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THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1912.

Mr. Debs still insists that he is going to save this country in spite of itself.

To the unprejudiced observer it would seem that the less Judge Parker bleats about campaign funds the better.

An Ohio woman sang a baby to sleep over the telephone. It would be ideal if she could also cook a meal that way.

A news dispatch conveys the information that 1,318,225 women may vote at the approaching election, and we begin to understand the warm regard of the bull moosers for the suffrage movement.

There were no personalities in the campaign of the Republican candidates for the nomination for governor. That should mean a united front against the Democratic party at the polls in November.

J. G. Rubin, the bank wrecker, has made a fortune of \$1,000,000 while in prison, according to the dispatches. And we can not help wondering whether he sold any mining stock to the warden of the penitentiary.

Although the upper peninsula expressed a preference for Martindale for governor, it gave Mr. Musselman a big vote. Both men are opposed to a tonnage tax and it was known the upper peninsula would be safe with either so far as that issue was concerned.

We are pleased that the postoffice department has modified its ruling about the handling of mail on Sundays in the postoffice. As a result there will be a little change in the Sunday mail arrangement in the Calumet P. O. The mail will be distributed as usual and holders of lock boxes will be able to get their letters and newspapers. The general delivery and call box windows will be closed, this being the only change that will be made in the service.

Amos Musselman of Grand Rapids, appears to have been nominated by several thousand majority over Frederick C. Martindale for governor on the Republican ticket. Mr. Musselman will make a good governor. He has been highly successful in business, and has the ability to make good as "general manager" of the state's affairs, which he says, he will be if elected. The race for the nomination was very close, in comparison with such contests in the past, and Mr. Martindale should feel gratified over the strong showing he made. That he and his friends will now turn to and support the ticket there is not any doubt, for Mr. Martindale is, first of all, a good Republican.

MICHIGAN PROGRESSIVES.

The recent primaries in Michigan were in no sense a test of strength of the Progressive party in Michigan, no the size of the vote the Bull Moosers will cast in November is still a matter of speculation. At the primaries the Progressives had no contests for any important offices, consequently only few Progressive votes were cast and few enrollments changed. But there are no indications that the Progressives will make serious inroads in the Republican ranks. We do not hear so much of them as we did while ago, Col. Roosevelt having lost much of the support he had when he refused to compromise at the Chicago convention and endorse Gov. Badley of Missouri for the Republican nomination, insisting on holding his own convention at which he practically nominated himself. When the Colonel showed he was insincere, having more regard for his personal ambition to again become president than principles, his following throughout the country dwindled considerably, many who had been prominent in the Progressive cause declaring their intention of remaining in the Republican ranks. In Michigan there has been a noticeable loss of enthusiasm. The sober, best thought of the Republican voters seem to be asserting itself and that a good Republican majority, although showing a reduction from

former years, will be polled in November as certain as any forecast, judged by present conditions, can be.

PUSH THE INVESTIGATION.

The investigation into the contributions made to the Roosevelt campaign in 1904 have gone just far enough to bring denials and accusations from both sides without the tender of proof. Unless those who have opened the subject can continue if further than it has been continued nothing will have been accomplished. No supporter of the Colonel has been led to desert him by reason of what has already been offered. No opponent has strengthened the case against Mr. Roosevelt by what has developed. An investigation only half finished, and which thus far has consisted only of denials and accusations on both sides, will not change one vote or opinion among the American people. If there is more to be said by either side let it be said. If there is more testimony to be offered by both sides let it be heard. If Mr. Roosevelt has been lifted into office in the past by contributions from the trusts the American people are entitled to the facts; if he has not been backed by these forces the American people are entitled to know. Let the investigation proceed.

THE NUMBER OF VOTERS.

The estimate of the census bureau of the number of voters that will take part in the November election is misleading, according to the New York World. It puts the new male voters at 2,450,000, making a total of 24,325,000 male voters in the United States. To this it adds 1,347,000 female voters in six western states where women have the suffrage.

In the last 29 years the increase in the number of actual voters in presidential elections has been much less rapid than the growth of population. The figures of the total vote in the five presidential years run as follows: 1892, 12,059,410; 1896, 13,923,102; 1900, 13,961,546; 1904, 12,728,979; 1908, 14,888,442. The population of the United States, including the territories, according to the census, was 92,347,714 in 1890, 75,994,714 in 1900 and 91,972,266 in 1910.

