

THE GLADSTONE DELTA.

Volume XXVII.

CHAS. E. MASON, PUBLISHER.

Gladstone, Mich., May 4, 1912

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

Number 6

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THE DELTA
PHONE 43

The Scrap Book

Eugene Ware's Quick Wit.
The ready wit of the late Eugene F. Ware, author of "The Washerwoman's Song" and other poems, is shown in the following story:
He was giving a dinner at his home in Kansas City, Kan., the place to which he had retired after he resigned from the office of pension commissioner at Washington under Roosevelt. The guests were equally divided between Missourians, from the twin city across the line, and Kansans. All present had imbibed the spirit of their genial humorous host.
Said a Missourian: "You Kansans always have your brass bands going and your flags flying. We, from Missouri, get tired of your cocksureness. Tell me, what have you decided about the hen, for instance. Does she sit or does she set?"
"We don't bother about things like that," flashed Ware. "What concerns us, when she cackles, is, has she laid or has she bed?"—Lippincott's.

Be Loving.
They gleam like the dawn of the morning,
These two little heart searching words,
And thrill with a passion of music,
Like rapturous carol of birds.
Be loving—they hold in completeness
The germ of a beautiful life.
The heart that with love is overflowing
Has no room for rancor and strife.

Be loving—true love is forgiving,
Unselfish and patient and kind,
Flies quickly to render glad service,
Some plea for the weakest will find.

Be loving, for never a blossom
That blooms in his garden above
Is dear to the heart of the Master
As the great white lily of love.
—Louise Jackson Strong.

Wound Up the Wrong One.
Jones was just putting on his coat when he casually remarked to Mrs. Jones that he would be working overtime that night.
"Don't wait for me, dear," he remarked. "I may be rather later than usual. But, there, it cannot be helped."
At breakfast next morning he was stonily silent, and the stillness of the room was not even broken by the tickle of the clock on the mantelpiece.
"Mary dear," remarked Jones presently, "there is something wrong with the clock. I wound it up last night too."

"Oh, no, you didn't!" said Mrs. Jones jellily. "What you did wind up was Teddy's musical box, and when you came to bed at 3 o'clock this morning it was playing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"
—Chicago Journal.

It Ticked Her.
E. H. Sothern, the actor, says that a laugh in the wrong place strikes chill to an actor's heart. "Sometimes," he continued, "it works havoc, as the following incident will indicate:
"A stock company was playing 'Othello.' At the point in the fifth act and smother Desdemona with a pillow, a burst of convulsive laughter pealed from the gallery. Othello at first paid no attention to the disturbance and went on with his lines—'Not dead, not quite dead!'—when another and more uproarious guffaw, coupled with the contagious giggling of a hundred women, caused him to arise in real rage and call the curtain.

"Next morning, while the leading man was at breakfast, the meek waitress who brought his dishes whispered apologetically, 'Perhaps I am to blame for the trouble at the play last night, sir.'
"How is that? the actor inquired with a frown, for he had just finished reading the local press notices.
"I—I'm awfully sorry, sir," she replied, "but really I couldn't help laughing. If there's anything that tickles me it's a pillow fight!"—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Americanized.
A somewhat unpatriotic little son of Italy, twelve years old, came to his teacher in the public school and asked if he could not have his name changed.
"Why do you wish to change your name?" the teacher asked.
"I want to be an American. I live in America now. I no longer want to be a dago."

"What American name would you like to have?"
"I have it here," he said, handing the teacher a dirty scrap of paper on which was written Patrick Dennis McCarty.
—Everybody's.

Carlyle, Emerson and Satan.
Carlyle and Emerson once had a passage of arms on the subject of the existence of the devil. Carlyle believed in the devil. He had a robust and defiant faith in such a personage, and we know that when Carlyle had a belief in anything it was so even if it wasn't so. The great American writer did not believe. They argued the thing for some time. "Well, come and see him for yourself," said Carlyle, and the poor poet, wondering whether the other had the devil chained up anywhere, put on his hat and went out into the London night. Carlyle took him round to various gin shops in Seven Dials, to certain dens of infamy and low class

music halls. "Do you believe in the devil now?" said Carlyle. Apparently Emerson did not. They finished up by going to the distinguished strangers' gallery of the house of commons. It was a wild night of impassioned speeches, sawing of arms and thumping of fists. Emerson had never seen anything like it and said so, and Carlyle nudged his elbow into Emerson's ribs and whispered gravely, "Do you believe in a devil now?"

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.
FROM shaking the furnace we now arise
With curvature of the spine,
Only to shudder in daylight and dark
The beating the carpet line.
From shoveling the snow we turn with joy,
With our backs bent two feet lower,
Only to stumble in daylight and dark
Over the old law mower.
—Baltimore Sun.

MADE THE JUDGE BLUSH.
Two Jolts to His Dignity That Came In Rapid Succession.
The late Chief Justice Waite, a man of extreme dignity, started for Baltimore one afternoon many years ago from the old Baltimore and Ohio station. He discovered, to his horror, that he had only a few pennies in his pockets. His train was due to depart in a few minutes, and his engagement was an important one. He looked around for a friend, but found none. So he fled boldly up in line to the ticket office. When he reached the window he smiled pleasantly at the agent and asked him if he recognized him.
"Now, I don't," snarled that amiable official. "What do you want?"
"I want a ticket to Baltimore and return," replied the justice. "I am

chief justice of the supreme court. I have no money with me. I must have forgotten my purse. I can give you my personal check."
"Oh, you can, can you?" interrupted the agent wrathfully. "You mean you can't! That game don't go with me. I just had two members of the cabinet try to work me for tickets, and the supreme court gag don't go half as good. Brush by! There's others behind you with the price!"
Justice Waite was dumfounded. He couldn't fine the young man for contempt of court, so he just glared at him and blushed and perspired.
He dashed out of the station in hope of meeting some one who could identify him. He had only a minute or two left. At the entrance of a saloon across the street he accosted the proprietor, a short haired, freckled faced Irishman, with the frantic inquiry:
"Do you know me?"
"Sure I do, yer honor," said the man behind the bar. "Ye are wan of the bosses of the supreme court. I see ye every day goin' by here on the cars."

"Will you cash a check for me? Quick! I have no time to explain!" And the excited justice grabbed a pen from the desk near by and began to write like mad.
"Sure I will!" agreed the Irishman promptly. "I have seen ould b'ys off on a tear before git out of money. Trust me, sir; I'll say nothin'. Is it a twenty ye want? Here ye are. Will ye have a drink before ye go?"
But the chief justice was on his way across the street, and he just managed to catch his train.—Edward Riddle Padgett in Washington Star.

A Surprise.
The Rev. E. J. Hardy, in his book "The Unvarying East," tells a delightful story. A young lady about to visit the Holy Land called on an old lady friend. She mentioned that she soon hoped to see Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Galilee and many of the other places mentioned in the Bible.
The old lady put down her work, removed her spectacles and exclaimed in great surprise, "Well, now, I knew that all these places were in the Bible, but I never thought of them being on the earth."

Gems In Verse

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN.
I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat,
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail,
And I wish that the one whom our blindness
Had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates, like an old friend
That waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find all the things we intended
To do,
But forgot and remembered too late—
Little praises unspoken, little promises
Broken
And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have
perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again,
And the ones we misjudged and the ones
whom we grudged
Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of our loving
handclasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know
had been best,
And what had seemed loss would be
gain,
For there isn't a sting that will not take
wing
When we've faced it and laughed it away.
And I think that the laughter is most
what we're after
In the Land of Beginning Again.

So I wish that there were some wonderful
place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heart-
aches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat,
at the door
And never put on again.

STORM LIGHT.
THE thick battalions of the rain
Tramp on the misty hillsides dimly,
I see along the sullen plain
Phantoms of nightfall gather grimly.

But from the gateway of the west
There comes a flood of gold outflow-
ing
That lights the passing sea bird's breast
And glides the hilltops with its glowing.

On rock and tree and grassy glade
Flashes the swift, transfiguring
brightness,
While lingering rainbow fragments fade
On leaden skies that clear to whiteness.

Then comes the closing of the gate—
The flame of glory falls to ashes.
The far and near are desolate
With clouds that wrap and rain that
lashes.
—London Evening Standard.

SONG.
Oh, what comes over the sea,
Shoals and quicksand past?
And what comes home to me,
Sailing slow, sailing fast?
A wind comes over the sea
With a moan in its blast,
But nothing comes home to me,
Sailing slow, sailing fast.
Let me be, let me be,
For my lot is cast.
Land or sea, all's or to me,
And sail it slow or fast.
—Christina Rossetti.

THE WISDOM OF YOUTH.
SHE has only turned eighteen,
Not a year her cheek has stained.
By no sad and tragic scene
Has her happy heart been pained.
But she'll tell you what to do
In the heat and din of strife,
Just as though she really knew
All there is to know of life.

She has studied Greek and French,
She has read philosophy,
But her heart has known no wretch
Due to grief or misery.
So she laughs our woes away,
And she tells us what to do
With our troubles every day
Just as though she really knew.

She has only turned eighteen,
She has merely sipped the sweet
Of life's nectar and has been
Where the clover kissed her feet,
And so we of wrinkled brow
And of battered heart just smile
When our daughter tells us how
To be happy all the while.

And we pray from day to day
That she'll never know the rough
Of life's sometimes troubled way
Or complain of its rebuff.
And we pray she'll never meet
With the heartache of the strife.
In the sunshine and the sweet
May she read her book of life.
—Detroit Free Press.

LIFE.
WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,
not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts
the best.
Life's but a means unto an end, that end
Beginning, mean and end to all things—
God.
—Phillip James Bailey.

CLEAR THE WAY.
Lo, a cloud's about to vanish
From the day
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo, the right's about to conquer!
Clear the way!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door.
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action
Clear the way!
—Charles Mackay.

TO THE VOTERS OF DELTA CO.

Escanaba, Mich., April 29th 1912.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Delta county Treasurer at the Republican primaries next August.

To those to whom I am not personally known, let me say that I have lived in Escanaba for many years both as merchant and public officer, having held the office of County Treasurer before. The work of treasurer during those years being some of the most difficult and complicated in the history of that office, as the result of the many changes in the tax laws; but I discharged the duties of the office promptly, correctly and honestly as the records will show. The last seven years I have been employed as salesman by the Delta Hdwe. Co.

If successful at the polls, I can assure the voters that I will attend strictly to the duties of the office personally and give as good service to the public as I did before, and better if possible.
Upon this basis I ask your support.

6-10 LOUIS N. SCHEMMELE.

ROOSEVELT

"Expert in nothing, dilettante at everything, he demolishes the notion that success must be reached by specializing and concentrating.
"Politician? Unquestionably.
"Scholar? No.
"Philosopher? No.
"What then? A supreme agitator."
—Judson C. Welliver, in Munsey's.

NOT OF THE COLONEL.

It is intimated that Mr. Bryan might want to be a candidate again if the Republicans nominated the colonel. Why not against Mr. Taft? Is Mr. Bryan afraid of the president?—Mining Journal.

THE GREAT LAWBREAKER

"When the great union station was built in Washington and the Pennsylvania railroad depot, which cost \$250,000, torn down, congress authorized its use by the war department with the idea of saving thousands of dollars a year previously paid for rented quarters. But before the department could take possession, President Roosevelt, for some reason or other, decided not to obey the law. He gave written directions to the army engineer officer in charge of buildings and ground in Washington, that the big station be wrecked and the material removed. This was done. The government received \$1,000 for this \$250,000 building and loses \$10,000 a year, which it could have saved in rentals. That is a sample of government by executive choice.

"Again, when congress refused to authorize the appointment of commissions for all sorts of purposes on President Roosevelt's recommendation, he created them anyhow, without authority of law. Not being able to obtain appropriations for the maintenance, he, by executive order, deliberately diverted appropriations previously made by congress. To do this he detailed a large number of department employees to duty with these commissions and paid them from the department funds in defiance of the law and the will of congress. And when congress enacted legislation specifically making illegal such diversion of appropriations and prohibiting government auditors from approving payments of this sort, Mr. Roosevelt, in the presence of 10,000 people in St. Paul, in September, 1910, not only criticized this provision of law and the man who drew it, but made the emphatic declaration 'Had I continued as president of the United States I would not have obeyed the law.'—J. A. Tawney.

While the editor of this paper has been a consistent supporter of President Win. H. Taft for re-election and has followed under his banner without regard to the, at times favorable, and at other times adverse winds, we have spoken of his opponent in such a manner, that we could consistently support him in the event of his securing the republican nomination. We fear, however, that we cannot always follow this course for the reason that we think that a man who aims to fill the chair at Washington which has been honored by such men as Washington, Lincoln, Cleveland and even Theodore Roosevelt, should endeavor to rise above the level of a ward politician in his quest for further honors from the people of the United States.—Mohawk Miner.

"The Press Bunch"

Detroit, the town where life's worth living, appears to need a baseball team and a newspaper.—Mining Journal.

Many fruit trees have been sold for planting in Delta county this season. The Upper Peninsula is surely coming to the front.—Grand Rapids Fruit Belt.

The Democratic idea of Tariff legislation is that it pays to throw a man out of work in order to buy what he produces a few cents cheaper.—Bristol (Pa.) Courier.

Two masked robbers took \$14,000 in currency from the depot office of the Globe Express company at Grand Junction, Col., Monday. This was not fair. The express people never wear masks.—Soo Times.

That the officials of the city of Escanaba will cooperate with a general clean up movement to be inaugurated in all parts of the state in response to a proclamation issued by Gov. Warner was assured last night.—Morning Press. Has the Press so far severed relations with its old friend Osborn as to ignore him entirely?

When the United States senate investigated the charges made against Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, it found that his expenditures in the campaign before the primary amounted to a little less than \$2 per vote. It now develops that the campaign in the interest of Colonel Roosevelt before the New York primaries which elected delegates to the National Convention at Chicago, required the expenditure of \$4 per vote. It was the friends of Colonel Roosevelt who attacked the Wisconsin methods most severely.

Says the Duluth Herald, Democratic, "The American Protective Tariff League is sending out circulars about the tariff. We must confess that we haven't read the circular. We got no farther than the letterhead, which contains the statement that the league is 'devoted to the protection of American labor.'" Here the editor of the Herald turns away in horror to write a quarter of a column in protest, and winds up with "It is all very clear now that we have studied it." This is the typically Democratic way of studying economic questions, "to read no farther."

The Menominee Herald-Leader has made many foolish statements in its time, but one of the most foolish we have seen it make appeared in its issue of Wednesday when it headed an article "Roosevelt by Acclamation." Roosevelt may have gone mad, but the American people certainly have not and will not stand for the nomination of Roosevelt by acclamation or any other way. The country has had altogether too much of Roosevelt's policies for its own good—the big stick has already been wielded too much for the best interests of the country. What the country needs now is an opportunity to get back to business principles, under which it had prospered, as no other country under the sun has prospered.—Crystal Falls Diamond Drill.

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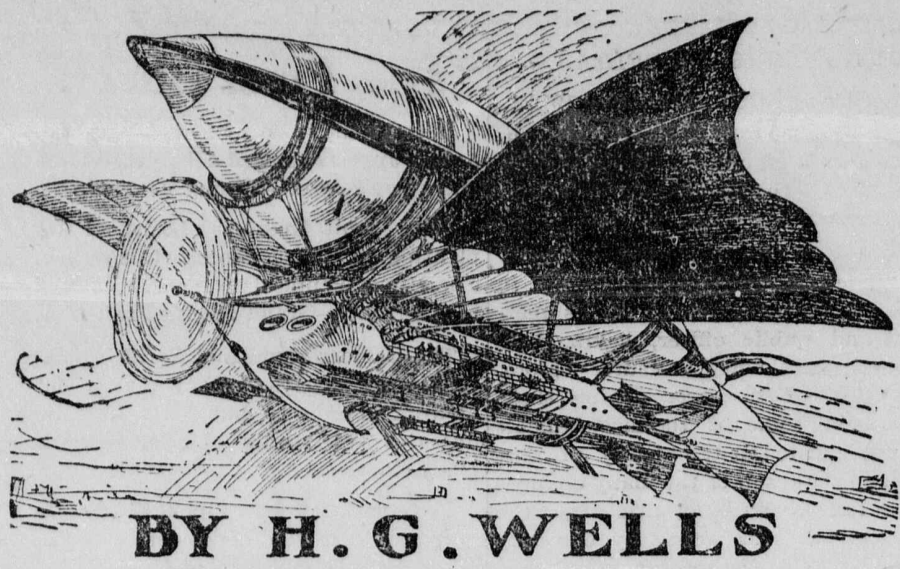
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OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

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, German 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 reach New York and find 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 helplessly over Labrador. Prince Karl Albert learns by wireless that the whole world is at war. The Graf Zeppelin rescues him, and he finds awaiting him at Niagara Falls the Asiatic air fleet. Bert is left on Goat Island and sees the Asiatics destroy the German airships and capture and burn Niagara city. Bert finds himself a prisoner on Green island. Bert meets Prince Karl, tries to repair an Asiatic aeroplane and quarrels with the prince, who tries to shoot him. They hunt each other, and Bert kills the prince with an oxygen bullet. Bert then rises from Goat Island in the Asiatic aeroplane.

"I Dropped Soft!"

I tumbled to Bert presently to twist his knees and legs inward and grip with them or surely he would have been bumped into two clumsy halves. And he was going up 100 yards high, 200, 300, over the streaming, frothing wilderness of water below, up, up, up. That was all right. But how presently would one go horizontally? He tried to think if these things did go horizontally. No. They flapped up and then soared down. For a time he would keep on flapping up. Tears streamed from his eyes. He wiped them with one temerarily disengaged hand.

Was it better to risk a fall over land or over water—such water?

He was flapping up above the upper rapids toward Buffalo. It was at any rate a comfort that the falls and the wild swirl of waters below them were behind him. He was flying up straight. That he could see. How did one turn?

He was presently almost cool, and his eyes got more used to the rush of air, but he was getting very high—very high. He tilted his head forward and surveyed the country, blinking. He could see all over Buffalo, a place with three great blackened scars of ruin, and hills and stretches beyond. He wondered if he was half a mile high or more. There were some people among some houses near a railway station between Niagara and Buffalo and then more people. They went like ants busily in and out of the houses. He saw two motorcars gliding along the road toward Niagara city. Then far away in the south he saw a great Asiatic airship going eastward. "Oh, Gawd!" he said and became earnest in his ineffectual attempts to alter his direction. But that airship took no notice of him, and he continued to ascend convulsively. The world got more and more extensive and maplike. Click, click, click, click. Above him and very near to him now was a hazy stratum of cloud.

