

# THE GLADSTONE DELTA.

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"Eternal vigilance is the price of accuracy."

THE DELTA

PHONE 43

## WHY PARKS ARE A HELP TO THE TOWN

They Attract the Prospective Home Hunter.

DO NOT RESTRICT THEM.

Plenty of Seats Should Be Supplied, and the Permission to Roll About or Nap on the Grass Should Be Granted to Every One.

Prospective home hunters are more likely to locate in a town that has a park than one without any, provided the place is satisfactory in other respects. Even a few acres tastefully laid out with lawn, flower beds and a playground for the young folks will be a pleasant spot where rich and poor can spend many happy hours.

A small section of a large city park is devoted to a rosary with a beautiful rose walk. This idea can easily be carried out in a small park at a



FOUNTAIN IN A LOS ANGELES PARK.  
moderate expense, and in the genial month of roses it would form a charming beauty spot.

Open spaces about a railroad station laid out like a park please the passer-by and add greatly to the appearance of a town and its approaches.

What parks are meant for and their value to mankind are concisely described by a writer in the Los Angeles Times, who says:

"Parks are, or at least should be, built for use, not merely to look at. A park is a piece of the country within the town or a piece of land within the town where the people have all the freedom and influences of rural parts. For this reason as little restriction as possible should be placed upon the use of parks and every reasonable provision made for the accommodation and convenience of the public. No 'Keep Off the Grass' signs should deter any one from taking a roll (or a nap) if he feels like it upon the lawns, and plenty of seats should be provided for all who care to use them.

"There have been park boards that seemed to think that the parks were given them to juggle with and the



PARK IN HAWAIIAN TOWN.  
public had no rights which they were bound to respect, but the shoe is on the other foot. Park commissioners have no greater legal rights than the public in general. A piece of land within a town is not a park, nor will it ever be until used. One of the leading park men of the United States has made the point that a great collection of buildings does not make a city or town, but a great collection of people does, and they find the buildings convenient, almost necessary. The people who use the land constitute the park, for without them it would be useless and, however highly embellished, would be a dead thing unless some one could see it in detail and enjoy it.

"Not only should parks be used wherever found, but they should be found everywhere, for it has been proved that purely city and town conditions cannot produce what is best in mankind and therefore parks are a prime necessity. The best that is in mankind has been produced by association with Nature and her influences. Mankind confined to cities altogether artificial would quickly degenerate. Therefore parks are a vital necessity."

To Test Sanitary Flusher.  
If a favorable demonstration is given by a new sanitary flusher which is to be tried in Rensselaer, N. Y., the common council will meet to discuss the advisability of doing away with the present system of letting out contracts for street cleaning. The innovation, if adopted, will, it is expected, mean a big saving to the city and, it is argued by the officials, will be productive of better sanitary conditions.

CLEAN UP.  
Have a fire prevention day. The way to celebrate it is to get the family rake and basket, get out into the back yard and clean up. Collect everything that is loose and that might serve as a means of the beginning or the encouragement of a fire. When you have finished with the back yard go through the cellar and do the same thing there. In so doing you will aid yourself, your community and your state.

## COOLED THEIR WRATH.

Bailey's Way When He Caught a Tarter on the Telephone.

When the telephone bell rang the senior partner said to the junior partner:

"If that is that man Bailey just you tell him what you think of him, even if you lay yourself liable to a fine for violent language."

The junior partner relieved himself of a few abusive epithets, but presently after a brief pause he expressed the same sentiments couched in much milder terms. Said the junior partner:

"There you go crawling again. Why can't you stick to what you said in the first place?"

The junior partner dropped the receiver.

"Supposing you come and say it yourself," he said.

The senior partner did so, but after a little he, too, repeated his harangue with all the backbone left out.

"It's no use," he said. "You can't curse a man twice over the phone who answers your first outburst with 'I beg your pardon. I didn't quite catch that. Say it again, please.' That is Bailey's way. You try to say it again, but the second time it sounds pretty rank even in your own ears, and your temper of rage moderates into a tranquil breeze."—New York Times.

## UNKNOWN COUNTRIES.

Mongolia and Tibet Mostly a Riddle to the Outside World.

Neither the Chinese themselves nor the rest of the world knows much of Mongolia or Tibet. The most of those two countries belong to the desert, and, although they have been inhabited since the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the outside world is to them a sealed book, and they to the world an unguessed riddle.