While the total population between 1900 and 1910 increased 15,977,691, or 21 per cent, the number of actual voters from 1900 to 1908 increased only 1,359,463, or less than 10 per cent in eight years. In 1909 more than one person voted for president to every five of population; in 1908, less than one person voted to every six of population, although the total vote was over 500,000 larger than in any previous presidential election.

The census bureau apparently has counted all persons of voting age, without regard to other considerations. Allowance must first be made for aliens and then others who are disqualified from voting for various reasons. Of the remainder a considerable proportion will fail to register, and in November a large number of registered voters always neglect to cast their ballots.

Even with the admission of the two new states of Arizona and New Mexico, the appearance of women for the first time as voters in California and Washington, and the advent of an army of first voters, a total vote of 18,000,000 for president in 1912 would be very large in the light of past records.

A DISAPPOINTING CONGRESS.

There are no eulogies of the Congress which has just passed out of existence, comments the Evening Wisconsin. It was Democratic in the lower house, and hardly could be called Republican in the Senate, for the Republicans there were divided, with insurgents for the most part ready to help the Democrats if it would put President Taft's administration into a hole. Even the Democrats, however, are not singing praises of what this Congress has done.

Its protracted session has been tiresome and lacking in every purpose but the purpose of playing small politics, while matters of much pith and moment, important to the interests of the nation independently of partisan political considerations, have been kept in the background or not allowed to get very far forward. The idea seemed to be to give the president bills containing provisions which he could not endorse without self-stultification. Appropriation bills were bedeviled with obnoxious riders. The president refused to be bullied and did not shrink from exercising the veto power and making known his reasons for taking that course. In several instances the ultimate result was that the legislative body receded and finally passed the measures in a less objectionable form.

The session was saddening to those who had hoped for great things. There were many who had expected little, and therefore are not greatly disappointed. The question will arise in some minds. If such small returns have come to the country from a Dem-

ocratic House of Representatives would it not be hazardous to pin high hopes on a Democratic presidency?

Probably it would, especially as the Democratic candidate is a man who while highly educated has had no other highly educated has had no who has changed front in regard to many fundamental policies, and since his nomination has seemed to think that the avoidance of utterances indicating decided opinion on any subject is the whole art of political strategy. If it were not for the Bull Moose movement, with a former president at its head who was elected on the Republican ticket, and whose candidacy therefore is relied upon to split the Republican vote, Wilson as the Democratic candidate would not have a ghost of a show in the approaching election—and it is by no means sure that he has as matters stand, for there is a possibility of Roosevelt's drawing some Democratic support, and there is a certainty that some Democrats will vote for Taft.

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS.

How a Woman Wept Her Way into His Sympathies. "It is extremely difficult," said Mr. Speed, "to portray adequately the exquisite pathos of Mr. Lincoln's character as manifested in his action from time to time. There was, for instance, the incident of granting a discharge to the woman's son."

"Is that all," he asked of Edward, the usher, after the usual multitude of daily visitors had entered and presented their requests, petitions or grievances. "There is one poor woman there yet, Mr. President," replied Edward. "She has been here for several days, and has been crying and taking on, and hasn't got a chance to come in yet."

"Let her in," said Mr. Lincoln. The woman came in and told her story. It was just after the battle of Gettysburg. She had a husband and three sons in the army and she was left alone to fight the hard battle of life. At first her husband had regularly sent her a part of his pay, and she had managed to live. But gradually he had yielded to the temptations of camp-life, and no more remittances came. Her boys had become scattered among the various armies, and she was without help. Would not the president discharge one of them, that he might come to her?

While the pathetic recital was going on, the president stood before the fireplace, his hands crossed behind his back, and his head bent in earnest thought. When the woman ended and waited a moment for his reply, his lips opened, and he spoke, not indeed as if he were replying to what she had said, but rather as if he were in abstracted and unconscious self-communion.

"I have two, and you have none." That was all he said. Then he walked across to his writing table at which he habitually sat, and taking a blank card, wrote upon it an order for the son's discharge; and upon another paper he wrote out in great detail where she should present it, to what department, at what office, and to what official, giving her such direction that she might personally follow the red-tape labyrinth.

A few days later, at a similar close of the general reception for the day, Edward said: "That woman, Mr. President, is here again, and still crying." "Let her in," said Lincoln. "What can be the matter now?"

