What Was the Good of Regrets?

The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY G.W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY

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. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires $2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who half been repulsed by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astruria, and is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Howard recalls a $250 loan to Underwood, that remains unpaid, and decides to ask him for the $2,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his indignant with Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character she denies him the house. Alicia receives a note from Underwood, threatening suicide. She decides to go and see him. He is in desperate financial straits. Art dealers for whom he has been acting as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard Jeffries calls in an intoxicated condition. He asks Underwood for $2,000 and is told by the latter that he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from him that he will not take his life, pointing to the disgrace that would attach to herself. Underwood refuses to promise unless she will renew her patronage.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"I don't believe you intend to carry out your threat. I should have known from the first that your object was to frighten me. The pistol display was highly theatrical, but it was only a bluff. You've no more idea of taking your life than I have of taking mine. I was foolish to come here. I might have spared myself the humiliation of this clandestine interview. Good-night!"

She went toward the door. Underwood made no attempt to follow her. In a hard, strange voice, which he scarcely recognized as his own, he merely said:

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Yes," replied Alicia, as she turned at the door. "Let it be thoroughly understood that your presence at my house is not desired. If you force yourself upon me in any way, you must take the consequences."

Underwood bowed, and was silent. She did not see the deathly pallor of his face. Opening the door of the apartment which led to the hall, she again turned.

"Tell me, before I go—you didn't mean what you said in your letter, did you?"

"I'll tell you nothing," replied Underwood doggedly.

She tossed her head scornfully.

"I don't believe that a man who is coward enough to write a letter like this has the courage to carry out his threat." Stuffing the letter back into her bag, she added: "I should have thrown it in the waste-paper basket, but on second thoughts, I think I'll keep it. Good-night."

"Good-night," echoed Underwood mechanically.

He watched her go down the long hallway and disappear in the elevator. Then, shutting the door, he came slowly back into the room and sat down at his desk. For ten minutes he sat there motionless, his head bent forward, every limb relaxed. There was deep silence, broken only by Howard's regular breathing and the loud ticking of the clock.

"It's all up," he muttered to himself. "It's no use battling against the tide. The strongest swimmer must go under some time. I've played my last card and I've lost. Death is better than going to jail. What good is life anyway without money? Just a moment's nerve and it will all be over."

Opening the drawer in the desk, he took out the revolver again. He turned it over in his hand and regarded fearfully the polished surface of the instrument that bridged life and death. He had completely forgotten Howard's presence in the room. On the threshold of a terrible deed, his thoughts were leagues away. Like a man who is drowning, and close to death, he saw with surprising distinctness a kaleidoscopic view of his past life. He saw himself an innocent, impulsive school boy, the pride of a devoted mother, the happy home where he spent his childhood. Then came the association with bad companions, the first step in wrongdoing, stealing out of a comrade's pocket in school, the death of his mother, leaving home—with downward progress until he gradually drifted into his present dishonest way of living. What was the good of regrets? He could not recall his mother to life. He could never rehabilitate himself among decent men and women. The world had suddenly become too small for him. He must go, and quickly.

Fingering the pistol nervously, he sat before the mirror and placed it against his temple. The cold steel gave him a sudden shock. He wondered if it would hurt, and if there would be instant oblivion. The glare of the electric light in the room disconcerted him. It occurred to him that it would be easier in the dark. Reaching out his arm, he turned the electric button, and the room was immediately plunged into darkness, except for the moonlight which entered through the windows, imparting a ghostly aspect to the scene. On the other side of the room, behind the screen, a red glow from the open fire fell on the sleeping form of Howard Jeffries.

Slowly, deliberately, Underwood raised the pistol to his temple and fired.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Hello! What's that?"

Startled out of his Gargantuan slumber by the revolver's loud report, Howard sat up with a jump and rubbed his eyes. On the other side of the screen, concealed from his observation, there was a heavy crash of a body falling with a chair—then all was quiet.

Scared, not knowing where he was, Howard jumped to his feet. For a moment he stood still, trying to collect his senses. It was too dark to discern anything plainly, but he could dimly make out outlines of aesthetic furniture and bibelots. Ah, he remembered now! He was in Underwood's apartment.

