

SOO LINE TRAIN WRECKED

SIX HURT WHEN FOUR COACHES TOPPLE OVER

Engineer Leo Wintel Brings Train to Stop in Time to Save Passengers From Serious Injury.

COACHES TURN OVER HIGH EMBANKMENT

Six were injured and several other passengers received bruises when the Soo Line passenger train No. 8, due in Gladstone at 5:40 a. m., was derailed Wednesday morning between the old North Escanaba station and the bridge that spans the Escanaba river at Gross.

The train, in charge of Engineer Leo Wintel and Fireman Archie Vrooman, both of this city, was an hour late when it approached the old North Escanaba station. Just as the engine passed the switch that stands at that point before going over the bridge, a rail snapped between the engine and the tank, the latter leaving the rail and pulling the other coaches off with it.

Engineer Wintel set the emergency brakes and the train continued for about eight car lengths and had about stopped when the coaches toppled over the embankment, the baggage car breaking away from the engine, hurtling below where it was smashed in pieces.

Another baggage car and two passenger coaches lay over on their side and two other coaches, one of them a Pullman leaned to the right and remained on their tracks.

Loud shrieks of horror and pain, frantic shrieks of passengers struggling to free themselves from the debris, seats, bursted from their moorings, were filled up with passengers and their baggage. Many of the windows were broken in the crash and through these the uninjured crawled and rescuers rushed to the aid of those that were hurt.

Workers placed the engine back on the track and the crew took it to Gladstone and the wrecker sent out. At ten o'clock the work of clearing the wreckage was already underway.

There were not a great many passengers riding on the train and this partly accounts for the absence of any casualties. Frank Swift of the Soo, was the conductor in charge, and he with the many others escaped with a severe shaking up and minor bruises.

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1925 BIG YEAR SAYS HOOVER

SECRETARY FINDS WORLD ON MOST SOLID FOUNDATIONS SINCE END OF WAR

Washington, Jan. 1.—The new year, 1925 finds the "economic structure of the world upon more solid foundations than at any time since the war," Secretary Herbert Hoover declared last night in analyzing the business, industrial and financial situation in the United States and abroad.

By the showing of recovery in agricultural price levels, recuperation in Germany, based on hopes of reparations settlement, the increase of consuming power at home and abroad and statistics showing improvement in international trade and employment of workers, the secretary said, the population of this country and the world in general faces a new year of existence with satisfaction and hope of bettered material conditions.

"With the exception of a few spots of secondary importance," he said, "there has been, during the past year, a real advance toward social, economic and political stability throughout the world. The only exceptions are Russia and China, which even before the war contributed less than 3 1/2 per cent of international commerce, and of course a part of this continues."

"Generally, the world is producing more goods than it can consume, there are higher standards of living, more assurance of economic stability for the future and more promise of peace.

"In our own country, the outstanding economic development has been the very large recovery in agriculture after its two-year lag behind the recovery of industry. There are some secondary difficulties still remaining, but the prices of all farm products gradually are moving toward the general average of commodity prices.

"While there has been a good deal of adjustment in prices of single commodities during the year, the average wholesale price of all commodities has varied but 3 per cent as between the ends of the years 1922, 1923 and 1924. It would thus appear that we are tending to the common level of prices of about 50 per cent over pre-war, which seems to represent at least our present economic plane in prices.

"The average wage in industry has been stable during the last year and remains around 100 per cent above pre-war, while the cost of living has maintained at about 72 per cent over pre-war. Our labor therefore continues to enjoy the highest real wage in its history. The end of the year finds us with a recovered industrial production at practically the same level as a year ago.

"Our foreign trade has shown considerable expansion during the year in exports and some decrease in imports. The merchandise balance will be about one billion dollars in our favor. The net gold imports for the year in partial liquidation of this balance amounts to about 250 millions.

"Our invisible exchange will show larger balances against us than in 1923 because of the greater volume of tourist travel, increased freight charges paid foreign shipping and, above all, the largely increased volume of loans and investments to foreign lands, which probably will amount to as much as one billion, as against one-third of that amount for 1923.

Francis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, who recently underwent a serious operation in Escanaba, is getting along nicely.

Miss B. Bebeau who had been visiting the H. J. Norton residence, has returned to her home in Manistique.

Miss Minnie Bergstrom, who has been visiting at the home of her parents in this city has returned to Detroit.

Dr. Mellon was a business caller in Escanaba this week.

MANY ARE ENJOYING OPENING OF ICE RINK

The Ice Ring which opened on Sunday Dec. 28, is sure the place where a person can have a real good time, and at the same time, it is one of the best kind of exercise, to keep any person in good condition.

Many people of Gladstone and also of Escanaba have been enjoying themselves, but there should be about five times as many people down there, that don't go.

Mr. Gustafson, manager of the rink, said he intends to put on some races this year, and the skating rink from the last year realize the great sport. He also is going to have some hockey games this year. This is something the Gladstone people haven't had a chance to see for quite a number of years back.

MANY LISTEN IN SOO LINE PROGRAM

A radio program of more than ordinary interest in Gladstone will be that of Thursday night when WCOO station, Minnesapolis, will broadcast a program in which Soo Line Railway employees or members of their families, will star.

A feature of the program will be the singing of "Michigan, My Michigan," by Alexander Hamilton, tenor, Mr. Campbell, accompanist, at the special request of Soo Line employees in Gladstone and other points in Michigan.

Frank Bowers was announcer for the program which is given below: "Tell Me Dreamy Eyes" fox trot, Played by the Soo Line orchestra. This orchestra is strictly amateur, has been organized less than six months and is under the direction of Mr. Heinz.