Once more he stood in the woman's place before the fireplace, and for the second time heard her story. The president's card had been like a magic passport to her. By its help she had found headquarters, camp, regiment, and company. But instead of giving a mother's embrace to a lost son returned, she had arrived only in time to follow him to the grave. And now would not the president give her the next one of her boys?

Once more Mr. Lincoln responded with courteous earnestness, as if talking to himself. "I have two, and you have none," sharp and rather stern, the compassion of his lips marking the struggle between official duty and human sympathy. Then he again walked up to his little writing table and took up his pen to write for the second time an order which would give the pleading woman one of her remaining boys. And the woman, as if moved by a final impulse she could not resist, moved after him and stood by him at the table as he wrote, and with the fond familiarity of a mother, placed her hand upon the president's head and smoothed his wandering and tangled hair.—Helen Nicolay in Century Magazine.

SELF-SUPPORT FOR THE BLIND.

If the plan which Millard W. Baldwin, the new head of the Maine School for the Blind at Portland, Me., is to put into operation when the fall term of the school opens next month proves a success there will be no blind person buried in a pauper's grave or sent to a hospital as a charity patient in that city in the future. This school is an industrial one, where the blind are taught to make brooms, cane chairs, wove rugs and other trades such as are adaptable to the blind. In the past those who went there have received no compensation for their labor. They were given their board and no more.

By Mr. Baldwin's plan each man and woman will be paid on the piece system. At the end of each week his or her board will be deducted. In addition a certain per cent according to the amount earned, will be taken out and deposited to the earner's credit in a savings bank. So long as the blind person remains in the school this money cannot be taken from the bank

by him or her, except by the approval of the trustees of the school. In this way a fund will be created for each pupil for use in later life. Another feature which will be introduced in the school by the new superintendent is that of reading the newspapers to them. A certain hour will be designated, when all will gather in the big hall of the school and Mr. Baldwin will read the important news of the day to the students.

BEECHER'S READY ANSWER.

Henry Ward Beecher and Robert G. Ingersoll were great friends, despite the wide difference in their views on Christianity, and Ingersoll frequently visited the Brooklyn pastor. It seems that Mr. Beecher had a beautiful globe in his study, a gift from some great manufacturer. It was a colossal globe. On it was an excellent representation of the constellations and stars which compose them. There were the rings of Saturn and satellites of Uranus. Ingersoll was delighted with the globe. He examined it closely and turned it round and round. "It's just what I want," he said. "Who made it?" "Who made it?" repeated Beecher. "Who made this globe? Oh, nobody, colonel; it just happened!"—Kansas City Star.

Wisconsin experts to reap \$2,000,000 this year from income tax law.

Listen to the Piano Men Squeal

Oh thou image of goodness, Oh thou great of greatness, Oh thou pure of purity. This is our opinion of the good piano man that but such a nice piece of reading matter in yesterday's Evening Journal. The people of Houghton Co. ought to admire such a hero who comes to their aid so quickly. But is this good act for the benefit of the people of the selfish firm from whence it came. This little hero boy came out in print and gave the people their warning. Why doesn't this little hero boy go down to Escanaba where his own firm is selling \$100.00 Boardman & Gray piano for \$24 and they are giving you a whole year free trial and then if you don't like it you can send it back and if you do all you have to pay is \$1.90 a week. Great, isn't it? And if you don't like this particular piano they have another on by the name of Binger & Son. This piano is a \$500 piano for \$29 and they are selling it at the same terms, years free trial and 11 a week thereafter.

Then better than all they have a genuine J. P. Hale. This piano is worth \$250, but at the present sale it is only \$79 on the same terms. Of course nobody has anything from their side a right to do this but this great hero. You see they have lots of stores all over Michigan, you see that's why. They buy lots of pianos (when the manufacturers get a lot nobody else wants) all at one time, probably forty or fifty, there may be more or less. This is a great house, no doubt, 24 stores all in Michigan. Think of it. They have a bunch of estimon of these stores that draw into salaries that they have to pay making their selling expense near \$100, that's why they are heroes, when something comes along that they think isn't just right, they come right out in the paper, daily paper, and let everybody that reads that paper know about it, and let them right where to go to pay for a piano of less value. It is too bad we don't possess these necessary qualities. If we did we would get a lot more money for our pianos and wouldn't have to give a whole year's free music lessons to get them to buy here. We could save all that money and put it in our own pocket.

