The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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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 has 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 dealers 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 ears. 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 patronage. This 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. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she scorns his help.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the very heart of Manhattan, right in the center of the city's most congested district, an imposing edifice of gray stone, medieval in its style of architecture, towered high above all the surrounding dingy offices and squalid tenements. Its massive construction, steep walls, pointed turrets, raised parapets and long, narrow, slit-like windows, heavily barred, gave it the aspect of a feudal fortress incongruously set down plumb in the midst of twentieth century New York. The dull roar of Broadway hummed a couple of blocks away; in the distance loomed the lofty, graceful spans of Brooklyn bridge, jammed with its opposing streams of busy interurban traffic. The adjacent streets were filled with the din of hurrying crowds, the rattle of vehicles, the cries of vendors, the clang of street cars, the ugh! ugh! of speeding automobiles. The active, pulsating life of the metropolis surged like a rising flood about the tall gray walls, yet there was no response within. Grim, silent, sinister, the city prisoners, popularly known as "the Tombs," seemed to have nothing in common with the daily activities of the big town in which, notwithstanding, it unhappily played an important part:

The present prison is a vastly different place to the old jail from which it got its melancholy cognomen. To-day there is not the slightest justification for the lugubrious epithet applied to it, but in the old days, when man's inhumanity to man was less a form of speech than a cold, merciless fact, the "Tombs" described an intolerable and disgraceful condition fairly accurately. Formerly the cells in which the unfortunate prisoners were confined while awaiting trial were situated deep under ground and had neither light nor ventilation. A man might be guiltless of the offense with which he was charged, yet while awaiting an opportunity to prove his innocence he was condemned to spend days, sometimes months, in what was little better than a grave. Literally, he was buried alive. A party of foreigners visiting the prison one day were startled at seeing human beings confined in such holes. "They look like tombs!" cried some one. New York was amused at the singularly appropriate appellative and it has stuck to the prison ever since.

But times change and institutions with them. As man becomes more civilized he treats the lawbreaker with more humanity. Probably society will always need its prisoners, but as we become more enlightened we insist on treating our criminals more from the physiological and psychological standpoints than in the cruel, brutal, barbarous manner of the dark ages. In other words the sociologist insists that the lawbreaker has greater need of the physician than he has of the jailer.

To-day the city prison is a tomb in name only. It is admirably constructed, commodious, well ventilated. The cells are large and well lighted, with comfortable cots and all the modern sanitary arrangements. There are roomy corridors for daily exercise and luxurious shower baths can be obtained free for the asking. There are chapels for the religiously inclined and a library for the studious. The food is wholesome and well prepared in a large, scrupulously clean kitchen situated on the top floor. Carping critics have, indeed, declared the Tombs to be too luxurious, declaring that habitual criminals enjoy a stay at the prison and actually commit crime so that they may enjoy some of its hotel-like comforts.

It was with a sinking heart and a dull, gnawing sense of apprehension that Annie descended from a southbound Madison avenue car in Center street and approached the small portal under the forbidding gray walls. She had visited a prison once before, when her father died. She remembered the depressing ride in the train to Sing Sing, the formidable steel doors and ponderous bolts, the narrow cells, each with its involuntary occupant in degrading stripes and closely cropped hair, and the uniformed guards armed with rifles. She remembered how her mother wept and how she had wondered why they kept her poor da-da in such an ugly place. To think that after all these years she was again to go through a similar experience.

She had nerved herself for the ordeal. Anxious as she was to see Howard and learn from his lips all that had happened, she feared that she would never be able to see him behind the bars without breaking down. Yet she must be strong so she could work to set him free. So much had happened in the last two days. It seemed a month since the police had sent for her at midnight to hurry down to the Asturia, yet it was only two days ago. The morning following her trying interview with Capt. Clinton in the dead man's apartment she had tried to see Howard, but without success. The police held him a close prisoner, pretending that he might make an attempt upon his life. There was nothing for her to do but wait.

Intuitively she realized the necessity of immediately securing the services of an able lawyer. There was no doubt of Howard's innocence, but she recalled with a shiver that even innocent persons have suffered capital punishment because they were unable to establish their innocence, so overwhelming were the appearances against them. He must have the best lawyer to be had, regardless of expense. Only one name occurred to her, the name of a man of international reputation, the mere mention of whose name in a courtroom filled the hearts of the innocent with hope and the guilty with dread. That man was Judge Brewster. She hurried downtown to his office and waited an hour before he could see her. Then he told her, politely but coldly, that he must decline to take her case. He knew well who she was and he eyed her with some curiosity, but his manner was frigid and discouraging. There were plenty of lawyers in New York, he said. She must go elsewhere. Politely he bowed her out. Half of a precious day was already lost. Judge Brewster refused the case. To whom could she turn now? In despair, almost deagerate, she drove uptown to Riverside drive and forced an entrance into the Jeffries home. Here, again, she was met with a rebuff. Still not discouraged, she returned to Judge Brewster's office. He was out and she sat there an hour waiting to see him. Night came and he did not return. Almost prostrated with nervous exhaustion, she returned to their deserted little flat in Harlem.