Machings Shop Quartet: Francis Lyons, 1st tenor; Sylvester Payne, 2nd tenor; Walter Campbell, 1st bass and Norman White, 2nd bass. "Georgia Lullaby" by Corday. Mrs. Walter Campbell at the piano.

Piano solo by Mrs. Wm. Evertz. "Polonaise" by McDowell. Ten minute talk by Mr. T. A. Fugle, General mechanical superintendent.

Maramba duet, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" played by the Misses Dorothy and Evelyn Smith. Solo by Mr. Alexander Hamilton, "Good-Bye" by Tosti. Mrs. Walter Campbell at the piano.

The Soo Line Quartet, "The Winter Song" by Bullard. Mrs. Walter Campbell at the piano. Mrs. William Evertz, piano solo, "Grand Polka de Concert" by Bartlett.

Baritone solo by Mr. Walter Campbell. "Roll on Thine Deep and Dark Blue Ocean" by Pines. "Old Pal" Maramba duet, "Eliza" played by the Misses Dorothy and Evelyn Smith. "At the End of the Road," fox trot, played by the Soo Line Orchestra.

MARQUETTE MEN BUY NEWSPAPER

The Rhinelanders News, published by the Rhineland Publishing company, and is really owned by the company, was Saturday purchased by Frank J. Russell, acting for himself and business associates, from William R. Jaeger, formerly publisher of the Delta Reporter, who has conducted it for the past four years.

The present incorporation will be continued, but the capital stock will be increased from \$15,000 to \$75,000. Mr. Russell will be president of the company, and direction of the paper will be in his hands. Leo G. Brott, business manager of The Mining Journal, will have supervision of the business policy. The local director of the publication will be Clifford G. Ferris.

ARRAIGN SUSPECT ON MURDER CHARGE

Iron River, Mich.—Held on charges made by his "buddy" and room mate that he killed Zigmund Zyskowski, Iron River, pool room and gaming hall proprietor, during an attempted hold-up on April 6, 1924, Axel Nygard, of Stambaugh, is in the Iron county jail awaiting arraignment.

Nygard was taken into custody as a result of a story told to officers by Alfred Engstrom, who had lived with him for months. Engstrom related to Chief of Police Sensiba the story told him by Nygard while the latter was said to have been under the influence of liquor.

Nygard has made no statement, nor has he been asked for a confession, regarding the shooting of Zyskowski during an attempted hold-up of his gambling hall last spring by a lone market bandit.

According to Engstrom's story, Nygard told him he and two others, one of whom Jack Bergquist also is detained, had planned to hold up the pool room, where Nygard had lost considerable sums of money while gambling.

Two "Backed Out" At the last minute Berquist and his other compaign; who is unnamed, "backed out," Engstrom said, and Nygard decided to play a "lone wolf" game. He entered the building and went into the gaming room where Zyskowski and four companions were seated. They were ordered to "sit 'em up" and were lined up against the wall. Two of the victims were black-jacked, falling to the floor. One of them is believed by Nygard, according to Engstrom's story to have been armed. Zyskowski is said to have made a move to tear the mask from the face of the bandit, who shot four times, three of the bullets striking Zyskowski.

Nygard is said to have fled from the building and circled around the block, entering a local theater. Never under suspicion, he is said to have remained in Stambaugh for three weeks after the slaying, when he left the town. He returned about two months ago. It is said, and told his story to Engstrom.

IEWS RUDYARD AS A BIG LITTLE TOWN

"A mighty big little town." That was the way a lower peninsula man described the village of Rudyard, in Chippewa county, following a visit there.

Rudyard is located on the Soo Line railroad and is the principal trading and railroad center of Rudyard township, which has a population of 1,676 and a total assessed valuation of \$1,702,300 according to the revised tax list of 1923.

Over 2,000 carloads of hay are shipped from Rudyard annually. Grains, fruits, vegetables and alfalfa, clover and timothy are produced in abundance. For the last two years the cars of produce shipped out have increased nearly 100 per cent, while the cars of supplies shipped in have increased, during the same period, only fifty per cent, indicating that the township is more and more providing for its own maintenance and is becoming less dependent upon other sections of the country.

One of the most encouraging facts about Rudyard is its record for creamery production. From June 23 to December 31, the Rudyard Creamery produced 140,246 pounds of butter, and in the first six months of 1924 more than 150,000 pounds were produced.

Interesting facts and figures concerning the village are contained in the "Pocket Directory and Booster Guide of Rudyard," a booklet recently published by the Rudyard Commercial Club.

GLADSTONE GETS CLASS B TOURNEY

FOUR DISTRICT EVENTS WILL BE HELD WITH FINAL CHAMPIONSHIP IN MARQUETTE

Gladstone's first game will be played here Friday night when the local high school plays the team from Escanaba. Many fans, here and from Escanaba, are eagerly looking forward to the game.

Dates and places for the annual up-penninsula high school district basketball tournaments, decided upon at a recent meeting of coaches, are announced in a bulletin issued by R. E. Cheney, principal of the Escanaba high school and chairman of the tournament committee.

District elimination tournaments will be held March 6 and 7 and the final up-penninsula championship event March 13 and 14. The final tourney will be held, as usual, in the gymnasium of the Northern State Normal school.

District tournaments, in which 16 Class A and 25 Class B teams will clash, will be held in the following cities:

Class A District I—At Iron Mountain. Competing schools: Escanaba, Iron Mountain, Manistique, Monominee. District II—At Crystal Falls. Competing schools: Ironwood, Bessemer, Crystal Falls, Iron River.

