

# THE GLADSTONE DELTA.

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## A SKYSCRAPING AFFAIR

It Chilled the Love of the  
Two Hated Rivals.

By DONALD ALLEN.

It was a fact well known in social circles in Traverse City that Henry Harrington Hawkins and R. Ogden Winterbury were rivals for the hand of Miss Kate Barstow, but it was only known to three or four people that the aforesaid handsome young girl had already plighted her troth with Bart Rayl, manager of the big department store, and that when the marriage came off he was to have an interest in the business.

Mr. Hawkins was a young man of aesthetic tastes. He was a law student and wrote sonnets to himself, and his income was \$8 a week. Mr. Winterbury neither had aesthetic tastes nor wrote poetry. He was employed by a firm publishing a state gazetteer, and he therefore called himself a literary man and tried to make his salary of \$12 per week carry out his assertions.

If Bart Rayl had been of a jealous disposition there would have been no rivalry between the other two, but he was not, and as Miss Kate was being kept in caramels and roses by the rivalry and as good looking girls are as prone to mischief as plainer ones she let matters go on.

She knew of the rivalry, but took no notice of it. Both young men were treated alike. They had been friends up to the occasion of a certain lawn party, when both fell in love. From that time on it was enmity. They passed each other in the street to glare and mutter. They sat together in the Barstow parlor, with the young lady making a good third, and smiled and smiled and yet wished each other dead. If one got away early in the evening for a game of croquet with the object of his affections the other waylaid him on his homeward way and bit him in the back with stones. If Miss Barstow attended a sacred concert with Mr. Hawkins it was Mr. Winterbury's turn to throw missiles. Their love for the girl was broad and deep and long and desperate. Neither of them stopped to figure on the cost of pork or potatoes or the price of house rent. That would have been abusing their love.

Things went on. Things go on even if people are in love. Traverse City decided to hold a county fair. All the big hogs, fat cattle, old ganders, fancy bedquills, gigantic pumpkins, overgrown cucumbers and three legged calves in the county were to be exhibited, and one enterprising individual bought the privilege of setting up a Ferris wheel on the grounds.

When the fair opened, of course everybody was there. That meant that Miss Kate Barstow and Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Winterbury were there. It also meant that when Miss Kate saw the Ferris wheel she was much taken with it and expressed her desire to make the circuit and get a view of the country for miles around.

The rivalry had become desperate by this time. Each rival felt that a crisis was at hand. Each proposed to make that circuit with Miss Kate and to have his fate settled before they had left the car.

is to stop the old machine right now." The "old machine" had made only a half circuit. Mr. Hawkins and his fat woman and Mr. Winterbury and his old maid were right at the top when something went wrong with the machinery, and the motion ceased. After half a minute there were loud demands to know what had happened. The wheel man told them as well as he could, "Some cog, lever, cam or ratchet had given out, and it might be a full hour before that big wheel took up its slow and stately movement again."

"Young man, this is a pretty how-de-do!" exclaimed the fat woman when the news was shouted aloft. "Here I am up here half scared to death, and down there is my Samuel almost in a fit."

"Well, I'm not to blame for it," replied Mr. Hawkins.

"I believe you are. I can see 'villain' written in every line on your face. Lay as much as the tip of your finger on me and I'll make you rue it to the last day of your life!"

"You shut up and keep quiet!" shouted the young lawyer at her. "Can't you see that your hitching around may upset this car?"

"I'm a dead woman—I know I am!" she wailed as she began to shed tears.

"Didn't I tell you to keep still?"

She sank down in the bottom of the car, crowding his legs until he had to haul them up, and Mr. Hawkins swore according to Coke and Blackstone.

In the next car below Mr. Winterbury and the old maid were also having some conversation. He was a young man and looked like a good thing, and her heart went out to him. As her heart went out she exclaimed:

"What a romantic bower for a pair of lovers! All around you the meadows, overhead the sky! I hope you appreciate the beautiful!"

"I'd appreciate a chance to punch that fellow's head down there!" was the savage reply.

"Say not so, I could ride on forever."

"You may ride all you please after I get out."

It was an unkind remark, and the old maid took it so and flared up and told Mr. Winterbury that he was evidently a loafer in disguise and that her brother down below would wallop better manners into him as soon as the wheel turned. Then the rivals caught sight of each other and began to shake their fists and indulge in epithets. These things scared the fat woman until she began to shriek and angered the old maid until she threatened to stab her vis-a-vis with a hatpin if he didn't give over. He gave over, but not until he had said:

"If I ever catch that long nosed young man on the solid earth I'll read him limb from limb, and if hung for it I'll go to the gallows with a song on my lips!"

A thunderstorm had been creeping up. The owner of the machine didn't know whether he had earned his \$40 or not. He finally decided that he hadn't, and while seemingly industriously at work making repairs, he accomplished nothing and left all his patrons to get wet.

There was a strong wind ahead of the rain, and the people aloft sat with their hearts in their mouths. The thunder roared, and they roared with it. The lightning cut up didos, and shrieks rent the air. When the rain came all were soaked in a minute. This included the fat woman and the old maid, and they privately informed Messrs. Hawkins and Winterbury that their vengeance would be deep and deadly and last through three generations.

The owner of the wheel was a man who believed in giving full measure for the money. He kept the wheel still for the full time he had agreed upon and then added ten minutes. By that time the storm had ceased and the sun of joy shone again. Messrs. Hawkins and Winterbury gave him one long, lingering look as the wheel came round and then leaped from their seats and walked away.

They walked toward and past the girl of their hearts as she stood smiling beside her mother, but they didn't see her. They didn't want to. The thunderstorm had washed their love away never to return. Henceforth no more caramels, no more roses. It was as if nothing ever had been—nothing but law and literary work.

An Old English Road.  
In Wiltshire, England, a causeway built and endowed by a market woman in 1174 still serves its purpose of bringing the neighboring villagers dry shod into the ancient market town of Chippenham. It runs from Chippenham cliff to the top of Wick hill, in Bremhill parish, a four and a half mile road traversing the heavy clay of the low lying lands on either side of the Avon. The raised stone footway is placed high above the horse road and is kept in good repair today, as it has been for some 450 years. The good Maud Heath not only saved enough to build the road, but pursued her trade so wisely that she was able to leave property in trust for the maintenance of her road. Chippenham was bequeathed to Alfred's daughter and was one of the manors permanently held by Edward the Confessor. A large annual wool market is still held in the summer and a cattle show in the winter.

## HUMOROUS QUIPS

### Her Report.

I have been to a suffragist meeting  
And heard Mrs. Solomon speak.  
She's a perfect delight,  
And I know that she's right;  
Every word that she said bears repeating—  
There's a dimple just here in her cheek.  
She is slender and fair and quite pretty  
And not over thirty, I guess.  
With a reticent nose  
And the ballet's our due.  
I am going to join her committee—  
She is surely an artist in dress.  
The crowd? There was standing room  
Only.  
They gave her unstinted applause.  
She made quite a hit  
With her logic and wit.  
The only man there looked so lonely!  
Yes, I'm a convert to the cause.

She wore a Parisian creation.  
She said? I've forgotten all that.  
But I'm sure it was true.  
And the ballet's our due.  
Its denial's a real deprivation—  
She wore such a love of a hat!  
—Chicago News.

The Meek Recruit.  
It was at the target practice of the local company of territorials, and one of the officers was suitably holding forth on the matter in hand.

Sauntering swaggering up to the latest recruit, he said:  
"See here, my man, this thing is a rifle. Here is the barrel, there the stock. You slip the cartridge in here."  
The company was becoming exceedingly interested.

"Now," continued the officer, "you put the weapon to your shoulder. These little things on the barrel are the sights. When you have taken accurate aim pull this little thing, which is the trigger."

The company began to smile.  
"Now, remember what I have told you. Smarten up and look more like a soldier!" went on the captain, seeking to make a further impression. "By the way, what is your business?"  
A clerk, I suppose."  
"No, sir," came the reply; "I am only a gunsmith."—London Answers.

The Bench's Distinction.  
A long winded attorney was arguing a technical case before one of the judges of the superior court in a western state. He had rambled on in such a desultory way that it became very difficult to follow his line of thought, and the judge had just yawned very suggestively.

With just a trace of sarcasm in his voice the tireless attorney ventured to observe, "I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court."

"My friend," returned his honor, "there is a considerable difference between trespassing on time and encroaching upon eternity."—Lippincott's Magazine.

### A Good Chaser.

Probably one of the heartiest laughs which the Duke of Connaught, governor general of Canada, ever enjoyed, says the London Tatler, was that occasioned by the remark of an Irish peasant, who one day while the duke was driving in Dublin with the duchess ran alongside the carriage and kept up with it in an astonishing fashion. So persistent was the man in his endeavors to keep pace with the carriage that at length the duchess had the vehicle stopped and asked the man what he wanted.

THE DUCHESS WAS FLATTERED.

He said that he was anxious to get a good look at their royal highnesses. The duchess was much flattered and asked him how he managed to keep up with them. "Oh," he said, "shure, ma'am, and haven't I been chasing pigs all me life?"

### Gandor by Accident.

The hostess was so weary after an inordinately long call from a bore that when he at last rose to go she was almost incapable of coherent speech, and her verbs in consequence changed places in her final effort at hospitality. It ran as follows: "Oh, Mr. Peters, must you stay? Can't you go?"—London Opinion.

A Fool's Paradise.  
A world in which there were no labors to be accomplished, no burdens to be borne, no sterns to be endured, would be a world without true joy, honest pleasure or noble aspiration. It would be a fool's paradise.

### The Egoist.

Young Hostess (giving her first dance, to her sisters)—Girls, I'm so anxious. Do you think I shall enjoy myself? I do hope I shall.—London Punch.

### A Misanthrope.

There is no use wasting sympathy on a man who can't be happy with good health, good meals and good weather.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## PEOPLE'S PARTY

Notice is hereby given that a convention of the People's Party of the city of Gladstone is called to meet at the city hall on Saturday, March 23, at 8 p. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for mayor, city treasurer, justices of the peace, and to elect a city chairman and to transact such other business as shall properly come before it.

The primaries of said People's Party will be held at the polling place in each ward, from 4 to 8 p. m., Friday, March 22, at which time will be nominated in each ward a supervisor, alderman, and constable, and a ward chairman, two inspectors of primary, and delegates to the city convention elected as follows: First, second and fourth wards, three each; third ward, four.

Gladstone, Mich., March 8, 1912.  
JACKSON STEPHENSON,  
Chairman

## FOR MAYOR

Registration Day is but three weeks from this Saturday and election day follows the ensuing Monday.

There has been some speculation regarding candidates; but there has been no definite step taken, so far.

We must have a mayor, and we need a good one; an intelligent, businesslike man who will do his duty by the city.

The Hon. Walter F. Hammel has filled the office for two years and has done well.

The Delta has had occasion to criticize some details of his administration and the criticisms were well founded; but on the whole the executive office has been well filled—never better.

Wherefore the Delta urges the voters of Gladstone to look favorably upon this candidate.

Mr. Hammel will not make a fight for the office. His health has been poor through the winter and he is only now regaining his strength, but he will serve if the people say so.

They can do no better. The capable men of the city who will take up this task are few—so few that The Delta knows of no other.

Mr. Hammel has been prominent in the matter of the Firemen's Tournament, and, naturally, would like to see it through.

Let us make it unanimous.

## FIVE ROOM FLAT

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

## TAFT GAINING STEADILY

Teddy certainly made a grave mistake in that Columbus speech and a great many of his staunch supporters are now going over to the Taft side. He lost a heap of friends when he advocated the recall of court decisions. Our courts are not half as bad as a whole lot of people think and we are of the opinion that they are capable of handling the cases that come before them.

A change of sentiment can be noticed even in this city. Roosevelt had some supporters here but he lost a great many of them with his fool remarks of last week. We talked with a number of voters the other day and they all favored Taft and if a primary election was to take place here today, Teddy would be snowed under.

We can also notice a change in tune of some of the newspapers in this district. Although most of the upper peninsula editors favor Taft, there are a few who still believe in Teddy. Even the Houghton Gazette believes that Teddy made a grave mistake in advocating the recall of court decisions. They will be on the Taft wagon before long. — Iron Ore.

## TWO BAD!

Pressed for the "news" yesterday, a Marquette man remarked, "England's coal strike is looking bad, Mrs. Pankhurst is in jail and Roosevelt is at large."—Mining Journal.

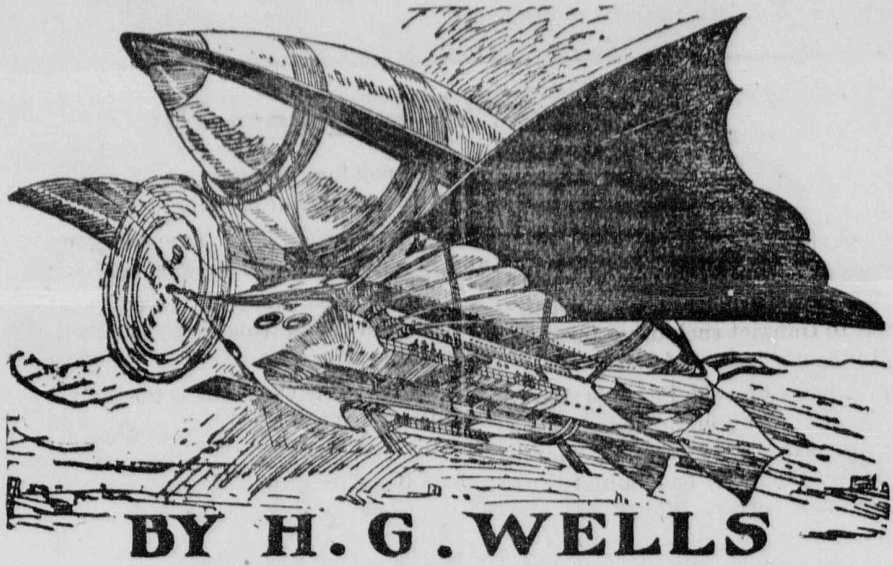
## The Careful Reader

Judges advertising by the company it keeps. Legitimate advertisements are unfortunate if they rub shoulders with catchpenny schemes and offers that have fraud written on their face; with news items that have in their tail the sting of a paid advertisement and those that are constructed to deceive the unwary; or with literature of quacks, which can not be read in the family circle. In a newspaper which bars these undesirable immigrants from its columns, the honest advertiser finds his best field for the display of his wares.

THE GLADSTONE DELTA  
A GOOD ADVERTISING MEDIUM



# The War In the Air



BY H. G. WELLS

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## PROLOGUE OF THE STORY.

Germany, hating the Monroe doctrine and ambitious for world's supremacy, secretly builds a vast fleet of airships and plans to surprise the United States by means of a sudden attack. Her airship fleet consists of great dirigibles of the Von Zeppelin type and small aeroplanes called Drachenflieger. Prince Karl Albert commands the German airships. Germany and England have both been endeavoring to buy an extraordinary flying machine invented by Alfred Butteridge, who arrives at a British seaside resort in a runaway balloon, accompanied by a lady in whom he is interested. Bert Smallways, a motorcycle dealer in hard luck, who is in love with Miss Edna Bunthorne, and his partner, Grubb, are impersonating a pair of "desert dervishes" at the seashore. Bert catches hold of the basket of the balloon and falls into it just as Butteridge and the lady fall out. The balloon carries Bert across the North sea. He finds drawings of Butteridge's airship in some of Butteridge's clothing and hides the plans in his chest protector. His balloon drifts over Germany's immense aeronautic park. German soldiers shoot holes in it and capture Bert. They think he is Butteridge. Soldiers carry him to the cabin of the Vaterland, flagship of the air fleet. Lieutenant Kurt guards him. The vast fleet starts across the ocean to attack New York. Graf von 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, destroying the Vaterland. The Germans retaliate by smashing the whole city, killing thousands. America's war aeroplanes appear and disable the Vaterland. She drifts helpless over Labrador. Prince Karl Albert learns by wireless that the whole world is at war. The Graf Zeppelin is coming to rescue him.

## "There's War Everywhere."

KURT led the way toward a distant waterfall. For a time Bert walked behind him in the character of an escort; then as they passed out of the atmosphere of the encampment Kurt lagged for him to come alongside. "We shall be back in it all in two days' time," he said. "And it's a devil of a war to go back to. That's the news. The world's gone mad. Our fleet beat the Americans the night we got disabled, that's clear. We lost eleven—eleven airships certain—and all their aeroplanes got smashed. God knows how much we smashed or how many we killed. But that was only the beginning. Our start's been like firing a magazine. Every country was hiding flying machines. They're fighting in the air all over Europe—all over the world. The Japanese and Chinese have joined in. That's the great fact. That's the supreme fact. They've pounced into our little quarrels. The yellow peril was a peril after all! They have got thousands of airships. They are all over the world. We bombarded London and Paris, and now the French and English have smashed up Berlin. And now Asia is at us all and on the top of us all. It's mania. China on the top. And they don't know where to stop. It's limitless. It's the last confusion. They're bombing capitals, smashing up dockyards and factories, mines and fleets."

"Did they do much to London, sir?" asked Bert.

"Heaven knows!"

He said no more for a time.

"This Labrador seems a quiet place," he resumed at last. "I'm half a mind to stay here. No; I've got to see it through. But I shall be killed."

"You'll be all right," said Bert after a queer pause.

"No," said Kurt; "I'm going to be killed. I didn't know it before, but this morning at dawn I knew it as though I'd been told."

"Ow!"

"I tell you I know."

"But 'ow could you know?"

"I know."

"Like being told?"

"Like being certain. I know," he repeated, and for a time they walked in silence toward the waterfall.

Kurt, wrapped in his thoughts, walked heedlessly and at last broke out again. "The prince is a lunatic!"

At last they came to a rocky hummock from which the view of the waterfall opened out. There Kurt stopped and seated himself on a rock. "That's as much as I wanted to see," he explained. "It isn't very like, but it's like enough."

"Like what?"

"Another waterfall I knew."

He asked a question abruptly. "Got a girl, Smallways?"

"Funny thing," said Bert. "I was jest' thinking of 'er."

"So was I."

"What! Edna?"

"No. I was thinking of my Edna. We've all got Ednas, I suppose, for our imaginations to play about. This was a girl. But all that's past forever. It's hard to think I can't see her just for a minute—just let her know I'm thinking of her."

"Very likely," said Bert, "you'll see 'er all right."

"No," said Kurt, with decision, "I know."

"I met her," he went on, "in a place like this in the Alps. Engstlen Alp. There's a waterfall rather like this one, a broad waterfall down toward Innertkirchen. That's why I came here."

