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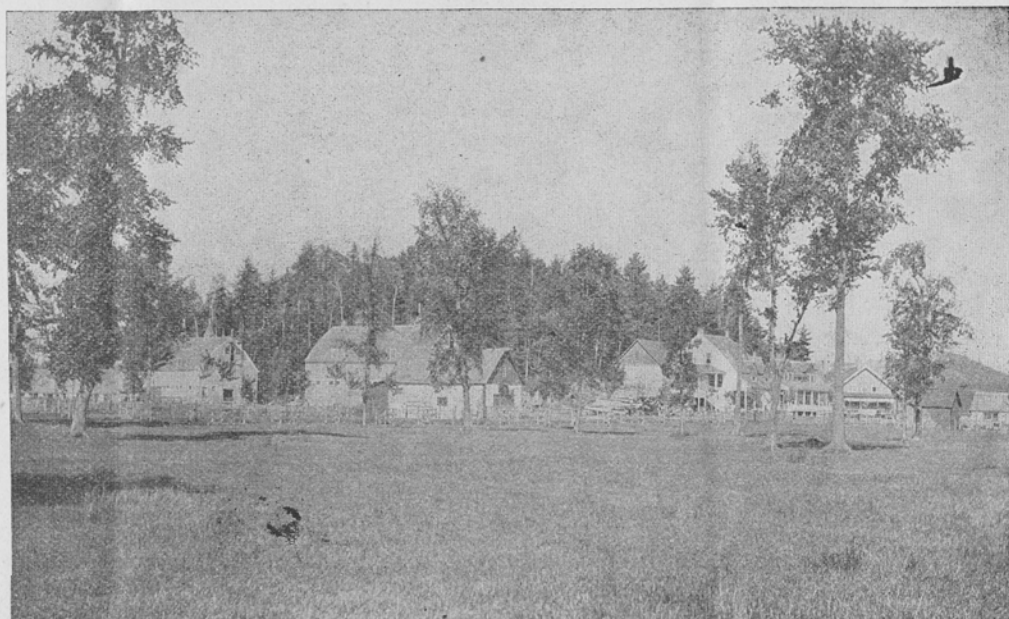
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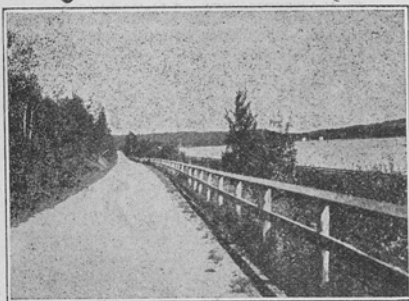


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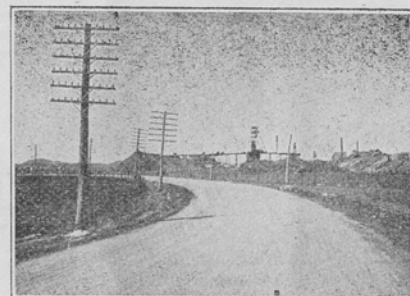
Cloverland: One of the SIX National Touring Objectives. Over 12,000 automobile visitors during season of 1919.



Cloverland Trail

The Scenic Boulevard That Links
Together Michigan's Iron Ranges

By WILLIAM K. GIBBS



HUNDREDS of years ago when the giant glacier swept southward from the Arctic, chiseled the shore lines of the Great Lakes, dotted the Central West with countless smaller lakes, and otherwise fashioned the contour of the country in the upper Mississippi Valley, this monster ice sheet very kindly deposited a part of its vast load in three distinct and separate sections of Cloverland—otherwise the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

You motorists who are familiar with the states of the central division, or who think you are familiar with those states north of the Mason and Dixon line and west of Ohio to the Rockies, have something to learn if you imagine that the rolling slopes of Indiana, the prairies of Illinois, or the gently undulating topography of Iowa have all the charm that the man imbued with the spirit of wanderlust can hope for. You who seek out the Rockies, the Adirondacks, the White, Green, Blue Ridge, or Cumberland mountains, secure in the belief that scenically there is nothing even approaching mountainous in the environs of the Great Lakes, read and heed.