District III—At Houghton. (Michigan College of Mines). Competing schools: Calumet Hancock, Houghton, Palisade. District IV—At Sault Ste. Marie. Competing schools: Marquette, Ishpeming, Negaunee, Sault Ste. Marie.

Class B District I—At Gladstone. Competing schools: Gladstone, Rapid River, Norway, Vulture, Stephenson, St. Joseph's parochial of Escanaba. District II—(Place not decided). Competing schools: Wakefield, Stambaugh, Ewen, Trout Creek. District III—At Houghton (Michigan College of Mines). Competing schools: Lake Linden, Dollar Bay, Baraga, Chassell, Greenland, L'Anse au Loup.

District IV—At Munising. Competing schools: Ovelina, Munising, Newberry, Michiganme, Champion, Normal high, Baraga parochial, of Marquette and Republic.

Others May Enter The tournament lists are not closed. The tournament lists are not closed. Any school not entered in the district meets may secure a place on the schedule, upon application to the tournament committee. All schools planning to put teams in the tourneys must pay a \$2 fee to Chairman Cheney before Saturday, February 28.

No school not a member of the U. P. Intercollegiate Athletic association which now is a unit in the Michigan

LUTHERAN CHURCH ORGANIZED FOR 1925

The annual meeting of the officers of the Swedish Lutheran church was held on the afternoon of New Years day and officers for the present year were elected or re-elected as follows: Deacons, Charles Brandt and Nels Olson.

Trustees: William Nelson, Alvin Bjorklund and Hilding Graberg. Secretary, Gunnar Vonnell. Sunday school superintendent, William Oak, assistant, O. Dahlbeck. Organist, Mrs. William Nelson. Janitor, C. L. Osterger.

The financial report showed that the income during 1924 was \$215,475. Any school not entered in the district meets which was a total of \$328,919. The expenses were \$312,762, leaving a balance of \$115,471 to start the New Year.

The church officers decided in decorating the interior of the church plans for which will be made and announced later.

Dr. Mellon was a business caller in Escanaba this week.

THE DELTA REPORTER

J. A. STURGEON, Publisher

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THE DELTA REPORTER'S PROGRAM FOR BETTERMENT OF GLADSTONE

- 1. Provide a Modern Hotel
2. Make "Living at Home" More Attractive.

Chats With The Editor

J. A. Sturgeon

MR. JAEGER'S SELLS OUT

The sale of the Rhinelander Daily News to the publishers of the Marquette Mining Journal and Iron Mt. reported in another place in this issue, is of more than passing interest in Gladstone, as William R. Jaeger, former local publisher, left here to take over the Rhinelander daily, now being disposed of to the Marquette parties.

The former local publisher has not announced his plans for the future. He indicated when here that he intended to buy another run down newspaper, build it up and sell again, a work which he seems well able to do in view of his success both in Rhinelander and Gladstone.

The trouble with most dailies today, both large and small, seems to us to be that the revenue derived is not sufficient to take care of the maintenance, with the result that they fall on the hands of the business interests which control the policy. There are exceptions, of course, and the Marquette publishers seem to have the knack of establishing daily newspapers on a worth-while basis.

A water main broke in Ishpeming last Saturday and residents were without a supply from early forenoon until 10:30 that night. It was anything but a pleasant experience. It is mentioned here for the reason that at the time the city administration undertook to repair the damage to the main intake pipe, the city faced a hazard that was anything but pleasant.

While the legislature is about revising the auto tax law, something might be done to adjust the fee which makes a car owner pay for 12 months operation when he uses his car, but eight months in the year. That is one advantage the straight gas tax has over either the weight or horsepower basis for taxing.

An editor lay sick in his bed. The family doctor in making an examination said to the nurse near by, "Circulation nearly gone." The editor nearly jumped out of bed and replied, "That's a lie, we gained 43 last month." -Exchange.

San Sebastian, Spain, is one of nature's beauty spots. It is situated between two mountains which rise up abruptly behind the little town, with its quaint little harbor. Fresh and clean like a waterfall, the town gathers round the narrow beach, with the Santa Clara straight across the harbor entrance, a refuge from the boisterous Biscay. The promenade is fringed with young trees, whose foliage is soft as swan's down.

sive policy, one that many times brought the Governor in conflict with heads of various departments, many of them having been discharged during his four years of service. Many of the criticisms of the Governor's official acts have been instigated by disappointed grantees and office seekers. The Delta Reporter is among those dilking the thought of the Governor's departure from Lansing, but should his appointment as U. S. Attorney General materialize, we would find solace in the knowledge that the new office would open to him a larger field in which to exercise the undoubted executive ability which he possesses.

The Delta Reporter is in receipt of a copy of the Los Angeles Times' annual mid-winter number. Los Angeles and California generally is noted for many things, not the least of which is the live boosters that they raise in that section.

A noted astrologist makes a forecast which conflicts in nearly every detail with the opinions of experts as to the business conditions to exist during 1925. Ordinarily few pay much attention to astrologists who predict all sorts of weird things. And in this we are in accord. But it happens that Madame Marcia was the one who was given credit for predicting the death in 1923 of President Harding, also other developments of that year. So let's follow the predictions. Not in the hope that the predictions may be found to work out right, but rather to so guide our lives that we may avoid the unpleasant things which the prognostication foretells. The forecast is amusing, if nothing else, and for this reason it is reproduced elsewhere in this issue. Do you believe the seven planets—Venus, Mercury, Mars, Uranus, Jupiter, Neptune and Saturn—exercise a direct influence over our lives?

