I've Been Thinking

By Charles Battell Loomis

MY dear young mother, will you pardon me if I address a few words to you on the subject of Theodore? I have noticed for some time how vigilant has been your care for the manly little fellow. You will not let him play with Tommy Perkins in the summer because Tommy says "Gosh!" You have forbidden him to associate in the slightest degree with Eddy Conway because Eddy smokes cigarettes, and you have threatened to have his father chastise him if he has anything to do with Aleck Saunders because Aleck swears like a trooper in Flanders.

You have done all these things in order that Theodore's language may be free from the tares that might otherwise choke it, but have you been careful in all things? Have you seen to it that the records of the talking machine that you bought for his delectation are up to your own high standard of grammar and culture? I trow not.

A phonograph need not be vulgar if its early associates are of the proper kind, but I notice that many of them are vulgar. One gets the impression that they have copied the speech of coarse and uncultivated men. Phonographs have absolutely no creative ability, but they are with in certain limitations absolute mimics and they have the knack of picking up the phrases of men whom you would never think of admitting to your drawing room.

You were horrified the other day at the notion of letting dear Theodore go to one of the most respectable of continuous shows, but the new record that came to him that afternoon had mimicked word for word a monologue that never would have been allowed upon the boards of that theater. His little friends Aloysius and Van Sutphen and Saltonstall use an English remarkable for its purity of inflection and intonation, but that phonograph record has a diction unspeakably vulgar. It is not alone the thing it says, but the nasty way it says it, that makes it a poor companion for Theodore.

Pardon me, my dear young mother, but I can't help laughing at you just a little. You take Theodore to the symphony concerts that he may cultivate his musical taste, but I never hear him whistling any movement from Beethoven's, Schubert's or Schumann's symphonies. Yet that inexpressible street song that emerged from the phonograph last week was his in a half hour, both words and music—and vulgarity. I believe that Mrs. Perkins would have spanked Tommy if he had sung it in her presence, although she does tolerate his "Gosh!"

I really can't blame the talking machine. It has no conscience; it has no pride of ancestry to keep it in the right way. It has simply a warlike receptive capacity and absolutely no sense of selection. If it heard good songs and refined speeches it would undoubtedly repeat them, but as its associates are for the most part vulgar it is small wonder that with its remarkable imitative faculty it should pick up many words, phrases, ideas and left motives that are objectionable. The fault is not with the phonograph; it lies with you, and it is to me inexpressibly droll to see you shielding Theodore from those peculiar fellows, Tommy, Eddy and Aleck, while you admit to the intimacy of your house those records that successfully imitate the tough whine, the illiterate grammatical construction and the at times disgustingly vulgar witticisms of the cheaper stage.

I am not standing up for Tommy Perkins or Eddy Conway or Aleck Saunders, but Theodore might imitate some of their good points, at the same time that he learned to say "Gosh!" or to smoke corn silk cigarettes. It is also possible to break up a tendency to swear and one that is reason a boy out of the habit of acting as a chimney while incinerating corn silk.

But the tough accent once acquired is almost incradicable, and I cannot conceive of any good coming from Theodore's association with the uncanny voice which says: "Loldies an' gen'l'mun, de udder day I wouldn't have went to de t'eater on'y I chanst to meet a young dame on der street," etc.

A man is known by the cylinders he keeps.

ooo

ARE you dowdy?

If you are not don't read this at all, but if you are take my advice and secure a full length photograph of yourself and study it. What may have escaped your attention in your own small mirror will be brought home to you in a portrait. Ask your friends if you are dowdy, and if they hesitate, even for a moment, in answering you, you are.

Having found out that you are dowdy, the next thing to do is to stop being dowdy.

If you are married, stop it because your husband doesn't like it.

If you are single, stop it because the young men of your acquaintance don't like it.

I can't tell the difference between a bolero and a polonaise. I am not an expert in feminine sartorial terminology, but I can tell a dowdy woman a block off and so can every other American man.