Cloverland, a section which embraces the entire fifteen counties of Upper Michigan, can justly be proud of its rugged iron ranges, of which there are three—the Menominee, Gogebic and Marquette—that, separately, or as a whole, remind one of a miniature Colorado. You who have seen and gloried in Colorado's Rockies will find the same enchantment, the same colorings, the same charm on the Michigan iron range. True, you will not find the extreme heights, the yawning chasms and the bald peaks nude of verdure of any kind. Here is a combination of rugged country with all the kaleidoscopic mantle of Nature, which she produces only in the lower altitudes.

Linking these three ranges are roads, which, for continuously high grade and condition, the counterpart has not yet been found by the writer east of the Rockies. As has been said there are three distinct ranges, each with its especial charm, and hence it will be necessary to divide this story into three sections.

There is no reason why the Menominee range should be given first consideration except that the tourist entering Cloverland by the Menominee gateway encounters it first. Menominee, being the easier and most popular means of ingress into this fairland of the north, sees its tide of motor traffic ever increasing. Let us assume, then, that you will choose to enter Cloverland via Menominee, if you decide to enter at all (it will be your loss if you don't) and we will cover the Menominee range first.

As the skyline of Menominee fades out of the rear view mirror on your spotlight, before you will stretch something over forty miles of perfect road, straight as an arrow, pleading with you to induce your motor to sing its song of the highway in ragtime, jazz tempo. When Wisconsin's fa-

mous Route 15 along the shore of Green bay crosses the Michigan-Wisconsin line it becomes the Cloverland Trail.

Some places the woodsman's axe has laid bare the countryside; in others there are stands of heavy timber. Habitation is scarce, but the road is ex-

is Escanaba, Manistique, the Soo and several other prominent Lake Superior ports. To the left is the Menominee range and still farther, the Gogebic.

The principal city of the Menominee range is Iron Mountain, about thirty miles west of Spalding. Almost

Like all mountain roads which never seem in a hurry to get anywhere, that is, they wind about and seem uncertain where they will go next, the Cloverland trail wends its serpentine way westward. You rise some 1,500 feet between Spalding and Iron Mountain.

If you have ever been in a position truthfully to repeat the famous Pershing phrase, "Lafayette, we are here," you very likely are familiar with the layout of streets in European villages. If you haven't been across, mayhap the movies have shown you. If neither of these suppositions are true, your first glimpse of Vulcan, twenty miles west of Spalding, will be a surprise. Houses are built right up to the edge of the road or street and the street is so crooked that you are fortunate if you can see more than

a block or two of it at one time. Even the houses—miners' abodes—are peculiar in construction. If you were suddenly dropped down in Normandy or Flanders you could find nothing more unique or similar.

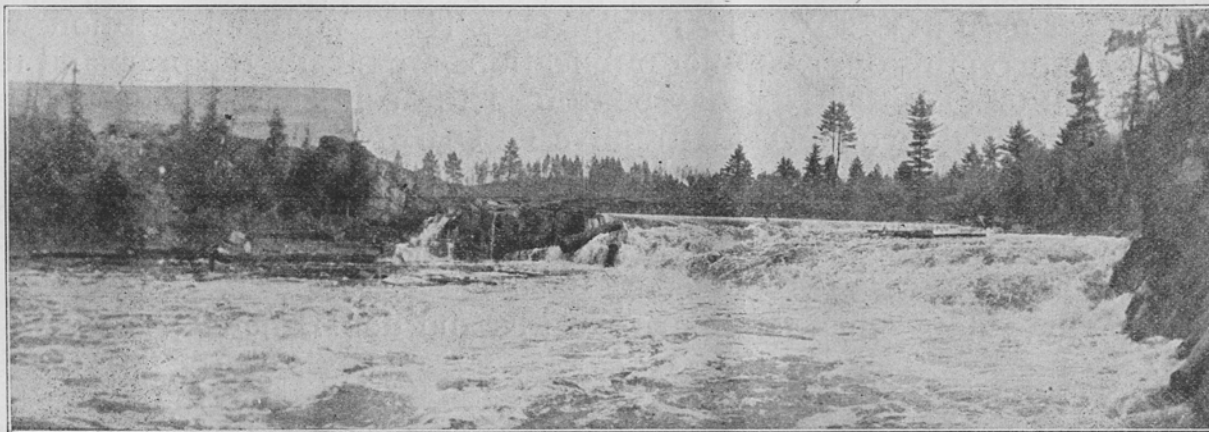
What is true of Vulcan and its streets and houses is equally true of its neighboring mining town of Norway, built so close together that their limits seem to merge. Some seven miles beyond you come to the rim of a bowl, in the bottom of which nestles the city of Iron Mountain, home of the deepest iron mine in the Menominee range, and a town with the distinction of having three good sized lakes within its limits.

