Something of a Poet

By Jack Browning

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"I'm something of a poet myself," Hadley murmured, his eyes following the stream of moonlight through the open window and skyward to its source. "Yes, I am something of a poet—but with a practical bent."

So saying, he turned and followed the luminous stream in its path through the darkness of the room. At the table, polished top aglow, in the light, he selected a cigarette, stepped then to the buffet, and poured out a sip of brandy.

Still without a light, he drew a chair to the edge of the streaming moonbeams, and seating himself, smiled into the night, enjoying his moon-fancies. His smoke rings shimmered in the glowing vapor, dissolved lazily, and, like winding ribbons of silver, reeled sinuously into the darkness.

"Not so much as the flutter of a leaf," he thought. "I can almost hear the flowing stream of moonlight. Silence seems to have drugged the—"

He strained forward and listened. From some indeterminable part of the house came a low tapping, as of breeze-swayed bough on window pane. The sound continued only a moment, however, and Hadley's interest sank to a listless curiosity, and thence to forgetfulness. The moonbeams crept down from the buffet, crept past the table, past Hadley, through the open window, and up, slowly higher and higher, till the upper casement hid the last of them.

A little longer the glow of the cigarette palpitated in the darkness, then flashed, comet-like, through the window; and Hadley, with a satisfied exhalation of the last puff of smoke, rose and stood a moment, refilling his lungs from the sweet night air.

"What a night!" he thought.

In a near-by chamber a door creaked, and quickly, noiselessly, he darted into the folds of a heavy portiere. Peering cautiously from his hiding place, he smiled and exclaimed, silently: "By Jove! A burglar!"

For a thin shaft of light, crossing the doorway leading into the hall, darted left, right, up, down, like a furtive glance, then vanished, and the pat of a cat-like tread drew nearer and paused, and Hadley, with excited amusement, could almost feel the finger of light exploring his hiding place. A moment later he saw it on the wall near him, and then it darted through the doorway into the library, followed by the cat-like tread.

Warily the watcher stepped from the curtain, the thick carpet yielding silently to the pressure of his feet. To the library door he advanced, and, scarcely breathing, peered into the room, ready to draw back his head if the flitting light should turn toward his direction.

Curiously he followed the shaft of light, which, like a long, slender and incredibly nimble proboscis, guided by a dimly-and grotesquely outlined monster, was exploring every nook and cranny of the large room.

On a desk, which filled a corner with its oaken bulk, the light had settled; from top to bottom, from side to side, fingering drawer after drawer, it moved. Apparently interested, the monster behind the light advanced to the table and placed his keen-eyed assistant on the top, and then followed the low ring of metal on metal.

The burglar turned with a snarl, his right hand flying from a side pocket, but he stiffened suddenly into a rigid, crouching statue at sight of a revolver gleaming in the path of the light—a revolver, a hand, and part of an arm—back of which loomed a dim shadow.

"Sorry, old man!" the taunting voice repeated. The revolver, hand and arm were unwavering—maddeningly so.

"What the h—"

"Hands in front—up!"

The burglar's hands went up.

"Now lower them just enough to take off your coat—Be careful! There, toss it to me. Now turn around—all the way. Good—no projections about the hips. Sit down on that desk stool. And raised your mask a trifle—raise it, I say!—Horrors! Lower it—quick!" The taunt in Hadley's voice brought the unflattered burglar to his feet, but the revolver motioned him back.

The captor laughed softly, then placed the coat on the table and began to fumble through the pockets, careful all the time, however, to keep at least one eye on the captive. A revolver came from one side pocket, followed by a bunch of keys. Hadley gave these articles hardly a glance, and sought another pocket.

"Ah, here we are!"

First came a necklace, and, in spite of himself, Hadley's eyes were drawn to the string of flashing gems, before which the lantern light became pale and lusterless. Again the scowling spectator sprang to his feet, and again the revolver motioned him back.

"My!" Hadley exclaimed. "You are a painstaking burglar to prowl through a desk with a fortune like this in your pocket!" He dropped the fortune into his own pocket, and again prospected the coat.

"A pendant. Tinsel beside the necklace, but a beauty." The pendant followed the fortune.

"A watch. Pretty—Yes, set with diamonds, but a trifle." The trifle joined necklace and pendant.

"Another pendant. Pearls—very pretty. I have a weakness for pearls. And rings, rings, rings! Dear me! What an avaricious scoundrel you must be! If you should get into Tiffany's safe, I suppose you would steal the janitor's coat on the way out."

Finding nothing more of interest in the coat, Hadley moved the bull's-eye to the desk, compelling the burglar to shift his seat into the glare. Carelessly he moved one of the photographs into the light, but at the first glance his indifference became eagerness, and with a low exclamation of admiration, he caught up the card.

