

OUR CLUB NOTES PETITIONS FILED

From the Woman's Literary Club 3,400 Ask Vote on Option Question Which Meets Tuesday Afternoon of Every Week 600 Names Rejected Because of Irregularities.

The Woman's Literary Club held its second meeting of the season last week Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Zilpha Smith, when a reception was given by the club to the teachers of the public school and to the school board.

The president of the club, Mrs. Ethel Crawford, extended the good wishes of the club to the teachers and assured them of the help and sympathy of the members during their stay with us.

Miss Ruby Jamieson gave some fine instrumental music and Miss Jessie Jenks gave a vocal solo and kindly responded to an encore.

Miss M. Baldwin presented the club with a picture of Mrs. Lucinda Hindale Stone with the request that when the club had a room of its own, the picture might have a place on the walls and that until that time be placed in the public library. She said in part:

"We are here to show our interest in the great educational problems of the hour and we are here to show our grateful remembrance and respect for those who have made it for women to acquire and hold the advance positions of today."

Michigan has many names of note on her roll of honor and prominent among these stands the name of Mrs. Stone. To the teachers of Michigan she was an inspiration. It was she who opened the doors of the university of Michigan to women; it was she who placed women on its faculty; it was she who set on foot the movement for the women's building. To the Woman's Press club she gave the motto, "Let us, as women, learn to put aside self and work for a cause."

At the club meeting of the 26th inst. she stands nearest. She organized the first woman's club in the country, and from that the movement has spread to every state in the union.

No evening service. The communion of the Lord's Supper will be at Birmingham on Sunday, Oct. 24, and at Troy on Oct. 31. Preparatory services will be announced later.

The pastor and family are enjoying a visit with Mr. and Mrs. John Grove, friends from their former charge of Gainsboro, York Co., Pa. They are visiting friends and sight seeing. They expect to go to College Springs, Iowa.

Her Heart Was Broken Because her complexion was so bad and she could find nothing to clean it up. Ladies, a bad complexion is caused by an inactive liver. An inactive liver can't put in perfect condition by taking Dr. Herrick's Sugar-Cocoa Pills, which unobtainable liver remedy. Every man per box. Ask for a free sample. Sold by James W. Cobb.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH NOTES. Rev. Charles A. Cary, of Detroit, will conduct the service and celebrate Holy Communion at St. James' church next Sunday morning, Oct. 3, at the usual hour. Many people pleasantly remember Mr. Cary as he had charge of St. James', and with his family spent one summer here several years ago.

Bishop Williams is considering several applications for the vacant rectory of the Episcopal church in this city. He hopes to have just the right man soon.

Both Boys Saved. Louis Foley, a leading merchant of Norway, Michigan, writes: Three bottles of Foley's Honey and Tar cured my boy of a severe cough and nothing else has done for him since. A cold that the doctors gave him up, was cured by taking Foley's Honey and Tar. Nothing else has done for him since. In result. Sold by all druggists.

Wanted For Sale For Rent. Saw dust for sale at my place, north Woodward. F. W. Clawson. House to rent in Royal Oak. Eight rooms, cellar, good well, for \$9 a month, on Washington avenue near First street. Inquire of Wm. Heisinger or 417 Farnsworth avenue, Detroit.

HARVEST-TIME IN FRANCE



An Irradiated

FOR MILES and miles, as far as the eye can see, stretches the cornland, heavy topped wheat breaking upon a shimmer of oats, and oats leading to the hundreds of barley with never a hedge or a fence between to limit the sense of distance. Here and there a clump of willows leads to the breeze, and here and there a mass of rock, scattered and scattered in all directions, rises above the crop of gold and silver, burnished by radiant sunshine—a plain of plenty reaching to the southern horizon. On the north a line of dark forest, sweeps in a semi-circle, with a little gray village sheltering within one end of its deep curve; and a mile away an avenue of pine trees, seen across the waving corn and bleaching stubble, shows where runs the straight high road that takes one to Paris.

The corn grows up to the walls of the village, and here and there a very chimney, over the stretched meadows are scattered little orchards of heavily laden apple trees, and other fruit trees, and every where, where at the cottage doors, among the wheat, almost in the dust of the lane—the feathery fronds of asparagus. Poppies, sweet cornflowers are mingled with the corn, and they are striped support and the dusty blades are among them the path. Here and there the vivid aureole of a house gleams above the general tangle of color, mingled with masses of pink-purple blossoms, but unlike cornfields, but even more delicate than those, and tinted. The weather has set in fair and the harvest is in full swing. In the exception of the plow machinery is still used in the field, and the rhythmic swish of scythe and sickle and the sighing of the wind among the corn stalks, and makes a gentle music fitting for an August afternoon.

We see a little plot of perhaps half an acre actually enclosed that is to say, its limits are defined by a strong green belt of spruce, and it is in an old woman, in the spotless white cap which characterizes the old of northern France, is slowly gathering together the reaped stalks. With her curved hook and binding knife in little sheaves. Her son cut her stalks her days ago and she says it has been too hot for her to work in the field. Only today that she has finished her day's work, Pierre will help her again.