Iron mining began in the Iron Mountain district some thirty-three years ago and the average annual production now approximates 3,000,000 tons. The Oliver interests produce the bulk of this tonnage, but there are several other companies producing. Iron Mountain is what I would call a typical mining town of the better class. It is not so very much unlike such mining towns in the Colorado Rockies as Leadville, Salida and Cripple Creek, although, of course, the altitude is lower and the mantle of vegetation surrounding seems more colorful.

Dickinson county, of which Iron Mountain is the capital city, does not lack for any of the charms which tourists expect to find. Fine fishing—both trout and their scaly brothers—interests many disciples of Isaak Walton throughout the season. Camping places are many along the wooded shores of lakes and streams.

Nature has been kind in furnishing some rare and beautiful falls in the streams tributary to Iron Mountain. For example, there is the Twin Falls of the Menominee river, three miles up the river from Iron Mountain. Here is found the Peninsula power plant, a hydro-electrical station of no mean calibre. Just above the power plant the Cloverland trail to the west crosses the broad expanse of the Menominee into Wisconsin, coming back into the Wolverine state just west of Florence, Wis.

Another interesting sight is the Lower Falls of the Menominee, two



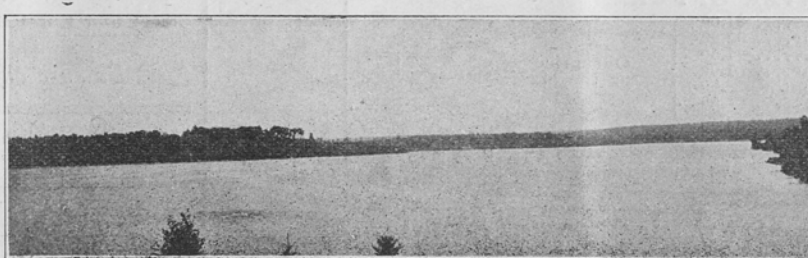
Lower Twin Falls of the Menominee River Near Iron Mountain

cellent macadam and the visionary narrowing stretches far in the distance beckon you on and are as elusive as the rainbow end until you reach Spalding and join the east and west trunk line through Cloverland. To the right

from the moment you leave Spalding you begin climbing through forests which bring home to you what Longfellow meant when he penned the first lines of "Acadia:" "This is the forest primeval—"



No Other Driveway Like This in the World—a Macadam Road Through Fifty Miles of Virgin Forest



Glimpses of Tamarack Lake from Cloverland Trail Over the Tree Tops

(Continued on page 30)

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CLOVERLAND TRAIL

(Continued from page 28)

and one-half miles south of Iron Mountain. This is the home of the Hydraulic Works, which furnishes power and air in the mines.

Spread Eagle lakes, seven miles west of Iron Mountain, are a mecca for tourists. Thirteen distinct bodies of water, the sheen of which is like molten silver, stretch over the landscape in such a way that, were you to see them all from an airplane would remind you of the eagle on American coins from the mouth of which floats a banner bearing the legend: "E Pluribus Unum." Even the legend holds true of Spread Eagle lakes—they are "one formed of many."

Many cottages, good fishing, camping and hunting can be had at Spread Eagle and in the vicinity.

If you were thoughtful and brought along the old golf sticks you are fortunate; if you did not bring them—well—you will regret it when you see the Pine Grove golf course. If you stop at the Hotel Milliman, which you probably will, C. H. Milliman will hardly let you get away without seeing the course. As nearly as I could gather C. H. golfs not a little.

From various sources information came to me that the Pine Grove links took precedence in "sportiness" over any other in this country. World's champions have played there and have declared even Scotland offers nothing better. The fairways have been veritably hewn out of a pine forest, the greens have the velvet appearance of any you find at the millionaires' exclusive club, the hazards are many and if a slang expression may be pardoned, they are "some" hazards. Some of the fairways follow up and around the periphery of a hill. A hook or a slice might help, but it is best to stay out of the rough for once in, you might as well drop another ball and proceed. You are certainly in the woods when you get in the rough here.