"What a face! The rarest jewel of all!"

The snarls and muttered oaths of the burglar suddenly ceased, and Hadley glanced up suspiciously in time to motion warningly with the revolver.

"Don't disturb me!" Again he scanned the face in the photograph, intently following with an artist's eye every delicate line of each beautiful feature.

"Beautiful! What wouldn't I give to see—"

Hadley was interrupted by a sudden light that flooded the room with blinding brilliancy. Instinctively he glanced at the burglar. That rough-molded creature no longer snarled, he was breathless, and the tense muscles of his powerful body showed through his clothing.

"Bob!—Brother, dear! Is that you?"

Hadley clutched the photograph and smiled expectantly. "Her voice! A proper voice for such loveliness! I must see her face!" The thought end-ed in a glow of admiration.

In the hallway stood the girl as in the like the photograph, Hadley thought, as the round moon is like an electric light. She was clad in a loose dressing robe, as if she had just risen from bed, sleep was still in her eyes. But, as Hadley looked, terror flashed into her face, and she took a faltering step backward, her lips parted as if to scream.

"Please do not scream!" Hadley admonished her. "There is no danger." He followed her terrified glance toward the burglar, and just in time.

"Stop!" he commanded. "Down!" as if speaking to a dog. "So! Now, don't move again—on your life!" Then, once more addressing the girl and smiling reassuringly: "I am an officer. I noticed this villain prowling about the house, and when he entered I followed, hoping to take him in the act. I have been quite successful, as you see."

To Hadley the relief that flickered across the girl's face was joy enough.

"Oh!" her exclamation was almost a sob. "I—I thought it was my brother!" Her voice faltered, and she leaned against the door casing, weeping softly.

"Please do not be alarmed! You can help me, if you will."

"Oh, how?" The girl looked up with a timid courage, and sought to dry her tears.

"If there is a telephone handy," Hadley continued, his voice softly encouraging; "you may call another officer. Central will do it for you. Alone may have trouble with this scoundrel."

"Oh, there is a telephone at the

"You May Call Another Officer."

other end of the hall. Just tell central to have an officer sent to this number. Is that sufficient?"

Hadley smiled and bowed, and the girl, answering in like manner, tripped down the hall on her errand.

"Now!" Hadley whispered to the burglar. "This way—quick!" And before the astonished knave had time to think, he was hustled into the smoking-room and through the window, from which Hadley had watched the moon.

"—" said. He finally found breath to gasp, as together he and Hadley were making their way over the second back fence. "Ain't you a cop?"

"Cop!" Hadley laughed, and involuntarily felt to reassure himself that the photograph was safe in his pocket.

"I—" and he laughed again. "I am something of a poet, but—" and coming just then to a promising alley, he slipped away, finishing from the darkness: "but with a practical bent!"

IT DID.

Wifey— Does my new hat look good to you?

Her Own— Yes—good for a month's salary.

THE LAND OF GRAIN

—BY—

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Author of "American Farmers Building a New Nation in the North"—"Canada—The Land of Greater Hope"—"The Invasion of Canada by American Farmers"—"A Thousand Miles on Horseback Across the Dominion Provinces," Etc., Etc.

Not so very many years ago the majority of people in the United States laughed at the prediction that the day was coming when Western Canada would far outstrip this country in the raising of grain—when, in other words, it would become the great bread-basket of the world. During the past three or four years the enormous production of grain in the Dominion West has thinned the ranks of those who doubted the destiny of Canada's vast grain growing regions; the crops of this year will dispel the doubts of the remaining few. From Winnipeg to the foothills of Alberta over a country nearly a thousand miles in width, the grain production this year will be something to almost stagger the belief of those hundreds of thousands of American farmers whose average yield is not more than from ten to fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre, and who are finding that their product is also outclassed in quality by that of their northern neighbors.

The enormous grain crop of this year in the Canadian West may truthfully be said to be the production of "a few pioneers." Only a small percentage of the unnumbered millions of acres of grain land are under cultivation, notwithstanding the fact that tens of thousands of homesteads were taken up last year. And yet, when all the figures are in, it will be found that the settlers of the western prairies have raised this year more than 125,000,000 bushels of wheat, 100,000,000 bushels of oats and 25,000,000 bushels of barley. It has been a "fortune making year" for thousands of American farmers who two or three years ago owned hardly more than the clothes upon their backs, and whose bumper crops from their homesteads will yield them this season anywhere from $1,500 to $2,500 each, more money than many of them have seen at one time in all their lives.