He determined to disengage the wing clutch. He did so. The lever resisted his strength for a time, then over it came, and instantly the tail of the machine cocked up and the wings became rigidly spread. Instantly everything was swift and smooth and silent. He was gliding rapidly down the air against a wild gale of wind, his eyes three-quarters shut.

A little lever that had hitherto been obdurate now confessed itself mobile. He turned it over gently to the right and whirloo—the left wing had in some mysterious way given at its edge and he was sweeping round and downward in an immense right handed spiral. For some moments he experienced all the helpless sensations of catastrophe. He restored the lever to its middle position with some difficulty and the wings were equalized again.

He turned it to the left and had a sensation of being spun around backward. "Too much!" he gasped.

He discovered that he was rushing down at a headlong pace toward a railway line and some factory buildings. They appeared to be tearing up to him to devour him. He must have dropped all that height. For a moment he had the ineffectual sensations of one whose bicycle bolts down hill. The ground had almost taken him by surprise. "Ere!" he cried, and then with a violent effort of all his being he got the beating engine at work again and set the wings flapping. He swooped down and up and resumed

his quivering and pulsating ascent of the air.

He went high again until he had a wide view of the pleasant upland country of western New York state and then made a long coast down, and so up again, and then a coast. Then as he came swooping a quarter of a mile above a village he saw people running about, running away, evidently in relation to his hawk-like passage. He got an idea that he had been shot at.

"Up!" he said and attacked that lever again. It came over with remarkable docility, and suddenly the wings seemed to give way in the middle. But the engine was still! It had stopped. He flung the lever back rather by instinct than design. What to do?

Much happened in a few seconds, but also his mind was quick—he thought very quickly. He couldn't get up again. He was gliding down the air; he would have to hit something.

He was traveling at the rate of perhaps thirty miles an hour down—down. That plantation of larches looked the softest thing—mossy almost.

Could he get it? He gave himself to the steering. Round to the right—left!

Swirloo! Crackle! He was gliding over the tops of the trees, plowing through them, tumbling into a cloud of green sharp leaves and black twigs. There was a sudden snapping, and he fell off the saddle forward. A thud and a crashing of branches! Some twigs hit him smartly in the face.

He was between a tree stem and the saddle, with his leg over the steering lever and so far as he could realize not hurt. He tried to alter his position and free his leg and found himself slipping and dropping through branches, with everything giving way beneath him. He clutched and found himself in the lower branches of a tree beneath the flying machine. The air was full of a pleasant resinous smell. He stared, for a moment motionless, and then very carefully clambered down branch by branch to the soft needle covered ground below.

"Good business," he said, looking up at the bent and tilted kite wings above.

"I dropped soft!"

He rubbed his chin with his hand and meditated. "Blowed if I don't think I'm a rather lucky fellow!" he said, surveying the pleasant, sun bespattered ground under the trees. Then he became aware of a violent tumult at his side. "Lord," he said, "you must be 'art smothered!" and extracted the kitten from his pocket handkerchief and pocket. She was twisted and crumpled and extremely glad to see the light again. Her little tongue peeped between her teeth. He put her down, and she ran a dozen paces and shook herself and stretched and sat up and began to wash.

"Nex?" he said, looking about him, and then, with a gesture of vexation, "Desh it, I ought to 'ave brought that gun!"

He had rested it against a tree when he had seated himself in the flying machine saddle.

He was puzzled for a time by the immense peacefulness in the quality of the world, and then he perceived that the roar of the cataract was no longer in his ears.

He had no very clear idea of what sort of people he might come upon in this country. It was, he knew, America. Americans he had always under-

stood were the citizens of a great and powerful nation, dry and humorous in their manner, addicted to the use of the bowie knife and revolver and in the habit of talking through the nose.

He decided to abandon the shattered flying machine. He wandered through the trees for some time and then struck a road that seemed to his urban English eyes to be remarkably wide, but not properly "made."

Presently Bert came to a big wooden house standing casually among the trees. It looked a bleak, bare box of a house to him; no creeper grew on it; no hedge nor wall nor fence parted it off from the woods about it. He stopped before the steps that led up to the door, perhaps thirty yards away. "The place seemed deserted. He would have gone up to the door and rapped, but suddenly a big black dog appeared at the side and regarded him. It was a huge heavy jawed dog of some unfamiliar breed, and it wore a spike studded collar. It did not bark nor approach him; it just bristled quietly and emitted a single sound like a short, deep cough.

Bert hesitated and went on. He stopped thirty paces away and stood peering about him among the trees. "If I 'ave'n't been and let that kitten," he said.

Acute sorrow wrenched him for a time. The black dog came through the trees to get a better look at him and coughed that well bred cough again. Bert resumed the road.

"She'll do all right," he said. "She'll catch things."

"She'll do all right," he said presently without conviction. But if it had not been for the black dog he would have gone back.

Bert came to houses of the same detached, unvalued, wooden type, but adorned now with emmeled advertisements partly in English and partly in Esperanto. Then he came to what he concluded was a grocer's shop. It was the first house that professed the hospitality of an open door, and from within came a strangely familiar sound. "Gaw!" he said, searching in his pockets. "Why, I 'ave'n't wanted money for free weeks! I wonder if I—Grubb 'ad most of it. Ah!" He produced a handful of coins and regarded it—three pennies, sixpence and a shilling. "That's all right," he said, forgetting a very obvious consideration.

He approached the door, and as he did so a compactly built, gray faced man in his shirt sleeves appeared in it and scrutinized him and his cudgel. "Mornin'," said Bert. "Can I get anything to eat 'r drink in this shop?"

The man in the door replied, thank heave, in clear, good American. "This, sir, is not a shop, it is a store."

"Oh!" said Bert, and then, "Well, can I get anything to eat?"

"You can," said the American in a tone of confident encouragement and led the way inside.

The shop seemed to him by his Bun Hill standards extremely roomy, well lit and unencumbered. Some men were assembled round one of the tables, and a woman of perhaps five and thirty leaned with her elbows on the counter. All the men were armed with rifles, and the barrel of a gun peeped above the counter. They were all listening idly, inattentively, to a cheap, metallic toned gramophone that occupied a table near at hand. From its brazen throat came words that gave Bert a qualm of homesickness, that brought back in his memory a sunlit beach, a group of children, red painted bicycles, Grubb and an approaching balloon:

"Ting-a-ling-a-ting-a-ling-a-ting-a-ling-a-ting."

What price hatpins now?

A heavy necked man in a straw hat who was chewing something stopped the machine with a touch, and all their eyes were fixed eyes.

"Can we give this gentleman anything to eat, mother, or can we not?" said the proprietor.

"He kin have what he likes," said the woman at the counter without moving, "right up from a cracker to a square meal." She struggled with a yawn after the manner of one who has been up all night.

"I want a meal," said Bert, "but I 'ave'n't very much money. I don't want to give mo'n' a shillin'."

"More'n a what?" said the proprietor sharply.

"More'n a shillin'," said Bert, with a sudden disagreeable realization coming into his mind.

"Yes," said the proprietor, startled for a moment from his courtly bearing. "But what is a shilling?"

"He means a quarter," said a wise looking, lank young man in riding gaiters.

Bert, trying to conceal his consternation, produced a coin. "That's a shilling," he said.

"He calls a store a shop," said the proprietor, "and he wants a meal for a shilling. May I ask you, sir, what part of America you hail from?"

Bert replaced the shilling in his pocket as he spoke. "Niagara," he said.

"And when did you leave Niagara?"

"Bout an hour ago."

"Well!" said the proprietor and turned with a puzzled smile to the others.

"They asked various questions simultaneously."

Bert selected one or two for reply. "You see," he said, "I been with the German air fleet. I got caught up by them, sort of by accident, and brought over here."

"From England?"

"Yes—from England. Way of Germany. I was in a great battle with them Asiatics, and I got 'left' on a little island between the falls."

"Gont island?"

"I don't know what it was called. But any'ow I found a flying machine and made a sort of fly with it and got 'ere."

[To be continued.]

A Glance at Current Topics

THE political schedule includes the South Carolina "illy white" (Republican) state convention at Columbia and the Delaware Republican state convention at Dover May 4, the Nevada Republican and the Washington Democratic state conventions May 6, the former at Fallon and the latter at Walla Walla; the Pennsylvania Democratic state convention at Harrisburg May 7, the Kansas Republican state convention at Independence May 8 and the Iowa Democratic state convention at Burlington May 9.

In view of the tense political situation in Ohio over the rivalry for the Democratic presidential nomination the party's convention at Toledo June 4 and 5 promises to be very lively. The Minnesota Democratic state convention will take place at Duluth June 6. The state central committee of Minnesota turned down a motion when it set the convention date which called for a presidential preference primary.

The Lure of the Far North.

Necessary funds being assured, nothing now stands in the way of the expedition to Crocker Land which is to be made this year under the auspices of the Museum of Natural History, New York, and the American Geo-



Photo by American Press Association. Roald Amundsen, Who Now Contemplates Dash for North Pole.

graphical society. George Borup and Donald B. MacMillan, who were with Peary in 1906 when the north pole explorer thought he saw such a place as Crocker Land, will lead the expedition, which will leave Sydney, Nova Scotia, July 20, and it is probable that the Diana, one of Peary's vessels, will be used on the two year trip in the Arctic ocean.

Word came from St. Petersburg, Russia, recently that Captain Sedoff is organizing a north pole expedition, intending to start for Franz Josef Land this summer and from there to make a dash for the pole.

Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian, is said to have made up his mind to reach the north pole in the course of the next three years.

Confederate Veterans' Reunion.

The city of Macon, Ga., is in gala dress for the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. The association, whose commander is Lieutenant General C. Irvine Walker, was organized June 10, 1880, in New Orleans, in which city are its permanent headquarters, and the number of members, according to the last report, is about 55,000. The last reunion was held at Little Rock, Ark. The United Sons of Veterans held their annual convention at Macon at the same time as the present veterans' encampment.

Another convention which is of importance in the southern states will be held in Nashville, Tenn., May 10, the day following the veterans' adjournment. This convention will be a congress which was called by Governor Hooper for the study and discussion of social problems affecting the south.

The New Star Professor Enno Found.

Professor Philip Fox, astronomer of Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Chicago, has located the star discovered March 12 by Professor Enno in Norway. The star is in the constellation of Gemini, or Twins, above Castor and Pollux, and is visible to the naked eye. It can be seen just after dusk at the meridian. Professor Fox says that in his observations of the star's spectroscopic he discovered hydrogen and helium in bright lines, which would indicate a gaseous body.

One theory is that the star is a gaseous body, which has been in collision with nebulae and become fired, and another is that it represents two large gaseous envelopes, both flaming.

The Hilprecht Dispute.

One of the most important scientific missions undertaken for a long time was that intrusted to Professor Stephen Langdon, who holds the chair of Assyriology at Jesus college, Oxford, and who is the only American ever called to an Oxford chair. His mission is to translate the Nippur religious texts in Constantinople, and he has gone to do this work at the request of leading scholars of Europe and at the invitation of the Turkish government.

The controversy over the tablets discovered at Nippur by Dr. Hermann V. Hilprecht, formerly professor of Assyriology and Semitic languages at the University of Pennsylvania, was thought to have closed in December, 1911, when the trustees of the univer-

sity refused to accept the representations of his friends and reported that the allegations made by them to the effect that the tablets had been tampered with were not substantiated. Professor Hilprecht resigned from the university in November, 1910.

A tablet which Professor Hilprecht said was an ancient account of Noah's deluge was denounced at a meeting of the American Oriental society in Baltimore by Professor George A. Barton of Bryn Mawr as absolutely wrong in translation and interpretation and of no value to Biblical scholars.

Tuberculosis Experiment.

An experiment to demonstrate a plan to wipe out centers of tuberculosis infection in tenement districts of New York and other cities has been taken up by the New York Association For Improving the Condition of the Poor. An entire section of the East river homes, more familiarly known as the Vanderbilt tenements, was leased for three years and converted into a home hospital.

In this new institution the association began an experiment in the home treatment of consumptives and the relief of persons suffering from the disease. The plan was that into each of the twenty-four apartments would be moved a family which is dependent because of tuberculosis and which has been under the care of the association. For the next three years an effort will be made to determine whether the spread of tuberculosis can be checked and cures effected under medical direction, aided by competent nursing, adequate relief, freedom from worry, fresh air and sunshine and room for reasonable segregation.

According to the statistics of the health department, New York city suffered a loss of 10,074 lives in 1910 as the result of this one disease. There were in the same year 32,065 new cases reported, and it is conservatively estimated that there were 50,000 living cases in the city a year ago.

More Than 1,000 Delegates.

The reapportionment act and admission of New Mexico and Arizona as states will give the Republican national convention more than 1,000 delegates this year. This is the first time that the number will have been so large in a Republican national convention.

"On to Chicago!" Suffrage Cry.

Fifty thousand women will march on the Republican national convention in Chicago in June and ask it to endorse the equal suffrage cause if plans formulated in Chicago are carried out. Dr. Anna Blount, one of the leaders in the cause, has said that every state in the Union will be represented by women's clubs at convention time.

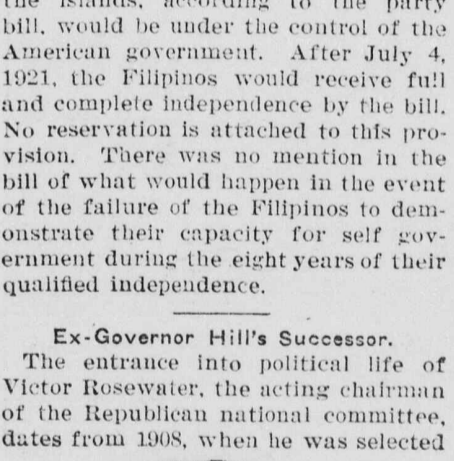
Filipino Independence.

Chairman William A. Jones of the house insular affairs committee and Representative F. J. Garrett, its second ranking member, are the fathers of the recently constructed party bill for Philippine independence. Qualified or probationary independence for eight years from July 4, 1913, until July 4, 1921, and after that full independence was the plan of the leaders of the Democratic house of representatives. During the period of qualified independence it was provided that the Filipinos elect their own congress, composed of house and senate, and a president, the latter to be appointed by the president of the United States subject to confirmation by the United States senate. A supreme court and inferior courts were also urged, but no change was recommended in the judiciary system beyond the appointment of judges by the Philippine president.

While the eight year probationary period lasts the foreign relations of the islands, according to the party bill, would be under the control of the American government. After July 4, 1921, the Filipinos would receive full and complete independence by the bill. No reservation is attached to this provision. There was no mention in the bill of what would happen in the event of the failure of the Filipinos to demonstrate their capacity for self government during the eight years of their qualified independence.

Ex-Governor Hill's Successor.

The entrance into political life of Victor Rosewater, the acting chairman of the Republican national committee, dates from 1908, when he was selected



Victor Rosewater, Acting Head of Republican National Committee.

as delegate at large to the Republican national convention from Nebraska, and since 1908 he has been the representative from his state on the Republican national committee. Mr. Rosewater is a native of Omaha, a newspaper man and forty-one years old. He was vice chairman of the committee, succeeding John Fremont Hill upon the death of the latter.



Victor Rosewater, Acting Head of Republican National Committee.

Probably the most desolate, dreary spot in the world inhabited by white men is the lighthouse maintained by the Argentine government at Cape Horn. This is claimed to be the southernmost lighthouse in the world.—American Traveler's Gazette.

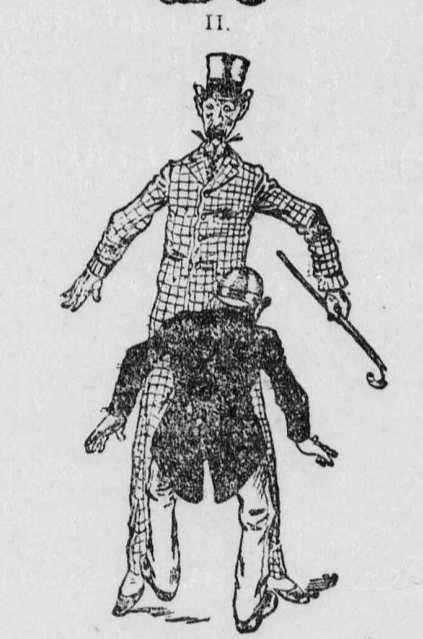
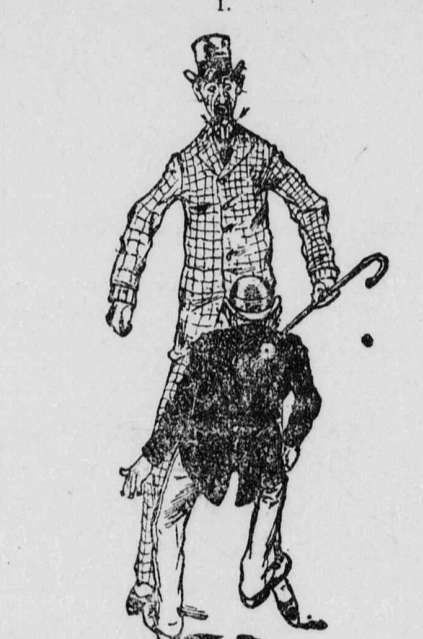
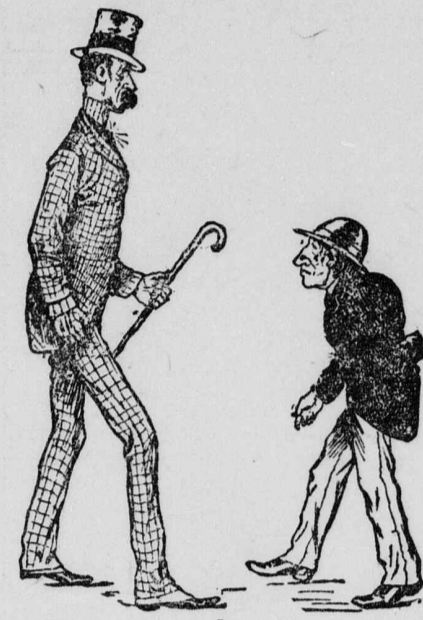
A NEW NATURAL WONDER.

Recently Discovered Arch in Navajos Mountain Hard to Reach.

If you will turn to your atlas you will find along the southern boundary of Utah the prominent Navajos mountain. Four miles to the northwest of this peak there has been discovered within the last two years what is probably the greatest natural arch to be found anywhere on the face of the globe. Compared with it the Natural bridge of Virginia is but a toy.

No popular excursions are run daily to this enchanted region, hidden away in a labyrinth of red sandstone formations securely guarded by deep and tortuous canyons. It takes two weeks to make the round trip from the nearest railway station, and so great are the obstacles to be overcome that it is safe to say that up to the present time not more than twenty white men have visited this wonder of wonders, known to the Piute Indians as Baroholn ("the Rainbow.")—George F. Paul in National Monthly.

