

The Calumet News

Published by the MINING GAZETTE COMPANY, DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. M. W. YOUNGS, 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: Per year, in advance \$5.00. Per year, not in advance \$6.00.

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

Any delay in delivery of The News should be reported to this office for correction.

SAURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1914.

USEFUL WORK FOR NAVY.

Senator Weeks of Massachusetts has suggested that we use the fast cruisers of our navy for postal and commercial purposes between New York and Valparaiso, and his suggestion merits attention.

"CONTRABAND OF WAR."

Though we have the food (for man and beast) and the clothing that war-ravaged Europe will soon need, that she will have to buy of us or starve, how are we going to get the goods across?

"A LITTLE BIT."

While the phrase "a little bit" is so easy for native English-speaking persons to pronounce that it would seem to make a weak test for sobriety, it has been picked out from all other tongue twisters by Prof. Walter Rippman of the University of London.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

of the inconvenience you are giving yourself by waiting for winter to arrive before putting in your coal.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

The day may be cold—the telephone out of order—you are too busy or possibly WE MAY BE TOO BUSY to send out your coal just when you want it.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

Then think of the teamsters who are forced to stay out on their daily rounds in all kinds of weather, urging the tired horses through snow banks or along the icy pavement.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

STOP AND THINK A BIT—AND ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW.

ENGLAND'S FOREIGN MINISTER.

The efforts of Sir Edward Grey to preserve the peace of Europe have made the English Foreign Minister the great outstanding figure of the day.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Subscribers Are Invited to Contribute to this Column. A communication should be signed by the writer's own name, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

Houghton, Mich., Aug. 7, 1914. Editor News:—I wish to reply to all my critics, as far as time and space will allow, and I also have some further phases of the Sunday question to present, but as Mr. Broome is one of the men to whom my article was addressed, I feel that I should reply to him first, and set him right on one or two points.

SAFE FROM THE STORM

...An... Experiment

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I'd been plantin' corn all day, and when I started for hum I met Martha Hodges.

"Evenin', Mr. Rogers," she said, "On your way home, I reckon, it must be mighty pleasant to have such a nice home as yours to go to after a hard day's work."

"It used to be 'long as mother and Anna lived, but now it's kind a lonesome. Besides, when a feller's tired out he don't want to cook his supper and wash dishes."

"Why don't you git married? Then you'd have some one to do your cookin' for you and wash the dishes and take keer of the house."

"Waal," I said, kind o' thinkin' out loud, "I don't know but that's a good idea. But it ain't so simple as would appear. First off, a feller's got to find the gal he wants, and to make it a go she's got to want him. Then, s'posin' it is a go, it's easy and cheap enough to get married; you kin git a parson to do the job for whatever you like to pay. Now, I can't hitch two critters together and expect 'em to travel easy. First off, one on 'em 'll plunge forward, and t'other 'll hang back. Then one on 'em 'll balk when the other is set down to a stiddy gait. That's the way it is when two parsons begin to travel the matrimonial road together. And, s'posin' that instead of gettin' used to the same kind o' goin' they git wuss and wuss, what you goin' to do then?"

"Oh, Mr. Rogers," says Martha, "you're a pessimist, and the wuss kind of a one."

"I don't know what that is, but I do know that gittin' married is like buyin' a pig in a poke. You kin see the gal plain enough on the outside, but you don't know what she is on the inside. She may be white as snow on the surface, and not two inches down she may be a smolderin' fire, ready to burst out at any moment."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Reckon you don't want me, and I'm not hankerin' to git married. You kin experiment on me if you like, and if you don't find out at the end o' six months that I'm what you took me for in the beginnin' I'll agree with you that wimmen is mighty deceptive."

"Well, now, that's accommodatin', I declare," I says to her. "When shall I begin?"

"Whenever you like."

"I'll commence tonight, when I've had supper and got the dishes washed."

"You needn't mind about the dishes. Jest you let 'em alone tonight. Tomorrow when you're out to work I'll go in and tidy up for you and do your dishes. Where'll I find the door key?"