"She was beautiful and daring and shy, mein Gott! I can hardly hold myself for the desire to see her and hear

her voice again before I die. Where is she? Look here, Smallways. I shall write a sort of letter. And there's her portrait." He touched his breast pocket. "You'll see 'er again all right," said Bert.

"No; I shall never see her again. I don't understand why people should meet just to be torn apart. But I know she and I will never meet again. That I know as surely as that the sun will rise and that cascade come shining over the rocks after I am dead and done. Oh, it's all foolishness and haste and violence and cruel folly, stupidity and blundering hate and selfish ambition—all the things that men have done—all the things they will ever do!"

"Think of it, Smallways—there's war everywhere! They're smashing up their civilization before they have made it. The sort of thing the English did at Alexandria, the Japanese at Port Arthur, the French at Casablanca, is going on everywhere—everywhere! Down in South America even they are fighting among themselves! No place is safe—no place is at peace! There is no place where a woman and her daughter can hide and be at peace. The war comes through the air, bombs drop in the night. Quiet people go out in the morning and see air fleets passing overhead—dripping death—dripping death!"

It was only very slowly that Bert got hold of this idea that the whole world was at war, that he formed any image at all of the crowded countries south of these arctic solitudes stricken with terror and dismay as these newborn aerial navies swept across their skies. He was not used to thinking of the world as a whole, but as a limitless hinterland of happenings beyond the range of his immediate vision. War in his imagination was something, a source of news and emotion, that happened in a restricted area, called the seat of war. But now the whole atmosphere was the seat of war and every land a cockpit. So closely had the nations raced along the path of research and invention, so secret and yet so parallel had been their plans and acquisitions, that it was within a few hours of the launching of the first fleet in Franco-China that an Asiatic Armada beat its westward way across, high above the marveling millions in the plain of the Ganges. But the preparations of the confederation of eastern Asia had been on an altogether more colossal scale than the German. "With this step," said Tan Ting Siang, "we overtake and pass the west. We recover the peace of the world that these barbarians have destroyed."

Their secrecy and swiftness and inventions had far surpassed those of the Germans, and where the Germans had had 100 men at work the Asiatics had 10,000. The news of the German world surprise simply quickened their efforts. At the time of the bombardment of New York it is doubtful if the Germans had 800 airships all together in the world. The score of Asiatic fleets flying east and west and south must have numbered several thousand. Moreover, the Asiatics had a real fighting flying machine, the nids, as they were called, a light but quite efficient weapon, infinitely superior to the German drachenflieger. Like that, it was a one man machine, but it was built very lightly of steel and cane and chemical silk, with a transverse engine and a flapping side wing. The aeronaut carried a gun firing explosive bullets loaded with oxygen, and in addition, and true to the best tradition of Japan, a sword. Most of them were Japanese, and it is characteristic that from the first it was contemplated that the aeronaut should be a swordsman. The wings of these

fliers had batlike hooks forward, by which they were to cling to their antagonist's gas chambers while boarding him. These light flying machines were carried with the fleets and also sent overland or by sea to the front with the men. They were capable of flights of from 200 to 500 miles, according to the wind.

So, hard upon the uprush of the first German air fleet, these Asiatic swarms took to the atmosphere. Instantly every organized government in the world was frantically and vehemently building airships and whatever approach to a flying machine its inventors had discovered. There was no time for diplomacy. Warnings and ultimatums were telegraphed to and fro, and in a few hours all the panic fierce world was openly at war and at war in the most complicated way. For Britain and France and Italy had declared war upon Germany and outraged Swiss neutrality; India, at the sight of Asiatic airships, had broken into a Hindu insurrection in Bengal and a Mohammedan revolt hostile to this in the northwest provinces—the latter spreading like wildfire from Gobi to the gold coast—and the confederation of eastern Asia had seized the oil wells of Burma and was impartially attacking America and Germany. In a week they were building airships in Damascus and Cairo and Johannesburg; Australia and New Zealand were frantically equipping themselves. One unique and terrifying aspect of this development was the swiftness with which these monsters could be produced. To build an ironclad took from two to four years; an airship could be put together in as many weeks.

And the German airships were barely in sight of the Atlantic waters, the first Asiatic fleet was scarcely reported from upper Burma, before the fantastic fabric of credit and finance that had held the world together economically for a hundred years strained and snapped. A tornado of realization swept through every stock exchange in the world. Banks stopped payment; business shrank and ceased; factories ran on for a day or so by a sort of inertia, completing the orders of bankrupt and extinguished customers, then stopped. The New York Bert Smallways saw, for all its glare of light and traffic, was in the pit of an economic and financial collapse unparalleled in history. The flow of the food supply was already a little checked. And before the world war had lasted two weeks—by the time Prince Karl's wireless was rigged up in Labrador—there was not a city in the world outside China, however far from the actual centers of destruction, where police and government were not adopting special emergency methods to deal with a want of food and a glut of unemployed people.

The special peculiarities of aerial warfare were of such a nature as to trend, once it had begun, almost inevitably toward social disorganization. The first of these peculiarities was brought home to the Germans in their attack upon New York, the immense power of destruction an airship has over the thing below and its relative inability to occupy or police or guard or garrison a surrendered position. Necessarily, in the face of urban populations in a state of economic disorganization and infuriated and starving, this led to violent and destructive collisions, and even where the air fleet floated inactive above there would be civil conflict and passionate disorder below.

A second peculiarity of airship war as it first came to the world that also made for social collapse was the ineffectiveness of the early airships against each other. Upon anything below they could rain explosives in the most deadly fashion, forts and ships and cities lay at their mercy, but unless they were prepared for a suicidal grapple they could do remarkably little mischief to each other. The armament of the huge German airships, big as the biggest mammoth liners afloat, was one machine gun that could easily have been packed up on a couple of mules. In addition, when it became evident that the air must be fought for the air sailors were provided with rifles with explosive bullets of oxygen or inflammable substance, but no airship at any time ever carried as much in the way of guns and armor as the smallest gunboat on the navy list had been accustomed to do. Consequently when these monsters met in battle they maneuvered for the upper place or grappled and fought like junks, throwing grenades, fighting hand to hand in medieval fashion.

The third peculiarity of aerial warfare was that it was at once enormously destructive and entirely indecisive. It had this unique feature—that both sides lay open to punitive attack. In all previous forms of war, both by land and sea, the losing side was speedily unable to raid its antagonist's territory and the communications. One fought on a "front," and behind that front the winner's supplies and resources, his towns and factories and capital, the peace of his country, were secure. If the war was a naval one you destroyed your enemy's battle fleet and then blockaded his ports, secured his coaling stations and hunted down any stray cruisers that threatened your ports of commerce. In aerial war the stronger side, even supposing it destroyed the main battle fleet of the weaker, had then either to patrol and watch or destroy every possible point at which he might produce another and perhaps a novel and more deadly form of fier. It meant darkening his air with airships. It meant building them by the thousand and making aeroplanes by the hundred thousand. A small unflashed airship could be hidden in a railway shed, in a village street, in a wood; a flying machine is even less conspicuous.

[To be continued.]

# A Glance at Current Topics

**S**IMILAR schemes, which were inaugurated by Mayor Shank of Indianapolis and the Rev. Madison C. Peters of New York, calculated to render assistance in the cost of living problem, recall to mind the Raiffelsen system in operation in Germany, which is of interest at this time.

The Raiffelsen system in effect has united the peasant farmers of Germany into co-operative agricultural banks, which in 1900 did the immense business of more than \$1,600,000,000, as reported by the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome.

The Raiffelsen system unites the farmers of any locality in a co-operative banking association which lends money to members and others. The Schulze-Delitsche system is a proprietary variation of this plan, worked with share capital. Under the older landschaft system farmers unite their land and other assets to get co-operative credit and borrow outside capital in large sums instead of borrowing individually in small sums.

## A Factor in Presidential Race.

"What of Borah?" was the question that went the rounds in the Taft camp and the La Follette camp when the regular Republicans and the so called insurgents began to have doubts about the great northwest.

Concerning the Republican national convention, President Taft's friends believed that the Idaho senator was



Senator W. E. Borah, Whose Influence Two Sides Courted.

ready to support Mr. Taft for the nomination, and the La Follette men believed he was ready to support the Wisconsin senator for the same honor. The friends of the president were so confident that Senator Borah would be one of the mainstays that they gave his name thought when studying the qualifications of Republicans for the post of national chairman.

Senator Borah thinks well of Senator Albert B. Cummins of Iowa too. In fact, he was quoted, when the Cummins candidacy was announced, that he considered the Iowa the equal of La Follette in progressive politics.

## Kansas Democrats.

The Kansas Democratic convention to name delegates to the national convention in Baltimore will be held at Hutchinson, Kan., March 14.

The state central committee decided that the middle of March was the latest possible date that the farmers would pay more attention to selecting delegates than getting their ground ready for spring crops.

Hutchinson, for twenty years the hotbed of Republicanism, was selected as the place for meeting because it rolled up the largest majority for a Democratic congressman in January that ever was given a Democrat in the Seventh Kansas district.

## Congress of Mayors.

Mayors of practically all cities of the United States received invitations to attend a mayors' congress in Chicago March 7-12, the principal topic of discussion on the program being the "Practical City Beautiful."

## Airship Line in Chicago.

The Aero Club of Illinois has ordered a twenty passenger Parseval dirigible balloon for use on regularly scheduled trips.

"The new airship will be operated from a specially constructed hangar on the flying field of the Aero club," said Grover Sexton, director of that organization. "It will arrive in this country in the early spring and will be exhibited in New York before being brought to Chicago."

## \$80,000,000 Exposition.

In the opinion of President C. C. Moore more than \$80,000,000 will have been expended upon the Panama-Pacific International exposition by the time it is opened to the public in 1915. Of this vast amount California has contributed more than \$20,000,000, \$7,000,000 having been raised by popular subscription, \$5,000,000 appropriated by the state of California, San Francisco voting a bond issue of \$5,000,000 and \$4,000,000 being assured through a special act of the California legislature permitting the counties to tax themselves for exposition purposes. This is the largest sum that has ever been assured for a world's exposition so far in advance of its opening, but it is only a beginning.

The west will make the greatest displays of its resources ever assembled, and every state in the Union will be

represented at the exposition. To the countries of the orient the opening of the Panama canal is an event of paramount commercial importance. China and Japan will be represented by the greatest oriental displays ever brought together.

## Biggest Armory in the World.

In the new home for the Eighth regiment of coast artillery New York will have the largest armory in the world. The building will cover an area of three blocks in the Jerome park reservoir section and will cost at least \$1,000,000. It will hold three Madison Square Gardens.

The structure will be built in the fashion of a French chateau and will be two stories high. Running through the center of the armory will be a driveway, which will permit the regiment getting under way in better time than it now takes to get a company on the move. The drill floor will be sufficiently large to permit the entire regiment engaging at one time in artillery evolutions. It will have an area of 180,000 square feet.

## Honors For a Plucky American.

The return to the United States of W. Morgan Shuster, former treasurer general of Persia, has been made the occasion for the bestowal of various honors upon this courageous young man, who valiantly faced the hostility of Russia and quit his post only when Persia, to save herself, was obliged to dismiss him. His first public address since his return to this country was delivered at the Navy league convention in Washington.

## Large Fortunes.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the editorial associate of Colonel Roosevelt, says:

"Men scoff at this as a commercial age, but a commercial age is better than a military age, for commerce is the interchange of service, and when the world has awakened to the fact that prosperity is the interchange of purpose it has got a grip on the principles of Christianity."

"There are three men just now who are targets for newspaper abuse, chiefly because they are very rich—Rockefeller, Morgan and Carnegie. These men have made great fortunes. Perhaps our social organization is such that they have made greater fortunes than they ought to have made. Personally I think it is, but what I want to say is they could not have made fortunes except by doing great service. Rockefeller could not have done it unless he had put light into millions of homes throughout the states, Morgan could not have done it if he had not rebuilt the railroads, and Carnegie could not have done it if he had not furnished the steel with which houses are made."

"Perhaps they have been paid too much. Perhaps profits are not evenly divided. I do not want to discuss the economic situation. The only way in which a man reaches prosperity is by rendering service, and the greater the prosperity he reaches the greater the service he has rendered."

## "Annual War Scare."

"The annual war scare" is how Representative Fitzgerald, chairman of the house committee on appropriations, regarded the testimony of Major General Carter that the insular possessions of the United States are in danger. He characterized the so called mobilization of troops in Hawaii in like manner.

## A Figure in Foreign Politics.

M. Raymond Poincare, France's eminent statesman, who recently accepted the post of premier and took up the task of forming a cabinet, re-entered the service of his country at a time when delicate situations made his advent most opportune for the government. He was born in Bar-le-duc (Meuse) Aug. 20, 1860, and was edu-



M. Poincare, Who as French Premier Faced Difficult Problems.

cated for the bar. He entered politics in 1887, when he was elected to the chamber of deputies. He is an authority on finance and the author of several works on law.

He was minister of finance in the Dupuy cabinet, 1894, and later he was minister of public instruction and of the Fine Arts in the Ribot ministry.

In 1896, 1897 and 1898 M. Poincare was re-elected vice president of the chamber of deputies. He was re-elected to the chamber in May, 1898. [10 B]

# THE HEADGEAR OF KINGS.

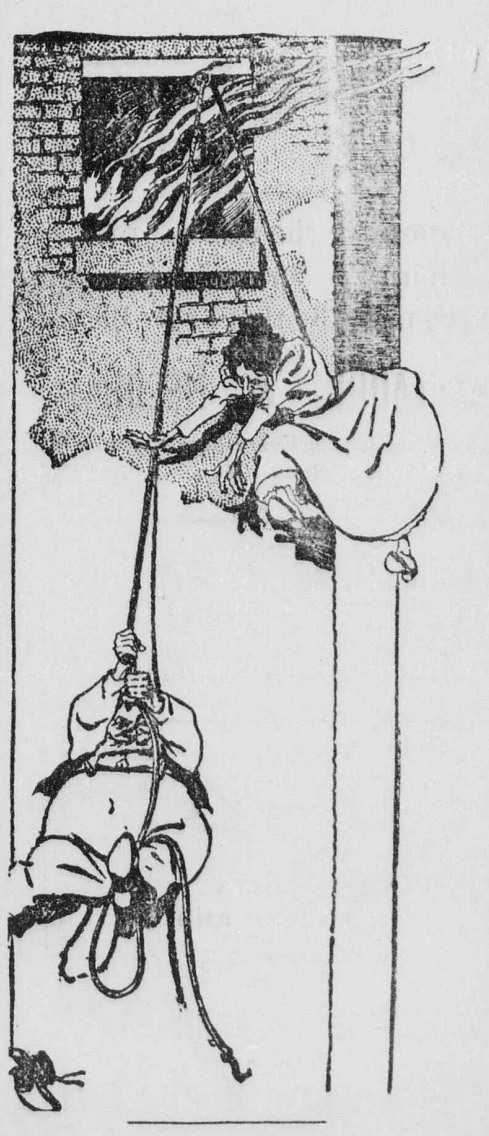
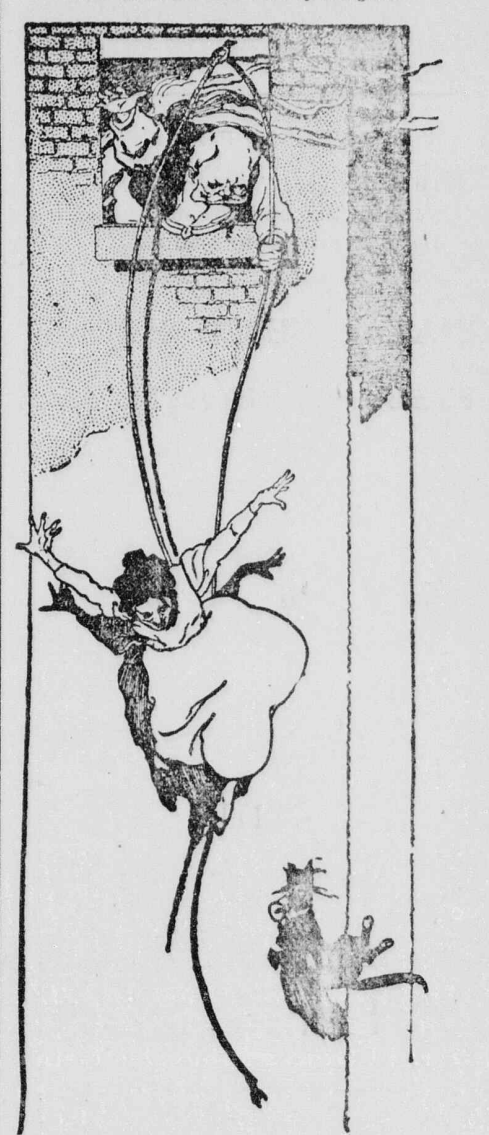
It is Weird in Asia, Especially in Persia and Siam.

The durbar brought out the fact that in the far east crowns are much less numerous than in Europe and are generally very tall in comparison with those of western monarchs. The Persian crown, moreover, is particularly of interest because of the recognized possibility of its resting on a different head from the present royal incumbent.

The miter characterizes the national headgear of the Persian shah. The miter (or bonnet) is set in a sort of helmet the two sides of which spread upward into peaks on either side. It is made of cloth of gold. Gems and jewels of every description make its decorations. The crest of feathers surmounting the crown is filled with emeralds and priceless rubies.

A still more singular crown is that of the king of Siam. It is a tall pyramid and is tied with strings under the chin, like a baby's bonnet. The king of Siam is known as "the master of the world, the sovereign of life, the excellent divine feet and descendant of angels." The extraordinary height of the Siamese crown is surpassed by nothing perhaps except the description of the monarch.—New York Sun.

## The Chivalrous Heavyweight.



## Anaesthetic For Fish.

The natives of Bolivia, on the eastern slopes of the Andes, have an original method of catching fish. They secure the juice of a certain native tree and pour in upon the water where the current is weak. The treatment is said to render the fish insensible so that they are easily caught by hand.—Chicago Journal.

## A Capable Substitute.

Fogg has said the meanest things any man was ever capable of saying. When Mrs. F. left him alone in the house the other evening she remarked: "You won't be lonely, dear?" "No," he replied, "I shan't miss you at all. The parrot, you know, is here."—London Tit-Bits.

## Said to Be Youngest Mayor.

Longport, near Atlantic City, N. J., has the youngest mayor in the world, as far as is known. He is Ralph Harcourt, twenty-three years old. Longport's property valuation is more than \$2,000,000. It has 125 voters.



# Fashion and Care of the Home

## Smart Dressing Sack and Blouse



A new thing from Paris is the dressing sack shown here, which is made of deep embroidered founcing. The turned back revers are edged with lace and open to show a vest of lace and batiste. Lace insertion trims the sleeves and forms the belt.