The Parting of the Ways.



1,172 Tons of Silkworms.

Within the last thirty years sericulture as a farm industry has made remarkable progress in Hungary. Where 5,225 pounds only of silkworms were produced in 1870, the product in 1910 amounted to 3,625,548 pounds (over 1,172 tons), and the number of families engaged in the industry rose from 1,659 to upward of 90,000.—London Post.

Most Desolate Place.

Probably the most desolate, dreary spot in the world inhabited by white men is the lighthouse maintained by the Argentine government at Cape Horn. This is claimed to be the southernmost lighthouse in the world.—American Traveler's Gazette.

Whoever fails to turn aside the ills of life by prudent forethought must submit to fulfill the course of destiny.—Schiller.

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FASHIONS AND THE HOUSEHOLD

New Idea In Spring Lingerie



The perfectly fitted and boned corset cover is a necessity nowadays for wear under the new spring gowns. The model seen in the cut is somewhat like a brassiere, but is even better adapted to a slight figure than the brassiere, as it gives more fullness. When desired the corset cover may be attached to the lingerie petticoat, and in this way a slim silhouette is assured the wearer.

GIVING LEAP YEAR PARTIES.

Original Entertaining In Which the Usual Order of Things is Reversed. Leap year affords an opportunity for original entertainments and is a welcome arrival to the harassed hostess trying to think up something new. There are many ways in which the clever entertainer can assign the usual masculine role to the girls. For instance, one hostess showed her guests into a man's room. On the other hand, the men were given a dressing room in which there were plenty of mirrors, pins and powder.

During the evening each man was presented with a needle, thimble, darning thread and two socks to darn. All the socks were judged by women, and the man whose pair was mended best was awarded a sewing bag. The girls received masculine souvenirs. At a leap year dance the girls called

for their partners in carriages, the expense of which they paid beforehand. Each girl sent the man she was escorting a boutonniere of his favorite flowers. At the dance the girls filled out the men's cards, and they were obliged also to ask the men for their own dances and to write out their names on the cards of all partners. The cotillion leader was a girl.

There are the usual leap year dinner parties in which each man is assigned to a girl, who must put him into his chair and pay the usual assiduous attentions to his comforts that a dinner partner is supposed to give.

Gift That Will Please the Men. Silk handkerchiefs make a useful birthday gift for men. Charming letters can be made by using very pure silk net, and it adds materially to the value of the gift if it is tastefully decorated by one of these letters.

A Springtime Affinity



—Omaha World-Herald.

GRANDMOTHER'S ECONOMIES.

One of These Was a Better Method of Taking Care of Her Wardrobe.

Discussions often arise over the exaggerated economies of our grandmothers. We are by no means inclined to yield the palm to them for every perfection in the arrangement of their household. The modern girl has profited by her course in domestic science. She questions the superiority of her grandmother's methods, says the Philadelphia North America.

When the question of caring for her wardrobe is considered the present day girl must concede the palm to grandmother. She had the art of keeping her clothes in good condition. She had the patience and practical common sense necessary to renovate a last year's wardrobe.

The silk gown was an absolute necessity in those days. It was made to last for years. Today the gown only lasts a season.

An infallible remedy for cleaning black silk or satin was a mixture of gin and water. A sponge was dipped in this and used to remove the shine from the silk. It was then pressed with a warm iron while damp.

To keep woolen dresses and skirts free from dust they were thoroughly beaten. A cat-o-nine-tails was kept for this purpose. This was a short stick to which strips of leather were attached.

An old fashioned method of cleaning the first soil from white kid gloves is quite worth repeating. Pure white soap was moistened in water. After the gloves had been tightly drawn upon the hands the soap was applied. The soap must not be wet, just softened. A piece of flannel is used to rub the soiled spots clean.

THE COOKING SCHOOL.

It is said that if you are stewing a chicken that is particularly tough and you are rather uncertain about its becoming tender, if while the chicken is stewing you add a very little pinch of soda not sufficient to make it taste, this will surely make the chicken tender. If a small amount of soda is used it will give rather a good favor than an undesirable one.

Wash one pound of mushrooms. Put three tablespoonfuls of butter in the chafing dish. When hot put in the mushrooms, add a seasoning of salt and pepper, then add one cupful of milk. Cover the chafing dish, cook slowly for a few minutes and stir twice. Moisten one heaping tablespoonful of flour with a little milk, add this to the mushrooms, stir till boiling and serve hot.

In making cookies take the whole batch of dough, form it in a long roll about an inch in diameter and cut in one inch slices with a sharp knife. Place them in the pan two inches apart, flattening each slice slightly with the hand. The heat from the baking melts the slices to the required thickness, and the cookies are absolutely round.

The Nurse's Reward During the Civil War

By PETER BURTON-NEW

A ROW of Union soldiers stood in line within the walls inclosing a prison yard. A Confederate officer approached and, standing some twenty paces from them, thus addressed them:

"Three Confederates taken in what your Yankee general over there (pointing) calls illegitimate warfare are to be shot this evening at sunset. In retaliation I am ordered to shoot three of your number. You will begin to count from right to left, and every fifth man will step four paces to the front."

A shudder passed along the line. All understood that those men who were to step to the front must die.

"Begin, you man on the right there," said the officer.

A young girl emerged from a door leading from the commandant's quarters and came toward the soldiers. She wore an apron and a cap, denoting that she was a nurse. She had made both herself, for in those days there were no uniformed nurses. Lucia Clarke was a northern girl who had gone south to find her brother, Allen Clarke, who was an invalid prisoner of war. Having gained permission to nurse him, she had devoted herself to the sick in the hospital attached to the prison, including Confederates, for in this case the blue and the gray were mingled, till she had won the admiration of all and the love of the Confederate commandant. She came forward with a quick step. She had just heard of the order and knew what was going on.

"One," "Two," "Three," "Four," No. 5 said nothing, but tottered forward.

"Six," "Seven," "Eight," "Nine," No. 10 stepped forward with as steady a tread as if ordered to meet a human enemy.

"Eleven," "Twelve," "Thirteen," "Fourteen."

While the men had been counting Lucia Clarke had glanced ahead and had seen that her brother Allen would be the fifteenth man. He was only discharged from the hospital the day before and now, infirm and with one in five chances of death before him, could scarcely stand.

"Fifteen."

A feminine voice rang out firm and clear. Lucia, who had wedged herself in between No. 14 and her brother, stepped four paces to the front. Allen, seeing what his sister had done, moved forward to contest the place with her, but, overcome by his infirmities, fell on the ground behind her. Lucia stood rigid while two Confederate attendants carried him away.

As Major Clarence Fitz-Hugh, the commandant, looked at the girl standing there in the rank of death his eye was wet with sympathy.

"Miss Clarke," he said gently, but firmly, "all must appreciate the sacrifice you would make, but it cannot be permitted."

"Then I will die with my brother if I cannot die for him."

"What can you do?"

"I will stand before him when he is shot, and the same bullet will end this fearful struggle for us both."

"Sergeant," said the officer, "march the prisoners back. Separate those who are to be shot from the rest."

"You on the dead line," said the sergeant, "right face!"

The five men and the woman turned to the right.

"Miss Clarke," said the major, "you can't go to the men's prison."

"I will," she said firmly. "I take my brother's place. Where he would go I go."

A vexed look crossed Major Fitz-Hugh's face.

"Sergeant," he said, "send Miss Clarke to my office under the care of a corporal and two men." With this he turned and went into the building. A few minutes later Lucia Clarke was escorted into his presence. He directed the men who brought her there to withdraw. Then he said to her:

"If I promise you that when your brother is led out to die you shall be notified and permitted to go out with him, will you go to your room and remain there till you are called?"

"Yes."

"Very well; you have my word."

Lucia left the office and, going to her room, threw herself on her couch and buried her face in a pillow. Gradually her sufferings gave place to a sort of stupor. How long she was there she did not know. She was roused by a knock at the door, and Major Fitz-Hugh's orderly told her to come. She started up with a moan, but gradually mustered strength to go with a firm step to the prison yard with her guide. There, standing in line, were the three men who had been drawn by lot for execution, among them her brother. She was about to spring toward him when Major Fitz-Hugh called to her to wait. Then, drawing a paper from his pocket, he began to read:

"Special Order No. —"

"In recognition of the services of Miss Lucia Clarke in hospital and her kindness to many sick and wounded Confederates, the lives of those Union prisoners drawn for execution in retaliation are spared."

"Sergeant," added the officer, "march the prisoners back."

When the sergeant and the three men entered the prison and the door closed behind them the major turned to the girl, who stood mute beside him.

"Lucia Clarke," he said, "it was the happiest moment of my life when I secured that order from the general commanding."

"How can I show you my gratitude?" asked the girl after several unsuccessful efforts to speak.

"By permitting me reverently to love you."

The girl stood as if swayed by the wind. Then, extending her hand, she said:

"Come to me with the return of peace."

A PLACE FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS

FACTS ABOUT THE DAISY.

It Really Is a Chrysanthemum—Pilgrims Named It.

Daisies aren't really daisies at all; they're chrysanthemums. But when the pilgrim fathers that you study about in school came over here to America they couldn't find any little pink tipped daisies like the ones they had in England. But after awhile the seeds of the big white ones came over from England mixed with grain, and they called those daisies so they wouldn't get too homesick.

The word "daisy" means "day's eye," because the little pink English daisies always close their petals when the sun goes down. An American woman found that out once when she was in England. She thought the English people didn't appreciate their little pink daisies. They rooted them all out of their lawn with big knives and said they were just weeds. So the American said she was going to wear some at dinner. They said nobody but babies wore daisies. But she picked a bunch of them and wore them. And in the middle of dinner she looked down and found they'd all gone fast asleep, says the New York Sun.

Do you know how to make daisy babies? Quite close to the yellow center cut off with a pair of scissors all the petals adjoining except two. On the center draw a face with pen and ink. The little frill of white petals is the baby's cap, and the two long ones are the strings under the chin.

Getting Plenty of Sleep. Some children wonder why it is that they must always be sent to bed so much earlier than grown folks and many of them make all kinds of excuses to stay up a little later.

Sleep is nature's provision to enable the body and brain to rest and grow, and most of the growing is done by children while they sleep, so that if they do not go to bed early and get plenty of sleep they must lose some of their growth, both bodily and mentally.

In the old days some parents were very careless about their children's sleep, but people understand such things better now.

Here's a Five-year-old Chauffeur



Photo by American Press Association.

Master Freddy Newman, an English lad, is perhaps the youngest chauffeur in the world. In a miniature automobile built by his father he "speeds" in the vicinity of his home in London at the limit of his one and a half horsepower motor—four miles an hour. He is here seen taking a "joy" ride with his little sister.

DRUG STORE SIGNS.

Every one has noticed the beautiful colors in the large glass jars that stand in the drug store windows, but every one does not know why drug stores use that sign.

In the old days apothecaries and alchemists were the only druggists, and they made up their own nostrums, the composition of which was supposed to be a great secret. They used to leave their retorts and jars and stills and bottles in the window to impress upon the passerby the mystery and importance of their business.

The modern drug store has no use for retorts and stills, all the processes being handled by the big chemical factories, but the large jars full of bright colored liquids are still left in the window, just as they were hundreds of years ago.

BIRDS AS SHEPHERDS.

Few know of the shepherd birds of South America. They belong to the crane family and are known as yakamiks. These curious birds take care of large flocks of sheep, leading them to pasture early in the morning and caring for them all day unaided. If any stray animals approach the flock the yakamik attacks them with beak and wings. They are said to be much stronger than dogs.

Tokyo's Story Tellers.

There are 600 professional story tellers in Tokyo, who wander from house to house and spin yarns at the rate of 20 cents an hour. The story teller learns a new set of stories when he finds the old ones getting worn.—Argonaut.

Religious Work

Seventeen hundred churches are reported to have been abandoned in Illinois within the last ten years. Perhaps a thousand churches are on the inactive list in Missouri and a proportionate number in Kansas and Iowa.

These startling statistics, made in a talk by President Henry J. Waters of the Kansas State Agricultural college before the Bible institute of the Congregational church in Topeka, have startled the church people of Kansas.

Dr. Waters declared that "doubtless many of these abandoned churches represent misdirected denominational enthusiasm and are churches that should never have been built and which from the outset were doomed to die. The facts are that the church has not held its own in the rural districts."

Dr. Waters expressed a sentiment that is taking root in scores of communities in Kansas. In the early settlement of the state every little village and town struggled to keep up two or three church organizations and maintain as many church buildings. Beginning with this year, a dozen small towns have turned to the unionization of these churches. This sentiment was cemented among the membership of all churches through union revival services, in which the local ministers and choirs joined. In every one of these towns the people are pleased with the new plan, and one preacher is ministering to all the church members who formerly separated into two or three little denominational flocks. This growing movement will see in another year 1,000 abandoned churches in Kansas.

"One educated minister to every 600 to 1,000 souls is all we can afford, and we work him to death and starve his family," Dr. Waters said. "Is it any wonder that the attendance in the theological seminaries is continually falling off in number and in quality, while in the schools of engineering and agriculture and other so called productive occupations the attendance has doubled on an average of once every ten years? And yet, who dares to say that having our young men and young women carefully instructed in the basic principles of moral uprightness, individual and social, is of less importance than is instruction in the things that will serve to keep them out of the almshouses?"

What will become of the abandoned country churches in Kansas is a question that is being discussed. Already they are mentioned as suitable for stockbarns, and farmers and stockmen are considering their purchase as soon as the struggling congregations decide to give them up. In a half dozen communities in the state such negotiations are being considered.

Church and Public Health.

"We are accustomed to estimate the state of Christianity by the number of church members and not by the figures of the bureau of vital statistics," said Robert Fulton Cutting recently in speaking of the church and public health. "Can it be that a community where the death rate is suspiciously high is at the same time one in which Christianity languishes? The afflictions of humanity, which are largely preventable, make it unnecessarily difficult for Christianity to fulfill its spiritual responsibilities to the world. Single handed, even with all its abundant resources, the church could not adequately sweep these obstacles from its path, but government, clothed with authority of the whole people, if supported by the co-operation of the church, can wrestle successfully with the problem. Thus, although Christianity has established its hospitals, its asylums, homes, dispensaries and its children visit and minister to the sick and suffering, there remains a multitude of accidents and diseases with which she is as yet little acquainted and over which she is not sufficiently exercising herself."

Mr. Cutting told of the sanitation triumph won by the government in the canal zone. He said the achievement had given us an ideal within the reach of official capacity and new hope for the health and happiness of the race.

"What philanthropy can compare with a beneficence which touches 100 per cent of the population?" he asked. "The Christian stands by," he continued, "and watches this splendid work with sincere gratification. But it does not occur to him that what has been done in the canal zone may be done in his neighborhood in stamping out tuberculosis, in preventing the spread of typhoid fever and other infectious diseases and in saving infants' lives."

"The church must now learn to discern the missionary in the doctor, the sanitary engineer and the health official, and these in turn will learn to appreciate the spiritual function of an organization that interprets Christianity by concern for the health of its community."

An Admission and a Rebuke.

A ludicrous story is told of an Edinburgh baillie whose studies in natural history seem to have been limited. The following case came before him: A man who kept a ferret having to go into the country, left the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbor till he should return. The neighbor incautiously opened the cage door and the ferret escaped. The owner was very angry and brought a claim against him for damages.

The following was the decision of the learned baillie: "Nae doot," he said to the neighbor, "nae doot ye was wrang to open the cage door, but," he added, turning to the owner, "ye was wrang too. What for did ye no clip the brute's wings?"—London Tit-Bits.

Personals

Gladstone's baseball nine is here and will be in working order for the first game of the season. Seven arrived last night and were introduced at the Japanese fair. Messrs. Ormsbee, Flynn, Burke, Butteroff, Sheehan, Dillon and McGee. Manager Thiery and First Baseman Almquist, the latter a diminutive player, arrived this morning, and only the third baseman, McAnley, is absent. He will come Monday.

All the latest sheet music, over 100 to select from, 10 cents, three for a quarter at

STEWART'S PHARMACY

Sogerstein had a moving sign in the front of his music store yesterday. It attracted much attention and lasted for several periods. It was a man with a violin, who labored earnestly to draw the hair of the horse over the entrails of the cat, but who elicited no concord of sweet sounds. The man was put away and the fiddle and the bow hung up.

The ladies who are interested in dainty things at a small cost will find them at O'Connell's next week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. MacLaurin returned Saturday from Manistique. Mrs. MacLaurin by train, while Mr. M. brought back his auto through, not over, Delta's county's good roads. Since then he has felt it his duty to go as a missionary and labor for the conversion of our county road commissioners, especially the nearest.

Do you want your garden spaded and yard cleaned, or your carpet cleaned? Address Box 3, City.

EMIL NELSON.

Grand Chancellor Hawkins will visit Gladstone Lodge, K. of P., at its regular meeting Tuesday evening May 21, his itinerary having been changed. The lodge will exemplify the rank of knight, to be followed by a snooker. Arrangements are in the hands of Chancellor Commander Willman and M. of E. Henke.

New line of Postal Cards, Souvenirs, and pennants, at

LA BAR & NEVILLE'S.

The home of W. H. Wellsted at Brampton caught fire from a defective chimney last Thursday noon and burned. Mr. Wellsted was at dinner in this city when called away. It is the latest of a series of misfortunes which he has suffered during the past year.

Wanted by capable middle-aged lady position as housekeeper in small family. Mrs. A. L. Rideout, 510 Hale St., Escanaba.

As usual on the first of May, Fred Bendure had trout for supper. Mr. Bendure did not himself go fishing, though. His sons proved chips of the old block and ran off to the brook. Their success won them forgiveness for playing hooky.

Brand new Garden hose. See Burt for a low price.

Lester Butterfield, an Ann Arbor student, was found drowned in the Huron River Thursday, having wandered away from a sick bed in his delirium. He was one of the quartette who sang here a month ago.

I have the A. D. S. Massage Cream in the 25 cent size. Please call again. J. A. STEWART.

Will Jacobson was in town from Monday until Friday when he left for Iron River. Labor is scarce and he endeavored to pick up some hands here for his big job; but he found few, or none, in Gladstone.

Quick and accurate service at La Bar & Neville's. Telephone No. 3.

Paul Lavendure, aged fifty-seven, died of heart disease Saturday. His funeral was held Monday from All Saints' church. He leaves a widow and several grown-up sons and daughters.

"Sunday is My Jonah Day" by Burt & O'Connell, is the latest rendition.

Alex Peterson spent Tuesday at home, and put in the evening with a party of friends who have been waiting about a year to give him a suitable welcome.