Had we been such good mathematicians and could have figured out just where we stood and saved some more money and sold it for \$275, instead of \$98, and we wouldn't have had to give a year's music lessons either. But one good consolation, we are selling pianos, yes, lots of 'em, and we are going to keep it up, still giving a year's free music and giving the people more for their money than any house in Michigan. We are not greedy, and we are satisfied with a small amount of profit and we are not going to hold any one up, regardless of what anybody says.

The name of the real originator of that great piece of reading matter will probably never be divulged, but in case you should learn the little hero's name, we intend to send him a check for his services as the ad was worth more to us than anybody else, and if we don't get a big fat profit on each piano, we are very generous and like to share our part. Probably while this little hero was selling his little hero ad, we were doing one of our pianos and trading in some new Steinway on same. I tell you, there is nothing like keeping your nose out of other people's business, and saw wood and say nothing when you see the other fellow has the best of you. Had this hero kept his nose out of the limelight and said nothing, his methods wouldn't have been exposed and he would be thought more of than he is now, for the majority of people know when a fellow begins knocking he is a back number and things are coming very slow.

In conclusion we wish to again publicly thank this little hero and if he will keep his good work up we will mail him a monthly check for his good services, which are so valuable to us, but we are selling the same high grade pianos at the prices and terms, and the year's free music lessons you get whether you buy our \$47 piano or \$100.00. We know after all that we have a reputation for fair and honest dealings, which his feeble attempt to shatter will not affect.

J. E. FOISY

BABY FARMS IN CHICAGO.



INFANTS BOARDED FOR \$3 TO \$7 PER WEEK AT A BIG PROFIT BECAUSE THEY REQUIRE LITTLE CARE



CHICAGO.—"Baby farming" has extended as a profitable business in Chicago. The profits accrue from starved bodies, neglected and ill-treated children, homeless and dependent upon the "farmer" with whom they are "boarded" at from three to seven dollars per week.

Most of the "farms" are situated in districts where tumbling buildings are decaying in filth and neglect. The babies are helpless and have no right of selection; they must suffer in silence and often die from disease and neglect.

The first baby farm visited by a reporter for the Sunday Tribune was kept by a middle-aged woman trying to care for eight or ten small children in cramped quarters and under poor conditions. Undoubtedly this woman meant well enough. But she needed the money. She simply could not devote enough time to each child to give it its little life a fighting chance.

A "baby farm" does not mean a place where the grass is green and there are plenty of trees and cows, but a dingy flat in the "yards" or a four-room cottage on a corner where five car lines meet. There is nothing comfortable about a "baby farm" but the income of the woman, who often appears corpulent and luxurious in contrast to the emaciated infants in her charge. Here the babies are all teeth, long hair, and legs, they are so thin. They look like cadaverous birds, opening their mouths continuously for nourishment which they do not get.

When a Tribune reporter went unbidden to one "baby farm" in the suburbs, the woman in charge turned pale and her lips trembled. She almost dropped a bottle of soothing syrup she was carrying and regained control of herself only when told that the reporter had a baby to board.

"O," she said, taking a long breath. "I thought you were from the board of health. They are inspectin' the babies somethin' fierce. Don't allow more than four children to a house, they are gettin' so strict!"

Walls from several distressed voices floated down from the attic as she spoke, and there were five children in the room. It was one of those problems of two times two are five, which essayists used to write about in school on composition week.

Mental calculation was interrupted by the door bell. A pale mother, almost lost under a sailor hat, and in a cheap long coat stood on the little stoop before the door. She wished to board her ten-days-old baby, as she had to go to work in a restaurant the next day. A whispered conference followed in the doorway. The frail mother crossed the woman's palm with three pieces of silver before she hurried off to fetch her baby.

Infants the Choice Boarders. "How old is your baby?" was asked. "A year old," I stammered, not knowing whether to make any fictitious child real young or not. Then I realized my mistake. "I like infants best. Infants sleep most of the time and don't bother me," she said, shaking the bottle of cordial significantly. "What do you charge?" I asked. "She asked for a weak child from a dirty gray blanket on the bare floor

the way down on the street car.) All I had to do at the second "baby farm" was to look around.

Room in General Disarray. On the floor in the kitchen lay four babies kicking first one pink sock in the air and then a white one. I noticed that the stockings of most of the babies were not mated. On the kitchen table stood three clothes baskets, and in each was an infant wailing piteously. In the corners, on chairs, beside the kitchen range, hanging like cocoons everywhere were baskets with babies sleeping on pillows turned brown from uncleanness.