The great desert of Gobi, that is partly in China, partly in Manchuria, partly in Mongolia and partly in Siberia, is traversed by the oldest transportation lines in existence. It has a caravan route over which tea and silk laden caravels have traveled toward Europe for these 3,000 years, and yet from the time when Kublai Khan macadamized the road until the time when the Russian railroad paralyzed it by the competition of steam no one of the merchants who traveled over it turned either to the right or to the left to tell Europe and the occident of the wonders or the terrors of that unknown land.—Argonaut.

## A Lost Language.

A monument to a lost language is to be found in the village of St. Paul, near Penzance, in Cornwall, and it is believed to be the only monument in existence which marks the death of a vanished tongue. It commemorates the death of the last woman who spoke in the Cornish language and was erected by a Frenchman. It is a granite obelisk about seven feet high and is built into the churchyard wall, the front facing the highway, where it is plainly discernible by all who pass that way. The upper part is in the form of a Maltese cross. The inscription reads as follows: "Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1777, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this county from the earliest records till it expired in the eighteenth century in this parish of St. Paul."

The best preparation for speaking is to have something to say, and the best preparation for that is silence.—Filon Young.

## With Ye Editors

Gladstone is going to give the fire laddies a grand old time.—Negaunce Herald.

Escanaba's newspapers are giving the parsimonious city council Hall Columbia for not appropriating \$500 to welcome the Detroit men. But if they will put it into repairing Harnett avenue much will be forgiven them by the traveling public.

The typhoid epidemic in Marquette has caused much uneasiness among the people of Ishpeming, but the physicians assert that there is no danger as Ishpeming people visiting Marquette do not drink any of the water.—Mining Journal. How about it, Br. Newett?

Neither Escanaba nor Gladstone will have a July 4th celebration this year, the former city is planning a big time for the Detroit Board of Commerce and the latter city has its hands full making arrangements for the big firemen's tournament. These conditions give Manistique a clear field and golden opportunity for a ringing celebration here on July 4th.—Manistique Record.

Says the American Economist, a life-long Republican, "as a matter of practical fact regarding the Tariff, there is no very wide gulf separating the Champ Clark of to-day from the two leading candidates of the other party. If Champ should be nominated for the presidency on one ticket and either of the other two should head the other ticket, what would Protectionists do about it? Go a-fishing, probably, on election day."

The poet of Iron River and Editor O'Brien are defiers of the lightning, of President Green, his crown and his dignity. They celebrate the upper peninsula as Snow Ball Land, "the place where Jack Frost holds his sway from the first of June to the last of May." It is loudly proclaimed "of the Development Bureau we have no fear." It is hereby moved that P. O'Brien be sentenced to wear a fur overcoat from June 1 to Sept. 15, as a penalty for his slanders.

The pinocchio editor has repented in sackcloth and ashes—cigar ashes?—his sins of perpetration in inflicting upon his readers some horrible examples of amateur poetry. The Houghton brand of amateur poetry is only inferior to the Escanaba brand in the exorcism it inflicts upon its readers. And this we say hoping that our county seat exchanges may see a great light and cease from persecuting the Muses. However, a guilty conscience or the slugging committee of the poets' union has descended upon the Gazette's observatory, and extorted a pledge that the latest offense will also be the last. There are many who rush into attempted verse to commemorate every occasion, and there are those who are allured by fake advertisements to expend a few dollars in the attempt to gain wealth by writing "song hits." To all such the advice must be "Don't."

The committee having the arrangements for Iron River's Fourth of July celebration in charge expect to put up a celebration that will call for the expenditure of \$2500 or over. Iron River is the most talked of town in the upper peninsula, as it is already one of the busiest towns in the upper peninsula, and the forthcoming celebration will bring it more prominently before the public as one of the most wide-awake and hustling towns in the northwest. The county fair ground is an ideal place on which to hold a celebration. It is a beauty spot, which any city in the country would give thousands of dollars to possess.—Iron River Reporter.

## THE HOUN' DAWG

Alfred Henry Lewis says the colonel and Champ are the victors. Alf is half right, at least.—Detroit News.

## OTHER TOWNS TOO

It seems from what Dr. Koon has to say that Marquette is not alone among upper peninsula towns in disregarding the enforcement of the state health law. Of course that is not much satisfaction to Marquette but it does relieve the sting of the chastisement delivered to us by the doctor somewhat.

But it is now up to the north country to profit by the advice of the state authorities. In fact, if the cities don't they are liable to find themselves summarily relieved of the duty with outside men sent in by the state board in charge of the situation.

As Dr. Koon points out the Northern State Normal School is well equipped to care for the health laboratory work of the north country. Not only can water be analyzed and milk tested but in diphtheria cases cultures can be examined and the result known days before a culture could be sent to Ann Arbor or Lansing.