H. C. Henke is living high these days, while his new basement is going in.

Mrs. D. McCarthy returned Monday from Republic.

Mathews' Graded Course, the book you have to have if taking Piano lessons, only 50 cents, at

STEWART'S PHARMACY.

Warren Morrison of Manistique spent Sunday with friends here.

Mrs. Frederick Huber left last Friday evening for North Yakima, Wash., to visit her daughter for a few weeks.

Miss Florence McCarthy, who has been visiting her sister Minnie, left Thursday for her home in Ishpeming.

W. L. Marble, who has been in Chicago and Lansing on bank business, returns tomorrow.

Mrs. C. S. Slining returned this morning from visiting her daughter in Chicago.

Clayton Voorhis left last night to spend a month with his mother at Cassopolis.

C. W. Lightfoot has ordered a large number of plum and cherry trees, which he will set out, as soon as they arrive, on about fifty lots of the South Gladstone addition, on top of the bluff. It is his purpose to experiment, and if possible, to prove that the land immediately surrounding Gladstone is adapted for the raising of fruit. Mr. Lightfoot will also petition the council to make provision for a drinking fountain and watering trough on the bluff for horses and cattle, by tapping the cemetery pipe line. He believes that the expense would be little and the benefits many.

Monday, May 6, begins a week of cut prices at O'CONNELL'S.

Joseph J. Mallman has announced his candidacy for register of deeds at the primary this summer, although he has not as yet commenced an active campaign. Mr. Mallman is personally one of the most popular men in Delta county, having a wide acquaintance. He is moreover, thoroughly experienced in the matter of public records and would be ready to take hold efficiently from the day of his entrance into the office. Mr. Mallman will be a powerful factor in the race from the start.

Fresh supply of Morse's and Blue Ribbon Chocolates at

LA BAR & NEVILLE'S.

Eric Johnson, while attending circuit court as a juror, was taken with a hemorrhage of the lungs and removed to the county hospital, where he is in a serious condition. After his return from the west, where he sought health a few years ago, he had a relapse into his old condition, and was seriously ill this winter.

For Sale, at a very low price, Garland steel range with water front.

H. J. KRUEGER.

J. H. Vashaw was called to Negaunee Tuesday by the death of his father, Louis Vashaw, at the extreme age of ninety-five. He returned Thursday, accompanied by his brother, Clyde Vashaw of Crystal Falls, and Mrs. Vashaw.

Lower prices on new spring goods next week at O'CONNELL'S.

May Day brought a little daughter to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Paul Bushong. Mr. Bushong's pleased smile illuminated Delta Avenue like sunshine that afternoon.

For pure artesian water inquire of Raymond McCarthy or call phone 265 L.

O. S. Slining leaves today for Menominee to bring up a new five-passenger Overland he has sold to M. Gleason.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Scott left yesterday afternoon for Marquette to spend the week end with their son Ray in that city.

Earl, the eighteen days old son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rogers, died last Thursday from pneumonia.

John Darrow of Rapid River was in the city on business yesterday.

John Paulson and Otto Haberman were in Escanaba Tuesday evening on business.

Mrs. Glenn W. Jackson is expected next Wednesday morning from her trip to Ohio.

I have a new and elegant baby carriage which I will sell for one third its value.

P. L. BURT.

Mrs. A. W. Wolfe entertained the Seniors of the High school at a May morning breakfast.

Mrs. C. Joseph Gagnon left Tuesday for Marquette to visit her daughter.

Many new houses have been erected in the fourth ward during the past few months. One of the best is that of John Seymour at Sixteenth and Dakota.

O'Connell's will mark down prices next week on many things you would like to have.

Miss Olive Pease of Gladstone visited Miss Evelyn Fydel this week, returning home Wednesday.—Manistique Pioneer Tribune.

Charles D. Peterson is putting a basement under the Lutheran church, which has been raised considerably above grade.

Soren Johnson has had much illness in his family this week, but all are improving well.

Mrs. Gertrude Allen suffered a stroke of apoplexy last evening. Her age, seventy-two years, makes it alarming.

John and Mary Malloy on Thursday received a telegram announcing the death of their married sister in Philadelphia. Some years ago she visited them here.

Mrs. W. L. Marble, Jr., left yesterday to visit her old home at Rockford, Ill., for a month or so.

Among those who took in the "Red Streak" at Escanaba Wednesday were Floyd W. Marble, Charles S. Slining, R. B. Beattie and Sidney Katzenstein.

A. M. Doig arrived home Saturday morning from Superior.

W. A. Miller is making extensive improvement on house and grounds at his new residence.

The Misses Irene Cosgrove and Lydia LaFond were in Escanaba Wednesday.

Ira Perry, who was operated on a few days ago at Superior for appendicitis, is recovering.

BUZZ SAW

Well, the bird he flew at last. If you are not taking the Gladstone Delta, get busy, as the proprietor has gone to big expense to hire James Stimson and your Uncle Dudley to travel west this summer and give you the observations on the West, as we see them. We shall try to give you news every week and sometimes a supplement.

The mill is running everyday now and sometimes twice a day.

There was a mistake in this column last week as to the date of Hodge's Big Sale. It was printed thirteenth of May, but the eighteenth is the time for you all to get rich.

There was a man in this city the other day who said he was from a back township and claimed to be the only genuine Rub-a-dub. I had a conversation with him by hand, seven minutes and seventy seconds; it was easy to see that his was not a label blown in the bottle, but labor bowed in the bottle.

BUZZ SAW.

FIVE ROOM FLAT

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

RUNABOUT FOR SALE

Ford "Model T" for bargain price. Inquire this office.

FOR SALE

Forty-acre farm, 2 1/2 miles from Brampton, one horse, harness, wagon and sleigh. Will sell for \$350 if taken within thirty days.

PETER CONKLIN, Brampton, Mich.

Two Punsters.

Senator Pomerene of Ohio and Senator Martine of New Jersey had never been known to crack a joke. Consequently, when Senator John Sharp Williams announced the other day that he had heard some airy, humorous pleasantries passed between them, he was regarded as giving forth a peculiarly malicious falsehood.

"It's true, nevertheless," insisted Williams. "Senator Pomerene turned to Senator Martine and said, 'If Senator Burton were to go into the cellar would the coal shoot?'"

"At which Senator Martine instantly said: 'No, but the kindling would.'" —New York World.

A Prize Definition.

A notably amusing answer was given by a student in the natural philosophy class at Edinburgh university.

Professor Tait had given as one of the questions in an examination paper, "Define transparent, translucent and opaque," which was dealt with by the student thus: "I cannot precisely define these terms, but I can indicate their meaning in this way: The windows of this classroom were once transparent; they are now translucent and if not cleaned very soon will be opaque."

The answer gained full marks from the amused professor.

His Masterpiece.

The young novelist had had a tough time of it, as had his dear wife. She held his talents in poor esteem and of ten urged him to try something else, for she was sometimes hungry and all the time ill clad. But one day his luck changed. He began to make money. And there came a day when he was able to write his check for \$100 and pass it to his wife.

Her eyes filled with tears as she read it.

"Willbraud, darling," she said as she hastened around the table and put her arm about his neck. "I'll take back all the mean things I ever said about your work. This is the best thing you ever wrote." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SCENT O' PINES.

Love, shall I liken thee unto the rose
That is so sweet?
Nay, since for a single day she grows,
Then scattered lies upon the garden rows
Beneath our feet.
But to the perfume shed when forests nod,
That lulls us as we tread the woodland sod,
Eternal as the peace of God,
The scent o' pines.
—Hugh McCulloch.

ON A MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song
And welcome thee and wish thee long.
—John Milton.

BLOSSOMS.

OUT of the night comes the morning;
Out of the mold springs the flower;
Out of the past lies the present;
Out of the cloud falls the shower;

OUT of our effort, achievement;
Out of the thought grows the act;
Out of our failure, success;
Out of the error, the fact;

OUT of the passions, the lover;
Out of our need, the desire;
Out of our pain, our compassion;
Out of the lower, the higher;

OUT of experience, knowledge;
Out of reflection, the soul;
Out of the soul, aspiration.
And God is the source of the whole.
—Chautauquan.

IF THE EARTH WERE FLAT

There would be two miles of water on top of it. Don't try to flatten out the earth to get a drink.

It is easier to stroll into Fred's and press the button from an easy chair. And then Fred keeps a better quality of water.

Fred Anderson
819 DELTA AVE.

I Ask Your Trade

my worthy friend, and give its worth for all you spend. No matter whether large or small, with courtesy we wait on all who come to buy their daily meat and squarely deal without deceit. Our service promptly makes your door, no tardy dinner you deplore. Our price is just, our meat is good, and everything we sell for food our earnest care insures as clean; our spotless market you have seen. Most skillful butchers we employ—that's why you trade with

M. P. FOY
Sanitary Meat Market
Phone 158

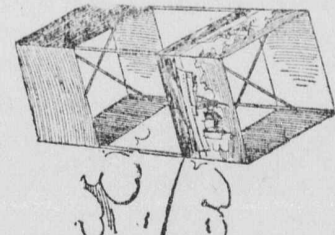
IGLEHEART'S Swan's Down

Prepared Cake Flour
A specially prepared flour for making angel food and other fine cake. The flour is the least item in making cake, so there is no excuse for not using the best. Swan's Down has no equal for any purpose of the pastry cook. With each package a book of recipes. Not a self-Rising Flour.

25c
per package.
Andrew Marshall
Phone 164

WHEN YOU WISH A DIVORCE FROM DULL CARE.

FLY YOUR KITE



toward The Harbor. Half an hour with Jolly Andrew Stevenson will do you more good and relieve your mind of more trouble than a carload of Spring medicine. The season of navigation is now open into The Harbor.

ANDREW STEVENSON
Just Round the Corner.

THREEPENNY DAY.

A Curious Old Custom That is Observed at Eton College.

On "threepenny day" a new three-penny piece is presented to each of the pupils in the famous Eton college in England. The custom was founded nearly 400 years ago by Roger Lupton, who was provost of the college from 1502 to 1535. Lupton arranged with the fellows for an annual distribution of money on the anniversary of his death. The provost received 2s. 8d., the fellows, headmaster and Lupton's chaplain 1s. 4d., the other chaplains and usher eightpence, the clerks sixpence and the scholars and choristers a penny each.

The scholars still get this penny in the threepenny pieces distributed to them on Feb. 27, the other twopence being from the gift of Provost Bost. Lupton's successor as provost. There was a tradition at Eton, which has been disproved, but which subsists to the present day, that half a sheep is what the collegier is really entitled to and that the colleges evade their obligation by giving the value of half a sheep in the middle ages. Some time in the middle of the last century a boy named Charles Henry Branwell, on being tendered his threepence by Bethell, one of the fellows, said: "No, thank you, sir, I want my half sheep."

"Bethell flew into an awful rage," says the late Montagu Williams, who tells the story, "and exclaimed, 'I'll mention this matter to Dr. Hawtrey and have you flogged.'" and flogged the unfortunate youth was.—New York Sun.

THE COST OF LIVING.

You Can Easily Keep It Down if You Care to Try This Plan.

In these days of high prices anxious heads of families are eagerly seeking helpful hints for keeping down expenses. As containing such a suggestion the following story of a gourmand—and sage—of the sultan's realm, told in Hester Donaldson Jenkins' "Behind Turkish Lattices," is hopefully offered:

It is said there was once a man who so dearly loved his evening meal that every day while he worked he did nothing but plan what it should be. At the thought of the vlands his mouth would water and he would rejoice over the food that was coming.

One day it occurred to him that he got more enjoyment from the long anticipation than from the brief realization, and then the thought came to him, Why not have the anticipation without spending the money that the dinner had been costing? So he tried the plan.

"I shall have kibobs and fine pilaff tonight," he would assure himself all day, "and after that wire cake and yogurt."

He would lick his lips in happy anticipation while he worked, and when night came he would eat a simple meal of olives and bread and remark:

"'Tis as if I had eaten."

The plan worked so well that in the course of years he saved enough money to build a mosque, which he called "The 'Tis-as-if-I-had-Eaten Mosque."

School Discipline.

The young teacher should learn and the older teacher remember that for every teacher that falls on account of lax discipline there is another who falls on account of overgovernment. Some teachers assume the same attitude as the policeman who found two men talking on the street corner and ordered them to move on, as there was an ordinance prohibiting crowds gathering on the streets. One man remonstrated, saying that two did not make a crowd. "One makes a crowd if I say so," answered the policeman. A teacher who assumes that whatever he says is law, and it is law because he says it, is making a sad mistake. When the pupils have a definite aim to do and the teacher has a definite aim in what he does there will be no time or occasion to "maintain order." It will maintain itself.—Missouri School Journal.

Origin of the Postmark.

Great Britain, it is said, can without fear of contradiction claim the honor of having originated the postmark. The first one, which was used in London as long ago as 1690, was a very simple affair, consisting of a small circle divided into two parts. In the top portion were two letters indicating the month, while in the lower half the day of the month was shown. No endeavor was made to denote the year, and it is only by the dates of the letters on which the mark is impressed that it is possible to fix the date of its use. The earliest known was on a letter written in 1680.—London Telegraph.

Looking to the Future.

"I guess I'll make a lawyer of Josh," said Farmer Cortosel.
"But your wife wants him to be a physician."
"Yes, he's got to be a professional man, and we'd want to show our confidence in him. And I think it would be a heap safer to take Josh's law than his medicine."—Washington Star.

Stung!

"How fat and well our little boy looks."
"Ah, you should never judge from appearances. He's got a gumbol on one side of his face, and he has been stung by a wasp on the other."—Pete Mele.

The Difference.

Little Willie—What is the difference between character and reputation, pa?
Pa—Character is a luxury, my son, while reputation is a necessity.—Chicago News.

FRESH
Home-made Sausage of all kinds, Olson & Anderson's great specialty, all made from selected beef and pork, at lowest market rates. Ask us for a price in quantity.

Creamery Butter, choice, you cannot buy a better article per lb... **35c**
Eggs just in from the country, just right for your breakfast poach, at a dozen **23c** for.....

OLSON & ANDERSON
THE LEADING BUTCHERS.
Phone 9
745 Delta Avenue.

JOHNSON & FISHER



With the opening of the baseball season we are lined up to meet all inquiries for hard and soft drinks, smooth stuff, rough stuff, aquavitae or aquafortis. All these served plain or compounded.

We invite your critical inspection of our goods. No charge for packages.

JOHNSON & FISHER

901 DELTA AVENUE

Fruit

We are getting some very nice Strawberries and they are reasonable in price

per box about	13c
Pineapples ripe each	18c
Ripe Tomatoes per lb.	15c
Wax Beans per lb.	20c
Oranges the best you ever saw juicy and sweet per dozen	20 to 50c
Lemons per dozen	30c
Peanut Butter Battleship Brand per lb.	18c
Juneau Brand coffee per lb.	27c
Salada Tea Black per 1/2 lb pkg	30c
Lipton's Tea per can	35c
Don't forget to try a sack of Golden Link Flour guaranteed to give satisfaction per 98 lb sack	\$3.10

ELOF HANSON
GROCER
PHONE 48

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 Caravanserai 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

Stories of Stevenson.
Robert Louis Stevenson delighted in odd clothes, which made people take him, much to his own joy, for a sort of vagabond. One night, dressed with a special view to quaintness, the novelist wandered through south London trying to come upon a policeman who would arrest him on sight. He came upon various "bobbies," but not one of them would apprehend him, and he was vastly disappointed.

Another time, when in France, officials of a bank on which he had a draft from his father in Edinburgh warned him away, saying that if he did not go they would send for the police. Stevenson noticed in the bank the pigeonholes which intuition told him contained foreign drafts. He plunged at those pigeonholes and, as luck would have it, pulled out the duplicate of his Scottish draft. Waving it triumphantly, he demanded his money and got it with a whole official of apologies.

The Chinese "Five Kings."

"The Five Kings" is the name of the sacred book in which is incorporated the religion of the Chinese, as well as a great number of other peoples of the orient. The doctrine is a complex system of moral, social, political and religious teaching built up by Confucius on the ancient Chinese traditions, and, although its author lived more than five centuries before the birth of Christ, it is still perpetuated as the state religion of the Chinese down to the present day. Confucianism is a religion without positive revelation, whose popular worship is centered in offerings to the dead, in which the notion of duty is extended beyond the sphere of morals proper, so as to embrace almost every detail of daily life. The chief exponent of this remarkable religion was K'ung-tze, or K'ung-futze, Latinized by the early Jesuit missionaries into "Confucius."—Chicago News.

Curious Land, Curious People.

Near Cape Horn, in the island of Tierra del Fuego, live the most curious people in all South America. It rains or snows or sleets nearly every day, and yet they look on their country as the finest in the world. They wear hardly any clothing and seem not to feel cold. Because he saw fires on the shore the explorer Magellan, the first European that rounded the Horn, called the island "the land of fire," which is almost the worst name he could have chosen. Their huts are made of bent boughs and covered with grass and give only the poorest shelter. The folk are vain, too, wearing necklaces of the teeth of fishes or seals and painting patterns on their bodies. Among them some colors have a novel meaning. White is the sign of war and red of peace. They are great mimics and will imitate voice and gesture perfectly.

The Exchequer.

In past times it was the custom for the king's justiciar and his subordinates to make up the royal accounts twice a year, at Easter and Michaelmas, on a table which was the most striking object in the chamber in which they assembled. This table was covered with dark russet cloth divided into squares, which gave it a checkerboard-like appearance, and in the columns and spaces the accounts rendered by the sheriffs and great landowners who attended for that purpose were entered and reckoned up. It was the checkerboard, so conspicuous throughout the proceedings, that gave rise to the name exchequer, just as the stars painted on the ceiling of another historic room originated the name "star chamber."—London Globe.

Having Fun After Death.

A humorist in Japan who jested all his life told his friends when he was dying that his body was not to be washed after death, but was to be taken at once to the family temple to be cremated. When he died his instructions were followed. As soon as it was set on fire the mourners were astonished by several loud explosions. At first they were inclined to take to their heels, but curiosity got the better of fear, and careful inspection showed that the humorist had stowed away a large number of firecrackers about his person before his death.

A Phrase Resented.

"You regard yourself as a servant of the people, of course?"
"No," replied Senator Sorghum; "the phrase has been overworked. Too many people are beginning to confuse a servant of the people with a waiter who is always accepting tips."—Washington Star.

His Bluff.

Hijack—Why are you consulting the dictionary? I thought you knew how to spell. Tomdick—I do. I am not looking for information, but for corroboration.

A Human Dynamo.

"Your wife must keep out of all excitement."
"Impossible, doctor. She carries it around with her."—Boston Transcript.

Appropriate.