George Rowell, former secretary manager of the U. P. Development Bureau and later advertising manager for the Lloyd company of Menominee has become a partner in a big Chicago advertising firm. Mr. Rowell was always active, an untiring worker in anything he undertook and his advancement in the advertising profession has been rapid. Mr. Rowell was at one time the editor of the Menominee Herald-Leader.—Crystal Falls Diamond Drill.

A local lady, acquainted with California's brand of sapphire remarked: "If Michigan could claim half the number of boosters that work for California the year around, this state would be so far ahead of the others it wouldn't even be a race. It would be a walk-away." Which remark was not intended to detract from California's claims, but rather to draw attention to the many natural advantages which we overlook.

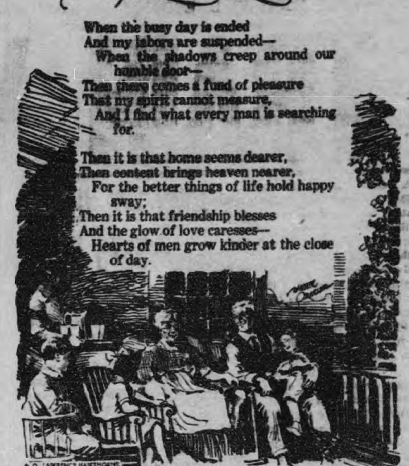
In reading former Governor Chase Osborn's remarkable narrative of a Michigan history, now running in a Detroit Daily, we find this: "The state flower is the apple blossom, significant of combined beauty, fragrance, and economy, which all mean that in Michigan we have our eyes on the stars but our feet are on the ground." Mr. Osborn has an apt way of expressing his thoughts.

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The state legislature got into action Wednesday. The three-month session will place at least 500 new laws on the statute books. It is to be wondered at that the average citizen can't keep up.

When Shadows Creep by Lawrence Hawthorne



When the busy day is ended And my labors are suspended— When the shadows creep around our humble door— Then there comes a fond pleasure That my spirit cannot measure, And I find what every man is searching for.

Then it is that home seems dearer, Then content brings heaven nearer, For the better things of life hold happy sway; Then it is that friendship blesses And the glow of love caresses— Hearts of men grow kinder at the close of day.

MEMORIES

Items of interest of Gladstone and its citizens years gone by.

22 YEARS AGO (Gladstone Delta, Jan. 10, 1903)

Mrs. James Pease, Gabell, Eaton and Lewis and Messrs. R. J. Hammel and Laren Robeck called New Years Day on Mr. and Mrs. Latimer at the Club House.

Henry Nebel went to Sturgeon Bay on business Wednesday night. He will return next week.

George McEwen has been absent from the city some time getting his farm in shape for sugar beet raising.

T. H. Noble left Friday morning for New Orleans where he will attend the national field exhibition of hunting dogs.

Born, Saturday, January 3, 1903, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert LaCombe, a son. Albert is more dignified than usual.

There was a large party from Rapid River at the rink last Saturday evening and they enjoyed the skating greatly.

George Hicks went to Marquette Wednesday to do the expert work on the Murphy furnaces in the Cleveland-Cliffs plant. Mr. Ely went along to supervise the work.

Andrew J. Swanson spent the holidays in Mimososa among old friends and scenes. He is back again after a cold, but pleasant trip.

Ray W. Scott returned from Menominee last Saturday after a week's holiday vacation in that city.

20 YEARS AGO (Gladstone Delta, Jan. 14, 1905)

C. A. Clark has been feeling rather under the weather lately, but is getting over it. The excitement of being installed as an officer of the Woodmen and having his fire go out, together with some other mishaps, gave him quite a shock.

Traffic east bound is rather heavy on the Soo, as much corn is going east. Roadmaster Crooks states that there is almost no snow in his division, east of Ensign. The snow storms which have tied up so many communications were all west and north of here. The west bound freight has not been to rush yet.

Business is slack as usual during the holidays, and most merchants are using their spare time to take an inventory. One curious incident in the slide rule for measuring a bolt of cloth, thick or thin, without unraveling.

The snow plow has been working valiantly this week, but so long as pores continue his guerrilla tactics, there will be drifits across the walks.

Mrs. J. E. Sorber, of Iron River, spent the holidays with Mrs. Bailey and returned home Wednesday. She once resided here with Mrs. Bailey.

Mrs. B. Lynch, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. D. McCarthy during the holidays returned Monday to her home at Republic.

George Perry came into town from the Soo last Thursday, and will stay till spring, unless he secures a position elsewhere.

20 YEARS AGO Rapid River Locals, January 14, 1905

Walter Taylor returned from Barbeau's camp Monday.

Moses Buchman went to Escanaba Wednesday to visit friends.

Born, Tuesday, Jan. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Birch, a son.

Will Miller returned Monday to Am Arbor to resume his studies.

Dr. Laing and Andrew Erickson drove to Perkins Wednesday afternoon.

Jerry Madson went to Escanaba Wednesday and thence to Escanaba Saturday.

T. P. Cullum came home Tuesday and returned to his camp Thursday morning.

The Misses Nellie Cavill, Linda Boyer and Amanda Venne visited Barbeau's camp this week.

Miss Ella Hocks, Wilfred Bezner and Miss Beagle King of Massoville drove to Gladstone Sunday.

Current Comment

From Reporter Exchanges

TO SAVE THE CHILDREN (Detroit News)

Livestock breeders of Michigan held a conference in Lansing a few days ago and adopted resolutions in favor of passing the law against tuberculosis in cattle. It was pointed out that seven counties have been declared modified accredited areas, and 21 other counties have completed, one or more tests of all cattle. The conference favored finishing the work in the 21 counties and making a first test of cattle in 20 more counties within the next two years.

