JOHN RAWN
PROMINENT CITIZEN

By EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR of THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE, 54-40 OR FIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS.

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SYNOPSIS.

John Rawn is born in Texas. Early in life he shows signs of masterfulness and inordinate selfishness. He marries Laura Johnson. He is a clerk, in a St. Louis railway office when his daughter Grace is born. Years later he hears Grace's lover, a young engineer named Charles Halsey, speak of a scheme to utilize the lost current of electricity. He appropriates the idea as his own and induces Halsey to perfect an experimental machine. He forms a company, with himself as president, at a salary of $10,000 a year, and Halsey as superintendent of the works, at a salary of $6,000. Rawn takes charge of the office in Chicago. Virginia Delaware is assigned as his stenographer. She assists in picking the furniture and decoration for the princely mansion Rawn has erected. Mrs. Rawn feels out of place in the new surroundings. Halsey goes to New York with Rawn and Miss Delaware to explain delays in perfecting the new motor to the impatient directors. He gets a message that a deformed daughter has been born to his wife, Grace. Rawn bargains with Miss Delaware to wear his jewelry and appear in public with him, as a means to help him in a business way. Rawn is fortunate in market speculations, piles up wealth and attains prominence. He frets because his wife does not rise with him in a social way. He gives her a million dollars to bolster him. He asks his daughter, Mrs. Halsey, to take charge of his household. Grace moves to Graystone Hall, and Halsey continues to live alone in the cottage near the works. Halsey's machine proves a success, but he keeps the fact a secret. Virginia Delaware becomes more and more indispensable to Rawn. He takes her to New York on a business trip. Idle talk prompts him to offer her marriage. They are married.

CHAPTER XIII.

Four Being No Company.

Happy in his newly-found domestic delights, Mr. Rawn was perhaps more careless than otherwise he would have been—regarding business affairs, and that at a time when they needed care. The truth was that matters still lagged at the factory, as Rawn ought to have known. Indeed, he did know; but always his curious helplessness in regard to Halsey—who alone knew the last secrets of the most intricate devices of the company's property—continued to oppress him. And always here was his wife to console him and to interest him.

The distance between Graystone Hall and the factory apparently was becoming greater from month to month. Sometimes Halsey came to visit his wife, but these visits of late became fewer and fewer, as that lady became more and more discontented, less and less eager to receive the attentions of him who had so signally failed to place her where Virginia sat in power. This alone left Halsey none too happy himself at the prospect of any of his perfunctory calls; and moreover, he found himself expected now to be more careful in his attire in his conduct about Graystone Hall, where full evening dress tacitly was desired at dinner, and where an aristocratic chill was habitual at any hour; things not customary in Ann Sullivan's household on the factory side of the city. Not that Halsey needed to excite social misgivings. He, was a clean-faced, manly chap, lean, sinewy and strong, and might, save for his rather toil-marked hands, have passed for any of the throng of young men who at times came under one pretense or other to visit Mr.—and Mrs.—Rawn

These, in company with Grace, he one evening found alone, seated on the wide gallery that overlooked the lake front. He did notice then, as never before at any time had noticed, a singular truth—Virginia Rawn's eyes seemed almost reluctant to leave him. He was half her husband's age. Moreover, there was something in the somber glow of his eye, in the occasional look of his face—rapt, absorbed, remote, pondering on things not made patent to all about him—which held for her ever a stronger fascination. She wondered if things were known in his philosophy no longer reckoned in her own; but which once might have been germane to her as well. She often looked at him.

The evening was clear and cool, the lake stirred with but little more than a gentle breeze. The silver ladder of the moon's light was flung down across the gently moving waters. The breath of flowers was all about. Calm, ease, assuredness were here. The voice of the hostess was delightfully low and sweet. All things seemed in keeping.

Rawn welcomed his son-in-law with his customary largeness of air. "Come on out, Charles," said he, "join us; the evening is pleasant. Won't you have a cigar?" He fetched with his own hands the box of weeds—"Several," my boy, take as many as you like. I give two dollars apiece for those by the box at my club, and you can't get them in the city or anywhere else."

