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# Why Is Marquette County a Good Place in Which to Live?

By KATHLEEN CARNEY

**“W**HY Is the World Round?” Scientists and others have written millions of words and consumed tons of paper in attempting to explain this phenomenon when a satisfactory answer could have been given in three words: “Because it is.” This homely comparison applies to the theme of this composition, but someone insists that we exercise our gray matter and compile “not less than 500 words” on a subject that could be sufficiently covered in three. Being dutiful students we cheerfully comply with orders from our superiors, but in so doing will try to cut down much that comes into our mind that this essay may not stretch out to an unreasonable and tiresome length.

We know that Marquette County is a good place in which to live because our fathers, mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers have told us they have found it so by personal experience, and they in turn have similar testimony from the “oldest inhabitants” who were here when the diorite bluffs were bluffing their way heavenward and the great auk wandered awkwardly in the valley of the Carp. The evidence is indisputable, and is handed down to us as a heritage from those who could not possibly be charged with outside motives. Hence we accept it as the truth, though hearsay, but there are supporting arguments to which we can attest individually.

Our forefathers acted wisely when they chose this spot as the scene of future activities. The location, midway between the Tropic of Cancer and the Arctic Circle, is a guarantee against extremes of heat and cold, and were a crow to fly from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., the fact that Marquette County would be the logical resting place between flights, also has its significance. Had the 1920 census included the whole of North America the center of population would no doubt be found in our front or back yard. Thirty-six hours from Broadway; thirty-six hours from the Mardi Gras, and thirty-six hours from the Rockies add prestige to our position. Location is important; in fact, it is everything. When we go to the theater we occupy loggia seats that we may see and be seen; at the ball game we sit directly behind home plate, roast the “umps” and players that all may know we are present; at the skating rink we cut pigeon wings and figure eights to attract attention, and in our boudoir we gaze into the mirror and secretly admire our beauty—we are not vain, just human!

Marquette County is in the lime-light because a kind Providence has so placed it. In enumerating its many virtues we would not make so bold as to say that the sun shines over Marquette all the time that rain is descending on Chippewa; that there are more “loons” to the acre here than in Luce; that the moon and moonshine are mellowier in Marquette than in Delta; that our grasses are more nourishing than Menominee's; that Iron and Dickinson politicians are

less shrewd than Marquette's; that we eclipse Gogebic in purity and volume of mineral; that “climate energy” is more energetic here than in Ontonagon; that our ozone-laden atmosphere is warmer and more highly charged than Houghton's, or that everything outside of Marquette County is Sahara, but we do insist that all the elements necessary to a harmonious whole are to be found here in a perfect blend. It is the abiding place of contentment; health, pleasure and opportunity beckon from every hill-top, and there are no toll gates guarding the entrances to this Promised Land. The foregoing may be treason to other Upper Peninsula counties, but we will let it go just the same.

The population of Marquette County is, as a rule, composed of congenial, wholesome, rugged, prosperous and progressive people with whom it is a pleasure to meet and engage in business or social intercourse. They are strict adherents to the principle of “live and let live” and religiously follow the biblical injunction to “help one another.” Socially, they are sympathetic, hospitable and courteous; when a native greets a stranger he's glad to see you, he says so, and you believe it; when you have shaken hands with a half dozen sturdy denizens, you know it, for his grip and manner are convincing. This spirit of friendliness is common to all our people, and, while the population is cosmopolitan in character, its cordiality and Americanism are outstanding.

The climate of the Upper Peninsula generally, and Marquette County particularly, is invigorating and innervating. The cooling influences of Lake Superior make the Summers ideal, and inversely they have a similar effect on the Winters, assuring an equable temperature suited to our comfort, needs and pleasures. Destructive cyclones and floods are unknown here, the ranges of “hog-backs” and the many stately buttes breaking up a whirlwind in its infancy, while excellent drainage prevents the accumulation of surplus waters. Here it is not necessary to anchor one's home with steel cables to keep it on its foundation, nor does one have to go through the irritating routine of bailing out the kitchen before breakfast. The “weather man” is our perennial friend. History tells us that Mary Queen of Scots found fault with the Scotch climate while waiting to be beheaded. Had she been a resident of Marquette County and voiced a like complaint local opinion would have agreed that her fate was deserved.