Rubbing his eyes, he tried to recall how he came there, and slowly his befuddled brain began to work. He remembered that he needed $2,000, and that he had called on Robert Underwood to try and borrow the money. Yes, he recalled that perfectly well. Then he and Underwood got drinking and talking, and he had fallen asleep. He thought he had heard a woman's voice—a voice he knew. Perhaps that was only a dream. He must have been asleep some time, because the lights were out and, seemingly, everybody had gone to bed. He wondered what the noise which started him could have been. Suddenly he heard a groan. He listened intently, but all was still. The silence was uncanny.

Now thoroughly frightened, Howard cautiously groped his way about, trying to find the electric button. He had no idea what time it was. It must be very late. What an ass he was to drink so much! He wondered what Annie would say when he didn't return. He was a hound to let her sit up and worry like that. Well, this would be a lesson to him—it was the last time he would touch a drop. Of course, he had promised her the same thing a hundred times before, but this time he meant it. His drinking was always getting him into some fool scrape or other.

He was gradually working his way along the room, when suddenly he stumbled over something on the floor. It was a man lying prostrate. Stooping, he recognized the figure.

"Why—it's Underwood!" he exclaimed.

At first he believed his classmate was asleep, yet considered it strange that he should have selected so uncomfortable a place. Then it occurred to him that he might be ill. Shaking him by the shoulder, he cried:

"Hey, Underwood, what's the matter?"

No response came from the prostrate figure. Howard stooped lower, to see better, and accidentally touching Underwood's face, found it clammy and wet. He held his hand up in the moonlight and saw that it was covered with blood. Horror-stricken, he cried:

"My God! He's bleeding—he's hurt!"

What had happened? An accident—or worse? Quickly he felt the man's pulse. It had ceased to beat. Underwood was dead.

For a moment Howard was too much overcome by his discovery to know what to think or do. What dreadful tragedy could have happened? Carefully groping along the mantelpiece, he at last found the electric button and turned on the light. There, stretched out on the floor, lay Underwood, with a bullet hole in his left temple, from which blood had flowed freely down on his full-dress shirt. It was a ghastly sight. Poor man's white, set face, covered with a crimson stream, made a repulsive spectacle. On the floor near the body was a highly polished revolver, still smoking.

Howard's first supposition was that burglars had entered the place and that Underwood had been killed while defending his property. He remembered now that in his drunken sleep he had heard voices in angry altercation. Yet why hadn't he called for assistance? Perhaps he had and he hadn't heard him.

He looked at the clock, and was surprised to find it was not yet midnight. He believed it was at least five o'clock in the morning. It was evident that Underwood had never gone to bed. The shooting had occurred either while the angry dispute was going on or after the unknown visitor had departed. The barrel of the revolver was still warm, showing that it could only have been discharged a few moments before. Suddenly it flashed upon him that Underwood might have committed suicide.

But it was useless to stand there theorizing. Something must be done. He must alarm the hotel people or call the police. He felt himself turn hot and cold by turn as he realized the serious predicament in which he himself was placed. If he aroused the hotel people they would find him here alone with a dead man. Suspicion would at once be directed at him, and it might be very difficult for him to establish his innocence. Who would believe that he could have fallen asleep in a bed while a man killed himself in the same room? It sounded preposterous. The wisest course for him would be to get away before anybody came.

Quickly he picked up his hat and made for the door. Just as he was about to lay hand on the handle there was the click of a latchkey. Thus headed off, and not knowing what to do, he halted in painful suspense. The door opened and a man entered.

He looked as surprised to see Howard as the latter was to see him. He was clean-shaven and neatly dressed, yet did not look the gentleman. His appearance was rather that of a servant. All these details flashed before Howard's mind before he blurted out:

"Who the devil are you?"

The man looked astonished at the question and eyed his interlocutor closely, as if in doubt as to his identity. In a cockney accent he said politely:

"I am Ferris, Mr. Underwood's man, sir." Suspiciously, he added: "Are you a friend of Mr. Underwood's, sir?"

He might well ask the question, for Howard's disheveled appearance and ghastly face, still distorted by terror, was anything but reassuring. Taken by surprise, Howard did not know what to say, and like most people questioned at a disadvantage, he answered foolishly:

"Matter? No. What makes you think anything is the matter?"