Very recently I passed through the western provinces from Winnipeg to Calgary, and in the words of a fellow passenger, who was astonished by what he saw from the car windows in Manitoba, we were, metaphorically speaking, in a "land of milk and honey." The country was one great sweep of ripening grain. In fact, so enormous was the crop that at the time there were grave doubts as to the possibility of GETTING ENOUGH BINDER TWINE TO SUPPLY THE DEMAND. A situation like this has never before been known in the agricultural history of any country.

Before I made my first trip through the Dominion west I doubted very much the stories that I had heard of this so-called "grain wonderland" across the border. I believed, as unnumbered thousands of others believed, that the stories were circulated mostly to induce immigration. I quickly found that I was wrong. As one Alberta farmer said to me a few weeks ago, "If the whole truth were told about this country I don't suppose you could find one American in ten who would believe it."

This year the prosperity of the wheat crop of Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Alberta are an average of over TWENTY-FIVE BUSHELS TO THE ACRE. And the grain is far superior to that raised in the states is proved by our own government statistics, which show that American millers are importing millions of bushels of B "Canadian hard" to mix with the home product in order that THIS HOME PRODUCT MAY BE RAISED TO THE REQUIRED STANDARD. It is a peculiar fact that while the Dominion Government is anxious for its western provinces to fill up with the very best of immigrants, there has been no blatant or sensational advertising of those lands. For this reason it is probable that not one American farmer out of fifty knows that Canada wheat now holds the world's record of value—that, in other words, it is the best wheat on earth, and that more of it is grown to the acre than anywhere else in the world.

A brief study of climatic conditions, and those things which go to make a climate, will show that the farther one travels northward from the Canadian border the milder the climate becomes—up to a certain point. In other words, the climate at Edmonton, Alberta, is far better than that of Denver, 1,500 miles south; and while thousands of cattle and sheep are dying because of the severity of the winters in Wyoming, Montana and other western states, the cattle, sheep and horses of Alberta GRAZE ON THE RANGES ALL WINTER WITH ABSOLUTELY NO SHELTER. This is all largely because sea-currents and air-currents have to do with the making of the climate of temperate regions. For instance, why is it that California possesses such a beautiful climate, with no winter at all, while the New England states on a parallel with it have practically six months of winter out of twelve?

It is because of that great sweep of warm water known as the "Japan current," and this same current not only affects the westernmost of the Dominion provinces, but added to its influence are what are known as the "chinook winds"—steady and undeviating air-currents which sweep over the great wheat regions of Western Canada. There are good scientific reasons why these regions are capable of producing better crops than our own western and central states, but best of all are the proofs of it in actual results. This year, for instance, as high as one hundred bushels of oats have been gathered in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, and some wheat will go AS HIGH AS FIFTY BUSHELS TO THE ACRE, though of course this is an unusual yield.

Last spring it was widely advertised in American papers that Alberta's winter wheat crop was a failure. In fact, this is Alberta's banner year in grain production, as it is Saskatchewan's and Manitoba's, and from figures already in it is estimated that Alberta's wheat will yield on an average of THIRTY-FIVE BUSHELS TO THE ACRE. In many parts of the province returns will show a yield of as high as FIFTY bushels to the acre and it is freely predicted by many that when the official figures are in a yield of at least forty-five instead of thirty-five bushels to the acre will be shown.

At the time of my last journey through the Canadian West, when my purpose was largely to secure statistical matter for book use, I solicited letters from American settlers in all parts of the three provinces, and most of these make most interesting reading. The letter was written by A. Katzenbrunner, whose postoffice address is Regina, Saskatchewan.

"A few years ago," he says, "I took up a homestead for myself and also one for my son. One half section which we own is between Rouleau and Drinkwater, adjoining the Moosejaw creek, and is a nice level and heavy land. Last year we put in 100 acres of wheat which went 25 bushels to the acre. Every bushel of it was 'No. 1.' That means the highest grade that can be raised on earth—worth 90 cents a bushel at the nearest elevators. We also threshed 9,000 bushels of first class oats out of 160 acres. Eighty acres was fall plowing AND YIELDED FORTY BUSHELS TO THE ACRE. We got 53 cents a bushel clear. All our grain was cut in the last week of the month of August. We will make more money out of our crops this year than last. For myself, I feel compelled to say that Western Canada crops cannot be checked, even by unusual conditions."

