hammock and smoke cigarettes. But we had regular duties all day, and both day and night we didn't know but that a Spanish torpedo boat would blow us skyward. We never felt easy. Every time any of us saw a launch or a yawl in the distance we'd make as much fuss as if a torpedo were under our bows. Ever see one of 'em? They're the ugliest things afloat. Once in an aquarium I saw the worst looking fish that swims, a hellbender, and a torpedo boat always reminds me of that fish—compact, low, black, all iron, the torpedo sticking out at the bow, the whole vomiting smoke like a dragon. And it goes right through the water without the slightest reference to wave crests, flinging spray about diabolically.

That's what a torpedo boat is. One night I was in charge of the searchlight. I shouldn't have been put in charge, for I had been doing duty in the captain's launch all day, going between the ships of the fleet, and was tired out. However, I was on watch and kept the light moving. One of the men with me was taken sick, and I sent him below. The other I sent to the galley to get me a cup of coffee. He stayed away long enough to ball the ocean, while I was left alone with the light.

I did all I could to keep my mind awake, but the first thing I knew—awake. It makes my hair curl today to think of it—in the United States navy, looking out for the most dreaded cause for destruction known, the ship, perhaps the whole fleet, dependent upon my watchfulness, and asleep at the searchlight!

Suddenly I awoke. I gave a yell and touched an electric connection. In a few seconds more the whole ship's company came tumbling up the companion ways, from the meanest jackie to the captain.

Now, what do you suppose was the cause of my alarm? Right out in the track of the searchlight, coming for us like a shot, was something black. It was moving so straight that I only saw its bow, giving it the appearance of a round spot on the water. There was no smoke, and it must have been literally riding the waves, for I could not see that it kicked up a particle of spray.

You can imagine my sensations, but not very perfectly. A moment before I had been asleep. What guardian angel had awakened me? Suppose I had slept a few minutes longer! Though all this flashed on me as I saw an instrument of annihilation approaching, my mind made another picture which I couldn't drive away—myself hanging by the neck at the yardarm.

Suddenly the advancing torpedo boat seemed to leave the water and start for the sky. It took me just two seconds to face the glass, and there, crawling upward on its outer surface, was a gnat! I had mistaken the shadow cast by the little beast for a torpedo boat. Here I was out of one scrape and into another. I had aroused the ship for nothing. Before I could get back to my position in rear of the searcher the captain himself had caught hold of it and was turning it about rapidly.

"What is it? Where is it?" he cried excitedly.

"I—the fact is, captain—you see"—Before I could tell him that I had mistaken a gnat's shadow for a torpedo boat the real thing stood out plainly under the searcher. There she was, the ugly black looking craft I have described to you, coming for us, plowing the water into two fans, a dense cloud of smoke pouring from the stack.

I tell you, the captain didn't wait for anybody to repeat his orders, and in less time than it takes to tell it a shot had gone for that torpedo boat. But it wasn't needed. The Spaniards, seeing they were discovered, turned as quickly as possible and showed us their boat's stern.

Just as soon as the affair had quieted down the captain stepped up to me and said:

"Mr. B., you have done only your duty, but there are times when simply doing one's duty counts for a great deal. By your vigilance you have saved this ship, worth three to four millions to the government, and what is more, the lives of 450 men. I shall report the matter to Washington, but the recommendation that you be advanced ten numbers."

You could have knocked me down with a feather.

The Sunday School Lesson

SENIOR BEREAN.

Golden Text, Repent Ye, For the Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand (Matt. iii, 2).

Verses 1-6.—The voice in the wilderness.

Details concerning the date of the Baptist's appearance are given by Luke in keeping with his desire for accuracy. "The fifteenth year." From the time "Tiberius" was associated with Augustus Caesar as regent of the empire "Pontius Pilate" was an inferior official called a procurator, who directly governed "Judea" in the name of Rome, since it was a very troublesome province. "Herod," a son of Herod the Great, surnamed Antipas. He had been appointed by his father tetrarch of Galilee and Perea. He was the murderer of the Baptist (Matt. xiv). "Philip," a son of Herod the Great and Cleopatra and half brother of Antipas. He was the founder of Caesarea Philippi, and must not be confused with another son of Herod, who also bore the name of Philip, but who had been dispossessed by his father owing to his mother's treachery. "Ablene" is a part of Syria and was annexed as Jewish territory under Herod Agrippa about A. D. 36. "Annas" was the deposed high priest, but he continued to exercise considerable influence, and despite the authority of Rome he occasionally even performed the functions of the high priesthood. "Calaphas," the high priest, was his son-in-law. We meet with these two ecclesiastics in connection with the trial of Jesus. "The word of God." The particular message of John was received by divine inspiration like the ancient prophets, whose voice had been silent for nearly 400 years. The Baptist came on the scene as abruptly as Elijah, whom he resembled in many respects. His dress and demeanor were strikingly impressive. Ascetic in features and clad in desert garb, he seemed to be an incarnation of the spirit of judgment. "The country about Jordan." He did not remain in one particular place, but moved from the south to the north of the Jordan valley. "Baptism of repentance." Like the ancient prophets, he adopted a symbol which expressed the nature of his preaching. Repentance meant a change of purpose and of character. It was sealed by submitting to baptism by water. "For the remission of sins." This was the end of repentance. His mission recalled the prophecy of Isaiah (chapter xi). The figures of speech in this prophecy suggest how great was the need for moral preparation. There must be a leveling, a straightening and a smoothing of the path for the progress of the Christ.

Verses 7-14.—Direct demands.