The pretty blouse illustrated is of marquisette embroidered with art nouveau designs. It is one of the new models, the neck bow being especially novel and chic.

## WHEN MEALTIME ARRIVES

Soak a salt mackerel in cold water overnight. Be sure only salt enough remains to make it palatable. Dry well with a cloth and put the flesh side down in hot butter in a frying pan. When brown turn, adding more butter if needed. When well cooked pour half a cupful of hot milk into the pan, bring it to a boil over a slow fire, simmer about two minutes, remove from the fire, put the fish on a hot platter and pour the sauce over it.

For French fried potatoes pare and cut in eighths, lengthwise, medium sized potatoes. Soak in cold water one hour. Dry between towels, put in a wire basket and fry in deep fat. Drain the potatoes on brown paper and sprinkle with salt. The time of cooking is from fifteen to twenty minutes, according to size.

For rice chocolate pudding soak half an ounce of gelatin in a cupful of cold milk and meantime grate three ounces of chocolate into a pint of scalding hot milk. Turn the chocolate and milk over the gelatin, and when the gelatin is dissolved stir in a cupful of sugar, the whites of four eggs and a teaspoonful of vanilla. When the mixture is very cold whip it to a froth, turn it over cold boiled rice and serve very cold.

Cakes made of cornmeal and cold boiled rice make a variation in the breakfast breads. Use a cupful of the rice to two cupfuls of the meal and mix in a tablespoonful of flour, a tea-

spoonful of salt, a well beaten egg, two cupfuls of milk, a tablespoonful of butter and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in gem tins for twenty minutes.

Cream dressing is delicious on fruit and vegetable salads. An old rule calls for three thoroughly beaten eggs, a trace of mustard and four tablespoonfuls of rich sweet cream, with salt and a dash of paprika.

A German housekeeper famous for tasty dishes made an egg sauce for green salads in this way: She fries very crisp small dice of salt fat pork, mixes it with two well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a tablespoonful of sugar and a little salt and pours it over the leaves.

Poached eggs served on toast and sprinkled with grated cheese and a few strips of Spanish red pepper make a delicious dish for a small meal. Another way is to toast the bread, cut it into rounds and put on each round an egg, sprinkle it with grated cheese and bake in the oven until the egg is set and the cheese browned slightly.

A Japanese cook's way of preparing boiled rice is to wash the rice carefully and put a cupful of it into two cupfuls of boiling water with a level teaspoonful of salt. Cook the rice rapidly and as soon as the water is absorbed lift the cover from it, set the dish containing it on the back of the stove and let it steam until it is dry.

## RELIGIOUS WORK

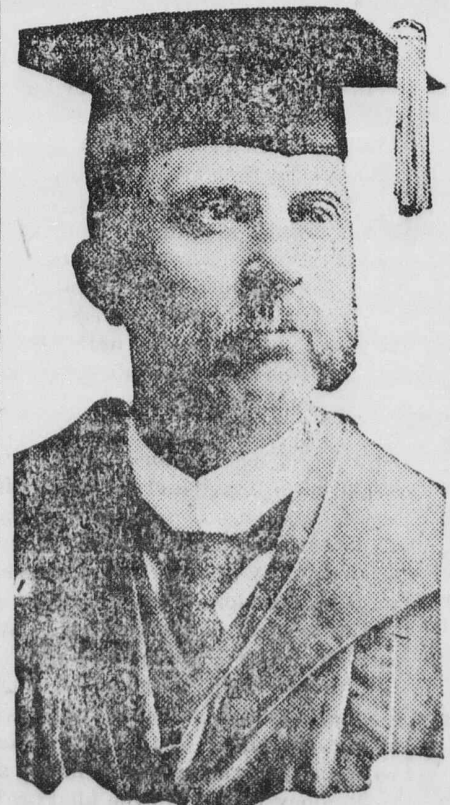
**Forward Movement.**  
The men and religion movement which has been under way, backed by the wisest and most active laymen of many great cities, has for one year past endeavored to organize all of America in a forward movement for religion and good citizenship. The churches of all denominations and almost all of the religious organizations are compacted together for the purpose of enlisting Christian men and women to work for the extension of the kingdom of God. The effort has been made to not simply interest Christians of every name in this movement, but to kindle the enthusiasm of operation by careful plans—almost military movement and rapid firing of the batteries of gospel truth.—John Wanamaker.

**A Church Dancing School.**  
The plan of St. James' church of Milwaukee to combat the public dance hall, which is charged by the city authorities with the ruin of thousands of young lives each year, by the holding of dances in the Guildhall, has been extended by the opening of a free dancing school for the children of the parish. The church authorities believe that children who learn to dance properly and have a good environment for their amusement will not later on frequent public halls.

**Several Ways to Kill a Church.**  
First.—Don't come. Stay at home or go somewhere rather than come to church. Staying at home is not only helping to kill the church, but by degrees is killing the spiritual life of the individual.  
Second.—If you do come, come late. The faithful few are generally on time.  
Third.—If you come, come with your mind made up to find fault with the service, the preacher in particular.  
Fourth.—If you come, come determined not to give a cent to any object,

not even to keep up the expenses of the church.  
Fifth.—If you come to church, come all alone. Don't bring your wife or husband or children or neighbors.  
The several ways mentioned here will kill any church. Are you guilty of any of them?—C. C. Haymore in Biblical Recorder.

**Religious Educational Association.**  
The national convention of the Religious Educational Association is being held in St. Louis from March 11 to 14.



Chancellor James H. Kirkland.

Four hundred representatives, educators and ministers attend, including Dr. James H. Kirkland, chancellor of Vanderbilt university.

## SPRINGTIME IDEAS.

The large collars with cuffs to match which are worn on coats or tailored dresses are prominently featured for spring wear.

White tailored frocks will be popular this summer. A black straw hat with white feathers and a black leather belt are to be worn with these frocks.

A new parasol can be made from an old one by carefully ripping off the old cloth and using it as a pattern to cut the new one, which may be made of cretonne or English chintz.

## EMERGENCY DINNERS.

**How to Overcome the Dread of Company You Hadn't Expected.**

Unexpected company often proves vexatious to the unprepared housewife. The following emergency list is recommended:

Three cans of peas, half a dozen cans of tomatoes, three cans of tiny beets, three cans of Spanish peppers, three cans of peaches, three cans of nice mushrooms, six tumbler of mixed jellies, a half dozen boxes of good sardines, several cans of little neck clams, a pot of beef extract, a bottle of sauce, olives, pecans, almonds, English walnuts, raisins, a box of almond paste, three boxes of gelatin, one glass of peanut butter, two pounds each of lentils, beans and dried peas, rice, two pounds of macaroni, cocoa, chocolate, several bottles of clam bouillon, a few boxes of crackers and wafers.

With her storeroom thus stocked a housekeeper need have no dread of the wherewithals to feed her guest when the unexpected one arrives. Now, see the menus that may be prepared from this emergency closet: Creamed tomato soup, broiled sardines on toast, peas, bread, peach shortcake, hard sauce; coffee; clam bouillon, macaroni with tomato sauce and cheese, beets stuffed with rice and nuts, cream sauce, peas, peach canapes, cocoa, cream of pea soup, tomato cheese, olives, beet salad with French dressing, popovers with a sauce; cream of peanut soup, croutons, Spanish omelet with tomato sauce, hot buttered beets, rice, fruit and cheese.

## Take Care of Your Brooms.

If brooms are to sweep clean they must be washed occasionally and freed from dust and dirt. To two quarts of warm water add four tablespoonfuls of household ammonia. Stand the brooms in this for a half hour. Rinse in cold water and hang in the sun to dry. House brushes of any variety may be washed in this manner.

## The Smell of Cooking Cabbage.

Have the water boiling before the cabbage goes in; leave off the cover. Keep up a rapid cooking with plenty of water and an old housekeeper says there will be no odor.

# Devoted to Our Boys and Girls

## AN OLD TIME GAME.

**"Tom Tiddler's Ground" Played Years Ago by Our Grandparents.**

A game that used to be played by our grandparents and by their grandparents (only under another name) is Tom Tiddler's ground. There must be at least three players. One is chosen to be Tom Tiddler, and his ground is the lawn of the yard—any part of the ground marked off as his domain. Tom Tiddler gets on to his ground and, shutting his eyes as he stands, pretends to be asleep. Then the other players venture upon the ground, singing:

"Here I am on Tom Tiddler's ground, Picking up gold and silver that's round."

As Tom continues to play at being asleep the poachers go closer and closer to him, when suddenly Tom Tiddler makes a dash and tries to seize upon one of them. If he succeeds in grasping hold of even the garment of one of the players the one thus caught becomes Tom Tiddler and the first Tom Tiddler becomes one of the poachers. If he fails to grasp hold of a player, however, the game goes on as before, continuing till one of them is caught.

## The Prince and the Lions.

A pretty story is told of the young son of Napoleon I. When he was about six years old the Princess of Wales sent a present to the emperor of a pair of young lions. Little Napoleon took a great fancy to these new pets and often visited them, fed them and caressed them till they became very fond of him. The emperor, naturally enough, had not so much time to make friends with these strange playfellows, and one day when he asked to see the lions little Napoleon thought he noticed an uneasy look on his grandfather's face as they were led out of their cage. In a moment he ran up to the nearest lion and threw his arms round its neck, exclaiming, "Now, grandpapa, you may come near; he shan't touch you!"—San Francisco Call.

## Game of "Cat and Mouse."

The "mouse" stands in the circle and the "cat" outside. Those in the ring dance round, giving the cat a chance to jump in at one side and the mouse to jump out at the other. The cat escapes to chase the mouse. The mouse darts in again, but if the cat gets in with her the mouse pays a forfeit,

# Turning a Sham Duel Into a Serious Affair

By BOYTON STONE MELVILL

Old Major Du Pont was a remarkably quiet man, very gentlemanly and polished in his manners. Born and bred in Louisiana, he was a typical creole. He had served in the Confederate army with distinction, but when he lay down his sword he did so with a good grace. When I knew him he was about seventy-five years of age and, though feeble, managed to hold himself erect. He removed to the north not long before this, when he was too old to adopt northern customs.

There came to town one Edgar Lindsley, who settled himself to establish a sensational newspaper. His idea of getting up a circulation was in rooting up skeletons supposed to exist in people's closets or selecting some indefensible person for attack. Casting about for a victim, he lighted on Major Du Pont. A series of so called funny articles was begun in the paper, the subject of which was an old man facetiously called General Du Bridge, whose southern idiosyncrasies were held up to ridicule.

On the morning of publication of the first article a self constituted committee of civil war veterans called upon the editor to protest. They discovered him fingering a note from the major demanding a published apology or satisfaction. The "vets" urged the editor to apologize, but he refused point blank, and they retired for conference. Lindsley, thinking that he could make capital by a sham duel with the major, consented to meet him, intending that his second, one of his employees, should see that the weapons were loaded with blank cartridges. Meanwhile the veterans made up their minds to go the next day to Lindsley and give him the choice between an apology and leaving the town. That night I received a note from the major asking me to meet him at 6 the next morning in a large field just outside the town.

Upon my arrival on the ground I knew for the first time the object of my coming. I used every effort to pacify the major and shame Lindsley, but without success. I begged the major to permit me to take his place, but saw that he felt aggrieved at the proposition. Then I was let into the secret of the blank cartridges. This only added to my dilemma. I dared not tell my principal that the affair was a sham. I concluded that it must go on and would call Lindsley to account for it afterward. Lindsley, who was the biggest fool I ever knew, still imbued with the idea that he was laying the foundation for a newspaper, was very chipper.

The principals were placed back to back and instructed to advance five paces, then turn and fire one shot, the shots to be thus continued till the revolvers were emptied. The major stepped out with dignity, but with the firmness of age. Lindsley, unseen by his opponent, with whom he was back to back, grinned from ear to ear, lifting

his legs very high and lowering them, with his toes pointing to the ground, in a farcical manner. The first shots had been delivered, of course without effect, and the principals were taking their places for the second when the sound of a galloping horse was heard, and a man, reining up, threw himself to the ground, climbed a fence and hurried toward us.

"You young rascal!" said the major. "How did you know of this? Your mother has informed you. Gentlemen, permit me to present my son, Captain Du Pont of the United States army."

"I am pleased to meet you, gentlemen," said the man, a handsome fellow of thirty, "and I am delighted to have arrived in the nick of time."

Going to his father, he embraced him, with emotion. Then, turning to the party, he said:

"Now, gentlemen, let us proceed with this affair. I represent my father, who, though he is as brave as ever, has not the eyesight for a marksman."

The major vainly endeavored to retain the defense of his own honor. He had dominated his son for many years, but now their relative strength was reversed. The young man put the older aside respectfully, but firmly.

"The weapons, gentlemen—the weapons!" said Captain Du Pont impatiently. Then, picking up one of the revolvers, he pointed it at the trunk of a tree and pulled the trigger. There was no sign of a bullet hole. He fired again. Still there was no scratch. Emptying all the barrels, he threw down the weapon.

"Gentlemen," he said in no uncertain tones, "these pistols are not loaded with ball cartridges."

All stood irresolute. Captain Du Pont put his hand under his coat at his hip and drew a revolver.

"I have come 200 miles," he said, "to fight this duel and am in no mood to be disappointed."

I took him aside, explained the situation and begged him to accept of my services. He consented, and I loaded the pistols with ball cartridges. Lindsley, though pale as a ghost and trembling in every limb, stood his ground till his second was about to hand him his weapon, when suddenly, without warning, he turned and fled. The captain, with terrific ire in his eye, followed him, firing as he ran, till he was out of sight. The pursuer, however, bent on winging him, got in six shots, one of which hit Lindsley in the thigh and lamed him for life.

I took my two principals back to town. On the outskirts we were met by the veterans, who had heard of the affair and were coming posthaste to stop it. When they learned of the result they took father and son to breakfast and entertained them so royally that their anger was soon turned to laughter. Lindsley never returned to the town.

## SOME CURIOUS WILLS.

Quaint and Picturesque Last Testaments Are Now Uncommon.

It is with a feeling of some fear that a man today writes a will without the advice of a lawyer. Therefore quaint and picturesque last testaments are becoming more uncommon. Actual wills are even more interesting and absorbing than the wills of fiction. Paul Revere cut off his grandson, Frank, "who now writes his name Francis," with \$1.

It is less than a year since Boston was startled by a posthumous joke of a Miss Cora Johnson, who left a will disposing of some \$100,000 while her actual estate was less than \$100.

Perhaps a more subtle bit of humor was the provision in the will of a Scotch dissenting minister who bequeathed a sum of money to his chapel at St. Ives to provide "six Bibles every year, for which six men and six women are to throw dice on Whit Tuesday after the morning service, the minister kneeling the while at the south end of the communion table and praying God to direct the luck to his glory," says the Green Bag.

A curious custom, carrying out an old bequest, is followed every Good Friday in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, London. After divine service one of the clergymen drops 21 sixpences on a tombstone to be picked up by as many poor people, widows having the preference. The will providing for this is lost, and the distribution is now made out of the parish funds. The bequest dates back several hundreds of years.

Here is a pretty bit of sentiment from the will of James Gregory: "Having had my sympathies often aroused by reason of the extra burden and care entailed on loving mothers, poor in the things of earth, who have brought twins into the world, as an expression of that sympathy I leave in trust to my beloved town \$1,000 with the provision that the interest be divided Jan. 1 between all twins born in Marblehead during the previous year. In case no twins are born during a given year the interest shall be added to the principal."

## JUST BEING HAPPY.

Just keeping happy  
Is a fine thing to do—  
Looking on the bright side  
Rather than the blue.  
Sad or sunny musing  
Is largely to the choosing,  
And just being happy  
Is brave work and true.

Just being happy  
Helps other souls along;  
Their burdens may be heavy,  
And they are not strong.  
And your own sky will lighten  
If other skies you brighten  
By just being happy  
With a heart full of song.  
—Ripley D. Saunders.

## A ROUNDABOUT MESSAGE.

Course Pursued in Awakening a Telegraph Operator.

A gentleman now a successful physician in Boston in his younger days was the telegraph operator in Duxbury, Mass., who worked the land wires. One night during a lull in business he fell asleep and the New York operator called until out of patience.

Then he sent a message to Boston requesting the chief operator to tell Duxbury to answer New York. The sleeper, however, was equally deaf to the Boston call. In the cable room, next to the sleeping operator, was the cable man. The room was dark, and he was watching the mirror for the tiny flashes that in those days spelled out the message. To him the Morse alphabet was nothing, and he never heard the ticking of the key, says the San Francisco Call.

Finally New York became desperate and called Canso in Nova Scotia and addressed a message to the cable operator at Duxbury. The message read, "Go into the other room and wake up that operator." Canso sent it to Heart's Content in Newfoundland; Heart's Content rushed it across to London, thence to Dover, across the channel to Calais and to Brest. Brest sent it to Miquelon, and Miquelon gave the operator at Duxbury a unique surprise. The sleeper was then aroused, about eleven minutes having been taken by the grand round of the cablegram.

## Too Good to Eat.

An old Yankee farmer lay on his deathbed. He was so far gone that the doctor told his daughter that she could indulge him in anything he might crave in the matter of food, to the end of making him happy if possible, as nothing could delay the end or really hasten it. The daughter asked her father if there was any particular thing his appetite fancied.

