UNION PRINTERS' HOME AT COLORADO SPRINGS

BUILDINGS OF UNION PRINTERS' HOME

HOSPITAL TENTS ON GROUNDS

The union printers of the United States and Canada, joint with publishers in the Union Printers' Home at Colorado Springs as one of their most notable achievements. This model home and sanitarium has the unique distinction of being the only institution of the kind maintained by a labor organization in this country.

One minute of his working time every day is what every union printer in North America gives as his tribute toward the maintenance of the Union Printers' Home at Colorado Springs, Col. Every month every one of the 45,000 members of the International Typographical Union pays an assessment of 15 cents—half a cent a day, or less than the amount the average printer will earn in a minute's working time. It is a small sacrifice, but it is this small sacrifice, coming from every man, working in co-operation with his fellow laborers, which gives the home an annual fund of $50,000 for maintenance and improvements.

The printers have built and maintained the home themselves—and they are proud of the fact. It is their home; every man has an equal share in it, an equal right to partake of its bounty if the time should come when old age or illness should make it necessary for him to retreat to the shelter in the rearing and maintaining of which he has done his small part. In the beginning George W. Childs and A. J. Drexel, proprietors of The Philadelphia Ledger, made a gift of $10,000 to the International Typographical Union. With this as the nucleus, the home fund was started. Since the foundation for the main building were laid in 1891, nearly $800,000 has been spent in buildings, furnishings, improvements and maintenance. Every cent of this, with the exception of the Childs-Drexel gift and the income from the Julia A. Ladd endowment of $1,000, has been contributed by the printers themselves.

Not only has the Union Printers' Home proven to the world a splendid example of what can be accomplished by harmonious co-operation, but it has been to other labor unions and fraternal organizations an inspiration, because of its humanitarian features. It has been the pioneer institution in its field and has become the model from which others copy ideas and methods.

Figures may tell a part of the story of the Union Printers' Home. But it is not sufficient to know that the property, which stands out a commanding eminence east of Colorado Springs, to-day valued at $1,000,000 when 20 years ago this tract was barren prairie land which could have been bought for a few dollars an acre; or to learn that there are now six buildings on the grounds, the main building, the tuberculosis sanitarium, the superintendent's cottage, the laundry, heating plant and barns, besides the $30,000 addition, the beginning of which has just been authorized by the trustees. It is not enough to know how these 80 acres have been reclaimed from barren waste until they form one of the garden spots of the continent; nor to be told that in all more than 1,000 men have been admitted to residence since 1892, that the average number at any one time is 145, and that the average cost, per resident, is $33 a month, this sum covering all ordinary expenses in connection with the property.

It is far more significant to learn how this home has been so managed that it has become indeed a sanitarium where the sick may sojourn for a time to build up, in Colorado's healthgiving climate, their broken constitutions and restore lost strength and vitality, a haven where the aged and infirm may retreat to a peaceful closing of a life that has been spent in toil and battle in a world of labor and strife. Really, to understand the work that is being done requires an inspection of the buildings and grounds, a few hours random chat with the residents and an investigation of the methods and regulations enforced by the efficient management. Many of the printers themselves scarcely comprehend the scope and importance of the home, and the annual convention has twice been held in Colorado Springs in order to give the membership at large a broader understanding of the great institution they are supporting.

Of the residents, some there are who are cripples; some are blind, many are old, and numbers have been exiled with a death sentence from the bronchials, but are slowly building up the bodies that have been wasted by disease.

The printer, when he is admitted to the home, is supposed to bring with him a certain amount of clothes. After that everything, even to a weekly pension, is furnished him. Every care is taken in securing a food supply that is of the best. Milk and eggs are procured from the home's own dairy and poultry farm. An excellent library provides reading matter. There are facilities for all kinds of sports, while there are many festive occasions, such as the Fourth of July barbecue, the annual picnic in North Cheyenne Canon and the Christmas tree and the monthly winter night entertainments.

In the tuberculosis sanitarium every precaution is taken to safeguard the patient and to assure him of the best of treatment. Regular habits and hours are required and the drinking of intoxicants is strictly prohibited. All sanitary regulations are rigorously observed and the buildings are exceptionally well ventilated.