In the next field, if one can say next, there, everything seems to bend in the direction of the wind. Three big Normandy hounds, wearing high velvet collars faced with brass, stand patiently under a halfpenny flag, which the man and woman are pitching on to the stack, and the women and children are gleaming in the distance. At the day wears on, and they escape from the household duties more women flock to the fields. Here, sturdy women, some of them turn up their sleeves and begin to reap with the scythe, and how to the reaping with the scythe, and men. Others join the gleaners. Here and there may be seen an entire family, the father, the mother and children, or a party of harvesters. They do not talk much, but they are busy. The little one, who is unobtainable, do not take life so seriously.

The sun is shining in a golden haze, like that due from some tremendous burning floor, and the whole road to Paris is barred with the white of the plow, which has been planted to shelter the marching troops. Motorists ought to dread the memory of Napoleon, for once off the eye, the hand at the wheel, the towns, there are no roads in the world so good as those he made all over France. Behind the avenue of pines are apple and pear trees laden with fruit, and, although within reach of all

who pass by, apparently untouched by the little bags of France, are so superannuated, or they are so old, to reduce to one reaching the highway, a building from the north the sun and rain, about the time the forest and is established to cross, among the oak, the glades branch off to the left and left, leaving themselves in the green, a slight distance, and expect for the beginning of the forest, after a long time. Here and there the beeches give way to poplars, a series of red-brown and sometimes the foliage is broken by a group of pines rising from the beech-strewn soil.

There is an atmosphere of legends about this ancient forest. It is no difficult to picture medieval knights of richly-appointed horses moving in glittering procession between the smooth trunks of the beeches, of a mirth chanting incantations and looking spellbound at the trees above them. Some of the trunks are very thick, and some of the beeches are very gnarled, and you feel that a suggestion of a giant, that is all most terrible. From the Huns, a great forest of France, to the forest of these woods were old by the falling. In the twelfth century there has a ruined tower within four acres walls, of which the remains are utterly lost, and the ghostly memories of all old France's sorrows seem to have gathered in their rocky crevices.

It is a ridge to turn under the arches and plunge among fallen trees, and rank hedges towards a halfpenny flag, to their own, a suggestion of a giant, that is all most terrible. From the Huns, a great forest of France, to the forest of these woods were old by the falling. In the twelfth century there has a ruined tower within four acres walls, of which the remains are utterly lost, and the ghostly memories of all old France's sorrows seem to have gathered in their rocky crevices.

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MARKED DOWN Men's Pants, worth \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, now cut to \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per pair. Boys' Knee Pants 25c, 35c and 50c—good line. Ladies' Gauze Underwear at 10c, 15c and 25c. Ladies' Hosiery—fine line at low prices.

F. BLAKESLEE BIRMINGHAM

NOW WITH US PEACHES PLUMS PEAR OSAGE MELONS GRAPES WATER MELONS SEASONABLE PICKLING SPICES FRUIT JARS, CAPS and RINGS JELLY GLASSES TEAS and COFFEES Red Cap Black Ceylon and J. T. 4 lb. packet, 25c. Golden Pheasant, Orange Pekoe and Japan, 3 lb. packet, 25c. OUR QUALITY LEADERS OUR CAREFUL SELECTIONS Light House Coffee, 1-lb. tin, super dink, 35c. Our Best Coffee, 25c. Square-Deal Coffee, 20c. Also Barrington Hall, Majestic, White House, Colonial, Bell late and a full line of Bulk Coffees, at 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c and 35c the pound. THE BEST OF EVERYTHING ALL THE TIME Spencer & Ferguson SHOES FURNISHINGS GROCERIES

ECONOMY in the KITCHEN Depends a good deal upon the grocer. We never fail to insist upon the high quality of our groceries, and we enjoy a particular trade. But for all that our prices are really low, and we offer inducements worthy of your attention. Here are some eye-openers: Red Cross Starch, 5c pkgs. 2 for 5c. Hubinger's Best Starch, 10c pkgs. 5c. Crown 2c Baking Powder, 10c. Chapman's Baking Powder, 10c. Armour's Washing Powder, 5c pkgs. 2 for 5c. Reliable dealer, pleasing prices, courteous attention, prompt service—these are the reasons why we want your patronage. Many knowing housewives find perfect satisfaction in buying their groceries from us. Why not YOU? Druggist Jas. W. Cobb Grocer Birmingham

Good Things for Sunday Dinner Fruits and Vegetables APPLES, choice pickers, per peck 35c BANANAS, fancy Surinamese, per doz 30c BEANS, white, per quart 20c CABBAGE, good solid heads, per head 6c to 10c LETTUCE, choice, per lb. 10c MUSH MELONS, home grown 30c CHEESE, per doz 10c Limburger, per lb. 20c DATES, new Royal Persian, per lb. 10c EGGS, strictly fresh, doz 15c HONEY, new fancy Calif., per pkg 25c HONEY, white clover, per pkg 20c LEMONS, fancy Calif., per doz 30c LETTUCE, choice, per lb. 10c MUSH MELONS, home grown 30c ONIONS, cooking, quart, 5c; per peck 10c silver pickling, per quart 5c ORANGES, per doz 10c SWEET POTATOES, per lb. 10c, 20c, 30c PEPPERS, Santa Claus, per pkg 3 for 5c POPCORN, green, per doz 3 for 5c POTATOES, home grown, per pk 15c WATER MELONS, each 15c

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