Halsey listened almost absent-mindedly, and Rawn returned to his seat near his wife, a little apart on the gallery. The master of Graystone Hall was intoxicated more than usually this evening with her. She sat now in the dim light, a cool, dainty and beautiful picture, in blue and ivory Duchesse satin and filmy laces; gowned fit for a wedding or a ball, as she always was of an evening at home. With just a gem gleaming here and there in the occasional glimpse of light which broke through the windows at the back of the gallery as their curtains shifted in the breeze. At that moment John Rawn would have been glad to have had the entire world share boxes of cigars with him John Rawn, collector—what man on all the North Shore Drive at that moment could claim such surroundings as these!

"I thank you, Mr. Rawn," said Halsey, taking a single cigar from the box which his host had placed upon the near-by tabouret. "I think I'll be content with one. I mustn't get into bad habits; I'm afraid Jim Sullivan and I can't afford them at two dollars apiece just yet!"

He moved now quietly and dutifully apart toward the end of the gallery where sat a less resplendent figure, that of his wife, Grace. She had not risen to meet him.

"Well," said he, as he sank into a seat beside her.

"Well, then," she answered, and turned upon him a face dour, inexpressive, pasty, almost frowning.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" he began later, as he sat smoking.

"I haven't had much chance yet," he commented.

"No, I should say not! This is the first time you've been here for four weeks! Have you stopped to think of that? You seem to care little enough how I get on!"

Halsey paused for a moment before replying. "That hardly seems fair to me."

"Why isn't it fair? It's the truth."

"Well, I've been busy all the time, as you know. Besides again, when it comes to that, it doesn't seem to me that you've been altogether anxious to have me come."

"You talk as though you worked day and night and had nothing else to do."

"Well, I suppose I could come over—every night after dinner—wash the soot and the cinders from me, get out my four-hundred-dollar go-cart, and come over here to call on my wife in my thirty-dollar evening togs, couldn't I? She lives in Graystone Hall. Where do I live? What do I get out of life, when it comes to that, Grace? When I do come here, you begin to nag me before I get settled down. I always used to say when I was a young man, that if I ever found myself married to a nagging woman, I'd just quit her!"

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded imperiously.

Again Halsey was deliberate, although he half sighed as he replied: "Pretty much what I say, Mrs. Halsey, since you ask me. The truth is, you quit me when I needed you. I have had worry enough from this business at the factory. I don't particularly care to have all other kinds of worry on top of that. You had all this place to fall back on. Your father's taken care of you. But he hasn't taken care of me very well. The fact is, I've been scapegoat about long enough!"

"You seem to have learned the factory ways of talking!"

"Yes, I don't know but I am rather plain, and common, and vulgar. It's a little different here—even from Kelly Row, let alone our place on the West Side. I fancy you're getting the North Shore accent, along with other things.—It all only means that we're that much further apart, Grace. Did you ever stop to think of that?"

"I've had time to think of plenty of things," she answered bitterly.

"You had plenty of time to think of some of them before you came over here," he rejoined. "You didn't like what your husband could offer you, and you chose something better which your father did offer you. You've quit me, practically. You've not been in our home twice since you came to live here. I've seen that poor baby of ours only once in a while since you left our home for this. You've not been a wife to me. That's the truth about it—I might as well not be married! That comes mighty near being the situation, since you put it up to me to answer."

"Then what do you mean?"

"The courts would make it a case of desertion, if you force me to say that," answered Halsey. "Now, I don't want to live on this way for ever. I'm a young man, and my career's ahead of me! I've got to choose regarding my life before long. And I'm going to choose. I'm not going to let things run on in this way any further."

"That's what my father always said! Your career; your life! Where does your wife come in?"

"You come in precisely where you say you want to come in, Grace. We get what we earn in this world. If you leave me and take up a life which I can't share, if you leave my house and don't care for what I can give you—why there's not much left to talk about as to where you come in. You come in here. I belong over there."

"You're selfish! All men are, I think."

"I'm not going to argue about that in the least, Grace, except to say that it's the Rawn half of you that said that. The Rawn half of you can't see anything but its own part of the world. It wasn't the Rawn half of you that I married. You were different then. You're not much like your mother, Grace." And I married the part of you that was like your mother. She was a good woman, and a good wife."

"You must not speak of her!"

