The Calumet News

Founded 1899.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Published by the MINING GAZETTE COMPANY.

W. H. LYON, Editor. W. M. LYON, Business Manager.

Entered at the Post Office at Calumet, Michigan, as Second Class Mail Matter.

TELEPHONES:

Business office 209
Editorial Rooms 4

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, By Mail or Carrier.

Per year, in advance $5.00
Per year (not in advance) $6.00
Per month 50
Single copies 10

Complaints of irregularities in delivery will receive prompt and thorough investigation.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1913.

THOSE SUFFRAGETTES.

If English society is constructed somewhat like the American society, the women of Great Britain will never attain the ballot.

Of all nonsensical, illogical and indefensible rebellions that have ever stirred a civilized community, the barbaric antics of British suffragettes reach a maximum of misery.

If not Michigan suffrage worker somehow, why equal rights are being so long delayed in the British Isles, let them but translate prevailing British conditions to our home commonwealth and observe the inevitable result.

Suppose the good women of this state who want the ballot and who are prepared to accept its responsibilities were to resort to riot and property destruction for the purpose of impressing public opinion with the justice of their cause; would not one single demonstration of this sort postpone the possibility of suffrage in Michigan for twenty years?

Suppose Michigan suffrage leaders at Lansing—seeking favorable legislation—were to surround the homes of senators and representatives who are out of sympathy with their cause, and break windows with rains of rocks; would not public opinion lost in opposition to a cause, which would resort to such anarchistic means in the pursuit of victory?

Suppose Michigan suffragists seeking to amplify evidence their dissatisfaction over their defeat last fall—were to stealthily pour acids into Michigan meat boxes to destroy their contents; would not every suffrage advocate fall at once into exhausting disrepute?

Unlawful force never accomplished permanent good and never will—whether in a labor strike or in a suffrage campaign.

The only wonder is that British suffragettes have any standing in the community at all, in view of the reckless foolishness which has marked the progress of their campaign.

One long distance observation would be that the leaders in these London suffrage riots have very clearly demonstrated that the women of Britain are not inspired by sentiments and viewpoint that entitle them to a voice in the control of public affairs in a nation that seeks peace and progress and mental prosperity.

American suffragettes might well send their representatives to Michigan to learn instead of to preach.

Willing to Help.

Jules Janin, whose memory was recently honored by the placing of a memorial tablet on his house in Paris, was famous for two things, his great critical ability and his abominable handwriting.

One day a friend of Janin's received a letter from him. With great pains and patience he managed to gather from the few words he could decipher that it was about a matter of importance, but what the matter was he could not make out. There was nothing to do but to take a cab and drive directly to Janin's house.

"Ah," said Janin, "it is you! So you have read my letter?"

"Not at all," replied his friend. "I have just received it, and have come to ask you to read it to me."

"Oh," said Janin in a dazed, hopeless voice. Then with a sigh of supreme resignation, "Very well, I will try!"

Eggs a la Creole.

Cook a pan of tomatoes with a shredded green pepper until the tomatoes are reduced by half. Then pour on to five rounds of buttered toast and place on each of these a poached egg and keep hot. Meanwhile melt an ounce of butter in a pan over the fire and let it color. Then add a tablespoonful of either lemon juice or vinegar. Let it all come just to the boil and pour it over the eggs, seasoning them with pepper and salt.

FORECAST OF NEWS EVENTS FOR THE COMING WEEK

Washington, D. C., Feb. 1.—The second trial of the criminal anti-trust suit against the "Beth Tub Trust" will begin in the United States District court at Detroit Monday. At the first trial of the case the jury disagreed. The government delayed the re-trial until the Supreme court decided the civil case against the trust. That decision, recently rendered, compels the dissolution of the combination of sixteen corporations and sixty-four individuals engaged in the manufacture of enamelled ironware.