Brushing past the man, he added: "It's late. I'm going."

"Stop a minute!" cried the man servant. There was something in Howard's manner that he did not like. Passing quickly into the sitting room, he called out: "Stop a minute!" But Howard did not stop. Terror gave him wings and, without waiting for the elevator, he was already half way down the first staircase when he heard Ferris shouting behind him.

"Murder! Stop thief! Stop that man! Stop that man!"

There was a rush of feet and hum of voices, which made Howard run all the faster. He leaped down four steps at a time in his anxiety to get away. But it was no easy matter descending so many flights of stairs. It took him several minutes to reach the main floor.

By this time the whole hotel was aroused. Telephone calls had quickly warned the attendants, who had promptly sent for the police. By the time Howard reached the main entrance he was intercepted by a mob too numerous to resist.

Things certainly looked black for him. As he and one other were huddled under guard in a corner of the entrance hall, waiting for the arrival of the police, the valet breathlessly gave the sensational particulars to the rapidly growing crowd of curious onlookers. He had taken his usual Sunday out and on returning home at midnight, as was his custom, he had let himself in with his latchkey. To his astonishment he had found this man, the prisoner, about to leave the premises. His manner and remarks were so peculiar that they at once aroused his suspicion. He hurried into the apartment and found his master lying dead on the floor in a pool of blood. In his hurry the assassin had dropped his revolver, which was lying near the corpse. As far as he could see, nothing had been taken from the apartment. Evidently the man was disturbed at his work and, when suddenly surprised, had made the bluff that he was calling on Mr. Underwood. They had got the right man, that was certain. He was caught red-handed, and in proof of what he said, the valet pointed to Howard's right hand, which was still covered with blood.

"How terrible!" exclaimed a woman bystander, averting her face. "So young, too!"

"It's all a mistake, I tell you. It's all a mistake," cried Howard, almost panic-stricken. "I'm a friend of Mr. Underwood's."

"Nice friend!" sneered an onlooker.

"Tell that to the police," laughed another.

"Or to the marines!" cried a third.

"It's the chair for his!" opined a fourth.

By this time the main entrance hall was crowded with people, tenants and passers-by attracted by the unwonted commotion. A scandal in high life is always caviare to the sensation seeker. Everybody excitedly inquired of his neighbor:

"What is it? What's the matter?"

Presently the rattle of wheels was heard and a hansom cab-driven furiously, drew up at the sidewalk with a jerk. It was the police patrol wagon, and in it were the captain of the precinct and a half dozen policemen and detectives. The crowd pushed forward to get a better view of the burly representatives of the law as, full of authority, they elbowed their way unceremoniously through the throng. Pointing to the leader, a big man in plain clothes, with a square, determined jaw and a bulldog face, they whispered one to another:

"That's Capt. Clinton, chief of the precinct. He's a terror. It'll go hard with any prisoner he gets in his clutches!"

Followed by his uniformed myrmidons, the police official pushed his way to the corner where sat Howard, surrounded by the valet and still guarded by the valet and elevator boys.

"What's the matter here?" demanded the captain gruffly, and looking from Ferris to the white-faced Howard. The valet eagerly told his story:

"I came home at midnight, sir, and found my master, Mr. Robert Underwood, lying dead in the apartment, shot through the head." Pointing to Howard, he added: "This man was in the apartment trying to get away. You see his hand is still covered with blood."

Capt. Clinton chuckled, and expanding his mighty chest to its fullest, licked his chops with satisfaction. This was the opportunity he had been looking for—a sensational murder in a big apartment hotel, right in the very heart of his precinct. Nothing could be more to his liking. It was a rich man's murder, the best kind to attract attention to himself. The sensational newspapers would be full of the case. They would print columns of stuff every day, together with his portrait. That was just the kind of publicity he needed now that he was wire-pulling for an inspectorship. They had caught the man "with the goods"—that was very clear. He promised himself to attend to the rest. Conviction was what he was after. He'd see that no tricky lawyer got the best of him. Concealing, as well as he could, his satisfaction, he drew himself up and, with blustering show of authority, ordered the man to command of the situation. Turning to a police sergeant at his side, he said:

"Maloney, this fellow may have had an accomplice. Take four officers and watch every exit from the hotel, and arrest anybody attempting to leave the building. Put two officers to watch the fire escapes. Send one man on the roof. Go!"