So far as Marquette is concerned, the council should immediately take the matter up with the Normal authorities and arrange for all laboratory work of the local department being done at the Normal school. With the laboratory at our door the expense should be extremely light in comparison to the benefits to be derived.—Marquette Chronicle.

## Announcement

Alfred P. Smith, at the request of many friends in all parts of the county, is a candidate for the republican nomination for county clerk. Mr. Smith served the county as clerk and register for eight years and was one of the best officers the county ever had. His long experience has made him familiar with the duties of the very responsible position, to which if elected he will give his constant personal attention. In Gladstone, where Mr. Smith was long a resident, he has a host of friends who will stick to him like a brother. He will prove a strong candidate in nearly every precinct in old Delta.

## ISHPEMING WITH A BAND

The members of the Ishpeming fire department will journey to Gladstone to attend the annual tournament of the Upper Peninsula Firemen's association on July 31 and August 1, 2 and 3. This decision was made at the meeting of the members of the local department held Saturday evening. The Ishpeming delegation will be accompanied by one of the city's bands and will let the members of the other departments know that Ishpeming is still on the map although it has not had a tournament nor has it entered teams in the tournament races for a number of years. No effort will be made to get the tournament for next year, but it will be made known that Ishpeming will be a strong contender for the 1914 meeting. By that time the new hall will be completed and the members of the local department feel convinced that they could entertain visitors in a way that would be a credit to the city.

James Mullins, Will Quayle and Otto Kellgren compose the committee that was appointed to make all arrangements for attending the Gladstone meeting. They will see to the transportation, hotel and boarding accommodations, etc. It is expected that the Ishpeming delegation will travel to the meet in a private car.

Officially the Ishpeming organization will be represented by Chief John Lacey and assistant Chief Will Trembath, Second Assistant Chief Kruse and Richard Lemm will act as alternates.—Marquette Chronicle.

## ROOSEVELT!

"There is nothing which this madman will not dare to attempt under the excitement and the passion of the state of war he has stirred up in his own mind and in the minds of the crazy mobs that follow and applaud. That he was able to draw a man like Taft into the cesspool attests the cruel injury and wrong a maniac armed to the teeth may accomplish, for Taft is not only president of the United States, but he is a gentleman of upright, self-respecting character. Being such, he has proved wholly unequal to the bloody fray and the dishonorable warfare forced upon him. It is clear now that he had better remained in the White House, leaving the frenzied paranoiac the field to himself.—Henry Watterson.

## FOR SALE

Five fortyies in Escanaba township, one cleared, on the mail route. Will sell all or part; for terms, address FRED TERRIEN, R. F. D. 1, Gladstone

## NOT DONE YET

One chapter has been closed and another opened in the Bark River road deal. Wednesday the prosecuting attorney informed the board of supervisors that the attorney general holds the Bark River refund compulsory and that the best thing for the county is to refund the money, some twenty-three hundred dollars, to the townships claiming it. While the opinion of the attorney general, as shown by the Warner-Cramton decisions, is sometimes at odds with the law, the supervisors felt that they could not presume to go against the advice of counsel, and the money has been ordered paid.

But the expression of the board's opinion was very clear, and the Bark River man was spared by his absence some vigorous discussion. It was resolved that a committee, Supervisors Burleson, Nebel and Colburn, be instructed to wait on the county road commission, and request of them that they do not improve another foot of road in Bark River town. It is understood the committee will also inquire into the distribution of road money to other purposes than that for which it was appropriated. It was also recommended that the county of Delta levy no more road tax, but raise funds by the sale of bonds, whose burden Bark River must bear as well as the neighbors.

Supervisor Atkins, who has for years been on the equalization committee, calls attention to the fact that Bark River has long been underassessed by the board, and while reaping the benefits has not borne its share of the taxes. As compared with Escanaba township, adjoining, Bark River really is valued at little more than half. Supervisor Atkins' sentiments were echoed by the board, and it is likely that Bark River will hear something drop this fall.

The people of Delta county may not object to pork, but they will not swallow Bark River's bristles. It needed only the last little trick played by the foxy supervisor from the southwest corner to put the fat in the fire; and it is probable that several old scores will be paid.

## GREETINGS FROM THE FRONT

We acknowledge greetings from Carl P. Mason of the Gladstone Delta, who occupies a grand and gloomy isolation in the upper peninsula field of journalism. Mr. Mason may not be the most brilliant writer in the world. He may not even be the handsomest man in the business. He is commonplace in that he reads Dickens and goes fishing. But he is absolutely unique in one particular. He is the only newspaper man, so far as we know, who reads our stuff.—The Pinocchio Editor.

