

# MANCHESTER

# ENTERPRISE.

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## THE ENTERPRISE

Published Thursdays

Visits almost every home in Southern Wash-  
ington, Northern Lenawee and South-  
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MANCHESTER.

In the southwest corner of Washtenaw  
County, 22 miles from Ann Arbor, 10 miles from  
Ypsilanti and the Normal School; 25 miles  
from Jackson, the Prison City; 54 miles  
from Detroit; 40 miles from Tecumseh  
and 10 miles from Ypsilanti.  
Branches of the Lake Shore Railway; Bell  
Telephone, "W. U. Telegraph; Municipal  
Electric Lighting Plant; Three Good  
Schools; Banking, Manufacturing and Stock  
Section. Everything Up-to-Date.

SOCIETIES.

MANCHESTER LODGE NO. 118, F. & A. M.  
at Masonic Hall, Friday Evening  
on or before each full moon. Visiting  
brothers are invited. Frank G. Leeson, W. M.  
Ed. Root, Secretary.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER NO. 48, R. & A. M.  
meets at Masonic Hall, Wednesday Evening  
on or before each full moon. Visiting members  
are cordially welcome. W. M.  
Miss Lucy Schaffer, Secretary.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. J. WATERS  
Attorney  
and Counselor at Law, Office over Union  
Savings Bank, 200 N. Huron Street,  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

LEO L. WATKINS  
Lawyer  
Office in Watkins' Office over Paul Brothers  
Store,  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

FRANK A. STIVERS  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
201-2-3-4-5 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Ann Arbor  
Associates:  
ROBERT SONSTEIN, CARL A. LEHMAN  
General Practice in all Courts.

DR. E. M. CONKLIN,  
General Practice  
Particular attention given to  
Gastric Diseases.  
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DR. E. A. LOWERY,  
Dentist  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.  
Office over Union Savings Bank, Phone 99.  
Office Hours: 8:30 a. m. to 12 m.  
1:30 to 5 p. m.

G. A. SERVIS  
Is able to do all kinds of  
Dental Work  
General and Local Anesthesia for Painless  
Extraction. Office upstairs in  
Service Building.

B. A. TRACY  
Physician and Surgeon  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.  
Office Residence on Clinton Street, Hours  
7 to 9 a. m. and from 4 to 8 p. m.  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

L. DAVISSON, M. D. C.,  
Veterinary Surgeon,  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.  
Office at Hotel Green. Phone No. 42.

F. D. MERITHEW  
Licensed Auctioneer  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.  
Sales in Village or County will be promptly  
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Bids can be made at Enterprise Office.

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Manchester Hotel Barbers  
Shaving, Shampooing, Haircutting, Etc.  
Men in first-class manner.  
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General Auctioneer  
City or Farm Sales on Reasonable Terms and  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
Dates and Terms made at Enterprise Office.  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

MAT D. BLOSSER  
Printer and Binder.  
Best Facilities for doing all kinds of Com-  
mercial, School, Township and Lodge  
Printing.

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Ask to see Samples  
and get price of  
LETTER HEADS  
AND ENVELOPES  
With your name  
printed on. We do  
Good Work at Rea-  
sonable Prices.

ENTERPRISE  
Order your  
Wedding Stationery  
Of the ENTERPRISE  
Various Sizes. Latest Styles  
Lowest Prices.  
Writing and Business Envelopes  
MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE,  
Manchester, Mich.

If You Have a  
Printing Want  
WE WANT TO KNOW  
WHAT IT IS

Putting out good printing  
is our business, and when  
we say good printing  
we don't mean fair, but the  
best obtainable. If you  
see some business give  
us a trial and we will

Show You

Merchants of Caro are expecting to  
get a canning factory to locate here.

Samples of marm from the beds in  
the vicinity of Dalton have been taken  
by Michigan Agricultural College  
experts for examination. It is their  
belief that the marm may be used in  
extinguishing acid soils.

The Standard Condensed Co., of Detroit,  
a co-operative concern, has con-  
fessed its inability to pay its creditors  
and will consent to adjudication as a  
bankrupt. It will be up to the stock  
holders at the annual meeting, January 15, to decide whether to reorganize  
or to permit the plant to be sold

for the debts.

Albert Chapman, of Saginaw, has been  
guilty of a suit against the United States  
Express Co. for \$36,000. While in the  
employ of the company he was injured  
severely. He left a truck standing  
at a car door. When he came back  
the car was gone and he fell to the ground.

That all M. A. C. students will be  
wearing the regulation army uniform  
most of the time is possible if Lt. Col.  
Detaroy, of the military science de-  
partment, can get the captains of the  
different companies to agree to his  
plan. He maintains it would be cheap  
for the students and more com-  
fortable and add to the spirit de corps  
of the student cadet squad.

Governor Ferris has announced the  
appointment of Dr. Claud H. Hildreth  
of Muskegon as a member of the state  
board of dental examiners. Dr. John  
H. Hill, of Detroit, was Hildreth's  
principal opponent for the appoint-  
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Henry Storrs, 55 years old, who was  
killed in a ditch by a Pere Marquette  
freight crew near Muskegon. His  
hands and feet were broken. He was  
conscious long enough to inform the  
crew that his injuries were received  
from stealing a ride.

