

Real Estate Exchange

Exchange Bank Birmingham Michigan
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.

A VIVID PICTURE OF LIFE IN THE EAST END



HERE are probably few contrasts to be found in any city greater than exists in the east and west of London. So striking are they that it is difficult to believe the same city, the same nation, the same government can hold both. To many the word East London appears only as a vast tract of crime and misery and is looked upon much as we see the words marked on the map, "Sahara desert," an unknown wilderness which comfortable beings, who give themselves to the practical work of daily life, are not expected to traverse. But to us who know East London it is no longer a wilderness of woe, but a place which is crossed by the lights and shadows, by the sadness and joy that go to make up the sum of every existence, and above all, perhaps, the place where, side by side with depths of human degradation and misery, can be found an inspired unselfishness and a strength of rectitude which make us realize how the best in humanity can dominate circumstance. Nevertheless, it would be useless to deny that the shadows predominate and it were well that all who are called to rule this nation should elect to walk the dark and untrod ways of these streets of misery, as well as the stately ways of Westminster, in order to realize that the same city ought not to hold such terrible contrasts.

It is nearly 12 o'clock at night when we leave the settlement house, situated at the extreme east of the long thoroughfare, which is the artery of the east end. The wind sweeps across the broad road and whistles wildly by driving the dust toward the marsh land that lies beyond. The streets in East London are never still; the tramp of the multitude goes on in an unbroken rhythm when the stars are overhead almost as unceasingly as when the sun shines of the fog wraps us round. Men are seen wearily walking, sometimes because they have nowhere to go, sometimes because their preferred contentment and they dependant, bent forth early in the morning, sometimes because they are returning from that long quest in search of labor, the story of which is written in their defeated countenances and their aching shoulders; but the stream drives on and the trams roll by till one o'clock in the morning, and while some in East London sleep, as many wake.

But we are bound for some of the lodging houses in one of the very worst streets in that densely populated quarter; streets that have earned the name of "The Ripper's haunts"; streets that have been the plague spot of the police, the paradise of philanthropists, the death of the city missionaries. We turn away from the main thoroughfare, down those of the dark narrow alleys, and then by the open doors and the light we can see that we have come to the land of the dosas houses, as they are called, where a cheap bed can be had for a few pence. Night seems hardly to have begun, though it is late. The downstairs rooms are still full of men and women whose occupation seems to be one constant passing in and out of the dirty kitchen to shuffle across the street through the open doors of the saloon, and here you find the secret of London's degradation. There are among these lodging crowds, herded in these lodging houses, men and women who have known days far different from their present surroundings. Some of these men have been in the army, some have been ministers of religion. Some of these women have known good homes and refined surroundings, but the gaping doors of the drink shop could tell the story of their ruin. And as you breathe the loaded atmosphere of these horrible dens you ask yourself why it is impossible to rouse these people to a sense of their uplifted and restrained? The dull eyes, the vacant faces, the indifference, the stupor, is your answer—narcotized by drink. It is strange that such a law has been enacted in England which makes drunkenness a crime and which yet no one can be arrested for this without men and women as well; but when the customers of the drink shops are turned upon the streets at closing time it does not seem as though any closing law had reached the offenders, for girls and women, young and old men, stagger blindly out into the street, and drunk and drunken yells and ribald songs and the shuffling feet of squalid, miserable women disturb the peace of the still night air. Another law has also been enacted by the legislature during the past year and that is that a list shall be furnished to all the saloon keepers, with portraits of habitual drunkards.

They brought her back again, these women whom the world calls bad, they warmed and clothed her and now she sits there huddled by the fire. She is no longer able to work; the lacerated tongue and the fevered cheek tell only too plainly that life is ebbing very fast from her, and yet who is it that supports her? These girls in their degraded life are giving half their food, any money they can spare, part of every cup of tea and every wretched meal to keep her from the workhouse, which she dreads as only the poor know how. We sat and talked a while and then passed on, realizing that the alms of charity in this world are not only to be found among the pure and holy who have taken vows to devote their lives

to God, but that sometimes that divine charity lurks in hearts which have grown dim and dusty by a life of sin, but still can reflect back the light that falls for an instant upon that facet which God himself has cut.

Few men who have come to New York from the other side to live and to make money have come there; own in quite the same fashion as the other side. Four years ago he was a waiter in the restaurant of a London hotel, earning at most \$20 a week, tips included. Now he is in charge of the whole restaurant service at one of the busiest New York hotels and his income this year, including gratuities, should be at least \$10,000, and at that he has been in New York only a few months.

There is nobody who is better qualified to make comparisons between restaurant conditions in London and here than this millionaire hotelier and the wealthy but little traveled citizen of this country who does not know Europe may be surprised to be told that the waiter's cast bestows upon his water in the expensive restaurant in London here that person little more than would a moderate gratuity. What the waiter gets in the average big restaurant in London when he is told to keep the change does not go into his own pocket. Instead it is put in the "hat."

"Waiters in London are paid in wages only \$12.5 a week," said the maître d'hôtel. "When a man first enters the service of a restaurant he gets only one-half of one part of the drawings from the day's season from \$9 to \$13 a week. After six months he will be entitled to a full part of a drawing and will go on the average about \$15 a week."

"Head waiters are paid 25 a week and about \$15 a week on the hat. Here a captain will get from \$75 to \$100 a month in wages, while his tip will be that amount up to \$150 to \$250."

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Humorists

Slightly Revised.
Penny—Yes, my new novel is called "Annie of the Aeroplane."
Sam—Same old chestnut, I suppose. The hero lives the ground she walks on.
Penny—No; in this case he loves the air she flies in.
Dumped.
"As I understand it, they have lost their money, but all of the daughters are able to earn their own living, save one who is most unfortunate. What will become of her?"
"She'll have to get married."—The Housekeeper.
A Reconciler.
"That nasty scoundrel of the north told a great truth for anciently—"Why, he was thimble for decency supposed as a fake."
"Yes, he provided about the only support on record on which scientists were able to completely agree."
A Tip to Kipling.
We hereby call Rudyard Kipling's attention to the fact that "The Vampires" should be revised upward. "A bank of hair" is most misleading, as applied to the modern woman, either bald or being made expressive than "hank"—Atchison Globe.
Mysticism in Medicine.
"Hypnotism has been recognized by the medical profession since the 25th century."
A Yon of Oyster.
There are 14,000 species of full size.

Believe in Your Story.
There is a popular proverb among the natives of Asia that the thicker the clothing worn at all times, the better the person is provided against a cold. It is the same proverb, however, it falls from the winter cold and the summer heat.
Laughing water (Uh-h-h-h).
England was the first to produce her ink. Guards, and although their dress is unadorned and absurd from the practical point of view, from the practical point of view it is considered a London Tailor and Cutter.