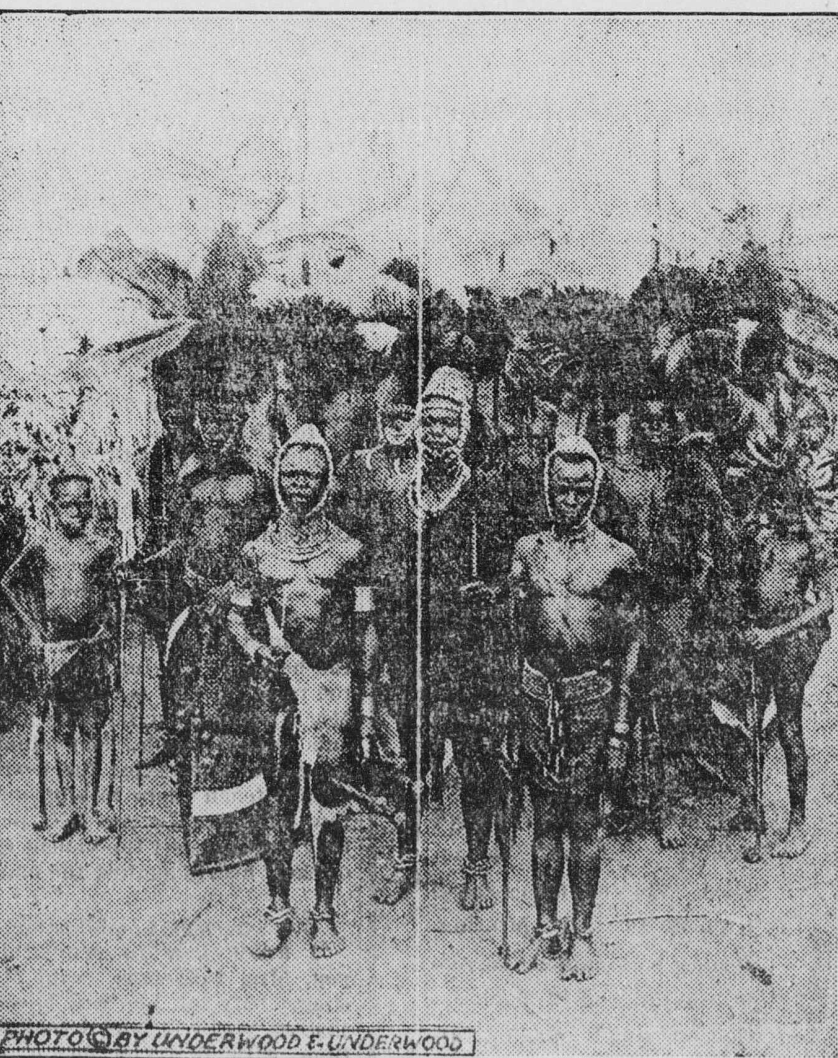
"Yes," whispered the old man, "a bit of fine cake with lots of nuts and currants in it."

A woman neighbor, who heard the old fellow express his desire, had a fine fruit cake made, rich enough to produce an attack of acute indigestion in a wooden Indian. The doctor heard of it and was not pleased with the old man's choice, but, having given his permission, he inquired the next day when he called how it suited the patient and how he had enjoyed it.

"Well, sir," the daughter replied, "to tell you the honest truth, father hasn't had a taste of the cake."

"And why not?" the doctor wanted to know.  
"Well, sir," said she, "it was such a perfectly beautiful cake that we hadn't the heart to cut into it and so we are just keeping it for the funeral.—Metropolitan Magazine.

## African Braves In Gala Costume



These ostrich feather plumed warriors of eastern central Africa are dressed up for celebration after they had defeated a hostile tribe and slain a leopard and crocodile. The young warrior in the foreground carries a pipe in one hand and a stool in the other. No one is allowed to sit on the stool carried by the boy except the chief of the tribe, who is seen standing in the center with the helmet of cowrie shells. The chief's name is Kasunguru. He is considered a fair and brave ruler by the people in the twenty villages he governs.

## Legend of the Pansy.

There is a charming story, well known in Germany, about the pansy. The tale is that the big petal was a bad stepmother, who sat in the garden with her four children. She sat up very straight and proud of her green seat, holding her own two children up

next to her and pushing the other two children down, trying to get them out of sight. But presently the sun shone out in the heavens, and it looked down into the garden and slowly turned the pansy around till the little slighted children were at the top and the wicked stepmother was lowest of all.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



A NECESSITY.

The board of county road commissioners at this week's meeting determined that the most important piece of road to be completed is that from Chaisson to Brampton, three and a half miles. The county surveyor has been ordered to make a survey of this piece of road, so that work may be done on it this summer. It will link the two miles and a half of macadam laid last fall with the Brampton-Lathrop road, which is in first class shape, with a few repairs to be made. Marquette county will this year build four miles of road, making the highway from Marquette to Lathrop the finest in Michigan.

The road from Menominee to the Buckeye crossing in Gladstone will be a model road when the Hartnett avenue pavement is put down this spring.

In one hundred and fifty miles of good road there will be one break, and that is Fourth avenue and the road up the bluff in the city of Gladstone, the one weak point that spoils the rest. It is true that the through traffic is not of great importance to this city; although it is in honor bound to keep its pledge last year, to make connections with the Chaisson road.

But the city has no inlet from the northwest part of the county that loaded wagons can use satisfactorily, especially when the weather is wet. The Brampton hill road is very unsatisfactory, and the interests of the town demand that it should be put in shape. Half a mile of good road was built last fall, up on the hill, but it has no terminal facilities.

The city of Gladstone is short of money, badly so, but this road is a necessity. If there were a business men's association here, it would take steps to put the Brampton road in shape by private subscription if public funds were lacking.

The Easter cards and novelties at La Bar & Neville's will be "It."

QUICK DISPATCH

At Monday's meeting the council handled several important matters in about half an hour.

Mayor Hammel presided for the first time since his illness, and expressed to the council his appreciation of their message of sympathy sent him while he lay in the hospital.

The regulations adopted by the water board were referred to the light and water committee.

Bills were paid, including \$2500 borrowed last fall for current expenses. Antitoxin bills for over \$100 were referred to the city attorney, who pronounced that the city has no liability, except for the poor. After considerable discussion, a compromise resolution was passed, that the city pay these bills and refuse to pay any more. Yeas, Ald. Bjorkman, Clark, Louis and Peterson; nays, Folsom, Jackson and Murphy.

A. B. Cassidy was appointed supervisor in place of J. W. Call for the coming meeting of the board, and Charles H. Scott assessor for the coming year.

The petition of I. N. Bushong and 195 others for the restriction of saloons was read and referred to the ways and means committee, Ald. Folsom, Micks and Murphy. Mayor Hammel stated that while the generality of citizens are in favor of thinning out the saloons, if it can be done without reducing the revenue, this consideration is the most important. The city absolutely needs every penny of the \$6000 it expects this spring to meet its obligations. The tax rate is now \$16.10 a thousand, sufficient to prevent any manufacturing industry from locating here. Richard Mason asked that the committee hold a hearing at which the petitioners may be heard, as well as the saloonkeepers.

The council adjourned to March 11, on which date the Dakota avenue sewer matter will be settled. The council has agreed to accept the original twenty per cent, tendered by the lot owners.

FOR SALE AT ONCE

A 10,000 capacity sawmill, lath mill, bolter, thirty horsepower boiler and engine and everything complete; one team of horses, sleighs and wagons, plows, drags, cultivators and other tools. A number one cow and a quantity of seed potatoes. This will be sold in a lot, or separately, to suit purchasers. Inquire of

WILLIAM C. HODGE,  
E. F. D. I., Gladstone.

"ME-SMITH" IN THE NEWS

"Me-Smith," a thrilling western story by Caroline Lockhart, will begin in The Detroit News, afternoon edition, Wednesday March 6; morning edition, Thursday, March 7. This is one of the best novels of the great plains that has been written in many years and it will appeal to all classes of readers. A charming love story runs through the novel, and this will be particularly pleasing to the women. For the men, "Me-Smith" the bad man, stands out as a striking character, as also does Ralston, the deputy sheriff and hero of the yarn.

MARCH

The month of freeze and thaw, of melting drifts and weather raw, is on our trail with all his tricks, a great big bag of politics; but keep your course and call his bluff, you need not fear his manner rough. Just pad your ribs with M. P.'s meat, 'twill keep you warm and keep you sweet. Good wholesome fare you need, my boy, that's what you get from

M. P. FOY

Sanitary Meat Market  
Phone 158

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

Finds little trouble in going down these wintry days, but if you want for somewhat that will go down comfortably and leave a pleasant afterthought, you know that everything in that particular line may be had of

Fred Anderson  
819 DELTA AVE.

Desirability in PRINTING

A great artist was asked "With what do you mix your colors?" "Brains" he replied. They are the essential requisite of good printing. It must be dignified, correct in wording and in punctuation, and quiet. Such printing carries its message effectively and leaves the best impression on its reader.

THE DELTA

PHONE 48

A ROYAL FLUTE PLAYER.

Frederick the Great Used to Move His Auditors to Tears.

Abdul Hamid used to amuse himself while he was enjoying life at Yildiz kiosk by strumming "Il Trovatore" on the piano. George III. was fond of shouting the melodies of Handelian choruses for the delectation of his court, but the world has seen no real royal musician since Frederick the Great played his last tune on his flute. It seems that the king excelled in adagio movements, into which he infused a warmth and tenderness of feeling that would hardly have been expected from the conqueror of Rossbach and the friend of Voltaire. "It is difficult to listen to his performances without weeping," says one musician.

One reason why he preferred adagios was that he was somewhat short of breath, which made him eschew orchestral accompaniments for the more delicate assistance of the clavicord when he was practicing.

Toward the end of the Seven Years' war he sat down to play in a quartet and at the finish cried enthusiastically, "It is as sweet as sugar!" His companions were not so sure, for Frederick had lost a tooth, and his fingers had stiffened with gout. Finally in 1778 he had to give up his flute playing, and "I have lost my best friend" was the wail of the disconsolate monarch—Paris Journal des Debats.

LET IN THE LIGHT.

Darkened Rooms Are Too Suggestive of Darkened Lives.

Fresh air enthusiasts are familiar enough to most of us, but we hear less of enthusiasm for light. Darkened parlors, darkened bedrooms, darkened sick rooms are too common, says the Christian Herald. Sir B. W. Richardson, the London scientist and physician, declared that when the professors of healing enter a sickroom their first words in most cases ought to be Goethe's dying exclamation: "More light! More light!"

The light of the sun is God's own microbe killer, germicide, disinfectant, prophylactic, sickness healer. There is no physician, no chemical antidote, no compounded prescription to be compared with sunlight. Without it nature could not perform her functions. Man, beast, bird, insect would fall victims to the deadly gases that would prevail. The horrid mists and deadly gases are dispersed and decomposed by the action of light. Let it in everywhere! Let the light in more and more abundantly. Faded carpets are not as pitiful as faded cheeks. Spotted cushions are trivial compared with spoiled health. Darkened rooms are too suggestive of darkened lives.

An Up to Date Fable.

A lion once invited a fox to visit him in his cave. "I should be glad to call," said the fox, "but I have observed that all the tracks are pointed toward your door, and there are none leading away."

"Pooh!" said the lion. "That phenomenon may be attributed to the great esteem in which I am held by my guests. I treat them so well that when they leave they walk backward for a long distance to show their respect for me. You will meet a most delightful and distinguished company when you call."

"If you will give me the names and addresses of a few of the survivors," answered the fox, "I will call and see if their reports are satisfactory. If so I will accept your invitation."

Moral.—Avoid invitations to wedding anniversaries and whist parties. —Pearson's Weekly.

Forests of Africa.

One of the great natural treasures of Africa is the immense extra tropical forest that extends almost unbroken from the extreme southern end along the eastern highlands to the equator. There are gaps in it, and the trees change in kind somewhat with change of latitude, but upon the whole it has the same character throughout. The altitude above the sea changes regularly with decrease of latitude. Near the cape the forest grows at sea level; in Natal and the Transvaal its altitude increases to 3,000, 4,000 and 5,000 feet, and on approaching the equator it rises to 7,000 feet and finally to 10,000 feet. In the equatorial highlands the growth is very vigorous, and the forest is enriched with the pencil cedar of Abyssinia. — Youth's Companion.

Taking Care of the Heart.

A physician writes: "Life would be prolonged by a little more attention to the heart, by paying a little respect to the most faithful servant we ever have. Much good might be done also if parents would teach their children the danger of overtaxing the heart. They should teach them to stop and rest a few moments during their play when they begin to feel the violent throbbing of their hearts against the chest wall."

Serious Complication.

"I know how to sympathize with you, Mrs. Polhemus," said Mrs. Lapsing. "My left eye was affected once just as yours is, and I had an awful time with it. The doctor said the trouble was that the subjunctive was granulated." — Chicago Tribune.

Consistency.

Maud—Where are you going? Beatrice—Out to buy a birthday present for Belle. Maud—Mercy! I dislike that girl so much I had forgotten her utterly. Get something for me to give her, too, will you? —Harper's Bazar.

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness. — Marlowe.

THE SPECTATOR

Wasa Hall was crowded Thursday night, when a reception was given to the executive committee of the S. H. & E. F., by Kronan lodge of Gladstone, and the two Escanaba lodges. Visitors in great numbers came over from Escanaba on the cars, returning after the meeting. Addresses were made by the officers, and dancing and refreshments followed. The members of the committee present were W. Sundstrom of Cloquet, Minn., Ole Ane of Washburn, Wis., A. C. Danielson of Rhineland, S. M. Anderson of Eveleth, Minn., Henry Carlson of Escanaba, Albert Bjork of Ishpeming, Oliver Johnson of Negaunee and John P. Holm of Gladstone. The first five left Friday morning for Chicago to confer with the Scandinavian Brotherhood officials, regarding federation with the larger society.

Gold is expensive. Ask the dentist to put a little in your tooth and you will find out. Then, why not save those teeth of yours; get a 25 cent preparation and a 25 cent tooth brush, all for only 25 cents. Don't wait; this offer is only for a short time longer at STEWART'S PHARMACY.

The M. W. H. B. M. F. M. O. G. T. S. is adding rapidly to its membership and will probably have a hundred members within three weeks. It is composed, as the initials indicate, of Men Who Have Been Mentioned For Mayor of Gladstone This Spring. Men who will run are much scarcer, however, and so far the political prophets have a batting average of about 900.

See what you get at La Bar & Neville's in a postal card frame for 10 cents.

The appointment of C. H. Scott as assessor is one that meets with approval. Mr. Scott filled the office for years and is familiar with the work. Assessor Hupy, who has served for three years and come as near satisfying the taxpayers as any holder of that office is likely to, early signified to the council that he would not be a candidate again. His other business has been too pressing for him to desire the office, at its present rate of compensation.

A party of Lutheran young people came up from Escanaba last Friday evening, and were the guests of the Luther League of Gladstone at a social time in the church.

The case of W. J. Micks against Frank Green was tried Thursday before Justice Scott, Glenn W. Jackson representing the plaintiff and H. J. Rushton the defendant. The case is one arising out of B. K. Leslie's career of frenzied finance and the Gladstone Livery Co. The court has taken the matter under advisement.

All those in need of a Kidney remedy can have a large sample bottle of Swamp Root free. Ask for sample and give your name, that's all, at STEWART'S PHARMACY.

The work of thawing out the sewer catch basins and manholes on Delta avenue was carried on this week, and evidences that spring is expected some time. The ice in the catch basins was almost solid, and necessitated a good deal of work with the fire hose.

A chimney fire called out the department Wednesday evening to the corner of Delta and Central.

A fire early Tuesday morning at Kipling destroyed a shed and endangered nearby buildings. Several laborers who had left their working clothes in the building lost them.

A basket ball game will be played this Friday evening at the theatre, between the Boy Scouts and St. Joseph's five.

The case of Makki vs. Makki drew an audience to the city hall Wednesday afternoon. The case involved a family quarrel and a nine years' dressmaking bill, the aftermath of a suit for a passage ticket from Finland. The jury found no cause of action.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will serve supper in the dining hall of the church on Friday evening, March 22, from 5 to 8 o'clock.

The soliciting committee completes its labors this Friday afternoon, having gathered in a pretty good sized sum for the tournament fund during the course of two months' labors. The statement will shortly be made public.

An entertainment will be given in the Swedish Mission church next Thursday evening, at which a musical program will be rendered. Miss Bidwell will sing. After the program, refreshments will be served.

There are reports of "mad dogs" in the city, although no case of rabies is authenticated. Several dogs and several persons have been bitten, but no serious results have developed anywhere.

The price of electric lamps has fallen considerably since the first of the month, as will be seen by Maclaurin's & Needham's ad.

The Presbyterian young people on Wednesday evening entertained the Epworth League at its parlors. Over a hundred were present to enjoy the affair.

Menominee is to have baseball, says the Herald-Leader, and a big meeting will be held next Monday. In an article reprinted in another column the four-team league is highly recommended.

Dr. Bjorkman is uneasy in his mind. He feels that if he should suddenly be called to the reward that awaits all good physicians, before he has had an opportunity to once more meet his fellows of Calmar and Upsala, that his crown would not fit and his harp would be tuneless. Wherefor he will leave Gladstone, D. V., about May 15 for a two months' visit to the land of the Goths. In other words, he will revisit his old home in Sweden in the early summer.

C. S. Sling leaves for Chicago this evening on business connected with an invention he has perfected. He returns Monday.

W. H. Needham is planning on a string of tungsten lamps across Delta avenue above Ninth street, similar to the festoons in use in most other cities of the peninsula. The corner is the most frequented in the city, and its principal crossing, and is without a street light. The proposed improvement will make it as light as day. Perhaps the idea will spread by tournament time.

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.

Superintendent E. J. Willman returned Saturday from the educational convention at St. Louis, having taken advantage of the trip to visit the schools of Chicago and Gary. On Wednesday he submitted to the school board a report based on his investigations, which will be read to the public at the next meeting.

You find NO old shelf-worn or inferior goods, that necessitate cutting prices to dispose of them at La Bar & Neville's.

Hon. Richard Mason has received an opinion from Claudius B. Grant, former chief justice of the supreme court, and the author of many liquor decisions, on the increased license proposition. Judge Grant believes that the city has full power under its special charter, to regulate saloons and levy such license as it sees fit.

An entertainment will be given here March 30 for the Lutheran church by a choir of thirty voices from Augustana college.

The year 1913 is, so far, ten degrees colder than the average. Less moisture fell last month than in any February for twelve years.

ELEVEN ROOM HOUSE

Dakota Ave., between Twelfth and Thirteenth Street for sale. For price, terms etc. see FREDERICK HUBER.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this means of thanking our friends and neighbors, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Encampment and the Daughters of Rebekah for their kind assistance during the illness of our beloved husband and father; also the Ladies' aid of the Congregational church, the Woman's Relief Corps, and Ladies Auxiliary to B. of R. T. of Escanaba, for flowers.

MRS. J. W. CALL  
MILTON I. CALL  
DANIEL I. CALL

NEW LEAGUE SUGGESTED

For mileage, enthusiasm, climatic and other conditions Menominee is situated as are few cities. Some have conceived the idea of a league comprising Menominee, Marinette, Escanaba and Gladstone. These cities are all of about the same size and are separated by but 55 miles. Menominee and Marinette are practically one, in a sporting way, and the other cities enjoy the same relation. Could this little circuit be effected with a schedule providing for but Saturday and Sunday games, there is but little doubt that each game would be awaited with more interest than the coming of any circus or that the investors, those who supply the amount necessary for the maintenance of the teams, would not be subjected to the financial persecution often experienced.