While, in all probability, as we hope to demonstrate to his excellency in the near future, the writer of this column is the handsomest editor in the peninsula, he rises with all the zeal of his Puritan ancestors to deny one allegation as injurious as unfounded. The writer does not go fishing. Neither does he attend any horse races or baseball games, having indignantly spurned all requests to serve as sporting editor. He did once go on a fishing trip about fifteen years ago, and returned in the attitude of the immortal Professor Munyon, exclaiming "Never Again!"

## 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.

## Hirsh-Wickwire

Our flag is nailed to the mast! We introduced Hirsh-Wickwire suits into the upper peninsula, knowing them to be the best ready-to-wear garments made. We buy four-fifths or more of those worn in Delta county and continuously carry a large stock of the latest colors and patterns, a complete assortment to select from. These are no job lot goods, but the best to be had; and those who want the best take no other.

We are selling a large number of 1912 models in medium weights these days.





# Fashion and Care of the Home

## Embroidered Blouse For Summer Maid



The Colbert embroidery, as this cut out work is called, is very fashionable in Paris. The embroidery is applied to the edge of the deep collar and is repeated in narrow lines on the turned back cuffs. Fine handkerchief linen is used for the body of the blouse, which is crossed by groups of narrow tucks.

### THE COOKING SCHOOL.

Chicken and turkey fats are excellent for frying meats of any kind; also egg plants. They will serve as well as butter for this purpose.

Sweet Potato Focac—Four cups of hot mashed sweet potatoes, one orange, rind and juice, one cup of hot milk, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Cream the butter and add the sugar. When creamed well together add the rest of the ingredients. Beat well, pour into a buttered pan and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

For a tasty supper dish cut the meat left from a roast or boiled fowl into pieces. Have ready a green pepper cut into dice and cook it in two tablespoonfuls of butter until it is tender, but not browned. Then add a rounding tablespoonful of flour and cook stirring for three minutes. Turn in a cupful of chicken and a cupful of button mushrooms and heat through over hot water. Serve on toast.

Beans baked the New York way without molasses make a nice warmed up dish if they are heated through in butter and slightly browned, seasoned with salt, pepper and mushrooms or tomato ketchup.

Buttered Onions.—Peel six Spanish onions and cut in three thick crosswise slices. Put into boiling salted water. Set stone underneath and cook forty-five minutes. Drain. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add butter as desired and serve.

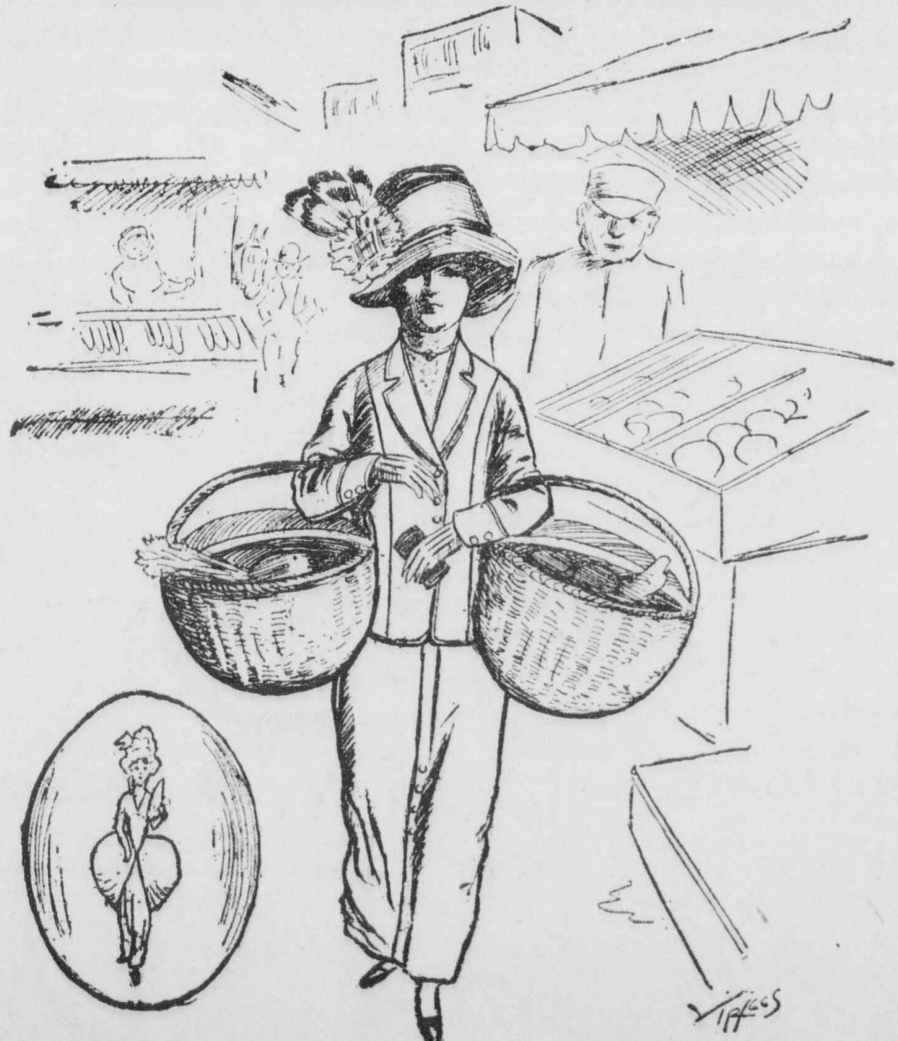
### FOR THE GIRL GRADUATE.