"She was dressed so appropriately for a Wall street man's bride."
"What was she dressed in?"
"Lamb's wool."—Baltimore American

As Others See Us.

Bessie—Let's play we're married. Johnny—No, I shan't; you're bigger'n me. And, besides, mamma told me I mustn't fight.—Exchange.
Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good.—Henry.

To the Public

Now comes the time for your decorating. I have on hand the latest designs of

WALL PAPER

Plain, Ingrain, Crepes, Unfading Duplex and Oatmeal Burlaps Lin-crusta Sanitas, Ornamental Crown Color-gravure Frieze, the most wonderful and artistic reproduction of Western scenery made.

Yours for business,

K. J. OLSON
PAINTER

Phone 202-j Michigan Ave., near 9th.

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.

MOONSHINE

Whether or not the moon be composed of Green Cheese is a problem that has vexed the wisest of mankind in all ages. The fact that the lunar disc is filled with holes inclines many of the learned to the supposition that its principal ingredient is Swiss cheese, and the argument that it is made of Limburger is sufficiently negated by the fact that no odor is apparent at the trifling distance which separates us from so huge a mass. The only satisfactory answer is that which may be learned on application to the eminent cheeseologist.

AUG. LILLQUIST
917 DELTA AVENUE

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

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

Legend of the City of Is.

You might exhaust yourself looking in atlas and gazetteer for the city of Is, because it is purely legendary. Here is a brief statement of the legend: "The magnificent city of Is was situated on the coast of Brittany where now is the bay of Douarnenez. It was built below the level of the sea and surrounded by massive walls. Here in the fifth century was the court of the pious King Gradlon and of his wicked daughter, Dahut, who had a pleasant habit of throwing her suitors into a well when their society became tiresome. One of her favorites asked her to obtain for him the silver key which fastened the sluice gates in the city wall. Dahut accordingly stole the key from her father's neck while he slept, the lover unlocked the gates, and the sea rushed in and overwhelmed the city and its inhabitants, including the princess. Only the king escaped. The Breton peasants say that the spirits of the drowned still haunt the spot, and the bells of the submerged city are often heard ringing at low tide."

Not the Emergency.

"The men with the most resourcefulness and the greatest power of initiative come from the smaller towns," declared an Ohio congressman. "Some time ago a printer in my district was promised the job of preparing some school board ballots. The work would give him a profit of about \$50, and he needed the money. He had it all spent even before the time came to print the ballots. Then the board of election sent him word that they wouldn't need the ballots, as there was no contest for the school board.
"You'd give me the job if you gave it to anybody, wouldn't you?" asked the printer.
"Oh, certainly," they told him. So the printer got out a petition and ran for the school board, thus making a contest, and they gave him the job of printing the ballots after all. As soon as they were printed and his bill O. K.'d he withdrew his candidacy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Clever Cat.

The owner of a clever cat writes to Our Dumb Animals that the pet, "a great, fat, lazy, good natured fellow," has a fondness for eggs. Sim Tom was detected in the kitchen recently on a table watching an unopened bag of eggs. "Stepping back noiselessly," writes the owner, "we saw him cautiously tear the bag with his teeth and claws, stopping every little bit to listen. Finally the opening was large enough for him to get out an egg by gentle little pats. He held the egg in his mouth, jumped to the floor, rolled his prize about gently until he got it into position and then bumped it against the table leg until it broke. Then he enjoyed his feast." The writer wonders where Tom got the taste, as he is and "his ancestors for generations back were city bred."

The Stoics.

"Mucianus made a great number of remarkable statements to Vespasia (A. D. 71) against the Stoics—as, for instance, that they are full of empty boasting, and if one of them lets his beard grow long, elevates his eyebrows, wears his fustian cap thrown carelessly back and goes barefoot he straightway postulates bravery, righteousness with his own. He gives himself great airs, though he may not understand (as the proverb says) either letters or swimming. They view everybody with contempt and call the man of good family a mollycoddle, the ill born a dwarfed intellect, a handsome person licentious, an ugly person comely, the rich man an apostle of greed and the poor man a servile groveler."—Dio's Roman History.

Odd Origin of an Epidemic.

In a house in the English town of Exeter, some years ago, sat two men. One of them informed his companion that the last time he was in the town he suffered from snailpox in that very room. "In that corner," he said, "was a cupboard where the bandages were kept. It is now plastered over, but they are probably still there." And he took a poker, broke down the plaster and found them. From their "find" the two men contracted the disease, and it spread through the town and worked fearful havoc.—London Telegraph.

The Wires Were Crossed.

Hotel Man (who thinks he is calling down his butcher)—Say, I am shy a heart and a liver, eight ribs and a shoulder. Now, I want 'em right away. Railway Office (which has been connected by mistake)—Sorry, but the wreck has been cleared up.—San Francisco Post.

Her Method.

New Cook—I allus insist on the mizsis cooking the dinner the first night I arrive. Mistress—Good heavens! Why? New Cook—After that anything tastes good to the family.—Harper's Bazar.

Jealousy.

"I am afraid that Bliggons plays golf on Sunday."
"Maybe," said the contemptuous rival, "but if so it's the only day in the seven on which he does play it."

What He Was.

Bobby—Papa's the captain of our ship and mamma's the pilot. His Teacher—And what are you? Bobby—I'm the compass, I suppose; they're always boxing me.

Contradictory.

Judge—What is the charge against this prisoner? Policeman—Holding a man up and knocking him down, your honor.—Boston Transcript.

MINNEWASCA TOWNSHIP

The theatre was brilliantly decorated last night with electric lights that shone through the soft hues of Japanese lanterns, and in every direction was reflected gorgeous coloring, while Kipling's "gay-robed butterflies" glided through it all. There were fewer concessions on the ground than marked the Paddlers' Parade, but the sturdy Jinriky man carried passengers about the hall while G. R. Empson and Soren Johnson strove for supremacy with the cue. Flowers were in abundance, real and artificial, and there were prize packages to be procured. The balcony was crowded, and after the preliminary attractions had been cleared away, the acrobat tumbled and the Geishas drilled, the dance began and delighted the participants till late this morning. A couple of hundred dollars was raised for the tournament fund, and the ladies whose care and skill was so abundantly exerted are deserving of the highest praise and thanks from the association.

Polish up your brass, nickel, silver and copper with Brass Brite; no acids, no injurious to the hands, less work and better results. Sold by
LA BAR & NEVILLE

There are numerous candidates for county offices in the field and the coming summer will see a hot campaign, though there are a lot more hats to fall in the ring. Several of the candidates who lost out this spring for office in Escanaba will make a run this August. There will probably be from two to six or seven contestants for each one of the important offices, except possibly that of judge of probate. In the offices of treasurer and register the field is open, as the present officers cannot run again. In the others each of the incumbents is a candidate for re-election. The political kettle is now simmering and will soon be boiling.

Now is the time to have new tires put on your baby carriage when you bring it out for the summer. Burt has the whole repair outfit.

The water board met Thursday evening and closed up its business for the past year. The report of the department estimates the receipts at \$25,444.31, of which \$15,341.76 is from electric current and \$7,338.24 water receipts. The cost of operating is \$20,783.28, leaving a profit of nearly five thousand dollars, with extensions during the year amounting to \$1,298.12. With this the board plans to reduce the bonded debt, whose interest is the heaviest expense. Eight thousand dollars in bonds can be purchased and retired June 1.

The Rexall Cold Cream is made with lemon distillate and will take off all of the tan and leave the skin soft, white and beautiful. Put up in 10, 25, and 50 cent jars. Your money back if not as represented. Sold only at
STEWART'S PHARMACY.

The Yeomen on Thursday evening voted to have a Ladies' Night at the next meeting, May 16. The entire evening will be in charge of the lady archers, meeting and initiations well. They will be followed by a dance and supper for the Yeomen exclusively. The idea is a novelty and attracting considerable interest in the homestead.

To keep your auto looking new get a Sheep wool sponge, washable chamois and Cleanbrite polish, at
LA BAR & NEVILLE'S.

Manistique has joined the firemen's association, and will be among the departments prominently represented at Gladstone the last of July. The committee is in communication with the Rapid River firemen, whom they strongly urge to enter the association. Rapid River is the most favorably situated of all to attend. Hermansville is also a prospect.

While the year 1912 has so far been cold and dry according to the statistician, the month just past was exactly an average April.

Writes an Ann Arbor student: "There are lots of U. P. folks down here that are always interested in the tournament. The other day — was over to a dance at Ypsi and he met a girl from Ironwood, and she said it seemed good to meet a real U. P. boy again that could talk about the tournaments and such things."

The date of Prof. Roth's lecture here has been set for June 4, though his subject has not been announced.

There will be another good turnout at the city hall Monday evening, and then the alderman will become accustomed to a vast solitude until it becomes tax-kicking time. It beats all how soon official popularity and official importance wane after the first Monday in May.

The axe factory is closed this Saturday while repairs are made in the boiler room.

The Encampment at its meeting Thursday evening entertained the Rebekahs and other Odd Fellows at a card party, with refreshments. Enough were present to make a sociable gathering.

The third floor of the Hotel Delta is being fitted up for use.

Automobile and motorcycle scorchers, roller skating on the streets and un-muzzled dogs are now forbidden in Escanaba. The committee of public safety is evidently on the job.

There are many old residents, voters and officials even, in this part of the country, natives of a foreign country, who have never taken out second papers, and are therefore not citizens of the United States nor of the state of Michigan. Those who filed declaration of intention have under the constitution of the state the right to vote, and therefore to hold city or county, but not township offices, if they have held these papers since May 8, 1892, just twenty years ago. Many therefore have never seen the necessity of perfecting their citizenship, particularly as their children who were born in America are citizens by birth. But the act of congress passed some years ago will go into effect June 1, 1913, cancelling all declaration of intention more than seven years old. This, as explained by the government naturalization inspector, will adversely affect the old timers, as well as those who have not used due diligence in recent years. It will therefore behoove some of them to look up carefully their old papers, as a period of at least ninety days is required to obtain final naturalization papers, and another ninety days is required to elapse before the naturalized citizen may vote.

Here is your chance to get a Kodak, one third down and balance only \$1 per month. During the month of May only, I will accept one third the actual price of any Kodak from the \$5 one up. That is you have only to pay one third down and the balance in payments of \$1 a month. Over twenty different designs to select from, at
STEWART'S PHARMACY

Two automobile experts of the city were out riding Thursday afternoon when their car stopped dead. After a long and exhaustive post-mortem, it was determined that the collapse was due to lack of vital fluid, and it was necessary to procure another supply of the nearest henchman of Rockefeller. So instead of bringing the oil to the machine they determined that it was easier to take the machine to the oil. So expert number one got his car out and made fast and then started to break the speed record down Delta with number two's little red car hitched on behind. Number two, being apprehensive that the watchful public would accuse him of stealing a ride, reached for his jackknife and would have cut the tow rope, but the gait was too wobbly, and he landed high and dry at his destination declaring that Scots are ever fair and false.

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 G. W. Davis, Phone 7.

Another card party, with refreshments and other attractions, for the benefit of All Saint's school, has been arranged for and will be held at the Inn building next Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the ladies of St. Margaret's and St. Elizabeth's guilds. The attendance of the public is invited, with the guarantee of a pleasant evening.

Several motorcyclists were buzzing around here Sunday afternoon. That evening three were picked up by the chief of police on Wells avenue in Escanaba and fined for scorching.

The Marble Arms company is mailing an edition of 80,000 miniature catalogs this spring to patrons. An extra force of mailing clerks are necessary during the rush.

Henry Rosenblum has purchased the home of Peter Laing at Seventh and Michigan, and will occupy it this fall, after Mr. Laing's departure from the city.

Sixty-nine teachers took the examination last Thursday in Escanaba, the largest attendance yet registered in Delta county.

Good afternoon. Did you get up on time this morning?

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rogers wish to thank their friends in their sad bereavement at the death of their infant son, Earl Wood Rogers.

FOR SALE

6-Room house, modern, hardwood floors, full plumbing, hot water heat, connected with sewer on Dakota avenue, corner Central.
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FREDERICK HUBER.

MINNESOTA AND CANADA LANDS

Farms in Pennington, Marshall and Murray counties, Minn., and 5000 acres in Manitoba, Can. Write for circulars and information to
31
CHARLES BROCKMAN, Jolley, Iowa.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Mr. W. J. Malcolm of McCormick Seminary, Chicago, arrived in the city yesterday morning and will preach at the Presbyterian church morning and evening.

Mr. Malcolm will supply the church regularly during the summer or until a pastor is secured.

Services will be held at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 P. M.

ANYBODY CAN MIX COFFEES

But blending requires years of trying, trying, trying
Many years of trying has made

Chase & Sanborn's
Seal Brand Coffee
what it is today, the most delicious of all blends.

You cannot buy it in any other store in Gladstone.
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"THE QUALITY STORE"
P. J. LINDBLAD PROP. PHONE 51

Matchless Liquid Gloss

The ideal restorer of furniture, woodwork, automobile and carriage bodies, etc. Applied with little labor, it richly repays its cost in making old things look new. Acts as a disinfectant as well. Call and see a demonstration of its efficiency. Put up in liberal sized cans at

20c each
J. R. BARRETT & CO.
PHONE 55 J.

Clean House

with an electric vacuum cleaner if you want it really clean. Saves you the bother of sweeping the same dust over and over again. Sweep under the bed if you like, but don't sweep everything under it.

For the model house equipment, you should have a vacuum cleaner. They may be had as cheaply as twenty dollars and from that up. For rent by the day at \$1.00 and \$1.50. With a man to operate it, 25 cents an hour. Saves you twice the cost in spring housecleaning.

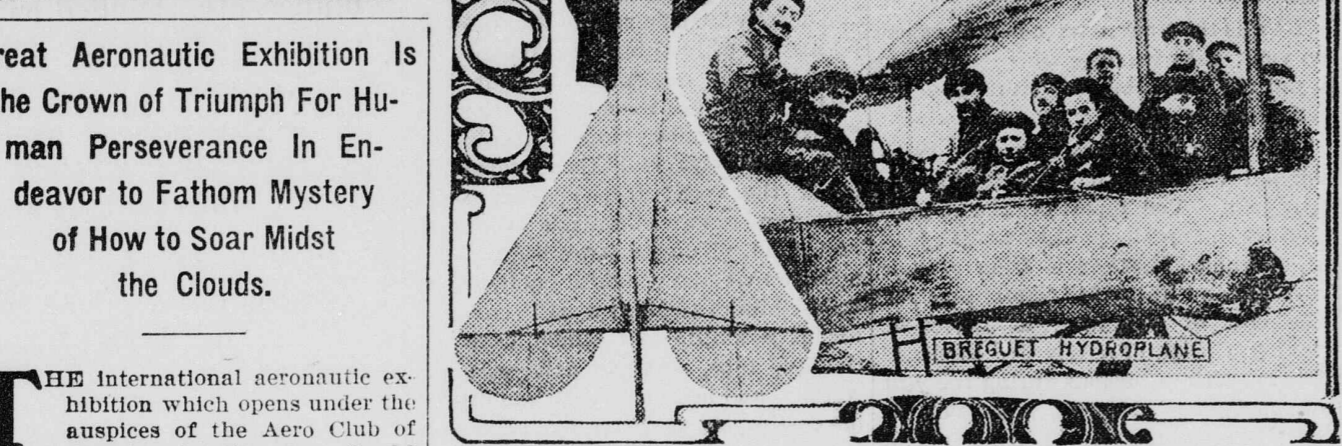
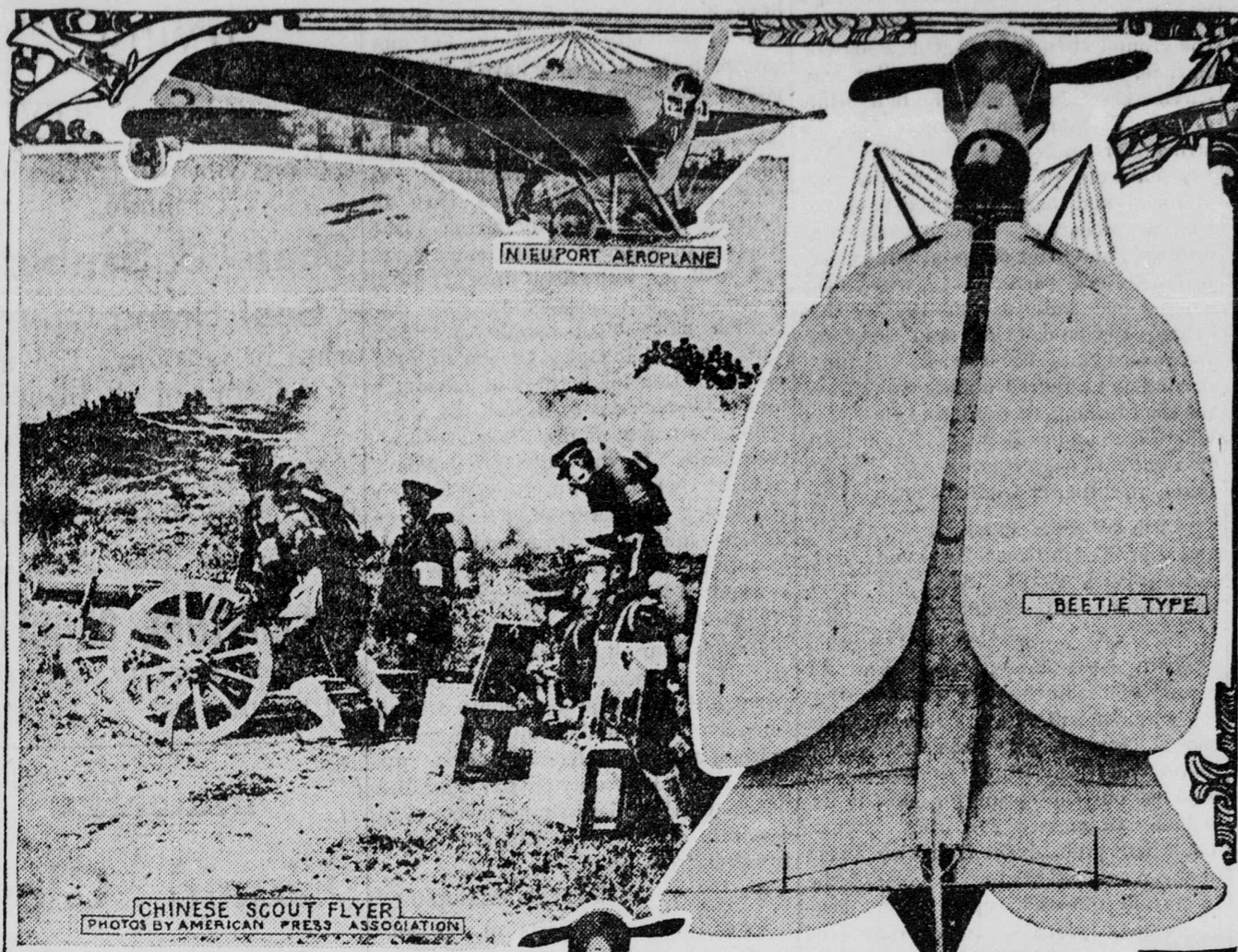
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Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
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Branch Office, 605 F St., Washington, D. C.