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant, as he turned away to execute the order.

Capt. Clinton gave two strides forward, and catching Howard by the collar, jerked him to his feet.

"Now, young fellow, you come with me! We'll go upstairs and have a look at the dead man."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hospitals.

The only hospitals in antiquity were for slaves and soldiers. The rise of hospitals is wrapped in mystery, but beyond a doubt they are the product of Christian teaching. It is pretty certain that hospitals arose out of the early homes for travelers and the poor. The institution is clearly of eastern origin. About 370 A. D. Basilius founded the famous hospital Caesarea. St. Augustine speaks of hospitals as being new in his day. In 498-514 Pope Symmachus built three in Rome. In the sixth century there was a very large one in Lyons. In fact, about this time they appear all over the pale of Christendom.—Chicago Examiner.

An Odious Falsification.

"A girl gets mad if a young man tries to kiss her," says the Chicago News. It is an infamous lie.—Los Angeles Times.

Leaves it to Her Judgment.

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?" asks the fair young thing from the refuge of his shoulder.

"Well," he replies, "after the way my arm just naturally slipped around your waist as you unconsciously leaned toward me, and my fingers titled your chin as you unconsciously lifted your head, and I bent forward where your lips were waiting, and didn't get the kiss either on your nose or your ear, but where it belonged—after that, and with the knowledge of the subject which you have displayed, I shall say nothing, except that I leave the question to your own judgment."—Life.

Slightly Misquoted.

She—"Did I understand you to say that your friend, Mr. Needs, was thirsting for glory?" He—"Well, not exactly. I said he had a glorious thirst."—Tit-Bits.

Real Estate Exchange

Of WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL

Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of Farms, City and Village Lots, and Rent Houses generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request all parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list.

5

Elegant house, and lot 48 feet front by 20 rods deep (½ acres) on East Maple Ave. Fine shade 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; 85 acres of good clay loam, all cleared; small orchard, no buildings; small amount fence. For sale, or exchange for small farm.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; no buildings; small grove of maples is a pretty feature; new land, well drained, clay loam, a black top soil; corner of the 9½-mile and Campbell Roads, ¼ mile east of electric road; adjoins J. L. Hudson and Duffield tracts, which are held at $500 per acre; ¼ miles north of State Fair grounds. Price $300 an acre, will exchange for Detroit property.

201

Fine two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High St.; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot water heater; hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city water—every convenience found in the best class of city residences. Cement walk (cost $200) and best neighborhood in town. Houses 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 $2,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

24

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 56x100; 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 hot and cold water, bath, water-closet, furnace, and barn, chicken house, plenty of fruit and cement walks—and the house alone cost $4,000—for $2,000 on easy terms, would call it a snap, wouldn't you? Well, we can do it. Come on and well show you.

247

Good, old-fashioned house and a cozy house at a reasonable price. House cost $2,500 to build in times when labor and materials were cheap. Then there is about an 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; good house, insured for $850; fine location; price $1,500. Nice cozy little home for some man with enough cash to make a small first payment.

283

Lots 23 and 24, Buell's Addition; one of the best locations in the village; can be bought for $100, 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 50x150; price, $2,200; $1,000 down. Cost owner $2,600, but will sell for $2,100.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising or high-class farming in the southern half of the city of Detroit—Interurban electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing artesian wells, one good for 50 head of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clean ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x40, accommodation for 20 head of cattle in cement-stone stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 315 rods new wire fence with cedar posts, 142 acres of black loam land, and not a foot of waste land, pretty little creek runs through farm, "Tiers" coming first on our list, and less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. Tiers!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two timber sheds, two acres of land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair; 2½ miles from the city of Detroit, of Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan; ready for an enterprising blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a good living in a prosperous farming community. Best of reasons for selling, and $2,000 cash will buy it right off the bat.