More than 6,000 acres of sugar beet  
land has been contracted for by the  
Sewabean plant of the Michigan Sug-  
ar Co. for next year. The company  
has just completed the most success-  
ful campaign in its history, having  
worked 44,650 tons of beets into  
sugar.

## FERRIS DOES NOT OBJECT TO VISIT

### NO FRICTION BETWEEN STATE AND ATTORNEY OF LABOR DEPARTMENT.

### DENSMORE'S MISSION IS ONE OF PEACE.

Governor Announces After Conference  
That Instructions to Attorney Do  
Not Interfere With State's  
Prerogative.

Big Rapids, Mich.—After a long  
conference with John B. Densmore,  
solicitor of the department of labor,  
Gov. Ferris announced that he would  
have no objection to the federal at-  
torney's continuing his trip to the  
copper country.

"He was not sent to investigate any  
strike conditions," said the governor.  
"His journey is purely one of concilia-  
tion. I am certain of this because he  
showed me his instructions. He is  
going there in the hope of uniting the  
two factions.

"Of course, I would make no objections  
to any attempt at bringing  
peace to the copper country, whether  
through federal agents or otherwise,  
but I would resent any intrusion of  
the government into the strike situation.  
As long as Mr. Densmore con-  
tinues his attention to conciliation,  
there can be no objection."

Port Huron To Lose Eight Saloons.

Port Huron, Mich.—As a result of  
mandamus proceedings started by the  
heirs of Stephen Allen for the re-  
surrender of his liquor license to his  
relatives, Judges Law and Tappan  
rendered a decision Saturday that will  
oust eight saloons from the city.

There are 45 saloons operating  
where only 37 should be permitted  
under the Warner-Cramton law, and the  
new city commission, which took  
office Jan. 1, will be called upon to re-  
fuse licenses to eight saloon men next  
April. Just which saloons are il-  
legally operating was not decided by  
the court, but the law was made plain  
to the new commission in order that  
proper action will be taken when the  
new licenses are issued.

Planning Boys' Conference for U. P.

Ishpeming, Mich.—The committee  
having in charge the general arrange-  
ments for the upper peninsula boys'  
conference to be held in Escanaba  
next spring met here to discuss plans  
and means for entertaining the 300  
delegates who are expected to attend.  
Last year's conference was held here  
and attracted 250 boys and leaders  
from 23 communities in this section  
of the state. Because of the recent  
state boys' conference in Saginaw,  
with 1,048 boys present, new enthu-  
siasm was awakened among upper  
peninsula boys, it is said, and a much  
bigger conference than last year will  
be the result. The committee will  
also set the date for the meeting.

Ludington Churches May Unite.

Ludington, Mich.—Shortly after the  
first of the year there will be started in  
Ludington a movement that may  
result in the merging of the four  
English-speaking churches—the Meth-  
odist, Presbyterian, Congregational  
and Baptist. At the union Thanks-  
giving service of these churches, Rev.  
R. S. McGregor, pastor of the Meth-  
odist church, gave a powerful address  
on this subject, and he has announced  
that he will continue his work along  
this line by a series of lectures, be-  
ginning some time in January.

It is claimed by those back of the  
movement that these four churches  
joined into one would make one of the  
most influential organizations in the  
state.

Adrian Case Again Appealed.

Adrian, Mich.—By a decision of the  
board of arbitration, under the direc-  
tion of Mr. Reeves, a state board mem-  
ber, the insurance companies of the  
Peerless Fence Co. must pay \$4,731  
for the death of an employee, A. D.  
Hamlin, who was killed at the Peer-  
less plant in August last. At the  
time an appeal was made to have the  
judgment contested.

Because of the disagreement over  
the rate of wages that should be  
claimed by the heirs under the com-  
pensation law, the lawyers for the de-  
fendant have again appealed the case,  
leaving their claims on the fact that  
no decision had been handed down by  
the courts on the question involved.

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worked 44,650 tons of beets into  
sugar.

## MICHIGAN NEWS IN BRIEF

Rev. J. W. Betts has been made editor  
of the Applegate Advance.

Edward Chase has been elected in-  
structor and manager of the St. Clair  
Athletic club.

Joseph T. Hirschman, of Petoskey,  
has been appointed field man for the  
state tax commission.

The village of Frankenmuth voted  
Saturday to issue \$20,000 bonds to con-  
struct seven miles of good roads.

Vandals stripped the municipal  
Christmas tree, at Bay City, of its  
trimmings and the huge pine has been  
taken down.

Because of the lack of snow, timber  
wolves are extremely ferocious this  
winter, according to woodsmen of the  
Big Bay country.

The recently compiled city direc-  
tory of Battle Creek has a population of  
31,000, 6,000 more than the number  
named in the United States census.

A fire starting in the engine room  
of the wrecking tug Manitou, owned  
by the Reids, of Port Huron, did  
\$1,500 damage before tugs extinguished  
the fire.

"He was not sent to investigate any  
strike conditions," said the governor.  
"His journey is purely one of concilia-  
tion. I am certain of this because he  
showed me his instructions. He is  
going there in the hope of uniting the  
two factions.

The Genesee County Fish and Game  
commission has received a shipment of  
3,000 rainbow trout, which have been  
equally divided between Kearsley and  
Swartz creeks.

Fifteen locomotives of the Mikado  
type have been added to the Sarnia  
division of the Grand Trunk railroad.  
The engines are capable of pulling 80  
cars at 30 miles an hour.