This program does not go far enough. Bovine tuberculosis is not a menace with which half-measures can cope. It is far too serious a threat to human life, and especially to the lives of helpless infants and young children, the chief article of whose diet is milk. To clean up the cattle of one county while little or nothing is done for those in an adjacent county is to risk contamination of the clean herds, and the necessity of doing the work all over again. The State law forbids the importation of any but certified healthy cattle from other States but there is nothing to prevent the infection of a clean herd by cattle purchased from a county in which the campaign against tuberculosis has not been completed.

Therefore the work should be undertaken not by counties, but by the State as a whole, and every available agency should be employed until the disease is stamped out. The Legislature next meeting should appropriate the necessary funds. They should be sufficient to permit the employment by the Commissioner of Agriculture of as many veterinarians throughout the state as may be needed to apply the tests. The work should be done quickly and completely, for that is the cheapest and least dangerous way in the long run.

SPVING NOT AN AMERICAN FORTE (Detroit News)

A Japanese newspaper, Yamato, has made a dreadful discovery, one that will fill every one hundred per cent American with shame and humiliation. Yamato says Manchuria is infested with American spies, "military tourists, officers, consuls, journalists are all in the same game."

The Japan Chronicle receives this proclamation somewhat skeptically and remarks, with point that "it would be interesting to hear what Japan is doing that Yamato does not like Americans to see."

With such an apt retort, it seems superfluous to enter any further defense. However, Yamato and the Japanese generally may take comfort from the fact that spying is not an American forte. The best obtainable spies have been trying it ever since prohibition because the law of the land and, goodness knows, they are mighty little good at it even yet.

THE AUTO LICENSES

The secretary of state has ruled that those who insist on purchasing 1925 auto licenses this month will be accommodated, but he gives warning that if the license fee is increased those who do so will be called on to make up the difference, and the state will see that they do. But while license plates may be purchased this month, there will probably be no rush to get them, in light of the expressed desire of the administrative board that sales be postponed until February 1 next, in the hope that the legislature will before that date approve some plan of permanent highway finance.—Mining Journal.

Wolverines

(By E. C. A. in Detroit News)

The supervisors in a good many of our counties probably would vote favors for clearing the roads now, if they could get into town through the drifts.

The Cadillac woman, mother of 11 children, who had her hair bobbed, demonstrates again how little control children have over their parents in these times.

So many quiet weddings were reported on New Year's day that one wonders what has become of the old-fashioned groom who used to be dragged to the altar.

A Flint man is being held for trial on the charge that he administered a beating to his divorced wife. A man should realize that the sort of thing must stop, after divorce.

A 16-year-old wife at Niles wants a

divorce, on the grounds that when she married at 15 she was not old enough to choose a husband, but is she old enough now to become single?

While thawing a frozen pipe, a Ludington resident burned his house down. Now, he complains the blamed pipe is out in the weather where it probably will freeze again.

A Grand Rapids woman is charged with carrying away five cents worth of coal from a coal yard. Such offenses can be prevented usually by putting a wax seal in the eye to drive the coal out.

A bill to establish a censorship over all motion pictures exhibited in Michigan will be introduced in the coming session of the legislature. It is by these old familiar signs that we know it for a session of the legislature.

Complaint has been registered against a Grand Rapids pedestrian who struck a motorist with his fist after the latter had struck him with a car. What do they expect then? That the pedestrian should strike the motorist first?

After robbing the proprietor of an Iron Mountain store of \$315 a masked bandit washed him a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" and fled into the night. There is nothing of the old Scrooge about our bandits, we are happy to say.

Economic and social problems of farm life will be stressed at the Farmers' Week at M. A. C. this year says an announcement from East Lansing, including we suppose, the economic problem of maintaining the son's social position at college.

When a Flint doctor was called to examine a strange patient, he recognized him for a coal miner by certain characteristic marks on his elbows. We thought those callouses obtained by resting the elbows on the table while arguing for more pay were out of style this year.

Two young men at Marine City narrowly escaped drowning when their car, in which they were driving on the river ice to ascertain whether it was strong enough for crossing, went through and sank in 3 1/2 feet of water. They give it as their opinion that the ice is not strong enough.

STATE OFFICERS ARE SWORN IN

With a brief, simple ceremony, the six state officials elected last November were inducted into office at Lansing New Year's Day.

Chief Justice John S. McDonald, of the supreme court, administered the oath to Governor Groesbeck and Lieutenant Governor George Welsh, Secretary of State Charles J. DeLand, Attorney General Andrew P. Dougherty, Auditor General O. E. Fuller and State Treasurer Frank McKay. The officials came to the senate chamber escorted by the deputies. The chief Justice pronounced the solemn words pledging them to their offices. There was a round of congratulations, the sound of photographers' flashlights and the ceremony was over.

Their terms of the offices expire December 31, 1925.

Starts Third Year Governor Groesbeck is starting his third term as the state's executive and his seventh as a state official, having served as attorney general from 1917 to 1921. Secretary of State DeLand is starting his third term. Attorney General Dougherty was appointed to the office by Governor Groesbeck following the resignation of Merin Wiley. He was elected to continue as attorney general by a huge majority in the last election. Auditor General Fuller, the veteran in point of state service, is starting his ninth consecutive term.

In 1885 he came to Lansing as a member of the house of representatives and served almost continuously in one or the other branches of the legislature, until he was first elected auditor general in 1908. State Treasurer McKay is a newcomer to the ranks of state office. He was nominated for treasurer in the last Republican convention after Frank Gorman had announced that he would not again be a candidate.

George Welsh, lieutenant governor, received a promotion. He served as speaker of the last house of representatives and in his new office will preside over the senate. He succeeds Thomas Reed, of Shelby.