The main building is four stories in height and is of white lavastone with red sandstone trimmings. It contains 72 rooms, with the offices, kitchen, dining room and library. The building originally cost $75,000. The two-story addition will adjoin the main building on the north and will increase the library and housing facilities. The tuberculosis sanitarium is to the south of the main building and near it are the 20 tents of the solarium. This building is three stories in height, the total cost being $27,000. The superintendent's cottage is north of the main building, while the laundry, annex and barns are in the rear. A magnificent stone cate way spans the entrance to the grounds.

The trustees have within the last few years devoted especial attention to the treatment of turberculosis, a disease to which printers are particularly subject because of the nature of their work. The methods employed by the Union Printers' Home in its successful battle against the "white plague" are attracting attention all over the country. At the international congress on tuberculosis, held in Washington last fall, the Printers' Home was represented by a prize-winning exhibit, and the model tent was presented, upon request, to the national association for the prevention of tuberculosis, for display during the winter tour of the principal cities of the United States." During the last few years a special commission has made a study of the disease, and as a result of its investigations the most approved and scientific methods have been adopted. The results have been little less than marvelous. So satisfactory have the results been in the "City of Sunshine," as Colorado Springs is facetiously called, that a proposition made at the Boston convention last August for the transfer of the tuberculosis sanitarium to Arizona was defeated by a decisive majority. In 1904, ten tents were erected near the sanitarium building. They have proven an invaluable acquisition to the hospital service and their efficiency has been so thoroughly and satisfactorily demonstrated that the number has recently been doubled. The experimental stage in the tent treatment of tuberculosis has long since passed.

The Psychosis of a Hamper

By LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

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Mrs. Blander, accompanied by a pretty young woman, entered the willow-ware room of a department store. An usher, learning her wishes, summoned with a benign forefinger a little man who announced stolidity in every line of his well-nourished body. "Mr. Booder, this lady would like to look at Hampers. Understand, Mr. Booder; hampers, and do your best in the matter."

"What style would you like, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Booder, solicitously.

"Sorry," exclaimed Mrs. Blander, "you cannot expect me to describe it to you? I have but a nebulous picture in my mind, and rely on visualization. You will have to show me your complete assortment, as I wish to make use of an important function, the power of selection. You see, Clarissa, I endeavor to psychologize each situation, thus developing nascent qualities or stimulating matured ones. In other words"—undulating Mr. Booder with a serious look—"I try to find the wings of every occasion."

Mr. Booder was astonished.

"Do I understand you, ma'am" to say that you'd just like to look at—"

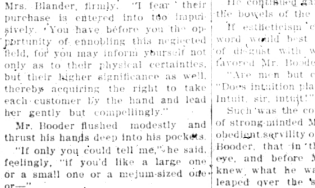
"Hampers, hampers," interrupted Mrs. Blander, firmly. "I fear the purchase is entered into too impulsively. You have before you the opportunity of ennobling this neglected field, for you may inform yourself not only as to their physical certainties, but their higher significance as well. In acquiring the right to take each customer by the hand and lead her gently but compellingly—"

Mr. Booder flushed modestly and thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"If only you could tell me," he said, feelingly, "if you'd like a large one or a small one or a medium-sized one—"

Mrs. Blander fixed him with an outraged eye.

"Size?" she inquired. "You ask me what size? That, sir, is a minor issue. It may be as large as a bed of the



"Intuit, Sir, Intuit."

Nepoleonic era, and, so its lines bespeak art, I will receive it, allowing its unfilled interior to testify to my spiritual consistency. Or, if you show me nothing that will satisfy the demands of beauty save small ones, I will purchase several, placing them here and there, like Grecian urns. And if, perchance, you have one of precisely the proper circumference and height, with Beauty shaping its outlines, then would I say it was Art's reward for a disciple's adherence to its laws."

Mrs. Blander was lost in thought. Mr. Booder seemed to be experiencing vertigo. Then he pulled himself together.

"Now, that's not a bad idea, ma'am, about having several of 'em. You could have one for handkerchiefs, one for towels, another for sheets, and another for—"

Mrs. Blander raised a tremulous hand.

"Spare me this ignoble differentiation. There is no need to dwell upon their functions, for we all know that as mere utilitarian objects they are degrading."

Poor Mr. Booder coughed guiltily because of his identification with the hamper department. He was clutched by a feeling of helpless criminality.

"Furthermore," continued Mrs. Blander, "according to higher interpretation, you misuse the word 'idea.' But, to revert to my proposed purchase, I have resolved to eliminate from the transaction all the sordid, as anything for use in the home, that shrine of the heart, must have a spiritual meaning."