Elimination of the parcels post and the taking of steps which will enable the retailers to meet the competition of the big mail order houses will be discussed at a convention of retail dry goods and general merchants of the entire west, which will meet in Chicago Monday for a session of four days.

Other important conventions of the week will include the meetings of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers in Indianapolis, the National Association of Ladies' Tailors and Dressmakers in New York city, the Hardwood Manufacturers' Association of the United States, in Cincinnati, and the International association of Master House Painters and Decorators, in Denver.

Preceding the beginning of Lent the first two days of the week will be devoted to the annual Mardi Gras celebrations in New Orleans and in several other cities of the south.

The season of social functions at the English Court will be ushered in Tuesday with the holding of the first levee at St. James' Palace. Three days later the first diplomatic and official court reception will take place at Buckingham Palace.

Two notable weddings of an international character are scheduled for the week. The first will take place in Paris on Monday, when Miss Helena Stallo, who inherited half of the immense fortune left by her grandfather, the late Alexander McDonald of Cincinnati and New York, will become the bride of Prince Michel Murat, a nephew of the ex-Empress Eugenie.

The second wedding will be that of Miss Eleanor Douglas Wise, daughter of Mrs. Frederick May Wise of Baltimore, and the Duc de Richelieu, whose mother, now the wife of Prince Albert of Monaco, was Miss Alice Heine of New Orleans. The wedding ceremony will be performed Saturday noon in the Baltimore cathedral, Cardinal Gibbons officiating.

A Crazy Wit.

While a wedding breakfast was being held in a restaurant in a seaport town in France a naval officer in uniform entered the room and was invited to preside over the feast. He made himself very agreeable, sang songs and delivered speeches. He was proposing the bride's health when two policemen rushed in and arrested him as an escaped lunatic from a neighboring asylum. The prisoner took his arrest calmly and smilingly. He bowed politely to the officers and said:

"I think you have made a mistake, gentlemen. There"—pointing to the bridegroom—"is the man you want."

Breakfast Rolls.

Mix together a full teaspoonful of baking powder, a pound of flour and a small teaspoonful of salt; rub two ounces of butter into it, mix it quickly with half a pint of buttermilk or skim milk, make the dough up into little rolls, set them on a well floured baking tin and bake for ten to fifteen minutes. When half baked brush over with milk.

New York Broiled Oysters.

Drain the oysters and season with salt and pepper. Dip first into softened butter and then roll in breadcrumbs. Arrange in a fine wire broiler, place over a clear fire and broil a light brown. Serve with maitre d'hotel sauce.

The Land of Puzzledom

No. 2021.—Beheaded Words.

Behead to fall on and selve and get a division of weight.

Behead an article of furniture and get a word meaning capable.

Behead a slimy mollusk and get an iron pin.

Behead to gain knowledge or skill and get a word meaning to gain by labor.

Behead a deep cut and get a well known tree.

Behead not any and get a single thing.

No. 2022.—Riddles.

I.

I am below the level ever
In shadow I am somber—dim
My name is given to the sea,
And to a thought from you to me.

II.

I am a character well known to the dramatic world. I am hailed with delight by young and old at Christmas time, but I am also received with humiliation at all seasons of the year. I am always found outdoors among the loveliest flowers, and yet I never leave the shelter of the house of entertainment. I am a great traveler and have been all over the discovered globe.

III.

I am the innermost and the hidden. I am spoken of lightly, yet my action is protected by every man. I may be made of paper, cloth, metal or glass. I stand for affection. I have motion and go on for years without care.—Youth's Companion.

No. 2023.—Charade.

To her husband she said "Just to be in the style,
For my first, now to Europe let's go for awhile."
And my second they acted, when there over and over,
Pretending they often had been there before.
Returning, she said "Call me Katherine now,
'Tis more dignified than my third, you'll allow."
For my whole you can choose any object you please,
But take three of a kind, and you'll guess it with ease.

No. 2024.—Transmutations.

