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, 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 is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealer for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of $2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him 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 Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her paramour. She refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Realizing his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and says she will clear him. She calls on Jeffries, Sr.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

He halted, looking as if he would like to escape, but there was no way of egress. This determined-looking young woman had him at a disadvantage.

"I do not think," he said icily, "that there is any subject which can be of mutual interest—"

"Oh, yes, there is," she replied eagerly. She was quick to take advantage of this entering wedge into the man's mantle of cold reserve.

"Flesh and blood," she went on earnestly, "is of mutual interest. Your son is yours whether you own him or not. You've got to hear me. I am not asking anything for myself. It's for him, your son. He's in trouble. Don't desert him at a moment like this. Whatever he may have done to deserve your anger—don't—don't add him such a blow. You cannot realize what it means in such a critical situation. Even if you only pretend to be friendly with him—you don't need to really be friends with him. But don't you see what the effect will be if you, his father, publicly withdraw from his support? Everybody will say he's no good, that he can't be any good or his father wouldn't go back on him. You know what the world is. People will condemn him before he can speak for him. They won't even give him a hearing. For God's sake, don't go back on him now!"

Mr. Jeffries turned and walked toward the window, and stood there gazing on the trees on the lawn. She did not see his face, but by the nervous twitching of his hands behind his back, she saw that her words had not been without effect. She waited in silence for him to say something. Presently he turned around, and she saw that his face had changed. The look of haughty pride had gone. She had touched the chords of the father's heart. Gravely he said:

"Of course you realize that you, above all others, are responsible for his present position."

She was about to demur, but she checked herself. What did she care what they thought of her? She was fighting to save her husband, not to make the Jeffries family think better of her. Quickly she answered:

"Well, all right—I'm responsible—but don't punish him because of me."

Mr. Jeffries looked at her.

Who was this young woman who championed so warmly his own son? She was his wife, of course. But wives of a certain kind are quick to desert their husbands when they are in trouble. There must be some good in the girl, after all, he thought. Hesitatingly, he said:

"I could have forgiven him everything, everything but—"

"But me," she said promptly, "I know it. Don't you suppose I feel it, too, and don't you suppose it breaks my heart?"

Mr. Jeffries stiffened up. This woman was evidently trying to excite his sympathies. The hard, proud expression came back into his face, as he answered curtly:

"Forgive me for speaking plainly, but my son's marriage with such a woman as you has made it impossible to even consider the question of reconciliation."

With all her efforts at self-control, Annie would have been more than human had she not resented the insinuation in this cruel speech. For a moment she forgot the importance of preserving amicable relations, and she retorted:

"Such a woman as me? That's pretty plain—! But you'll have to speak even more plainly. What do you mean when you say such a woman as me? What have I done?"

Mr. Jeffries looked out of the window without answering, and she went on:

"I worked in a factory when I was nine years old, and I've earned my living ever since. There's no disgrace in that, is there? There's nothing against me personally—nothing disgraceful, I mean. I know I'm not educated. I'm not a lady in your sense of the word, but I've led a decent life. There isn't a breath of scandal against me—not a breath. But what's the good of talking about me? Never mind me. I'm not asking for anything. What are you going to do for him? He must have the best lawyer that money can procure—none of those barroom orators. Judge Brewster, your lawyer, is the man. We want Judge Brewster."

Mr. Jeffries shrugged his shoulders.

"I repeat—my son's marriage with the daughter of a man who died in prison—"

She interrupted him.

"That was hard luck—nothing but hard luck. You're not going to make me responsible for that, are you? Why, I was only eight years old when that happened. Could I have prevented it?" Recklessly she went on: "Well, blame it on me if you want to, but don't hold it up against Howard. He didn't know it when he married me. He never would have known it but for the detectives employed by you to dig up my family history, and the newspapers did the rest. God! what they didn't say! I never realized I was of so much importance. They printed it in scare-head lines. It made a fine sensation for the public, but it destroyed my peace of mind."

"A convict's daughter!" said Mr. Jeffries contemptuously.

"He was a good man at that!" she answered hotly. "He kept the squarest poolroom in Manhattan, but he refused to pay police blackmail, and he was railroaded to prison." Indignantly she went on: "If my father's shingle had been up in Wall street, and he'd made 50 dishonest millions, you'd forget it next morning, and you'd welcome me with open arms. But he was unfortunate. Why, Billy Belmore was the best man in the world. He'd give away the last dollar he had to a friend. I wish to God he was alive now! He'd help to save your son. I wouldn't have to come here to ask you."