Mrs. Blander glanced triumphantly from Clarissa to Mr. Booder, and though she rightly read the face of one to mean awe, she mistook the struggle of the other to indicate an awakening soul. With a thrill of joy she seated herself and cordially motioned to her auditors to do the same. Clarissa, of course, obeyed, but Mr. Booder dug his heels firmly in the floor and faced her standing.

Mr. Booder was inclined to sulk, but, habit being strong upon him, marshalled one symbol after another before his soulful customer, who rejected them solemnly, almost sorrowfully, as though mourning the existence of so much of the unbeautiful. Finally he rolled into place a hamper so huge that it looked capable of accommodating the horse of Troy.

The instant Mrs. Blander saw it she exclaimed, gracefully: "That is an exponent of a most charming type! Pray rest from your labors, while I meditate upon it. See, Clarissa, how noble are its proportions, how chaste its design, how Doric its atmosphere! Do you know what it suggests to me, dear?"

Clarissa couldn't guess, so Mrs. Blander cried, joyously: "The Parthenon, Clarissa. It really does. It's strange how these suggestions come to me, transcendent illuminations that open wide the windows of my being, and register ineffaceable impressions. That's just the way I felt when I saw this splendid hamper. 'Parthenon!' something seemed to whisper; and Parthenon it will always mean to me. So austere, yet so satisfyingly beautiful! How does it appeal to you?"

"Of course, dear," modestly responded Clarissa, "I'm not clever like you and never have occult intimations to look for, but it strikes me as seems to me the biggest and baldest hamper I ever saw. You'll forgive me, Appolonia?" she concluded, humbly.

"I'm disappointed in you," Mrs. Blander replied, palpably ruffled. "It's humiliating to know that my companionship has done so little for you, and that this hamper is to you nothing but a hamper. I hope you'll turning to Mr. Booder—"can see in it something beyond the material."

Mr. Booder advanced to the side of the wicker elephant and peered within.

"I can't, ma'am," he confessed, shamefacedly; "there ain't anything in it I can see, but even materials."

He continued gazing dejectedly into the bowels of the hamper.

If intellectualism can short, that lost word would best describe the sound of disgust with which Mrs. Blander favored Mr. Booder.

"Oh, you material gods!" she cried. "Does intuition play no part with you? Intuit, sir, intuit!"

Such was the commanding presence of strong-minded Mrs. Blander and the obedient servility of weak-minded Mr. Booder, that in the twinkling of an infinity both Mrs. Blander himself knew what he was doing, he had leaped over the side of the hamper and was meekly gazing out at his resolute customer.

Clarissa showed herself not altogether devoid of humor and staggered perilously, but Mrs. Blander was sensitive and silenced her by a glance.

"What do you mean," she inquired, "behaving in this fashion? Come out at once and explain your conduct."

Mr. Booder clambered out of the Parthenon and answered, defiantly: "You told me to intuit."

"I did nothing of the kind," contradicted Mrs. Blander in her most positive manner.

"I'll leave it to the young lady if you didn't," he recklessly retorted. "You called out 'Into it, sir, into it,' and if that isn't plain English I'd like to know the reason why."

Once again Clarissa jarred upon Mrs. Blander's nerves, and with a sweeping gesture the latter waved away the hamper.

"Ain't you going to take it, after all?" asked the disappointed Mr. Booder loath to recommence his labors.

"Never!" cried Mrs. Blander. "Not after it has been desecrated by ridicule and inhabited by ignorance."

Mr. Booder quailed before her eye and embarrassedly trundled away the classic pile.

It was not until all of the stock had been paraded before her that Mrs. Blander decided upon a medium-sized hamper that bulged in the middle, had outspreading handles and a magenta band near the top.

"The ingenious border is a blow to me," explained to Mr. Booder, "as the room in which it is to be placed is in ethereal blue, and I fear a subtle antagonism between the two."

"The price of this—" began Mr. Booder, pencil in hand, glad to be on the ground he comprehended.

But not so. Mrs. Blander raised a supplicating hand as she said: "Do not name the price. I beg of you. I make it a point never to sully an object at the time of purchase by identifying it with the cost. If, when it is delivered, I find it beyond what I can afford, I simply return it. In this way I contribute my mite toward spiritualizing trade. Now let us go, Clarissa, and as we go let us cast frequent glances at the new symbol, for its mission is to carry away a distinct picture, unconfused with environing objects."