303

One of the nicest lots on the Buell Addition, facing on Woodward Ave.; 50 feet front and 125 feet deep; "Tiers" cost per lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Can be bought for cash, or on terms that will surely appeal to any one—either building purposes or as an investment.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, closet, furnace, city water, electric lights—all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in village. Can be had for the mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

A cozy, convenient home which cost $2,200 to build the house alone; lot 50x150; one of the best residence localities in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the condition of health of that young good fortune and no fault of the owner, and he will take $1,800 and not 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 a little money and the hard labor, to make a living and something besides. Nearly farming community, and a good country trade has been done 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, one-story house, good cellar, fine well, good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 86 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills, a little over a mile from the electric, nearly all Page fence, eight-room house, good new 40-x-60 barn, wood-shed, 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 five acres pretty 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 travel road, 160 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace; two best flowing wells in the country; basement barn 30x80, nearly new; hen house 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; five other buildings; two acres apple and plum orchard; soil sandy loam. And listen here! $2,500 will buy it, and the balance of 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 would trade for Birmingham, good improved.

329

Wait a minute! Here it is! Five acres of excellent land; good house—seven rooms, cellar, cistern, nice shade, new barn 18x24, chicken house 10x18; fifty apples, four cherries, four peaches—all in good bearing; taxes last year $6; 80 rods from electric hourly service to Detroit; fare 18 cents to City Hall. Good roads, no waste land. Price $3,000—no trade. All ready for a country home after your own heart.

330

Fine farm of 230 acres, three miles from Birmingham; eleven-room house, six buildings; twenty acres orchard—apple, pear and peaches; 40 acres good timber; soil a gravelly loam and very productive. Price considerable 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 24x36, and other buildings; two miles from steam and electric cars; fine neighborhood; good community on earth. Best reasons for selling at the low price of $4,000. Why, bless 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, a lot on the corner 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, 1½ miles from Rochester electric line; small house, barn, two beds; excellent land in high state of cultivation; easy terms. Price $2,500

339

Five desirable lots on Woodward Ave; running back to frontage on street one block deep; fine for a good residence, house, water-closet, city water, good barn 20x40. Fine soil for fruit, garden and chickens; one of the best locations, and the price so low we are ashamed to mention it. Cash and we can make us an offer. Terms easy.

344

New modern house—two-story and attic; bath, toilet, city water, hot-and-cold water, electric lights, Peninsular hot-air furnace, fireplace, laundry, bath, closets, cellar; lot 50x150 on Maple Ave. Up-to-date convenience; and owing to the owner being compelled to leave the city suddenly, 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 loamy land, fifteen acres bearing orchard, two first-class buildings which could not be replaced for the fourteen-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city; city water, just what you want. Vista nothing to investigate. Let us take you to see it.

348

House and two lots, two blocks from electric in Birmingham; 131 feet front and 188 feet deep. City water, eight-room house, two-story; barn and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us take you to the owner and you can dicker it out. Isn't that honest and square?

350

A classic among the farms. 164 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, and plenty of shade. Fine stone and cement house and ample barns; well fenced and in the most productive land 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.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and fine grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the electric; half mile from the village Hills. Fine for a country home, wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land; four 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 state house, ten rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot-and cold water, city water, but plenty of water, plenty of native trees, sixteen acres of best kind of fruit 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—means that it can be used for the hard 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 corporate limits of Birmingham and one of the very finest locations in this county of fine farms. Six good buildings in very good shape, five acres of excellent orchard, twenty acres of timber, two sets of buildings, and the farm can be divided so that each part would be cared for in this respect. Rich loamy land, and no waste land on the land. Farms not as good have sold in the immediate neighborhood for fifty per cent more than we ask for this. Full description for the asking, and if you come to see it we will take you to see the owner and let you make your own bargain.

356

One of the best of Bloomfield farms. Sixty-six acres, well fenced; good buildings, ten-room house, basement; barns recently rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek you ever saw runs through the place; 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, fine location; and 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, fine location; lot 250 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, Peninsular furnace, gas shade, not the electric, nice shade, good neighbors, good and clean. Walk over with us and look the place over. Only one of these fine morning. Come on!

360

New house on Merrill St.; one block from electric; eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walk, fine lot, 40x100; price, $2,800; terms, $1,400. Well, look it over, and if you don't think it is a snap we'll eat our hats, and can contract for all the houses we build hereafter.

361

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with fine view of the lake; eleven-room house, six buildings; good buildings worth $5,000; five acres in orchards, five thousand dollars worth of trees, and the rest one easy terms and long time.