It is just as much an affront to your family to be a dowdy as it is to serve uninteresting dinners. Let your food be plain if need be, but let it be something that attracts the attention of the tongue and causes it to telegraph pleasant news to the stomach.

So though your clothes be plain and inexpensive, make them interesting. If you have been married for some time and have always been dowdy, you will be surprised to see how the change in your get-up will affect your husband. He will begin to take notice and will tell you you're growing young again.

Get together in this, oh women, and the dowdy will become as extinct as the dodo.

(Copyright, by James Pott & Co.)

NO WONDER.

"Brown is an awful joker," remarked Smith to his wife the other day. "We took lunch together to-day, and, just as the coffee was served, a fly alighted in the center of Brown's cup.

"Calling back the colored waiter, he said, 'Bring me another cup of coffee; this one is insecticferous.'

"'Yassir,' answered the waiter, rolling his eyes and closely examining the contents of the cup.

"Placing another before Brown, he cleared his throat a few times, and, with the curiosity born of the inherent love of the negro for unusual words, asked him, 'Boss, what did yo' say was de trubble wif dat coffee?'

"'Insecticferous,' replied Brown.

"'Is dat all?' he asked, scratching his head.

"'No,' answered Brown. "Insecticferous hyperdeflorazm.'

"'Yassir, but all I seed was er fly. Is dat it?'

"Brown nodded.

"'Lordy, boss! No wonder dat po' lil' fly done drown hisself!'"—Judge.

An Imposition.

Attendant (in art gallery)—You must leave your umbrella at the door, sir.

Mr. Greene—Leave my umbrella here? Young man, I'd think, bein' as you're hired by a art gallery, you might have more sense about art. If I don't have my umbrel how'm I goin' to point out the beauties of the pictures to my darlers?—N. Y. Weekly.

May and December.

Aged Groom—My dear, I have bought the palace you most admired, the horses you most liked, and all the jewelry you took a fancy to. Is there nothing else I can buy for you?

Young Bride—No, indeed, my love, don't get anything more for me. Buy something for yourself, my dear. Buy a cemetery lot.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Student of Human Nature.

Blinks—By the way, I must introduce you to my friend Winks. He's one of the best fellows in the world, a noble, glorious fellow. He's had a great many ups and downs, Winks has.

Jinks—Judging from your enthusiasm, he is now on one of the ups.—N. Y. Weekly.

Social Distinction.

Two little girls were chatting together on their way to school.

"My father is a general," said Millie, boastfully.

Lily replied as she munched a bit of nice cake:

"Mine is a confectioner!"

And the general's daughter darted a look of envy at her little companion.

Just a Thought.

The woman who hangs onto a man's coat tails is committing matrimonial suicide.—Detroit Free Press.

PROOF.

"Do you know that your chickens come over into my garden?"

"I thought they must be doing that."

"Why did you think so?"

"Because they never come back."—Cleveland Leader.

Thankful.

It's bad enough when twins are born.
For man to have to carry them.
But, oh, how thankful man should be
He does not have to marry them.
—Detroit Free Press.

Boarding.

"Where's your mother, little boy?"

"She's at the washboard, too busy to see anybody."

"Well, where's your father?"

"He's pretty busy, too. He's down town watching some score board."—Detroit Free Press.

The Best Wedding Present.

Mother—If you marry Robert, I swear I'll never set foot in your house!

Daughter—Please put that down in writing. I'd like to give your promise to Robert for a wedding present.

If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints. All druggists.

Grand Trunk Railway System.

Important changes in train service take effect June 21. New trains on main line will leave Port Huron 12:40 p. m., arrive Chicago 9:25 p. m., making same stops as train No. 3, and leave Chicago at 3:45 p. m., arriving Port Huron 12:45 a. m., stopping at important points. Slight changes in other through and local train times on D. & M., T., S. & M., M. A. L.; G. T. W. and Detroit Divisions.

Full particulars at any Grand Trunk ticket office.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Day's Travel for Good Horse.

A very good horse can in ten hours go 60 miles if the vehicle is light and the turnpike good.