So Mrs. Blander glided from the room, part of the time backward, looking out of half-closed lids at the receding lines of the hamper and its magenta border.

"She forgot to give me her address," maligniy chuckled Mr. Booder beginning to recover his spirits.

What Not to Read.

But admirable as is the effort to mark the best, it is not a sufficient method of charting the vast sea of literature. The lighthouse is not placed in the middle of the channel, but on the dangerous reef. The mournful bell-buoy tells the mariner where not to go. For purposes of instruction in literature, the reefs and shoals should be properly marked. It seems strange that those who are interested in the study of literary style have not given more attention to the work of compiling lists of the hundred worst books.

Here is a fascinating field for difference of opinion; and the debates can be carried on without acrimony. There is something unseemly in the controversies over the comparative merits of Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw, especially when, for chronological reasons, Bernard Shaw must have the last word. It is different when two deservedly obscure writers contend amiably for the lowest seat. No ill-feeling can be provoked when each bows to the other and says: "After you."—S. M. Crothers, in Atlantic Monthly.

Fame.

"Pa, what is fame?"

"Fame, my boy, is an inducement that employers always hold out to a man when they want him to work for small wages."

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 parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list.

95

Elegant house and lot 6 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 with or without the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

96

Village lots on Woodward avenue, bounden north by land of Mollie G. Smith, east by D. G. R. & W. Ry., south by Brower street, and by Woodward avenue, 100 feet front on Woodward avenue, 165 feet deep. Will sell this lot and 132 feet on south side, all in the Village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village.

97

One set on Saginaw street, just south of land owned by John Germain, 66 feet frontage. Anyone wishing to purchase will find this a bargain. For particulars inquire of Charles 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 timber and huckleberry marsh. (Don't laugh this swamp netted the owner over $150.00 last summer.) Three acres of good orchard, house of 7 rooms, good neighborhood; 4½ miles from Milford, 5 miles from Commerce; proposed electric road comes within a mile of the house. Price, $2,000.

147

Nice little home for someone of small means, 1¼ acres in n w ¼ of n e ¼ of sec 14, township of Troy being 2 rooms, can be enlarged to 4 rooms, both barn and house, never dry, ¼ mile east of Rochester Electric line to Detroit. Price $1,200. All cash and no grumbling will buy it at price mentioned up.

No. 167

Wants to trade for 50 or 60 acres on or near electric. Ninety-four acres on east ½ of southwest ¼ sec. 11, Troy township; 4 miles from Detroit, where there are good schools and churches. Farm is in Detroit; 40 acres.

178

Seven-room cottage on west side of Bates street, 66 feet front, 132 feet deep. You couldn't build the house for $1,500, 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 Addison township; 55 acres of good clay loam, all cleared; small orchard, no building; small amount down. For sale or exchange for small farm.

188

One of the best-arranged and finest-equipped residences in the village, and in absolutely the best location. East Maple Road, only a block from electric road; bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city gas, 10 rooms, 2 stories, rebuilt last year, better than new; 8 buildings, fine orchard; 112 feet on Maple, 330 feet deep; plenty of room for children and garden; good neighborhood. fine workshop. Say! What else do you want, anyhow? Will sell house and 52 feet deep for $3,500. One of our best bargains.

193

Thirty-five-acre fruit farm, 194 miles north of Birmingham, on the town line; 8 buildings. Price asked for $1,800. All kinds of soil—clay, gravel, sand and dark loam. Last year this farm produced 123 bushels raspberries, 30 bushels blackberries, 111 bushels strawberries, 10 tons hay, etc. 8 grapes; 80 rods in length, with an almost inexhaustible supply of gravel; is worth almost the price of the farm alone. No waste land and under a high state of cultivation. Worth looking at anyhow. Price $1,800; terms easy.

194

Fifty acres in Township of Troy, adjoining the Boy Stock Farm; 8 buildings, good house, basement barn; plenty of small fruit, orchard of selected fruit; 2½ miles from Flint Division D. U. R. 1 Wells and fine spring. Price $4,800.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; 9 acres cleared, small grove of maples a pretty feature, new land, well drained, clay bottom, building spot; corner of the main road and electric road, ¼ mile east of electric road; adjoins J. L. Madden and Dodsell tracts, which are held at $600.00 per acre; 1¼ miles north of State Fair grounds. Price $200 per acre; will exchange for Detroit property.