His preaching was both attractive and aggressive. It was not the time for soft speech and comforting counsels. His audiences were composed of all classes of people, to whom he addressed words of rebuke and warning according to their several circumstances. "Generation of vipers," a strong expression to be addressed to the descendants of Abraham, particularly the Pharisees and Sadducees, but they had been congratulating themselves that all would be well with them on the grounds of mere birth. John insisted on a higher and truer test. "Fruits worthy of repentance." Practical proofs of their changed purpose must be forthcoming or they would perish in their sins and not escape the fast approaching judgment. "The ax is laid." The tree is judged by its fruits, and where they are not found it is destroyed. A general summary of John's preaching is here reported. "Two coats." Here is set forth the principle of kindness as opposed to selfishness, which is the original cause of all sin. "Publicans," the collectors of Roman taxes. They were reputed to be extortioners, and they were exhorted to be just. "Soldiers." These were probably the Jewish police in the service of the tax collectors and who were apt to exercise violence and exact blackmail. John certainly spoke the right word, and we can infer from this report that each and all of his hearers who "asked him," "kept asking," for directions on duty were faithfully instructed. The message of Micah is worth recalling in this connection (chapter vi, 6-8).

Verses 15-17.—Heralding the dawn.

Such extraordinary preaching had not been known for generations. The fact that so many were being favorably swayed by John roused expectations in the hearts of his hearers. But he declared his mission without reserve. "One mightier than I." He would take no honor to himself that belonged to the King. "Not worthy to unloose." He was not fit to act even the part of a slave and to unfasten the sandals of the coming Master. This was not modesty, but humility (John iii, 22-30). "With the Holy Ghost and with fire." John's work at best was external, and it was symbolized by water, but the Messiah will perform an inward and a spiritual work, so that those who submit to him will receive an enlightening and purifying experience. "Fan is in his hand." This was the spade with which the wheat was thrown to the wind to separate it from the chaff. Likewise that which is worth while will be preserved, and the worthless will be burned up in "fire unquenchable," a fire so fierce that it cannot be put out. It will be a work thoroughly done.

THROATS RETAIN NONSENSE.

Delightful Little Rhapsodies Remembered by Vocal Cords.

"Throats memorize nonsense, but brains are still at the same old stand when it comes to storing the memory with sense." This was explained recently before the New York Academy of Sciences and a satrapy of psychologists by Dr. D. O. Lyon, fellow of Columbia university, at the meeting which was held in Schermerhorn hall. He asserted that vocal cords remember delightful little rhapsodies like the following:

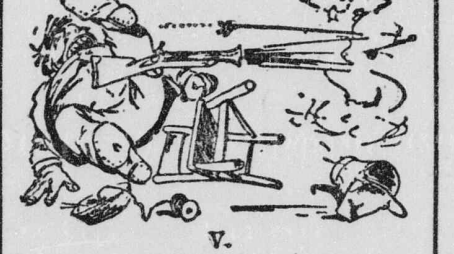
Vus, ylf, miv, vob, feg, Tib, nuz, bof, jed, kib, vel, bol, sep, yab, kuv, tef, nad.

Dr. Lyon tried this on twenty-four teachers, and their motor memories, which reside in their throats, got around to it from twelve to forty-five minutes each, according to the ability of the individuals to commit this test rignarole to their recollections.

Many excellent persons, as the lecturer explained, can learn their prayers perfectly with their throats and, wholly oblivious of what they are saying, can keep their intellectual memories storing up what kind of a hat Mrs. Brown has on and what Mrs. Smith's new coat is like, so that full details can be told of it at the Sunday dinner later in the day.

Memories greatly differ, he asserted, for Herbert Spencer could not remember nonsensical verses, and, although it is said that he knew more than any man who ever lived to stand up under the load, he would invariably trump his partner's ace at whist because he could not remember the cards.

That Aching Tooth.



We will charge you nothing for the prescription herewith illustrated.

How It Got Its Name.

There is a handsome kind of furniture called buhlwork, which consists of wood, shell or other materials, pierced and inlaid with metal, pearl or other contrasting substances. Many persons wonder where the name came from and what it means. It is one of the hundred cases where the name of the originator was given to a process or product. Andre Charles Buhl, who was employed by Louis XIV. of France in embellishing the palace of Versailles, invented the art of making furniture in this way, and the name comes from him.

Monetary Value of Man.

A newspaper in Kansas says that in the body of the average man is material for thirteen pounds of tallow candles, one pound of nails, the carbon of 800 lead pencils, twenty-eight violin strings and bone for 500 knife handles, besides salt and sugar.

The Weekly Farm Budget

SHEEP ON RANGE.

What the Government Is Doing to Develop Them.

WORK SHOWING PROGRESS.

Aim of Experimenters Has Been Production of Animals Best Suited to Certain Conditions—Flocks Run Free the Year Round.

The range sheep industry, which began in the eighties, increased by great strides until the western range was stocked very nearly to its capacity. In the early stages it was a wool business entirely. Later a market for range mutton was built up, very slowly at first and in the face of many obstacles and some prejudice, but finally it became as strong as the range supply would allow. But few times in commercial history, especially in agriculture, have we records of such marvelous and continuous growth as this industry has shown. Fortunes were made—and lost. Troubles and set-



SHEEP GRAZING IN NATIONAL FOREST.

backs were often overcome by the power and stability which large profits give. Formerly grazing was free or very cheap; in fact, for many years nearly every sheep that could walk and graze showed profit. But times have changed. No longer is grazing free or even cheap, while everything the sheepman buys, from labor to salt, is high. There is no profit nowadays with poor sheep, and in some seasons even the good ones lose money.

