

BUSINESS GOOD SAYS CUDDIHY

Industrial Conditions Never Looked Brighter, He Says

"The industrial conditions of the country never looked brighter than they do this fall, according to all reports coming from industrial centers such as Chicago," said John D. Cuddihy of Calumet yesterday, on his return from attending the state convention of the Democratic party at Grand Rapids. "Take Grand Rapids for instance. This is the great furniture center of the United States. All of the factories are working up to their normal capacity, a condition that has not existed for a number of years before. The trade in the better classes of furniture is exceptionally good, indicating a degree of prosperity that has not existed since 1907. All of the big wholesale houses in the city of Chicago report exceptional trade, with conditions particularly good in the west."

The bumper crops of this year are largely responsible for the stimulus of trade and brighter conditions all around. At a meeting of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul officials in Milwaukee Saturday, representatives of all of the larger railroad systems reported they have experienced difficulty in keeping the big crops moving with the present facilities of transportation. There will likely be a tightness in the money market for the next two or three months on account of the immense funds required to move the crops but this should cause no apprehension or anxiety.

"The election of Woodrow Wilson to the presidency seems to be discounted all over the country and does not seem to cause any apprehension whatever. Roosevelt is losing ground in the far west and the latest reports indicate that even California will give Wilson a majority. The Progressive leader seems to be gaining a little strength in Illinois and some of the other middle west states, however."

"It is interesting to note the poll taken last week by six great dailies in different parts of the country, working in conjunction, The Boston Globe, Cincinnati Enquirer, Chicago Record Herald, St. Louis Republic, Denver Republican and Los Angeles Times. The poll was taken in a scientific manner and at the greatest expense of any pre-election canvass, without regard for the interests of any party or candidate. From the result of last week's poll, it would seem that Roosevelt would carry Michigan, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Ohio and Indiana will swing to the

Wilson column, together with the solid south.

"Delegates in attendance at the Democratic state convention from rural points stated that none of the Democratic votes will be cast for Roosevelt, while about seven-eighths of the Republican strength will go in support of Roosevelt."

"Upper peninsula voters will have plenty of opportunity to become familiar with the campaign issues before they are called upon to cast their ballots," said Mr. Cuddihy. "Inquiry at the campaign headquarters of each party in Chicago, elicited the information that some of the best campaigners available will be sent to upper Michigan, during the two weeks preceding the election. The upper peninsula is regarded by all three parties as real debatable ground and they will lose no chance to get in touch with the voters. The Democratic headquarters has promised to send two men of national fame to the upper peninsula, possibly Gov. Hoke Smith or Senator Gore, whose brilliant address was the feature of the state convention. It is even possible that Senator Reed who is directing the efforts of the campaign speakers from the Chicago headquarters will visit this section and Attorney John Power of Escanaba is certain to come here in the interests of his candidacy for congress. The Republican and Progressive parties also plan to send some of their strongest men here," said Mr. Cuddihy in conclusion, "making it sure the campaign will be a spirited one."

BIG THEATRICAL PRODUCTION BY PENITENTIARY CONVICTS

In the October American Magazine appears an interesting article entitled "Where Stage Villains are Real." It is an account of a great theatrical production given twice a year by convicts in the State Penitentiary of California, where the MacNamara brothers, Boss Ruff, and other famous criminals are in prison. An extract follows:

"As the performance would last more than five hours and the final curtain must fall before midnight, the orchestra struck up the overture at six o'clock, yet no patter of late comers marred the rendering of the 'Mountain Suite.' The audience of six hundred and fifty men and twenty-eight women had been in the seats and had listened against the wall for a good half hour, displaying an eagerness as unusual as all the other features of this theatrical event."

"The show began with a 'Congress of Nations.' Upon a stage set as a gorgeous assembly room appeared Uncle Sam to announce that all the powers had accepted his invitation and were sending representatives to join in celebrating the peace of the world—a peace due in some measure to the fact that so many of the bad citizens had been placed where they could not disturb it."