An itemized account shows a single year's earnings of this settler and his son to be as follows:

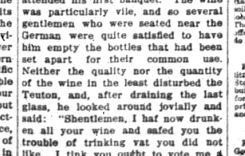
2,500 bushels of wheat at 90 cents a bushel	$2,250
9,000 bushels of oats at 53 cents a bushel	4,770
Total	$7,020

It will be seen by the above that this man's oat crop was worth twice as much as his wheat crop. While the provinces of western Canada will for all time to come be the world's greatest wheat growing regions, oats are rapidly taking the former grain a close race for supremacy. The soil and climatic conditions in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are particularly favorable to the production of oats, and this grain, like the wheat, runs a far greater crop to the acre than in even the best of the oat growing states of the union. Ninety bushels to the acre is not an unusual yield, whole homesteads frequently running this average. And this is not the only advantage Western Canada oats have over those of the United States, for in weight they run between forty and fifty pounds to the bushel, while No. 1 wheat goes to sixty-two pounds to the bushel. In fact, so heavy is Canadian grain of all kinds, and especially the wheat, that throughout the west one will see with great placards upon them, which read:

"This car is not to be filled to capacity with Alberta wheat."

When I made my first trip through the Canadian West a few years ago I found thousands of settlers living in sod shacks, tent shelters and homes of logs and clay. Today one will find these old "homes" scattered from Manitoba to the Rockies, but they are no longer used by human tenants. Modern homes have taken their place for it has come to be a common saying in the Canadian regions that, "The first year a settler is in the land he earns a living; the second he has money enough to build himself a modern home and barns; the third he is independent." And as extreme as this statement may seem to those hundreds of thousands of American farmers who strive for a meager existence, it is absolutely true. I am an American, as patriotic, I believe, as most of our people—but even at that I cannot but wish that these people, whose lives are such endless and unhappy grind, might know of the new life that is awaiting them in this last great west—this "land of greater hope," where the farmer is king, and where the wealth all rests in his hands. As one Alberta farmer said to me, "It is hard to pull up stakes and move a couple of thousand miles." And so it is—or at least it appears to be. But in a month it can be done. And the first year, when the new settler reaps a greater harvest than he has ever possessed before, he will rise with 200,000 others of his people in Western Canada and thank the government that has given him, free of cost, a new life, a new home, and new hopes—which has made of him, in fact, "A man among men, a possessor of wealth among his people."

WHAT DID JOHNNY MEAN?



Johnny's Pa—See here, young man. How do you expect to get on if you never see things? You must look for things—always keep looking as I do.

Johnny—Gee!

A Unanimous Vote.

A German-American who had recently arrived at the estate of Prokes attended his first banquet. The wine was particularly vile, and so several gentlemen who were seated near the German were quite satisfied to have him empty the bottles that had been set apart for their common use. Neither the quality nor the quantity of the wine is the least disturbed the Teuton, and, after draining the last glass, he looked around jovially and said: "Shentlemen, I haf now drunken all your wine and safed you the trouble of trinking vat you did not like. I tink you ought to vote me a public tank." They did.—Lippincott's.

The value of this year's crops of various sorts raised in the United States is placed at $8,000,000,000, or nearly nine times the interest bearing debt of the country and enough over to buy all the railroads of the land.

Real Estate Exchange

Of WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL

Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of Farms, City and Village Lots, and Real Estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list.

5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Fine barn and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

55

Village lots on Woodward avenue, bounded north by land of Mortley Smith, east by Mrs. E. A. Fry, south by Bonner street, west by Woodward avenue, 166 feet front on Woodward avenue, 132 feet deep, and a front of 132 feet on south side; all in the Village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village.

66

Good, comfortable, cozy, old-fashioned house with 90 feet front on Martin Street. Fine location, plenty of room, and the price is only $1,300.

77

One set on Saginaw street, just south of land owned by John Garman, 50 feet frontage. Anyone wishing to purchase will find this a bargain. For particulars inquire of Mollie O. Smith or at the Exchange Bank.

103

Eighty-acre farm in White Lake township, w ½ of s e ¼ of section 32; 70 acres cleared, 10 acres good hickleberry or huckleberry marsh; this swamp netted the owner over $150.00 last summer; fine orchard; good house, with 7 rooms, good neighborhood; 4½ miles from Milford, 3 miles from Commerce; proposed electric road comes within a mile of the house. Price, $2,000.

114

Fine farm in the Township of Southfield, 80 acres, of which 60 are cleared and the balance is good maple timber. Two acres of orchard; buildings worth $2,000, and will be sold at a bargain for $6,000. Half cash.

126

Vacant lots 16, 17, 18, of Willson's Sub-division, Royal Oak village, unsold each. Price, $100 each. Terms easy, with small payment down.

147

Nice little home for someone of small means; ¼ acres in n w ¼ of n e ¼ of sec 14, township of Troy, known as Stutz farm; house contains 7 rooms, both barn and house, never dry. ¼ mile east of Rochester Electric line to Detroit; 15 R. F. D. All cash and no grumbling will buy it at $750. Hurry up!

