

The True Northerner

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

True Northerner Publishing Co.

MAMIE E. WAKEMAN Editor and Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—To residents of Van Buren county, \$1.00 per year in advance; to non-residents, \$1.25.

Entered at the postoffice, Paw Paw, Mich., as second-class matter.

LECTURE COURSE ATTRACTIONS

For the Season of 1915-16
Are Announced.

MUSIC AND LECTURES.

Array of Talent Which is Scheduled to Appear Here at Intervals Throughout the Winter.

An annual Lyceum entertainment course is now regarded as practically indispensable in nearly 15,000 American communities, and the number is increasing with each year.

Some one has truly said that a Lyceum attraction, even though it failed to raise a higher standard in the community, at least never lowered an existing standard or in any way left a deleterious effect. This cannot be said of many other kinds of amusement and entertainment.

What the winter's entertainments and lectures are to be in each community is usually looked for at this time of the year. The course here this year will be made up of the following attractions:

HASELTINE OPERA COMPANY.
Miss Edna Haseltine, a protegee of Mme. Calve, who spent the greater part of the past year at the castle of the great prima donna in southern France, this season heads a company of five members, who present "The Gypsy Singers," a portrayal of thrilling Spanish gypsy life, introducing selections from the grand operas "Carmen," "Bohemian Girl," etc. The organization is known as the Haseltine Opera Company.

Miss Haseltine first met Mme. Calve in Kansas City in 1912. Mme. Calve



HASELTINE OPERA COMPANY.

at that time heard a great many young women throughout this country, who came to her recommended as possessing favorable voices. She selected just two to whom she would give instruction on her return to Europe. One of these was Miss Haseltine, from among some 200 applicants in the state of Missouri.

Mme. Calve was greatly impressed with Miss Haseltine's voice as being particularly suited to the role of Carmen.

Miss Haseltine subsequently went to the home of Mme. Calve in France and lived with her throughout the school



EDNA HASELTINE.

year at her castle, Chateau d'Arbrives, receiving two lessons a day. Before returning to the United States

Miss Haseltine also studied in Paris with D'Aubigne, the noted teacher of voice.

WELLS WATSON GINN.

A blind man sitting in a Chautauqua audience at Ishpeming, Mich., hearing Wells Watson Ginn's rendition of "The Man From Home" declared that had he not been informed otherwise he would surely have thought that the play was being produced by a group of ten actors instead of by one man. There are just ten actors in the play. Each character, with its distinctive quality of voice, was real to him.

It is doubtful, however, if the play was any more real to this blind man than to those who could see, for he missed the expression of face and the gestures and other features of the im-



WELLS WATSON GINN.

personation which still further distinguishes each character which Mr. Ginn portrays.

Best of all, Booth Tarkenton, one of the authors of "The Man From Home," has heard Mr. Ginn give the interpretation of his play and expresses his delight in a letter to Mr. Ginn, a facsimile of which is given on two pages of this circular.

On more than 100 Redpath Chautauqs last season, the tour beginning in Mississippi and extending on up into Illinois, Mr. Ginn gave his rendition of "The Man From Home," and it was conceded to be a leading feature of the program, and again the past summer he appeared on 118 Chautauqs.

On June 8, 1914, a communication to the Redpath Bureau from Winona, Miss., signed by five people, read in part as follows: "Our people were delighted with Mr. Wells Watson Ginn. 'The Man From Home' was one of the most attractive entertainments of our Chautauqua, and we wish it could be repeated here. Competent judges pronounced it one of the best readings that they had ever heard."

During the winter Lyceum seasons the same universal praise has followed each appearance.

WILLIAM RAINEY BENNETT.

William Rainey Bennett, who is to lecture here, is known in the Lyceum world as "The Man Who Can." He has a lecture on this subject, the theme of which is that "he can who thinks he can," that in every brain there is a sleeping genius and that it can be awakened. The lecture which he gives helps young men and women to find themselves. It gives them health, poise and power. It is absolutely different from the ordinary lecture of this type. Every laugh comes in naturally. Nothing is forced. Other lectures which he gives are entitled "The Master Thought" and "Machines and Millionaires."