"The role of Uncle Sam was assumed by a passer of fictitious checks. The orchestra played 'God Save the King,' and Uncle Sam turned to welcome a particularly rotund ambassador from Great Britain. Off the stage John Bull was a murderer. 'Die Wacht am Rhein' prepared the way for a uniformed, breathing facsimile of Wilhelm II. In reality the Kaiser was here because he had overdrawn his bank account with fraudulent intent. Ireland was a burglar and Spain was a Raffles, Greece was a highwayman and Italy a receiver of stolen diamonds. Scotland and Mexico effected a not unusual treaty when forger and forged shook hands. From across stage children, also a penman, waved his willingness to make it a triple alliance. A robber held up the honor of the Balkans. Africa was represented at both ends of the semi-circle and under the burnt cork were men of proven felonies."

"When the forger and the bad-check man had ceased to rattle the bones and the kidnapper and the false pretender had got through with their tambourines, Uncle Sam laid the congress seat itself, while he took the interlocking chair."

"I should like to tell you what I think are the real possibilities of a congress of nations," began the inter-locutor, "but it would take more time than I've got."

"You can take it out of my 'time,'" chirped the kidnapper on the end; "I've got thirty-five years and I don't come of a long lived family."

Japan is building three 28,000-ton exports.

United States leads the world in coal production.

England in 35 years has lost 6,640 acres by erosion.

HIS WANDERING OVER, PENITENT RETURNS HOME

Bert Zabriskie Welcomed by His Family and Friends at Montville, N. J.

MONTVILLE, N. J.—The roving fever had got into Bert Zabriskie's blood, and it made him fidget. He dreamed of the wide-stretching prairies, and the valleys lying snug and warm at his home here, became pitifully narrow; he thought of the lofty peaks of the Rockies, and the wooded ridge back of Bounton shrunk to an ant-hill; he pictured the distant great waters reaching down a thousand miles to the sea, and the prattle of the Rockaway river winding in and out among the swales above the old mill sounded like childish mockery.

These were symptoms. All the thirty-odd years of his life Bert Zabriskie had lived in one neighborhood. There he had married. There two daughters had been born. But the fever reached its height, as all fevers must, and he struck out. He didn't take his family with him. Other men have struck out that way. Bounton and Montville gossiped. Other towns have done what, too.

And this ends chapter one, except to say that some of our best doctors have been trying for years to find some sort of blood purifier that would slay the roving fever in country brood boys, and they haven't hit the right thing yet. Dosing doesn't seem to do it any good.

Descendant of Patriots.
When George Washington, Father of His Country, and consequently of New Jersey, was in camp at Morristown Heights and his soldiers were, times being hard, a squad of Continentals were sent down the Rockaway river to pick up supplies by fair means if possible, but to get 'em.

Even at that early day a Zabriskie kept the mill. He stood at the grain looper.

"You may tell General Washington," he said, as the incident is handed down, "that so long as water runs and wheels turn and millstones grind I'll do all I can to relieve the distress of the fighters for liberty."

This shows the kind of people the Zabriskies were, however.

One gray bearded Zabriskie after another slipped into the flour-dusty overalls. The last was Albert James Zabriskie, father of the rover and of two daughters, both married.

By hard work, long hours and incidental thrift this miller-Zabriskie had already become well-to-do, as Jersey oil measure savings, when an opportunity came to him to make some big easy money.

Deal That Meant Wealth.
Jersey City was down in the Rockaway river country to establish a water system and build a great reservoir. Zabriskie owned the water rights on the river and Jersey City had to see him first. There's more money in water rights than there is in grinding neighborhood corn. Zabriskie drove a hard bargain and became rich at just the time of his life when he wanted to knock off work for good. It looked then as if he would live out his years in contentment, but you never can tell about such things. Son Bert took the fever and struck out. Months passed and nothing was heard from him.

One day Lawyer Nelson S. Kitchell was summoned opposite the mill. He found the old man rather poorly and anxious to have his worldly affairs set in order, for he felt that his end was fast approaching.

A will had been drawn dividing the estate into three parts, but as the rover's whereabouts was unknown, a codicil was added providing that Bert's share should be held in trust by the administrators until his young daughter should reach the age of 24. If the absent son should return before that time he could claim his share; if not, the two granddaughters were to divide it.

Done With Earthly Troubles.
This provision being set forth in detail in his liking, the miller scratched his name to the document and witnesses appended their names.

There being no further call to the grist bin, and enforced idleness having added its burden to the weight of his four times twenty years, the miller fell into a rapid decline and in mid-January, four years ago, craps fluttered at the door of the homestead and the death hush was in the spare room.

