# The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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## SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He tries to get work and fails.

### CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"I wish I could help you, old man. As it is, my own salary barely serves to keep me in neckwear. Wall street's great fun, but it doesn't pay much; that is, not unless you play the game yourself."

Howard smiled feebly as he replied:

"Nonsense—I wouldn't accept help of that sort. I'm not reduced to soliciting charity yet. I guess I'd prefer the river to that. But if you hear of anything, keep me in mind."

The athlete made no response. He was apparently lost in thought when suddenly he blurted out:

"Say, Jeffries, you haven't got any money, have you—say, a couple of thousand dollars?"

Howard stared at the questioner as if he doubted his sanity.

"Two thousand dollars!" he gasped. "Do you suppose that I'd be wearing out shoe leather looking for a job, if I had $2,000?"

Coxe looked disappointed as he replied:

"Oh, of course, I understand you haven't it on you, only I thought you might be able to raise it."

"Why do you ask?" inquired Howard, his curiosity aroused.

Coxe looked around to see if any one was listening. Then in a whisper he said:

"It's a cinch. If you had $2,000, you and I could make a snug little fortune. Don't you understand? In my office I get tips. I'm on the inside. I know in advance what the big men are going to do. When they start to move a certain stock up, I'm on the job. Understand? If you had $2,000, I could raise as much, and we'd pool our capital, starting in the business ourselves—on a small scale, of course. If we hit it right we might make a nice income."

Howard's mouth watered. Certainly that was the kind of life he liked best. The feverish excitement of gambling, the close association with rich men, the promise of a luxurious style of living—all this appealed to him strongly. But what was the use? Where could he get $2,000? He couldn't go to his father. He shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, old sport," he said as they left the saloon and he, held out his hand to say good-by. "But I bear it in mind, and if things improve, I'll look you up. So long!"

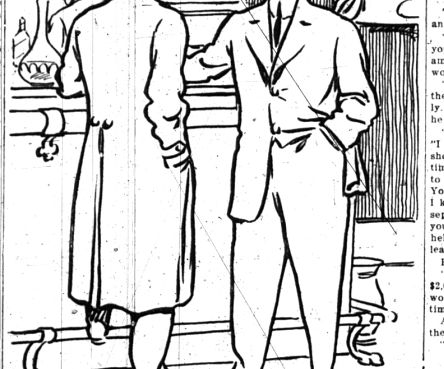
Climbing wearily up the dirty stairs of the elevated railroad, he bought a ticket with one of the few nickels remaining in his pocket, and taking a seat in a north-bound train started on his trip back to Harlem.

The day was overcast, rain threatened. A pall of mingled smoke and mist hung over the entire city. From the car window as the train wound its serpentine course in and out the maze of grimy offices, shops and tenements, everything appeared drab, dirty and squalid. New York was seen at its ugliest. Ensconced in a cross-seat, his chin leaning heavily on his hand, Howard gazed dejectedly out of the window. The depressing outlook was in keeping with his own state of mind.

How would the adventure end? Reconciliation with his father was out of the question. Letters sent home remained without response. He wasn't surprised. He knew his pater too well to expect that he would relent so soon. Besides, if the old man was so infernally proud, he'd show him he'd had some pride, too. He'd drown himself before he'd go down on his knees, whining to be forgiven. His father was dead wrong, anyway. His marriage might have been foolish; Annie might be beneath him socially. She was not educated and her father wasn't any better than he ought to be. She did not talk correctly, her manners left much to be desired, at times he was secretly ashamed of her. But bringing up was her misfortune, not her fault. The girl herself was straight as a die. She had a heart of gold. She was far more intelligent, far more likely to make him a happy home than some stuck-up, society girl who had no thought for anything save money, dress and show. Perhaps if he had been less honorable and not married her, his father would have thought more highly of him. If he'd ruined the girl, no doubt he would have been welcomed home with open arms. Pshaw! He might be a poor, weak fool, but thank God, they couldn't reproach him with that. Annie had been loyal to him throughout. He'd stick to her through thick and thin.