Mr. Bennett precedes his lecture when it is so desired with a musical



WILLIAM RAINEY BENNETT.

prelude, for he has a splendid tenor voice.

William Rainey Bennett was raised on a farm and, like so many successful men of the present day, has many a time warmed his bare feet on frosty mornings where the cows have lain. He worked his way through college. Starting in with \$10, he graduated with money in his pocket, having paid his way by singing. Since then he has done postgraduate work in two universities. His sermon lectures have been published in full as features of some of the metropolitan newspapers.

THE AMERICAN QUARTET.

The American Quartet and Clayton Conrad will render a program consisting of both vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with cartoons, just such a program as Lyceum audiences delight in.

The instrumental music will be presented by three members of the quartet on the violin, cello and piano.

The length of the program will be about one hour and forty minutes, one-half hour being devoted to the work of Mr. Conrad, the cartoonist.

Clayton Conrad features speech in drawing his pictures. His experience in newspaper cartoon and commercial art work, combined with fine ideas of



THE AMERICAN QUARTET.

color, fits him well for the position he holds with this company.

The pictures he draws in color are original and are new ideas presented in a novel way. He uses two easels. Mr. Conrad has made a special study of coloring, and the results he obtains in a few moments with crayons are truly wonderful.

The cartoons and caricatures he draws are of the highest order of fun and are bound to make you laugh and cause you to forget your worries and care.

The personnel of this quartet is as follows: J. M. Sawyer, first tenor and accompanist; Clayton Conrad, second tenor, fiddler and cartoonist; Paul Farchild, baritone and cellist; L. E. Gilbert, bass, violinist and reader.

MAJESTIC THEATER BRIGHT SHOW SPOT

This is Prosperity Week in Kalamazoo and the Majestic theatre of that city is one of the very bright spots from an amusement stand point, and to attend this big celebration in the "Celery Town" without going to the Majestic is to miss something really worthwhile. The attraction for the first half of the week was Max Bloom and twenty-five people in "The Sunny Side of Broadway" and it made the biggest possible kind of a hit. Vaudeville of the better sort is underlined for the last three days of this week and the five acts have been especially selected for this big gala week.

The following well known names will be found on this program: Geo Lee and Co. in "At The Golf Links"; The Landrons in "Fun On A Boulevard"; The Connelly Sisters, Josephine Lechert and Reddington and Grant.

The program for Sunday, October 10, is also of exceptional merit and is composed of "Joe Fantom's Awakening A Ladies" the thrill of thrills. Cameron and Gaylord, J. C. Lewis Jr. & Co. Leo Cook and the Victorian Trio

Remarkable Measuring.

A marvelous instrument is the compound interferometer. With this instrument it is possible to measure a distance as small as one-twenty millionth of an inch. This instrument will in all probability be the most delicate measuring instrument of its kind for many years to come. Some idea can be formed by the use of comparisons. This one-twenty millionth of an inch is the apparent size of the head of an ordinary pin viewed at a distance of 227 miles, or the size of a dime viewed at a distance of 9,000 miles, or the size of a human face viewed at a distance equal to twice the circumference of our mother earth.—Exchange.

Luck.

"I got that chicken for 15 cents a pound," said the young wife proudly. "Wasn't that lucky?" "Yes," replied her husband, wiping the gravy from his face, "tough luck."—Houston Post.

LEGEND OF THE ROBIN.

Indian Story of How the Brave Bird Got Its Red Breast.

When white men first came far across the sea to this country they found many birds such as they had never seen before. But they found one which they liked best of all. It had a pretty red breast, and they called it robin, for its red breast made them think of a bird back in the old home which they loved most of all.

The Indians had a story about how the robin got its red breast. They said it happened a long time ago, when there was only one fire in all the cold far north.