Almost every breed of sheep and every conceivable cross has been tried on the range. One man insists that rams of a certain breed should be used entirely, another favors some other breed, and so on. The range breeding work of the department of agriculture was started in 1906 for the purpose of breeding a sheep best adapted to the range.

The experiment was originally in conjunction with the Wyoming experiment station. Fifty-nine ewes were bought in the range country of the northwest and thirty in Nebraska. This foundation flock was largely Rambouillet, but partly Delaine. In 1907 158 more ewes were purchased. The discouraging feature before mentioned came with the rams. Some of these were secured in the east and some in the west. Two failed to breed. One was killed by lightning, another by dogs, while one was injured in transportation so that he later died from his injuries, and one died of disease. With all of these troubles it has been hard to have the lambs come when it was intended they should, and it has been difficult to carry out the breeding work as planned. It is hoped these trials are well over.

The experiment is now entirely a department project, as the Wyoming experiment station is no longer interested in it. The sheep are run on a ranch nine miles from Laramie, Wyo. Here the government sheep run on the range the year round, being fed grain and hay only when storms necessitate it and during lambing. They are really "range" sheep and not "farm" sheep.

The flock now consists of 380 ewes of breeding age, 270 lambs of 1911 and six stud rams. That some advancement has been made in the work with this flock may be shown by the fact that in 1908 the ewes sheared 10.5 pounds and in 1911 13.1 pounds per head. The yearlings show splendid size and fleece and are great rustlers and hardy. It would seem that a range ewe weighing 150 pounds, shearing fifteen pounds of combing wool and doing well under ordinary range conditions is a pretty good standard.—Bulletin, Department of Agriculture.

"BACK TO THE LAND."

What is known as the "back to the land" movement, which is making rapid progress in various states of the west, has made its farthest advance in Kansas. In that commonwealth it has taken the form of a great educational campaign, thoroughly organized and directed by capable and enthusiastic leaders.

In more than 7,000 of 7,886 rural schools in Kansas there are regular courses of instruction in agriculture. Similar courses are conducted in more than 400 of the 500 high schools in the state, and in 200 of them there is practical instruction in domestic science. Of the 14,000 teachers employed in the schools of Kansas more than 10,000 are women, all of whom are teaching their pupils the dignity, independence and usefulness of rural life and helping them to understand the opportunities which await vigorous young men and women on the farm.

Five years ago there were only five schools in Kansas teaching agriculture.—New York Mail.

FEEDING BEES IN WINTER.

Operation Must Be Performed Only With the Greatest of Care.

Beekeepers frequently find it necessary to feed a few colonies during the cold months in order to save them from starvation. It is a difficult task at best to feed bees in cold weather, although cases are common where such practice seems advisable. As a rule, the beekeeper who extracts honey too late in the summer finds it necessary to supplement food during freezing weather to ward off heavy loss. Bees that have had their winter supply of food reduced from too close extraction are badly weakened for future use, no matter how well supplementary food is supplied.

Feeding bees in cold weather must be done with the utmost precaution. Uncovering the cluster is very apt to leave openings through which the warmth of the colony passes off and lowers the temperature of the hive. On several occasions I have had colonies die when I attempted feeding in cold weather, and I have always thought it was from this cause, says a correspondent of the New England Homestead. It involves painstaking care to remove the cushion over the cluster when the temperature is near the freezing point without either chilling the bees or reducing the temperature of the hive to such an extent as to cause heavy mortality.

There are several methods of feeding bees in cold weather that reduce the risk considerably. If the colonies are stored in the cellar, where the temperature is above the freezing point, the cover may be removed, a hole cut through the cushion and the feeder placed so as to close up the opening. This method, while satisfactory, is not considered as good as feeding from below, especially if the colony is weak.

Experienced beekeepers are firm in the opinion that frames of sealed honey are the very best food for winter feeding of bees.

Experiments With Swine.

The department of agriculture has received a report of some experiments conducted with swine by the Ontario agricultural experiment farm. Several experiments were made with forty of these pigs to compare alfalfa, skim milk and pasture, using cornmeal as a check. In ninety day tests the meal alone produced an average daily gain per head of 1.07 pounds; meal and alfalfa pasture, one pound; meal and green alfalfa in pens, 1.13 pounds; meal and skim milk in pens, 1.34 pounds; meal, skim milk and green alfalfa in pens, 1.36 pounds. In these tests one pound of meal was equal to 4.3 pounds of green alfalfa or 6.79 pounds of skim milk. Valuing the pigs at \$5 each, the skim milk at 30 cents per 100 pounds and the green alfalfa at \$3 per ton, the price received per ton for meal, with the hogs selling at 5 cents per pound, was \$20.49, and at 8 cents \$33. It was also determined that the average cost per pig for raising seventy-two pigs to eleven weeks of age was \$2.46. This includes service fees, maintenance of dry sows and value of food consumed by sows and litters, but does not include risk, interest, labor and manure.

THE VALUE OF STRAW.

Worth More on Farm in Winter Than Anything Else but Feed.

Next to feed for the farm stock straw is probably the most useful material about the farm in winter. In the first place, we always use plenty of it for bedding, says a correspondent of the National Stockman and Farmer. It makes the stock more comfortable. All the farm animals appreciate a good soft bed of straw. It keeps them clean. The horses have fewer yellow stains; the cows have less foreign matter clinging to them.