It has been demonstrated that in towns of ten thousand population, there is insufficient patronage to make week day games successfully financially. Could this little four town circuit be effected the first great handicap in the organization of any league, mileage expense, would be reduced to a trivial condition. The schedule committee could arrange for games so that both ends of the circuit could be assured of an opportunity of seeing the national game at least two days a week. Two of the teams could clash in Escanaba and the other two in Menominee. Gladstone is sufficiently near Escanaba that its fans could "drop over" and Marinette is similarly situated as regards Menominee. It could be so arranged that the teams of any of these four towns could meet independent clubs on other days in the week if they so desired. While Gladstone and Escanaba are now holding membership tickets in another league, it is thought that they would gladly surrender these if confronted with an opportunity to cast lots in a little "money-maker" of the kind projected. Marinette fans are also anxious—Menominee Herald-Leader.

Hanson's List

Eggs, per dozen	28c
Creamery Butter per lb	33c
Golden Link Flour 100 lb sack	\$3.10
Crisco for cooking purposes can	25c
Juneau Brand Tomatoes per can	13c
Juneau Brand Corn per can	12c
Juneau Brand Peas per can	12c
Juneau Brand Wax Beans per lb	12c
Gold Medal Brand Tomatoes per can	15c
Battleship Brand Peanut Butter per lb	18c
Hoffmann's Zamona Brand Coffee 1 lb cans	40c

ELOF HANSON  
GROCER  
PHONE 48

Mess.  
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.

It's So Easy

To prepare the Lenten meal with the aid of a can of salmon, sardines, or any other of a score of ready-to-eat sea foods that we have in tin or glass. Easy to take home a stock, and the necessity of soaking them over night is avoided. Delicate, palatable food, yet nourishing; and the price we make you, especially in quantity, is most attractive.

J. R. BARRETT & CO.

PHONE 55 J.  
Food Specialists in Low Price



And, as the cock crew, those who stood before The Tavern, shouted "Open then the door!" "You know how little we have to stay And once departed, we return no more!" —Omar Khayyam.

You find it as pleasant at Peter's Caravansera as in Old Omar's Persian Garden, where they waited so eagerly for the opening hour; but there is one striking difference. They all come back to Pete's!

P. W. Peterson  
725 DELTA



**Worked an Old Trick.**  
One of the soldiers under the gilt dome of the Massachusetts statehouse swears this happened to him. Have you heard it—back in the rattle days?  
"Six of us went down on the cape duck shooting soon after the season opened. I was not much of a shooter, so the gang thought they would put one over on me and assigned me to a blind where no ducks ever were known to go and went away and left me there. From an hour before sunrise until late afternoon I stuck to the job, but nary a quack.  
"That night at the table I absent-mindedly cut open a shell and was surprised at the number of small shot it contained. After more or less airing of opinions on projectiles from each 'expert' a pool was made up on the number. Fifty bucks—ten a head—is not a bad day's work, I think. Eh? How? What do you suppose I was doing for twelve hours in that blind?"  
And yet they wonder at some of the bills that get by the sacred codfish.—Boston Traveler.

**Not Their Fault.**  
An American woman who resided for some years in Mexico had an odd experience with an earthquake. She was the mother of two lively small sons. One day they had been especially obstreperous and did not grow quieter as the time for her siesta and their approach. After rousing her from her nap two or three times by their antics she gave them fair warning that if there was any further commotion severe punishment would result. Again she dropped off into sleep. Suddenly she found herself awake and on her feet with sounds of banging still in her ears and the room quivering as if from the fall of a heavy piece of furniture. The boys, scared and guilty looking, were in the doorway. She seized the nearer, reversed him and had him half spanked before the excited protests of his brother penetrated to her brain through his anguished howls. Then she became aware that she was spanking him for an earthquake.—New York Herald.

**Written on Glass.**  
Miss Harriet Auber's beautiful lines, "Our Blessed Redeemer, Ere He Breathed," were written by the authoress on a windowpane in her house at Hoddesdon. A dealer in curios tried to purchase this interesting and peculiar manuscript from the owner of the house after the death of Miss Auber in 1862, but he was unsuccessful. The pane of glass was subsequently stolen, and it has never since been found or its fate discovered.  
Centuries ago Theophilus, bishop of Orleans, while in prison at Metz composed the hymn, "All Glory, Laud and Honor," which he wrote on the window of his cell. As the usual Palm Sunday procession passed through the town the emperor heard sounds of singing proceeding from the prison. He thereupon liberated the bishop, whose hymn was afterward regularly used on each succeeding Palm Sunday as a processional, the choir taking up each quatrain and the public joining in singing the chorus.

**High Bridge.**  
High bridge, in New York, was completed in 1842 and at that time was considered one of the world's marvels of bridge building. It may be added that it still is looked upon by bridge builders as a model of its kind. This great stone bridge was built to bring water into the city from the Croton river valley after the great dam was thrown across it forty miles above Manhattan. The aqueduct, cut part way through solid rock and part way continued by tunnel, had to be brought across the Harlem, and the solution of this engineering problem was in High bridge.

**His Rule In Danger.**  
The tough looking citizen who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment at hard labor for beating up his wife appealed to the court with tears in his voice.  
"Have a little pity, judge," he whimpered. "I speak to you as man to man. If you send me up for a thing like that I'll never be able to maintain discipline in my family again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Way the Dutch Have.**  
The Dutch have a delightfully original way of collecting their taxes. If after the notice has been given the money is not sent the authorities place one or two hungry milliamen in the house, to be lodged and maintained at the expense of the defaulter until the amount of the tax is paid.

**Two Views of It.**  
"What do you think of married life?" asked the heckled man, addressing the youthful bridegroom.  
"Bliss is no name for it," said the young husband enthusiastically.  
"You are right," said the heckled one gloomily. "Bliss is no name for it."

**Conscience.**  
It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops. One little sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Buxton.

**A Strong Hint.**  
Harduppe—Say, old man, I believe I owe you an apology. Freeman—Well, I've heard it called a V, a five, a flunk plunks and five bones, but never an apology before!—Exchange.

**An After Marriage Bell.**  
Our idea of a happy marriage is when a man and his wife go partners in keeping a boarding house and his part of the work is ringing the dinner bell.—Galveston News.

**THE BLACKSTONE VACUUM MASSAGER**  
No Cost of Operation  
Guaranteed against Breakage

Massage causes a healthy circulation, stimulates the muscles, refreshes the system, makes the skin clear and beautiful and causes the face to bloom with its natural color.  
With the Blackstone you can administer massage to yourself in the privacy of your room; it attaches to any faucet. For the toilet, after shaving, as a climax to the bath, as a tonic for the scalp, to develop the bust, or to relieve the pains of rheumatism it is

**Nature's Assistant**  
The cost is only \$5.00. Investigate these claims thoroughly—it costs you nothing and may be a great benefit. Free demonstration at your home by dropping a postal card to

**ALBERT ROSENBLUM**  
GLADSTONE, MICH.  
Agent for Delta County.

**Busy as a Bumblebee**

That's Burt. If you want a price on anything in the line of Modern Conveniences in your home.  
Bath tub  
Bowl  
Furnace  
Anything to make things easier for the housekeeper and less business for the coal dealer, ask

**P. L. BURT**  
"Always Ready."  
Phone 265 J.

**Lincoln Invented**

A means of floating schooners over a bar, and a model is now on exhibition in the patent office at Washington.  
For those who are unable to make the trip before Inauguration Day, I will be pleased to give an exhibition at any time of the system in successful use by me. It has won approval from many distinguished hydraulic engineers.

**AUG. LILLQUIST**  
917 DELTA AVENUE

**The Oldest Shop** in the city, and the only shop that employs plumbers twelve months in the year. I am not opening a shop for six months to skin the customers and enter some other business; I am sticking to the business I have followed for the past 18 years. The shop that

**GIVES GOOD WORK** and furnishes best material is the one to tie to. Now is the time to begin to figure on that Heating Plant, as I can save you money if you place your order early.

**H. J. KRUEGER**  
PHONE 260-J  
RESIDENCE 250-L

**A Cordial Greeting.**  
The late Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans once entertained the kaiser on board his flagship, and his imperial majesty found a certain dish at luncheon so much to his liking that he said he would like to compliment the cook.  
"The dish was prepared by my colored servant, George," the admiral said.  
"Send for him," said the kaiser.  
The admiral summoned the negro to his side.  
"The emperor wishes to speak to you," he said in an undertone.  
George, wearing a smile that seemed inclined to meet at the back of his head, stepped briskly up to the majesty, who extended his hand to be bent over and kissed. But George knew nothing of the etiquette of the imperial court of Berlin, and he grasped the proffered hand and shook it warmly.  
"Glad to meet you, sar," he said cordially. "Hope de fambly's all well and you, too, sar!"

**The Sweetest Lives.**  
The sweetest lives are those to duty wed. Whose deeds, both great and small, Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread.  
Where love ennobles all. The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells. The book of life the shining record tells. Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes After its own life working. A child's kiss Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad; A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich; A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong; Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense Of service which thou renderest.—Mrs. Browning.

**He Sidestepped.**  
One of our best little magazine writers called on the various editors some weeks ago. "I just dropped around," said he, "to tell you that I'm to be married soon, but before I get married I must make \$1,000. I need \$200 for an engagement ring, \$100 for clothes, and I'll spend the rest on the honeymoon. Now, will you buy some short fiction from me so that I can keep my promise to the girl?"  
He is a clever writer, and the editors are at all times glad to get his stuff. They assured him they would buy every story he turned in. Knowing his prodigious capacity for work as well as for idleness, they made bets among themselves whether he would make good on his struggle. Last week the time was up. All dressed up like a Gould child on Sunday, he called at the various magazine offices to say goodbye. "I did it," he said cheerily; "wrote like a pup, doped out plots in my sleep, strained a forefinger beating the typewriter into a lather, but I did it. Put the last denario of my \$1,000 in the bank yesterday."  
"And when are you going to get married?" they asked him.  
"Married?" said the writer of short stories. "Married—with \$1,000 in bank? Shucks! I'm going to take a trip to Europe."—New York Letter to Cincinnati Times-Star.

**Quite So.**  
"Weren't you shy when the judge asked you your age in court?"  
"Yes, I was about ten years shy, my dear."—Life.

Self control is described as the root virtue of all virtues. It is the very center of character.  
March 2, 1912 March 16, 1912  
STATE OF MICHIGAN  
The Probate Court for the County of Delta.  
At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the City of Escanaba, in said county, on the twenty-ninth day of February, A. D. 1912.  
Present: Hon. Judd Yelland, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of  
ESTELLA CHAMPION, Minor.  
Annie Champion having filed in said court her petition praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate in certain real estate therein described.  
It is Ordered, That the twenty-fifth day of March, A. D. 1912, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.  
It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in The Gladstone Delta, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.  
JUDD YELLAND, Judge of Probate.  
ELLA FRECHETTE, Register of Probate.

**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. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.  
MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 635 F St., Washington, D. C.

**Personals**

A. E. Neff returned Wednesday from Iron River, much elated with the strike made by the McGreevy Iron Co. The two drills last week encountered ore bodies, one fifteen feet of ore, and the other eighty-four feet in the line of the drill. The apparatus has been shifted, and work will be pursued on a different angle to determine the extent of the deposit.  
Lots of old goods, left over since February 1912, for sale at prices way down.  
STEWART'S PHARMACY.  
Charles L. Elquist, for years a resident of Gladstone, died Monday morning at the county hospital from pneumonia. He was aged forty-seven and leaves a son and two daughters. Caspar Elquist, John and Claus Swenson, Mrs. Matilda Wilder, Mrs. Fred Anderson and Mrs. Charles Soderberg of this city are his brothers and sisters. The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon and largely attended.  
Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Fraser were pleasantly surprised on their birthday Monday evening last by a numerous party of friends, and a very pleasant occasion was made still more enjoyable by a few hours wiled away by "finch" and other pastimes.  
Reuben Latimer came in Monday from Harvey, N. D., and will remain until next week. He says the plains of Dakota are not at present suitable for lawn parties. There are few wind-breaks there.  
William C. Hodge, of Flatrock, was in the city this week. Mr. Hodge had a recent encounter with a savage dog and a steel trap, which resulted in his suffering uncomfortable injuries.  
Milton Maynard, of Oshkosh, was the guest of his cousin L. E. Folsom Friday and Saturday.  
Conrad Bjorkman returned home Saturday night. He will resume his studies at Ann Arbor in the fall.  
Hon. A. P. Burrows came in from the road to spend Tuesday and Wednesday at home.  
All 15, 20, 25, and 50 cent sheet music now for sale at only ten cents. Three hundred pieces to select from at STEWART'S PHARMACY.  
Miss Esther Clark is convalescing after an attack of diphtheria.  
James Inman is reported much improved this week.  
Miss Maud Harlow, of Escanaba has taken a position as stenographer in the Cleveland-Cliffs office at Kipling.  
Werner Olson is spending the close of the winter in the city, and waiting for the opening of the cement season.  
Mrs. Kanney, who has been quite ill, is now able to sit up.  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rosenblum returned Wednesday from their trip to New York.  
James Boyle, who suffered a fractured collar bone and ribs from a fall on icy steps a couple of weeks ago, is recovering.  
John Devost, a brakeman on the branch, was injured Wednesday by falling from the engine. His hip was dislocated.  
A daughter was born Thursday to Mr. and Mrs. John Norton.  
P. R. Legg returned Saturday from a business trip to Menominee and Cedar River.  
Clement Tordure returned Sunday from spending a week in Minneapolis.  
Louis J. Smith opened the motorcycle season Tuesday noon. This is the first sign of spring seen in Gladstone.  
The Blackstone gives you Massage without cost at your home.  
ALBERT ROSENBLUM, Agt.

Charles D. Mason, of Cleveland, has been reappointed navigating officer of the Yantic, his skill and experience being too desirable to be lost by our little navy. When old Lake Superior thaws out again, he will tread the quarter-deck and bid defiance to the freshest gale that Boreas can speed from his arctic quiver.  
R. P. Patterson, the Soo piano tuner, and his assistant, Mr. L. E. Niles, are in town. Orders left at Segerstein's music store. All work guaranteed by Mr. Patterson.  
Tuesday was the fifth of March and the umptysteenth anniversary of Dr. Bjorkman's natal day. It was celebrated in a fitting manner and the doctor announced his fixed determination to see Stockholm and die—at least, to see Stockholm first.  
Massage is the restorer of health and beauty. The Blackstone brings them to your home.  
ALBERT ROSENBLUM, Agt.

Mrs. Lansing Marble was entertained Tuesday afternoon by a party of her friends at the home of Mrs. J. A. Hetrick. The party was not a surprise, and had been planned well in advance. The afternoon was spent very pleasantly.  
Mr. L. J. Bryson, who worked for A. J. Bellaire some years ago, writes "I find the Nyals remedies the best all around family medicines I have in stock. I guarantee all of these remedies and have not had a single return in three years." J. A. Stewart has the exclusive sale here of the Nyal remedies.  
Miss Minnie Winter was taken quite ill Sunday with appendicitis, and is now undergoing treatment at the Escanaba hospital. Miss Elizabeth Grills is teaching at Kipling in her place.  
Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Hammond, with daughter Ethel, left Wednesday morning for Grand Rapids, the home of Mr. Hammond's parents. He will there undergo an operation.  
Miss Hildur Erickson returned Wednesday morning from a visit to friends at Stephenson and Iron Mountain.  
Charles Slings returned Wednesday from a business visit to the iron country. He disposed of two six-cylinders on his trip.  
Vinol, for weak and rundown people, at La Bar & Neville's.  
Commissioner P. R. Legg visited the schools of Maple Ridge township Tuesday.  
Howard Nebel returned Friday morning from Ashland, and Charles E. Nebel will arrive Saturday morning to spend some time at home.  
The day-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Krueger died Saturday morning. The funeral was held the same afternoon.  
Attorney John L. Loell was in the city Wednesday to attend the Makki trial.  
George Schaefer was laid up several days this week with a lame foot.  
A. P. Burrows was in Escanaba Wednesday morning.  
Wilfred Vieux has sold his motorcycle to A. W. Wolfe.

**DAD'S GAL**  
There was an excellent audience at the theatre Thursday evening, including a number from outside the city, when a cast of thirteen presented "Dad's Gal," a melodrama of the mountains. The play is out of the ordinary in its plot and action, and the unpleasant is avoided. The actors have all had considerable previous training and are familiar with the boards.  
R. J. Hammel, as the hero, headed the cast, and was ably supported by Frank Miller, as the villain. Both have the experience needful to supplement natural ability. R. W. Nebel carried to the footlights that commanding presence and eloquent address inseparable from his personality. The characterization of the old prospector by Jim Grills and the saloonkeeper by Floyd Marble indicated surprising versatility in those two sturdy Yeomen. The minor parts were brief, but afforded an opportunity for costuming, in which the Indian was brilliantly conspicuous, and the gentleman from Tipperary drew a hearty laugh.  
The leading lady was Mrs. Jones, the author of the play, and who has conducted the rehearsals and superintended the details. As the vivacious, ambitious "Babe Gordon," she scored a decided hit. She was seconded by Miss Barstar, who is no stranger to audiences in this city. Miss Anderson presented a comedy feature. The specialty in costume by little Miss Mertz has never failed to win hearty applause from the most critical.  
Financially, the play was also a success, having about a hundred and fifty dollar house. \$44 is netted for the Yeomen, who had the enterprise to put on the event.  
Castles in the Air.  
"We keep our automobiles in the mire," said Mrs. Blunderby.  
"That's where most of us keep our automobiles," returned her caller, with an inward smile.—Boston Transcript.

**Scouting.**  
Mrs. Howard—And so two of your sons are boy scouts? Where do they do most of their reconnoitering? Mrs. Howard—In a refrigerator.—Life.

**OUR BARGAIN COUNTER**  
We always have something at a BARGAIN  
This week we have as follows:  
Heinz Red Kidney Beans (regular 15c) 2 cans ..... 25c  
Fernell Spinach regular 15c now 10c large size 2 cans ..... 35c  
Fernell Little Neck Clams per can ..... 15c  
Van Camp's Spaghetti 3 cans ..... 25c  
Heinz Sauer Kraut regular 15c now ..... 10c  
Pie Peaches 3 cans ..... 25c  
Fernell French Lima Beans now ..... 10c  
Towle's Circus Brand syrup (maple flavor) full gal ..... 55c  
Fernell Peanut Butter large size per jar ..... 23c  
Sliced Pineapple small size 3 cans ..... 25c  
Don't forget to stop in and look over our bargain counter.

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

We are leaders in the **Fish Line** and invite your attention to these prices on a consignment received yesterday.  
Halibut Steak pound ..... 15c  
Mackerel, each 3 for 25c ..... 10c  
Smoked Chubs pound ..... 15c  
Norway Herring 3 for 25c ..... 10c  
Finnan Haddies or No 1 Smelts ..... 15c  
Smoked Trout or Russian Sardines, pickled ..... 15c  
Bloaters 3 for ..... 10c  
**FRESH WHITEFISH** and Trout every Wednesday and Friday  
OLSON & ANDERSON  
THE LEADING BUTCHERS.  
Phone 9  
745 Delta Avenue.