Man's Flying Dream Come True



Great Aeronautic Exhibition Is the Crown of Triumph For Human Perseverance In Endeavor to Fathom Mystery of How to Soar Midst the Clouds.

THE international aeronautic exhibition which opens under the auspices of the Aero Club of America in the new Grand Central palace, New York, May 3, continuing to May 18, again turns public attention in the direction of the subject of aviation. Of interest, therefore, is a glance at the art of human flight, a tedious progress indeed until recent years. For centuries man had been ambitious to fly like the birds of the air, and we read that Simon the magician, at the beginning of the Christian era, was the first "aviator" to meet with mishap in attempting to fly. It is recorded of Simon that after endeavoring to bribe St. Peter to disclose the secret of the descent of the Holy Ghost he made a flying machine when, after being immortalized in verse and in bronze, he smashed himself to pieces on the Roman pavement.

Olivier of Malmesbury, an English monk, is said to have constructed a set of leg and arm wings which cost him a broken leg in 1090. A. D. Jean Baptiste Dante also broke a leg with a pair of wings he built in the fifteenth century. In fact, broken legs were quite fashionable among early aviators. General Andre Guillaume Resnier, who wanted to affix wings to Napoleon's soldiers, got the flying mania in 1800, when he was seventy-one years old, and in sailing over a castle wall he broke a limb.

Recent Headway Is Marvelous.

Looking backward at the history of aviation the ludicrous side of the efforts to fly being in constant evidence until a comparatively late date and the tragic side still adding to its toll of human life, it seems a quick and hardly creditable jump to the success of present times, when bird men circle around the tops of big cities' tallest buildings and fly over the heads of pedestrians. This, of course, is not of daily occurrence, but the spectacle is so frequent that it is no longer marked by gasps of astonishment. Great distances are covered by our day bird men (one has crossed the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific), a mile a minute has been left far behind as a speed record, and the modern flying device obeys the human will, going this way or that as the aviator may wish.

Army experts have been convinced that the aeroplane is destined to play an important part in future wars and some believe that they will effect a complete revolution of war methods. In Hamburg, Germany, the finishing touches have been put on an airship harbor, the most important structure of the kind in the world. It will be used by Count Zeppelin for making training trips to the English, Swedish, Danish and Norwegian coasts, and if Germany has another war this structure will be utilized as the base from which airships will do scouting duty for the German squadron on the North sea.

By special act of congress the foreign machines shown at the new Grand Central palace enter the United States free of duty. The purpose of the exhibition is to show what designers, builders and aviators have accomplished. Various makes of aeroplanes, motors and propellers will be tested for their efficiency and as much attention will be given the technical as the spectacular features of aviation. The show probably will become an annual institution, like the horse show.

The exhibits will include three of the latest French models, the Breguet biplane, Paulhan-Tatan torpedo and the Nieuport monoplane. A peculiarity of the Breguet is that, while it is a biplane, it is equipped with a monoplane fuselage and novel landing device. The Paulhan-Tatan monoplane has upturned wings without ailerons, the motor being in front and the propeller in the extreme rear. The 1912 Nieuport is a development of the Bleriot type and has an inclosed fuselage, which tends to reduce air resistance and allows a motor lighter than the motors usually used.

Various Experiments.

The contrast is striking between aviators' achievements up to 1903 and since that time. Between 1885 and 1889 the Lilienthals made experiments in Germany and Otto Lilienthal was killed in his first effort to use a motor with a gliding machine. In 1892 Ador, a French inventor, made an aeroplane with a steam motor which flew 500 feet. In 1894 Sir Hiram Maxim built an aeroplane the engine of which was wonderfully light for a steam motor and was the basis for the mechanism of the steam automobile. But the machine was too heavy to fly. It weighed two tons.

In 1896 Percy S. Pilcher, an English engineer, was killed in trying to use a four horsepower oil engine on his glider.

In 1898 Octave Chanute in America made the first biplane glider and was able to travel at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour on a thirty pound machine down an incline of about ten degrees. He made hundreds of such flights safely, and his work was carried on by the Wrights.

In 1899 Lawrence Hargrave, an Australian, invented the cellular or box kite, and his invention, according to Charles C. Turner, was the foundation of the earlier models of Farman and M. Santos-Dumont.

Henson announced that he had designed a steam carriage that would travel through the air at great speed and would carry passengers. The pictures of this machine, which were common in the scientific and pictorial press of the time, have several strikingly familiar characteristics to the modern monoplane.

First Real Aeroplane Flight.

The first successful flight in an aeroplane or by a heavier than air machine was that achieved by Wilbur Wright in his biplane, the Kitty Hawk, on Dec. 17, 1903, when a flight of 852 feet was successfully achieved. Three years later M. Santos-Dumont entered his "flying machine" for the Archdeacon cup, to win which it was only necessary to rise clear of the ground for a distance of but twenty-five yards. To the astonishment of the spectators, he flew eighty yards at a height of about three feet. A month later he created a world's record by flying 230 yards. H. Farman, one year later beat this record by a flight of 311 yards at eight feet above the surface.

A full mile was not completed until January, 1908. In April of that year Delagrangue remained in the air for ten minutes. But in 1911—only three years later—many sensational feats were accomplished.

On Oct. 7, 1903, after a long series of experiments, Professor S. P. Langley

of the Smithsonian institution, with Charles M. Manley, his assistant, as a passenger, launched his large aeroplane, as he called it, from a houseboat on the Potomac river. The flight was brief and its failure was due to the weight of the machine—two tons—and the fallibility of the balancing tests that had been made with smaller models.

Professor Langley had put into practice an idea that had been hinted at by one William Samuel Henson in 1841, who became known throughout the United States and in England as the man who probably had solved the problem of aerial navigation. His fame was unrealized. Excepting the flights or gliding flights of Lilienthal there had been no man carrying machine that was heavier than air put to practical test until Langley's aeroplane.

On Sept. 13, 1906, Santos-Dumont made his first official flight in a "heavier than air" machine. He was in the air for twelve yards. He followed his first flight with one of 230 yards. Leon Delagrangue also was an object of attention by reason of his success in leaving the ground. Henry Farman on Oct. 26, 1907, flew 820 yards in 51½ seconds, thereby capturing the record.

In 1908 the real fliers, the "heavier than air" machines, reached a point of satisfactory achievement. On July 6 of that year Farman stayed in the air twenty minutes, setting a record. Orville Wright remained in the air for an hour. But the Wright brothers' records were scooped at in Europe until Wilbur Wright went abroad late in 1908 and began a series of flights that astonished the world. On Dec. 31, 1908, he remained in the air two hours and nineteen minutes.

Glenn H. Curtiss in the same year at Rheims, France, did some splendid flying. Farman was the first man to take to the highways with his machine. On Oct. 31, 1908, he flew from Chalons to Rheims, sixteen miles, in 20 minutes.

Dirigible Balloons.

One of the principal attractions at this month's show will be a dirigible balloon of the Parseval type, which will make scheduled trips after the show, carrying about twenty passengers each time. According to Charles C. Turner in Aerial Navigation of Today, Henry Giffard, a Frenchman, made the first successful dirigible in 1852. It was 130 feet long and could make four miles an hour with a three horsepower engine when there was no air movement.

By 1905 the air was full of dirigible balloons. Baldwin, Lebaudy, Gross, Parseval, Zeppelin and Santos-Dumont were great names. For a time being the aeroplane was discounted, and the gas bag seemed about to become the successful method of flight.

Various dirigibles Count Zeppelin had built reached what was regarded as a high state of perfection in the Deutschland, which made several trips in 1910 with as many as twenty passengers in addition to a crew of twelve. On June 28 of that year the machine, caught in a storm, was driven into a forest, where the balloon was destroyed. Fire, caused by an explosion, wrecked the Zeppelin VI. Sept. 24, 1910. This airship also had done a passenger carrying business.

A Sister's Greeting

A Pleasant Episode on Returning From a Lengthy Stay Abroad

By FRANCES KENDALL COOK

WE had had a cold, stormy passage from Southampton, but the morning we sailed up New York bay was warm and light and beautiful. I had been abroad studying and was coming home to settle down to my profession. When the steamer was docked I stood near the ship's end of the gangway waiting for a chance to get ashore. In one hand I held a suitcase, in the other a bundle of strapped rugs. On the dock I noticed one of the ship's officers standing beside a young lady very prettily and tastefully dressed. He was pointing my way. I thought nothing of the incident, though I was especially struck with the appearance of the young lady. As soon as the crowd thinned I started to go ashore. At the foot of the gangplank I was astonished to feel two feminine arms thrown about my neck and a shower of kisses rained upon my face by the young lady I had noticed from above.

"Oh, Will," she said, "I'm so glad you've come! We've been watching for the steamer ever since yesterday afternoon."

"How—did you—recognize me?"

"One of the ship's officers pointed you out. I asked him if he would let me know when you came ashore."

"Why—who did he say I was?"

"Why, William Brown, of course." She looked at me in surprise, then, drawing slightly away and scanning me critically, "Aren't you?"

"Of course I am. And you?"

"Alice Brown, your sister. Who else should I be?"

"Nobody else. How did you know I was coming?"

"By your letters. What makes you act so funny?"

"I—I haven't been well."

"You bad boy! You said nothing in your letters about having been ill. Why didn't you let me know?"

"I mean seastick."

"Oh, that's nothing!"

Meanwhile we were moving along the dock and reached a carriage before which the girl stopped.

"Put your baggage on the front seat," she said.

I stood irresolute. It was evident that the young lady had made a mistake. So far I had not been culpable, but if I continued to leave her unformed I would deserve to be keelhauled. Besides, at the end of the drive somebody would be likely to recognize me as being the wrong William Brown. Nevertheless she was so pretty, so affectionate, so rejoiced to see me after my long absence, that I could not bear to break the spell. And when she discovered that she had been kissing a strange man it might break her heart. I got into the carriage.

It was a long enough drive up town, but it seemed very short to me. I found it difficult to keep up appearances and only succeeded in doing so

by excusing myself for my lack of memory and my blunders by the great length of my absence. I discovered in the course of the conversation that I had been abroad ever since I was fourteen years old, that our mother was not living and our father had married again, we being the only children by his first marriage.

"Ah, here we are!" she said as we turned a corner. "We'll be at home in a few minutes."

I shuddered. "Alice," I said, "let us drive in Central park before going home. There is something I want to tell you."

She took fright at once. "Anything unpleasant? Have you got into any trouble?"

"No; I've had a very pleasant episode."

"Oh, Will, you're engaged! I know you are. And I was so in hope that you and I would be together."

"I am not engaged."

We were in the plaza. I called to the coachman and told him to take us for a drive in the park, and in a few moments we were bowling along over the smooth roads of this fairyland, with its wooded lawns, its terraces, its grass grown rocks, its lakes, all gleaming in the sun of a bright summer morning.

"Now, Will," said my self constituted sister eagerly, "what is it?"

I had passed numberless pitfalls in my time, but they were nothing in comparison with the present situation.

"Suppose," I said, "a young man meets a young lady who at their first meeting wins his heart by her innocence, her beauty, her gentleness, her womanly qualities."

"I knew it! You're in love!"

"Suppose that this girl mistook the man for some one she had long known—a father; no, not a father—a brother. He, charmed with her sisterly affection, having no real sister, permits her to continue in her mistake. What punishment should he receive?"

"Why didn't you tell her at once?"

"I couldn't bear to break the spell."

"Who is she?"

"You. You have made a mistake. I am Will Brown, but not your Will Brown."

.....

We drove to her home in silence, and on reaching it she alighted before I could arrest her and ran without a word of adieu to me into the house. She rushed into the arms of a young man, the right William Brown, and I drove away as he was smothering her with kisses.

I found a mutual friend who pleaded my cause with Alice Brown, and at last I secured permission to call upon her. Since her brother had returned with a love story similar to the one she had expected me to tell I devoted myself to consoling her for their separation. I have been consoling her ever since.

RESOURCES OF THE FRENCH.

Why the Country Recovered From Its Severe Trials In the Past.

The resources of the French people have always been a surprise to the rest of the world. The country has repeatedly recovered from most exhausting wars, apparently through the very small savings accumulated by its lower classes. The peasants of France are land owners to an extent hardly equalled in any other country. The saving system known as the credit foncier, which is sanctioned and directed by the French government, is to a certain extent responsible for the thrifty spirit shown throughout France.

The plan provides that a man may borrow on his land very close to the complete value by arranging in advance the number of years that he will take to pay back the loan. His interest payments are then arranged at so much per year, the amount being greater or less, depending on how soon he intends that these payments should completely pay off his debt. If the payments are to continue for fifty years the payments are very small. If the whole mortgage is to be paid off in a shorter period the yearly payments are larger.

There is an added feature, which would not be considered possible in this country—viz., an occasional lottery drawing by which the man who draws the lucky ticket has his mortgage entirely canceled. The system provides an absolutely safe means of saving and is an encouragement to buy and pay for real estate. Against these bonds and mortgages the credit foncier issues its bonds in small amounts bearing interest at 3 per cent or less, which are sold in large quantities to investors of moderate means. We have had nothing like it in America and as a result our people have grown up to a very careless scale of expenditure.



The Peril of Overstudy.

The suicide of a promising young college student and the recent breakdown of a young girl who had come from a distance to Boston to acquire higher education are instances which serve to call attention to the peril that lies in overstudy. To be studious is admirable, but to devote one's energies to the acquiring of book knowledge with such application that the mind collapses and judgment is dethroned, is pitiful.

There is middle ground between indifference and extreme zeal that every pupil should endeavor to attain.—Boston Globe.

The Sunday School Lesson

SENIOR BEREAN FOR MAY 5.

Golden Text.—A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth.—Luke xii, 15.

Luke vi, 20-23.—Possessors of blessing.

Luke places before the reader two ideals of life. They are opposed to each other and appeal to two different classes of people. He leaves us to infer which is the better of the two ideals. * * * "Ye poor" must be taken literally. It refers to those who have little of this world's goods. Jesus did not mean to say that penury is a desirable thing for its own sake and that those who live in poverty are better off spiritually than those who enjoy riches. The thought he desired to emphasize was that in spite of poverty they could enjoy the kingdom of God. "Ye shall be filled." The testimony of the psalmist is worth considering: "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread" (xxxvii, 25). Compare also Phil. iv, 19. "Ye that weep now." The reference is to Christian mourners. The causes of their sorrow will not necessarily be removed, but grace will be given them to bear it, just as Paul received strength to endure the thorn in the flesh (II Cor. xii, 7-10). "Laugh," because comforted. "Hate you." Persecution has been one of the inevitable penalties visited upon the faithful followers of Jesus. * * * "Rejoice ye in that day." The first epistle of Peter is an exposition of the service of suffering for Christ. Compare ii, 20-26; iii, 13-18; iv, 12-19.

Luke vi, 24-26.—Heirs of misery.

These words are not a denunciation, but an announcement. Just as the first section was an encouragement, this is a warning. The class of people here mentioned need counsel just as much as the others. "Rich" was practically synonymous with godless in the days of Jesus. They were the oppressors of the poor and were tempted to find "consolation" in their wealth (Luke xii, 19). But there were noble exceptions, like Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. * * * "You that are full"—those who are self satisfied, who have reached a state in life beyond which they do not care to advance, who are opposed to improvement and extension, who have neither vision nor faith. "Laugh," in

the spirit of the cynic, who does not understand the marvel and mystery of human life. They are shallow and superficial, selfish and biased, shortsighted and ignorant. * * * "Mourn and weep" in the time of dissolution and disappointment. "Speak well of you." These words were addressed especially to the disciples, lest they should be tempted to seek popularity at the cost of principle. * * *

Luke xvi, 19-31.—Dives and Lazarus.

The purpose of this parable was not to illustrate the compensations in life, but to emphasize the necessity of taking advantage of the opportunities of life. * * * "A certain rich man." The type was common in Palestine. He enjoyed all conceivable comforts that money could obtain. "A certain beggar." This style of humanity was no less common. The distress and discomfort of his condition were pitiable to a degree. In a country where no hospitals existed and where medicine was at best only an apology we can realize how dreadful must have been the afflictions of the sick. "Abraham's bosom." The figure was suggested by the custom of reclining on one's elbow and leaning on the bosom of the person to the left (John xiii, 25). From a place of obscurity and pain on earth he was translated to a position of honor and privilege at the feast of paradise. "The rich man also died." He met with the fate common to the human race, whatever the station in life. "In hell"—"hades." "Tormented in this flame." This is a strong expression for the pain and anguish that were torturing the man who had been living for himself when on earth. "Moses and the prophets." The two parts of the Hebrew Bible contained sufficient guidance for those who desired to regulate their lives aright by its teaching. If the present opportunities are not availed of there will be little use of providing greater benefits. The rich man was not a violent offender. He was selfish and indifferent and did not realize that he had responsibilities toward others. At his very door there were occasions to exhibit benevolence, but he turned away from them. When it was too late he lamented lost opportunities, but regrets were now of no avail.

The Weekly Farm Budget

GROWN FOR DRUGS

Thirty-six Plants Listed by Federal Department of Agriculture.

HOREHOUND'S WIDE RANGE.

Found in Almost Every Section of the United States and Considered Good Remedy For Colds—Other Plants Used For Various Purposes.

The department of agriculture recently issued a bulletin on leaves and herbs used as medicine. Collectors of medicinal plants have made such insistent demands on the department for a guide in their work that a description

SEED CORN ADVICE.

Weak seed is the principal cause of barren stalks and missing hills. To raise big crops it is necessary to discard the weak as well as the dead seed and plant only the strong seed.

You have to plow, harrow, plant and cultivate the field just the same for a poor crop as for a good crop, so it requires no more time or labor to raise the good crop. Why not plant strong seed and raise the big crops?

One ear of good seed corn equals about ten bushels of crop. Don't plant a poor ear.

Two good ears on each hill will make over eighty bushels an acre.—Corn Facts.

DOLLAR A HEN A YEAR.

You Should Be Able to Keep One to Four Hundred Hens on an Acre.

You can clear a profit of \$1 a hen a year in poultry truck farming. From 100 to 400 hens to the acre may be kept at a profit of \$100 to \$400. Annual profits obtained from dual purpose stock amount to about the same by the acre as those derived from the keeping of egg breeds; also a good income is derived from the selling of breeding stock. Pure bred cockerels of any standard breed are worth \$2.50 apiece. Brood hens or good laying hens readily sell for \$1 each.