READ REPORTER ADS.

BILL BOOSTER SAYS

SING THE PRAISES OF OUR HOME MERCHANTS! THEY LIVE HERE, PAY TAXES HERE AND SUPPORT OUR HOME INSTITUTIONS. SOME TIMES I BUY OUT OF TOWN, BUT I KNOW IT'S BEST TO GO TO THE STORES OF OUR HOME STORES ARE A GREAT CONVENIENCE AND I SHALL SUPPORT THEM!





# HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

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## Synopsis

**PART I—**Living in the small English town of Derby, our heroine, Barbara, is the daughter of a widowed mother, in whom she has inherited a rich and generous nature. She is affianced to an aviator, is to be the pilot. At her first meeting with Croft, Barbara is attracted by his manner and conversation, different from that of her small town.

She set out, Barbara, her aunt, Croft, and a mechanician. In a few days came to Derby that the plane was missing and she had loved lost.

**PART II—**Croft and Barbara, after the wreck of the airplane in a furious battle, reach an island in the Pacific ocean. The other members of the party had perished. The two castaways built a shelter. Croft's absence Barbara is attacked by a black man, evidently savage. Croft returns her.

Croft discovers a party of blacks, evidently reconnoitering, but they have without attempting to harm the pair. Croft recovers his aerial from the wrecked plane.

With the aid of the wireless Croft works on an attacking party is driven off, apparently in a blind fury. Croft's absence Barbara is attacked by a black man, evidently savage. Croft recovers his aerial from the wrecked plane.

Barbara and Croft visit the chief, who tells them of the disappearance from a warship, which had massacred the blacks had registered and a few weeks later had been seen in the sea. Croft, with the object of assuring himself of the truth, goes to the island with his wife. Barbara deprecates the idea, but Croft is determined to go. Barbara begins to feel a warm sentiment for Croft, but she is not to be so easily discouraged.

The next morning, at the two and the fact that Croft has learned that he had not reached the island, awakes him to love. He urges Barbara to become his wife, she declines, and he argues, but does not press his love suit.

The situation becomes acute, though Croft, under the circumstances, their union, which he deprecates, is a marriage—his right and proper. One of the blacks, who had been sent to kill Croft, Barbara shoots and wounds him with a revolver. Croft has given her for her protection.

Emboldened by the absence of any sign of their enemies, they go on standing several minutes, gaining down the slope of the solitary hut wherein Barbara is sequestered. At last, after an indistinct colloquy, they moved slowly forward in its direction.

For a moment Croft's heart seemed to stop beating. To expose himself, unarmed, would mean certain death, and the consequent abandonment of the girl, whose life now rested upon his to a fate probably far worse inside the hut. If he could not reach it, lay the suitcase containing his revolver. Should he risk all and dash from his hiding place for a sign of safety? He was torn. He suddenly halted. For what seemed an eternity he watched them confer together, evidently divided upon the wisdom of the capture. When at last they turned and made off toward the south of the island, he found his clenched hands were shaking and his brow was cold. He slipped down to the hut, where he found a white-faced girl ineffectually barricading the door with suitcases.

She uttered a wailing cry on his appearance at the window.

"How did you escape? Where were you? What can we do?"

To his own amazement, perhaps as much as hers, he laughed—almost happily.

"They have gone away," he replied, "we can't do anything at present."

She gazed at him in bewilderment, knowing nothing of the reaction which had caused that strange light in his face, and he laughed again, brightly and courageously, as if for a closer inspection of the blood-drenched figure with his cloud of hair.

"You are better?" he asked.

"I am not sleeping for hours," she said, "I'm all right," she muttered, turning away.

"I will go back for the water," he remarked; and his face disappeared from the aperture.

Barbara's mind was uncomfortably confused. Safe in some refuge, she had seemed to be sleeping for hours. When she awoke she instinctively sought for a hand which proved not to be there. Throughout the terrified moments that ensued, vague impressions of some midnight event chased chaotically through her brain. They were intensified by Croft's appearance. Vainly she tried to capture the murderer; to separate the real from the chaos of delirium. All was confusion, jumbled repetitions of accented horrors, which came first at one breath; then lost it and caught at another. But ever at one point her cheeks burned. How much was there thirty not—? She thought, the more convinced did she become

"I'm going up the hill to the station," he observed then. "You need not fear the natives. They won't return until they have massacred their numbers."

As her look of alarm he continued hurriedly: "I've got a scheme for saving them, but it is very dangerous, so long as you. If you about, I shall be."

There was no suggestion of his company being wanted, he wanted him to disappear, with a deliberate sense of the oppressive loneliness that she dreaded; but she forbade her uttering a word. She felt that she was an unconscious limitation of Croft, she threw her head a little back; clenched her hands; and entered the hut.

Under the native hurried to the north, to prepare for battle, the man sat on the ground beside the transmitter, starting out to see his brain working on the scheme which he had just outlined; he tried to remember the conflicting decisions. In this predicament, at the mercy of a tribe of hostile savages, there were but two forms of hope of defence. One lay in the little weapon down in the hut, with its limited supply of ammunition; the other in the immediate application of his hands. If one of the latter could be used; if his rifle, for all its wisdom, succeeded, their lives might yet be saved. He tried to remember the words which he had heard when there was not enough electrical energy for both purposes.

"My God!" he muttered to himself. "Was ever a man in such a d-d position?"

IV  
No better tonic could have been given to Croft's mind than this necessity for immediate action. That he had made his decision and the details were matured, he forbore to alarm Barbara with the prospect before them.