As the train swept round the curve at Fifty-third street and started on its long, straight run up the West side, his mind reverted to Robert Underwood. He had seen his old associate only once since leaving college. He ran across him one day on Fifth avenue. Underwood was coming out of a curio shop. He explained hurriedly that he had left Yale, and when asked about his future plans talked vaguely of going in for art. His manner was frigid and nervous—the attitude of the man who fears he may be approached for a small loan. He was evidently well aware of the change in his old associate's fortunes, and having squeezed all he could out of him, had no further use for him. It was only when he had disappeared that Howard suddenly remembered a loan of $250 which Underwood had never repaid. Some time later Howard learned that he occupied apartments at the exclusive and expensive Asturia, where he was living in great style. He went there determined to see him and demand his money, but the card always came back "not at home."

Underwood had always been a mystery to Howard. He knew him to be an inveterate gambler and a man entirely without principle. No one knew who his family were or where he came from. His source of income, too, was always a puzzle. At college he was always hard up, borrowing right and left and forgetting to pay, yet he always succeeded in living on the fat of the land. His apartments in the Asturia cost a small fortune; he dressed well, drove a smart turnout and entertained lavishly. He was not identified with any particular business or profession. On leaving college he became interested in art. He frequented the important art sales and soon got his name in the newspapers as an authority on art matters. His apartment was literally a museum of European and oriental art. On all sides were paintings by old masters, beautiful rugs, priceless tapestries, rare ceramics, enamels, statuary, antique furniture, bronzes, etc. He passed for a man of wealth, and mothers with marriageable daughters, con-



"I Wish I Could Help You, Old Man."

sidering him an eligible young bachelor, hastened to invite him to their homes, none of them conscious of the danger of letting the wolf slip into the lambs' fold.

What a strange power of fascination, mused Howard as the train jogged along, men of Underwood's bold and reckless type wield, especially over women. Their very daring and unscrupulousness seems to render them more attractive. He himself at college had fallen entirely under the man's spell. There was no denying that he was responsible for all his troubles. Underwood possessed the uncanny gift of being able to bend people to his will. What a fool he had made of him at the university! He had been his evil genius, there was no question of that. But for meeting Underwood he might have applied himself to serious study, left the university with honors and be now a respectable member of the community. He remembered with a smile that it was through Underwood that he had met his wife. Some of the fellows hinted that Underwood had known her more intimately than he had pretended and had only passed her on to him because he was tired of her. He had nailed that as a lie. Annie, he could swear, was as good a girl as ever breathed.

He couldn't explain Underwood's influence over him. He had done with him what he chose. He wondered why he had not tried to resist. The truth was Underwood exercised a strange, subtle power over him. He had the power to make him do everything he wanted him to do, no matter how foolish or unreasonable the request. Every one at college used to talk about it. One night Underwood invited all his classmates to his rooms and made him cut up all kinds of capers. He at first refused, point blank—but Underwood got up and, standing directly in front of him, gazed steadily into his eyes. Again he commanded him to do these ridiculous, degrading things. Howard felt himself weakening. He was suddenly seized with the feeling that he must obey. Amid roars of laughter he recited the entire alphabet standing on one leg, he crowed like a rooster, he hopped like a toad, and he crawled abjectly on his belly like a snake. One of the fellows told him afterward that he had been hypnotized. He had laughed at it then as a good joke, but now he came to think of it, perhaps it was true. Possibly he was a subject. Anyway he was glad to be rid of Underwood and his uncanny influence.

The train stopped with a jerk at his station and Howard rode down in the elevator to the street. Crossing Eighth avenue, he was going straight home when suddenly he halted. The glitter and tempting array of bottles in a corner saloon window tempted him. He suddenly felt that if there was one thing he needed in the world above all others it was another drink. True, he had had more than enough already. But that was Coxe's fault. He had invited him and made him drink. There wouldn't be any harm in having another. He might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. By the time he emerged from the saloon his speech was thick and his step uncertain. A few minutes later he was painfully climbing up the rickety stairs of a cheap-looking flat house. As he reached the top floor a cheerful voice called out:

"Is that you, Howard, dear?"