"Oh, yes, I must, and I shall when I like. It's all in evidence. There's the record." He nodded toward the two dim figures at the other end of the gallery. "She's very beautiful, yes, very beautiful!" His eyes lingered on the figure of Virginia Rawn, faintly outlined, cool in satin and laces.

"Shall like to hear you say that!" sneered the wife.

"I perceive, my dear, that you two love each other very much. But as I was saying, you don't seem to me, Grace, to be much like your own mother—you're more like your stepmother, over there, in some ways. Your mother didn't change. She made good—if you'll let me use some more factory slang—on the old ways, on her own old lines. That's what I call class, breeding, blood, if you like—just plain North American sincerity and simplicity. She didn't pretend; she didn't try to climb where she knew she couldn't go. That's what I call blood!"

"Thank you! You're sincere also, at least."

He seemed not to hear her. He went on. But you've changed. You dropped me. Your head was turned with all this sort of thing. Since there things are true, are you coming back to me?" He found himself wrenching his eyes away from the cool, dim figure far down the long gallery.

She straightened up suddenly, pale. "Back! to that? To live in that hole—"

"Yes, just back to that, Grace. It's all I have to offer you. Just that hole."

"I'm not happy here."

"Then why do you stay here? Why don't you come back to me?"

"I Haven't Been Bought and Paid For, Myself."

"Because I couldn't be happy over there any more, either! I know it. I admit it. It's got me—I couldn't go back to the old ways, the ways we'd have to live. Why can't you come here—why doesn't Pa give us money enough—"

He turned to her now gravely. "I suppose it's the pace—yes, it's got you, and a lot of others. But I'm not taking that sort of money just yet. And that doesn't answer my question. I've come over to-night to arrive at some understanding about us two. I want to know where I am. There are going to be changes, one way or another."

She turned to him suddenly again. "What's wrong over at that factory, Charley?" she asked. "Why haven't you made good before this? Why father has been on the point of tearing up things a dozen times! He's sore at you—awfully sore."

"Yes? How do you know I haven't made good?"

"Then why has Pa talked so?"

"For the very good reason that he doesn't know any better than to talk that way. He hasn't got any more sense. He didn't talk that way to me.' "Then you have got it—you've made the discovery—it'll work?"

"Our machines not only will work, but have been working," said he calmly. "I haven't seen fit to tell your father. I'm going to tell you, however, that all this was my idea from the first. If I haven't been a competent manager, let him get some one more competent. I'll take what I know with me in my own head. I'm saying to you, his daughter, that I worked out this idea, myself, and all he did was to get the money in the first place for it. For that reason I call this discovery mine, to do with as I like. I haven't been bought and paid for, myself. I don't want money when it costs too much. I've just begun to understand things lately."

"Yes, I've worked it out into practical form," he concluded, as she sat silent. "Your father never did and never can. He's got to come to me, to me, right here. Since you drive me to it, I'll just tell you one thing. I've had this whole thing in my own hands for more than eight months! How much has been paid for it, he doesn't know it, no one knows it. I've been just waiting—to see whether I was of use or not."

"You never told? Then you've been disloyal, you've been a coward! You took his money—"

"All right," said Halsey suddenly, grimly, "that's all I need. I see, now, I know what to do now."

"But you didn't tell father!" she went on fiercely. "And we all knew how much has been depending on that factory. Weren't we all in that—didn't we all help, from the very first? Didn't I?"

"Yes, you did, you and your mother," said Halsey. "You've had pr will because all you wanted. She got divorced from her husband, you got a divorced from me! It's a fine world, isn't it? We've all been chasing for there money. Well, here we are! There's a couple over there, here's another one here. Fine, isn't it?"

"But Charley!" She moved toward him and laid a hand on his arm. "You don't stop to reflect on what you are saying! If you have that secret in your hands, why, don't you see—don't you see—"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, even Pa will have to come to you! You won't be poor then."

"I should say he would have to come to me!" said Charles Halsey slowly. "Yes, I dare say, I dare say, also, I could take a bit of money whether he did or didn't."

"Listen, Charley. He's got everything, and he wants everything. He's my father, but he doesn't care. He—he sold me out. What do we owe to him and me? What have we to do to my mother? I tell you, he thinks of no one but himself. Yet you and I—we who found that idea and worked it out, who have it in our own hands now, as you say—you and I have got the whip in our own hands now, it seems to me."