Example: When D is a coin it is proper—D cent—Decent.

When the letter A is slightly covered it has been of use.

When X is large it is a model.

When D has suffered pecuniary punishment it is explained.

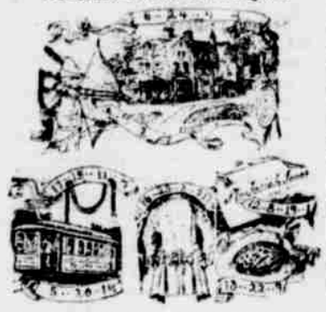
When the letter I is routed it is a small island.

When D satisfied its hunger it became a time.

When X hammered it was interpreted.

When M imitated a dog it went on board a boat.

No. 2025.—Numerical Enigma.



In this puzzle the key words are pictured. The answer, containing twenty-four letters, is the name of a famous decree.—St. Nicholas.

No. 2026.—Diagonal.

This diagonal contains five words of five letters each. If the words are rightly guessed and written one below another their diagonal letters, beginning with the top left hand letter and ending with the lower right hand letter will spell something we have frequently during the winter months. The crosswords are: 1. Little. 2. To speak. 3. Something we walk upon. 4. A place where goods are kept for sale. 5. Hot vapor.

No. 2027.—A Question of Time.

A farmer, with children sixteen,
Killed the fattest young lamb in his flock
To divide it these children between
What must be the time by the clock?

No. 2028.—Charades.

1. My first is a current of air, my second is a girl, and my whole is a machine for lifting or pulling.

2. My first is the border of a garment, my second is to fasten and my whole is a kind of tree.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 2021.—Beheaded Words. Pounce, table, small, learn, gash, name.

No. 2022.—Riddles. 1. Deep. 2. Box. 3. Heart.

No. 2023.—Charade. Trip, lie, Kate—Triplicate.

No. 2024.—Transmutations. A veiled—availed. (E) x ample—example. D ter fined—defined. I (s) let—islet. D ate—date. (E) x pounded—expounded. (E) m barked—embarked.

No. 2025.—Numerical Enigma. Emancipation proclamation. Words: Ian, sim, car, loos, omt, name, pit.

No. 2026.—Diagonal—Storm. Crosswords: Small, sifter, flow, store, steam.

No. 2027.—A Question of Time. A quarter to four.

No. 2028.—Charades. 1. Wind, lass—windlass. 2. Hem, lock—hemlock.

ALWAYS LATE GIRL.

She's the Dropped Stitch in the Social Fabric.

Why is it that so few girls can be on time? Is it that they have no respect for the clock or no real conception of the value of time?

The girl who is always late, who arrives ten, fifteen or perhaps thirty minutes after the appointed hour, who keeps people waiting, with a sublime indifference to their discomfiture, is a nuisance and a bore. She is the dropped stitch in the social fabric. Some one is always trying to fill up the hole made by her tardy arrival.

Are you one of the girls who never can be on time? No doubt you think you make up for your tardiness and the trouble you cause by your apologies and your smiles. Perhaps you can make yourself believe that the abused ones who have waited forget their nervousness and impatience and anger as soon as you do. But they do not.

The hostess who has shivered and burned while her dinner reversed the process does not forget. She has been in purgatory even if it does look like her own parlor. She has had to say pleasant things while she thought the opposite.

That ghastly expectancy that pervaded her guests had to be diffused by her own calm assumption of perfect pose and facile gayety. She gets a nervous headache as she pictures the wreck of her menu. You spoil the affair for her even if the cook manages to save the dinner. No; no one forgets you after you have made such indelible impressions on them.

Queer Custom.

An Englishman went to Paris, where he stayed for some time. When he returned to his home a friend asked him how he had liked France.

"A beastly country," he replied, "perfectly beastly. They know nothing there. They don't even know how to talk. Why, they call bread 'pain!'"

"But," his friend said, "that is the French word for bread."