An abundant supply of straw beats any sewer trap ever invented for taking care of the liquid manure. Straw and liquid manure have a special helpful influence upon each other. The straw absorbs the liquid. In turn the liquid manure starts the straw to decaying. To get the straw to decay partially so that it would really act as manure was always a serious problem until we began to use two or three times as much of it for bedding as we formerly had done.

A great deal of straw can be utilized in the feed yards. It protects the fattening steers or other stock from lying upon the frozen ground. The most successful steer feeder the writer ever knew used load after load of straw in his yards every winter. Recently he remarked that in hauling manure from his yards in the spring and the summer he had found manure and straw in alternate layers to a depth of four feet. Yet his yards are never soft and muddy. The straw keeps the soft manure and mud from working up into mud. Another successful feeder builds an immense stack of straw in his feed yard. He has it fenced to prevent the steers from wearing it down. It acts as a wind-break, no matter from which direction the wind blows. He pitches straw over the fence from time to time in all directions to keep a clean bed for his steers. Usually the steers prefer the shelter of this straw pile to that of the big open sheds to which they have access.

A Bit of Good Advice.

"America has the largest list of native trees of any country in the world. And don't leave the world till you plant a few of them at least. This generation will respect you, and the next will think of you as a mighty good fellow." The above is from S. H. Madden of Pennsylvania in the Rural New Yorker.

Mistaking the Age When Romance Is Just a Memory

By FRANK A. BARNES

ANTHONY OLCOTT was romantic. He fell in love with Marguerite Searle, and when her mother would not consent to the marriage he felt that the bottom had fallen out of the universe. Marguerite would not marry him without that consent, and as there was no hope and he felt he could not live near her and not possess her he went to a point as far distant as he could well get within the limits of the United States. He settled in Seattle.

He was an attractive fellow, and there were attractive girls in the far west, but Olcott considered his heart broken and would have none of them. When told that some day he would forget all about his youthful love and marry he declared that he would never marry any one but Marguerite Searle. He was certainly a faithful lover, for he cherished her image in his heart, and, though he and she grew out of their youth, that image remained the same. Marguerite married to suit her mother about a year after Olcott's departure, but Olcott did not hear of it till long after, and then only that she was married. When, where and to whom he did not learn.

Then Olcott's uncle died and left him a fortune on condition that he should take his uncle's name, Howe. Olcott accepted the terms and the fortune and went east to manage his estate.

He was now forty instead of twenty and began to feel the necessity of a companion. He was expected by the terms of the will to open the manor house and would need some one to take care of it and reside over it. The romance in him had died out—at least he said so—and he made up his mind to marry on common sense principles. Some of his friends advised him to choose a woman much younger than himself since the wife should be younger than the husband and he would find a girl of twenty much more tractable than a woman of forty. But Olcott—or, rather, Howe, which was now his name—demurred, declaring that he would marry one near his own age.

Among those to whom he was introduced after his return to the east was a Mrs. Harding, a widow. There was something about her that reminded him of his old love. Perhaps this influenced him, though he did not acknowledge it to himself. At any rate he made up his mind the first time he saw her that she was the woman he wanted. He was hurried into a somewhat precipitate proposal from the fact that she was preparing for a two years' absence in Europe. Howe determined to stop this if possible, and the only way he knew to go about it was to offer her the position he had in mind.

"I know," he said to her, "that we have both passed that romantic period where we think we can love but once. I confess that my heart was given to another when I was but half my present age, and I have been true from a romantic point of view to the girl I loved and shall always be thus true. But the

affection of more mature years is still mine to give, and I am told by married people that the love of romance in time hardens into a family love that, if less violent, is far deeper and more enduring. That love I offer you."

"I, too," said the widow, "have passed into that stage which you describe. I have had one love in which my heart was absolutely engaged, and I can never have another such, but I can love as you say, and if such a love is acceptable to you it is yours."

Howe winced. He was quite willing to give a dead love, but when it came to the point he found he preferred a live one in return.

"There is a difference," he said, "between our cases. In yours the object of your love is dead; in mine she may be living, though, I confess, as to this I am not informed. She married years ago, since when I have heard nothing of her."

"You mistake," replied the widow. "My late husband was not the love I refer to. In my girlhood I loved one whom I could not marry."

"Then," said Howe, "we are quits as to these two loves. Had we not better let them remain buried in the dead past and devote ourselves to a living present? I confess these old loves when confronted with new ones are musty and have a sepulchral odor. Dear Mrs. Harding—"

"Call me Marguerite," she whispered, letting her head fall on his breast.

"Marguerite?" he asked, starting.

"Yes; Marguerite."

"Marguerite Searle?"

"I was Marguerite Searle."

"And I am?"

"Anthony Olcott."

"You knew me?"

"From the first. A woman's love is not a man's, to forget even the slightest trait, a tone of voice, a step, a look of the eye. She treasures these in her heart, and when they come to her again after years of absence, though disguised, they have for her the same charm as of old."

"Marguerite, forgive me for not—true, you reminded me of yourself, but I confess—"

"There is nothing to forgive you for unless it is for being a man. Men cannot retain what is so enduring in woman."

"But it was you, not I, who"—

"Yes; I obeyed my parents, though it cost me more than it cost you. In this you men have the advantage of us women. You are stronger and less emotional. But when it comes to true love we are far more fervent and enduring."

After all, Anthony Olcott Howe concluded that there is a romance in love that neither time nor argument can eradicate.

The Drawing Power of a Name.
"There's nothing in a name."
"I think there is."
"Prove it."
"Well, I'll bet if it was called 'Jodge' instead of 'church' more men would attend."—Detroit Free Press.