No. 167

Wants to trade for 80 or 60 acres of no use; electric. Ninety-four acres on east ¼ of southwest ¼ of sec 7, Troy township; three buildings valued at $6,000 (mortgaged for $2,700); fencing well piled for barn; farm well adapted for stock or dairy; 1¼ miles from electric at Troy Corners, where there are good schools and churches. Fare 75c to Detroit; $60 per acre.

No. 171

Finest building site between Birmingham and Pontiac, on electric railway, just north of Bloomfield station—East Maple Avenue, two blocks south of Booth Harbour. Redicott, Brady, Shaw, Conklin, and Fry's. Fine, high, sandy land, which is timber, and pretty little branch of Rouge River runs through the property. No buildings, but can be bought cheap enough so that you can build to suit yourself. Near to school, church and depot. Price $1,000 for the whole lot. If you have the cream you must expect to pay for it.

178

Seven-room cottage on west side of Bates street, 66 feet front, 120 feet deep. You couldn't build the house for $1,300, and that's all we ask for it. City water, wood shed, cellar, all modern conveniences. One of the best bargains we have. Show it to you any time.

180

Farm in Avon township, 55 acres of good clay loam; well drained; orchard, no buildings; small amount down. For sale or exchange for small farm.

185

Corner lot, 100 feet front on Maple avenue, 132 feet deep; one good building, insured; plenty of small fruit. A bargain for $3,000, one-half cash down.

187

House and lot, in Campbell Subdivision, Birmingham; building insured. Come in and ask the price, and let us surprise you.

188

One of the best-arranged and finest-equipped residences in the village, and in absolutely the best location—East Maple Avenue, two blocks from electric road; bath, toilet, hot and cold water, gas, 2 rooms, 2 stories, rebuilt last year, better than new; 3 buildings, fine orchard; 132 feet on Maple, 320 feet deep; plenty of room for chickens and garden; barn, fine workshop—room. Say! What else do you want, anyhow? Will sell house and 82 feet front by 150 feet deep for $2,850. One of our best bargains.

193

Thirty-five-acre fruit farm, 1¼ miles north of Birmingham, on Telegraph road; buildings insured for $1,300. All kinds of soil—clay, gravel, sand and dark loam. Last year this farm produced 123 bushels raspberries, 20 bushels blackberries, 111 bushels strawberries, 10 tons hay, etc. A gravel ridge 40 rods in length, with an almost inexhaustable supply of gravel, is worth almost the price of the farm alone. Water found at 20 feet under a high state of cultivation. Worth looking at anyhow. Price $5,000; terms easy.

194

Fifty acres in Township of Troy, adjoining the Troy Stock Farm; 5 buildings, good house, basement barn, fine orchard; 2 acres of small fruit; 8½ miles from Flint Division D. U. R.; 6 wells and fine spring. Price $4,000.

196

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; no buildings; one mile of Maple Ridge electric line; new land, well drained, clay bottom, black top soil; corner of the Wyoming road and Cumberland road, ¼ mile east of electric road; adjoins J. T. Hudson and Duffield tracts, which are held at $500.00 per acre; 1¼ miles south of State Fair grounds. Price $300 per acre; will exchange for Detroit property.

196

Six acres, part of s e ¼ of n e ¼ of section 30, Troy township; new barn, fair house, soil clay loam, fine flowing well; 2 miles east of Flint electric road. Will sell for Big Reservoir good deal for somebody. Price $625.

198

Ten acres 1 mile east of Royal Oak village on select land, 40 fine apple trees, no buildings. Price $1,200. The place is well fenced, and the price is low enough you to build the kind of house you may require.

200

One hundred and twenty-six acres near Birmingham; good buildings, well fenced, fine orchard, flowing well; Rouge River flowing right through the farm; ½ mile from Birmingham, Worth looking at. Take your own price for it. Oh, yes; the price is $10,000, and the terms easy. Terms cash, or as this property has doubled in the past year. In the immediate vicinity, for $150.00 per acre. Is it worth the money? It ought to please you, and if it don't buy anyhow, grumble.

201

Fine 2-story residence on Maple Avenue, corner of High Street; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city water, every convenience; house is of best class of city residences. Cement walk (cost $200) in front. Will sell house for $5,000. House would cost at least $3,000 to build today; safe any one to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $2,500, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

203

Forty acres on the line of the Flint electric, at Davis Corners. Fine farm land, good clay loam soil, clay loam, no waste; one of the pleasantest locations for building a nice country residence. The place is not more than a mile from the car. An offer of $2,600 cash, and we will see what we can do for you.

208

Five acres and 4 good buildings, making a nice little home near the little Village of Southfield; depot, school, church, etc., within half mile. The buildings cost more to build than the price asked for the place, and are well worth looking at. The price is $1,600, and $250 cash will take care of it, and the balance you can pay at your leisure.