### CHAPTER II.

A young woman hurried out of one of the apartments to greet Howard. She was a vivacious brunette of medium height, intelligent looking, with good features and fine teeth. It was not a doll face, but the face of a woman who had experienced early the hard knocks of the world, yet in whom adversity had not succeeded in wholly subduing a naturally buoyant, amiable disposition. There was determination in the lines above her mouth. It was a face full of character, the face of a woman who by sheer dint of dogged perseverance might accomplish any task she cared to set herself. A smile of welcome gleamed in her eyes as she inquired eagerly:

"Well, dear, anything doing?"

Howard shook his head for all response and a look of disappointment crossed the young wife's face.

"Say, that's tough, ain't it?" she exclaimed. "The janitor was here again for the rent. He says they'll serve us with a dispossess. I told him to chase himself, I was that mad."

Annie's vocabulary was emphatic, rather than choice. Entirely without education, she made no pretense at being what she was not and therein perhaps lay her chief charm. As Howard stooped to kiss her, she said reproachfully:

"You've been drinking again, Howard. You promised me you wouldn't."

The young man made no reply. With an impatient gesture he passed on into the flat and flung himself down in a chair in the dining room. From the adjoining kitchen came a welcome odor of cooking.

"Dinner ready?" he demanded. "I'm devilish hungry."

"Yes, dear, just a minute," replied his wife from the kitchen. "There's some nice Irish stew, just what you like."

The box-like hole where Howard sat awaiting his meal was the largest room in a flat which boasted of "five and bath." There was a bedroom of equally diminutive proportions and a parlor with wall paper so loud that it talked. There was scarcely enough room to swing a cat around. The thin walls were cracked, the rooms were carpetless. Yet it showed the care of a good housekeeper. Floors and windows were clean, the cover on the table spotless. The furnishings were as meager as they were ingenious. With their slender purse they had been able to purchase only the bare necessities—a bed, a chair or two, a dining room table, a few kitchen utensils. When they wanted to sit in the parlor they had to carry a chair from the dining room; when meal times came the chairs had to travel back again. A soap box turned upside down and neatly covered with chints did duty as a dresser in the bedroom, and with a few photographs and tacks they had managed to impart an aesthetic appearance to the parlor. This place cost the huge sum of $25 a month. It might just as well have cost $100 for all Howard's ability to pay it. The past month's rent was long overdue and the janitor looked more insolent every day. But they did not care. They were young and life was still before them.

Presently Annie came in carrying a steaming dish of stew, which she laid on the table. As she helped Howard to a plate full she said: "So you had no luck again this morning?"

Howard was too busy eating to answer. As he gulped down a huge piece of bread, he growled:

"Nothing, as usual—same old story, nothing doing."

Annie sighed. She had been given this answer so often that it would have surprised her to hear anything else. It meant that their hard hand-to-mouth struggle must go on. She said nothing. What was the use? It would never do to discourage Howard. She tried to make light of it.

"Of course it isn't easy. I quite understand that. Never mind, dear. Something will turn up soon. Where did you go? Whom did you see? Why didn't you let drink alone when you promised me you would?"

"That was Coxe's fault," blurted out Howard, always ready to blame others for his own shortcomings. "You remember Coxe. He was at Yale when I was. A big, fair fellow with blue eyes. He pulled stroke in the varsity boat race, you remember?"

"I think I do," replied his wife, indifferently, as she helped him to more stew. "What did he want? What's he doing in New York?"

"He's got a fine place in a broker's office in Wall street. I felt ashamed to let him see me down and out like this. He said that I could make a good deal of money if only I had a little capital. He knows everything going on in Wall street. If I went in with him I'd be on Easy street."

"How much would it require?"

"Two thousand dollars."

The young wife gave a sigh as she answered:

"I'm afraid that's a day dream. Only your father could give you such an amount and you wouldn't go to him, would you?"

"Not if we hadn't another crust in the house," snapped Howard savagely. "You don't want me to, do you?" he asked looking up at her quickly.

"No, dear," she answered calmly, "I have certainly no wish that you should humble yourself. At the same time I am not selfish enough to want to stand in the way of your future. Your father and stepmother hate me, I know that. I am the cause of your separation from your folks. No doubt your father would be very willing to help you if you would consent to leave me."