A hunter and his son kept the fire burning day and night until the father fell ill, and the son had to watch the fire all alone. The great white bear was waiting for a chance to put the fire out so he could have all the north to himself. He saw the boy fall asleep; then he jumped on the fire with his wet feet and put it out.

But a gray robin saw him, and when he was gone she pecked about in the ashes till she found a tiny live coal. She fanned it with her wings until it blazed out and turned her breast red. Then she flew away to every hut in the cold north. Wherever she touched the ground a fire sprang up, and soon there were plenty of fires to keep the people warm. After that the robin's breast was always red instead of gray.—Exchange.

LESSON OF THE LETTERS.

A Warning the Thoughtful Old Lady Gave the Headless Young One.

They were two women, one young, radiant; the other gently, beautifully old.

"But, auntie, it's such fun." The older rose.

"Wait."

In a moment she had returned. Two faded, yellow letters lay upon the young girl's lap.

"Read them."

Wonderingly the girl obeyed. The first read:

"Dearest—I leave you to John. It is plain you care for him. I love you. Just now it seems that life without you is impossible. But I can no longer doubt. If you cared there would be no doubt. John is my friend. I would rather see you his than any other's, since you cannot be mine. God bless you. WILL."

The other:

"Beloved—I am leaving you to the better man. For me there can never be another love. But it is best—it is the right thing—and I am—yes, I am glad that it is Will you love instead of me. You cannot be anything but happy with him. With me—but that is a dream I must learn to forget. As ever and ever. JOHN."

—Joseph Hall in Life.

How the Roman Empire Grew.

Rome was founded 750 B. C., the kings were expelled 509 B. C., and it was not until 290 B. C., 460 years after the founding of the city, that the Romans conquered their immediate neighbors, the Samnites, Latins, etc. It was not until 296 B. C., following the defeat of Pyrrhus, that Rome was supreme in Italy, from the southern boundary of Cisalpine Gaul to the Sicilian strait. For 350 years, from the foundation of the city, the Romans could stand on the hills of their city and almost look across their entire territory, as it stretched away only some twenty miles on either hand. After the consolidation of their power in Italy, however, it took them but 150 years to conquer the world.

Cast and Wrought Iron.

In a paper recently read before the Society of Chemical Industry the statement was made that the strength of cast iron was affected by the addition of wrought iron in the following proportions: With 100 parts of cast iron ten parts of wrought iron increase the strength 2 per cent; twenty parts of wrought iron increase the strength 32 per cent; thirty parts of wrought iron increase the strength 60 per cent; forty parts of wrought iron increase the strength only 33 per cent. The maximum result is therefore produced with 30 per cent wrought scrap.—Indianapolis News.

The Harm of Damp Houses.

It is dangerous to health and even to life in a damp, moldy house or one built over a moldy cellar. Many years ago the London Lancet in an article on diphtheria traced the disease in certain cases to the presence of certain molds and fungoid growths which seemed to be breathed into the throat. Remember, one of the best disinfectants is lime. Moldy cloths, such as shoes and other articles that are unfit for use, should be destroyed at once.

Well Informed.

"There goes a man who has delved deep in Roman history." "An authority on the subject, eh?" "Sure. He knows lots more about Julius Caesar than the average voter knows about his congressman."—Spokane Review.

Milestones in Life.

"Did anything ever feel more conspicuous than your first long trousers?" "Only the vast expanse of my first dress shirt."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nothing to It.

His Wife—Never mind if you have lost everything. You still have me. Mr. Bustup—But you're not an asset; you're a running expense.—Judge.

Prejudice corrupts the taste, as it perverts the judgment, in all the concerns of life.—Racine.

A CRUSH OF WORLDS.

How Our Solar System May End and a New One Be Born.

The whole of the present solar system is ultimately to fall into the sun, causing an explosion that may result in a new solar system. Such is the theory put forward by Professor Philip Fauth, a well known astronomer, whose reputation has rested principally upon his researches into the conditions on the moon.