Many golf enthusiasts come each year from remote parts of the country in order to play on this course because it is unique in the realm of golf. Then, again, aside from the magnetic attraction mentioned, the odor of pine and balsam has a soothing effect on the nerves and makes for a better game. The club house is ample and the tourist is welcome; he needs no invitation and his is the loss if he does not cover the nine holes at least once.

Adjoining the Pine Grove golf links is a deer park where various wild game can be found and studied. Pheasants, white guinea hens also are quartered here at the expense of philanthropic Iron Mountainites.

So much for the center of the Menominee iron range. We must be getting along west to the Gogebic, but there is so much of interest along the Cloverland Trail between the two ranges that one senses Nature at her best and tarries long if time permits.

You follow the Menominee river west, part of the time on the Wisconsin side, the remainder on the Michigan side. The river forms the state boundary.

The western end of the Menominee range lies in Iron county just west of Dickinson. Crystal Falls, Iron River, Stambaugh and other smaller towns along the Cloverland Trail add their quota to the millions of tons of iron ore coming out of the iron region. Lumbering, too, is one of the leading industries.

The Balkan mine at Alpha, just before you reach Crystal Falls, is the largest open pit mine south of the Gogebic range. West of Crystal Falls five miles is the Fortune chain of lakes, where there are many cottages and plenty of camping and boarding accommodations for tourists. A few miles farther is the road leading off the Cloverland Trail to Chicagoan lake, which promises to be one of the coming recreation points on the south side of the peninsula, rivalling the

popularity of Lake Gogebic, well known to resorters of the Middle West. Chicagoan lake is four miles long and about a mile and one-half wide. Surrounded by virgin forests on every side, this lake offers fine fishing and bathing. Opportunities to camp are plentiful and there are some cottages. A project is under way to build a hotel, a large number of cottages and a pavilion on the south shore to be ready next summer.

Iron River, a prosperous mining town of more than twenty mines, comes next on the way to the Gogebic range. Leaving Iron River you begin a drive through magnificent timber lining either side of the trail and forming an archway of verdure through which the shafts of sunlight piercing the leafy canopy throw fantastic pictures and a network of shadows over the smooth white surface of the road. Tourists never get over singing the praises of this part of the Cloverland Trail.

Splendid gravel smooth and hard as the old pikes common to the East before the gasoline vehicle was in swaddling clothes, winds through this heritage of nature, first on the summit of a lofty hill, then dipping in the valley, crossing and recrossing numerous trout streams with an occasional glimpse of a beautiful lake or a bathing pool for deer, on and on through densely shaded stretches of awe inspiring silence, for the axe never has touched this enormous tract of timber except for the four-rod blazed trail that connects the east and west of Cloverland. Deer, rabbits, porcupines, gophers, squirrels, partridge and countless varieties of birds are seen with increasing frequency as you go deeper into this forest primeval.

Golden and Tamarack lakes are the two largest lakes on the Cloverland Trail in Iron county. Tamarack is on the line between Iron and Gogebic counties. What has been said of the road between Iron River and the Iron county line holds equally true in Gogebic. In the vicinity of Watersmeet the road builders left a giant pine tree in the middle of the road like a safety island in a boulevard. This lonesome veteran of the forest stands like a mighty sentinel to guard its smaller brothers.

Miles and miles with nothing but woods on either side and a boulevard under you—occasionally a patch of blue shining through the leafy canopy of green overhead. Would you speed through such scenery as this? The road permits, there is no country constable to raise a warning hand, in fact there is scarcely anyone to be seen except brother motorists, but somehow you are loathe to leave this forest wonderland. You take your time and make it last as long as possible.

From Watersmeet you begin climbing again; climbing toward the Gogebic range. All the route is well marked and some five or six miles before reaching Marenisco a road to the right leads down to Lake Gogebic, a superb body of water with thickly wooded shores. Here is a favorite week-end spot for people of the Middle West. Special trains run in from the Twin Cities, Chicago and Wisconsin points. Good hotel accommodations and plenty of cottages make this lake resort especially attractive. The lake is but three miles off the Cloverland Trail and anyone is well repaid for the time in making the side trip if only to view the lake and its surroundings.

When Lake Gogebic interest wanes, but it never does, and you leave only because you have no more time, head your car for the open road and pick up the Cloverland Trail again where you left it. Five or six miles brings you to Marenisco where you cross the Presque Isle river, a beautiful stream and a paradise for campers and nimrods.