Mr. Jeffries shifted uneasily on his feet and looked away.

"You don't seem to understand," he said impatiently. "I've completely cut him off from the family. It's as if he were dead."

She approached nearer and laid her hand gently on the banker's arm.

"Don't say that, Mr. Jeffries. It's wicked to say that about your own son. He's a good boy at heart, and he's been so good to me. Ah, if you only knew how hard he's tried to get work I'm sure you'd change your opinion of him. Lately he's been drinking a little because he was disappointed in not getting anything to do. But he tried so hard. He walked the streets night and day. Once he even took a position as guard on the elevated road. Just think of it, Mr. Jeffries, your son—to such straits were we reduced—but he caught cold and had to give it up. I wanted to go to work and help him, out. I always earned my living before I married him, but he wouldn't let me. You don't know what a good heart he's got. He's been weak and foolish, but you know he's only a boy."

She watched his face to see if her words were having any effect, but Mr. Jeffries showed no sign of relenting. Sarcastically, he said:

"And you took advantage of the fact and married him?"

For a moment she made no reply. She felt the reproach was not unmerited, but why should they blame her for seeking happiness? Was she not entitled to it as much as any other woman? She had not married Howard for his social position or his money. In fact, she had been worse off since her marriage than she was before. She married him because she loved him, and because she thought she could redeem him, and she was ready to go through any amount of suffering to prove her disinterested devotion. Quietly, she said:

"Yes, I know—I did wrong. But I—I love him, Mr. Jeffries. Believe me or not—I love him. It's my only excuse. I thought I could take care of him. He needed some one to look after him, he's too easily influenced. You know his character is not so strong as it might be. He told me that his fellow students at college used to hypnotize him and make him do all kinds of things to amuse the other boys. He says that somehow he's never been the same since. I—I just loved him because I was strong and he was weak. I thought I could protect him. But now this terrible thing has happened, and I find I am powerless. It's too much for me. I can't fight this battle alone. Won't you help me, Mr. Jeffries?" she added pleadingly. "Won't you help me?"

The banker was thoughtful a minute, then suddenly he turned on her.

"Will you consent to a divorce if I agree to help him?"

She looked at him with dismay. There was tragic tenseness in this dramatic situation—a father fighting for his son, a woman fighting for her husband.

"A divorce?" she stammered. "Why, I never thought of such a thing as that."

"It's the only way to save him," said the banker coldly.

"The only way?" she faltered.

"The only way," said Mr. Jeffries firmly. "Do you consent?" he asked.

Annie threw up her head. Her pale face was full of determination, as she replied resignedly, catching her breath as she spoke:

"Yes, if it must be. I will consent to a divorce—to save him."

Mr. Jeffries paced nervously up and down the room. For the first time he seemed to take an interest in the interview. Patronizingly he said:

"You will receive a yearly allowance through my lawyer."

Annie tossed up her chin defiantly. She would show the aristocrat that she could be as proud as he was.

"Thanks," she exclaimed. "I don't accept charity. I'm used to earning my own living."

"Oh, very well," replied the banker quickly. "That's as you please. But I have your promise—you will not attempt to see him again?"

"What! Not see him once more? To say good-by?" she exclaimed. A broken sob half checked her utterance. "Surely you can't mean that, Mr. Jeffries."

The banker shrugged his shoulders. "I don't want the newspapers filled with sensational articles about the heartrending farewell interview between Howard Jeffries, Jr., and his wife—with your picture on the first page."

She was not listening to his sarcasm.

"Not even to say good-by?" she sobbed.

"No," replied Mr. Jeffries firmly. "Not even to say good-by."

"But what will he say? What will he think?" she cried.

"He will see it is for the best," answered the banker. "He himself will thank you for your action."

There was a long silence, broken only by the sound of the girl's sobbing. Finally she said:

"Very well, sir. I'll do as you say." She looked up. Her eyes were dry, the lines about her mouth set and determined. "Now," she said, "what are you going to do for him?"

The banker made a gesture of impatience, as if such considerations were not important.

"I don't know yet," he said, haughtily. "I shall think the matter over carefully."

Annie was fast losing patience. She was willing to sacrifice herself and give up everything she held dear in life to save the man she loved, but the cold, deliberate, calculating attitude of this unnatural father exasperated her.

"But I want to know," she said, boldly. "I want to consider the matter carefully, too."

"You?" sneered Mr. Jeffries.