Embroidered Flouncings in High Favor—Can Be Fashioned at Home.

Of all the dainty materials offered for graduation gowns none is more irresistibly lovely than the embroidered flouncings, suggests a fashion writer in the Housekeeper. These come in three widths—twelve, eighteen and twenty-seven inches. As the last costs but a trifle more and cuts to better advantage, particularly for kimono sleeved waists, it is cheaper in the end, frequently obviating the necessity of purchasing plain material for the upper portion of the garment or for the deep hem of the skirt. The flouncings range in price from 50 cents a yard upward. As but from three and one-half to six yards are required for a frock, which, as a rule, needs no other trimming, the expense is not so great after all, particularly if the girl can fashion the gown herself. No especial pattern is required to make many of these attractive gowns. A well fitting kimono waist pattern and a two or four gored skirt pattern are the only guides necessary in a number of pretty designs.

A Point For the Home Milliner. Odd pieces of tapestry brocade are easily convertible into millinery ornaments. A good plan is that of embroidering the pattern with wooden beads and tarnished metal thread. A piece of this embroidery, five or six inches in length, can be used to catch up the bent brim of a plain hat or keep in place a plain game feather in natural colors or dyed fancy shades.

## Return of the Market Basket



MAY ACCOUNT FOR THE PANNIER SKIRT.

—New York Sun.

## PROPER CARE OF THE BABY.

Importance of Sufficient Sleep Should Be a Foremost Consideration.

A few mothers seem not to realize the influence that sleep or lack of it has on the physical welfare of the baby, whose main business is sleeping. There should be a brief time for bathing, feeding and general care of the body, but eighteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four should be passed in good, healthy sleep. This rule holds good even up to six months. When the child is a year old fifteen hours will be sufficient.

Avoid the rocking to sleep of which the poet sings, advises the writer in the Philadelphia North American, and which has done more to burn midnight oil and zas than any other thoughtless attention. The baby will cry. If it has been fed, if the bed is comfortable and the ventilation and temperature right—in other words, if it cries just for attention and a little motion—the best thing to do is to let it cry. Refuse to let it associate crying with rocking. Let this happen a few times and Nature, in her inexorable habit forming way, will stop the crying. Need the fact be emphasized that hours of walking the floor or of rocking the crying baby will be saved?

By the fifth month most babies are able to do without food between the hours of 10 in the evening and 7 in the morning. A baby of this age, if trained properly, should go to bed at 6 in the evening and should be awakened possibly once in the night to insure a good sleep and good digestion. It should be fed one hour before its bedtime.

### IN THE SEWING ROOM.

Pinning a pattern requires a great deal of time. Weights may be easily moved about and save time. Small bags filled with shot answer the purpose equally well.

Little coats, kimono in shape and very much cut away in front, can be made of a very small piece of brocade. Such a jacket, worn over a lace decollete slip and with a lace skirt, will be a useful accessory when visiting and when a simple evening toilet is needed.

Out of odd lengths of ribbon or half yards of satin pretty little bows and cravats can be made. The merest strips of ribbon can be converted into the little posies of mixed flowers which can be worn in the center of the corsage or tucked into the coat front. Purple ribbon can be turned into violets, pink, red and crimson into rosebuds and berries, blue into forget-me-nots and green into leaves and stems.

A use for oddments of satin is that of covering buttons. A shirt of black nain may be piped with Japanese blue satin and trimmed with a row of tiny buttons of the same down the front.