London's Water Supply.

The water supply of London is derived from the Thames and Lee rivers and from springs and wells.

Put Your Money In a New Country

The Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway now under construction, opens to the settler thousands of acres of excellent agricultural land. The new country in Adams, Hettinger, and Bowman Counties, North Dakota, and Butte County, South Dakota, is now reached by the new track. The soil is a dark loam with clay subsoil, and produces in abundance wheat, oats, barley, spelt, flax, corn and potatoes. The land is well adapted to farming, good water is found at a depth of from twenty to fifty feet, and the whole country is underlaid with lignite coal that outcrops along the streams, and in most cases can be had for the digging.

The climate is healthful, the air is dry and invigorating, and the percentage of sunshiny days is high. Outdoor work can be done almost every day in the year. Rainfall is amply sufficient to raise the crops. Regular mail service has been established, the roads are good, rural telephone lines traverse the country, and automobiles are in common use. The deeded land in this district sells for from $10 to $18 per acre. There are many instances this year where the crop equalled in value the cost of the land.

In Butte County, South Dakota, there is considerable government land open for homestead entry. Government land offices are maintained at Lemmon, Hettinger and Bowman, where filings and final proofs may be made. All of these towns are on the new line of the

Chicago
Milwaukee & St. Paul
Railway

In Montana, the new railroad traverses good farming land. It has been demonstrated that big crops of grain may be raised. Along the Yellowstone and Musselshell rivers, the water is used for irrigation, and phenomenal yields of alfalfa, sugar beets, and grain, are always certain. In the Judith Basin near Lewistown, Montana, is one of the most remarkable sections to be found on the new line. Under natural rainfall, the famous bench lands produced this year an average of 35 bushels of hard wheat to the acre, and the price was 94 cents per bushel. The basin contains about 1500 square miles and is sparsely settled. Some government land still remains open for settlement. A government land office is maintained at Lewistown. In Fergus County, outside the Judith Basin, is one of the greatest stock countries in the world, and good ranches can be purchased at a reasonable figure.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has established an immigration department for the purpose of assisting in the settlement and development of the new lands now being opened. Pamphlets descriptive of its resources will be forwarded free on request

F. A. MILLER
General Passenger Agent,
CHICAGO

GEO. B. HAYNES
Immigration Agent,
95 ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

WILL CURE YOU

of any case of Kidney or Bladder disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Take it at once. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is nothing gained by delay.

50c. and $1.00 Bottles.
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.
ALL DRUGGISTS

PILES

25c will cure any ordinary case

There is no necessity whatever for anyone to suffer longer than twenty-four hours from itching, bleeding or protruding Piles. Go to your druggist and get a 25c box of **Wonderful Dream Salve**, apply it as directed by our "Special Pile Treatment" and in less than 15 minutes you will be entirely relieved of any disagreeable sensation, and if the treatment is carefully followed up, we will **guarantee** you a cure in a few days or refund you your money if it fails. If your druggist doesn't keep **Wonderful Dream Salve**, order from us at once and in less than twenty-four hours, we will have a box at your address.

Wonderful Dream Salve has no equal for use on Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Burns, Scalds, Boils, Old and Running Sores, Eczema and all other forms of skin disease.

If you are doubtful and wish to try it first, send to us your name and we will send you a sample box **absolutely Free**—enough to give it a good trial. We will also send you our Dream Book containing 300 dreams and their meaning.

WONDERFUL DREAM SALVE CO., Detroit, Mich.

WANTED

Every house in Birmingham, and Townships of Bloomfield, Troy and Southfield, to enjoy the thousand and one advantages of the Bell telephone.

"Use the Bell"

IT PAYS — CALL No. 11

MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE COMPANY — LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Grand Trunk Railway System

West-bound from Birmingham

No. 19—Grand Rapids Local.....† 7 45 a. m
No. 13—Grand Haven Local.....†12 25 p. m
No. 11—Grand Rapids Local.....† 8 27 p. m.