The rover did not return for the funeral. He sent no word. His whereabouts remained unknown to Montville. Years had piled up since he had struck out. The old man's will became operative.

And this brings the second chapter to its conclusion.

Rubber Atrocities.
Speaking of rubber atrocities, an automobile-owning friend of ours had a blow-out in a brand new tire when 12 miles from the nearest garage. Not to mention the price of tennis balls, which is 45 cents, as opposed to 35 cents ten years ago.

Way It Goes.
"That man seems to be enthusiastic about Plunkville. Everything pleases him. 'He's been away for 30 years,'" explained the oldest inhabitant. "By tomorrow he'll be looking up the time tables and cursing the bad train service."



The count up of the miller's property showed that apart from the fruitful acreage, the homestead and the century-old mill he had glit-edged holdings that put the estate in the hundred thousand class, which is going some for Montville, a town not giving to money boasting.

Estate Duly Divided.
In the orderly way of probate law, Mrs. Cora Van Dyne and Mrs. Elizabeth Ball, the immediate women heirs to the miller's estate, got their considerable shares, and the Court of Chancery in and for Morris county, upon application, directed the executors to apply the income of the rover's share of the estate to the maintenance of the stay-at-home wife and mother and daughters, the latter now having grown out of shoe-top frocks and passed from the braid-down-the-back period into the early stage of young womanhood.

Upon the settlement of the estate Mrs. Van Dyne and her husband, the latter's health requiring a change, removed from Montville straight across the country to Pasadena, Cal., where they settled.

Long-Lost Brother Found.
One day last winter, while motoring about in the new country, Mrs. Van Dyne visited Los Angeles. She was driving her car along one of the avenues toward the suburbs when a trolley crossing at an angle halted her.

The motorman, capped and coated in blue, turned his head in her direction. She recognized him at once. The motorman was her long-missing brother.

As soon as possible she arranged to meet him. It was a reunion without formality.

And what a lot of things there was to tell—the death of the good old father just as he had rounded out his eightieth year, and of how up to the very last he had had only the kindest thoughts for the absent son; of the will and the codicil thereto, which safeguarded the one-third share; of his own loyal wife and the daughters, and of the marriage of one to as likely a chap as there is in the valley, and of the new baby with eyes like its mother's, and just learning to toddle; of the fire which had reduced the old homestead to ashes—all these things and more there were to tell in a record of the years that had come and gone since he had struck out.

Rover Arranges to Go Home.
There was some telegraphing and some letter writing on the part of the sister, and some hesitation on the part of the rover, all of which was quite natural, and as matters of the sort are bound to be settled if only they are helped along in the right way, Bert Zabriskie finally decided to return.

Bronzed from life in the open, with hair just a little thin at the temples, but otherwise looking much as he did when the fever attacked him, Bert Zabriskie arrived back in Montville—back to the valley which was no longer pitifully narrow; to the sight of the wooded ridge which has resumed its normal, and to the river, which now prattles a welcome.

How quickly the news jumped from farm to farm and from town to town! Why, in less than a week everybody from miles around knew about it, and pretty everybody said he was mighty glad Bert'd got back, for he was a lot better than some folks that had talked about him.

Old friends drove around to see him and say hello and get a line on what the far west was like as far as he had been. Some acted just as if they were on the verge of the fidgets, too, for when a rover returns to his native

soil others begin to dream of the far away.

All Glad to See Him.
The welcome that was Bert Zabriskie's was as sincere as he could wish. When he reached the turn in the road where the river sings its way down to the mill they were all out to meet him—wife and daughter and the baby, too—and he was passed from one to the other and there were smiles of joy and tears of joy, for they go together on such occasions, and handshakings and embraces.

And of course there was a reconciliation, the details of which need not be gone into, that matter being nobody's business outside of the family, and some stories of adventure and a good dinner.

After a period which did not suggest overhaste, there was a consultation with the lawyers.

And the terms of the codicil to Father Zabriskie's will providing that the son should inherit his share if he returned before the younger daughter reached her twenty-fourth birthday, everything is all fine and dandy. Daughter's birthday is some weeks off.

"Folks around here had a lot of things to say when I went away that were not true," said Zabriskie to a caller—"a lot of things that were just made up."