"Hangin' under the porch, left side near the front."

She'd started on, and I didn't say no more. I went on hum, got my supper and tuk Martha at her word, leavin' the dishes in the pan. About 8 o'clock I went over to her house and found that she'd done her evenin' chores and was a-sittin' before a blazin' fire, darlin' stockin's. I thanked her for the offer she'd made me and told her when she'd convinced me that wimmen was jest as amiable as they looked I'd like for her to put me on a nice gal that I could experiment on, with a view to marriage. She said she would if she could hit on the right gal.

I spent a couple of hours with Martha, toppin' off with some cakes and cider she brought out. The next day, when I went home at noon, I found the dishes washed, the pots and kettles shinin' like lookin' glasses and everything spick and span. By croakey, I hardly knowed the place. That was Saturday, and I thort I oughter go over the same evenin' and thank Martha. I did so, and she said that for a few weeks she'd clean up for me every Saturday.

After that every Saturday mornin' Martha put everything to rights, and I dropped in to thank her Saturday evenin'. She said she'd do it for a few weeks, but the few weeks grew into a few months.

Meanwhile I was a-watchin' her to see if she was good all the way through or only varnished. At last I told her that I was well satisfied with the experiment and I didn't think wimmen was so onartin' after all. I'd been so encouraged by her goodness that I concluded to git married. She looked very much pleased after this and asked me who I was goin' to marry. I hadn't any one in view; but, thinkin' I oughter name somebody, inasmuch as I said I was goin' to git married, I said the gal was Matilda Bluke.

"You jest oughter seen the change in Martha. Her face got red, and her eyes fairly spit fire."

"Matilda Bluke?" she said, mighty scornful. "She doesn't know how to fry bacon. She couldn't sew a button on your coat. She couldn't even darn stockin's."

I said somethin' in defense of Matilda, but it only made Martha madder than before. She began to abuse me more'n Matilda, and when I got a trifle buffy she up and throwed a book at my head. I got out as quick as I could, but not before an instand struck me on the shoulder. It didn't hurt me, but spoiled a snit of store clothes.

The experiment was a failure. I've been cookin' and washin' dishes myself since then, and I expect to keep it up all my life.

But He Didn't Go, Even Then.

"I wish I could read your thoughts," he said.

"So do I," she replied, with a half stifled yawn. "It's so unpleasant sometimes to have to say what one thinks."—Chicago Record Herald.

DOING MASTER IT, THE CLASSIC "PRUNES, PRISMS AND PERISMONS"

and "pickled a peck of pickled peppers" come comparatively easy.

ENGLAND'S FOREIGN MINISTER.

The efforts of Sir Edward Grey to preserve the peace of Europe have made the English Foreign Minister the great outstanding figure of the day.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Subscribers Are Invited to Contribute to this Column. A communication should be signed by the writer's own name, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

Houghton, Mich., Aug. 7, 1914. Editor News:—I wish to reply to all my critics, as far as time and space will allow, and I also have some further phases of the Sunday question to present, but as Mr. Broome is one of the men to whom my article was addressed, I feel that I should reply to him first, and set him right on one or two points.

SAFE FROM THE STORM

...An... Experiment

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I'd been plantin' corn all day, and when I started for hum I met Martha Hodges.

"Evenin', Mr. Rogers," she said, "On your way home, I reckon, it must be mighty pleasant to have such a nice home as yours to go to after a hard day's work."

"It used to be 'long as mother and Anna lived, but now it's kind a lonesome. Besides, when a feller's tired out he don't want to cook his supper and wash dishes."

"Why don't you git married? Then you'd have some one to do your cookin' for you and wash the dishes and take keer of the house."