Howard laughed as he replied:

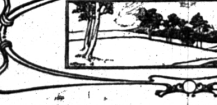
"Well, if that's the price for the $2,000 I guess I'll go without it. I wouldn't for $100, and you can get them by paying only $25, and the balance on land contract with easy payments.

### Engineering in Hospitals.

Practically all the important infirmaries and hospitals in England have their own electric generating stations, and the size of the installations would surprise the majority of engineers. The equipment has to be designed with unusual care, owing to the special conditions which prevail in hospital work. Even where a public supply is available, the use of an independent system is justified on account of the security which it gives against failure of current at a critical moment. The installations are used for lighting, heating, ventilating, telephoning and operating surgeries, and many hospitals have laundries operated electrically. One county asylum has its own private electric railway for conveying supplies from the nearest railway station.

### The Duration of Dreams.

Something regarding the duration of dreams can be gathered from this experience of a man who, on sitting down for a dental operation, took gas and dreamed. He saw himself finish his work, go to the club, leave for the station, run for the train and miss it. He returned to his club and reclined on a settee in the library. There he passed a miserable, restless night, getting gradually colder and colder as the fire died down, and with a pain gradually growing about his head and face from the hardness of his couch. Five o'clock in the morning came, and the steward roused him to say that the club must now be closed. The sleeper got up feeling very stiff—to find that the steward was his dentist, and that the night's adventures had lasted exactly 42 seconds.



### There Was a Reason.

When a negro was arrested the other day for wandering around the streets, he wore one of those invincible smiles. When he was taken before Magistrate Briggs he was still smiling.

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah don't know, sah," smiled the negro.

"Where do you live?"

"Ah don't know, sah."

"Where do you work?"

"At the Tem hotel, sah."

The magistrate thought that perhaps there was some truth in the negro's place of employment, so he thought he would see if the negro knew any of the students in the college near this particular hotel.

"Do you know any of the students at Tem college?"

"No, sah," answered the negro, his smile bigger than ever. "Ah nebber goes in de bar!"—Philadelphia Times.

### Butter and Microbes.

Butter is an excellent breeding place for bacteria which tend to decompose it until it is useless as food, unless it is kept in a cold place. Salt also retards their growth, but has this disadvantage, that it makes the decomposition difficult to detect either by taste or smell. Hence the preference for sweet butter by those who are particular about having it fresh.


# 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 by 220 rods deep (½ acre) on East Maple Ave. Fine barns 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.

180

Farm in Avon township; 83 acres of good land; 7-room house, barn, fruit, orchard, no buildings; small amount down. For sale, or exchange for small farm.

194

Fifty acres in Township of Troy, adjoining the Joy Stock Farm; 5 buildings, good house, basement barn, plenty of small fruit, orchard of excellent fruit; 2½ miles from Flint Division D. U. R.; two wells and fine spring. Price $4,000.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; two buildings, small piece of maples is a pretty feature; new land, well drained, clay loam; 1½ miles from electric line; corner of the 9½-mile and Campbell roads, ¼-mile east of electric road; address F. L. Hidson and Company, Detroit, which are held at $500 per acre; 1½ miles north of Stark Fair grounds. Price $300 an acre, will exchange for Detroit property.

200

Fine two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High St.; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold water, bath, closet, etc.; in fact every convenience found in the best residences. Cement walk in front of house (cost $200) and best neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $3,000 to build today; ask anyone to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $3,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 54x100; plenty of fruit. You could not build the house for $3,000, and that's all we ask for the premises. Well, worth looking at.

244

If you could buy an acre and a quarter of land with a brick house equipped with gas and city water, bath, water-closet, furnace, and every possible convenience, and barn, chicken house, plenty of fruit and cement walks—and the house alone cost $4,000—for $2,000 on easy terms, you would call it a snap, wouldn't you? Well, we can do it. Come on and we'll show you.

247

Good, old-fashioned house and a cozy home at a reasonable price. House cost $2,000 to build in times when labor and material were cheap. Then there is about one acre of good garden with a substantial barn, two blocks from electric. Owner has decided to go west and will sell at a sacrifice. His price is $2,500; but—whisper!—we really think $1,500 in spot cash will buy it. Make us the offer if it suits you, and we will do our best for the rest of it.