The novel feature of Dr. Fauth's theory is that it is based upon the supposition that a great part of the known solar system, including especially the planets Jupiter, Uranus and Saturn, are not composed of mineral matter at all, but are tremendous masses of ice or balls of ice surrounding a mineral kernel. Furthermore, he declares, a part of what is now known as the Milky way is not mineral or gaseous, but "a ring of ice dust," masses of particles of ice suspended in space, the other planets receiving a constant addition to their ice mass from this source.

Professor Fauth declares that the world already at some remote periods has had a similar experience, resulting in the death of nearly all animate nature, and that all species of life as we know it have arisen since then. Eventually the planets swinging through their narrow orbits will fall into the sun, causing a new explosion and perhaps the birth of a new solar system, but for thousands of years before that time, all life, either on earth or elsewhere, will have disappeared.—Kansas City Journal.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC.

Influence of the "Great Circle" on the Journey to Manila.

If you wanted to go from the Panama canal to Yokohama which of these two would be the shorter route? First, across the ocean to Hawaii and from there to Yokohama, or, second, up along the coast to San Francisco and then directly across the Pacific to Asia?

Nearly everybody would answer in favor of the Hawaiian route. But the navigators tell us the journey is 266 miles shorter by way of San Francisco. The "great circle" does it. Its influence on distance sends ships from San Francisco to Manila by way of the Aleutian Islands. Actually our vessels would go much farther north than they do but for the discouragement of the United States hydrographic bureau at Washington, which advises a central route, more than 200 miles longer than the great circle, in order to escape the fogs and ice of the far north.

The Hawaiian Islands are frequently described as "the crossroads of the Pacific." Their people are naturally looking forward to wonderful commercial development. They will doubtless enjoy substantial progress as a commercial center because many conditions in ocean currents and in prevailing winds and in fuel costs favor Honolulu as a way station route. But it is well to remember that these islands were planted a little too near the equator to be a crossroads of the north Pacific.—Boston Herald.

Wonderful Names.

The seventeenth century jurymen had one disadvantage to contend with from which his successor is happily free. He was frequently burdened with an intolerable name. James Broome in his "Travels Over England, Scotland and Wales," a work published in 1700, gives a copy of "a Jury Return made at Rye, Sussex, in the late Rebellious, Troublesome Times." Here are the names: "Stand fast on high Stringer of Crowhurst, Earth Adams of Warbleton, Killsin Pimple of Witham, Graceful Harding of Lewes, Weep not Billing of the same, Be Faithful Joiner of Britling, Fly Debate Roberts of the same, Fight the good Fight of Faith White of Emes, Return Spelman of Watling, Meek Brewer of Oakham, More Fruit Fowler of East Hodley, Hope for Bending of the same."—London Chronicle.

He Saved the Patent Office.

When in the war of 1812 the British, who had taken Washington, trained their guns upon the patent office Dr. Thornton, throwing himself directly before the guns, cried:

"Are you Englishmen or Goths and Vandals? This is the patent office—a depository of the ingenuity and inventions of the American nation in which the whole civilized world is interested. Would you destroy it? Then let the charge pass through my body."

And the building was spared. Twenty-four years afterward, however, it was destroyed by fire, together with everything in it.

Couldn't Forget It.

"Saturday night some miscreant lugged off a whole cord of my wood, and somehow I can't forget about it," declared Silas.

"Have you tried to forget it?" inquired his friend. "Yes. Sunday morning I went to church, hoping I could get it off my mind, and before I had been there five minutes the choir started in singing 'The Lost Chord,' so I got out."—Judge.

Explanation.

"Wille, did you tie that tin can to the dog's tail?" "Yes, sir," replied the small boy. "I'm trying to do a kind act every day. That dog chases every rabbit he sees. I tied the can to him so that it will make a noise and warn the rabbit."—Washington Star.

Patent Office Documents.

If all the documents stored in the patent office at Washington could be placed end to end they would form a strip that would reach around the earth three times.