For about two hours he was absent. He came back with a cloud of smoke around his neck, and he appeared with his arms full of a weapon.

I have left a biscuit, in case a passing vessel, through the forest, stands still, his eyes upon the figure emerging from the hut.

"A transformation!" he exclaimed; and there was a strange new tone in his voice.

The dirty shoes and stockings had been discarded, the hairpins thrown away. With a long black tunic hanging down her back, sleeves rolled up, bare feet staking in the sand, she flashed him a shy look of inquiry.

"It seems more natural—here," she said.

Thus did Barbara take the first step from out the net of lifelong convention and treat the few spacemans beyond.

"You fit in so well—as if it is your natural sphere!" she added.

He smiled half to himself, rather the spare seat beside him. Rather wonderfully she approached, looking, he thought with compunction, extremely young and delicately made. To inform a savage girl of the forthcoming attack of possible cannibals was, to Croft, ten times more formidable than meeting them single-handed. He was not versed in the handling of these situations.

Taking her hand, he drew her down close beside him; then, in a few curt sentences, he told her.

The fingers he had closed convulsively upon his own; her free hand clenched itself upon her knee; the faint color drained away, leaving her face quite white.

"Can't we go—hide somewhere—on the reef?" she urged, turning dark out of fear upon him.

He shook his head. "Very thoughtfully, from every point of view, had he considered the position. Should they, by hiding, elude the natives to-night, it would be but a respite. The same danger would surround them for every moment they spent here; they could never know peace or safety. For some reason these natives were hostile; something must be done to overcome their hostility. Until and unless friendly contact could be made, they must be forced to leave the two white people alone, through fear. It was this explained to the girl, who recognized the wisdom of it, as well as what she deemed the impossibility.

"How! Against, possibly, hundreds! How can we make them fear us?" she asked hopefully.

"Through their superstition," he replied promptly. "Once made then believe we deal with the supernatural, their ideas of magical powers, and they will make us gods. The dress, or disease from violating a tabu will cause them to shun us like lepers."

Barbara, inexperienced in native ways, was only half convinced. He listened incredulously to the scheme he propounded, her knowledge of electricity being limited.

"I will get some sticks," he conducted, rising; and place everything in readiness; then I shall turn in for a bit. Tomorrow we will strengthen the walls of the hut; and I'll put up a room until we can build another hut. They will watch us, if we refuse doesn't come soon!"

Silently, she helped to collect sticks, an extraordinary unobtrusive pervading the native Croft's spirit rose. He had faced and eluded death too often to fear it. His confidence in this simple ruse puzzled her.

Collecting the rubber shock absorber belonging to the wireless outfit, he broke the sticks into short stakes, showing Barbara how to cover them. This done, he strode to the ground firmly in the ground round the hut, then attached the aerial to the top of each, thus forming a wire circle a few feet above the ground as far from the hut as the amount of aerial permitted. The two ends were carried

around a watch, he explained how it worked.

"If I could it, and fix it ready for use," he concluded.

And the girl who, in England, had shrunk from all firearms, took the little weapon from him eagerly, welcoming it as a talismanic charm, possibly, the greatest success of all.

As they sat in the dark hut, upon their upturned suitcases, near the wireless apparatus, the strain upon Barbara's nerves became almost unbearable. With every minute her faith in the electric ruse, never strong, grew weaker; and it obeyed away, leaving only a ghastly dead, or more creeping nearer with the rating of every star.

She faced the moment when her companion awoke, she would seize the revolver, turn the dark mangle to her fluttering heart, place her finger on the trigger.

She clasped and unclasped her clammy hands, sitting upright; then crouching back against the bunkbed. . . . Only fear of the consequences of her companion's opinion restrained her wild impulse to rise and flee somewhere—anywhere—to escape this fearful ordeal. Had Croft again urged the same, her control would have snapped altogether. But he sat perfectly still, his gaze fixed upon the dark slope down which their enemies would come, his mind apparently oblivious to all else.

As she watched him, her fevered brain seemed gradually to grow calmer, her sense of fear, her confidence and ingenuity to strengthen. . . . The strain relaxed. Groggily, feebly within in her heart. She no longer felt the wild desire to rush to escape. Her clenched hands parted, and she sat back with a sigh.

Those who from lack of imagination find in some of their face a terrible order with pallantry, are justly called brave; but those who, tortured by these possessions, foreseeing all with their eyes, yet meet it with an outward flinch, deserve the laurels of heroism. Some such thoughts flitted through Croft's mind, as he sat waiting for the coming of the natives, silently endured by his companion. When she relaxed against his shoulder, he drew a breath of relief.

What seemed like hours passed in the silence and darkness. Then Barbara suddenly raised her head.

"Have I been asleep?" she whispered.

He turned to answer, whispering and slowly back to the aperture, and craning his head. A sound had reached his latent ears—the faint distant murmur of snuffing twigs.

Now that the dreaded moment had arrived, Barbara was conscious of an utter lack of agitation. Save that her fingers closed upon his arm, she gave no sign; her eyes followed his, peering into the starlit dusk without.

For several minutes nothing more was heard. The girl sat beginning to think it had been a false alarm, when all at once a slight rubbing noise reached them, as of something wriggling over coral sand. At the same instant a dark form was dimly discernible fitting, shadow-like, from a distant tree to the shelter of a large rock, then falling to the earth. From a point behind this rock issued a little, snaky, black stream—three or four bodies waddling along in their front, their outlines faintly distinguishable.

Minutely sweeping the whole visible horizon with his keen eyes, Croft now perceived other black streams, issuing from other temporary shelters, slowly trickling down the slope.

They were crawling along upon their stomachs, as I predicted, to avoid detection, he whispered.