"Waal," I said, kind o' thinkin' out loud, "I don't know but that's a good idea. But it ain't so simple as would appear. First off, a feller's got to find the gal he wants, and to make it a go she's got to want him. Then, s'posin' it is a go, it's easy and cheap enough to get married; you kin git a parson to do the job for whatever you like to pay. Now, I can't hitch two critters together and expect 'em to travel easy. First off, one on 'em 'll plunge forward, and t'other 'll hang back. Then one on 'em 'll balk when the other is set down to a stiddy gait. That's the way it is when two parsons begin to travel the matrimonial road together. And, s'posin' that instead of gettin' used to the same kind o' goin' they git wuss and wuss, what you goin' to do then?"

"Oh, Mr. Rogers," says Martha, "you're a pessimist, and the wuss kind of a one."

"I don't know what that is, but I do know that gittin' married is like buyin' a pig in a poke. You kin see the gal plain enough on the outside, but you don't know what she is on the inside. She may be white as snow on the surface, and not two inches down she may be a smolderin' fire, ready to burst out at any moment."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Reckon you don't want me, and I'm not hankerin' to git married. You kin experiment on me if you like, and if you don't find out at the end o' six months that I'm what you took me for in the beginnin' I'll agree with you that wimmen is mighty deceptive."

"Well, now, that's accommodatin', I declare," I says to her. "When shall I begin?"

"Whenever you like."

"I'll commence tonight, when I've had supper and got the dishes washed."

"You needn't mind about the dishes. Jest you let 'em alone tonight. Tomorrow when you're out to work I'll go in and tidy up for you and do your dishes. Where'll I find the door key?"

"Hangin' under the porch, left side near the front."

She'd started on, and I didn't say no more. I went on hum, got my supper and tuk Martha at her word, leavin' the dishes in the pan. About 8 o'clock I went over to her house and found that she'd done her evenin' chores and was a-sittin' before a blazin' fire, darlin' stockin's. I thanked her for the offer she'd made me and told her when she'd convinced me that wimmen was jest as amiable as they looked I'd like for her to put me on a nice gal that I could experiment on, with a view to marriage. She said she would if she could hit on the right gal.

I spent a couple of hours with Martha, toppin' off with some cakes and cider she brought out. The next day, when I went home at noon, I found the dishes washed, the pots and kettles shinin' like lookin' glasses and everything spick and span. By croakey, I hardly knowed the place. That was Saturday, and I thort I oughter go over the same evenin' and thank Martha. I did so, and she said that for a few weeks she'd clean up for me every Saturday.

After that every Saturday mornin' Martha put everything to rights, and I dropped in to thank her Saturday evenin'. She said she'd do it for a few weeks, but the few weeks grew into a few months.

Meanwhile I was a-watchin' her to see if she was good all the way through or only varnished. At last I told her that I was well satisfied with the experiment and I didn't think wimmen was so onartin' after all. I'd been so encouraged by her goodness that I concluded to git married. She looked very much pleased after this and asked me who I was goin' to marry. I hadn't any one in view; but, thinkin' I oughter name somebody, inasmuch as I said I was goin' to git married, I said the gal was Matilda Bluke.

"You jest oughter seen the change in Martha. Her face got red, and her eyes fairly spit fire."

"Matilda Bluke?" she said, mighty scornful. "She doesn't know how to fry bacon. She couldn't sew a button on your coat. She couldn't even darn stockin's."

I said somethin' in defense of Matilda, but it only made Martha madder than before. She began to abuse me more'n Matilda, and when I got a trifle buffy she up and throwed a book at my head. I got out as quick as I could, but not before an instand struck me on the shoulder. It didn't hurt me, but spoiled a snit of store clothes.

The experiment was a failure. I've been cookin' and washin' dishes myself since then, and I expect to keep it up all my life.

But He Didn't Go, Even Then.

"I wish I could read your thoughts," he said.

"So do I," she replied, with a half stifled yawn. "It's so unpleasant sometimes to have to say what one thinks."—Chicago Record Herald.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Subscribers Are Invited to Contribute to this Column. A communication should be signed by the writer's own name, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

Houghton, Mich., Aug. 7, 1914. Editor News:—I wish to reply to all my critics, as far as time and space will allow, and I also have some further phases of the Sunday question to present, but as Mr. Broome is one of the men to whom my article was addressed, I feel that I should reply to him first, and set him right on one or two points.