196

Six acres, part of s w ¼ of n e ¼ of section 24, Troy township; new barn, fair house, soil clay loam, fine sowing well; 2 miles east of Flint electric road, 2¼ miles from Big Beaver road and the monobody. Price $650.

198

Ten acres 1 mile east of Royal Oak village on gallent land, 40 fine apple trees, no buildings. Price $1,000. The place is well worth $1,500 and price will enable 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; pretty little River Rouge runs through the farm; ¼ mile from Dodge road. Worth looking at. Take you to see it any day. Oh, yes; the price is $10,000, and the terms easy. Farms not as good as this are selling for that next year, in the immediate vicinity, for $150.00 per acre. Let us show it to you. If you don't like it for less and say so then they are. You can buy this beautiful home for $2,800, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

216

A new, modern dwelling, constructed by a well-known builder for his own use, from the best of stocks, hollow walls, 2 stories high, in one of the best residence districts in the village; 8 rooms, large apple trees; bath, water-closet, hot and cold water, pantry, sink, set tubs; 9 rooms beautifully finished in hard wood, large attic; for reasons for selling. Price $3,800. Let us show it to you any day—any time.

219

Tidy little place for some one with moderate means. Corner Chestnut and Palm, Campbell Addition. Fifty feet on Chestnut and 165 feet deep; assessed for $1,200; that's $1,700, and prices are advancing all along the line. Reasonable. If you come right away we will consider an offer of $1,600, and $100 cash will do the business. Call and you over the premises, we will introduce you to the owner and you can make your own terms.

222

Two-story tenement on terrace, on the east side of Woodward Avenue. Two distinct 2-story houses of 8 rooms each. Furnace, water-closet, bath, hot and cold water, city water, each house independent of other apartment. Rents for $18 per month. Very desirable property. Pays all taxes and insurance. Good barn on the premises, and lot 66 feet front and 132 feet deep. Location on Woodward, and 185 feet deep; room for a nice garden; one block from electric cars, and in the midst of a thriving village. This is something to ponder over. Come and let us help you ponder. Always at your service, if you can't call, write.

227

Fine corner just outside of the corporation limits of Birmingham, about 10 rods frontage on Woodward Avenue, and 10 rods deep; good house, fine shape in front; about 80 rods deep, with nice little grove. Owner has left the country and is back end of the premises. Finest location in the county for a nice little chicken farm. It is for sale, but you might build a house to suit yourself and have one of the finest homes among the many in the Birmingham district. Postal card request will bring prices and to parsimonious. Rather have it to you, though.

229

A pleasant and eighty farm of 71 acres in West Bloomfield, is mile from the Northwestern electric 3 acres orchard, 3 acres good timber, 6 building worth $6,000, and the price is $6,000—and it is well worth it. Soil sandy loam and clay loam; good depth; state of cultivation. Better investigate.

232

Farm of 97½ acres, just outside the Village of Birmingham, on the D. U. R. electric line; 30 miles to Detroit, half-hour service; land all cleared; two acres; four buildings, all in good condition. Short open location between Detroit and Pontiac.

Long Term of Church Service.

Miss Harriett Crabb, who has just died at Bridport, Dorsetshire, England, at the age of 98, had been connected with the Unitarian Sunday school for 75 yea, during 80 of which she had been a teacher.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the west side of Woodward Avenue; 8 rooms, hard-wood finish, selection of plenty of fruit. You could not build the house for $2,000, 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 M. C. R. R.; 100 acres good buildings valued at $6,000; and $8,000 will buy the farm if you come right away. Thoroughly drained; within 2 miles of active coal mines, and there is a ready market and cash for everything it produces; 6 miles to Chesaning; 7½ miles to Owosso; 4½ miles to Charles and Pomeroy to Saginaw. Well drained; good fences, all straightened to earth the manner.

244

If you could buy an acre and a quarter of land with a brick house equipped with hot and cold water, bath, waterclosets, furnace, and every possible convenience; and barn, chicken house, plenty of fruit and cement walks—and the house alone cost $6,000 or $7,000 on easy terms, you'd call it a snap, wouldn't you? Well, we can do it. Come on and we'll show you.

246

One hundred and twenty-seven acres in the Township of Avon, in the village of Rochester, 2 miles from 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 $8,000, with one-third cash. Take you to see it any old time at all.