209

Fine home with good barn on Townsend Street. Good 5-acre house, plenty of fruit, beautiful maple trees on south side make it a shady, restful residence. Would cost $2,500 to build the house alone, and $2,250 will buy it if you take it right off the bat. Owner is leaving town, and that's the reason.

211

Just an acre of land. (Ever read that book that was so popular some years ago, entitled "One Acre Enough?" No? Well, you ought to. It's worth while.) Two-story house on this acre. Good little house with 4 rooms, in Southfield village, Price $1,000, and even easy terms before April 1. And the acre is if you come soon.

213

Fine little farm of about 75 acres in Royal Oak; 2 miles from Royal Oak village, on the line of Royal Oak; fare to Detroit 15c; good soil, clay loam; 1½ miles from pure water; seven acres in fine apple orchard; 2 buildings, worth over $2,200, and $4,000 will buy it, subject to a small mortgage, which can remain on the place. Worth looking at. Improved Detroit city property.

215

Decidedly the prettiest lake farm in this county of lakes. Situated on Wing Lake, noted for its excellent fishing; 4 miles west of Birmingham; 18 acres of this farm is timber, and a fine piece of hardwood timber, too, it is; 2 acres of young timber; 2 acres of young orchard; 2 acres in apple orchard, which bore 100 bushels of apples the past season; 2 acres in small fruit, which will supply the family with all they can use. Daily mail and telephone service. Abundance of pure spring water piped to the house and barn; fine house and other buildings. Worth every dollar the price is for it, $7,000, if you will but so take you to see it and think it over. Better still, come out and let us run you for a ride on the lake, catch you a nice string of fish, and then you'll be glad to invite the owner to lunch. Try it.

216

A new, modern dwelling, constructed by a well-known builder for his own home, 28 feet square, blocks, hollow walls, 2 stories high, in one of the prettiest parts of Birmingham. Has fine lot, large apple trees; bath, water-closet, hot and cold water, gas, hot-air furnace, etc. Has recently been fully finished in hard wood, large attic. Best of reasons for selling. Price $8,500. Let us show it to you any day—any time.

217

Farm of 80 acres on Section 1, Troy; 8 buildings; 4 acres in timber, 76 acres cleared, 2 acres orchard; 2½ miles from Rochester line D. U. R.; 6 miles from Detroit; Mr. Rochester's only reason for selling. Price $6,000. Let us show it to you any day—any time.

222

Two-story tenement or terrace, on the west side of Woodward avenue. Two distinct 5-room homes of 3 rooms each. Furnace, water-closet, bath, hot and cold water, city water and gas; each independent of other apartment. Rental price for $52 per month each. Forty dollars per year will pay all taxes and insurance. Good barn on the premises, and the lot is 70 feet front on the best Front-age on Woodward, and 132 feet deep; room for a nice garden; can live in one apartment and have a steady income from the other. This is something out of the ordinary. Come and see it. Always at your service. If you can't call, write.

227

Five acres just outside of the corporation limits of Birmingham, about 600 feet from the end of Ward Avenue, on the Pontiac electric line; cement walks in front; sewer and gas, with elite little creek thrunch of the River Rouge's crookiest the best kind of the premises. Finest location in the county for a nice little suburban farm. No buildings, but can be bought cheap enough so that you can build to suit yourself. And have one of the finest homes among the many in the Bloomfield Hills district. Fields fenced and under fine cultivation. In particulars. Rather show it to you, though.

229

A pleasant and sightly farm of 71 acres in West Bloomfield, 1¼ mile from the Northwestern electric; 4 acres orchard, 4 acres good timber, 5 buildings worth $2,000, and the price is $2,500—and it is well worth it. Well sandy loam and clay loam, under high state of cultivation. Better investigate.

230

Seventy-nine-acre farm in Township of Troy, good buildings, well fenced and drained, well watered; branch of River Rouge runs through the farm—never dry; 8 acres in orchard; house has 2-story house, basement barn 40x60, other barn 30x34, two good wells, 1 cistern; 2½ miles from Birmingham; 1 mile from Troy Corners; enough to amply secure will take it. One of the most desirable farms in the township of Troy, and that's one of the best terms for fine farms in the world. Prof. Wolf, we'll prove it to you if you'll let us.

231

Two-story, 7-room house in good repair; well water, cellar, fruit, etc. House would cost more than $1,000 to build—and that's all we ask for it. Opposite school house, between Merrick and Maple, on Chester Street. Terms easy.

232

Farm of 97½ acres, just outside the Village of Birmingham, on the D. & P. electric line; 15¢ fare to Detroit, half-hour service; land all cleared; two acres; fine orchard; 6 buildings; 6 wells. Best open location between Detroit and Pontiac.