"You talk excellent business sense, Mrs. Halsey. I compliment you. It seems that you begin to discover something in your husband and his possibilities. It's a trifle late, but you delight me!"

"Well, I didn't know, you see," she murmured, pawing at him vaguely, in a fitful and ineffectual essay at some coquettish art, grotesque in these conditions.

She was a woman of small feminine charm at best. She sat there now, angular, stiff, unbeautiful, the sort of woman no clothes can make well-dressed. Already she had disclosed somewhat of her soul. What appeal, then, physical, emotional, moral, could she make to him—a student, a visionary, an idealist—at such a moment? And did there not remain that same cool, distant figure from whom he had so constantly to wrench his eyes—and his heart? Yes; and his heart! Halsey's face was dull red. He was unhappy. The world seemed to him only a hideous nightmare, full of disappointments, injustices, of wrongs that cried aloud for righting. Ah, the compensation now was here; fair and full and unavoidable!

"No, you didn't know," said he slowly. "A lot of people don't. Now let me tell you a few things more. You didn't know that something like a year ago your father told me that he'd make me a present of forty thousand dollars the day I could run a car from the factory to this place on a charge taken from our own overhead receiver motors."

"A start for a million dollars!" she murmured. "You got that—when you succeed?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why He Didn't Wire.

Arthur Stringer, the author, owns a farm up in Canada. On this farm, which is operated by a French-Canadian son of the soil named Michel Laroque, Stringer confounds the Frost King by struggling with an occasional crop of Kentucky tobacco. Last fall the author, returning to New York before his "burley" was harvested, received this epistle from his faithful adjutant in Ontario:

"Dear Sir, I rite You in hast too inform You Please send Me tollgram about wen too kutt that tobacck as wether is verry kold so i kutt her inn the green leef wen You sen word quick Vry Rapty yrs

P S, I hav change my mind about that tollgram the tobacck she frozze las nite! Vry Rapty yrs

"MICHEL LAROCQUE."

SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE PROVES PAYING BUSINESS IN MICHIGAN

Five brothers farming in partnership is a combination seldom found, but in Miles township the five sons of the late A. D. Young operate 230 acres of good land, all owned in the family. Arthur, the eldest, is the only one of the boys who is married. The other four brothers live with their mother, who takes an active interest in their progressive farming operations.

Agriculture is followed by the Young brothers along scientific lines, with the motto ever before them of building up and holding the soil. They turn off nothing but hogs and cream.

The farm is utilized only for the growing of hay, corn, oats, sugar beets and alfalfa, and of the latter they have 14 acres with a fine stand. These crops in turn are mostly fed to the large dairy herd and the hogs, always using carefully balanced rations.

All land is worked on the three-year rotation plan, except alfalfa land, where the six-year rotation is followed.

Horses are also plentiful on the place, about 20 head being there at present. About half of these are required for the work. The balance are young stock, of which some are for the market.

The Guernsey herd contains 30 milch cows and these are revenue producers. Only the cream is sold, the retailing of the milk having been discontinued several years ago. Doing their own separating gives them all the skim milk to feed to the calves and hogs.

The swine herd is of the big type Boland China variety, and not only are they fed on balanced rations, but these hogs are given the best of care in every way. The use of a steam cooker and feed grinder the feed is carefully prepared. The new modern hoghouse attracts the attention of hog growers. The structure is of frame, 22x42, concrete floor throughout, and a 12-foot feeding floor surrounding it.

Care is taken to guard against hog cholera and serum is regularly administered under sanitary conditions almost as strict as when human beings are operated upon by surgeons. Over $100 worth of serum was used this summer to protect the herd. Fifty hogs sold this fall brought nearly $1,000, and there is a herd of 75 left to feed over winter and market in the spring.

In every department of the farm is found modern equipment and machinery, including silo, traction engine, corn husker, silo-filler, etc.

The Young brothers are finding that it pays to turn back onto the land what it grows, pays in increased production per acre. They are strong believers in the value of the dairy herd, both as revenue producers and soil builders.

"Beyond Cadillac, Oblivion."