"Yes, sir," she retorted. "I'm paying dearly for it—with my—with all I have. I want to know just what you're going to give him for it."

He was lost in reflection for a moment, then he said, pompously:

"I shall furnish the money for the employment of such legal talent as may be necessary. That's as far as I wish to go in the case. It must not be known—I cannot allow it to be known that I am helping him."

"Must not be known?" cried Annie, in astonishment. "You mean you won't stand by him? You'll only just pay for the lawyer?"

The banker nodded:

"That is all I can promise."

She laughed hysterically.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I could do that myself if I—I tried hard enough."

"I can promise nothing more," replied Mr. Jeffries, coldly.

"But that is not enough," she protested. "I want you to come forward and publicly declare your belief in your son's innocence. I want you to put your arms around him and say to the world: 'My boy is innocent! I know it and I'm going to stand by him.' You won't do that?"

Mr. Jeffries shook his head.

"It is impossible."

The wife's pent-up feelings now gave way. The utter indifference of this aristocratic father aroused her indignation to such a pitch that she became reckless of the consequences. They wanted her to desert him, just as they deserted him, but she wouldn't. She would show them the kind of woman she was.

"So!" she cried in an outburst of mingled anger and grief. "So his family must desert him and his wife must leave him! The poor boy must stand absolutely alone in the world, and face a trial for his life! Is that the idea?"

The banker made no reply. Snapping her fingers, she went on:

"Well, it isn't mine, Mr. Jeffries! I won't consent to a divorce! I won't leave America! And I'll see him just as often as I can, even if I have to sit in the Tombs prison all day. As for his defense, I'll find some one. I'll go to Judge Brewster again and if he still refuses, I'll go to some one else. There must be some good, big-hearted lawyer in this great city who'll take up his case."

Trembling with emotion, she read just her veil and with her handkerchief dried her tear-stained face. Going toward the door, she said:

"You needn't trouble yourself any more, Mr. Jeffries. We shan't need your help. Thank you very much for the interview. It was very kind of you to listen so patiently. Good afternoon, sir."

Before the astonished banker could stop her, she had thrown back the tapestry and disappeared through the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Foes Only During Debate

And That Ended, Recriminating Senators Speedily Forget Their Differences.

The late John J. Ingalls, senator from Kansas, let loose in the senate one day about Conkling, Hancock and several other distinguished people. His remarks were particularly severe.

Joe Blackburn, then senator from Kentucky, was chosen to answer Ingalls, and he took a good deal of ride off the brilliant Kansan. In one paragraph Blackburn said: "And this man has the temerity to assail Hancock—Hancock the Superb—who was giving of his life's blood on the heights of Gettysburg while the senator from Kansas was skulking along behind a regiment of Kansas jayhawkers, trying those jayhawkers in the capacity of judge advocate for robbing hen roosts."

There was more of the same kind, and everybody thought there would be trouble, inasmuch as Ingalls was high spirited and Blackburn unafraid.

After the senate adjourned Blackburn and Ingalls met, face to face, in the corridor in front of the marble room. A dozen spectators looked for carnage.

Ingalls stopped, looked squarely into Blackburn's eyes and Blackburn glared back.

"Joe," said Ingalls, putting out his hand, "isn't this cruel war over?"

"It is," said Blackburn, taking the offered hand, and they went off arm in arm.—Saturday Evening Post.

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 20 rods deep (⅓ acres) on East Maple Ave. Fine barns and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, toilet, 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 down. 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 bottom, black top soil; corner of the 9½-mile and Campbell roads, ¼-mile east of electric road; adjoins J. L. Hudson and Bonfield tracts, which are held at $500 per acre; 14½ miles north of State Fair grounds. Price $200 an acre; will exchange for Detroit property.

201

Fine two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High St.; 66 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 front and rear. Best neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $2,000 to build today; cash answers to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $2,000, and have it your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 200 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot $6x190; 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.

244

If you could buy an acre and a quarter of land with a brick house equipped with hot and cold water, bath, toilet, closet, furnace, and every possible convenience, and barn, chicken house, plenty of fruit and cement walks—and all alone out $4,000—for $3,000 on easy terms, you'd call it a snap, wouldn't you? Well, we can do it. Come on and we'll show you.