SAFE FROM THE STORM

...An... Experiment

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I'd been plantin' corn all day, and when I started for hum I met Martha Hodges.

"Evenin', Mr. Rogers," she said, "On your way home, I reckon, it must be mighty pleasant to have such a nice home as yours to go to after a hard day's work."

"It used to be 'long as mother and Anna lived, but now it's kind a lonesome. Besides, when a feller's tired out he don't want to cook his supper and wash dishes."

"Why don't you git married? Then you'd have some one to do your cookin' for you and wash the dishes and take keer of the house."

"Waal," I said, kind o' thinkin' out loud, "I don't know but that's a good idea. But it ain't so simple as would appear. First off, a feller's got to find the gal he wants, and to make it a go she's got to want him. Then, s'posin' it is a go, it's easy and cheap enough to get married; you kin git a parson to do the job for whatever you like to pay. Now, I can't hitch two critters together and expect 'em to travel easy. First off, one on 'em 'll plunge forward, and t'other 'll hang back. Then one on 'em 'll balk when the other is set down to a stiddy gait. That's the way it is when two parsons begin to travel the matrimonial road together. And, s'posin' that instead of gettin' used to the same kind o' goin' they git wuss and wuss, what you goin' to do then?"

"Oh, Mr. Rogers," says Martha, "you're a pessimist, and the wuss kind of a one."

"I don't know what that is, but I do know that gittin' married is like buyin' a pig in a poke. You kin see the gal plain enough on the outside, but you don't know what she is on the inside. She may be white as snow on the surface, and not two inches down she may be a smolderin' fire, ready to burst out at any moment."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Reckon you don't want me, and I'm not hankerin' to git married. You kin experiment on me if you like, and if you don't find out at the end o' six months that I'm what you took me for in the beginnin' I'll agree with you that wimmen is mighty deceptive."

"Well, now, that's accommodatin', I declare," I says to her. "When shall I begin?"

"Whenever you like."

"I'll commence tonight, when I've had supper and got the dishes washed."

"You needn't mind about the dishes. Jest you let 'em alone tonight. Tomorrow when you're out to work I'll go in and tidy up for you and do your dishes. Where'll I find the door key?"

"Hangin' under the porch, left side near the front."

She'd started on, and I didn't say no more. I went on hum, got my supper and tuk Martha at her word, leavin' the dishes in the pan. About 8 o'clock I went over to her house and found that she'd done her evenin' chores and was a-sittin' before a blazin' fire, darlin' stockin's. I thanked her for the offer she'd made me and told her when she'd convinced me that wimmen was jest as amiable as they looked I'd like for her to put me on a nice gal that I could experiment on, with a view to marriage. She said she would if she could hit on the right gal.

I spent a couple of hours with Martha, toppin' off with some cakes and cider she brought out. The next day, when I went home at noon, I found the dishes washed, the pots and kettles shinin' like lookin' glasses and everything spick and span. By croakey, I hardly knowed the place. That was Saturday, and I thort I oughter go over the same evenin' and thank Martha. I did so, and she said that for a few weeks she'd clean up for me every Saturday.

After that every Saturday mornin' Martha put everything to rights, and I dropped in to thank her Saturday evenin'. She said she'd do it for a few weeks, but the few weeks grew into a few months.

Meanwhile I was a-watchin' her to see if she was good all the way through or only varnished. At last I told her that I was well satisfied with the experiment and I didn't think wimmen was so onartin' after all. I'd been so encouraged by her goodness that I concluded to git married. She looked very much pleased after this and asked me who I was goin' to marry. I hadn't any one in view; but, thinkin' I oughter name somebody, inasmuch as I said I was goin' to git married, I said the gal was Matilda Bluke.