That many men of shady reputation seem to hold that view is the opinion of Sheriff Louis Chamberlain and Chief of Police Fred Paquette of Cadillac. Not that Cadillac is a hell hole, a den of thieves or even the rendezvous for gamblers, but they feel that many crooks learn that Cadillac is the hardwood headquarters for Michigan, the gateway through which it is almost necessary to pass to get into the lumber camps of the lower peninsula.

At Cadillac two of the railroads of northwestern Michigan that carry most of the traffic cross, the Grand Rapids & Indiana and the Ann Arbor. Persons coming north by the most direct routes from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky or points west will most naturally take one of these roads. Cadillac is the changing point. Anyone going to the camps, or cutover lands east or west of the city, must change here, Cadillac. Within twenty-five miles of the city there are numerous lumber camps, and north to Petoskey and the straits there are scores of them, large and small.

Not realizing how well the cities of the north are built up, and how well they are policed, many a scamp on whose head there is a price because of his misdeeds, ranging from wife desertion to brutal murder, hies himself away from the scene of his wrong-doing and comes north to lose himself in the dense wilds he images still exist here. Invariably those fellows pick out Cadillac as the objective point from which to go on a logging road.

He knows that a lumber camp is not a place where gossip and scandal and other pink tea talk is indulged in. Where he came from, or what impelled him to seek the camp, will not be asked him. Too many others in the camp are like him. What he can do will interest the camp foreman the most, and if he does his share of the work laid out and conducts himself properly he is an occasional drunk, his secret will rest quietly with him unless perchance an officer gets next to him after a tip has been sent him from some other source.

Cadillac is well known over Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky through the vast amount of advertising land companies have given the "Cadillac Tract" in those states. Thus it is that even the crooks know much about Cadillac. They make the mistake of believing the country is still new all about here, and not until the c...rs prove readily that runaway husbands from the south, army deserters from the west and east, and many a time murderers from Chicago are easy to catch even in the north woods, do they realize that the beautiful little city of Cadillac is not the quiet, isolated burg they expected to find it.

L. D. Hard.

Useful Dogs in Michigan.

Readers of Jack London's stories of the dogs that have been of such invaluable work in transportation work in the Alaskan country probably do not know that there in Michigan are dogs that have done just as good work and as much of it, except over shorter distances.

The conditions that obtain in the extreme north of Michigan are often much the same as those of the Canadian northwest, and even in Alaska. Snow may be sometimes deeper, but the weather rarely gets colder in Alaska than it often is in some parts of the upper peninsula of Michigan.

The topography of the country in the far northern portions of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota where the timber cruisers work, is not much unlike timber country, in upper Canada where dog teams have been in use for transportation for half a century and are still common, so that there is as much reason for dog teams being called into use in sections far removed from railroads south of the British line as above it.

One of the best known timber cruisers of the north central states is Charles F. Hickok of Gaylord, forest warden for the Michigan Hardwood Manufacturers' association, who for many years, in his work all through the north, including much of Canada, has made use of dog teams. Today he owns one of the best dogs alive for work on sledges—Sport, a Golden Dane, a beautiful animal of high breeding and an animal that is closer to his master in point of affection than many children are to their parents.

Sport is a dog possessing a high degree of intelligence, is a trained leader and a splendid traveler. In gait he paces or trots as the fancy strikes him. He weighs 100 pounds in good condition and is nine years old. He has traveled several thousand miles as leader of dog teams, ranging from three to five dogs to the team, in northern Michigan, northern Minnesota and Canada.

Crossbreeds are the best for the work, and in this particular the upper peninsula of Michigan has brought to the fore some of the best sledge dogs in existence. This is not generally known, as the men who by cross breeding have produced these dogs are woodsmen living in the outlying districts, men of quiet mien, as is characteristic of the dogs of which they are great noble fellows, perfectly tractable, gentle and at all times ready to do their master's bidding.

The best dog is a mixture of bloodhound, mastiff and Great Dane, and is an animal of powerful muscular power, heavy-chested, long, strong limbed, with a beautiful coat of hair, light in color and tinted with a hue of gold.

These dogs develop a wonderful degree of intelligence under training and are the best sleigh dogs when once they become used to the harness. A team of three to five of these dogs every one with his shoulder pressed to the collar, moving a load of 500 to 600 pounds and seemingly enjoying the work, is a novelty when compared to other methods of transportation.