A special "welcome home" service  
was given in the Methodist church at  
Algoma Sunday for masters and  
sailors of lake vessels, of which that  
place contributes a large number.

Levy & Lewis, wholesale fruit mer-  
chants, of Kalamazoo, failed for  
more than \$20,000. They attribute  
failure to an attempt to run a whole-  
sale candy business as a sideline.

Some one took \$300 in cash from  
the cigar stand in the club rooms of  
the vehicle workers at Flint. The  
robbery was committed after the club  
had closed shortly before midnight.

Fire in Black's department store at  
Vassar, caused heavy damage to the  
stock, the Christmas display being  
ruined by water and smoke. The esti-  
mated loss is \$5,000, covered by in-  
surance.

Cars Knock Down Wall.

Hillsdale, Mich.—R. J. Corlett be-  
lieves he is the victim of a jinx. Last  
summer fire started in his lumber  
yard caused a loss of \$60,000. He has  
just completed one of the finest lum-  
ber yards in the state and Friday his  
building was damaged to the extent of  
\$1,000.

Lake Shore engine was switching  
coal, to the yards of Aldrich & Co.,  
adjoining and the cars were pushed  
into the two story brick building  
erected by Mr. Corlett, causing 40 feet  
of the wall to collapse. Three men  
and two horses had collapsed when  
the wall fell in.

Michigan Man to Fly Over Sea.

Benton Harbor, Mich.—The city  
council can't "fire" policemen at will,"  
according to a decision by Judge  
Willis Perkins, of Grand Rapids, in a  
local case brought before him. The  
case grew out of the council's act in  
dismissing the city's police force and  
Mayor Miller keeping officers at work  
despite a vote of the council. Six  
aldermen sought a mandamus to com-  
pel the mayor to suspend the officers.

Judge Perkins holds that the power  
of removal lies with the mayor, as it  
is he who appoints, and not the coun-  
cil, the latter merely confirming ap-  
pointments.

Michigan Man to Fly Over Sea.

St. Joseph, Mich.—William Bastar,  
of this city, announced that he and  
Jack Vilas, aviator, would early in the  
spring attempt a flight across the At-  
lantic from New York to Liverpool.

Bastar is associated with Vilas in the  
building of a \$50,000 aeroplane espe-  
cially constructed for this flight. They  
will attempt to capture the London  
Daily Mail's offer of \$50,000 for the  
first successful flight across the Atlan-  
tic. Vilas and Bastar last summer  
flew across Lake Michigan to Chicago.

A petition is being circulated in  
Clio, asking the council to pass an or-  
dinance which will provide for all  
night lighting. Many citizens think  
the destruction of the Manchester  
House by fire was due to the fire de-  
partment and citizens being band-  
aged by darkness. As there is but  
one boarding house in the city, a new  
hostelry is being planned.

The boy life of Kalamaz



# The Flying Man

by  
Harry  
Irving  
Greene

Author of "The Lash of Circumstance,"  
"Barbara of the Snows"

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## SYNOPSIS.

Professor Desmond of the Peak Observatory causes a great sensation throughout the country by announcing that he has discovered a new way of traveling at terrific speed. Destruction of the earth is feared. Panic prevails everywhere. The satellite barrels over the earth, the magnetic disturbance knocks people unconscious, but does no damage. A leaf bearing a cabalistic design flutters down among the guests at a dinner given in honor of a man with a curious ornament worn by Doris Fulton. A hideous man-like being with huge wings descends from the sky and steals the ornament. Doris is carried off and starts toward her.

He had made two circuits of the plateau without discovery and for the third time turned to constrict the circle. His physical weariness was such that he seemed to move upon wooden limbs, and all pain had left him save the burning of his brain. He thought of the strange premonition of the day before which had told him that he was about to depart upon an unknown journey of mysteriousness, a premonition which he had not dared mention before March for fear of ridicule. Was this, then, the journey of which he had been so subtly warned by that mystic sense which at times he had seemed to possess—this pursuit into these wild heights where tradition said no human foot had ever stepped beside his own. He wondered as he paused for a moment in a strip of moonlight and fixed his eyes upon the next point which he must seek in his ever narrowing search.

Then from above came a sound that thrilled him as an electric shock and he threw his glance upward. Close above him and falling with the speed of a pouncing hawk was a great black shape with enormous wings and huge bulging eyes that glowed phosphorescently. With a rabbit-like spring to one side he attempted to raise his pistol, only to fall headlong upon the stones beneath a heavy weight. For a moment he struggled desperately, but an instant later his weapon was torn from his hand and he found himself encircled by an arm that held him as in a vice. Then slowly but surely he felt himself being borne upward, up and up through the cold shudder until the black throat of the canyon yawned bottomless below. From afar, as though traveling through infinite distance he seemed to hear a cry, the cry of a woman who is filled with a nameless horror, and once more he struggled fiercely against the iron grip that held him. Then the grip seemed to loosen and he thought himself falling—falling endlessly into an interminable abyss through a great and roaring darkness.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### The Search.