There were nine in the kitchen alone, in the next room were more frail babies, howling from their go-carts, cribs, and baskets. And in the front room more babies cried. An infant covered by a mosquito bar lay apart. She had sore eyes.

Milk Not Even Boiled. A seventeen-year-old mother stood leaning over a sleeping baby in the parlor. "He's mine. His name is Fred," she whispered. "Doesn't he look bad? They almost killed him after I left him here six weeks. He was so neglected that he had spasms. I had to give up my work in the factory and watch him for three weeks. He's still thin. The doctor said he was starving by inches.

"One time when I came to visit him I found him drinking raw milk that had not been boiled. Another time when I came unexpectedly to see my baby I found a strange baby wearing my baby's clothes.

"The superintendent of the 'baby farm' is cruel to the older children. She's too strict, doesn't allow them to play in the yard, and makes them sit in a chair all day when she is around. She sends them off to school without breakfast, and they have only bread and molasses for lunch. One morning I had a spare hour before I had to be at the factory. I ran down to see my baby. I did not see the older children eating breakfast. I asked Mary, the oldest child, if she had had her breakfast. She answered that none of the children had.

"As a punishment, the superintendent of the 'baby farm' makes the children stand in a corner for hours when they are naughty. She has a dark closet for the mischievous ones. She pours castor oil and other lubricants down the throats of youngsters who tell falsehoods or wash their mouths out with strong soap to keep them from telling 'stories.' They must play in a subdued way in the kitchen, if they play at all."

Little Incentive to Laughter. I glanced at the three little girls and the one little boy sitting around the kitchen table stacking a deck of greasy playing cards. They looked as if they never smiled.

The maid boiled a bottle of milk from the tin boiler, full of hot water, on the kitchen range. She carried it into the second room. A loud scream of pain came from the second room. The seventeen-year-old mother and I ran to the rescue of the infant in distress. The mother reached the child first. She cooled the hot bottle of milk under a faucet in the kitchen.

"How they attend to babies, giving them boiling milk," snapped the mother, trying to relieve the burned child's pain, while the maid mumbled: "I know how the milk should be. It's not too hot."

It is usually one long, hard struggle with neglect and continuous discomfort for the children. Two infants were killed from underfeeding at one "farm," the records show; one child is whipped with a rawhide by an attendant, the mother claimed; a baby's fingers were burned; an infant was scalded on the side when the mother called for a visit. Anyhow, the sixteen infants in this "baby farm" in the third floor flat down in the "yards" looked like plants kept away from the sun.

Many Reasons for Seclusion. The children are kept housed for many reasons; because the neighbors do not like to have so many children around, and give the superintendent of a "baby farm" trouble in finding a flat, because there is danger from contagious disease when infants are taken abroad, or because the woman "farmer" is too proud to let it be known that she boards babies for a living.

One proprietor of a "baby farm" has four grown daughters who are devotees of fashion. These daughters object to the "baby farm" and the infants, although they have no compunctions against spending the income from this source. One daughter attends normal school from money earned by her mother in the "baby farm," yet daughter will do nothing for the babies when at home. She dislikes to have them around.—Chicago Tribune.

As to the Saving Habit. Archie Levy at recent banquet given to mining engineers at Chicago told the following story: "Habit is simple thing, easy to acquire, but hard to break. The best definition of it I ever heard was applied to the term habit of saving, and was told by the writer Ik Marvel. One day he was reading in his study, and his companion was his young nephew. The boy was reading a book and suddenly he came upon the word, which he did not understand, when he turned to his uncle and said, 'And what's habit?'"

"His uncle said, 'It depends what kind of habit you mean.' " "Habit of saving," the boy explained. "That's simple enough," the uncle remarked. "It is a man's foolishness to have or acquire. They deprive themselves of the things they want now for the things they may want in 30 years from now."

Lilacs and Lilacs! Mr. Cliffe—"By George! I'm going to get into our suburban home I'm going to grow lilacs." Mrs. Cliffe—"Don't do it, Henry. I like you much better smooth shaved."

Varying Grades of Caviar. The finest caviar is the beluga, prepared from the roe of the white sturgeon; little less fine is the sevruga, prepared from the sterlet sturgeon. Both are put up at Astrakhan, Russia.

In Boyhood Days. There are no cherries now grown that compare in flavor with those we used to pick and eat while Farmer Jones was at the other end of his farm.—Harrisburg Telegraph.