Mr. Hickok, in his many years of timber cruising, has owned many dogs, but never another that means so much to him as Sport. He is of service not only in the work, in the sleigh, but in the dry weather he is as good as a man in discovering brush fires that are likely to cause much trouble, and he is quicker than a man to report on the sleighs.

Sport has become a familiar figure among lumbermen and lumberjacks from Cadillac, the south line of the hardwood operations in this state, north throughout the entire state. In spite of his age he is still very effective on the sleighs.

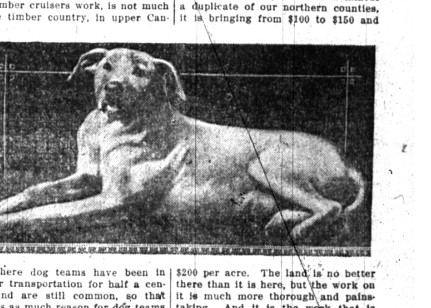
As in Maine.

Mark Twain once told a story which was supposed to contain a laughable joke, and the joke included the statement that he had got even with a man against whom he had a desperate grudge by giving him a farm in Maine. It was supposed to be true, when this story was told, that a farm in Maine was about the worst burden that an ordinary mortal could be expected to assume.

But just now we are facing the fact that a farm in Maine is much more desirable than a farm in Michigan. This shouldn't be true, but it is. Aroostook county in Maine contains just such land as we possess here in northern Michigan. It was formerly covered with big tracts of timber. It is light and sandy and some of it was thought to be altogether worthless. Northern Michigan people will recognize that this description applies to nearly every county in this section of the state.

But here are some differences: In Aroostook county, Maine, they are harvesting year after year, with a very small percentage of failure, from 300 to 500 bushels of potatoes per acre. They are doing this, through better cultivation than is being provided here.

In Aroostook county, Maine, where, as has been said, the land is almost a duplicate of our northern counties, it is bringing from $100 to $150 and



$200 per acre. The land is no better there than it is here, but the work on it is much more thorough and painstaking. And it is the work that is making the difference in quantity and quality of production and in price.

In Aroostook county the snow comes earlier than in most sections, just as it usually comes here. Therefore the ground is not frozen deep, but the crop must be hurried just as much as possible in order to escape the early frosts of that section. Recently quite a hard freeze the first of December caught thousands of bushels of potatoes in the ground, and in this again is it shown that the status of affairs there answers fully to the usual trouble and perplexities here.

But let it be repeated again, the facts that should be most emphasized in this statement, that the land of Aroostook county, Maine, which is as nearly an exact duplicate of the land of northern Michigan as it is possible to produce, is selling for from $100 to $200 per acre, and is producing from 300 to 500 bushels of potatoes per acre.

Our land is not selling for so much and we are not producing as many bushels of potatoes as they are in the eastern county. But we do it and some day we will, and when we reach that degree of production land in northern Michigan will be selling as it is there for from $100 to $200 per acre.

HAD FUN WITH THE EXPERT

According to Farmer, Brilliant Idea Had Had the Most Satisfactory Results.

Jacob Fischer, head of the Barbers' International union, said at a barbers' banquet in Indianapolis:

"Scientific management is a joke. It will continue to be a joke till men are turned into out-and-out machines. When I hear one of these efficiency engineers boasting that he can treble and quadruple the day's work of a bricklayer or a barber or a plumber, I think of Cornelius Husk's hens.

"Corn Husk was feeding his hens with cornmeal one summer day when an efficiency engineer who was spending his vacation on the farm said, impatiently:

"'Why waste all that good cornmeal on those hens? The stuff looks just like sawdust. Substitute sawdust for it, then. The hens won't know the difference.'

"And the efficiency engineer twirled his mustache, puffed out his chest and strode haughtily, the way he always did after submitting a new idea. He went back to town the next day, and from town, a few months later, he wrote to Husk to find out how the sawdust feed was working.

"The sawdust feed is working fine,' Corn Husk wrote back. 'My old yellow hen has been on it ever since you left, and in her last hatching six of the chicks had wooden legs, three were woodcocks and the rest were woodpeckers and rail-birds.'"