March lying flat upon the rocks first stirred uneasily as a sleeper who gradually awakes, moaned and then slowly pushed himself to a half upright posture, sitting in the dazed manner of one just recovered from an anesthetic. He looked around and above. Beating cliffs and rugged mountain tops surrounded him, a deep gorge lay at his feet, the dropping water was sending its horizontal rays into his eyes. He looked himself over. His clothing was torn, his hands and knees lacerated, his head humming like a ta-ta-ta vibration in the wind. He tried to recall, struggling to compel his memory to yield its secrets as one might attempt to drive his limbs to some great physical effort, but his brain, partially paralyzed by the bullet which had raked his hand, responded but feebly. Bewildered he tried to think it out step by step.

Where was he? He cast his eyes over the jagged mountain crests that arose on every side like the waves of a tempest lashed sea. He had seen them before—he was sure of that—but where? Strive as he would he could not recall. Who was he? Vainly he tried to remember, but his personality had wholly escaped him—even his name and place of abode



"He Attempted to Raise His Pistol."

The darkness thickened. Fold by fold it fell upon the peaks and settled dense in the valleys, while minute by minute the glitter of the stars grew brighter, harder, more scintillant. From his narrow retreat he watched them blazing in their brilliance. Never had he seemed so near to them as now, when bruised, torn and unutterably weary of body but, burning of brain he stared up at them with throbbing eyes. The cold of night came settling down from the nearby snow clad peaks, and coalesced and damp he shivered beneath its touch. Fuel there was none upon this rock littered waste, nor would he have chanced a fire had there been the one for whom he sought might see or smell it. A new thought flashed through his mind. Undoubtedly the flying one now thought himself safe from his day-long pursuers, and if he possessed the skill of making fire, as did races of the earth no matter how low their order of intellect, then tonight of all times after his labors of the day he would beyond doubt seek to warm and cheer himself beside a blaze. And to creep upon an enemy who sits beside a fire at night is the very A B C of stalking. Shivering with the cold he crept forth.

Across the eastern peaks the moon arose and flooded the mountain top with its shimmer, and keeping in the shadows of the piled masses and pursuing his way with the stealth of a marauding Apache he crept on. Twice he climbed to the top of piles that commanded an exceptionally wide outlook across the waste, and from their summits scanned the plateau through the misty light. Nothing but the broad expanse with its cluttered fragments met his view, and each time he crept softly down again to steal through the shadows as he resumed his quest, alternately shuddering with cold and burning with fever. Above him the snow peaks glowed phosphorescently, on every hand the rock shadows lay like squat, fantastic monsters, while below was an abyss filled to the brim with solid blackness. Be- numbed of limbs but with eyes and ears acute as those of a prowling beast of the night he crept along.

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tale would leap to the chase of the monster of the table mountain as bounds run down mortal and natural enemy. Somehow he must make those miles, and somehow he would be in the possession of the superhuman creature of the murderous mind and unguessable instincts, while more hours must elapse before he could hope to have the air crafts once more upon the scene. He looked down into the depths of the canyon which he must traverse before he reached the level land which led to the city, thought for an instant of the weary, muscle-racking miles that lay before him, then turned for the descent.

In his exhaustion both mind and body worked mechanically and he pursued his way as thoughtlessly, yet as unerringly as the needle points the magnetic pole. He seemed to have been traveling forever. Perspective both of time and space was lost and he was wandering in an endless dream through wastes of rock that towered about him to incalculable heights, hanging over him suspended by a hair and threatening to crush him at every step. He no longer wondered that Tolliver with his latent streak of madness had at last succumbed beneath the fearful strain upon body and mind. Tolliver! He felt not the least animosity towards him despite that raking

He slowly became cognizant of a sound, sibilant, thin as the barely audible ringing of cut glass when rubbed gently, yet insistent and shrill louder with each moment until it had grown into a penetrating whistle. Then with a flash of understanding he looked up. Far above him and coming from out of the southwest with the speed of a homing pigeon was an aeroplane, broad as the wings of the Flying Man himself, riding the air with the grace of floating thistle down. Weakness seized him, the weakness which sometimes comes to strong men in the reaction from fierce emotions. For a moment he was sickened by the fear that he would faint and be passed over unnoticed, then his strength surged back to him in full flood and he drew his revolver. Yes, it was North—there could be no mistaking the blue wings of the "Dragon"—North returning through some inscrutable human reason or by Divine direction—he knew not which, nor in his wild rush of hope did he care. Twice his heavy revolver sounded its thunderous command, and far above him the man at the wheel, hearing the roar, peered down at the lone figure that with arms outstretched stood upon that bleak summit like a cross. From his height he could not recognize the upturned face, wondered for a moment as to what he should do, then as the revolver again spoke its deep command he wheeled in a broad circle which would bring him around and close by his challenger. Back he came at his slowest speed as he sought to barely skim the head of the one who had shot, learn the cause of the signal and then decide what to do, for it was an unfavorable place to land and he did not purpose attempting it unless he first knew the reason why. At the distance of a score of yards he for the first time recognized March, torn, disheveled and wild of face, who, forgetful of what he was doing, clutched frantically at the machine as it sailed close over his head. Wildly he sprang after it as it soared away, shouting hoarsely as he ran, "North—North—it is I—March. In the name of God, come down." Filled with wonderment as to what all this could mean, yet knowing well enough that much lay behind that wild appeal he shut off his motor, raised his planes obliquely and as his momentum died settled almost as lightly as a feather fall. Scarcely had the wheels of his machine struck the rock than he had leaped from his seat and was hurrying back to the one who was approaching him upon a stiff-legged run. Close before him the aviator stopped and stared.