**GLADSTONE LODGE NO 163.**  
**KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS**  
Meets every Tuesday night in Castle hall, Minnecawas Block.  
All Visiting Knights are Welcomed.  
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 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 Assignees; 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 mortgages as follows:  
Lots five and six (5 & 6) of block twelve (12) and lot thirteen (13) of block thirty-two (32), city of Gladstone, in the County of Delta and State of Michigan, according to the recorded plat of said city.  
Dated this twenty-seventh day of January, A. D. 1912.  
MARY O'CONNELL Assignee of Mortgagee.  
JOHN POWER Attorney

**For Cooking Crisco**  
Better than butter. Get a can with your next order 25c  
Armour's Bouillon Cubes 2 for 5c  
Just the thing for these cold days.  
Andrew Marshall  
Phone 164

**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. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.  
MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 635 F St., Washington, D. C.



# The Presidential Campaign



Harmon, Clark, Wilson, Underwood, Folk, Foss and Marshall as Democratic Candidates For Nomination.

By GEORGE M. MORRIS.

THE air of doubt attending the selection of a nominee for the presidency at the national Democratic convention opening in Baltimore June 25 has been more pronounced than in former years. Democrat after Democrat has been boomed as good presidential timber, and early in the campaign it appeared that seven—Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio, Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, Governor Thomas B. Marshall of Indiana, former Governor Joseph W. Folk of Missouri, Governor Eugene N. Foss of Massachusetts, Champ Clark, speaker of the house, and Congressman Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama—would remain in the race to the finish. Three of the seven mentioned were seriously thought of by leaders of their party for the presidential nomination four years ago. In fact, their names were brought before the last convention.

The unusual situation in both of the great parties respecting the surplus of prospective White House aspirants has afforded the people of the country ample opportunity to learn the histories of each candidate by heart. Of course it should be remembered that each man has his enemies, and all that one reads, while apparently unbiased, is not so in fact, some apparently innocent paragraph or sentence containing an unjust criticism calculated to influence the voter. Yet, in spite of this, the public certainly should be able this year of all years to obtain an unprejudiced opinion of each man on his individual merits.

### Harmon a Fighter.

We have heard that Governor Harmon has fought rings and bosses in his own party and that some of his prestige today is due to his having been one of the special counsel appointed to investigate the Santa Fe railroad, all of which is true. Further, Governor Harmon is equally fortunate with the six other Democrats talked of for the nomination in that he has never been involved in a political scandal. His public career and that of President Taft have a striking similarity. Both were born in the same county of Ohio (Hamilton) and sat on the bench of the superior court in Cincinnati, Taft succeeding Harmon when the latter resigned to resume his law practice. Incidentally Harmon is a six footer.

Governor Harmon's platform, as informally given out, was threefold—first, tariff reform; second, economy; third, regulation of trusts.

### Missouri's Native Sons.

Missouri also has come forward with two native sons in the White House nomination contest. They are former Governor Folk and Speaker Clark. Folk was thirty-one years old when he began his fight against the St. Louis grafters, which fight helped to elect him governor of his state. William Allen White has said of Folk:

"One would say that his learning is not that of the college, but of the newspaper and magazine. He has, however, the sixth sense to know men and to hide himself that guided Mc-

Kinley. Always he puts on a good front, and intellectually he is growing. But his honesty is exceptional. It seems to be the result of a deliberate conviction of faith or creed that honesty is the best policy."

Some of the principles on which Folk has sought the presidential nomination were given at a dinner in St. Louis. He said:

"The doctrine of equal rights should be a living, vital and controlling force in the government. The Democratic party should insist upon the stamping out of graft and corruption from every department, the eradication of all special favors, bounties, subsidies and a tariff for any purpose other than revenue. We need honest enforcement of the laws and the regulation of rates of public utility corporations upon a reasonable basis."

Other principles named by him were the preservation of the right of the states to self government, the restriction of American territory to the western hemisphere, the extension of trade by revising the restriction upon commerce, an income tax, the election of United States senators by direct vote and opposition to the domination in public affairs of special interests and the elimination of such influences from politics.

### Clark and Bryan.

Perhaps Champ Clark is better known throughout the United States than ex-Governor Folk. Clark has long been identified with national politics, having been in congress since 1889, being elected to the speakership last year. He is one of the headlines on the Chautauqua circuit, being an orator of fine voice, wonderful command of language and bright wit. He is about six feet in height and weighs more than 200 pounds.

Speaker Clark's chances for the Democratic presidential nomination are thought by many to be fairly good. There are those who contend that William Jennings Bryan will influence the convention as to the selection of a candidate. Clark has always been on Bryan's side and is a regular in his principles.

Of course there are other candidates who have reason to believe that Bryan's support will go to them.

Henry Clay, Jonathan Dayton, John Bell, James G. Blaine, Samuel J. Randall, John G. Carlisle, Thomas B. Reed and Joseph G. Cannon are among the speakers who have aspired to the presidency, but failed to realize their ambitions. In the past the speaker has been held responsible for legislation, and as a result the men who have occupied the chair have made enemies and antagonisms that prevented them from going higher.

### Wilson's Candidacy.

Woodrow Wilson's controversy with Colonel George B. Harvey and other events since he became governor of New Jersey have brought his name prominently before the American people from time to time.

Wilson is strong on the trust question. He is in favor of the plan to

compel more publicity about the affairs of trusts and corporations.

"If we are to give them our money," he once said, "they must at least let us trouble them to see their consciences. If we could only see the souls of the board of directors and know how much they weighed, then we would know whether it would be safe to invest our money in them or not. If we only had knowledge how each of these corporations balance it would be immensely to our service. We can't abolish the trusts. We must moralize them."

### Underwood Long in Congress.

The south is represented in the presidential fight by Representative Underwood of Alabama, chairman of the important ways and means committee, which carries with it the leadership of the majority on the floor of the house.

Congressman Underwood is a native of Kentucky, a lawyer by profession and is fifty years old. He represents the Birmingham district of Alabama, in which is centered the great iron and steel industry of the new south. When Underwood first went to congress he carried the Ninth Alabama district by a scant 1,100. That was in 1894. The normal Democratic majority in the district had been 11,000. Since that time there have been only small contests against him. He was elected to the present congress by a plurality of 8,500 and re-elected to the Sixty-second congress by an increased vote.

Should he be nominated and elected he would be the first Democratic president from Dixie since James K. Polk was chosen in 1844.

Governor Foss formerly was a Republican. His views on the reciprocity questions are said to have influenced his changed politics. He has been active in business as in politics. As the head of a manufacturing industry he built up a comparatively small business to a great enterprise. He is a tireless worker. His doctrine is "early to bed and early to rise."

When Congressman Lovering of Massachusetts died Foss was nominated on the Democratic ticket for election to the unexpired term. To the surprise of the nation he carried this old time Republican district by a majority of 5,640. Later he was made governor by the Democrats.

### Candidacy of Marshall.

When Governor Marshall authorized the members of the congressional delegation from Indiana to use his name as a candidate for the presidency he made the reservation that he should not be placed in the position of being an active seeker of the nomination and that no pressure should be brought to bear on any one in Indiana to get him in line. He believes that the great national question is the tariff.

While the country is juggling with possibilities, work is fast progressing in the Fifth regiment armory, Baltimore, where the convention is to be held. It is estimated that the hall will hold 11,000 persons, seated and standing.

## The Doctor's First Strange Case, Which Won Him a Practice

By CARRIE DE MOIR

"TELL me, doctor, how it is that you are working into such a splendid practice. Is it natural adaptability for the medical profession, scientific attainments or hard work?"

"It is none of these. My start came from the faculty of adapting myself to my surroundings."

"Explain."

"On being graduated from the medical college I found it advisable to act for a time as house surgeon in a prominent hospital. I applied for a vacant position of this kind where the examination was said to be very severe and several young doctors had failed. I was told that they all knew too little about medicine to satisfy the committee. I made up my mind that they knew too much. When called before a lot of gray heads, instead of telling them about new discoveries of which they were ignorant I confined myself to the regime of thirty years before. The result was that I passed with flying colors."

"Just as I was about to leave the hospital for general practice I was called one day to go at once to the house of a maiden lady who took great interest in the hospital and was on the board of managers. The lady met me in the hall with the exclamation:

"I fear she's gone!"

"The patient is—"

"Tiny. Come quick! And she led the way upstairs to a bedroom and to a crib in a corner. I love children and have made their ailments my specialty. Therefore I was pleased to have an opportunity to help a child. Miss Murchison went to the crib, turned down the clothing and exposed—a poodle!"

"Overcoming my disappointment and a repulsion I have always felt at seeing a dog treated as a child, I held the poodle's paw, took out my watch and looked dubious."

"Oh, doctor, is there any hope?"

"Tiny is suffering from a tuberculosis of the left ventricle of the intestines. Formerly she must have died. Under the present methods she may be saved, but I must take her to my office and perform an operation."

"Can't it be done here?"

"On no account. All my instruments are there and all my appointments."

"I will send her at once by my man."

"I would not permit any one but myself to carry her. The heart is weak, and she must not suffer any shock."

"Oh, doctor, how good you are! Will you send me daily bulletins?"

"Every few hours till Tiny is out of danger."

"I took Tiny to my office and in an hour sent word to Miss Murchison

that she was out of danger. This was the truth, for the dog was dead."

"Patients calling on me the next day were told that I had an important case on hand and would not likely be at the office till evening. I was hunting a dog that looked so much like Tiny that Miss Murchison would not know the difference. I left my practice for three days to go to the dogs, but did not find a mate for the deceased till the afternoon of the third. She was a fat little beast, and it would never do to send her home after so serious an operation in so sleek a condition, so I put her on quarter rations till her bones looked for all the world like 'the ribbed sea sand.' Then I sent word to Miss Murchison that she was quite recovered and as soon as I could get a little flesh on her bones I would send her home. A request came back to send her at once, so I took her myself."

"Miss Murchison shed tears over Tiny's condition. The dog's appearance indicated clearly that I had had a hard struggle to save her life. I dreaded lest the lady should discover some difference between the old and the new, and she did."

"Why, doctor," she exclaimed, "how came that black spot on her stomach where it was pure white?"

"That, I said, taking out a magnifying glass to gain time. 'Oh, I see! That's where the incision was made. The skin was removed at that point, and frequently after such removal the hair grows again in a different color.'"

"But that tan on the end of her tail—did that come in the same way?"

"I pretended not to hear. When the question was repeated I had solved the medical problem upon which my answer depended."

"Tiny's brain has had a very severe shock, and the brain and spinal column are one and the same. In nervous depression human beings are liable to a soreness of the coccyx, though we do not usually find it in dogs. But, Tiny, you know, is so like a human—"

"She is, doctor, and your appreciation of this fact must have been of great advantage in her treatment."

"One disappointment is in store for you. I hurried on to divert her attention from any more different, or, rather, to prepare for another inevitable one. Tiny's memory has been impaired, and it will be a week or so in righting itself. I fear she will not remember her name. Try her."

"Tiny, Tiny, come here!"

"The dog paid no attention to the call. You are right, doctor. How skillful you are! How long did you say it would be before her memory?"

"Only a few weeks. Give her plenty of food and rest, and she will come out all right."

"Miss Murchison's appreciation of my skill has given me my start."

## THE COMPOST HEAP.

How It Is Made a Source of Profit in Foreign Countries.

We do not realize how carefully manure is preserved in countries where the purchase of artificial fertilizers becomes a burden. Sometimes an inclosure is fenced off to preserve the compost from the ravages of dogs. The heap is started by throwing in fine loam; then all the droppings of the henhouse are emptied there, the refuse from the table, scraps, feathers, entrails—anything which will decay. Whenever fresh material is thrown on it is covered with soil. Leaves and lawn clippings are all thrown there and allowed to stand about a year before being shoveled up and thoroughly mixed. Undecayed parts are then thrown on a new heap, and the ripe compost is used in the garden, about the flower beds, etc. It is such thrift on the part of foreigners in the intelligent use of fertilizers which makes them a wealthy people.

You never see heaps of manure about the outbuildings of these farmers while they complain loudly of poor crops. They will use all they can get at home and haul from town. Hen manure is the best of all farm fertilizers, but it must either be kept dry until wanted for use or mixed with enough soil to absorb the most valuable elements set free when the excrement is wet. Aside from the need of the fertilizer on the farm, there is danger that the neglected droppings will become a source of disease in the flock. —American Cultivator.

Awful.



Aunt (to niece at the telephone)—To whom are you talking, Ethel? Ethel—To Charley Beach. Aunt—What! Without a chaperon in the room?

## EARTH IS TAKING ON WEIGHT

An Estimated Gain of Ten Tons a Day. Facts About Meteors.

Probably 150,000,000 meteors fall on the earth every day, and nothing whatever leaves it; consequently it is growing in size.

Some of these bodies are so small that 10,000 of them would weigh only a pound. Others are immense masses of stone. The largest meteor actually seen falling weighed 500 pounds, but one was found in Mexico weighing sixteen tons, and Peary brought a meteor from Greenland of the enormous weight of seventy tons.

It is said that the average weight of all meteors is only one grain, so that probably, including aerolites, about ten tons weight is added daily to the earth. This is 3,650 tons per annum, and since the year 1 A. D. the earth has increased by about 7,000,000 tons, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. At this rate it would take 1,000,000,000 years to add one inch of thickness all over the globe. A meteor travels at the rate of 100,000 miles an hour, giving out a continuous roar when near the earth and sometimes exploding with a noise that can be heard forty miles. From shooting stars no sound is heard. They are only a little cloud of dust and gas. But as 7,000,000,000 come to earth yearly they also increase its weight.

A Small Job.



He (with personal narrative, fearfully thrilling)—To collect my scattered wits was the work of a moment. She—Yes; it would hardly take long, er.

Sitting Erect.

To be erect in posture, whether at the table or the desk, will make study or concentration easier. Not alone that, it gives a better chance for deep breathing, gives the inner organs a chance to work properly and does not cramp them and, as a result, keeps the mind clear and conserves energy that is usually wasted.

Faithful and Friendless.

"I try to do my duty," said the exceedingly sincere person, "and I do not hesitate to remind others of their duty. 'Go ahead,' replied the easy going citizen. 'You may prove to be a very useful member of society, but when you get through you'll have about as many sincere friends and admirers as an alarm clock.'" —Washington Star.

Saving His Face.

Master—Take that palm into the garden, John. John—Mistress said I was to put it in the balcony. Master—Don't answer me. You will put it in the garden first. Afterward you can put it in the balcony. —Lustige Blatter.

## The Sunday School Lesson

SENIOR BEREAN.

Golden Text, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses (Matt. viii, 17).

Verses 29-34.—Divers diseases.

The four disciples were with Jesus at the service in the synagogue, and when it was over "they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew." Jesus had no home of his own and gladly received the hospitality of his friends. They were always the gainers by this courtesy. "Simon's wife's mother." She was suffering from malarial fever, which was common in the marshy land by the lake. As soon as Jesus was told of her sickness he went to her bed "and took her by the hand." Grasped her firmly and "lifted her up." The virtue of his healing was "immediately" experienced by her, so that without any delay, owing to convalescence, "she ministered unto them"—waited on the guests. "At even, when the sun did set." The people waited till the close of the Sabbath at 6 o'clock before they invaded the house where Jesus was staying. They were yet to learn that it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day (Matt. xii, 12). "All that were diseased"—"sick." These were the only sorts of people who were brought to him by their friends and relatives. "He healed many." This does not imply that some had not been healed. It gives the impression of the numerous cases on which Jesus operated with success. "Possessed with devils," like the demoniac whom he had cured in the synagogue. "Suffered not the demons to speak." The testimony of these moral and mental imbeciles would serve no effectual purpose in advancing the kingdom of God: Jesus guarded against leaving confused impressions on the people, who were only too ready to make more of his miracles, which were secondary, than of his messages, which were primary.

Verses 35-39.—Itinerant preaching.

The claims that were made on Jesus were very exhausting, and he needed solitude for prayer. "A great while before day." This was probably at the morning watch, between 3 and 6 o'clock. "A solitary place," "a desert place" near Capernaum. The excitement of the previous day had not lessened, rather increased, and it was shared by the disciples, who had much to learn concerning the ways of their new Master. "Followed after him,"

literally "hunted him down" after a persistent search. "Simon" was already showing his impulsive spirit. It seemed to him and the three others that valuable opportunities were being lost and that Jesus must return to his ministry of healing and helping the people, but Jesus took a different view of this popular enthusiasm. "Let us go" (elsewhere) "into the next towns." His purpose was to spread his influence over a large area within the limited time which he knew was at his disposal "For therefore" ("to this end") "came I forth." This does not refer to his going out of Capernaum, which was for prayer, but to his mission, which he had received from his Father (John viii, 42; xiii, 3), to proclaim the gospel of God. "Preached in their synagogues." This short verse contains the record of an extensive preaching tour of which not a single discourse has been preserved (Bruce). "Cast out devils." This was not the only kind of works of mercy which he performed, but it was representative of his deeds of grace.

Verses 40-45.—Healing of a leper.

This unfortunate individual may have met Jesus on the outskirts of the city. He did not miss his opportunity to appeal to the pity and power of this sympathizing Teacher. "If thou wilt." He was confident of his power and humbly craved his grace. "I will." Was ever any disappointed who had petitioned this great and gracious Teacher? None. "Touched him." This was contrary to the Levitical law (Lev. xiii, 45, 46), but this particular touch brought cleansing, and so it was above all law. "Straitly charged him." Better, "sternly commanded him." The instructions were to be promptly carried out. Let him report first "to the priest" and make the required offering "for a testimony unto them," that he might receive the official certificate pronouncing him to be leuitically clean (Lev. xiv). Such a course would also make it quite clear that Jesus was an upholder of the law. Another reason for these injunctions was that Jesus did not wish to be judged primarily by his miracles. "But he went out." His intentions were doubtless good, but this leper unwittingly interrupted the synagogue ministry of Jesus. He was compelled to keep away from the towns, but even "in desert places" he had a following of those who came "from every quarter," to whom he delivered his message.



# The Weekly Farm Budget

## READY FOR FIRE?

How About That Unprotected House or Barn?

### SOME SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS.

Everybody Ought to Know Where Ladder, Hose, Bucket, Could Be Obtained at Once if Needed—Fireproof Safe Also a Good Thing to Have Around.

Before the flames that consumed a \$2,500 farmhouse had finished their costly work a neighbor said to me, "I have one good fire extinguisher now, and I'm going to get some more right away." And he will. A few disastrous fires in the same community show how inadequate is the fire protection and means of fighting a fire on the average farm. On every farm some preparation against a like calamity should be made.