It was going to be a hard fight, she saw that. But she would keep right on, no matter at what cost.—Howard could not be left alone to pass without a hand to save him. Judge Brewster must come to his rescue. He could not refuse. She would return again to his office this afternoon and sit there all day long, if necessary, until he promised to take the case. He alone could save him. She would go to the lawyer and beg him on her knees if necessary, but first she must see Howard and bid him take courage.

A low doorway from Center street gave access to the gray fortress. At the heavy steel gate stood a portly policeman armed with a big key. Each time before letting people in or out he inserted this key in a ponderous lock. The gate would not open merely by turning the handle. This was to prevent the escape of prisoners, who might possibly succeed in reaching so far as the door, but could not open the steel gate without the big key. When once any one entered the prison he was not permitted to go out again except on a signal from a keeper.

When Annie entered she found the reception room filled with visitors, men and women of all ages and nationalities, who, like herself, had come to see some relative or friend in trouble. It was a motley and interesting crowd. There were fruit peddlers, sweat shop workers, sporty looking men, negroes and flashy looking women. All seemed callous and indifferent, as if quite at home amid the sinister surroundings of a prison. One or two others appeared to belong to a more respectable class, their sober manner and careworn faces reflecting silently the humiliation and shame they felt at their kinsman's disgrace.

The small barred windows did not permit of much ventilation and, as the day was warm, the odor was sickening. Annie looked around fearfully and humbly took her place at the end of the long line which slowly worked its way to the narrow inner grating, where credentials were closely scrutinized. The horror of the place seized upon her. She wondered who all these poor people were and what the prisoners whom they came to see had done to offend the majesty of the law. The prison was filled with guards and keepers and running in and out with messages and packages were a number of men in neat linen suits. She asked a woman who they were.

"Them's trusties — prisoners that has special privileges in return for work they does about the prison."

The credentials were passed upon slowly and Annie, being the twentieth in line, found it a tedious wait. In front of her was a beautiful looking negro, behind her a woman whose cheap jewelry, rouged face and extravagant dress proclaimed her profession to be the most ancient in the world. But at last the gate was reached. As the doorkeeper examined her ticket he looked up at her with curiosity. A murderer is rare enough even in the Tombs, to excite interest, and as she passed on the attendants whispered among themselves. She knew they were talking about her, but she steeled herself not to care. It was only a foretaste of other humiliations which she must expect.

A keeper now took charge of her and led her to a room where she was searched by a matron for concealed weapons, a humiliating ordeal, to which even the richest and most influential visitors must submit with as good grace as possible. The matron was a hard looking woman of about 50 years, in whom every spark of human pity and sympathy had been killed during her many years of constant association with criminals. The word "prison" had lost its meaning to her. She saw nothing undesirable in jail life, but looked upon the Tombs rather as a kind of boarding house in which people made short or long sojourns, according to their luck. She treated Annie unceremoniously, yet not unkindly.

"So you're the wife of Jeffries, whom they've got for murder, eh?" she said, as she rapidly ran her hands through the visitor's clothing.

"Yes," faltered Annie, "but it's all a mistake, I assure you. My husband's perfectly innocent. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

The woman grinned.

"They all say that, m'm." Lugubriously she added: "I hope you'll be more lucky than some others were."

Annie felt herself grow cold. Was this a sinister prophecy? She shuddered and, hastily taking a dollar from her purse, slipped it into the matron's hand.

"May I go now?" she said.

"Yes, my dear; I guess you've got nothing dangerous on you. We have to be very careful. I remember once when we had that Hoboken murderer here. He's the feller that cut his wife's head off and stuffed the body in a barrel. His mother came here to see him one day and what did I find inside her stocking but an innocent looking little round pill, and if you please, it was nothing less than prussic acid. He would have swallowed it and the electric chair would have been cheated. So you see how careful we has to be."

Annie could not listen to any more. The horror of having Howard classed with fiends of that description sickened her. To the keeper she said quickly:

"Please take me to my husband."

Taking another dollar from her purse, she slipped the bill into the man's hand, feeling that, here as everywhere else, one must pay for privileges and courtesies. Her guide led the way and ushered her into an elevator, which, at a signal, started slowly upwards.

The cells in the Tombs are arranged in rows in the form of an ellipse in the center of each of the six floors. There is room to accommodate 900 prisoners of both sexes. The men are confined in the new prison; the women, fewer in number, in what remains of the old building. Only the center of each floor being taken up with the rows of narrow cells, there remains a broad corridor, running all the way round and flanked on the right by high walls with small barred windows. An observer from the street glancing up at the windows might conclude that they were those of the cells in which prisoners were confined. As a matter of fact, the cells have no windows, only a grating which looks directly out into the circular corridor.