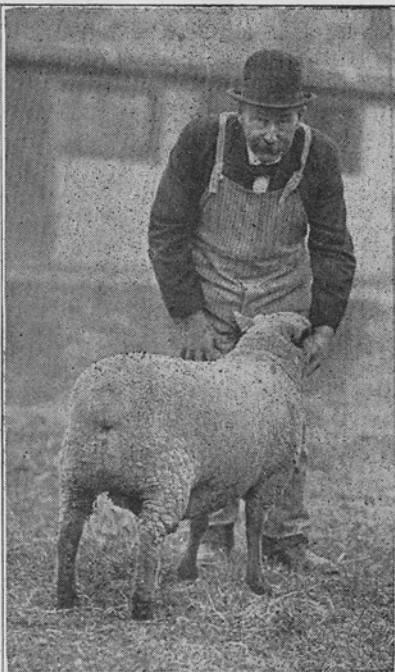
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name. For years this county has been the lumberman's mint and the iron miner's treasure trove. Millions of wealth have been taken from Nature here and a generous part of this wealth has gone toward making highways that are second to none in this country. No matter whether you wish to hunt, fish, smell the delicious odor of pine or hemlock, Gogebic county and the Gogebic range is the place. It's just a bit of heaven that you can't afford to miss. Climate is ideal; early dawns, prolonged twilights, cool nights make it the spot you have dreamed of so often and found so seldom.

The first indication of mining that greets the eye as you go west from Marquette is the famous open pit mines at Wakefield. Here are the largest and practically the only open pit mines in the whole Upper Michigan iron ranges. Perhaps I had better explain the difference between open pit mining and underground mining. That sentence is explanatory in itself. In open pit mining the surface earth is removed to the beds of ore and all of the mining is done by steam shovel. A glance at the Wakefield mines reminds one of the Culebra Cut in the Panama Canal, with which everyone is familiar either through having seen the canal or having seen it in photograph and movies.

Most of the iron mining in Michigan is underground, that is, a shaft is sunk and the ore hoisted by means of cable and mammoth buckets. In Wakefield, however, the steam shovel picks up the ore and deposits it on the cars or alongside of railway sidings ready for loading on cars. Practically all of the mining on the Mesaba range in Northern Minnesota is open pit work. This is the most inexpensive form of iron mining and the Mesaba range produces four-fifths of the ore that finds its way down through the lakes to the smelters and furnaces of Gary, South Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and other points famous for their steel mills. Wakefield is the one example on a large scale to be found in Michigan where the least expensive form of mining can be studied.

Bessemer, a few miles to the west of Wakefield, is a big producer of iron ore. The name "Bessemer" is commonly known throughout the world. Bessemer, as a name, means to iron what sterling means to silver. It is

the trade name for the best quality of steel products. Whether the city of Bessemer took its name from the trade cognomen, or the grade of steel had its derivation from the city, I shall not attempt to tell you. The topography of the country between Wakefield and Bessemer, and on to Ironwood, the third member of the trio of cities that go to make up the Gogebic range producing points, is rugged. Chiseled by Nature, the rocky crags, precipitous declivities and deep ravines, mostly clothed in a mantle of vegetation, remind one so much of the Rockies. I know of no expression I could coin that would be more interpretive than: "the miniature Colorado of Upper Michigan."

Whereas, a veritable boulevard links the Menominee range with the Gogebic, extending through Wakefield and on to Bessemer, nothing but the adjective "super" fits the boulevard connecting Bessemer with Ironwood, the latter city being the metropolis of the Gogebic range and promising soon to be the metropolis of Upper Michigan.

Ironwood, the name signifies its industries—iron and wood, or wood products. Eleven million tons of iron ore come from the Gogebic range annually, practically all finding its way to eastern points through the port of Ashland, Wis.

Ironwood has a true valuation of over \$30,000,000 and it is dependent upon the operation of the Newport, Norrie, Papst and Ashland mines for its existence.