## The Vision of a Lifetime The Dream of an Hour

By F. FARWELL BURNS

I STOOD on a bridge, beneath me gently flowing water, on one side a declivity, on the other a meadow wearing that shade of pale green which belongs to early spring. Across the meadow above a clump of oaks was a spire. The sun was peeping above the horizon, tinting the fields, the hills and the water a soft yellow glow, while the cross on the spire shone like burnished gold. Birds were on the wing hunting a breakfast, now and again sending forth a soft, musical piping. The sky was a pale azure. There was not even one deesy cloud floating over its great, dome-like surface.

Suddenly from a clock in the church spire came a stroke, a harmonious blending of chords that I had never heard in earthly music. It seemed to me a fitting signal from heaven that a child had been born, a new soul launched on earth. While his entrancing melody was still filling my senses with a freshness that recalled the pulse of childhood a little girl emerged from the oaks which hid the spire and came quickly along the road leading to the bridge. She held in her hand a few wild flowers and stopped now and again to gather more. Coming on to the bridge, she passed me, tossing her ringlets and turning upon me a pair of blue eyes full of interest and wonder.

"Is it not a beautiful world?" she said. "I am going to the hills. They are so mellow. I shall love to play on their grassy slopes."

She did not stop, and as she receded the last word seemed to come from an infinite distance.

The scene changed. Where there had been fields there were dwellings. Trees had been cut away. Others that had been more sprouts were casting broad shadows. The sun stood high in the heavens.

The clock in the spire struck 2.

There was a deeper, more intense melody in the strokes than before, both joyous and solemn, giving me an impression of great happiness blended with a sense of great responsibilities. The sound had not died away before there came from the hills a merry shout, and I saw a wedding procession moving toward me. The bride walked alone, followed by her family and friends. Reaching the bridge, she crossed it with a firm step, and when she turned her eyes to me I saw in their traces of the look I had seen in the little girl and knew that she was the same. She passed on, with her retinue, and was soon lost in the oaks that hid the church. Then there was a hush, and the strains of a wedding march burst forth. In another moment variegated tints were to be seen moving through openings in the trees. The married pair, followed by their

friends, had left the church and were going to their home.

The clock struck 3.

This time there was a mellow sound in its tones suggestive of autumn. On the hills hung purple grapes. Orchards were ruddy with fruits. Here and there flashed a scarlet leaf. The sun stood midway between the meridian and the horizon.

Up the road came two figures, a woman and a youth. She was resting her hand affectionately on his shoulder, and it was plain that he was her son. The earnestness accompanying the words she was speaking to him, the sad look on her face, mingled with pride and hope, told me that she was sending him out into the world to play his part in life. At the bridge she embraced him, and he went on, while she stood looking after him. Turning, she fixed her eye momentarily on me, then slowly retraced her steps and was soon shut out of sight by the oaks. I had seen her for the third time.

A single stroke broke upon midnight, a wail, a dirge, an essence of infinite misery. I looked about me and through the darkness saw that it was winter. The stream beneath me was congealed. The hills were white with snow. As the vibrations of the bell came on they lost their melancholy, swelling slowly into strains of heavenly music. As the first stroke had signaled the birth of a child, this was a greeting to a soul that had trodden its earthly path and was being welcomed in heaven. I looked up into the dark vault studded with stars, and fancy showed me one more picture, a face in which were blended the child, the bride, the mother. In it there was neither youth nor age, but a sexless spirit of rare beauty, flickering like an aurora.

It faded, and I saw my bedroom lighted by the faint glow of a night lamp. The vibration of the stroke I had last heard ended in the tones of the tiny bell of my repeater. Reaching for the watch, I touched a spring, and it struck the hour of 1.

I had gone to bed and to sleep at a few minutes after midnight. In less than an hour the musical strokes of my watch had given me in four pictures a vision of an entire life. The first stroke at the quarter had brought me the child hastening to enjoy the beauties of the world. Two strokes for the half had painted her entering upon the duties of life at her marriage. Three strokes for the third quarter had shown her starting a new generation over the course she had trodden in maturity. The fourth stroke for 1 o'clock was a funeral bell changing into a welcome to a new existence.

There is no such thing as time. Between the strokes of midnight and 1 o'clock had I dreamed for an hour or lived a lifetime?

## Religious Work

In discussing the Christian Endeavor and kindred young people's societies William Shaw, general secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, declared that anything and everything that the church ought to do should be included in the plan for the young people's society that is training the church of the future.