East-bound from Birmingham

No. 16—Detroit Local.....* 7 45 a. m
No. 12—Detroit Local.....†11 39 a. m
No. 18—Detroit Local.....†7 46 p. m

Solid wide vestibule trains of coaches and sleeping cars are operated to New York (and Philadelphia) via Niagara Falls by the Grand Trunk-Lehigh Valley Route.

*Daily †Daily except Sunday.
† Stops on signal.

M. T. CRANE, Agent.

Fireworks!
Fireworks!
Fireworks!

Hurrah for the 4th of July

It's coming—THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—the day we celebrate. But you can't celebrate it properly unless you have some of OUR FIREWORKS. We have, probably the best assortment ever shown here. Besides Firecrackers, Mines, Torpedoes, Triangles, Rockets and Roman Candles we have all the latest and best novelties in this line. Don't wait until the evening of the Fourth to buy your supply, but come NOW and get just what you want.

Charles J. Shain
DRUGS AND GROCERIES

The Grand Trunk R'y System

Will give another

SUNDAY EXCURSION JUNE 28

FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

BIRMINGHAM TO

Battle Creek	$1.75
Bay City and Saginaw	1.55
Grand Rapids	$2.15
Holly	$1.00
Ionia	$1.75
Lansing	$1.25
Owosso	$1.25

Tickets will be good going and returning only on advertised Sunday excursion train on day of sale.

Baggage will not be checked on excursion trains.

Call at Station for particulars.

M. T. CRANE, Agent.

Lim Jucklin on Drinking

By Opie Read

An old log distillery, famous throughout the country, had just been destroyed by fire, and several men, sitting in the courthouse, were talking about the passing away of this landmark dating back to British rule, when Linnel Jucklin spoke up: "And I understand that it's not to be rebuilt. This shows how sentiment has grown in a certain direction. Why, I can remember the time when if a stillhouse had burned down they would have begun to rebuild it before the ground cooled off. Every man in the community would have been interested. It would have been almost like shutting off the supply of milk from a youngster. In those days if a man hollered 'hello you'd ask him to have a drink before you inquired the nature of his business. That much was naturally to be inferred. But a good many folks will tell you that there wasn't so much drunkenness then as there is now. Well, there wan't as many people. If there had been as many people there would have been more drunkenness. The fact is that a good many men were about full all the time, and as no one had ever seen them sober nobody could tell when they were drunk."

"Then you don't believe that a dram is good for a man?" said the county judge.

"Well, if he thinks it is, nebby it is—as long as he is pretty sure in thinkin' so. But in these days it requires about all of a man's keenness—his freshness, you understand—to make a livin' or to push anything to success, and a good-sized horn of liquor nearly always takes off the wire edge. I can recollect when the average lawyer thought he had to be about half drunk before he could make a speech. Whisky gave him a bigger flow of words, and as whisky was the jury, and sometimes the judge as well as the lawyer, liquor appeared to have pretty nigh everything its own way. A trial wan't hardly anything but a talkin' contest. The loudest talker was usually regarded as the smartest man, for of all critics in the world whisky is the worst.

"Whisky not only furnished the argument, but very often supplied the cause for litigation. Most of the trials were of a criminal nature, the cause for an ordinary lawsuit having resulted in a fight. And I could always believe the story they told on old Tom Marshall, one of the greatest lawyers of his time, I reckon. One day he was rather hurriedly engaged to defend a feller, but as he was pretty far along in his cups—quart cups at that—he got off on his wrong foot and began to prosecute. He tiptoed in his wrath. He painted the feller as bein' the worst scoundrel on the earth. Just then somebody pulled his coat tail and says: 'Tom, you're on the wrong side.' What did Tom do—apologize? No, he just sloshed his liquor over on the other side and there he was. He said: 'Such, gentlemen of the jury, is the false argument that will be brought forward against this inoffensive gentleman,' and so forth, and then he proceeded to clear him. The young lawyer had to drink because the old feller set him the example. Why, in those days a man didn't think he was at himself until he had about three drinks. There was hardly any such thing as farm machinery. They cut wheat with a cradle and plowed with cast iron—thrashed grain with a flail, and—

"Here old Uncle Ben Weatherby spoke up. "Yes, and folks were a dinged sight better off then than now. There wan't half as much stealin' a goin' on."