233

Farm of 107 acres, one hour's ride from City Birmingham, on the D. & P. line; 1 mile east of Lake St Clair; 7 acres of apple orchard; splendid buildings and dark loam.

234

Farm of 77 acres, 40 rods from D. & P. electric line. All cleared, good buildings; 10¢ fare to Detroit. This farm can be purchased very cheap.

235

Forty-six acres, all improved, no buildings, good land, well fenced, flowing stream through the place. Worth the money, for a little over $50 per acre will buy it.

237

Four vacant lots in the Randall Addition. Excellent building places in a rapidly improving part of the village. If you want to buy one of these lots for $250 cash, you can have it, and then if you want to build a house on it and are looking in funds, come and see us about it, for we will make arrangements at low rates and easy terms.

238

Vacant lot on Woodward Avenue, on street car line, 50 feet front and 132 deep. One of the best building places on the most popular street in the village, and the price is right. Want to build on it and don't happen to have the cash? Come and see us about it, and we can arrange matters. Come and see us anyhow.

239

Vacant lot in Castle Park; price $300, and will exchange for Detroit vacant.

240

Small house with lot 80x150, $1,000 cash. Large house with lot 60x160 and all ordinary conveniences for $2,200, or will sell the whole outfit, both houses and almost 2¾ acres of land, on south side of Maple Avenue, for $3,500.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the south side of Woodward Avenue; 8 rooms, hard-wood finish; lot 66x160; plenty of fruit. You could not build the house for $5,000, and that's all we ask for the premises. Well worth looking at.

243

Farm of 160 acres, Saginaw county, 2 miles from Fergus Station, on the D. & M. R. R.; 100 acres good buildings valued at $5,000, and $8,000 will buy the farm if you come right away—now. The place is all there, and ready for you to move right on it. A rich coal deposit under the entire farm; 6 miles to the county seat of Saginaw; 40 miles to Charles and 22 miles to Saginaw. Well drained, good fences, and situated worth the money.

244

If you could buy an acre and a quarter of land with a brick house equipped with hot and cold water, bath, water closet, gas, electric, and every possible convenience, and barn, chicken house, plenty of fruit and shade trees around the house alone cost $6,000—for $3,000 on easy terms, you'd call it a snap, wouldn't you? Well, we can do it. Come on and we'll show you.

245

Lot 7, Block 1, of Campbell's Subdivision, Village of Birmingham, Mich., on the corner of High Street and Forest Avenue. Without doubt the most desirable lot for building purposes on this very popular subdivision. Price $625; but there are other things that we would like to whisper to you. Come and let us take you to see the property.

246

One hundred and twenty-seven acres in the Township of Avon. Six buildings worth $5,000 (2 sets of timber), 2 acres of orchard; well watered (Clinton river runs through the farm); soil clay loam; land is 120 feet above the river; fine cedars, 4 wells, 2 good houses, 2 barns in good repair; well fenced, and only a mile from the thriving Village of Rochester. Will trade for a smaller farm or will consider an offer of $8,500, with one-third cash. Take you to see it any old time at all.

247

House, barn, and about an acre of good garden land on north side of Maple Street. Good, old-fashioned house, and a cozy home at a low price, but it must be realized to pay the owner, and it is badly enough to make a decided sacrifice. And the man at the bank about it.

248

Comfortable house, nearly new, in good location in the village of Birmingham. Lot 66x132. House would cost more than $1,000 to build this year. We can sell it to you for $1,000 for the house and two lots, if you want both of them. Terms easy. The building is insured for $750. Owner lives in Detroit and wants to sell.

249

Nice, warm, old-fashioned house on the south side of Maple Avenue, among the best class of residences in the village. Lot 66x132; house in good garden, and it can be bought for $1,000. Not a cent more, price can be realized in cash; you can use, and after you have the premises over for a month you'll be glad to buy them.

250

Now, here is a "Snap!" House, barn, and chicken-houses, with 2 acres of land on the west side of Woodward, just south of Lincoln Park Annex, as "Elmgrove." Two rooms, bath, toilet, two cellars, fine orchard, small fruits, pasture, grapes and grapes and manjels, one of the best equipped lot of buildings in the village, city water, drains, fine shade trees and beautiful lawn; buildings insured for $4,000, or $3,500 cash will buy it, and the balance of purchase price can be had on easy time and low rate of interest. Without exception, this is the finest location and the best lot of buildings on our list, and the price is right.

251

House and lot in Campbell's Subdivision; corner lot 68x130, fine shade trees, good soil, well, pump and cistern water in the kitchen, fine veranda on front and side of house, chicken house, grapes, apples—all bearing—and some smaller trees. It will suit you, and terms can be made so that it won't take a millionaire to handle it. Come on.