362

House and two lots on Willits street, half block from electric, eighty feet front, 132 feet deep, seven room house, city water, fine well, fine cistern, beautiful maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred on easy terms will do the business. House would cost $2,500 to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

363

Very desirable vacant lots in Buell Addition, 50 feet front, 125 feet deep, facing on Woodward Ave., 120 feet deep. On electric and nice place for suburban home, and near party with small means. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars will buy it, and one hundred dollars down will clinch it.

365

Eighty-acre farm in Southfield, eight buildings worth $2,000; two acres good orchard, ten room house, fine sandy, with clay in low places, all tillable; seven hundred dollars down is enough cash to secure it, if you are a good man. Four miles from the Grand River Road and electric. The price farms are bringing in this locality ought to make this number attractive.

366

Listen Here! Five acres not more than a mile from electric, corporation line, on Woodward Ave., fare to the city hall, fifteen cents. Almost ready to plat and try it ourselves for a residence. Plenty of fruit of all kinds. Wait, I move that Stone house, two-story, ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, electric light. Stone stable and no other buildings. Close to the electric to Detroit? Say, what do you want a place for? The price is right if you doubt it ask Whitehead at the First National Bank.

367

Half a block from the electric, just outside of the village limits, fifty feet of land with plenty of fruit, good two-story house and barn, city water, electric light, bath, closet, fine shade, large, 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, twenty acres of ash and elm timber, forty acres tillable. Price is one hundred dollars per acre. No buildings or orchard, a little over a mile from the electric, fare to the city hall, but would entertain a proposition to trade for Detroit improved, flat preferred.

369

Nice little seven-room home, two story, with good cellar, porch, screens, storm house, bath, hot and cold, one block from the electric in one of the most popular portions of the village, $2,000.

370

Forty-five acre farm in the township of Royal Oak, just north of the village limits, rich loamy land, good barn and house, (worth $2,500 easy), and all in good shape. Farm well fenced, never dried up, stream runs through it in every field. Four acres good fruit. One of the best farms for fruit in country. $1,000 cash will buy it and you can have the balance of the price. It is only a little over a mile from the electric and a little over four miles from the State Fair grounds.

371

In these times of high prices for new old land, farming lands, if you could buy a ripping good farm for $100 dollars an acre, you would sit up and take notice, wouldn't you? Well, that is it. Eighty acres in the township of Southfield, a good house, good barn, and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay sub-soil, seventy acres in orchard, 2½ miles from electric, 35 miles from Detroit, fine market. Forty acres of fine timber, large trees—real old-fashioned timber. Look it over with us and see if we haven't told you things just as they are.

372

Here's another Southfield farm. And the price is very low, too. Two hundred and one-half dollars per acre. Nineteen acres in orchard, seventy acres good barn, two wells, four acres of timber, three acres of good orchard, three miles from electric, fare to the city hall. We will take you to see the owner of this or any other farm we have, if you write us and see if we haven't told you things just as they are.

372

Twenty acre farm with four buildings one mile from Woodward and the electric, fifteen acres bearing, village of Birmingham, eight acres of apple orchard, well a gravelly loam. Price $3,000.

373

Forty-three acres with adequate buildings and good fences, with plenty of water; no waste land; rich loamy loam, fine large orchard of four varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, etc., within easy walking distance of the electric, in the delightful Bloomfield Hills country where the soil is rich and farms hard to get, yet this very desirable farm home can be had for $6,000.

376

Here's a good one for the lucky sweepstakes. One hundred and twenty-seven acres, fine sandy loam, fifty acres in thirteen acres timber, sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, valued at $7,500, no marsh, no waste, good fences, a mile from the electric on Woodward Ave., all in high state of cultivation. Can be had for one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that farms not half as good have been sold in the immediate neighborhood for three times that amount.

375

Just about the right size for a middle aged man and his wife to make a big farm, fifty acres, forty acres tillable, acres of orchard, eight acres at the lake, good fences, good buildings, everything in good order ready to make a cozy farm home. Only a little over a mile from the electric, nicely drained land, well drained and buildings in very pleasant location, in high state of cultivation. Two thousand dollars cash will buy it and the balance of the purchase price can run on long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.