Paris Needs Skyscrapers.

Paris is realizing that it is faced with the problem of a greatly overcrowded business center, and the only solution of the matter seems to be the adoption of the American skyscraper, which is being bitterly opposed by the true Parisian, who regards the innovation as destructive to many of the famous structures and disastrous to the appearance of the city. It is a fight of the new against the old, and means the elimination of many cherished institutions and time honored customs of the typical Frenchman of the city metropolis

MADE HIM GOOD AMERICAN

Act of Wise Father That Kept His Boy in the Path of His Birth and Duty.

It is claiming rather a great deal to say that a child's whole future career may depend upon the hearing of a story? But, unquestionably, it is true. A boy I know, whose parents were obliged to live in England during two of his early years—from the time he was eight until he was ten—said to his father one day: "Am I an Englishman, an American, or haven't I any country at all?"

His father, a loyal American, startled at this question, read to the boy "A Man Without a Country."

"You are an American," he told the boy. "Never forget that!"

The boy, now a man, is just about to enter the United States army. Much of his life has been passed in other countries, but he is an American.

"I think I might have become an Englishman or a man with no particular country flag," he said recently, "if it had not been for the story of 'A Man Without a Country,' which my father read to me when I was a little boy in England. I didn't understand all of it, but I understood enough to keep me forever loyal to the land of my birth, no matter where I might happen to be growing up."—Elizabeth McCracken in the Home Progress Magazine.

Dog Turns Grindstone.

Philadelphia has a one-legged knife grinder who is particularly proud of his dog, and no wonder, for the intelligent animal aids him greatly in his daily toil. It was formerly the man's custom, crippled condition preventing him from working the pedal—to pay stray youngsters to turn the wheel for him

This, of course, greatly curtailed his profits; so he set about training a Newfoundland dog to do the duty. The canine pupil was apt, and is now installed as the grinder's regular assistant.

The grindstone is a very small one, and, by standing on a box the dog is able to reach the handle and turn it fast or slow, as his master desires.

Kalkaska to the Front.

Only 22 per cent of the land in Kalkaska county is now in farms, which means that there are more than 280,000 acres of land to be developed. The total number of farms at the last count was 842 and the average size of the farm 95.6 acres. During the ten years from 1900 to 1910 the average value of farm land increased from $11.85 an acre to $16.15. Much attention is being paid this county just now and there is no doubt values are going up. Kalkaska county is one of the real leaders in state reward road building, which fact is attracting many settlers. Land is still cheap here, the quality of land is better than in most northern counties, and there are some good markets.

Paid for Farm in One Year.

James Linker of Missaukee county has the best of evidence that northern Michigan soil is a good thing to tie to, if one is lucky enough to have a good 40 or 80. He marketed his potatoes this fall early when the dollar mark was reached for a few days, having 3,000 bushels he could let go of in a hurry. That sum paid for the 120 acres of land he bought in the spring. Where else but in northern Michigan can one buy a 120 acre farm and pay for it in one year, and do several other big things at the same time?

These figures do not represent the total number of bushels raised on the farm, and do not take into consideration the fact that other crops also were raised by Mr. Blaker on the same farm.

Buy in Schoolcraft.

Senator Carl L. Wallace of Minneapolis and Oscar Osterly and Herman Kraus of St. Paul have closed a deal for 2,500 acres of Schoolcraft county lands. The men have investigated conditions here and they believe this county is destined to become one of the best counties in the state. The men propose to do some general farming, but for the most part the land will be devoted to grazing and stock farming. They looked over parts of their own state and Wisconsin before coming to Michigan and they finally bought here only because the possibilities in this state beat those of any other state in the north.

Luxury of Michigan Farmers.

Farmers throughout Michigan enjoy a luxury nowadays that does not come to farmers in all states. Any school district that does not have an excellent library for its schoolhouse for the use of the boys and girls can lay the blame to ... father or mother, for the library will send a library to any school district which will pay the freight and cartage from Lansing and return. As the cost to the most distant districts is not more than $1.25, the traveling libraries are available for all. The books may be kept for six months and then returned and a new set secured. As the books are well selected and of a type which appeal to children, they make an important component for the schools. Frequent use of the masterpieces ... in some manner.