I was at this fire in less than fifteen minutes from the time it was discovered, and I know that the building could have been saved had there been a good ladder and some pails to carry water to the blaze, but there was none to be had, says a correspondent of the American Agriculturist. As for ourselves, we have a supply of ladders always on hand, being interested along fruit growing lines, but the average farmer falls short when in need of a good, strong ladder. When it comes to fire protection our city brethren have an advantage over us, yet all of us could be better prepared for this unannounced visitor with mighty little expense.

Still another thing. More than one-half of our farms have a supply wa-

### AMONG THE "CRITTERS."

Long straw for bedding the farrowing sows is not good, as the young pigs are liable to get tangled in it.

If the cow has obstructed teats be very cautious about inserting milk tubes, probes or quills. Nothing of the kind should be inserted in a cow's teat except as a last resort and then only with the most extreme care and cleanliness.

Many a stock farmer has thanked his stars on cold mornings when he fed his stock that he built a silo last summer. Feeding silage under cover is a much pleasanter chore than hauling fodder from snow covered shocks in wind swept fields. A circumstance of this sort is a reminder that farming could be shorn of many of its expensive and unnecessary hardships for man and beast.

The man who can raise good live stock and does not do it is piling up a lot of profitless work for himself. Stock must have feed and care, and these are money. If the animal brings a profit the money is well invested. If it is a boarder some other part of the farm must make enough money to pay the board bill. When a man pitches hay he sweats. When he plays golf he perspires. The man with the poor live-stock sweats.

After providing plenty of windows and a good system of ventilation the next thing to put in the cow stable is a coat of white wash.

### CARE OF DAIRY HEIFERS.

Don't Expose Your Young Stock to Cold, Wet Weather.

The season of the year is at hand when the young stock suffer a great setback in growth through lack of proper protection and feed. The cold winds, often carrying rain or snow, have a penetrating quality which the youngsters are unable to resist. Their coats are not thick or heavy or are their constitutions such that they can withstand these cold spells of weather without the animal being severely chilled.

The dairy type heifer is probably the most tender of any of the young farm stock and suffers most from undue exposure. Dairy animals are all known to be very thin haired and thin skinned and are not well adapted to face severe weather.

Unlike her sister of beef qualities, which has a heavy, warm coating of hair and underling of fat, the dairy heifer is more tender and prone to suffer from the cold. A few cold, wet days chill her to the marrow, and for the time growth and development are checked. Her back becomes humped; she is not inclined to rustle for food and soon falls off in flesh unless she is given shelter and feed.

Many promising youngsters are stunted every year through neglect on the part of the dairyman or farmer, who knew of the danger and really intended to provide an early protection, but in the stress of work had neglected this important duty. It is a poor way to economize either time or money. Heifers or young stock of any sort should not be allowed to become chilled by fall winds. Don't neglect the youngsters.—Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal, Winnipeg.

### ORCHARD NOT A HAYFIELD.

Mistake to Try to Grow Grass and Fruit in Same Place.

One of the greatest drawbacks to successful apple orcharding in old communities like New England, says the Connecticut Farmer, is to get farmers out of the traditional notion that the orchard is a proper place in which to grow a crop of hay. But New England is not alone guilty in this matter, as evidenced by the following good advice sent out by the Wisconsin station:

The second most common use of the orchard is as a hay or grain field. This practice cannot be too severely criticized. It is nothing more or less than an attempt to double crop an area, with the result that neither is a success. It is practically impossible to grow a crop of marketable fruit in this state without spraying several times during the growing season, and this would be ruinous to the grain. As a result no spraying is done, and the fruit is wormy and scabby and often entirely unfit for the market.

## Two Speculators, or How The Dowry Was Increased

By GEORGE K. GIBSON

YEARS ago, when the flour trade of Minnesota was in its infancy, two daring speculators—Peter Muller of St. Paul and David Barnett of Minneapolis—waged a perpetual warfare to control the market. The two towns being near together, there was frequent communication between the families in each, and it so happened that a son of Barnett fell in love with and became engaged to a daughter of Muller. The parents of both being wealthy people for those times, it was expected that each would make a liberal donation to the young couple. Barnett, who was a generous man in every way, led off by announcing that he would take his son into partnership with him and give him a house. Having made this promise, he waited for some intimation of the intentions of Muller. Weeks passed and no such intimation came. At last Lena Muller told Frank Barnett that her father claimed that in America it was the custom for the husband to take his wife and support her without assistance from her father. As Muller came from Germany, where dowries are always expected, this argument was very weak and showed a penurious spirit.

Not long after that Muller received a business communication from Barnett stating that he had made a contract to deliver 10,000 barrels of flour and offering an astonishingly high price for the lot. Muller wrote that he would furnish the flour, but, as barrels were scarce, he would not include them in the contract. To this Barnett agreed.

It happened that the wedding had been arranged to take place a few days before the time agreed upon for the delivery of the flour. Mr. Barnett attended the wedding and was in excellent spirits. Mr. Muller seemed somewhat depressed. That day he had discovered he could not furnish the flour to Barnett. Of this he now informed his business rival.

"I know that very well, Muller," said Barnett. "I own all the flour in these parts. You can't buy a barrel of it anywhere."

"That was very smart of you, Barnett, to corner the market. At what figure will you settle?"

"Oh, give your daughter \$10,000 for a dowry, and we'll call it square."

"All right." And, going to a writing desk, Muller drew a check for the amount, taking a release from Barnett. Then the two men rejoined the wedding party and mingled with the guests. Just before the bride went upstairs to put on a traveling costume Muller

stepped up to her, and in presence of the guests, who were flocking around her, he handed her the check for \$10,000. The news of the gift was soon known to the assembly and the two towns, and for once Peter Muller got credit for being a very liberal man.

The next day Barnett went to Muller's office. He was ushered into the private room, where Muller transacted his most important business. Muller greeted him pleasantly and asked what he wanted to see him about so early in the morning.

"It's about barrels I have come to see you," said Barnett. "I understand that you have a lot of flour barrels."

"You're right there. I own all the barrels in Minnesota."

Barnett looked grave. "You want them for your flour," continued Muller, "and you shall have them. I was offered a good profit for them this morning, but I have been keeping them for you."

"Yes," said Barnett; "I want them. You know that I have contracted to deliver a large quantity of flour by the last of this week, and I have no barrels. What do you want for them?"

"Ach," said Muller, dropping into German, "I will turn them all over to you at the price I paid for them, only you give me a check for \$20,000 in return for the one I gave Lena yesterday, with one day's interest. Lena will get all I have when I die. Just now your boy will have to support her. America is a fine country. I like its customs very much."

Barnett smiled grimly. Going to a desk, he drew a check for \$20,000 and handed it to his rival.

"All right, Mr. Muller," he said. "Frank is perfectly able to take care of your daughter, and I'll engage that she shall have all that she has been accustomed to have."

"Good morning, Mr. Barnett. Come over with your family to my house tomorrow night. We have a few friends coming."

The next evening the Barnett family were at the Mullers', where they found a large company. During the evening Muller approached his daughter and said effusively:

"Lena, I will double your dowry. You give me the check for \$10,000, and I will give you one for \$20,000."

The checks were exchanged amid a clapping of hands and the congratulations of the guests.

"Come, friend Barnett," said Muller. "I want you to try some of a new brand of whisky."

When the two men stood opposite to each other, glass in hand, Mr. Muller said:

"After all, Mr. Barnett, a dowry is a good thing, but it makes a heap of difference who furnishes it."

### DRIVING NAILS LOST ART.

Importance of Teaching It Is No Longer Recognized.

"Strange as it may appear, the true art of driving nails is seldom taught, the neglect arising no doubt from the underrated importance of a supposedly insignificant natural faculty that is deemed too insignificant to receive special instruction. Rather entirely too few of those who practice it have served any considerable or worthy apprenticeship. Yet it is an operation that at once determines the worker's skill and should be a part of the apprenticeship training as much as that of the plane," says the Construction News.

"An experienced old time employer of workmen once remarked that his greatest difficulty had been to inspire his workmen with the habit of leaving off the last hammer blow in nailing siding and shingles. It seems rather curious that so many workers regard these light and frail materials as they do the heavier framing material when nailing.

"While nailing may be the immediate cause of splits, another very pronounced cause of the splits that appear in siding after it is nailed in place is because of the practice, steadily increasing on the plea of economy, of sheathing parallel with the course that the siding takes. This practice, though rarely regarded in its true effect, is entirely inconsistent with the recognized laws in mechanics which do not permit the laying of parallel fibers in building up thickness, as in veneer work or the laying of floors one over another. This has possibly come about so generally from the use of shingles in the place of siding, and for shingles it is permissible practice, but for siding and sheathing should be placed diagonally across the studing, not squarely. This method adds very considerably to the stability of the walls, as it serves to brace them against twist or rack."

### SHAMROCK AND GOLDENROD.

Once more the Irish, under skies of March,

In serried rank and music of the pipe

And ancient lilt, in sentiment entwined

Their harp of gold with bays of flowered stripe.

Once more our hearth the wild thrush lift its note—

That Munster wonder of a knight-lier dell;

Once more our redbreast clears his hopeful throat

To join with Patrick's songster in the spell.

Once more Columbia skies mild blessings blow

To Keltic courage from across the brine.

Lo, all the emerald ranks with splendor glow—

Their feasts Niagaras of wit and wine!

The banquet toasts the green and goldenrod,

For both are symbols of exalted names.

Columbia's flower, and both are born of God,

Like Patrick, patron of their sacred fanes.

And if they weep it is for bygone years—

High heaped was misery with weight untold.

Though sorrow wings from some eyes blinding tears,

The Keltic sword still flashes strong and bold.

The sufferings of Eld this day unite

A stronger Ireland under better skies.

Dark Saxon hatred later it must smite

To crush the robber as he bleeding lies.

The rifle pits were shivered with the charge,

Our blood bedragged banner at the front;

"On, Meagher, on!" the word, and at the marge

Of death the gold-green sunburst took the brunt.

Peace to your homes this day, O Irish hearts,

Clients of Patrick—saintly is his name—

Peace to your island and whatever parts

Which twine his glory with our country's fame!

Because you pin a shamrock to our blue

To deck this morn Columbia's pretty breast

This spray of goldenrod my hands here strew

To help the list of song and merry jest

—Lawrence Macdonald Sarfield.

King George's Private Name.

If the king were to renounce the throne and resolve to become an ordinary citizen he would be called George Wettin.

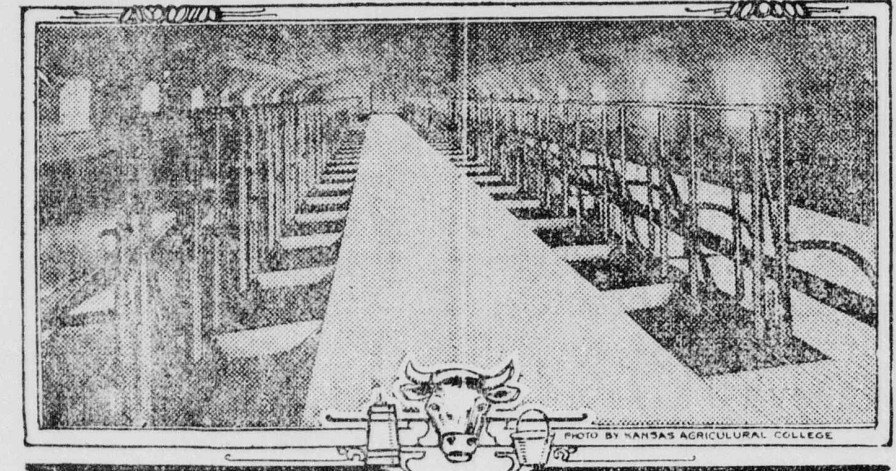
Queen Victoria married Albert Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha of the senior branch of the house of Saxony. The family name by which this house, dating from the middle of the tenth century, came to be known afterward was Wettin, and this was and is the surname of both branches—the Ernestine and Albertine—of the house of Saxony. The name comes from the castle of Wettin, near Magdeburg, which claimed Wittke as the founder of the race.—Tit-Bits.

Accidental Candor.

The hostess was so weary after an inordinately long call from a bore that when he at last rose to go she was almost incapable of coherent speech, and her verbs in consequence changed places in her final effort at hospitality. It ran as follows: "Oh, Mr. Peters, must you stay? Can't you go?"—London Opinion.

Five hundred trading vessels leave the Thames daily for all parts of the world?

## Dairy Barn at Kansas Agricultural College



[Showing arrangement of stalls, stanchions, gutters, feedways, mangers and passageways as recommended by O. E. Reed, professor of dairying.]

Here is a model barn for calves recently erected by the dairy department of the Kansas Agricultural college. It might be built for any large ranch or farm, but would be a bit too expensive for the ordinary farmer. It was put up at the Manhattan college because the large number of pure bred calves had to be more carefully attended to than was usual in a yard. This structure is frame, with concrete floor and back drains. The stalls are marked out with iron pipe stanchions and all the apparatus needed in such a place. Wooden feeding cribs are used. Ventilation is perfect. The barn cost about \$1,100 and the stall fixtures \$300 more. There are accommodations for forty calves and, in three large stalls, for three cows. The building is ceiled with ordinary matched ceiling. The same material is used on the walls also. The doors, too, are double.

ter tank, located high enough to force a stream of water over the average building, but so few have any means of getting that water where wanted, as could be done by a hose, and that hose ought by right to be thirty, forty or fifty feet long. And, say, could you put your hand on a pail if you wanted one for any reason whatever?

We also all know the value of fire chemicals, fire extinguishers, etc., and possibly one-fifth of the farmhouses are thus equipped. However, the loss in money is not all that a fire means. Far too often the deeds or the farm home abstracts, receipts, certificates, and so on, are destroyed, and these in a great many cases cannot be replaced. Two mighty safe and easy ways to protect such documents, of course, are available—one the safety deposit vault in the local bank and the other a small but fireproof safe of sufficient size to hold such papers of immeasurable value. To the farmer and his children the vault can usually be rented for \$5 or less a year, and a safe may be purchased at from \$15 to \$25 that will last almost forever. These may seem extravagant, but fires come unannounced usually, and every farmer that has lost such articles would gladly give three or four times the cost of a safe for the original documents.

### Save Your Trees From Pests.

Rabbits and mice may be kept from injuring the trunks of trees by boxing or placing galvanized wire screens around the tree trunks and covering to the height of twenty inches. This will also prevent sun scald, and it costs much less than to replace the trees after the rabbits have injured them. Remember to tramp the snow about young apple trees to prevent the mice from injuring the trunks in the snow crust.—American Agriculturist.

### Sweet Clover Instead of Alfalfa.

The conviction seems to be growing in the minds of those who have inquired into the matter that sweet clover—until lately viewed as a useless roadside weed—may have much to commend it as a substitute for alfalfa in sections where climatic or soil conditions seem to forbid the growing of the latter most valuable legume. No soil seems so thin and unpromising that the sweet clover does not flourish and do well in it.—Farm Progress.

### TALKS TO THE FARMER.

When you use both lime and barnyard manure on the garden soil apply them separately. The lime may be applied first; then after a week or two spread the manure. Lime in contact with barnyard manure drives off the ammonia of the manure so rapidly that it cannot be converted into nitrates for the use of plants.

### Co-operation.

A sarcastic old farmer once remarked that the reason farmers did not cooperate more was that there were too many of them who would rather lose a dollar than to see another make two. That may be true of some jealous, narrow minded farmers, but we do not believe it is true of the majority by any means.—Hoard's Dairyman.

### Use of Lime on the Soil.

The most rational use of lime on the soil is to neutralize the soil acidity, writes H. P. Fishburn of the Idaho experiment station. The acids found in the soil are products of the decayed organic matter. Most crops, especially the legumes, thrive better in a neutral or slightly alkaline soil, since nitrogen forming bacteria do not properly develop in acid soils.

### Right Kind of Grafting.

Seedling apple trees, unless of unusual merit, are of no value until they are grafted. Lots of them are in fence rows, where they do no good. They may be made to yield profitable crops in a few years by grafting to desirable varieties. The operation is very simple. Any one can do it. It can be done shortly after growth starts in the spring.—American Agriculturist.

### Protection For Small Fruits.

Some kinds of grapes, raspberries and blackberries are too tender to endure successfully the cold of exceptionally hard winters in severe climates. If you want to be on the safe side protect such varieties by bending them down along the row and covering them with earth. They will bend down easily if a little soil is first removed from one side of the roots.—Farm Journal.

### A Reasonable Request.

"Sit down!" exclaimed the man of few inches.

The man of many took no notice.

"Sit down!" repeated the little man again. "I can't see anything!"

But still the giant paid no heed, and the little man could only hear the tantalizing sounds of feet and carriage wheels as the procession passed along.

"Will—you—sit—down?" he cried for the third time. "I've paid 2 guineas for this seat, and you're blotting every blessed thing from view!"

Again no response.

"Well, if you won't sit down," roared the little man, thumping the giant on his massive back, "will you at least oblige me by tying your ears back?"—Answers.

### Wise Child.



Papa—Bobbie, what do you want for your birthday present?

Bobbie—Get me a bank mamma can't take nickels out of with a hair-pin.

### Resting His Nerves.

"Who's that man who just kicked the chair over and threw a pack of cards into the fireplace?" inquired one waiter.

"Oh," replied the other, "he's the gentleman who tries to rest his nerves by playing solitaire."—Washington Star.

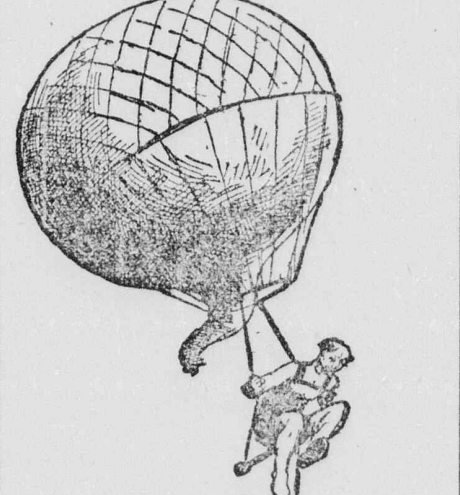
### Remarkable.

"A funny thing happened at the banquet last night."

"Did somebody quit speaking before he had made everybody weary?"

"No. A preacher who was called on for some remarks succeeded in getting through without telling a story that had a cuss word in it."

### Enterprise.



### Started Spectator—Great heavens!

There's a man caught on the anchor rope.

Wide Awake Publisher—Don't be alarmed. That's our advertising agent trying to get Professor Airey's color printing.