"No," Linnel admitted, "because there wan't half as much to steal, nor half as many folks to steal it. But when a man thinks as you do, Uncle Ben, there ain't no use to argue with him. Nobody can successfully argue with a man that's a livin' in the past. It is of no use to dispute the writin' on a tombstone. But I happen to remember that in them good old days I had to work on a farm and I know what it was. There wan't hardly a book in the whole neighborhood and a newspaper was looked at as the agent of old Satan himself. The result was that when a man went a few miles from home he was in a strange land. There wan't a stove anywhere, and in the winter we nigh froze to death. But there's no use in recountin' all of the inconveniences. You won't acknowledge 'em, anyhow.

"Well, that's all right," said the judge, "but with all the liquor drinkin' folks lived longer then."

"That so? The reports of the life insurance companies don't say it. The faster we get out of the good old days the longer the average of life. They say it's on account of sanitation. But there hasn't been much of a change in that respect in the country. But here the average length of life is increasin' the same as in the towns. It's liquor, boys; just liquor. The most important truths are the slowest ones we learn, and it took a long time to find out that even one drink of whisky a day is bad. It builds up the substance of trouble and gives merely the shadow of pleasure. Of course, I know there is no use to talk this way to you old fellers. Your opinions are formed and your habits are set, but there is a generation a comin' and the youngsters are the ones I'm after.

"So far as liquor makin' a lawyer or a doctor smart, why, there ain't a thought in a whole distillery—not one—any more than there is a truth in a deception. There is still a good deal of whisky mixed up in politics, and there is also a good bit of Old Nick left in the same. But there was a time when the man that could furnish the most whisky was the surest of election. I recollect once seein' a whisky keg used for a ballot box, and I never knew of anything more appropriate. And say, Uncle Ben, while you are turnin' your eyes back into the past, see if you can find a statesman that was a drunkard. Some of the most entertainin' speakers got drunk occasionally, but they wan't statesmen. Now, a statesman ought to be able to see the comin' of a great calamity. But not one of those men called statesmen because they were entertainin' could foresee the almost never-endin' calamity of our civil war. On both sides they thought it would be a muster, the firin' of a few guns, and then a subsidin' of the whole thing. Wine helped to blow the flame, but it never helped to put out the fire.

"Yes, I'd like to talk to the young fellers. There ain't no hope for the young man that drinks. He may be just as moral—in a general way he may be more moral than hundreds of fellers that don't touch liquor at all—but in these days liquor on a young man's breath offsets a thousand letters as to character. I notice in a newspaper that the emperor of Germany says that beer is ruinin' thousands of his people. Temperance folks used to hold up beer as a means of escapin' whisky. But when a man's drunk it doesn't make much difference what put him there. I've noticed that a right industrious man can get drunk on beer, and when it comes to drinkin' the average man ain't wantin' in industry.

"A good while ago, when I didn't have quite as much judgment as I've got now, some one told me that I ought to take beer as a tonic. He took it and was the healthiest lookin' man I ever saw. Well, havin' a little leanin' that way, anyhow, I took his advice. I started in one day when I'd come into town to get some barbed wire, and the more I drank the more I was convinced that it wouldn't make me drunk. I fell off my horse goin' home and as I couldn't get back, I slept right where I was. And when I woke up nobody could have convinced me that I hadn't eaten the barbed wire. I haven't touched a drop since, but it took me about ten years to live down that day's report. Folks would say: 'Oh, yes, I know Lim Jucklin—gets drunk and falls off his horse.' So, boys, whenever some feller finds a good temperance drink for you, go him a little better and stick to water. I beg your pardon for preachin' to you, Uncle Ben, but I believe you needed it."

(Copyright, by Opie Read.)