"It is our purpose," he continued, "to recognize, but not magnify, the new experiences of the adolescent period that in every legitimate way through this period of stress and strain to hold our boys in normal relations with others and supply the opportunity for the symmetrical development of their Christian character; to minister to their social and athletic desires, while at the same time we give them a vision of the higher and deeper things of the spirit, which are the only things that will permanently grip and hold them; to remember that the church is a great family and that our young people's societies are to train their members to contribute to the family welfare; that the church is the body of Christ and that the young people must be trained to take their place in that body so that it may more perfectly express the mind of Christ, its head.

"To accomplish this we are placing before our young people a standard of efficiency that will enable them to note their progress in Christian service as definitely as in business, trade or education.

"We are endeavoring to get religion down out of the clouds of speculation, intellectual hair splitting and sentimental emotionalism that exhausts itself in feeling, into real life that it may stand for a clear and abiding faith in God through Jesus Christ and a loving, brotherly ministry and fellowship with men."

Professor Charles Zueblin of New York, publicist and sociologist, would abolish the setting aside of one day to worship and would make religion more a thing of life than words.

"The greatest contribution to Christianity in ages was the return of the churches to consideration of the personality of Christ as their best guide," he said. "They all now accept it as the supreme authority. But they still make war on each other; we still have political corruption. We have abolished black slavery, but we have white slavery in the very shadows of the churches.

"Until we stop the overspecialization and the fixing of set days for ceremony and religion we will not make further progress in bettering the world. We have six days for business and one for religion. We have one or two days a year to be citizens. We have got to be religious every day. We have got to be satisfied in the fact that conditions are changing rapidly in our churches."

### CHILDREN'S MASQUERADES.

Inexpensive Costumes Possible For Little Folks' Parties at Home.

Children enjoy more than anything else a fancy dress party. It is a source of education to the child as well as an amusement. For instance, the Philadelphia North American suggests, a party introducing the characters of medieval history, the Elizabethan period or colonial days is most instructive. Little stories may be enacted, such as "Robin Hood," "Cinderella," "Golden Locks" and many others.

To make a Robin Hood tunic a piece of material just double the required length is needed. This is folded in half, selvages touching. A curve for the neck is cut out of the top. The material must be from fifty-two to sixty inches in width. The selvages are sewed up to within a few inches of the top. These openings on either side are used for the armholes.

When chain armor or coats of mail are needed, which glisten realistically like metal, they may be made as follows: Heavy material—inexpensive cotton cloth is best—can be painted with silver gilt. Metal rings fastened here and there give the impression of chain armor.

Breastplates and leggings may be formed from buckram, dampened and then shaped. This may then be silvered and painted with the device. Ordinary cotton gloves may be silvered to form gauntlets.

Colored satens, cambries and flowered silkline make splendid materials for girls' dresses. Gorgeous robes for queens and princesses or dainty gowns for Dolly Vardens, Marie Antoinettes or Watteau maidens are easily made from cheap materials.

### Voices of the Night.

"Well, good night, Mrs. Jibbs. We've had a splendid time. Good night."  
"Good night. Come again, Good night. Got everything? Well, good night."  
"Good night. You must come and see us soon. Good night."  
"We will. Isn't this your umbrella? Well, good night."  
"No, we didn't bring any. Good night."  
"Good night. We've enjoyed your call ever so much. Good night."  
"Good night."  
"Good night."—Chicago Tribune.

### Prussia's Vast Forests.

Prussia is a very small country, but it has a forest of 7,000,000 acres.

### Sugar Factories in Italy.

Italy contains thirty-four sugar factories.

## A Space For Our Little Friends

### FOLLOW THE LEADER.

An Amusing Game Which Can Be Used to Wind Up a Party.

A good way to entertain your friends is here suggested:

Light refreshments are laid out with crackers and quaint mottoes and all the funny decorations possible.

Each child is given a squeaker and a conical mask, and at the end of the meal a prize is given to the child who has kept the straightest face all through it.

A good game with which to wind up the evening is "follow the leader." One of the elder children does all the absurd things he or she can think of, the rest being obliged to follow their leader in everything.

Lastly, forfeits are redeemed amid much merriment, the pentup laughter of the entire evening being now allowed to escape.

### TONGUE TWISTERS.

Now that they are talking of having a department for stammerers, under the management of the board of education, some people are wondering what will be taken as a limit which shall mark a stammerer from a person who has only an occasional stutter of certain words.

If anything of the kind is done it is probable that some learned doctors will devise a system of tests for the powers of speech, just as they do now for the powers of sight. Some day we may see children asked to stand up and repeat something like this:

She sells sea shells on the sea shore. The shells she sells are sea shells, I'm sure. So if she sells sea shells on the sea shore Then I'm sure she sells sea shore shells.