"You jest oughter seen the change in Martha. Her face got red, and her eyes fairly spit fire."

"Matilda Bluke?" she said, mighty scornful. "She doesn't know how to fry bacon. She couldn't sew a button on your coat. She couldn't even darn stockin's."

I said somethin' in defense of Matilda, but it only made Martha madder than before. She began to abuse me more'n Matilda, and when I got a trifle buffy she up and throwed a book at my head. I got out as quick as I could, but not before an instand struck me on the shoulder. It didn't hurt me, but spoiled a snit of store clothes.

The experiment was a failure. I've been cookin' and washin' dishes myself since then, and I expect to keep it up all my life.

But He Didn't Go, Even Then.

"I wish I could read your thoughts," he said.

"So do I," she replied, with a half stifled yawn. "It's so unpleasant sometimes to have to say what one thinks."—Chicago Record Herald.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Subscribers Are Invited to Contribute to this Column. A communication should be signed by the writer's own name, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

Houghton, Mich., Aug. 7, 1914. Editor News:—I wish to reply to all my critics, as far as time and space will allow, and I also have some further phases of the Sunday question to present, but as Mr. Broome is one of the men to whom my article was addressed, I feel that I should reply to him first, and set him right on one or two points.

SAFE FROM THE STORM

...An... Experiment

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I'd been plantin' corn all day, and when I started for hum I met Martha Hodges.

"Evenin', Mr. Rogers," she said, "On your way home, I reckon, it must be mighty pleasant to have such a nice home as yours to go to after a hard day's work."

"It used to be 'long as mother and Anna lived, but now it's kind a lonesome. Besides, when a feller's tired out he don't want to cook his supper and wash dishes."

"Why don't you git married? Then you'd have some one to do your cookin' for you and wash the dishes and take keer of the house."

"Waal," I said, kind o' thinkin' out loud, "I don't know but that's a good idea. But it ain't so simple as would appear. First off, a feller's got to find the gal he wants, and to make it a go she's got to want him. Then, s'posin' it is a go, it's easy and cheap enough to get married; you kin git a parson to do the job for whatever you like to pay. Now, I can't hitch two critters together and expect 'em to travel easy. First off, one on 'em 'll plunge forward, and t'other 'll hang back. Then one on 'em 'll balk when the other is set down to a stiddy gait. That's the way it is when two parsons begin to travel the matrimonial road together. And, s'posin' that instead of gettin' used to the same kind o' goin' they git wuss and wuss, what you goin' to do then?"

"Oh, Mr. Rogers," says Martha, "you're a pessimist, and the wuss kind of a one."

"I don't know what that is, but I do know that gittin' married is like buyin' a pig in a poke. You kin see the gal plain enough on the outside, but you don't know what she is on the inside. She may be white as snow on the surface, and not two inches down she may be a smolderin' fire, ready to burst out at any moment."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Reckon you don't want me, and I'm not hankerin' to git married. You kin experiment on me if you like, and if you don't find out at the end o' six months that I'm what you took me for in the beginnin' I'll agree with you that wimmen is mighty deceptive."

"Well, now, that's accommodatin', I declare," I says to her. "When shall I begin?"

"Whenever you like."

"I'll commence tonight, when I've had supper and got the dishes washed."

"You needn't mind about the dishes. Jest you let 'em alone tonight. Tomorrow when you're out to work I'll go in and tidy up for you and do your dishes. Where'll I find the door key?"

"Hangin' under the porch, left side near the front."

She'd started on, and I didn't say no more. I went on hum, got my supper and tuk Martha at her word, leavin' the dishes in the pan. About 8 o'clock I went over to her house and found that she'd done her evenin' chores and was a-sittin' before a blazin' fire, darlin' stockin's. I thanked her for the offer she'd made me and told her when she'd convinced me that wimmen was jest as amiable as they looked I'd like for her to put me on a nice gal that I could experiment on, with a view to marriage. She said she would if she could hit on the right gal.

&lt;