282

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision; house insured for $800; fine location; price $1,500. Nice cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

283

Lots 23 and 24, Buell's Addition; one of the best locations in the whole plat; would be cheap for $400, and you can get them by paying only $25, and the balance on land contract with easy payments.

296

Nice eight-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways; cellar, cistern, lot 50 feet front and 120 feet deep. Cost owner $2,400, but will sell for $2,100.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising or high-class farming in the county. On the line of the Rochester electric, 15 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre, pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x40, accommodation for 30 head of cattle in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 345 rods new wire fencing, over 100 rods cedar posts; 142 acres clay loam land, and not a foot of waste land; gravel pits and village within the farm. Nothing finer on our list, and less than $100 per acre will buy it on easy terms. There!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds, two acres of land, fine orchard; building is new and pays; 2½ miles from electric in Village of Farmington; village has 1,000 inhabitants. All ready for an enterprising blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a good living and a profitable business in the community. Best of reasons for selling, and $2,000 cash will buy it right off the bat.

302

Nice little farm of 63 acres, about a mile from the electric, and 2½ miles from Birmingham. Rolling land, beautiful view; four acres orchard, fine maples, good house, basement barn, on gravel State road, twelve-room house just finished, fine new barn with accommodation for twenty cows, cement floor, ample hay room, good new stables, forty acres plow land, balance in timber—and a trifle over $100 per acre will buy it. Terms easy. City lots taken if you don't buy you will not be scolded a little bit. Worth looking at, anyhow.

303

One of the nicest lots on the Buell Addition, facing on Woodward Ave., 50 feet frontage and 120 feet deep. Corner lot, and will be one of the desirable building lots in the village. Can be bought for cash at a low price, and will surely appeal to any one—either for building purposes or an investment.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, closet, furnace, city water, electric lights—all modern conveniences, in fact; very up-to-date residence rooms, cement walks; finest location in village. $2,700 above little mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

A cozy, convenient home which cost $2,000 to build the house, and it is in one of the best residence districts in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the conditions existing. But that's your good fortune and no fault of the owner, and he will take $1,800 and no grumbling. Terms easy and long time to the right kind of a purchaser.

320

Excellent business chance in a small village. Store and dwelling, 1¼ acres, five buildings; fine chance for some one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a living and something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good opportunity. Not much room in the same locality. The price is $1,600 and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure loan. Ice house, barn, wood-shed, seven-room house, good cellar, fine well, good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 85 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills, a little over a mile from the electric, nearly all Page fence, eight-room stone house, two basement barns, woodshed, ice house, hog house, two hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplies best water, never failing; piped to house and barns; rich, gravelly, loamy soil; about 25 acres beautiful little grove and hickory. No waste land, price $100 per acre. Terms easy.

323

If quality in farming lands is what you are looking for, here it is. One mile from the electric on excellent gravel road, 140 acres, well fenced, and with orchard, running stream; two 10-room brick-house, with furnace; two best flowing wells in the country; basement barn 40x60, nearly new, with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, hay shed, tool house. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness; fully drained by best tile. Farms in the immediate neighborhood (adjoining) have sold for $150 per acre, but we will sell this for less.

324

Ninety-two acres a mile east of the electric in Royal Oak; ten-room house; two other buildings; two acres apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And listen here! $2,500 will buy it, and the terms! Why, the purchase price can run on long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

325

Eight and one-half acres just outside of the corporate limits of Royal Oak village. An acre of fruit trees; ten-room house—bath, toilet, cellar, hot-water heater, all conveniences. Price $4,750, or will trade for Detroit property, good improved.

329

Wait a minute! Here it is! Five acres of excellent, good houses—seven rooms, cellar, cistern, nice shade, new barn 16x24, new chicken house 10x18; fifty apples, four cherries, four peaches—all in good bearing; taxes last year $6.50; rods from electric; hourly service to Detroit; fare 18 cents to City Hall. Good roads, fine soil; no waste land. Price $3,000—no trade. All ready for a country home after your own heart.