The production of eggs for hatching purposes and the raising of baby chicks are other sources of income in the poultry business. They are branches in which a poultryman may specialize. One man in Colorado has built up a baby chick business that yields an annual net income of \$2,000. Five hundred chicks to the acre may be reared for the market and the replacement of inefficient laying hens. A half acre more of land is required for the rearing of a proportionate number of breeding fowls. The laying hens and the breeding fowls will depreciate in value and serviceability. The inefficient ones should be culled out and their places filled with late March and April hatched pullets.

Hatching, either by the incubation or natural method, generally average one-half pullets and one-half cockerels. Replacements can always be made from this reserve. Replacements of inefficient breeders and layers permit the annual disposal of the same number of fowls hatched in the year. Profits and success in poultry farming are associated with such things as an incubator cellar, open air curtain front houses for breeding stock, colony houses for young stock, simple methods of feeding, intelligent care and advertising.—Kansas Industrialist.

FEED VALUE OF SPELTZ.

Considered Similar to Corn and Barley, but Not Quite So Valuable.

John C. Burns, professor of animal husbandry, Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, College Station, says:

"I submit herewith a list of a few of our common feeds for comparison with speltz as to the amount of digestible nutrient in 100 pounds of each:

"Total dry matter 100 pounds of barley, 89.2; digestible nutrients, crude protein, 8.4; carbohydrates, 65.3; fat, 1.6. Total dry matter in 100 pounds of corn, 89.4; digestible nutrients, crude protein, 7.8; carbohydrates, 66.8; fat, 5.3. Total dry matter in 100 pounds of oats, 96.6; digestible nutrients, crude protein, 10.7; carbohydrates, 50.3; fat, 3.8. Total dry matter in 100 pounds of speltz, 92.0; digestible nutrients, 10.0; carbohydrates, 70.3; fat, 2.0.

"The digestible nutrients of speltz would indicate it to have a feeding value very similar to that of corn and barley. However, the South Dakota station reports slightly better results from corn and barley than from speltz for both fattening sheep and for dairy cows. The Nebraska station also reports speltz to be somewhat inferior to corn and barley for fattening pigs."

DANGER TO POTATO CROP.

Foreign Potatoes Now Reaching This Country Not Good to Use For Seed.

Although home grown seed potatoes are selling at high prices, foreign grown potatoes should not be substituted for them. The following statement on the danger to the American potato crop from the use of imported seed potatoes is issued by the secretary of agriculture:

"Europe has several potato diseases not now known to exist in this country, which, if introduced, might be the means of greatly reducing our annual yield of potatoes. Should these diseases become prevalent throughout the United States the cost of producing future crops might be very greatly increased.

"Do not, therefore, under any circumstances use foreign grown potatoes for seed either at the north or at the south. The sorts which are coming to this country at the present time are late sorts and are not adapted to planting in the south, where early potatoes are the main crop. Neither are they adapted to planting at the north, for they will not produce a satisfactory yield.

"They are not adapted to our soils or to our climate and will not yield profitable crops, but the danger of introducing diseases not now present is sufficient reason for refusing to plant them."

When Not to Use Harrow.

The harrow is an extremely useful implement, but there are some conditions under which its use will do no good and may do positive harm. In an attempt to eradicate perennial weeds the harrow is of little worth, as it will not uproot them. It is also of little value in handling deep rooted annual weeds like the Russian thistle. For the same reason the harrow will not handle volunteer grain that comes up from the bottom of the furrow in a dry season, nor will it satisfactorily eradicate grain that has attained some growth. In all such cases the disk is more valuable.—Kansas Farmer.

Phosphorus, Potash and Clover.

In thirty years' fertilizer experiments at the Pennsylvania station it has been found that phosphorus and potash in a rotation containing clover continue to maintain soil fertility. Without the addition of organic matter during thirty years, except the roots and stubble of the crops raised, the soil has been kept in a state of high fertility, the land receiving an application of six tons of manure every other year during the thirty years.

Horehound Medicinal Plant

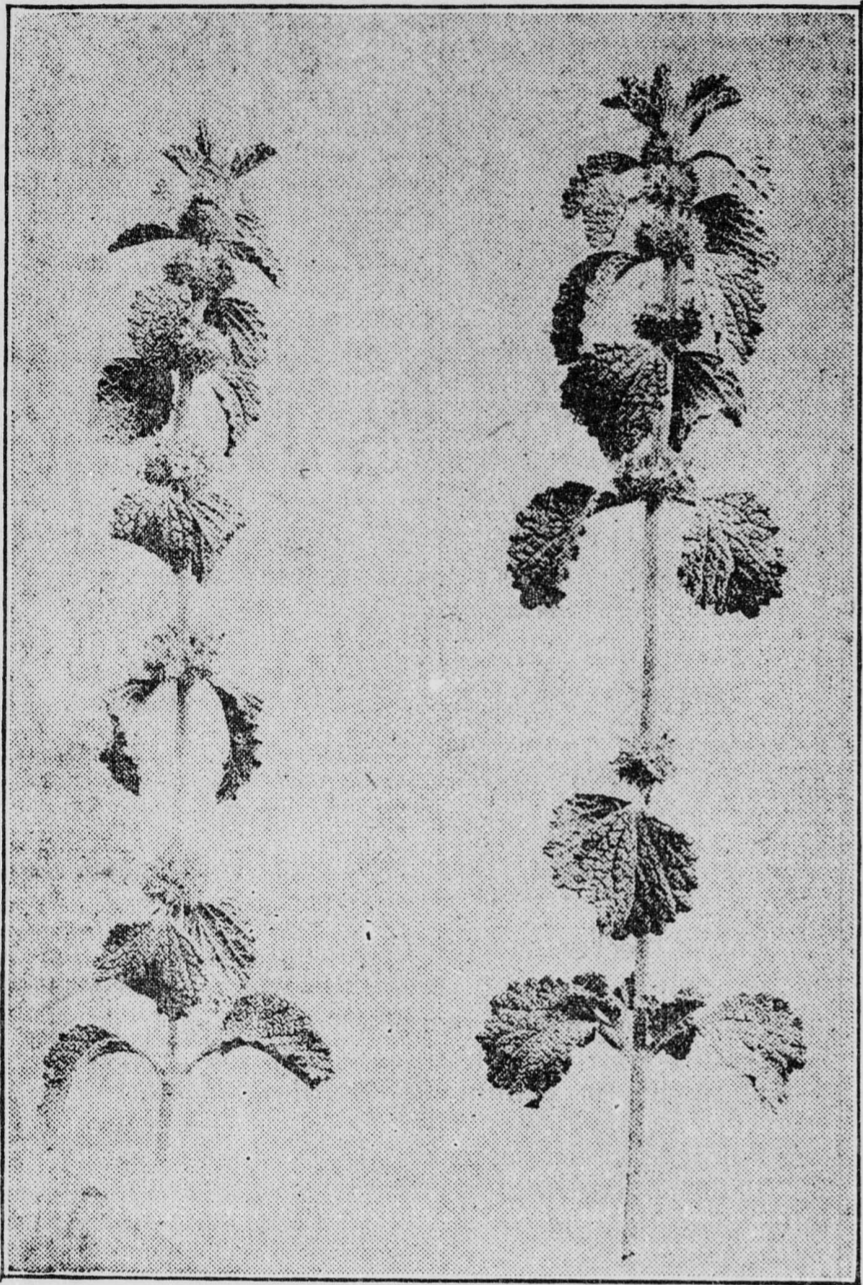


Photo by United States department of agriculture.

of thirty-six medicinal plants, including only such as are in most common use, has been prepared, fifteen of these being mentioned in the eighth decennial revision of the United States pharmacopoeia.

Each plant is listed under the name in most common use, but synonymous common names and the pharmacopoeial name, if any, are also given, that no one should have difficulty in recognizing the plants familiar to him or in identifying from the description given an unknown one of the series. Perhaps the best known plants included in this bulletin are peppermint and spearmint, which are not only found in the wild state, but are also cultivated for the distillation of oil, an important American industry. Witch hazel, almost a household word, is found in low, damp woods from New Brunswick to Minnesota and south to Florida and Texas. The soothing properties of this plant were known to the Indians, and it is still employed for the relief of inflammatory conditions. Wintergreen is described as having stimulant and antiseptic properties, though its chief use seems to be as a flavoring agent.

Horehound, one of the best known domestic remedies for colds, has a wide range, being found from Maine to South Carolina, Texas and westward to California and Oregon. Jimson weed, a common weed in field and waste places, is found almost everywhere except in the north and west. The dried leaves are frequently smoked or the fumes inhaled as a remedy for asthma. Catnip, familiarly associated with a tea for babies, is described as a common weed naturalized from Europe. It is noted for its quieting effect on the nervous system. Boneseed is another familiar plant in many households, the leaves and tops of which form an old and popular remedy in the treatment of fever and ague. Pennyroyal, aside from its value as an aromatic stimulant, has an odor which is very repulsive to insects and is therefore much used for keeping away mosquitoes and other troublesome insects.

Among the other plants not in such common use, mentioned in this paper, are foxglove, gum plant, bugle weed, balmoney and skullcap. Tansy, wormwood, fireweed and fleabane are described as furnishing useful oils.

Colt and Horse Together.

A good way to halter break a colt is alongside a horse. The rider can act as leader and driver. Some persons tie the colt to the harness of the work horse or trotter. This not only teaches the colt to lead, but also shows it its place.—Kansas Industrialist.

The New Superintendent Who Took Boxing Lessons

By CHARLES EDGAR FORT

THE capitalist and the laborer are virtually partners, but one or the other is often too shortsighted to understand that this is so.

One of the most successful manufacturing firms of thirty years ago was Stringham & Bliss, now the Stringham-Bliss company. Stringham started the business alone and for a long while lost money steadily. There was one man in his employ who continually made trouble, Tom Lynch, a powerful fellow of considerable influence in the mills and always "spoiling for a fight." Lynch usually contrived to find out when a line of work needed to be finished by a given time or Stringham be stuck for a forfeit, and invariably brought on trouble at the critical juncture. Stringham knew this and would gladly have got rid of Lynch, but was afraid to discharge him for fear he would revenge himself in some way. Finally Stringham's timidity and Lynch's interference led to the closing of the mills.

One day a little blue eyed man who had been one of Stringham's employees went to him and told him that if he would reopen the mills and appoint him (Mark Bliss) superintendent he would guarantee that all would go peaceably thereafter. Stringham told him that he needed more capital, which would be forthcoming in three months, and that he would then consider his request to be made superintendent.

Bliss had saved \$50, which he spent in taking lessons in boxing. The mills were reopened, and he received his appointment. A few weeks later he announced that the men would be employed and paid for overtime, as a large contract had been secured which must be completed with dispatch. As he expected, Lynch at once began to foment trouble. One morning Bliss went into the foundry where Lynch worked and saw that the men there, instead of being at work, were gathered about Lynch, who was haranguing them.

"Lynch," said Bliss, purposely addressing himself to the malcontent and ignoring the men, "why are you not at work?"

"We're considering a strike," said Lynch. "These beggarly wages are not to be endured any longer."

"Go to work at once or leave the mill."

"I'll go to work when I get ready, and, as for leaving the mill, we'll see if any little popinjay who was one of us, but who has now got up where he can turn against us, is able to put me out." Bliss, whose muscles a three months' training had made hard as iron, was meanwhile approaching Lynch, but his manner was so quiet, the tone of his voice so devoid of threat or excitement, that Lynch supposed he was coming to argue the point with him. Suddenly the little superintendent darted between two of the men who stood about Lynch and, landing a blow under the chin, sent the bully sprawling on the cinders.

"Stand back, men!" said Bliss. "You,

John Walsh—I've stood at the same bench with you—see fair play. You, Evan Dugald—you remember the trouble I got you out of when the sheriff leveled on your furniture. Stand back, comrades! All I want is fair play."

The two men addressed put themselves before their fellow workmen, and with one accord all formed a ring around the two combatants. Lynch jumped to his feet and went for Bliss like a mad bull, but the skull splitting blow he aimed struck the air, for his adversary ducked and, coming up beside him, planted his fist on his ear, downing him. There were ten rounds, during which science kept little Bliss out of the way of the bully's terrific blows, any one of which would have knocked him out. Skill and the endurance acquired in training at last enabled him to tire out his antagonist. Then he began to close in for a finish. After two or three lunges which were only partially successful he made a feint to the right, and thus, throwing Lynch off his guard, concentrated all the force he could muster into a blow aimed to take the bully under the chin. Lynch gave way backward and caught it in his throat. His incline to the rear made the fall so heavy that he failed to get up.

"Now, men," said the victor, "there lies the man who by tampering with us caused the closing of these mills and the suffering our families endured in consequence. All I require of you is to go to work and remember that Mr. Stringham is as necessary to you as you are to him."

The superintendent then directed four of the men to carry Lynch to the office, where he received every attention and the next day went to work peacefully, first assuring the superintendent that he would cause no further trouble. From that day he was one of the steadiest workmen in the plant and a strong friend and admirer of Mark Bliss.

The contract was fulfilled on time and was a very profitable one. Stringham raised Bliss' salary and, finding him so serviceable in keeping order in the mills, realizing that he needed just such a man permanently, took him into partnership. Thus the one thing the concern needed was supplied. Stringham was a fine business man, but timid. Bliss had no aptitude for business—indeed, he left it all to his partner—but he had great tact in showing the men their own interests, and no malcontent dared to urge unreasonable demands. Indeed Lynch became the medium through which most of the incipient outbreaks were arranged and the men satisfied.

Starlight.

The amount of starlight reaching the earth is equal to that of 3,000 stars of the first magnitude.

Sea Water of the World.

It would require 2,000,000 years for the sea water of the world to flow over Niagara.

In the Cloud's Silver Lining

Coming and Going.

A young man wearing flashy clothes walked into the hotel, and with a flourish of the pen registered as "Ira M. Smart, Smartville, Tenn." He asked to be assigned to a \$5 room.

"I pay as I go," he said rather bombastically.

"I regret, Mr. Smart," retorted the chief clerk, "that it is a rule of this house that guests without baggage must pay as they come."—Exchange.

Putting on Airs.



"We're in fashion for once. The paper says th' new style shoes has ventilated toes."

A Tactful Request.

Doctor—"The increasing deafness of your wife is merely an indication of advancing years, and you can tell her that."

Husband—"Hum! Would you mind telling her that yourself, doctor?"—Christian Intelligencer.

Object of Pity.

"They say she is devoted to her husband and baby."

"Yes, poor thing! She hasn't taken a prize at a bench show for three years."—Puck.

Indignation.

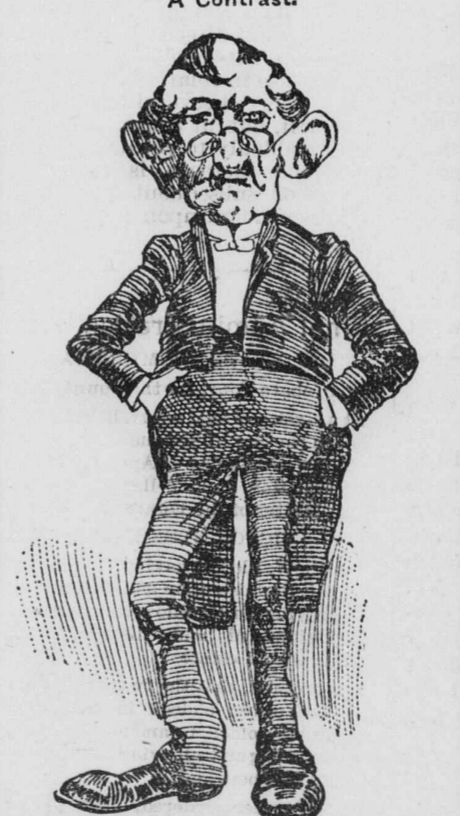
Mrs. Brown—Mrs. Jones has the worst habit.

Mr. Brown—What is it, dear?

Mrs. Brown—She turns around and looks back every time we pass on the street.

Mr. Brown—How do you know she does?—Judge.

A Contrast.



Professor Scroggs—Some people always cry hard times. Why, gentlemen, think of the stone age!

Feminine Viewpoint.

Business Man (explaining)—When they say "money is easy" they mean simply that the supply is greater than the demand.

His Wife—Goodness! I shouldn't think such a thing possible.—Philadelphia Press.

Grilling a Nuisance.

As William Faversham was having his luncheon in a Birmingham hotel he was much annoyed by another visitor who during the whole of the meal stood with his back to the fire warming himself and watching Faversham eat. At length, unable to endure it any longer, Mr. Faversham rang the bell and said: "Waiter, kindly turn that gentleman around. I think he's done on that side."—Everybody's.

An Epitaph.



He died as he lived—upright.

Success Assured.

Friend—So you think your play has a scene that will catch the women.

Playwright—Positive of it. It shows a new family moving in, and all the women in the audience will be peep-eyed watching the furniture arrive.—Boston Transcript.

Invisible.

First Angel—How did St. Peter come to let that fellow in? He's charged with nearly everything.

Second Angel—Oh, he's a corporation lawyer. He got through on technicalities.—Satire.

CURIOS SINGING SAND.

Musical Notes Produced by Disturbing Deposits in Scotland.

A lecture given at the Royal Societies club by Cecil Carus-Wilson was devoted to a consideration of the extraordinary sands known as "musical" or "singing" sands, says the London Standard.

The best singing sands in the world come from the Isle of Egg, off the coast of Scotland, and it is comforting to know that whatever figure Britain may cut in grand opera she is at least pre-eminent when it comes to a question of singing sand. But what is singing sand? Mr. Carus-Wilson went to great pains to leave no doubt on the subject, and, although his audience contained many eminent geologists, he asked leave to begin at the very beginning and to treat his audience "as an audience of boys."

The lecturer showed how the rocks of which the earth is composed are decomposed by the action of natural causes, chiefly the weather; how cliffs become bowlders, how bowlders become pebbles and pebbles in turn become sand. In the course of time it occurs that Nature, that most versatile old lady, produces a kind of sand which has music in its soul; a sand composed of quartz, rounded and highly polished, of a uniform size and very clean.

And when these are agitated so as to produce vibrations by means of the wind, by being trodden upon or by being struck, they produce musical notes. Such perfect deposits are found in the Isle of Egg, and it was by means of samples of the real egg variety that the lecturer produced musical notes.