247

Good, old-fashioned house and a cozy home at a reasonable price. House cost $2,000 to build in times when labor and materials were cheap. There is also about one acre of good garden with a substantial barn, two blocks from electric line; has decided to go west and will sell at a sacrifice. Price is $2,500, but 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 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; 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 steam railway depots; large corner lot, 50 feet front and 120 feet deep. Owner $2,600, but will sell for $2,100.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising and dairying in the county. On the line of the Rochester electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, pond of finest kind of pure spring water furnishing an abundance for 20 head of cows; nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x40, accommodation for 20 head of cattle, horse stable, stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 245 rods new wire fence; 65 acres under the plow, 25 acres black loam land, and not a foot of waste land in the whole 120-acre tract; highly improved farm. Nothing finer on our list, and less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. Tired?

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds, two acres of land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair; 2½ miles from electric in Village of Franklin, prettiest village in the 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 120 feet deep. Corner lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Can be bought for cash at a price that will surely appeal to any purchaser for building purposes or 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, large 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 this house, and it is in one of the best residence localities in Birmingham, and could not be duplicated for the conditions existing. But that's your good fortune and not ours. The owner has to sell this for $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 rooms; good location, suits one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a living and something besides. Healthy district, good water, and a good country trade has been done in the store. Will sell for $1,600 cash, and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to cover loan. Ice house, three-stall stable, seven-room 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 stone house, two basement barns, woodshed, ice house, hog house, two hen houses, tool house; land has 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

15 quality in farming lands is what you are looking for, here it is. One mile from the electric, on excellent gravel road, 160 acres, well fenced, an ten-room brick house with furnace, two neat 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, cultivating, 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 peach orchard; sandy loam; lies level; $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 out outside of the corporate limits of Royal Oak village. An acre of fruit trees; ten-room house, bath, toilet, 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 18x23, chicken house 10x18; fifty apple trees, four cherries, four peaches—all in good-bearing; taxes last year $6. Two blocks from electric; hourly service to Detroit; fare 18 cents to City Hall. Good roads, fine soil; no waste land. Price $2,000—no trade. All ready for a country home after your own heart.

330

Fine farm of 320 acres, three miles from Birmingham; eleven-room house, six buildings, two 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 320 feet deep, on one of the most desirable locations in the village, fronting on two streets, and can be adapted to the building of two fine good residences on the same lot without crowding. At $2,500, you can't lose any money on this offer—have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, lot on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, water-closet, hot air furnace, range. Two blocks from the electrics. 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 sheds; 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 from Woodward Ave.; nine-room house, water-closet, city water, good barn 30x40. Plenty of fruit, 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.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loamy land, two acres of orchard, nine first-class buildings; house could not be built for $8,000; fourteen-room house, bath, toilet range—every convenience of city; city water. Just 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 and 155 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us take you to the corner lots 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 Bloomfield Hills district. Pretty little stream, no waste land, and plenty of shade. Fine orchard, good house and ample barns; well fenced and 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.

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. Could not imagine any better place for an ideal country residence. Land in the immediate vicinity has sold this season for $200.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $175. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and the grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the electric; half mile from gas. All ready for an enterprising blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a fine business. Fine prospects in the community. Best of reasons for selling, and $2,000 cash will buy it right off the bat.

354

One of the best equipped and loveliest little farms on our list. Fifty acres, new stone house—ten 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 corporate limits of Birmingham and one of the best locations in this county of farms. Six good buildings in very good shape, five acres of excellent orchard; twenty acres of timber, two sets of buildings, and the land can be divided to suit the parts would be cared for in this respect. Rich loam land, 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 for the asking, and if you prefer we will drive you to see the owner and let you make your own bargain.

356

One of the best of Bloomfield farms. Sixty-six acres, with good buildings, ten-room house, basement barns recently rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek you ever saw runs through the place; acres of fine orchard, plenty of shade, and the price is right. Take you to see it any time at all.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., eight rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, screens, storm house, fine location; lot 230 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, one block from the electric, nice shade, good neighborhood, quiet, and clean. Walk 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, hardwood floors, cement walk, fine shade; lot 40x192, and the price is $2,400. Well, look 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 acre grove, thirty acres in farm with good buildings worth $3,500. Five acres fine orchard and a thousand dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time.

363

House and two lots on Willits street, half block from electrics; elevated front, 103 feet deep, seven room house, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, beautiful maple trees for shade and ample room for garden. Price $2,600, and $500 down will do the business. House would cost $2,000 to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

364

Very desirable vacant lot in Buell Addition, 50 feet front by 120 feet deep. On electric and Woodward Ave. Will be a handsome place for some one to build, and reasonably easy terms. Two hundred cash will secure you a deed, and $25 per month will handle it. Only a few left to clinch it.