247

Houses, barn, and about an acre of good garden land on north side of Brown street. Good, old-fashioned house, and a cozy home at a low price. Forty hard maples in front yard. Wants to sell badly enough to make a decided sacrifice. Ask the man at the bank about it.

249

Nice, warm, old-fashioned house on the south side of Maple Avenue, among the finest class of residences in the village. Plenty of room for a good garden, and close to school. Price for a few days only, $1,500. Will you buy it, 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, lacket Co., No. 1 sandy soil, no buildings, 10 acres oak timber; price $5 per acre. Won't cost 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 timber, 20 acres cleared; two buildings of little value. Price $10 per acre. Is in the Township of Big Prairie, County of Newaygo. And then we have 40 acres more, in the same township, with 5 buildings, 2½ acres of orchard and 100 acres cleared. Price $15 per acre. Well, we'll just dare you to dig into this proposition—and you know what our opinion used to be of anyone regarding any "feller" that wouldn't take a dare.

258

Lots 28 and 34, Buell's Addition, Birmingham. Price $400 for both lots. Terms, $25 cash, balance on contract.

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 $2,000; 60 acres under cultivation; 20 acres of fine $2,500 cash will secure balance. 2 miles from Ionia; 9 miles from Portland. All kinds of fruit in abundance; no hills or waste land; excellent soil. This offer is good for 30 days only, and you'd better get busy.

269

House and lot—east side Woodward Avenue; will exchange for other property; lot 105x97; house 6 rooms and bath; good barn; some fruits $1,000; buildings are insured for $600.

270

House and lot, west side of Ann Street; 3-story frame cottage, cement block foundation, 8 rooms and cellar; one block from Woodward Avenue $1,800; terms easy.

271

Forty feet front on Southfield Avenue, 176 feet deep; 2 buildings, 6-room house, 3 bedrooms, water in house, garden, fruit, fine cement walks, $1,350.

273

New cement house, one block from Woodward Avenue, 4 bedrooms, bath and closet on second floor, 7 rooms, nearly new, large veranda, hot-air furnace, hot and cold water, hardwood floors, good barn, large enough for horse or auto; cement walks, cistern, etc. Worth looking at; also worth more money than we ask for it, but we'll sell it for $3,500 on easy terms.

274

Nice little country place for some one of small means. Five acres, with necessary outbuildings with two acres of good land; buildings insured for $750; eastern, good neighborhood, 2½ miles from Clawson on the Flint electric line; $900; terms easy.

275

Fine new house and 102 acres of good land on west side of Woodward Avenue, near Pontiac; 18 acres under cultivation; 6 buildings, valued at $7,000; hot and cold soft water, tubular hot-air furnace, bath, toilet, water closet, grapes, peaches and apples in great abundance; one mile from Pontiac on D. U. R. electric. Prices and terms on application.

276

Farm of 160 acres, west of Birmingham; excellent soil, good buildings, fine location; 16 acres orchard, 20 acres timber; one of the finest farms in the country. Price low and terms. Take you to see it any day.

277

Farm of 160 acres in Southfield; gravelly loam and clay; 4 good buildings, 6 acres orchard, 40 acres timber, 2 miles from chair factory and Village of Franklin; 2½ miles from electric road; telephone in house. R. F. D. Mail per week will get it if sold before March 1. Postal will get full particulars, or we will take you to see it at any time.

278

How would you like a good big farm in Cenesee county, Michigan; 360 acres, and the north half of section 36, Atlas township? 300 acres are acres cleared, 2 acres orchard, 2 buildings valued at $3,000; good house and barn; three miles from Otisville; 2 miles from Goodrich; 4 miles from Davisburg; 5 miles from Holly; 6 miles from Clarkston; 7 miles from Ortonville; 8 miles from Lake Orion; 9 miles from Oxford; 10 miles from Pontiac; 11 miles from Auburn Hills; 12 miles from Rochester; 13 miles from Utica; 14 miles from Romeo; 15 miles from Mount Clemens; 16 miles from Imlay City; 17 miles from Lapeer; 18 miles from Metamora; 19 miles from Almont; 20 miles from Attica; 21 miles from Imlay City; 22 miles from Lapeer; 23 miles from Metamora; 24 miles from Almont; 25 miles from Attica; 26 miles from Imlay City; 27 miles from Lapeer; 28 miles from Metamora; 29 miles from Almont; 30 miles from Attica;