"March—in the name of all things! What has happened, man? Out with it." Brokenly, almost incoherently, the ragged one made known the most important details of the twenty-four hours last past, the bearing away of Doris by the flying monster and her being in his possession dead or alive that very moment upon the distant table top; of Tolliver gone insane and now probably dead, the awful fall of that squirming body through the moonlight, his own all-night run, which had brought him back to fall exhausted upon the spot. And as he listened North's face grew hard as flint until at last he grasped the speaker vice-like by the arm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Squirming Object Shot Downward as an Arrow Falls.

ing wound across his skull made with murderous intent—in fact, he mumbled a prayer for his safety—yet who else could it have been that he had seen whirling downward in that awful fall?

During some moments he doubted whether he himself really lived, as with slow desperation he forced his way along steep inclines, sought the bottoms of gullies and dragged himself again from the darkness, below into the misty light of another summit. An hour more and he had reached the crest that rising abruptly from the plain contained the canyon from which he had started in the chase the morning before. He had been traveling for twelve hours now almost without a pause, his brain was exhausted and the driving power of his will, which had for so long forced him on, was no longer dominant. It was miles yet to the city, and with the realization that it would be impossible for him to traverse it without a respite he sank upon the ground with his face buried in his arms. He would rest for an hour, then pursue his way, summon North and his comrades and then that rest not sleep until they had hunted down their quarry, saved Doris and rid the world of a creature not intended for it.

Incessantly the stupor of exhaustion enveloped him. His head swam, his form relaxed, darkness engulfed him. He slept.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### North.

March awoke, sat up and looked about in the befogged manner of one who finds himself suddenly transported from the depths of utter oblivion into the broad light of day, the instantaneous transition of the unconscious brain to the fully conscious, the dead into the living. Where the moon had hung when he threw himself down in a weariness of soul and body that could not longer be combat, the sun was now poised half way up in its morning flight. For ten hours he had lain prostrate, dreamless, unmoving, senseless as the unborn, then hours through which he had existed only in absolute unconsciousness. Slowly he gathered his scattered faculties.

No sensation was in his limbs. Had they been made of wood they could not have been more unfeeling, yet automatically they obeyed the command of his brain. He propped himself up on his arms and gathered his legs under him. Slowly, carefully, testing himself like one who arises after a heavy fall and knows not whether bones have been broken, he got upon his feet, felt the first warm rush of blood through his body and in a flash was coherent of mind once more. Doris! He turned his head towards the dizzy plateau of the table mountain miles behind. Tolliver! The Flying Man! God—what was happening there—what had happened—what was to happen? His throbbing temples seemed about to burst as remembrance of it all surged through his memory—the coming of the unknown body through space, the night upon the lawn, the appearance of the winged monster, the fight, the duel in the air, the death of Putnam, North and the

Another order affecting Russian students is of a less serious nature. It forbids students in all the military schools preparing for officer's rank, to pursue by the serpentine, the awful



"Got your nerve with you yet?" he demanded grimly. March nodded, knowing what was to come.

"Then come along. That instinct that told me that the Flying Man had only gone to this other place and committed that crime to lure us there that he might double on his trail and come back here was right after all. It haunted me until I couldn't sleep.

And Ilay got the same hunch at the same time, too, and set out along with me. We had it neck and neck for a hundred miles and then the 'Dragon' left him in the jurch. But he can't be far behind. Ought to be along most any time, but we won't wait.

He slowly became cognizant of a sound, sibilant, thin as the barely audible ringing of cut glass when rubbed gently, yet insistent and shrill louder with each moment until it had

# NEW LANGUAGE for NORWEGIANS



W HEN 50 years ago Henrik Ibsen in "Peer Gynt"—that most remarkable of all his metrical works—held up to ridicule in the person of "Huhu" the language reformers of Norway, he little thought that the movement, then in its infancy, would develop into a national issue of such importance as to have brought about the downfall of a powerful administration, and in the accession to office of a liberal cabinet under the premiership of General Brattlie. Indeed, the last general election in Norway was fought mainly on this issue of language, and resulted in an overwhelming victory of the left party, which is committed to the reform of the vernacular.

Perhaps the word reform, used in Christiania, is misleading. For the measure now in process of adoption is not the revision of the existing language, namely, Danish, but the adoption of an entirely different one, known as the Landsmål. It was invented toward 1856 by the eminent Norwegian philologist, Ivar Aasen, who, in its construction, embodied much of the ancient Norse of the Sagas, as well as some of the dialects of the remote regions of the kingdom, where the peasantry have clung through the four centuries of Danish domination to the tongue spoken by their forbears in the days of the Vikings.

Employing these and other materials, adapting them to modern requirements, Ivar Aasen succeeded in evolving so melodious and so poetic a language that the vast majority of his countrymen, communing with the rural population, have accepted it for their songs, their plays, their sermons, their schools, and their vernacular. It has caught their fancy; it appeals to their pride in the romantic past when the sway of the Norse Vikings extended over Scandinavia, northern Germany, Russia, and the greater portion of the British Isles; and it has become identified in their eyes with Norwegian nationalism.