365

Eighty-acre farm in Southfield; good buildings, well watered, all under cultivation; good orchard, ten rooms house, barn, silo, etc. Within easy reach of valuable; seventy dollars per acre and enough cash to secure you a deed, and an excellent farm. Short miles from Grand River road, and electric. This farm is worth looking at, and the locality ought to make this number attractive.

366

Listen Here! Five acres not more than forty rods from the corporation line on Woodward Ave., fare to the city hall fifteen cents, and must ready to buy it ourselves. Ideal suburban residence. Plenty of fruit of all kinds. Wait a minute! Stone house, two-story, ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, fine barn, chicken, stable and two other buildings; right on the electric line. Worth $5,000. Have you want anyone? The price is right. If you doubt it ask Whitehead or Ives, First National Bank.

367

Half a block from the electric, right outside of the dust 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 healthy location. Price only twenty-five hundred dollars, and the terms are very easy indeed.

368

Sixty acres of rich loamy land in Southfield, twenty acres under cultivation, timber, forty acres fillable. Price is one hundred dollars per acre; no buildings or orchard; a little over a mile to Electric, fifteen miles to city hall, but would entertain a good garden trade for Detroit improved. Easy terms offered.

370

Forty-five acres farm in the township of Royal Oak, just north of the outer limits of both Detroit and Birmingham, in a good farming community and good farm and house. Rich loamy land, two acres of orchard, nine first-class buildings and land not built for $8,000; fourteen-room house, bath, toilet range—every convenience of city; city water. Just what you want. Costs nothing to investigate. Let us take you to see it.

371

In these times of high prices for wood will this kind of wood land, with good hay a running good for $40 to the owner dars an acre, you would say, and take it, we think you would. Well, it is. Eighty acres in the township of Southfield, part of which is cleared, and eighty, never-failing stream runs through the land, with clay sub-soil, seven acres of fine orchard, 3½ miles from electric, 15 miles from Detroit, and the finest hardwood timber for fifty miles around. Large house and barn, with all conveniences. Let us hear from you and see if we haven't told you enough just as they are.

372

Here's another Southfield farm, and this one is very low, too. Only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, large barn, good water, three good barns, two wells, four acres of timber, three acres of orchard, 3½ miles from electric, terms easy and we will take you to see the owner of this farm any Sunday you say. It is for sale and you can make your own terms. Investigation of values. Thanks fair, eh?

372

Twenty-acre farm with four buildings, one mile from Woodward and the electric, on Nine Mile road, in the village of Birmingham; eight acres of apple orchard, well in gravelly loam. Price $2,000.

373

Forty-three acres with adequate buildings and good fences, well supply of water. Rich, sandy loam, the large orchard of best varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, within easy walking distance of the electric, in the delightful Bloomfield Hills country, seven miles from Detroit and farms hard to get. For this very desirable farm home can be had for $6,000.

374

Here's a good one for the hustling poultryman. One hundred and twenty-seven acres of rich, productive farm lands, fifteen acres timber, fifteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, worth at $7,500, no waste land, all under fences, a mile from the electric, in Woodward county, with high state of cultivation. Can be had for one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. That is a very, very low price, and you wonder that farms not as good as this, and in as good a location, and neighborhood for three times that amount.

375

Just about the right size for a middle aged man and wife to make a living by himself and wife in death on a big farm. Eighty-five acres, eighty acres of orchard, fifty acres of peaches, good fences and buildings, forty acres timber, and all within a mile from the electric; only a little over a mile from the city limits; nearly all fruit, and of the choicest varieties. Chance only to buy it and the balance of the purchase price can run on long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

To Please the Men?

It is a fact that the impelling motive in the fashions of women's gowns, hats and other toilet appurtenances is dictated by a purpose to arouse the admiration of men. Such theory has been promulgated from time beyond the reckoning of statisticians. But how does it work when the latest dictum of fashion from Paris is announced? According to this theory, the fashionable woman of the immediate future will be "dressed like a Turk, a Spaniard, a Japanese, a grand dame of the first empire and a courtesan." Here is the combination: The Turkish turban; Japanese kimono; Spanish bolero, but with Japanese kimono sleeves; skirt, high waisted empire with long, perpendicular convict stripes. It is to be taken for granted, of course, that the women will contribute their accustomed practical sense in making such a combination aid in producing results?