### His Theory.

Teacher—What is it that Shakespeare tells us "becomes the throned monarch better than his crown?"

Tommy—Hair.—Harper's Bazar

### Saved.

"By Jove, I had a narrow escape from death last week."

"Is that so, old man? Why, I hadn't heard of it. What happened?"

"I got sick and the doctor said I must have an operation at once."

"Yes? And?"

"And it wasn't until they were carrying me to the hospital that he found I didn't have any money and sent me back home."—Toledo Blade.

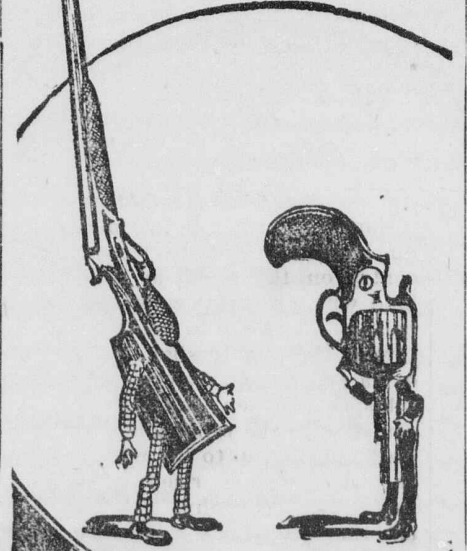
### Wealthy, Cold and Distant.

Shortleigh—My Uncle Frank is a veritable Klondike.

Longleigh—Why, how's that?

Shortleigh—Plenty of wealth, but cold and distant.—Smart Set.

### An Explosion.



### Under Water.

Tommy Cod—What is it they call a pessimist, pa?

Pa Cod—A pessimist, my son, is a fish who thinks there is a hook in every worm!—Puck.

### Luxury and Necessity.

"What is the difference between character and reputation, pa?"

"Character is a luxury, my son, while reputation is a necessity."—New York World.



PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY

Here is a somewhat startling change which the direct presidential primary plan would have made a crisis half a century ago. It would have nominated Seward instead of Lincoln in 1860. At the time the Republican delegates were chosen in that year, Seward's name had traveled much farther than Lincoln's. As a member of the Senate from 1849, he had been, successively a leader of the Whig and of the Republican parties. From the close of the campaign of 1856 to the opening of that of 1860, Seward was the "logical" candidate for the Republicans. In assailing him in the interval as the man whom they believed they would have to fight in the opening campaign, Jefferson Davis, Douglas, Toombs and the other Democratic leaders conceded Seward's ascendancy in his party. He was defeated in the convention by the plea of delegates from Pennsylvania and Indiana that, if he were nominated, the Democrats would carry those states for state officers in the election in October. Thus Seward, who led on the first and second ballots, was beaten, and his most formidable rival, Lincoln, nominated.

Under this method, Clay, and not Harrison, would have been selected for the presidential candidacy by the Whigs in 1840; Van Buren, and not Polk or anybody else, would have led the Democrats in 1844; Cass would have been the Democratic standard bearer in 1852, and not Pierce; Fillmore and not Scott would have been nominated by the Whigs in that year, and Douglas would have been the nominee of a united Democratic party in 1860. These are probable changes which the presidential primary would have brought in the conventions of the earlier day.

The presidential primary would have nominated Charles Francis Adams instead of Greeley in the Liberal Republican convention of 1872, whose ticket and platform were accepted by the Democrats; Blaine and not Hayes, would have carried the Republican convention in 1876; Tilden, the candidate of 1876, would have been renominated by the Democrats, in 1880, instead of Hancock; Sherman and not Harrison, would have been selected by the Republicans, in 1888, in the free-for-all race after Blaine refused to run; Bland, not Bryan, would have been the Democratic nominee in 1896.—The Yeoman Shield.

TARIFF EXAMPLE IN COFFEE

Our readers, living in this vicinity at least, are doubtless enjoying a taste of Free-Trade in their cup of coffee each day. It was possible for the poor man, before coffee was placed upon the free list, to buy a pretty good grade of coffee for 15 cents a pound roasted. Now with coffee coming into this country free of duty, the cheapest frost-bitten coffee sells at 30 cents.—Burlington (Colo.) Republican.

NOS MUTAMUR

How times do change! The politics that good republicans advocate now were considered socialistic and even anarchistic a few years ago. Some of the things that President Taft, in his progressiveness, advocates, were put down as examples of most pronounced radicalism not long ago. Remember when President Cleveland stood for an income tax to meet the cost of maintenance of government? That was looked upon as a radicalism almost unbelievable and the supreme court was pointed to as the bulwark of our national conservatism for deciding that an income tax is unconstitutional. Yet anybody can suggest an income tax now and be looked upon as a conservative. Inheritance taxes, workingmen's compensation measures, initiative and referendum, all once put down as socialistic doctrine are now conservatively advocated by practically every man of political importance. Many states are giving women the right to vote along with the men. Yet just a few years back and that was out of all reason. The primary election proposition, government regulation of railroads and a dozen other so-called paternalistic ideas of governmental functions, are now advocated as good doctrine and yet when William Jennings Bryan advocated some of these things in his first campaign he was put down as a flat-footed demagog, to whom the government of the nation could not be trusted. He was ahead of his time and the people were not ready for these things. Sometimes we think that they have gone too far in this progressive political game. But the fact is now that every body talks politics most of the time and policies that once were only whispered in dark corners are now openly advocated by men who stand before our nation in the light of presidential possibilities.—Houghton Gazette.

THE "RECIPROCITY" FAKE

At the demand of the Newspaper Publishers' Association, great Roosevelt supporters, Canadian pulp and print was made free of entry. They secured control of the Canadian trade and they at once put up the cost of print paper to all other American newspapers. Instead of reducing the cost of reading matter to the laity, it ran up some. The price of print paper in Oklahoma City, as a direct result of this newspaper trust has gone up, since Canadian paper comes in free, from \$3 a hundred in small lots to \$8.25 and from \$2.55 by the carload to \$1 per hundred, a jump of 5 per cent since the law went into effect.—Oklahoma "Capital."

The Scrap Book

A Lesson in Poker.

One of Cleveland's shoe stores has been conducting a bargain sale in men's shoes. In each pair of shoes in the show window there are three new one dollar bills, and the sign reads, "Three of a Kind Take One Pair." The three dollar shoes have been going rapidly. Saturday, however, a big young man entered the store and asked, "Do you sell these shoes according to poker rules, as advertised?" "Yes, sir," answered the clerk, who had played a bit himself. "Good. I wear a No. 9. Wrap me up two pair of them."

He received the shoes and handed over \$3. "Excuse me," said the clerk. "Those shoes come to \$6. You took two pair." "That's all right," said the young man, "but three of a kind beat two pair."

"I know that," responded the clerk promptly. "but three of a kind don't beat four nines." The customer paid.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You're All Right."

Many a heart is kept from aching. Saved perhaps at point of breaking. By these words—no trouble taking—"You're all right!" When you feel life growing colder, Just a hand upon the shoulder. Nothing greater, nothing bolder. Makes things bright. Say the words to those you're meeting And infuse a cordial greeting. Into just a phrase so fleeting. Words seem light. But they start the mind a-straying Into pleasant paths, obeying The suggestion in the saying "You're all right!"

Timely Advice.

When a certain financial panic broke out the senior editor of a trade journal published in the interests of business men and financiers was on a visit to a mining town. Fearful lest his junior in the office at home might give editorial utterance to pessimistic views and weaken public confidence still further, he hastened to a telegraph office and dispatched a brief message of advice.

It happened that the junior partner on this particular day had just become the father of a pair of fine twin boys. While his friends in the office were congratulating him upon this event a messenger entered with a telegram. He opened it and read the following message from the senior partner:

Dear George—Things look blue, but they will brighten up soon. Take a cheerful view of the situation. HIRAM.

No Sip For Him.

General Carter, who went to Texas in command of the regulars sent south for the maneuvers along the Mexican border, tells this story of an old Irish soldier: The march had been a long and tiresome one, and as the bivouac was being made for the night the captain noticed that Pat was looking very much fatigued. Thinking that a small drop of whisky might do him good, the captain called Pat aside and said, "Pat, will you have a wee sip of whisky?" Pat made no answer, but folded his arms in a reverential manner and gazed upward. The captain repeated the question several times, but no answer from Pat, who stood silent and motionless, gazing devoutly into the sky. Finally the captain, taking him by the shoulder and giving him a vigorous shake, said: "Pat, why don't you answer? I said, 'Pat, will you have a drink of whisky?' After looking around in considerable astonishment Pat replied: "And is it yez, captain? Begorra and I thought it was an angel shpakin' to me."—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Classified.

Lord Normanby is one of the few peers and the only marquis in England in holy orders. For many years he conducted a school at Mulgrave, and some good stories are told of his scholastic days. His charges led an unhampered life. Hampers were forbidden, and the boys' weekly pocket money was limited to threepence.

Once when expounding the mysteries of the creation Lord Normanby asked one pupil, who is now a well known politician, the difference between himself and a tiger, meaning, of course, the difference in the scale of nature. The boy thought hard and at last blurted out:

"A tiger, sir, is an imperfect beast; but you are—well, a perfect beast!"

Both Obeyed Orders.

During the war between the states an Irish Confederate was placed as sentry on the beach at Sullivan's island with orders to walk between two points and to let no one pass without giving the countersign, which, as an extra precaution, was to be given in a whisper. When the corporal came round with the relief guard he discovered Murphy up to his waist in water, the tide having risen. "Who goes there?" said Murphy. "Relief!" shouted the corporal. "Advance, then," cried the Irishman, "and give the countersign!" "Advance? I'm not going in there!" cried the corporal. "Come out and be relieved!" "Sure, I mustn't!" said Pat. "I wasn't to stir from my post till I was properly relieved!" "Then I'll leave you there all night!" cried the corporal, beginning to move off. "Begorra, you won't!" shouted Murphy, leveling his rifle. "Halt, or I put a hole in ye! No one's to pass without the countersign, and it's to be given in a whisper!" There was no help for it. The shivering corporal had to wade in.

PAID FOR HIS HASTE.

However, He Stood the Gaff Like a Dead Game Sport.

The huge bulk of Senator Boies Penrose might have been seen emerging hurriedly from the big Washington hotel where he lives, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Press. It was no trouble at all to observe that he was in great haste to go somewhere, especially when he hailed the only taxicab in sight and bade the driver break all speed ordinances getting him to the Union station.

"But"—began the taxi driver. "No buts," commanded the Brobdignagian senator. "I haven't a minute to lose."

"There's a gentleman just"— "Doesn't make any difference," interrupted Penrose. "Can't help it if you're waiting on two gentlemen of a bridal party. I've got to have this taxi. Hurry, now."

"You see, sir, the man"— Penrose burrowed through the door into the taxicab just as if it were all arranged and said: "Union station. Quick!"

Penrose is in the habit of getting what he desires, and the taxi driver, noting the glitter of his uncompromising black eyes, waived further argument.

The scene shifts now to the Union station, where Penrose is emerging hastily from the taxicab. Bystanders look on and wonder where the big passenger could have tucked himself in so small a vehicle.

"Here; keep the change," says Penrose, handing the driver a dollar bill as he rushes toward his train.

"But the other gentleman already owed \$7.50," the driver managed to blurt out. "I've heard of such things happening," growled Penrose. But he paid it without another word.

Ready With His Answer.

An English tourist in the Emerald Isle who was telling an Irish peasant about the immense size of the British empire said: "Well, Pat, and do you know that the sun never sets on the king's dominions?" "No, your honor," replied Pat. "Well, such is the case," went on the tourist. "But do you know the reason why?"

Pat immediately answered, "I suppose it is because heaven is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark."

A Dim Sense of Humor.

Colonel Abe Gruber, the well known Republican leader in New York city, is fond of telling the following story on one of the budding young politicians of his district. "One day in the last campaign a bright young chap in my district came to me and asked to go on the stump for the Republican ticket," said the colonel, "so I arranged it so that he could speak on the following Monday in one of the up state counties. He was back again on Tuesday thoroughly disgusted. 'That was a fine place you sent me to,' he protested. 'In the half an hour I tried in every way to arouse the audience. I used my best oratorical effects and told stories which I considered good, but for some reason I couldn't get a rise out of them, and when I finished I did not get a hand.' 'That's nothing,' I replied. 'I spoke at a meeting there about a year ago and, like yourself, couldn't get a rise. Finally I told a funny story, and one fellow away back in the hall laughed uproariously. And when the meeting was over a committee waited on me and apologized for the disturbance.'"

She Was No Paul Pry.

A woman who had a very faithful servant presented her with a ticket to a fashionable theater and was surprised when the girl returned home quite early. "Didn't you like the theater?" the mistress asked. "I did that, mum, and it was fine." "But why did you not see the play out? You are home early." "Indeed, I did, mum! There were grand ladies in the boxes and elegant



"THEN I CAME AWAY." gentlemen next me, and I had a lovely seat and enjoyed myself looking at the splendid picture as much as anybody. But when they took the picture up and I found myself looking into a gentleman's house and some ladies come in and began discussing family matters then I came away. It wasn't for the likes of me to sit and listen to family secrets. I hope I know my place better than that, mum."

UPPER PENINSULA

On March 24 a combined grange meeting and farmers' institute for Delta county will be held at Rapid River. C. B. Cook of Owosso, a practical farmer, will be the State Institute speaker and Mrs. E. J. Crepts, of Lansing, Deputy State Master of Southern Michigan, will be the State Grange Speaker. The program will be filled in by local talent and a forenoon, afternoon and evening session will be held. This is a move to thoroughly organize the institute societies of each county and to open a vigorous campaign for progressive grange work and the placing on the roll book of 10,000 grange members in the U. P. by the time the State Grange Convention meets at the Soc in December. Alfalfa, potato and clover clubs will be organized. All persons interested in agriculture or development work are heartily invited to attend.

Mayor John S. Lindsay, of Escanaba, is a candidate for reelection. He is opposed by Dr. W. A. Lemire, and two full tickets are in the field. The dove of peace will not light in the county seat this spring.

One of the strongest men who has announced his candidacy as a delegate from this district to the republican national convention in Chicago is J. C. Kirkpatrick. He has always been a loyal republican and would make a splendid representative for the twelfth district in the national convention. Mr. Kirkpatrick is one of the most prominent and influential business men of Escanaba, president and general manager of the National Pole company and up to the present week was a member of the board of trustees of the state hospital at Newberry. His associates and all who have had business dealings with Mr. Kirkpatrick vouch for his integrity. He has many friends in this city who will aid his candidacy and be pleased if he is selected as their delegate. — Soo Times.

That the state board of agriculture has been very lax in its support of the Chatham station, it need only be mentioned that hay and grain at the experimental farm has to be cut with scythes and "cradles." Now, since the board has decided to purchase a new whetstone, the papers should continue the warfare until the board decides to purchase a "side delivery dropper," and a few rakes. — Manistique Pioneer-Tribune.

The Northern Forest Protective Association met Monday in Marquette, and discussed its work of preventing forest fires. It has secured a great deal of publicity and support from all sources. Five-eighths of a cent of an acre is contributed by property owners, some with as few as forty acres. There are now nineteen wardens in the service, and all their territory is covered by foot. After providing each warden with a horse he will become a picturesque person, will be surrounded with the romance of the West, will be placed on a level with the Rocky Mountain forest rangers, all of whom are well mounted; and it is expected there will be a demand for positions as rangers, for reasons that are obvious. The rangers will be put in service this spring as soon as the roads permit travel by horseback.

Justice Riddell, of Ontario, cites an instance in which he was called to preside at the assizes in the Canadian court near to Detroit where four criminal cases and eleven civil cases were on the docket. On the Detroit side of the river a murder case was called at the same time for trial. Before a jury was secured to determine the facts in the Detroit murder case Justice Riddell had his four criminals on their way to the penitentiary, and seven of the eleven civil cases settled.—Detroit News.

Is the Cuban treaty of 1903 forgotten, wherein was violated the specific pledge of Protection for domestic sugar? No one but the Sugar Trust ever profited by that betrayal of Protection which Roosevelt bludgeoned through Congress. Not even the sugar growers of Cuba profited by it. Domestic consumers paid as much for sugar as they did prior to the treaty. The treasury has lost revenue through it at the rate of about \$10,000,000 a year in the last nine years, and the adverse trade balance has increased from \$20,000,000 to \$60,000,000 a year. Is the outrageous Tariff trade agreement also forgotten which Roosevelt secretly negotiated with Germany in 1907, under the provisions of which a law of Congress was nullified and German exporters were permitted to evade our Tariff duties by undervaluation?—American Economist.

CHURCH HISTORY

Some interesting data on the early history of the Catholic diocese of Marquette, which embraces the entire upper peninsula, is contained in the March number of Extension, a monthly magazine published in Chicago by the Catholic church extension society. The following extracts from the article should be of interest.

"The first missionaries that ever visited the upper peninsula of Michigan were two illustrious fathers of the Jesuit order, Raymbault and Jogues, in the year 1642. The second, the pioneer missionary of the Lake Superior country, was Pere Rene Menard, S. J., who came to this region about

1660 and was followed in 1666 by Father Allouez whose zeal for the conversion of the Indians inflamed the spirit of young Father Jacques Marquette, who came to labor among the Indians at Sault Ste. Marie in 1669.

"A worthy successor of the illustrious sons of St. Ignatius was Father Frederic Baraga; the man chosen by Divine Providence to bring to a successful issue—after a lapse of almost a century—the glorious work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

"In 1853 upper Michigan was made a Vicariate Apostolic, and Father Baraga was consecrated Bishop of Sault Ste Marie by Archbishop Purcell in St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati, Ohio, November

1, 1853. The history of the diocese of Sault Ste. Marie and Marquette really begins with the life of Bishop Baraga. "On October 21, 1854, Bishop Baraga ordained Rev. Father Thiele a priest. This was the first ordination that ever took place in the diocese of Marquette, and Father Thiele was the first priest ordained by the saintly bishop; and was immediately appointed to the Holy Redeemer parish of Eagle Harbor, the charge of which he retained until June, 1861. Removed to Mackinac Island he showed so much dissatisfaction that the bishop, agreeably to his wishes, returned him to his former parish—September of the same year. While in Eagle Harbor he built a church at Phoenix."

For Little Men
Our Spring Stock is being unpacked. We have made extensive purchases in the line of Boy's Clothing, which now is in proportion to our unrivalled line of Men's Garments. You can purchase from a wide assortment of different makes; every piece is of good quality, whatever the price. We urge fathers and mothers to visit our store, if only to see how complete our stock. Our liberal hours give everybody an opportunity to examine goods at leisure, whether you purchase or not.
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