For the lover of out-of-doors we have much to offer. The woods abound with deer, hare, partridge and other animal and bird life native to this section; the lakes, hundreds of them, teem with perch, bass, pickerel, etc., while the clear, cold streams are alive with brook trout, the gameness of which we can personally vouch. Last Summer we hooked a speckled beauty that resisted stubbornly. It measured fifteen inches in length, weighed two

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# Good Place in Which to Live

(Continued from page 12)

pounds, and put up a fight that increased our already high regard for this aristocrat of the finny tribe. For a brief interval it was an even chance whether the fish would leave its element or we would enter it, but by employing anglers' tactics we managed to avoid a ducking.

Beaver, mink, otter, skunk, muskrat, squirrel and porcupine are plentiful, while it is not uncommon for those who deeply penetrate the "fall and uncut" to encounter a wolf, bear or bobcat, with the attendant thrills. This is, indeed, the sportsman's or the sportswoman's paradise, whether he or she hunts with gun, trap, camera or club.

Industrially we occupy a strong position. Our mines of iron ore are noted the world over for the persistence of deposits and the purity of their contents, the ores of this county being in great demand for the manufacture of the very highest grades of steel. Mining has been carried on here the last seventy years, and we are told by those who profess to know that "the surface has yet only been scratched," and that the stores of mineral wealth are inexhaustible. It was so with the pine! However, we will not worry on that score. In the process of winning the ore up-to-date methods are employed, operations being conducted along modern, scientific lines. We read of the pitch, trend and strike of the ore veins, but to the average person not versed in mining ore these descriptions have but slight meaning. Our vague understanding of this underground "slang" is that the early explorers and pioneers in the mining game pitched in right manfully, that the trend of affairs since has been onward and upward and that strikes have been few and far between, which, we compliment ourself, explains the terms quite satisfactorily. The mining companies are progressive, liberal, treat their employes fairly and are of great assistance in many ways to the communities in which they operate.

We are yet in our swaddling clothes, agriculturally, but the possibilities are encouraging. In former years mining has occupied the center of the stage to the almost utter exclusion of farming, but the latter is now coming into its own by leaps and strides that will soon make it a dangerous rival for first honors in the industrial race. Not wishing to offend the Upper Peninsula Development Bureau, which is

doing effective work in advertising the advantages of this district agriculturally and vigorously boosting the "onto the land" movement, we will forego further comment lest we be charged with stealing the bureau's thunder.

Beautiful scenery, healthful climate and splendid highways are features which appeal strongly to visitors. These are so numerous and come from so many different sections that they afford very good evidence that ours is as good a country as we claim. There is so much to be seen here that is new to the wild and woolly westerners, the effete easterners and the somnolent southerners, and their reception is so cordial that they go away singing our praises and return in increased numbers. Soon they will be coming in the Winter when our facilities for entertainment and pleasure become better known. They will enjoy skiing, snowshoeing, skating, coasting, mix up with old Jack Frost, and with the blood quickening in their veins be thankful for the privilege of sharing in the glories of a Marquette County Winter.

Again, the climate! We claim it is one of our most valuable assets, and wish to emphasize this point because of the false impression that prevails among those not familiar with the facts. The district has been dubbed by newspaper jokesmiths "the land of nine months Winter and three months poor sleighing," "the frozen north," "the lair of the Laps," "the land of the midnight sun," and other slanderous allusions that should not be permitted to stand unchallenged. These silly flings must supply pleasant reading for city "lounge lizards" and "parlor pinks," but to Upper Peninsula people they are offensive in the ninth degree and stroke the fur in the wrong direction. We have read carefully prospectuses issued by Adirondack, Florida and California resorts lauding their weather, and have been unable to discover anything in them that would even feebly describe climatic conditions that prevail in the neighborhood of Lat. 46-30 N., Long. 87-30 W., better known from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Baffin Bay to the Gulf by the euphonious and distinctive agnomen, "The Heart of Cloverland."

"Why is Marquette County a good place in which to live?"

Because it is—and—

"What is IS?"