MICE SCARED ELEPHANT.

Two Rodents Exercised Calming Influence Over Obstreperous Animal.

Bill Snyder, head keeper at the Central park zoo, in New York, was telling how two small mice made Jewel, a great big unruly elephant, tremble in fear. "It was one of those foggy days when visitors to the animal house were few and far between," he said. "I had been studying Jewel and using all my persuasive powers to restore her to good humor. I thought it would be a good time to look her over while the elephant house was deserted."

"Very softly I opened the door and stood just within to see a sight that filled me with surprise. Jewel, very still except for a tremble, was crowded up against the front bars, looking toward the center of the inclosure with every symptom of fear. I turned softly and looked within, and there in the center were two mice contentedly scampering about a piece of bread they had stolen from the rhinoceros. When I was with the show in Bridgeport, years ago, I saw elephants uneasy when mice were around, but this was really the first time I had ever seen the full effects of a mouse's presence on an elephant."

"It was a sight to make one smile. There was that great big hulk of an animal standing in terror, when all she had to do was lift her trunk and say 'boo' and the mice would have scampered away. Instead she pressed her body against the bars and did not make a sound."

"The mice, unconscious of the sensation they were causing, drew near Jewel, and she pressed back against the bars so hard I thought they would bend. Poor Jewel! I don't believe she ever realized just how much space her body occupied until that minute. She trembled so you could feel the tremor in the building. Then old Jewel caught sight of me, and the look she gave me was just as plain as though spoken, 'Help me and I will be good.'"

"The scene came to an end with that look, for Snyder, realizing that he had a real good elephant on his hands, sent the mice scampering away."

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to sleep—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden
As we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

—James T. Fields.

A CURE AND ITS SEQUEL.

What Happened When Victim of Insomnia Took a Friend's Advice.

A friend who had learned that I sometimes suffered from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a quart of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour."

I did as he suggested, and my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after retiring. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair.

While I was considering how to get down a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the well and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him.

So as I was sliding down the mountain side the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station miles back," he said, calmly folding up the train and putting it in his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the center pole out of the ground, lifting up the tent and all the people in it, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the white above.

Then I awoke and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.—Ashland (Kan.) Clipper.

A New Alphabet.

More time is to be saved for the stenographer; more space is to be placed at the disposal of the letter writer, and thoughts are to be expressed direct, without waste, in a new alphabet adapted to meet the modern demands of scientific management. The inventor is Professor Fred Newton Scott of the University of Michigan.

The alphabet, which is said to have the approval of type manufacturers and typewriter houses, is intended to reduce the modern English alphabet by nine characters and do away with combinations which, Professor Scott declares, are cumbersome, wasteful and complicated and do not express clearly the thought of the speaker or writer.

First Aid to the Melancholy

ELEVATOR SERVICE IN THE JUNGLE.



GOING UP.



THIRD FLOOR, ALL OUT!

Words Spoken in Haste.

The Jacksons always had grace before meals. One morning Papa Jackson was in a great hurry to finish breakfast and be off to business, and the blessing he asked was, in consequence, much curtailed.

"That was a short prayer that papa said," observed Baby Jackson to her mother.

To which Mamma Jackson replied very seriously, "That was a blessing."—Judge's Library.

In Strictest Confidence.

Ethel—Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

Madge—She's a mean thing! I told her not to tell you.

Ethel—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did.—New York Telegraph.

You Don't Say So!

"Environment makes some people more susceptible to physical ailments than others," remarked the Wise Guy.

"That's right," agreed the Simple Mug. "The jailer, for instance, is more apt to have felon on his hands than anybody else."—Philadelphia Record.

Vicissitudes of Church Going.

"Does your wife go to service to see what other women wear?"

"No," replied Mr. Cumrox. "We are now sufficiently prosperous for her to go in order to let other women see what she wears."—Washington Star.

A Lucrative Confession.

"You say Garston made a complete confession? What did he get—five years?"

"No; \$50. He confessed to the magazines."—Puck.

Literature in Colors.

The young man looked about the book department in some dismay.

"What you got in good stories?" he asked.

"Here is an excellent romance—a detective story," replied the brisk young woman. "I'm quite sure you will like it."

The young man looked doubtful.

"It's got a red cover," he said, "and the last book in a red cover I read was punk. Ain't you got nothin' in green?"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Making a Place For Himself.

Merchant (to stranger)—I thank you, sir, for helping my clerk throw that book agent out. Now, what can I do for you?

Stranger—I'd like to sell you the "Life of Washington."—Boston Transcript.

The Scrap Book

The Brass Ornament.

The junior member of the old law firm of Goldsmith, Colston, Hoadley & Johnson having used the phrase "a shining ornament of the Cincinnati bar" in referring to some other lawyer, Murat Halstead seized upon the phrase and thereafter invariably referred to Mr. Johnson as "the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar." At an evening gathering Mr. Halstead saw a handsome woman. He begged to be presented and was—to Mrs. Johnson. It did not occur to him who the lady might be. He was curious about her. "Johnson, Johnson?" he repeated. "I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mrs. Johnson. Do you live in Ohio?" "Oh, yes," replied the lady, brimming over with smiles; "I live in Cincinnati." "Indeed?" said Mr. Halstead, quite astonished. "May I inquire of what family of Johnsons you are?" The smiles were more than merry this time. "Mr. Halstead," she replied, "for fifteen years I have been trying to polish up the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar."

The Way to Live.