The spurious Danish—in which Ibsen wrote and which has been the official language of the Norwegians for more than 400 years—recalls to them those centuries of Danish oppression and persecution, when, robbed of her independence, Norway was ruled from Copenhagen, not even as a province, but as a colony, fit only for spoliation, exaction, and tyranny. Everything that serves to recall Danish domination is hateful in Norway. Indeed, his Danish birth is the only real cause of the unpopularity of King Haakon's sagacious and conscientious rule.

Early this year Norway will celebrate the centennial anniversary of her emancipation from Denmark, of the recovery of her independence as a separate kingdom with a constitution of her own, though united by dynastic ties with Sweden until 1905. It is proposed to signalize the national rejoicing in honor of the occasion by the legislative adoption of Ivar Aasen's Landsmål as the official and national language of Norway. The government, an overwhelming majority of the Storting, the press, and the bulk of the people have all determined upon the change, and a royal commission appointed jointly by crown, cabinet and parliament is now engaged in completing the necessary arrangements for the execution of the proclamation decreeing the new vernacular, which is to inaugurate the centennial.

It will be a remarkable and unique event. For, while there are plenty of instances of a government forcing its language upon provinces and dependencies acquired by conquest or statecraft against the wishes of their populations, there has been no case until now, to my knowledge, of a people compelling its rulers to abandon the national language for an entirely new tongue. Ivar Aasen, its creator, already celebrated as a philologist, will from henceforth enjoy new and more lasting fame, and will occupy an isolated place in history, as the one man who invented and constructed a language, which so pleased and fascinated his countrymen that they relinquished the tongue that had been theirs for hundreds of years, to adopt his for official and national use.

Ivar Aasen, who was the son of a small peasant farmer, was born just a hundred years ago in the district of Sondmore, and was honored on his death, in 1896, with a great public funeral at Christiania, where a national memorial is about to be erected over his tomb.

There are but two things more to be mentioned in connection with this remarkable linguistic change in Norway. The first is that Landsmål is phonetic in its spelling. The second is that its adoption as the national vernacular will present no difficulty. For, as I have mentioned above, it has been taught in schools for 20 and 30 years past—and in Norway everybody attends school, popular education being of an extremely high order. Moreover, the people have become so accustomed to it, and have developed such a liking for it, that it is they who forced its adoption by the state.

While this question of language has thus ceased to be a subject of political strife in Norway, it remains a fertile source of trouble almost everywhere else in the world. It has been so ever since the time, when, in the words of the Old Testament, the Almighty "confounded the language" of the builders of the Tower of Babel, "so that they might not understand one another's speech," thereby creating so much discord among them that they were compelled to abandon their impious undertaking. Here in the United States the trouble has been largely confined to the Roman Catholic church, the hierarchy of which has patricially refused to countenance proposals of any ecclesiastical or educational character calculated to interfere with the Americanization of the immigrants and of their children. In Europe, however, the language problem continues nearly everywhere to constitute an important and disturbing political issue.

Particularly is this the case in Germany and in the Austro-Hungarian empire. The latter comprises some 16 or more distinct races, each at daggers drawn with the others, and with a language of its own, the preservation of which it regards as necessary to protect it from absorption by its neighbors, and from disappearance as a national entity. To such an extent is this question of language identified with that of nationalism in the dominions of Francis Joseph that his Hages are convinced that they cannot fight for the one without combating for the other.

Austria and Hungary have repeatedly, during the last decade, come almost to blows about this question of language, which has created more ill-feeling between these two moieties of the dual empire than anything else since the sanguinary Magyar insurrection of 1849. The Hungarians, who defray one-half of the expenses of the imperial army, demand that their language shall be used in lieu of German for the commands given those troops stationed in the Magyar kingdom. To this, neither the monarch, nor the Austrian government, has been willing to consent, realizing that any concession in the matter would lead to similar pretensions on the part of the Czechs in Bohemia; of the Croatians, of the Slovaks, of the Rumanians in Transylvania, of the Italians in the southern provinces, of the Poles in Galicia, and so along the whole ram.

Each of these races entertain the same nationalist aspirations as the Hungarians, and the quarrels which have taken place about this question of language during the last quarter of a century have done more than anything else to discredit parliamentary institutions in the dual empire and to render legislative government next to impossible.

Now is this strife on the subject of languages confined within the limits of Austria-Hungary. It affects very seriously the foreign relations of the latter. Formerly the Finns were renowned for their unimpeachable loyalty to the Russian crown, and it used to be a boast that no citizens of this northern grand duchy were ever to be found in revolutionary or nihilist ranks. This condition of affairs has been radically changed during the last 15 years or so by the endeavors of the St. Petersburg government to Russify the language of the population, compelling the use of Russian instead of Finnish not only in official, administrative, legislative, and judicial procedure and communications, but even in the schools, in the churches, and in the everyday life of the people. A similar process of Russification has been carried on in the German-speaking provinces of the west and in Russian Poland, the idea being to gradually crush out of existence nationalist particularism and to weld the various non-Muscovite races of the czar's empire into a wholly Russian homogeneous unit. Thus far the experiment has proved a failure, and has only served, as also in Finland, to develop a greater hostility toward everything Russian and a more passionate attachment to their own language.

## ONE GOOD TURN EVERY DAY

Boy Scout is Pledged to That for the Honor of the Organization He Belongs To.

The Boy Scout of today must be chivalrous, manly and gentlemanly.