Here is another one that should prove an excellent test of a smooth running tongue:

Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle. Did Kimbo Kemble kick his kinsman's kettle? If Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle, Where's the kinsman's kettle that Kimbo Kemble kicked?

What must a man be that he shall be buried with military honors? He must be dead.

### Children as Barefoot Dancers

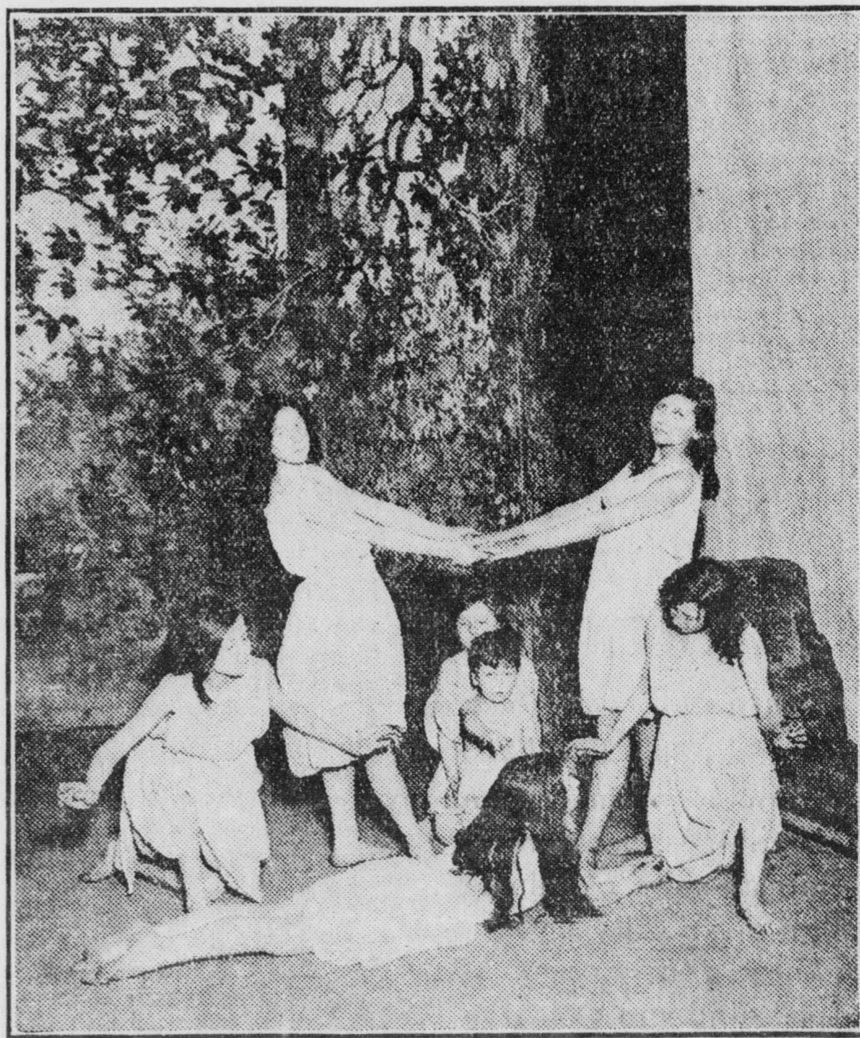


Photo by American Press Association.

In Paris a celebrated barefoot dancer has organized a school where she teaches children of all ages the art of gracefully conducting themselves on their feet without shoes and stockings.

### Doll Census of Kansas Town.

At Sabetha, Kan., a doll census was taken. One family had forty. There were dolls in 222 homes. There were twenty more dolls in a dozen homes. There were dolls fifty, forty and twenty-five years old. One doll weighed 225 pounds. One was three and a half feet high. One was one and a half inches high and lived in a button box. One doll had come down the fire escape at the schoolhouse. Another doll, thirty-nine years old, had been in a cyclone.—Kansas City Journal.

### Proverbs in Rime.

As stiff as a poker, as blind as a bat; As fierce as a lion, as black as your hat. As swift as an eagle, as dead as a stone; As sharp as a needle, as dry as a bone.

As proud as a peacock, as tight as a drum; As cool as a cucumber, sticky as gum. As clear as a bell, as light as a feather; As limp as a rag, as uncertain as weather.

As strong as a horse and as weak as a cat; As fat as a hog and as poor as a rat. As thin as a lath and as hard as a flint; As deaf as a post, but as rich as the mint.

—St. Paul Pioneer Press.