"Oh, I know that! But why should they call it that? It really is bread, you know."—Everybody's.

Mr. Woodchuck Ate Until He Was Fat.

Daddy's Bedtime Story—

The Clever Ground Hog Knows The Weather

DADDY said, "I wonder if the groundhog will see his shadow this year?"

"Oh, yes! It's on the 2d of February he comes out of his hole, isn't it?" Evelyn said.

"We've never seen him come out," Jack said doubtingly.

"That doesn't prove he never comes," daddy replied. "There are plenty of little groundhogs. The groundhog's other name is Mr. Woodchuck. By that name you know him very well.

"Last fall when there were plenty of nice plants to eat Mr. Woodchuck ate until he became very fat. He is a vegetable lover and eats roots and things of that sort.

"Mr. Woodchuck lives in a hole in the ground. He makes tunnels, and when the weather is not nice he crawls into the tunnel and stays there until the weather is nice again.

"When he feels the cold winter weather coming on the woodchuck grows a warm fur blanket on his back, and after he has eaten till he is so fat he can hardly waddle about he crawls into the coziest corner of his burrow and curls up for a nap.

"All winter while the wind is howling outside he snoozes comfortably. Mr. Woodchuck is very particular about the weather. He won't go out of doors when it is bad. He seems not to get hungry. Perhaps the fat in his body keeps him alive all winter just as it does Mr. Bear, who also eats a heap and gets very fat in the fall.

"After awhile, toward spring, you know, Mr. Woodchuck begins to be more wakeful. He worries about the weather perhaps, for he and Mrs. Woodchuck like to have their housekeeping started by April. At last he stirs and looks about. Maybe he comes up and peeps out of his hole. If the weather isn't good you may be sure he won't come out of his hole, but will go back to have his nap out.

"Like many wild creatures, Mr. Woodchuck does seem to know just what kind of weather to expect, and if the 2d of February should not be a nice day he wouldn't think of stirring abroad.

"If the weather is fine he may take a run around to see just how the country looks. But the sap has not yet begun to stir in the roots of trees and shrubs, and they are hardly nice enough to tempt the woodchuck, who depends on them for his spring food.

"It wouldn't be any use for you to try to keep him from going back to his hole if you met him abroad on a fine day, for the chance is he has more than one door to his home and could get back in spite of you.

"And so a merry groundhog day for all, and may the groundhog not see his shadow this year."

REVENGE

Her Better Nature Conquered

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

After it was all over and he was home again Willoughby Jones-Derrick stretched himself comfortably before his own hearthstone and agreed that it had turned out very well indeed—exactly as he had planned.

Mrs. Silvester had worn the yellow roses he had sent. He had reckoned on her looking especially well at the Pomonby dance, but she had been actually beautiful—her charming little figure gowned in compadour silk, and above her soft black eyes gleamed that crown of silvery white hair which distinguished her among the other women of her set—and uncertain age.

At just the right moment—when she was slightly bored with the commonplaces of the ballroom, when the first flavor of the dancing had departed—he had rescued her from the idiotic attentions of a worshiping youth and carried her off to a secluded nook in the conservatory which he had previously marked for the purpose.

Here, amid the tinkle of fountains and the plash of goldfish in the marble basins, with now and then a lulling murmur of music from the distant ballroom, amid the heavy scent of exotic flowers and the pure fragrance of countless roses, Willoughby solemnly and somewhat heavily, as became a Jones-Derrick, asked Lucia Silvester to marry him.

The result of this was that when they parted a few hours later Lucia was wearing beneath her little white glove the engraved emerald which was the traditional engagement ring of the Jones-Derricks and Willoughby had her promise that in the approaching Indian summer they would be married.

All this had been the result of careful planning and almost painful forethought on the part of Willoughby Jones-Derrick. He had lived forty-nine years of his life in the firm determination to die a bachelor. He loved too well the luxury of living for himself alone to share his liberal income with a wife who at best might shine brilliantly at costly entertainments and deplete a fortune which was ample for a prudent bachelor.