When he gets up in the morning he may tie a knot in his necktie and leave the necktie outside his vest until he has done a good turn. Another way to remind himself is to wear his Scout badge reversed until he has



It is the same in Germany, where the Imperial government has for decades past been striving its utmost to substitute the German language for Polish in the province of Posen, of German for Danish in the duchies of Schleswig and of Holstein, and of German in lieu of French in Alsace and Lorraine. The agents of the government intruded with this work, rendered impotent by opposition and resistance, resort, as in Russia, to all sorts of harsh measures to attain their ends, measures that must appear to the people of this country as partaking of the most intolerable tyranny and cruel oppression, especially when young children are punished for declining to repeat in school their prayers and their catechism in any other language than that in which they learned them at their mother's knee.

Belgium is literally torn asunder by the rival claims of the Flemish and the French speaking provinces for the official supremacy of their respective languages. Of the population of near 8,000,000, 52 per cent. speak Flemish and the remaining 48 per cent. French, and each moiety insists that its language should be the national tongue. So bitter has the fight become that the king has even been called upon in parliament at Brussels to consent to the partition of the country into two separate and independent states, the one embracing the Wallon, or French-speaking provinces, and the other the Flemish provinces, each having its own autonomous form of government, and united only by dynastic ties, in the person of the sovereign. This fight about the languages in Belgium is a perpetual source of political discussion, invading every form and walk in life, and has contributed more than anything else to obstruct legislation, and to interfere with the progress of this amazingly rich little kingdom.

In Greece a few years ago there were sanguinary riots throughout the country, notably between those who favored the modern Greek version of the Scriptures, and those who clung to the ancient Greek language, where the Bible was concerned. Even Great Britain has had her troubles in connection with the question of language. A short time before Joseph Chamberlain retired from the secretaryship of state for the colonies, he stirred up such a hornet's nest at Malta, by some unpopular decree concerning the language to be used in official matters on the island, that he was forced to rescind it, this being the only instance in his long and masterful career at the colonial department of his having to beat a retreat. Moreover, to this day the rival claims of the Taal, or Dutch patois, spoken in South Africa, and of English, to official and administrative supremacy, remain a source of dissensions, which are not without bitterness. They every now and then become acute, and seriously interfere with the reconciliation of the Boer element to British rule.

While it is impossible to refrain from admiring the liberal policy which the British government has adopted in South Africa in relation to this problem of languages, it must be a source of amazement that the European powers should be so blind to the lessons of history in this particular connection.

## FUNNY TALES

"Hang it!" said Oppman to his daughter. "You made a great selection at the public library! Of the three books you brought me one is about an orphan asylum, another about an old folks' home and the third concerns a pesthouse."

"But they're good books," insisted Julia Oppman.

"I don't want to read about a pesthouse, and I have all I can do keeping out of the poorhouse myself, so I don't care to read about it," growled her father. "Can't you get me a cheerful sort of book?"

"Now, papa," objected Violet Oppman, "you always read the books first and then tell us about them before we have a chance to read them ourselves. That spoils the book."

"Yes, he does," assented Mrs. Oppman. "He tears the book all to pieces and destroys our appetite for it by telling us that both the hero and heroine are fools."

"Well, they mostly are," said Oppman.

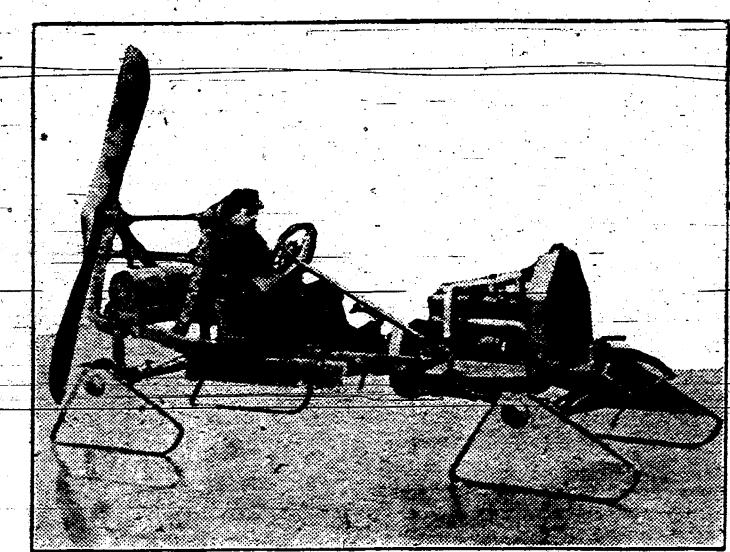
"That pesthouse story that you are growling about is really a funny story. It—"

"A what?" demanded Oppman. "Yes, I suppose it is. So is the story about the two old folks walking hand in hand to the poorhouse."

"Well, there are quaint, little things in it, and the orphan story is so fascinating," said Mrs. Oppman. "The little girl reconciles an unhappy pair and it all turns out well."

"Well," explained Oppman, "I didn't read as far as that. I can't stand to read about orphan children getting abused. I suppose that was a funny yarn about the girl who moved to town to get work, and there was an elm tree that had been theirs for hundreds of years, to adopt his for official and national use."

## NOVEL FORM OF WINTER SPORT



Vehicle Made to Run on Ice by Gasoline Power.

she fell in love with, and when it was cut down she died. Where was the joke in that?"

"Oh," said Violet, "that was a sweetly sad story. But the pest house story is uproariously funny all the way through."