Filling a wooden egg cup with sand from the Isle of Egg, he stabbed the sand with a wooden ninepin abstracted, he said, from the nursery at home and produced a high musical note. The sand behaved better in the egg cup than in anything else. In a cardboard box its musical note remained dumb, as it did in a flowerpot and in the half of a rubber ball. In half a wooden Easter egg the sand from the Isle of Egg, as the lecturer remarked, "positively revealed" in its surroundings and emitted a sharp, joyous squeaking.

Musical sands have been known for 1,000 years, and it is believed that there is a reference to them in one of the tales of the "Arabian Nights." But Nature, which conducts experiments in quite a different scale from those of the other night, produces much finer results. There is the Mountain of the Bell on the shores of the Red sea, which makes extraordinary sounds and booms when the winds set the countless millions of particles rubbing against one another and vibrating.

Darwin discovered the "roarer" in Chile, which also makes tremendous noises, and there are many other examples in various parts of the world.

LUCKY FELLOW.

Oh, I can pay a dandy price
For all that I desire!
So pick me out a mansion nice
And troops of servants hire.
Your trouble well will I reward
With anything you ask.
So get to work and hustle hard
At each appointed task.
Get me a yacht and motorcar
And have at my behest
All luxuries from near and far,
And always get the best.
And never haggle at the cost,
Whatever it may be.
Remember while by me you're
bossed
From money cares you're free,
For I'm in fancy rich today.
My fancies high aspire,
As I a fancy price can pay
For all that I desire.
—Atlanta Constitution.

THIS WELL DANGEROUS.

Combination of Dug and Drilled Kind Menace to Health.

Almost any community in which wells have been drilled can boast of a number of combination dug and drilled wells. The owners congratulate themselves on their wisdom in utilizing an old dug well fifteen, twenty or thirty feet in depth and drilling through the bottom of this to a good flow of deep water. The cost of drilling that twenty or thirty feet has been saved, certainly an economy worth considering. As a matter of fact, this combination dug and drilled well is a particularly dangerous type. It may readily breed malarial fever or even typhoid fever, which is more prevalent in the country than even in the overcrowded cities in spite of the supposed pure water supply of nearly all farming sections. Such a well is all the more dangerous because it is fancied to be safe.

Although the water encountered by the deep well may be perfectly pure at the start, contamination may take place almost immediately by the entrance, especially after rains, of seepage water into the open well and thence into the casing of the drilled well. The remedies are obvious. Either the casing should be carried to the surface of the outside ground or at least above the highest level ever reached by the water, or the open well should be converted into a water tight cistern by applying a thick coating of cement over both sides and bottom.—United States Geological Survey.

The Power of the Press.

"You may give three important illustrations of the power of the press," says the teacher to the class.

The pupil who has not hitherto distinguished himself is first to reply: "Cleric, courtship and politics."—Judge's Library.

Billy Phenomenon

He Wasted No Time

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"There ain't nobody going to take Florine to the dance tomorrow night," observed Henry Johnson idly. The little group of young men gathered about the stove in the village store, exchanged sly glances and then resumed their stolid staring at the ruddy coals.

"How do you know that?" demanded Sandy Peters aggressively. He sat a little in the background, and it was generally understood that his violent red hair provided such warmth for his body that he never drew near the fire no matter how cold the weather.

"What do you know about that?" repeated Sandy Peters, thrusting out his freckled chin. Florine Gray was his cousin.

"Her mother told my mother that Florine wouldn't go with nobody that had asked her," explained Henry Johnson hastily.

"Anybody else got anything to say about my cousin Florine?" demanded Sandy belligerently, and a general shuffling of feet, followed by intense stillness, having given the impression that so far as the circle of young men was concerned the subject was closed, Sandy arose, yawned, stretched himself and went home.

After it might be assumed that Sandy had reached home, conversation was resumed. Ruel Lane was the one to break the heavy silence. "I guess there ain't nobody around here good enough for Florine Gray."

"Did she turn you down, too?" asked Jacob Leonard quickly, and the four others laughed loudly at the confusion of the two.

"Never mind; all the rest us will be there," consoled Lem White—"leastways, all of us except Billy Phenomenon here."

"And why not me?" demanded Billy from his seat on a cracker barrel,



HE FORGOT EVERYTHING EXCEPT THAT HE LOVED HER.

from which point of vantage he had watched the circle around the fire.

"You never go to dances. You can't get a girl to go with you," grinned Jacob Leonard.

"I never asked one yet," retorted Billy, growing red about his ears.

"Why not?" came in a chorus from the others.

"Because," said Billy slowly—"because somehow there wasn't one that I wanted to go with, I guess—no, I don't mean that they're not all sweet and pretty and too nice for us to be talking about down here, only somehow"—He paused for the right word, the inoffensive word to express himself, for most of the boys had sisters, and Billy Phenomenon was too chivalrous to offend.

"Ah, you're stuck up like Florine Gray! I guess you better go and ask her to go to the party, Billy. Two such aristocrats as you and Florine ought to go together for sure."

Billy's hands clinched, and another wave of red invaded his smooth brown cheeks. "I guess we better stop talking about the girls," he said quietly and left the room, knowing that they were laughing at him.

Mrs. Deacon Price had brought him from an orphan asylum, and the Prices had adopted him. His name had been William Philemon, but his little lisping tongue had twisted "Philemon" into something that sounded like "Phenomenon," and from the beginning it had been his nickname in the village. The Prices had given him their own name, too, but he was generally called "Billy Phenomenon," and he grew not to mind it.

The Prices had educated him, and when he returned from the academy the deacon had died and he had taken the management of the big farm on his broad young shoulders, and he was

making a success of it. But Riverdale people were narrow, and they had no welcome for strangers in their midst and consequently they never forgot that, although Billy Price might be Mrs. Deacon Price's adopted son and probable heir to all the Price money and broad acres, nevertheless he was an unknown waif from the orphan asylum and not quite on a level with the rest of them who had been born in the houses they lived in and expected to die in.

To taunt Billy Phenomenon with a tenderness for Florine Gray was like touching an open wound.

As he walked toward home Billy Phenomenon turned over in his mind the possibility of his asking Florine Gray to go to the party the next night. He had never invited a girl to go anywhere in his life, and it was a custom in Riverdale social circles for young men to escort their girl friends and sweethearts to all the merry-makings in the neighborhood, and it was a very rare occurrence that a girl cared to go without masculine escort. It was an open acknowledgment of being without admirers.

Of course Florine Gray would never be in that predicament save of her own choosing, for she was the acknowledged belle of Riverdale and could have had her pick among a dozen of the most eligible young men. As a matter of fact every youth gathered about the village stove that night had asked Florine if he might escort her to the party—that is, every one save Billy Phenomenon. And Florine had sweetly and graciously refused every one without explanation, and the chagrined youths found solace in the thought that Florine was "stuck up" and proud. Even her cousin, Sandy Peters, had made a half joking attempt to invite Florine, but he retired in confusion at the first shake of her sunny head.

"Sandy, boy," Florine had smiled, "if you take me to the party who will take Gracie Blake? I suppose Jacob Leonard won't mind that."

"I should say not!" exploded Sandy. "You're right, Florine. I guess I better take Gracie, and you can go with whoever you want to. I might as well go and ask her, eh?"

"Yes, do," urged Florine, and he went.

Billy Phenomenon knew nothing about all this, but he was thinking seriously of asking Florine to go. Perhaps she had refused all the other fellows for the reason that she was hoping that the city fellow who had shown her so much attention last summer might come down to Riverdale. He had heard through devious channels that had had its source with the girl in the postoffice that the city chap had sent several picture postal cards to Florine after his departure.

"If she's waiting for that fellow to ask her and he don't maybe she'll be sorry she didn't accept one of the boys," pondered Billy Phenomenon as he dreamed along the road toward home. "It will be too bad if she has to stay home after all." His heart beat unsteadily as he thought about Florine Gray and realized the utter hopelessness of his love for her.

He was passing the Gray place now, and his steps lagged, as they always did. The house set back under the tall, bare locust trees, and a soft light was diffused through the drawn yellow shades. It was growing dark now, and he could see something white leaning against the private hedge that surrounded the orchard. It must be Florine Gray. She wore a white sweater coat and a white cap.

Florine did not hear him coming. She was leaning against one of the slender young trees inside the hedge, and she was sobbing softly, quietly.

Billy Phenomenon stood frozen in his tracks. Florine Gray, the lovely, fortunate girl, belle of Riverdale, crying—for what? He could think of only one answer. The city chap had neglected to invite her to the party. For an instant he longed to annihilate the city chap as he had yearned to do in the summer time. In his mind's eye the air was full of immaculate neckties, polished tan shoes and snowy Panama hats. He forgot his shyness; he forgot that he hardly knew Florine save in his dreams; he forgot everything except that he loved her and she was in trouble.

He leaned over the hedge. "Florine!" he called gently.

"Oh!" cried Florine sharply and turned about, but he could not see her face in the darkness. "Who is it? What do you want?" Her voice quavered.

"It's me—Billy Phenomenon. I—er—I was going to ask you if you'd go to the party with me tomorrow night," stammered Billy excitedly.

Florine swayed toward him and grasped the hedge with little white, cold hands. "Why—why—Billy, what made you ask me?" she questioned eagerly.

"Because I wanted you to go with me. I'd be proud to—of course you don't know how I feel about it." Billy was talking rapidly now. His hands were covering Florine's little cold ones, and wonder of wonders, she had not withdrawn them. Their young faces were close together, and he could feel the quick intake of her breath. "I never dared ask you before, Florine, but I've thought a lot about it. I don't suppose you'd go with me with all the other chances you can have." He felt a sudden depression in her silence.

"Oh, Billy Phenomenon, why haven't you asked me before?" half cried Florine. "I've been wanting you to. I've held off going with any one every time for a year hoping you'd ask me to go. And you wanted me all the time?"

"Yes," gasped Billy, his smooth cheek touching her satiny one now. "I want you all the rest of my life, Florine! And their lips met across the hedge in a kiss of understanding."

UPPER PENINSULA

Austin Farrell, superintendent of the Pioneer Iron company, is having a fifty-foot cruiser built at Racine, Wis., which will be the finest boat of its kind in Marquette harbor. It will take the place of the one which was lost in a storm last spring, and will be here in June. Mr. Farrell expects to take the boat from Racine to Gladstone, where he will keep it until the weather conditions on the lake have become calmer. Then he will take the boat around to Marquette by way of the straits and the Soo, making a pleasure trip that will serve to test the powers of his craft. The boat will be fitted out in style, with all the conveniences that can be desired.—Mining Journal.

The Oliver Iron Co. is installing sanitary fountains in its mines.

H. H. Fuller, principal of the Newberry High school, writes the Mining Journal that he has been unable to arrange baseball games with any high schools in the upper peninsula. The Newberry team, Mr. Fuller says, will claim the championship of the upper peninsula until they are defeated. They will pay all the expenses of the visiting team, they to receive the same treatment when the return game is played. Mr. Fuller is anxious to schedule games with high school teams and challenges all of them.

Russell G. Carr, of Fowlersville, is now in charge of the experiment station at Chatham, while Leo M. Geismar is making the headquarters for his extension work in Marquette.

A vessel steamed into Marquette harbor Friday morning and steamed right out again. It seems that because of the fact that the Agawa is a Canadian boat she cannot trade between two American ports, and had the boat docked there it would have been necessary for her to cross the lake to some Canadian port to clear again before continuing on her way to Duluth. The captain's purpose in approaching so near the city was to read the weather signals.

Christopher Schuette of Wallace was killed Sunday by the overturning of his automobile. He was a cousin of Louis Schuette, well known in this city.

Two hundred saloons opened their doors for the last time Tuesday morning in the upper peninsula and a hundred more will go before the number reaches the Warner-Cramton minimum. In Marquette the number of saloons was reduced from 46 to 30, a reduction of 16. Red Jacket lopped off 40; Hancock cut out 20; Menominee removed a score of the liquid refreshment parlors; Ishpeming, Negaunee, Escanaba, Sault Ste. Marie, Crystal Falls, L'Anse, Baraga, Houghton, Ontonagon, Laurium—practically every town and hamlet north of the straits, found a way to bring the reduction of saloons to the allotted number.

Engineers on the run from Thomas-ton to Marquette over the South Shore are running their locomotives over many porcupines and see hundreds of them along the railroad tracks. The woods seem to be full of them, and their craving for salt at this time of the year is the cause of death of many. One engineer counted from fifty to a hundred on every run last week.

Despite the fact that President Taft has 22 pledged delegates from Michigan, the Roosevelt papers continue to split the state evenly between the two candidates in all of their tabulations.—Soo Times.

The upper peninsula of Michigan is probably the most difficult section in the United States for which to forecast precipitation. The usual premonitory signs of weather changes, more particularly as regards rain and snow, fail utterly at times, and precipitation appears to depend upon the relative amount of moisture in the air, and the difference in temperature at points along the south shore at Lake Superior and the temperature of the lake in the winter. In short the cold necessary for condensation of moisture is a subject for close calculations of wind directions, which in this section are extremely difficult to make. An increase in relative humidity is generally observed several hours before precipitation, but, at times, when the wind shifts suddenly to points from over the lake the increase is rapid and the chance of subsequent precipitation is again dependent upon temperature conditions.

April 27, 1912 May 11, 1912

Final Administration Account

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the County of Delta

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba, in said county, on the twentieth day of April A. D. 1912.

Present Hon. Judd Yelland, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of

VICTOR STENSTROM, deceased.

Casper W. Elquist having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered, that the twentieth day of May A. D. 1912, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

It is further Ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Gladstone Delta newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

JUDD YELLAND Judge of Probate.

True copy. ELLA FRECHETTE Register of Probate.

GROTESQUE DANCES.

Yaqui Natives Wear Antlers and Jump Like Deer.

Natives of the Yaqui region in Mexico make use of queer costumes in their dances. Seated on the ground around a fire, four rood singers chant dialogues between the deer and other animals and birds, such as the coyote, the jaguar, the wolf, the bear, the eagle and the hawk. Their music is made by beating with small sticks, saturated in blood and then dried, on "suegas" or tightly stretched mats of plaited tule leaves.

The dancer ties on his head the skin and horns of the head of a deer—which is often better than his own—and from his belt of deer hide hang many deer hoofs, which rattle continuously as he goes through the steps of the dance. In his hands he carries two large rattles, made of gourds partly filled with pebbles. These he also shakes to keep time to the music.

The dancer tries to imitate, as far as possible, the movements of the deer. He shakes himself sideways and with his hands makes motions similar to those of the deer's long white tail as the animal goes running swiftly over the plain, leaping through the underbrush or trying to free himself from the flies which infest the valleys of the mountains. He whirls around, jumps and leaps straight up and down into the air. When we are least expecting it another pascola appears, wearing the head of a coyote, a bear or a puma, chases the deer, tries to bite him, leap on his back or otherwise bear him to the ground, but the deer always escapes.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COLONY OF THE CRAZED.

A Belgian Town Where Insane Folks Are Wholly Unrestrained.

In the year 600, according to legend, a young Irish princess named Dymphne, seeking to escape from her cruel father, traveled to the continent of Europe and in Belgium established herself in a hut, where it was her misfortune to be discovered and murdered by her parent. A temple was afterward built to the memory of the princess, and it later became a refuge for the "sick in mind." Huts and houses were gradually built to accommodate those who came until after many centuries it became the town of Gheel, known far and wide as the colony of the crazed.

The remarkable thing about this Belgian town is that the residents accept patients into their own homes so that they may enjoy the beneficial effects of domestic and social intercourse. Nearly every house contains at least two mental incompetents, and except in certain cases the patients are permitted to go about town and enjoy themselves. A stranger may not know whether he is meeting a patient or a sane resident in his walks through the town.

For more than 100 years this system has prevailed at Gheel. Attempts at suicide are few, the death rate among the unfortunates has averaged about 4 per cent during the past few years, while in England the rate has been 7 per cent for the past ten years. The percentage of recoveries for twenty-five years has been almost double that in England.—New York World.

Insect Curiosities.

Insects do not follow the rule obtaining in higher life—that of a brief youth followed by a longer period of adult life. The May fly lives two years as a grub in a pond and then is granted a life of but a few brief hours. The dragon fly spends more time even than the May fly in seclusion and then is cut off after a few weeks of existence. But the palm goes to that strangest of American insects, the cicada. Pestilent swarms of these sweep over the country for a few weeks—a veritable scourge to all whom it visits, planting, the while, its eggs in the bark of trees. As grubs they crawl out and bury themselves in the soil at the roots of the trees, whence, in sixteen years, they issue as insects, having thus spent seventeen years in maturing.

Tragedy in a Clock.

Hogan was late at work several times and was advised to buy an alarm clock. It worked finely for a time until one of the kids got to monkeying with it and took it apart. When it was put together again it wouldn't run.

Hogan couldn't understand it, on account of past performances, and did a little dissecting on his own account. When he opened the clock he found the remains of a large insect mixed up with the machinery.

"No wonder it won't run," he said to his wife. "The engineer is dead."—Chicago Post.

A Transposition.

"There is one thing I cannot understand," said the student of theology.

"What is that?" inquired the professor.

"Why Moses, the lawgiver, should be called the meekest of men, while Solomon, with hundreds of wives, was called the wisest."—Washington Star.

Money.

"Say, pop, what is money?"

"Money, my son, is the root of all evil—that is to say, with it you can buy a wife or keep expensive bachelor apartments. No matter which one you choose, you'll wish you had the other."—Philadelphia Record.

Many owe what health they have to the unquenchable flame that burns undimmed in the faculty of hope.—Walter De Voe.

FAIR WEATHER

Demands Fair Weather Garb. The pleasant, sunshiny spring days and wonderful evenings call on you to lay away your winter suits and underwear and make yourself comfortable while you may, as only those can who are well clad. Have you ever considered that most of your life is spent in your underwear—that it is really a part of yourself as much as your hair? Do you know the wonderful sense of comfort and unconcern about your garb that a Superior Union Suit brings? If not, you have wasted a good deal of the pleasure in life.

And in the warm season, your shirt becomes a matter of a good deal of publicity. Why not wear the neatest and most attractive. They cost no more, unless perhaps you can get in at a rummage sale. We have a magnificent line of the Faultless, all Coat Shirts. You put them on without rumpling, you don't crawl into them as you would into a manhole nor peel them off like a plaster. That's one reason why they look better and last longer, to say nothing of the solid comfort you get out of them. They have the Nekkard feature, a trouble and temper-saver. Ask to see it.

Come in and let us show you the fifty-seven varieties of summer comfort that we keep in stock. We've got the iceman faded. Yours,



SLOW BUT SURE

When the get-rich-quick idea gets hold of an individual, he puts his all into something. It does not turn out well and there you are. Not only has he lost the money itself, but he has lost ambition and incentive. So that experience has proven that it is much better to put away a little at a time and let it accumulate.—Henry A. Schenck.

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