330

Fine farm of 330 acres, three miles from Birmingham; eleven-room house, six buildings; twenty acres orchard—apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres timber; soil a gravelly loam and very productive. Price considerably less than $100 per acre, and land in the immediate neighborhood has sold for double the price within the year.

331

House, barn, lot 60 feet front and 220 feet deep, on one of the most desirable locations in the village. Fronts on two streets, and can be adapted to the building of two more good residences on the same lot without crowding. At $2,500 you can't lose any money on this offering, with real estate going up all the time.

332

Twenty acres with good buildings; two acres fine orchard; eight-room two-story house, barn 44x36, and other buildings; two miles from steam and electric; fine location in best farming community on earth. Must reasons for selling at the low price of $4,000. Why, listen you! the buildings alone are worth $3,000—couldn't be replaced for anywhere near that amount. Well talk about it; write about it, or take you to see it if you will only let us.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 150x132 rods, in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, water-closet, hot air furnace, range. Two blocks from the electric. Price $5,000; terms easy. Plenty of fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Hurry up before he plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 1¼ miles from Rochester electric line, small house, barn, two sheds; excellent land in high state of cultivation; easy terms. Price $2,500.

339

Five desirable lots on Woodward Ave., running on back to Gronlog on street one block from Woodward Ave., nine-room house, water-closet, city water, good barn 30x40. Plenty of room for garden and chickens; one of the best locations, and the price so low we are ashamed to tell it. Come and see us and make us an offer. Terms easy.

341

Bully little farm of sixty-four acres, three-quarters of a mile from the electric at Birmingham; six acres of raspberries, new; balance cedar land and drainage; house seven rooms; all buildings in excellent condition; electric lights, stanchions for ten cows, cement floor; another barn 24x30 for horses and hay, with carriage house, corn crib, chicken houses, pig pens, etc., to your heart's content; one-quarter acre of strawberry patch, just in its prime. On new State road. Take you out to see it? Won't cost you anything, whether you buy or not.

344

New, modern house—two-story and attic—with lot 60x160 on Maple Ave. City water, electric lights, furnace, hot-air furnace, fireplaces, laundry, bath, hot and cold water—every possible convenience, and owner is now being compelled to change his residence, we will sell at greatly less than cost. Will cost you nothing to investigate—and the price is right.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loaming land, two acres of orchard, nine first-class buildings which could not be built for $8,000; fourteen-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city life, and city water. What you want. Costs nothing to investigate. Let us take you to see it.

348

House and two lots, two blocks from electric in Birmingham; 115 feet front by 132 feet deep; fifty apple trees; eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us know what you want and you can dicker it out. Isn't that honest and square?

350

A classic among the farms. 166 acres half a mile from Birmingham and ten rods from the electric, just on the edge of the Bloomfield Hills district. Pretty little stream, no waste land, add plenty of shade. Fine stone house, nice house and ample barns, well fenced and the buildings painted, in the country. Will sell in parcels if necessary. The price is right, and when we take you to see it you will say the place is right, too.

352

Forty-two acre farm about half a mile from the electric; beautiful location. Pretty little branch of the River Rouge, with overhanging trees; no waste land, good, new, comfortable buildings; land under high state of cultivation. Couldn't imagine any better place for an ideal country residence. Land in the immediate vicinity has sold for $300 to $300.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $7,500. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and fine grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the electric, and half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, good corners, in excellent neighborhood. Five and one-half acres, nearly, and can be bought right.

354

One of the best equipped and loveliest little farms on our list. Forty-seven acres, new rooms, two basement rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees, sixteen acres of best kind of fruits just coming into bearing, splendid new barns and carriage houses, just outside the village limits. Altogether the finest place in the vicinity, about twenty rods from the electric—and it can be bought for less than the buildings cost. Let's you and I go and look at it at our expense.