"I never noticed it. They were in the pesthouse and that institution over looked the graveyard. The idea of being separated from your family and put there to contemplate the graveyard strikes me as anything but funny!"

"Well, if you had just read a little further you would have come to the fun. The smallpox patients organized a baseball team and played every afternoon. They called themselves 'The Pesthouse Pippins.' They challenged all comers, and there wasn't a team in the state that dared to take them!"

"Here, gimme that book!" cried Oppman.

done his good turn. The good turn may not be a very big thing—help an old woman across the street; remove a banana skin from the pavement so that people may not fall; remove from streets or roads broken glass; danger to motor car or bicycle tires; give water to a thirsty horse, or feed other accidents.

This means that the Boy Scout must always be in the pink of condition. A boy cannot do things like these unless he is healthy and strong. Therefore he must be systematically taking exercise, playing games, running and walking. It means that he must sleep enough hours to give him the necessary strength and, if possible, to sleep very much in the open, or at least with the windows open.

It means also that he should take a cold bath often, rubbing dry with a rough towel. He should breathe through the nose and not through the mouth. He should at all times train himself to endure hardships—From Boy Scouts of America."

Don't wait for the fool killer. Do it yourself.

## Housework is a Burden

The daily cares of keeping house and bringing up a family are hard enough for a healthy woman. The tired, weak mother who struggles from morn to night with a lame, aching back is carrying a heavy burden.

Many women believe that urinary disorders and backache are "female troubles" and must be endured. But men suffer the same aches and troubles when the kidneys are sick.

Women are especially subject to kidney disease. Tight clothing, indoor work, the ordeals of childbirth, the worry, and the stooping, straining and strivings of housework all help to bring it on. At first the trouble may be only backache, sick headache, dizziness and a drowsy, dull languid feeling, but this condition is dangerous to neglect.

Don't be discouraged. When backache, nervousness and irregular or painful passages of the kidney secretions begin to bother you, use Dean's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has brought new life and strength to thousands of suffering women. There are no poisonous nor narcotic drugs in



Every Picture Tells A Story

"Oh! What a pain."

Dean's Kidney Pills—nothing to injure nor cause a habit. Delicate women can use them with perfect safety.

The following case is typical of the cures effected by Dean's Kidney Pills. Grateful testimony is the best evidence.

### UNCONSCIOUS FOR HOURS

*Michigan Woman Dies of Auerod*

Mrs. George Delsen, Inkster, Mich., says: "Following the birth of my third child, I began to feel slight kidney trouble. I had terrible bearing-down pains through the small of my back and my blood was filled with uric acid. My sight was dim and I could not see natural size and a finger pressure left a dent for hours. My sight was affected, my head dizzy and I would lie for hours unable to move. I could not see the sun; the light would have recognized me. The kidney secretions contained white, fatty substances and it allowed to stand because the kidneys weren't filtering the impurities from my system. Nothing had the least effect. In fact, it was getting worse. I took a bottle of Dean's Kidney Pills and when I found they were helping me, I kept on taking them. I got stronger, my kidneys began to act again. The pain disappeared. The headaches and dizzy spells left me. I picked up in weight and the pains disappeared. I was able to care for my home and my work was feeling like a different woman. Dean's Kidney Pills deserve every bit of credit for curing me."

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name"

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

Sold by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Proprietors

### SAVED BY PRESENCE OF MIND

*Jew Outwitted Russian Guard by Imagination That Must Have Been Remarkable.*

Aaron Seidentaft is a clever fellow, as you may understand when you learn how his quick wit recently brought him safely out of a situation of the utmost peril. Aaron desired to visit Russia, but he had no passport. He said to his friend Mendel:

"You have a passport; I'll get into a big bag and you shall carry me across the border. If the frontier guard asks you to put the bag down, you'll say you can't because there's glass in it and it will break."

Mendel was obliging. He shouldered the bag with Seidentaft in it and approached the boundary. The frontier guard asked what was in the bag and Mendel answered, "Glass." Thereupon the soldier drew his sword and ran it through the bag. It might easily have gone very hard with Seidentaft if he had forgotten his role and cried out. But he didn't. Instead he made a noise like this: "Kling, klang." And so he got alive into Russia.

He often relates his adventure and he always adds: "When one is labeled glass, one must behave like glass."

*New York Evening Post.*

### ECZEMA ITCHED AND BURNED

*R. F. D. No. 2, Seymour, Mo.*—"My scalp broke out with fine pimples at the start. They itched and burned so much that I was compelled to scratch them and they would fester and come to a head and break out again. The trouble was attended by such burning and itching—I could not sleep, also when I sweat it burned the same. My hair fell out gradually and the scalp kept rough and dry with itching and burning. After about two years the pimples broke out between my shoulders. My clothing irritated them. I was troubled with that eczema five or six years.

"I tried everything that was recommended without any benefit until I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment according to directions, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me sound and well in two weeks." (Signed) S. L. Killian, Nov. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each, free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card 'Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston.'

Calumet is complimented with the following testimonial from her:

"Some little time ago I made a careful study of Calumet Baking Powder and found it delicious cakes. They are shipped to all parts of the globe for special affairs where the best of cakes are wanted."

Mrs. Wilson has the distinction of baking Christmas cakes for the President, which she uses Calumet Baking Powder. She states:

"To have complete success with no failures, care should be used in the selection of cake powder."

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