Let me but live my life from year to year
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hurrying to nor turning from the goal,
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils, but with a whole
And happy heart that pays its toll
To youth and age and travels on with cheer.
—Henry van Dyke.

Her Leap in the Dark.

The wife of a leading minister in a New Jersey town was sitting on the porch of the manse when a man with a grip in his hand started to come up the steps. Spotting him at once for a book agent or a peddler, she said firmly, "Nothing today."
"Have you one?" queried the stranger.

Fearing that an affirmative answer might lead to further conversation in which the salesman would try to demonstrate the improvements made in the article since she had purchased hers, the minister's wife answered shortly, "No."

Shaking his head, the man retreated down the steps, repeating this sentence several times, "Hasn't got one, doesn't want one."

The man's manner and tone of voice awakened the woman's curiosity, so very soon she went over to a neighbor's house where she had seen the man stop and asked:

"What was that man who was here a few minutes ago selling?"

To her astonishment and chagrin the neighbor replied, "Bibles."—Lippincott's.

Looking Ahead.

David A. Ball of Pike county, Mo., was once state senator and acted as lieutenant governor during the two years he presided over the senate. He had an ambition to be lieutenant governor in fact.

One day he confided this ambition to his old family doctor. "The old man," Ball says in telling the story, "walked two blocks with me without making any comment. Then he turned and said:

"That's all right, Dave, but look here: Suppose you were elected and the governor should die. Wouldn't that leave Missouri in a mighty bad fix?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Missed His Customer.

"When I was a cub reporter, struggling along on a minute salary," said George Ade, "I had just one asset in life which enabled me to 'tide over' that period in every week when poverty seemed to be staring me in the face. This consisted of a handsome gold watch, keepsake of college days in Indiana. Tuesday was payday at the newspaper office. By Friday I would be 'broke,' and I would tote the watch over to the pawnshop of a man who now conducts a handsome jewelry shop in State street. On the watch I obtained \$5, and by administering my affairs carefully I managed to worry through until payday. Then when I had received my small salary I would hurry to the pawnbroker's and release my watch.

"Finally, after this had gone along for many months, I received a raise in pay. It was enough to release me from the necessity of pawning my watch regularly. So I visited the pawnshop no longer.

"One afternoon about ten years afterward I was accosted in State street by a man. I recognized my old pawnbroker friend, now the prosperous jeweler.

"What's the matter, George? were his first words. 'Did you lose that watch?'"

Judge Hoar's Retort.

Of innumerable occasions when Judge Hoar indulged in the retort mordant perhaps none gave him greater satisfaction than the following: B. F. Butler, his chief adversary at the bar in the fifties as counsel for the defense, closed with this emphatic appeal to the jury: "We have the highest authority for saying, 'Everything which a man bath will give for his life.'" When Hoar's turn came he said: "It has for a long time been suspected by those who have watched Mr. Butler's career that he has recognized as the highest authority the individual upon whom he now relies. For, gentlemen, as you well know, the statement which he quotes from the book of Job was made by Satan."—Harvard Graduates' Magazine.

ALWAYS IN ORDER.

The Subject That Roused the Interest of Every Woman Present.

Elizabeth Jordan, who recently finished a play the second act of which is laid in a beauty parlor, was talking the other day about women beauty parlors and conversation.

"There are a good many things that a good many women are interested in," she said. "But there is one subject of conversation that will draw every woman's attention. She'll forget everything else in the world to discuss it. To illustrate my conviction I'll tell you a story. This actually happened:

"One day last winter I was at a dinner where there were fifteen or twenty other women guests. When we went to the drawing room after dinner, leaving the men to their cigars, it happened that all the women but myself and one other got into one corner of the room, and I and one fellow guest



ALL CROWDED AROUND US.

were left alone. I've forgotten why, but that's the way it was.

"We were talking of a subject in which we were both interested, and we were having a beautiful time. But it occurred to the hostess that one or both of us might feel neglected. So she called out from the other side of the room:

"Why, Miss Jordan, what are you and Mrs. Blank talking about all by yourselves?"

"Mrs. Blank is telling me how she lost ten pounds," I replied.

"Well, you ought to have seen the center rush! Every woman in the room made a wild dash for our corner, and all crowded around us. The eyes of every woman were all alight with eagerness. And from every woman's throat burst the one impassioned word: 'How?'"—New York Times.

Hard on the Other One.

One hot summer day a Kentucky beau stopped at a florist's to order a box of flowers sent to his lady love. At the same time he also purchased a design for the funeral of a friend. On the card for his girl's box he wrote, "Hoping these may help you bear the heat." The other card bore the one word, "Sympathy."

Very soon the girl telephoned, "Thank you so much for the flowers, but why did you write 'Sympathy' on the card?"

There was no word from the other card.

Fellows in Distress.

An efficient woman principal of a New York grammar school, though devoid of good looks and bearing the marks of long service in her profession, still retains the charm of a delightful frankness. One day while watching the pupils pass out of her building two by two, as usual, she noticed one boy marching alone, with his arm to his eyes, sobbing tumultuously. In answer to her solicitous inquiry as she drew him from the line the little fellow wailed, "I—I haven't g-got no partner!"

The principal extended a prompt and sympathetic hand. "Shake, dear boy, shake!" she invited. "I haven't, either."

A Safe Place.

It was at a dinner party. The bright young man sat next to the young woman with beautiful arms and neck. The fair companion suddenly exhibited signs of nervousness. Two of his best jokes passed unnoticed. Her face wore a look of alarm. "I am in misery," she said. "In misery?" echoed the man. "Yes, I was vaccinated the other day, and it has taken beautifully. I can almost scream, it hurts so." The young man looked at the beautiful arms. No sign there. "Why, where were you vaccinated?" he asked surprisedly. "In Boston," she said, the smile chasing away the look of pain.