252

Eight acres of land in Newaygo county, Michigan, for sale. A fine, level piece of timber, 10 acres oak timber; price $5 per acre. Won't anything to investigate. We're ready to answer all questions you may ask—wise or otherwise.

253

Two hundred acres of sand and sandy loam, 40 acres of which are cleared, in Newaygo county, Michigan, 15 miles of little valley. Price $10 per acre. Is in the Township of the Prairie, County of Newaygo. And this is a fine piece of land, and an offer of $1,500, and if that is too high after we have shown you the property, we will come up at $10 per acre, and you can make your own terms.

255

One-hundred-acre farm in Royal Oak township, a mile west of Starr Station on Rochester line D. U. R.; 8-room house; wind-mill supplies clear, cold spring water to all buildings; tubular well supplies heat and light to all buildings (been running for 10 years); 7 good buildings, fine orchard, farm well fenced, row of fine maples along entire front, good roads, good neighborhood. Will exchange for Detroit improved property.

256

Eight-room house, good barn and two acres of excellent land on west side of Southfield Avenue, in the Village of Birmingham—one of the best-equipped and tidiest homes in the village. Buildings would cost $2,800 to build today (house is practically new), and the whole outfit can be bought for $2,500 cash, or $1,000 cash, and time to secure it will get it, and you can have your own way about payments or balance.

258

Lots 23 and 24, Buell's Addition, Birmingham. Price $400 for both lots. Terms, $25 cash; balance to contract.

259

Lot 7, Block 5, Campbell's Addition. Price $800. This is a cozy home in good neighborhood. Terms easy.

260

Eight-room, 2-story house on Southfield Avenue, 132 x176 on west side of street; cellar, well, 2 cisterns, hot-air furnace, chicken house, chicken house. Within four blocks of electric line.

261

Completely equipped shop for general repair work and manufacture of gasoline engines, both marine and automobile. $1,800 cash will buy its balance on easy terms.

262

Nine lots on the Merrill Plat, formerly owned by M. I. James. Finest location in village. Terms easy and prices low.

263

Forty acres just outside of village. Fine buildings, brick house. Everything in excellent condition. Ideal country home. Has been sold for $200 per acre, and it's worth it. Make us an offer. Take you to see it any time.

264

Nine acres, no buildings, on south side of Willow Avenue, between Woodward and Pierce (outside of corporation), and $1,350 will buy it on easy terms.

265

Eighty-acre farm in Ionia county, Town of Easton. Will exchange for small farm or residence. Property is described as w ½ of s e ¼ of sec 36, town 7 n, r 7 w. Nine buildings insured for $1,250; worth $2,000. Will sell for cash or $2,500 cash will secure balance. 2 miles from Ionia. Good soil, clay loam; all kinds of fruit; no hills or waste land; excellent soil. This offer is good for 30 days only, so you'd better get busy.

257

Just what every body wants! Don't wait a minute or you'll lose it. Nine houses and barn, with other good buildings, all nearly new, an acre of fine orchard and about 2½ acres of small fruits, for $2,900; 11 acres of excellent land, 1½ miles from Flint Electric, an hour's ride from Detroit. Price $3,500; terms easy. Half mile east from school church and stores. Take you to see it any old time.

JACK THE OLDEST DOG ALIVE.

He Was Born Nineteen Years Ago, But Refuses to Think of Dying.

Jack, a mongrel terrier, but a breed worth while, has been so used to fighting all his life that he will not die. Not he; he refuses to think of it, says the Boston Globe.

His father was a cross between an Irish terrier and a skye terrier and his mother a smooth-haired fox terrier. Glorious combination, a terrier of the terriers. He was born in Newton Lower Falls in March, 1889.

Bought as his own, to keep the peace in the family of Noah A. Plympton of Wellesley Hills, said that he had brought him home for the baby. On those terms and on those alone was he admitted to the household, which he has ruled since in such an extent that the members are grateful that he does not know about the discussion which so nearly kept him from the place where he belonged.

Faithful, affectionate, good to look at, with his expressive eyes and waggy little tail, and withal a sweet, good-tempered, though quick to resent an insult like the accident of having moved one's foot anywhere near him, Jack has been a cheering companion and a devoted friend.

And Jack has had the unique honor of being present at a Wellesley college function, to which no man ever has been admitted. He came home decked out with ribbons.

Save the Soot.

A cheap way to keep house plants free from disease is to put a cup of soot in a pail of water, let the contents settle and use a very weak solution for watering plants. Soot is a valuable fungicide.

City's Benefactors.

No greater good can befall a city than when several educated men, thinking in the same way as to what is good and right, live together in it.—Goethe.