Presently, two or three figures detached themselves from the moving darkness and wriggled forward with incredible swiftness, leaving the remainder some yards behind.

"Scouts!" whispered Croft.

Croft, his eyes fixed upon the advancing figures, laid his hand upon the transmitter, with his forefinger stretched toward the little key upon which so much depended. No sign of the wire encircling the hut was visible in the comparative gloom.

A few tense moments, then he pressed the key, keeping it down, giving the spark gap a slight adjustment.

Then, from all around, rose a deafening melody of howls and frenzied yells, partly of pain but more often of fear, as the advancing men came in fear, as the wires, seeing the wicked blue sparks flash at their heads, feeling the sharp sting of the electricity. Those who escaped it were quickly terrified, leaving the whole order broke up. Some rolled upon the ground rubbing themselves, still howling, others fled, screaming, toward the south. A few, however, tried again to reach the goal; and again retreated, half petrified with fear of the unknown.

Croft waited until but a few stragglers remained near the hut.

"Now," he cried, "we must show ourselves completely the illusion!"

"Oh!" remonstrated Barbara, "is that necessary?"

"Yes; if it's to be a success."

Sitting her arm, he dragged upon the door, and whirled her round to the landward end.

Those natives who remained uttered loud, fearful cries, as at sight of the two white figures; falling upon their faces, they stretched out arms of supplication, gabbling what seemed to Barbara intelligible nonsense. These, being stung, halted, then likewise fell upon their faces, terrified at these apparitions in the starlight.

For a moment the girl thought her companion had lost his senses. Looking her arm, he sprang forward with a bound, his arms wildly waving. Ap-

pearer unstraggly tall, his white shirt and bandaged head increased the supernatural effect in eyes used only to see a real world. His work looked a pastime of weird gestures. Now and then this was interrupted with extraordinary utterances started from between his rounded lips, and his drawn-back lips. The wild, earnest fury, seemed to emanate from every pore, terrified her; he looked every inch a savage himself. His work looked a strong resemblance to that of her past year. Apparently the postulate was understood, at least part of the discourse; but crooked fingers were raised in supplication, accompanied by cries or moaning noises.

Suddenly, as if at some command, the groveling wretches scrambled to their feet. With another torrent of wild words, he wheeled round, and to her amazement, threw his arms around her, pressing her close. . . . What seemed, in the excitement of the moment, a real kiss, his work looked a sharp explosion, momentarily dashed her senses.

She felt herself lifted bodily, whirled round again, and she was at the entrance; while, from without, arose a fresh confusion of howling cries, with the tread of running feet, as the warriors, terrified by the magnetic effects of the revolver shot in the dusk, dashed for their lives away up the slope. . . .

Once again he leaped back against the bunkbed, still holding her close, his breath coming first, every nerve tingling, primitive man among primitive men, after the fashion of the state into which he had worked himself.

"Well done!" he justly lauded with a gasp. "The revolver—just then—was an inspiration! Tossing in a puff of smoke finished the trick!"

Barbara gasped, too much astounded to realize that she was still clasped in his arms, straggling forward, the existence of the revolver during the last scene. It hung from her hand, still smoking a little from its accidental discharge.

"What—were you doing?" she stammered.

Again he laughed wildly. "Telling them we were some one with their arms, and should blast the island into a thousand bits if they showed us hostility! You saw the effect?"

"It did indeed!" Realizing their position, she tried to free herself, but his arms tightened.

"Among natives," he continued, excitedly, "we like to take the hand. To—to make you doubly safe, I told them you were my wife."

"Then—" words failed her. More violently she tried to free herself, but she was afraid of him, of his savage grip, and of the eyes which glittered strangely in the semi-darkness.

But ordinary Croft's belief of restraint had fallen from Croft for the moment. Since those wonderful hours of the brief before, the girl had assumed a new prominence in his life. He had become acutely aware of her, as he had never yet been aware of any woman. It was all passion, bewildering. Life came truth, falling to the earth. From primitive passions fitted against savage, primitive passions. He was drawing room code of morals or manner was grinding their destined end here.

He laughed again, pressing her fiercely up against his chest. "While we are here, you must stay. Don't forget. You may belong to another man; but here, you—you are mine!"

His tone was exultant, and he bent her backward so that his face was upturned, unprotected beneath his own. His breath came hot and fast above her lip.

Some primal, caged beast instinct seized her, too, sweeping away from behind her free hand, she thrust him, with sudden passion of rage, a blow in the face while struggling violently in his arm.

(To be continued)

## Origin of Expression "Skeleton in Closet"

"There is a skeleton in every house," as said to the old saying taken from an Italian humorous story. But the expression "skeleton in the closet" has been popularized by an English story. A woman had an only son who obtained an appointment in India. One day the mother received a letter from her son with this strange request: "Pray, mother, get someone who has no care and troubles to make me six shirts." The mother searched in vain for such a person. Finally she called upon a woman she invited her to go with her to a bedroom. The strange woman then opened a closet which contained a human skeleton, and she said: "I try to keep my trouble to myself, but every night my husband compels me to kiss that skeleton, who was once my husband's rival, and who he killed in a duel. Thank you that I am happy!" The mother immediately wrote to her son and told him her experience. All the son replied: "I know when I gave the commission that everyone had his care, and you, mother, must have yours. Know that I have my confidence in you, and can have return to England. Mother, mother! there is a skeleton in every house."—Pittsburgh Magazine.

## Safe and Sane

"How this would shock mother!" he gaped, after he had just kissed her by brute strength.

"We-ell, never mind," he tried to console her. "It won't happen to mother."

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