And in his fiftieth year his business agent reported that those sources whence came his inherited income were in danger of total elimination, even now were divided by one-half, and there was no escape from the impending doom of poverty except a good marriage. The impending doom was a secret between Willoughby and his agent. The idea of the good marriage was Willoughby's own. Quietly he had gone about it, and the result was most gratifying. There would be no cause for wonderment that the rich clubman should marry one of the richest widows in town.

So the last of the Jones-Derricks dreamily consumed several gold tipped cigarettes while he pondered the advantages of the new life that would open when he assumed the responsibility of becoming Lucia Silvester's second husband. It was a very pleasant outlook, for he admired Lucia as much as it was within his power to admire any one save his own punctilious self.

He frowned as he remembered the existence of the child, Annabel Silvester, and smiled when he recollected that little Annabel was safely ensconced in a French convent from which she would not emerge for some time.

Then he dismissed all disagreeable thoughts with a flirt of his cigarette into the grate.

It was quite two weeks afterward that Willoughby Jones-Derrick dropped into Mrs. Silvester's for a cup of tea. The drawing room was empty, but bore evidence of recent occupation.

"The ladies will be down immediate, sir," said the obese butler.

Jones-Derrick's brows were elevated for a brief instant and then crumpled into a frown. He had a beastly headache and did not feel like talking to a lot of chattering women; he needed Lucia's low, thrilling voice and quiet presence to charm away his indisposition.

"It's only Miss Annabel, sir," explained Martin discreetly. "She just arrive an hour ago, sir."

Willoughby stared haughtily at the presumptious menial, and when the broad back had disappeared with undignified haste he transferred his gaze to his hat.

He felt that this unexpected intrusion of little Annabel would prove an obstruction to his present happiness. He would impress it upon Lucia that the child should be returned at—

The door closed gently, and he lifted his cold gray eyes and looked straight into the great brown orbs of—Anne Lange; Anne Lange, grown beautiful, her red hair softened to a less objectionable shade than when he had last seen her in a paint stained boiland apron. Her creamy skin was guiltless of its powdering of golden freckles and her perfect features rendered more exquisite by the simplicity of her coiffure and the delicate beauty of her gown; the same Anne Lange he had known in Paris, only not the same. The innocent confidence had gone from the eyes, and only hard scorn remained—for him. That contemptuous curl of the lip was for him too. Who would have expected to meet poor little Anne Lange in Mrs. Silvester's drawing room? Certainly not Willoughby Jones-Derrick.

He slowly rose to his feet and grasped his hat and cane with the desperate clutch of one who holds fast to some firm support. He met the satirical gleam of her eyes with wavering fear in his own.

"Anne—Miss Lange!" he gasped confusedly.

She bowed coldly.

A light came to him with startling suddenness.

"You are governess to the little girl, Annabel. That explains your presence here, I suppose?" he said regaining his self possession with a masterful effort.

She smiled unpleasantly. He had not dreamed that Anne could have looked so vindictively at any one—romantic little Anne! She must have cared for him, indeed, and a thrill of regret stirred him that she could not be for him after all.

"And suppose I am the governess?" she inquired at last, and her beautiful contralto voice caused another thrill within his chill, well ordered interior.

"You know I am engaged to Mrs. Silvester?"

She nodded carelessly.

"Mrs. Silvester is very particular—very particular indeed," he began assuredly. "I am sure she would not care for a governess who"— He floundered under her scornful glance.

"Who had once been engaged to you, who once wore the historic emerald on her plebeian, paint stained hand," she finished mockingly. She lifted one slim white hand and contemplated it thoughtfully.

"I was going to say more than that," he said, vindictive to his turn, and his eyes betrayed the length to which he would go.