STRENUOUS PASTIME.

The Whip Game as Played by Natives of British Guiana.

Of all the games it has been my lot to witness the most strenuous was the whip game I saw in British Guiana. Before the game the women handed around bowls of the native drink, "pauwarie."

Then the players, men and boys, lined up in two rows facing each other. Each carried a whip ornamented with fiber tassels, those of the two end players having whistles attached.

A gentle stamping began, which gradually grew louder till the earth seemed to throb.

Shouts of "Yau au!" rang along the line, and the players waved their whips and swayed gently backward and forward as they stamped.

Presently the two end men passed down between the rows, while those lined up moved slowly in the opposite direction. In rotation the other pairs of men did likewise, and then the whistle men ran swiftly to their original places. The stamping increased in fury, and the whistlers whistled at each other in wild excitement.

They raised their whips and feigned to lash out at each other without much hurt.

The women ran up and down the rows offering their calabashes of "pauwarie," and then the real whipping began.

Two men challenged each other to a contest, and the rows retired, still stamping. The whippers, splendidly built fellows, stripped save for loin cloths, were a thrilling sight as they cautiously judged their distances, letting their whips just touch each other's legs.

Then one of them stood firmly and half turned away from the other. Immediately his whip sang through the air and came down on his opponent's calf with a crack. The victim did not flinch, but joined his whipper in a wild sort of dance.

Again and again he submitted to the lash, and then it was the other's turn. I cannot say who won—both were stoics of tremendous endurance. I would have called the bout a draw.

Then the two whippers retired to an adjoining hut, where they indulged freely in "pauwarie," and others of the challenging rows took their places in the game, which lasted until the rows were exhausted.—Temple Manning, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

REAL ACTORS ON THE STAGE.

How They Would Seem Now if Movies Had Come First.

We can well imagine that a generation brought up exclusively on moving pictures would hall the sudden introduction of the actual performers as a great invention. So simple and logical a step would seem to them truly marvelous. At first the bodily presence of the actor might seem to them almost too oppressive, as we now feel it to be when we sit close up on a Shakespearean platform stage, but they would soon wonder why they had been so long content to blink at animated photographs.

The effect upon the actor would be most salutary. He would soon find that he was making himself laughably obvious. The astonishing callisthenics with which he has been accustomed to wring out his withers would no longer serve his purpose. He would have to abandon the "irascible" look, the "revenge is sweet" look, the "jealousy" look, the "lovely dovey" look and all the other looks with which he now so impudently holds the camera in order to convey to us that he is feeling something, ah, so profoundly. He would have to unlearn all his looking glass grimaces and try to regain the natural mobility of human expression.

The historian of the drama would also give us a most instructive chapter on the emergence of the actor from the machine. He would hail it as a revolutionary step in the development of the drama, without which, in his opinion, the Hamlet that he worships would never have been possible. Knowing nothing of our pre-machine drama, he would not be tempted to draw the conclusion that with the rise and decay of moving pictures the drama has gone backward in order to go forward again.—New Republic.

Rather Hard on Father.

Among the Watwai tribe of the Amazon basin, as among several others, the curious custom of the couvade prevails—that is, when a child is born the father takes to his hammock and remains there for a month. During this time he refrains from all strong food, and the women wait upon him as an invalid. Meantime the mother of the child goes about her work.—"Native Life in the Amazon Wilderness" in Travel.

The Same Thoughts.

Algy Staylate—I sometimes wish, don't ye know, that I had been born a rajah, don't ye know, over in India. don't ye know. Bell Britely (wearily)—Why, Mr. Staylate, how strange! I was just wishing that very same thing myself.—Puck.

The Hospitable Board.

"Your wife's dinner parties are always beautiful affairs." "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "At first people didn't seem to want to come to 'em. I guess mebbe the high cost of living is making a difference."—Washington Star.

A Difference.

"You told me Jones had become an actor." "I didn't say anything of the kind. I told you he had gone on the stage."—Baltimore American.