A Mean Trick to Save Himself.

Not so long ago a knowledge of Latin was essential to an orator, and long quotations from the Roman poets embellished every debate. James Payn, the novelist, was once at a dinner party where a learned, distinguished and very dignified statesman insisted on quoting Greek. The lady sitting next to Payn asked for a translation. Payn's Greek was rusty. Accordingly he assumed a blush and hinted to the lady that it was scarcely fit for her ear.

"Good heavens," she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say—"

"Please don't ask any more," murmured Payn. "I really could not tell you."

EATING ON THE ROAD.

A Platter of Scrambled Eggs and a Choice of Hotels.

Dick Mitchell went out ahead of a show some weeks ago, and that show seems to have been routed by some one whose passion was for discovery rather than for gate receipts. According to Mr. Mitchell's friends, the music in most of the theaters was furnished by a man with a harmonica. Once Mr. Mitchell told the local manager that he wanted an augmented orchestra that night. "I got yuh, bo," said that official. "The stage hand is a swell player on the Jewsharp."

But the worst of it, from Mr. Mitchell's point of view, has been the food that he has encountered in the one or two hotels. On one occasion he ordered scrambled eggs. When the waiter brought them on he slammed the plate down proudly in front of the sufferer. "There you are, mister," said he. "Tell me if them eggs ain't all right!"

Mr. Mitchell glanced at the plate. "The eggs," said he, "look all right. But when did your cook first notice that she was losing her hair?"

One morning Mr. Mitchell met a friend at breakfast. The friend was frightfully irritated by the quality of the service at the hotel. "This is awful, Dick," said he. "I wonder if there is another hotel in town?"

"Yep," said Mitchell. "I've just left it."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

From Horse to Hen.

James Mark had the misfortune to lose a fine horse last week. We had a horse that was not doing well, so one day last week we were at the store and told Jim Mark about it, and he said, "Here, take this package of condition powders back with you, and that will fix him all right." So we gave it to the horse, and then we fixed him a bed of straw.

When we went to see the horse next morning he was acting awful queer. So we went up to the store and told Jim about it, and when we went to leave Jim said: "Hold on. I am going with you, and maybe I can tell what is the matter with your horse." When we got to the barn and opened the door we saw the horse sitting down on his bed of straw. Jim looked at him and then said, "Say, where is that package I gave you?" We got it for him, and he looked at it and exclaimed: "Great heavens, man! I have made a mistake and given you poultry food! Your horse has gone to setting!"—Burlington Republican.

Tommy Knew Better.

Mr. A., who was planning to build an outdoor sleeping porch at the back of his house, had an expensive new saw sent home from a hardware store. He left his office early the next afternoon with the intention of getting the porch well under way before dinner, and as he was very much interested in doing the work himself, he donned a pair of overalls and went at it in good spirits. An hour or so later he came tramping into the house, his face dark with exasperation, and flung himself down in disgust.

"That new saw I bought isn't worth 5 cents," he stormed. "Why, the thing won't cut butter!"

His small son, Tommy, looked up in wide eyed surprise.

"Oh, yes, it would, daddy," he said earnestly. "Why, Ted and I saved a whole brick in two with it just this morning!"—Harper's Magazine.

Cheerful Outlook.

The dear old lady was chatting amiably with the innocent little elevator boy as the elevator rattled upward.

"Don't you find this work monotonous?" she asked.

"Oh, no, mum!" came the reply brightly. "Sometimes it's quite exciting. Only yesterday a man started to get out too soon and got his head cracked, and last week the engine broke down and everybody kept me was nearly killed. And now this 'ere rope looks sort o' weak. I shouldn't wonder if it broke any time. And the engineer's away ill today and an amateur's on his job. An' that makes things interestin'!"—New York Mail.

A Direct Descendant.

The Hammer—What makes old Ax so stuck on himself?

The Wrench—Oh, he's just found out that he is the direct descendant of the cherry tree hatchet.

Left Out.

A lot of girls will be sorry now that they never were numbered among the wives of Nat Goodwin. In a recent interview he said he had married a bunch of American beauties.—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Definition.

"What's the deal, Benny?"

"Oh, it's the part of the cow we eat before she grows up."—Sacred Heart Review.

UPPER PENINSULA

The Houghton county board of supervisors had a hot session Tuesday through the referring back to the makers a number of bills for treatment of contagious diseases, largely made up of anti-toxin items. The bill of the village of Red Jacket, something over \$2,000, is an example. The bill covers a term of years. The rule of the county, that the county will pay such bills if the persons incurring the debt for treatment, will sign affidavits to the effect that they are unable to pay, confess indigency, in a word. It is only rarely that such an affidavit can be procured. Supervisor Koepel of Stanton township, contributed an illuminating speech to the effect that Stanton township looks upon contagious diseases in an altruistic way. The township feels that the sooner a contagious disease is treated and cured the sooner the danger to the people of the township as a whole will be averted. Thus the township immediately procures the treatment, administers it and pays the bill. The matter is then dropped. Stanton township feels that it is a matter of the public well and takes care of its own cases of the kind without recourse to any other aid.

The village of Houghton has been troubled with delinquent water consumers, and finally decided to have a grand execution day on the fifteenth and cut them all off.