"If you said more than that you would lie." She spoke with a calm dignity that set oddly on one so young. "I knew you were here and came down to prepare you for my appearance. Mrs. Silvester shall not know I have ever seen you before unless you force me to tell her. I am not proud of that little episode in my life. I was only sixteen, but I believed in you. Two years is a long time, and now I am a woman. You— Ah, here is mother now."

"Annabel!" Mrs. Silvester's astonishment was blended with laughter and well simulated confusion as she gave her hand to Willoughby.

"Annabel?" squeaked that gentleman pitifully.

Annabel courtesied mockingly. "Annabel Lange Silvester, who tired of convent life and spent a year in Paris studying art, who tired of art and went back to the convent and who has come home and surprised her dear mamma by being so grown up!"

"Darling, you positively shocked me," murmured Lucia Silvester, caressing the ruddy hair with one plump white hand. "I did not realize you were growing up. I have always thought of you as my little girl. Now I shall keep you hidden till after my wedding," she concluded, with an arch smile, at the disturbed face of her betrothed.

Willoughby Jones-Derrick was adjusting his slow moving faculties to this latest order of things.

First, it had been Anne Lange, a ghost out of his respectable past that might rattle its bones unpleasantly to the sound of wedding bells or hush those bells altogether, and this wedding meant his bread and butter—and cigarettes.

Now, it was Annabel, the stepdaughter, who confronted him. Annabel, his prospective stepdaughter, who turned out to have been at fault for several delicious weeks, and whom he had heartlessly jilted when her youthful charms pelted upon him. Even with her promise to forget the past warmth in her lips he wondered whether he could live with her and look on her each day as a slumbering volcano which might burst forth any moment and overwhelm him with the lava of truth. Women were treacherous, and had not a great poet said that "hell holds no fury like a woman scorned?"

"I have been making the acquaintance of Mr. Jones-Derrick," said Annabel, with a suddenly sweet smile. "He thinks I remind him of an old friend, and we squabbled over the matter. Now we shall bury the hatchet, shall we not?" She extended her cool hand.

Willoughby grasped it eagerly, and tears of relief almost forced themselves to his fine eyes. "Yes," he said, with the stiff heartiness that was his nearest approach to friendliness.

"I thought mother was all alone, and so I came home to take care of her—girls have such funny ideas," Annabel's voice was honey sweet.

"I have given that right to Mr. Jones-Derrick," smiled Mrs. Silvester over the teapot.

"I will take care of you both," said Willoughby ponderously.

Annabel curled her lips scornfully, and they trembled with the quick words that would unmask the man before her and reveal his utter faithlessness to her mother. But, she thought, perhaps he was not to blame for tiring of her, a mere schoolgirl. Her beautiful mother was nearer his age and taste. Standing there, pale and cold, Annabel saw the lovelight shining in her mother's eyes, noticed the gray threads in Willoughby's thick hair, saw him wince—he was afraid of her.

Something that had choked her heart two years ago was suddenly swept away in a warm flood, and this warmth filled her beautiful eyes. She stepped forward and laid her hand on the clasped fingers of her mother and the man.

"Yes, mother, dear, your husband will take care of us—both. Let us all be happy," she said, throwing away all revenge and scorn.

Something hot and glistening fell on Annabel's hand, but her mother's eyes were dry and shining. She did not dare look at Willoughby Jones-Derrick.

The Solemn Englishman.

An Englishman in New York got in a car and sat opposite to a lady who had a very peculiar looking child in her arms. An awfully funny looking kid it was, and the man could not keep his eyes away from it. He would look at it, look away and then look back again, absolutely fascinated by it, it was so ugly.

Finally the mother became very much annoyed over the man's rudeness and leaned over and said to him, "Rubber!"

A look of relief came over the Englishman's face as he exclaimed:

"Thank heaven, madam! I thought it was real."—New York American.

Dr. H. Allen Tupper, 13 years pastor of Calvary Baptist church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has resigned.