355

A fine farm of two hundred and twenty-five acres only a mile and a half from the electric cars in Birmingham and one of the very finest locations in this county of its farms. The good buildings in very good shape; five acres of excellent fruit, apples, acres of timber, two sets of buildings, and the farm can be divided so that each part would be one of the finest and most loamy soil, well watered, and no waste land. Farms not as good have sold in the immediate neighborhood for fifty per cent more than we ask for this. Full description if you desire same, but you prefer we will take you to see the owner and let you make your own bargain.

356

One of the best of Bloomfield farms, 30x40 barn, 16x20 cow barn, 10x12 ten-room house, basement barn; recently rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek you ever saw runs through it; place has three acres of fine orchard, plenty of shade, and the price is right. Take you to see it any time at all.

357

Three vacant lots on the Buell Addition in Birmingham, 50x120 each, one block from electric cars. Cheap if you'll we will sell them together or separately, as you wish.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., eight rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, storm house, city sanitary sewer, 150 feet deep. House cost $3,500 to build, and a very little more would buy the whole business.

359

Eight-room, two-story house on Middle St., bath, closet, hot and cold water, fine, Peninsular furnace, blue flagstone walks, nice shade, good neighborhood, toilet and cistern. Drop over with us and look the place over some of these fine mornings. Come on!

360

New house on Merrill St., one block from postoffice and electric; eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walk, fine shade; lot 40x102, and the price is $2,400. Well, take it over, and if you think you can build the house for that, you can contract for all the houses we build hereafter.

361

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with a small lake on the premises besides. Five acres, grove, thirty acres in farm with good buildings worth $3,000; five acres orchard; two hundred dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time.

362

House and two lots on Willits street, half block from electric cars; eight rooms, front, 103 feet deep, seven rooms house, city water, fine sewer, good cellar, beautiful maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred dollars, or terms will be made. House would cost the asking price to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

364

Very desirable vacant lot in Buell Addition, 50 feet frontage on Woodward, 120 feet deep. On electric and nice place for suburban residence for party with small means. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars will buy it, and only a hundred dollars down will clinch it.

365

Eighty-acre farm in Southfield, Alpha building, fifty acres cleared, two acres good orchard, ten room house, well, sandy, with clay in low place, all fillable; seventy dollars an acre; terms enough cash to secure will get you an excellent farm. Within one mile of Grand River Road and electric. The best farms are bringing high in this locality ought to make this number attractive.

366

Listen Here! Five acres not more than forty rods from electric, Woodward Ave. line on Woodward Ave. fare to the city hall, fifteen cents, or two cents by the jitney if you'd ourselves. Ideal suburban residence. Plenty of fruit of all kinds. Half a mile from Stone Church; five-story ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, electric lights, barn 24x40, stable and two other buildings; right on the electric to Detroit. Say, what do you think of that for a snap? Come and see if you doubt it ask Whitehead at the First National Bank.

367

Half a block from the electric, just outside of the limit and noise, two acres of land with plenty of fruit, good two-story house and barn, city water, electric light, fine cellar, excellent drainage, good neighborhood and the price is twenty-five hundred dollars, and the terms are very easy indeed.

368

Sixty acres of rich loamy land in Southfield, partly cleared, balance good timber, forty acres tillable. Price is one hundred dollars per acre. No building or other trifles to bother you. Close to the electric. Prefer to sell for cash, but would afterward take unincumbered trade for Detroit improved, that preferred.

### Rise Above Circumstances.

The most thankful, joyful, and steadfastly people we meet are those who often those who have least in this world to make them happy.

### Little Hope for the Timid.

Men who are so afraid of doing foolish things that they lack courage to attempt wise ones will never do much.

### Suffer Alike.

There is very little difference between the educated and the uneducated man when it comes to starvation.

### Plenty of Occupation.

No man who minds his own business ever complains of having nothing to do.

### Liberty and Law.

The highest liberty is in harmony with the highest law.—Giles.

### Why Wait for an Occasion?

There is nothing too good for every day use.

### She Chewed Gum.

A girl fifteen years old, living in Milwaukee, fell down on the street in a fit a few weeks ago, and although she had the best of medical attendance she died after three or four days. The doctors laid all to chewing too much gum. She had a cold in her mouth from morning till night, and was going to bed she swallowed it. There are some things we had as being bitten by a mad cat.