The board of supervisors of Houghton county has leased mineral lands for exploration, and the Gazette fearfully remarks "And wouldn't it be a fine thing if those iron lands of Houghton county should turn out to be very valuable and we should receive royalty enough from the mining operations thereon to pay the running expenses of the county? Such a combination would be almost unheard of in socialistic advancement and the real humor of the situation would apply to the iron counties themselves."

Detour is in the throes of its annual wet-and-dry campaign. It seems to be the turn of the dries to win.

FIVE ROOM FLAT

McWilliams' brick block, for rent. Apply to Fred Huber. 46

REAL INSURGENCY

The Crystal Falls Diamond Drill is a paper whose political forecasts are usually quite accurate, and the following article, as may be imagined, has sound basis:

The "straw votes" taken at the meeting of the upper peninsula press association last Monday and again at the boosters' meeting on Tuesday revealed a political condition that is quietly but certainly being brought about in the upper peninsula. According to this vote the governor was a poor first choice for renomination, getting but one vote more than Lieutenant Governor Ross who is not a candidate at all. An expression was not taken on the governorship at the boosters' meeting but if that fact is significant of anything it is so because of its absence. There is no hiding or dodging the facts. The re-nomination of Governor Osborn is meeting with more opposition in the upper peninsula than it is in any other portion of the state, not excepting Detroit where Judas Iscariot is a plumed knight to a very large number, when placed beside Chase S. Osborn. This statement regarding the upper peninsula may surprise some and may be denied by others but it is in the air all the same and the occasional ebullitions, such as the Shield-Osborn controversy, are but the bubbling over of a constantly increasing heat.

THAT PREHISTORIC CANAL! State Geologist R. C. Allen, on the soil map of Michigan which he has prepared, makes a most interesting showing of the appearance of Michigan in glacier days, when both peninsulas were smaller in extent. In the upper peninsula, Keweenaw, Schoolcraft and Chippewa counties were all under water, while extending from Little Bay De Noc to Au Train was a canal, which is yet clearly defined.—Exchange.

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

AT THE SAME TIME

It would be a splendid thing for the new settler if he could have five acres of those cut-over lands cleared of the stumps when he locates on the land. He could, with this cleared space to begin with, get a crop the first year of his activity; could provide his family with much they would need. It would be a wonderful help to him. The bureau didn't take up this subject at its meeting Tuesday, but we know that a lantern slide picturing a big power stump puller lifting those back-breaking, soil-occupying obstacles from their resting places would have attracted as much attention as anything presented at the meeting.

If the stumps were pulled out or blown out it would do more than all else to hasten agricultural development of this region. And the wooded tracts will be much earlier responsive to the efforts of the farmer than the peat bottom swamps, as time must be had to get the

latter into proper condition for production.

Pull out, or blow out, enough of the stumps so the settler may get in a crop, to support himself with his first year, his hardest period.—Iron Ore.

HE CAN'T

It is Mr. Roosevelt's solemn duty to explain to the American people why Mr. Taft no longer deserves their support. They have a right to know what their president has done to deserve the bitter opposition of their only living ex-president.—New York World.

JACKSON STOOD FOR TARIFF

It is well-known to the country that when President Jackson was serving

his first term as President he took the position that there should be adequate Protection for American labor and American industries, and that he especially declared that he would never stand for any Tariff policy that would open up the flood gates to European labor and European goods to the detriment of American labor and American products. It is also well known that President Jackson was renominated on a platform declaring for such protection and that his majority at his second election was much greater than at the first.

In short, the position which President Jackson took on the tariff was for the American doctrine, which is exactly the position of the Republican party.—Hickory (N. C.) Times-Mercury.

Gladstone Theatre

SAT. FEB. 24

W. T. GASKELL and KARL G. MACVITTY

OFFERS

A NEW PRODUCTION OF HUMAN INTEREST

THE

THE GREAT NEW YORK CHICAGO and BOSTON SUCCESS

ROSARY

FOUNDED UPON AN EMBLEM OF PURITY

A GREAT

PLAY CAST PRODUCTION SERMON

Written and Staged by the Author of more Successes than any other Playwright in the World

EDUARDE ROSE

Prices 25, 50, 75 cents, \$1.00

Have you a prescription to be filled? You may entrust it to with the assurance that it will be carefully and accurately compounded with the best of drugs and chemicals.

Have you need of such toilet articles, as soaps, perfumes, toilet waters, powders, or dentifrices? We carry a heavy stock of the best manufacture.

Do you want reliable brushes, combs, or rubber goods? We can supply all your needs and we are convinced that we can please you.

We are the home of the Dike shield remedies, each one of which we can back with our recommendation. These remedies are pharmaceutically correct or we would not carry them.

Call and see us.

ERICKSON & VON TELL

DRUGGISTS

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO SELL CHEAPER THAN ANY ONE ELSE CAN IN GLADSTONE.

CALL UP 45 AND GET OUR PRICES BEFORE BUYING

WOOD

THE NORTHWESTERN COOPERAGE & LUMBER COMPANY

TOMORROW

Already having our fair share of the checking accounts of the powerful business concerns of this city. We especially invite the accounts of the young business men—the men who are just stepping into the arena of affairs—the men who are starting today and who will be the business powers tomorrow.

The Exchange Bank

W. L. MARBLE PRES.

GLADSTONE, MICH.

W. A. FOSS, CASHIER

3 Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings Deposits

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES

And All Building Materials Carried in Stock. Let me figure on your house bills

C. W. DAVIS

Phone 7

GLADSTONE, MICH.

REAL ESTATE

Business and Residence Lots for sale on easy terms.

C. A. CLARK, Agent.