TWO SLOW WITH HIS WOOING
Another Had Captured the Fair Widow Shaun O'Grady Had Looked Upon as His Own.

Michael died, and Mary, his wife, was giving him a grand wake. She was good to look upon, and Shaun O'Grady looked with covetous eyes upon her, the little cottage, and the thousand dollar insurance which she would receive. Shaun was a bachelor with a tidy bit in the bank. He sidled up to Mary as she sat at the foot of the casket.

"Mary, I have ordered a grand carriage for the funeral, and will you share it with me? Shure, what's the use of two, and the expense is enough for you to bear as it is, poor woman," he said.

Mary looked up. "Thank you kindly, Shaun, you're always that thoughtful, faith, the woman that didn't get you don't know what she missed."

The next day Shaun supported Mary at the burial. After the interment he came forward and, taking her arm, drew her away from the grave and assisted her to the carriage and they started home. After a time he said: "This is a lonesome home you'll now have, me dear, and 'tis a lonesome home I have. I've been thinking that—that I couldn't do better than ax you to have me and then the little home would do for us both, and shure two bank accounts put together is larger than one. Shall I spake to Father Brady for next month, let it be?"

"Ah, 'tis too late you are. I promised Johnnie Flynn in the graveyard byant to be hissen," answered the bereaved widow.—Chicago Tribune.

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DRESS FOR A GIRL

A pretty little dress this in pale blue cotton foulard; it is cut Magyar, and the skirt also in with the bodice; the yoke is in soft silk of the color of the spot. The material is tucked in sets of three where it joins this. Turn-up cuffs of the same. A suede belt to match the silk is worn below waist; it is kept in position by being pressed through little slits at the side seam.

White straw hat, trimmed with a blue leather mount.

Materials required: 2 1/2 yards 40 inches wide, 1/2 yard silk 22 inches wide.

Corded Weaves.
It is said on good authority that corded weaves will be popular in the autumn. These new ribbed fabrics will include material so light in weight as to be suitable for dress draperies and heavier ones adapted for suits, outer wraps and trimmings.

TOT'S IDEA OF REFINEMENT
Children of Parents Who Had Just Moved Into Neighborhood Were Owners of Automobiles.

Little Virginia, seven years old, recently started to private school and is hearing many things about culture and refinement. Her mother is very careful about the children with whom Virginia plays and wishes to know all about them before intimacy is permitted. The other day Virginia had been playing with some children.

"What children?" asked mother.

"She was told about some new children that has just moved into the neighborhood."

"But," said mother, "you know I have told you not to play with children unless I know them and say it is all right. I don't know anything about these children."

"But, mother, they are perfectly cultured and refined."

"How do you know they are cultured and refined?" asked the mother, amused.

"Well, they have two automobiles in that family," replied the small one with decision.

For the Pongee Costume.
The "natural-colored" girl is again with us, meaning the girl who goes in for a costume wholly in the shade of natural-colored linen or pongee. With her tailored suit or frock of either heavy linen or wash, she wears leather pumps and light hosiery of a matching hue, a linen petticoat bordered and banded with coarse unbleached linen lace, a suede belt with self-colored buckle and an outing hat of raffia or Panama draped with a natural colored Shantung scarf. Finally, one hand she carries a sunshade of Shantung and natural wood, and in the other a handbag of raffia. For country wear this sort of costume is exceedingly knowing-looking and it is a decided relief in a neighborhood where all-white or white and color get up prevail.

Me Know.
Young Bachelor—I often wonder if I'm making etouga money to get married on.

Old Benedict—Well, I don't know how much you're making, but you are a bit—London Op'lon.

Day and Night Boys.
Grandma—Be careful, Clare! I don't think much of the young men of today.

Clare—Well, just wait until you see the one of tonight. He's a peach.

battleships.
Germany is second in iron and steel.

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11:30 P.M.	2:30 P.M.	Lv. SUPERIOR	Ar. 6:15 P.M.	6:30 A.M.
6:30 A.M.	8:15 P.M.	Ar. ST. PAUL	Lv. 2:25 P.M.	11:40 P.M.
7:00 A.M.	6:30 P.M.	Ar. MINNEAPOLIS	Lv. 1:50 P.M.	11:30 P.M.

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