

# 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 as if they do not see what they want in this list.

**5.** Elegant house and lot 60 feet front and 100 feet deep on Maple Ave. East. (Half an acre.)  
**6.** A lot of 1/2 acre on the corner of Woodward and 1st St. East. (Half an acre.)  
**7.** A lot of 1/2 acre on the corner of Woodward and 1st St. East. (Half an acre.)  
**8.** A lot of 1/2 acre on the corner of Woodward and 1st St. East. (Half an acre.)  
**9.** A lot of 1/2 acre on the corner of Woodward and 1st St. East. (Half an acre.)  
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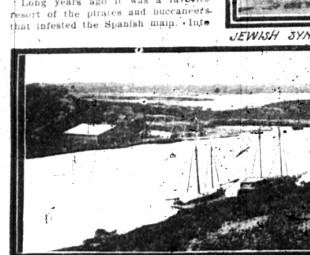
**23.** A lot of 1/2 acre on the corner of Woodward and 1st St. East. (Half an acre.)  
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## By Edward W. Pickard

LITTLE piece of Holland flung half way across the waters of the Caribbean sea. Glaring streets, yellow houses, blue domes, green lawns; all in white as to their doors, windows and gables; everywhere with odd varieties of vegetable and animal life. And all as neat and clean and bright as soap and water and paint can make it. That is Willemstad, the port and capital of Curacao, and one of the most picturesque spots in all the picturesque West Indies.



JEWISH SYNAGOGUE



THE SCHOTTEGAT, CURACAO



THE HARBOR, WILLEMSTAD

Recently asked the representative of a great manufacturing house of St. Louis, whom I met on shipboard, "No, indeed," he replied, with a laugh. "What's the use? Their import duties are too high. I go to Willemstad and there sell all my goods for the Venezuelan market."

Two other commercial travelers who sat by laughed and winked and said nothing—and all three left the steamer at Willemstad. Castro, who, while president of Venezuela, often tried in the wrong way, to do the right thing for his country, attempted to break up this vast smuggling conspiracy. But his efforts resulted only in precipitating a bitter quarrel with Holland and nearly missed becoming a martyr, and his successor hastening his own downfall. His successor backed down as gracefully as possible, and much of Venezuela's imports are still being transhipped at Willemstad.

One other industry has Curacao that is of especial moment to her neighbors of the mainland. That is the manufacture of revolutions. The island is a favorite refuge for deposed revolutionaries, defeated revolutionists and other refugees. They stay always in the clean little cafes of the capital, concealing plots to regain lost power and awaiting the "psychological moment" for starting a new rising of the people against the "tyrants." These "patriots" are always ready to talk volubly of their hopes and plans, and so Willemstad has become the great distributing point for sensational and unreliable news concerning our volatile sister republics.

which is a pier and all the other little steam tug that swings the whole structure open for entering or departing vessels.

Guarding the entrance to the port are two of the most colossal little fortresses one can find in a year's journeying—Fort Riff and Fort Amsterdam.

A few queer old gumps peep from their embrasures and several snuffboxes dangle from their garbans. A hand grenade might fall into his lap, but they add little to the picturesque of the place, and Willemstad is not ashamed of them.

Of course, being Dutch, Willemstad should have a real canal, and his country, attempted to break up this vast smuggling conspiracy. But his efforts resulted only in precipitating a bitter quarrel with Holland and nearly missed becoming a martyr, and his successor hastening his own downfall. His successor backed down as gracefully as possible, and much of Venezuela's imports are still being transhipped at Willemstad.

Dutch architecture, somewhat modified to suit tropical conditions, prevails in Willemstad. The business buildings are large and not unattractive, but the population is almost wholly negro, and many of the residences are very handsome. The merchants as a rule are wealthy and, as has been intimated, are not lacking in enterprise. It is only fair to say that many of them confine their activities to business that is above suspicion. The port is an important transshipping point for trade in the Caribbean. Its business men are wondering how the opening of the Panama canal will affect their prosperity.

Though Curacao is a Dutch colony, and has been for centuries, the visitor will find few Dutchmen here. The population is almost wholly negro, and the merchants nearly all Jews. As for language, you may have your choice. Address the almost naked sitting on the dock ready to dive for your money in Dutch, Spanish, English or French, and he will reply in kind—with a request for money. Speak to him in "papiamentu" and he will take to his brown bosom. Papiamentu, literally "the talk we talk"—is the ordinary language of the common people and is a curious compound of the several tongues named, together with African and Indian. It is like all and yet strangely unlike any of them.

The tourist landing on Curacao for the first time naturally expects to be confronted at every turn by bottles of the liquor to which the island has given the name, but he is disappointed. It is well worth a course, and for sale, but it is not obtained on the pashery. The small bitter orange from which it is made grows on the island, but the liquor is not manufactured there and never has been. It is a product of Europe. Good gin and rum, hamper, mald crackers are offered tourists.

Altogether, though the ordinary sights of Curacao may be exhausted in the quiet of French, and the inhabitants most hospitable. With its riot of color, its far over-reaching eaves, its long wrought iron signposts, its quaint forts and creaked streets, its waterways and boats and gayly clad people, Willemstad should be a paradise for painters.

The "pirates" who infest Curacao nowadays prey only on governments.

Three the remaining apples. Blythe's sense of chivalry made him comply with the request and he wrapped up the three ruby-colored pines apples, pines them in a box and departed. The messenger boy without the least appearance of regret at relinquishing that for which he had worked and planned for months.

## GAVE UP PRIZE APPLES

This is a story of six prize apples. Samuel G. Blythe, editor, writer and former president of the Gridiron Club and of Robert H. Davis, editor, writer and good all-round fellow. It happened in Washington, when Davis came upon Blythe, a big, fat, red-faced man with six large, perfect and

luscious looking apples standing in a row on the office window sill, their rony cheeks polished till they gleamed like rubies. They tempted Davis, and he promptly ate one. Then he ate another while talking to Blythe. Then he put the third in his pocket for refreshment on the way home.

Many tons in Seam of Coal. A four foot coal seam yields 6000 tons an acre.