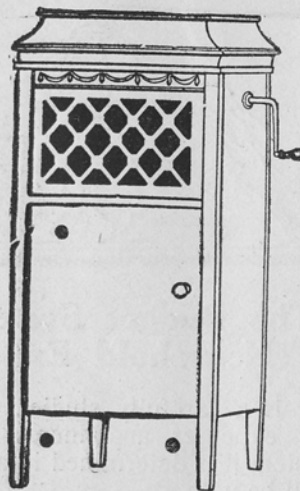
It will be equally as interesting to retrace your way back through the trio of iron cities on the Gogebic range and retracing will be necessary if you would visit the Marquette range, which lies south and west of Marquette. Let us suppose then, that we have retraced our steps to Crystal Falls. Then we take another road to Sagola and thence north through enchanting forests on the right and left—forests with the virginity of the sixties—and to the front and rear the modernization of a macadamized highway.

Before entering the Marquette range digress for a moment, while I tell you that Lake Michigan is but five miles west of Humboldt. The charms of Michigamme are a story in themselves, but right here let me say that you cannot afford to overlook this sheet of water with its fifty-five miles of shore line and thirty-two islands which stud its surface like the jewels in a sunburst. "Twere paradise, enow," Omar might have rhymed of Michigamme naq nis nabuat been Cloverland instead of Persia.

You probably have discovered that names of towns, lakes, rivers and mines in Upper Michigan are mostly of Indian and French derivation and the two principal cities of the Marquette range are not exceptions. Ishpeming, which is the largest of the cities in this iron-producing region, was given its name by the Indians and means "big heaven," or "high heaven," this name being given because of its high altitude—1,402 feet—while its neighbor, although the line of demarcation is less pronounced than is the imaginary line between "big heaven," and "little hell," the more expressive than descriptive meaning given by the Indians to the word, "Negaunee." Negaunee bears the distinction of being the point where the first iron ore was discovered in Michigan and a monument marks the spot. The inscription on this monument bears this legend:

"This monument was erected by the Jackson Iron Company in October, 1904, to mark the first discovery of iron ore in the Lake Superior region. The exact spot is 300 feet north-easterly from this monument to an iron post. The ore was found under the roots of a fallen pine tree in June, 1845, by Marj Gesick, a chief of the Chippewa tribe of Indians. The land was secured by a mining 'permit' and the property was subsequently developed by the Jackson Mining Company, organized July 23, 1845."

Here, then, was the modest beginning of iron mining in the Lake Superior region that has developed into a mammoth industry. Mining really began in earnest here in 1856 and 1857. A few small shipments were



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made in 1852 and Marquette began shipping ore regularly in 1856. Mesaba, Gogebic, Menominee and Marquette produce the bulk of the country's supply of iron, about one-fifth of the total production of the four ranges coming from the three latter mentioned.

The Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company is the largest producer of iron in this district outside the Steel Corporation. Its chief workers are in Ishpeming, but the ramifications of this company are many and their interests are stretched along both Superior and Michigan shores. Not only is the company an iron producer, but it has vast lumber interests as well.

Ishpeming is the center of the mining activities in the Marquette range and is a model mining town. The mining organizations offer prizes for the best kept premises, the best vine-planting, window boxes, gardening and vegetable gardens. The streets of the city are ideal. Practically every miner owns his own home.

The famous Cliffs Drive, beginning and ending in Ishpeming, is noted for its scenic beauty, circling the highest points and affording an excellent view of the surrounding country. There are many lakes of interest, but Michigamme, mentioned previously, leads them all in size and beauty.

Besides iron, the Marquette range produces some very rare Verde antique marble; also gold and silver, though these are not produced in quantities.

To Marquette range, as has been said, the honor goes of producing the first iron ore. Menominee was second, having produced the first ore in 1873 and had its first shipment in 1877. Gogebic was the last range to begin producing, its activities having begun in 1883, its first shipments coming in 1886.

The Cloverland iron range embraces some of the finest scenery to be found throughout the great central west and is on a par with any point in the United

States for grandeur and beauty. In the Rockies you are appalled by the magnitude of the towering crags and yawning chasms. You feel so insignificant; realize how small a part of the world you really are. Here in the Cloverland iron ranges you find things more your own size, so to speak. No one will say to you: "See that peak, yonder; that's 14,103½ feet above sea level." In the West they pride themselves on height. In Cloverland you get the real beauty of mountain colorings, brought sufficiently near for you to admire at close range. Moses had to stand on the mountain and view the promised land from afar, much the same as you have to do in the Rockies. Here you can go Moses' one better; you not only can view from afar, but you can get right into this treasure trove of nature, seek out her rendezvous, in short, her secrets are before you like an open book.

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