At the fourth floor the elevator stopped and the heavy iron door swung back.

"This way," said the keeper, stepping out and quickly walking along the corridor. "He's in cell No. 456."

A lump rose in Annie's throat. The place was well ventilated, yet she thought she would faint from a choking feeling of restraint. Along the corridor to the left were iron doors painted yellow. In the upper part of the door were half a dozen broad slits through which one could see what was going on inside.

"Those are the cells," volunteered her guide.

Annie shuddered as, mentally, she pictured Howard locked up in such a dreadful place. She peered through one of the slits and saw a narrow cell about ten feet long by six wide. The only furnishings were a folding cot with blankets, a porcelain bowl and lavatory. Each cell had its occupant, men and youths of all ages. Some were reading, some playing cards. Some were lying asleep on their cots, perhaps dreaming of home, but most of them leaning dejectedly against the iron bars wondering when they would regain their liberty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"So You're the Wife of Jeffries, Whom They've Got for Murder, Eh?"

BUNYIP MERELY LARGE SEAL

Scientist Sheds Light on Mysterious Animal That Terrified Australian Aborigines.

Early settlers in Australia learned from the blacks the legend of the "bunyip," a fearsome creature supposed to dwell in the swamps and to terrify beholders from time to time. Many appearances of this mysterious animal have been reported, but in no case was the evidence satisfactory or conclusive. The latest story of the "bunyip" comes from the Black swamp near Stawell, 70 miles from Melbourne. The director of the Melbourne zoo went up and succeeded in viewing the animal through a powerful field glass. He pronounced it to be an unusually large seal. The zoo authorities have offered a reward of $50 for its capture.

Hypnotism and Will Power.

People used to think that persons who could be hypnotized were deficient in will power, that it was something of a stigma on their mental equipment. The experts know better now. A writer in the Woman's Home Companion goes so far as to say that the more will power a person has the more readily he can be hypnotized.

Dr. Voisin, a French alienist, found that he could not hypnotize more than ten per cent. of the inmates of the asylum with which he was connected. Whereas an English experimenter named Vincent hypnotized with ease 96 per cent. of a large group of university men.

Plant Breaking Up an Island.

Strength is not a thing usually connected with maidenhair fern, yet if its roots have not sufficient room they break the pot in which the plant grows. Blades of grass will force the curbstones between which they spring up out of their place, and in a single night a crop of small mushrooms have lifted a large stone. Indeed, plants have been known to break up a brick house.

The island of Aldabra, to the northwest of Madagascar, is becoming smaller and smaller through the action of the mangroves that grow along the foot of the cliffs. They eat their way into the rock in all directions, and into the holes thus formed the waves force their way. In time they will probably reduce the island to pieces.

Fable of the Mice.

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse engaged in a friendly rivalry to see which could best entertain the other.

The Town Mouse led off. He introduced the Country Mouse to a great many people of the right sort, who graciously lapped up all the champagne he cared to buy—in short, exhausted the resources of urban hospitality.

"Pretty good!" the Country Mouse admitted. "But say, you come out to my place in your car and run as fast as you like. I'm Justice of the Peace."

Thereupon the Town Mouse had to acknowledge that the rustic life held the greater possibilities.—Puck.

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.

201

Fine two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High. Size 30 feet x 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 in front. $2000 and beautiful home in town. House would cost at least $2,000 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.

241

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 room for a good size garden. Price for $2,000, and that's all we ask for the premises. Well worth looking at.

247

Good, old-fashioned house and a cozy home on a beautiful shady street. Price $2,000 to build in times when labor and materials were cheap. Then there is about one acre of good garden with a substantial barn, two blocks from electric. Price has not anyone to build 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; line location, price $1,500. Nice cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

296

Nice eight-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak; close to depot, both electric railways; cellar, cistern; lot 50 feet front and 120 feet deep. 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 country. On the line of the Rochester electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clear ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn, 74x40, accommodations for 30 head of cattle in cement floor stable, milk house with flowing well; 15 acres timber, 345 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. 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 in good repair; only 2½ miles from electric in Village of Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan. All 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 frontage and 120 deep. Corner lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Can be bought for cash at price that 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. Fine residence, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in village. $2,200 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 the fault of the owner, and he will take $1,600 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. Pa. acres, five buildings; a chance for some one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a living and have something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good country trade here depends on the man's ability. The price is $1,600 and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure boarders, good 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-room house, cellar, cistern, apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And listen here! $3,500 will buy it, and the balance of the purchase can be run on long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

329

Wait a minute! Here it is! Five acres of excellent land; good house—seven rooms, cellar, cistern, price asked, new barn 16x24, chicken house 10x18; fifty apples, four cherries, four peaches—all in bearing; taxes last year, $6. 89 rods from electric; hourly service to Detroit; fare 15 cents. 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 330 acres, three miles from Brighton; two houses, eleven-room house, six buildings; twenty acres orchard—apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres timber; soil a gravelly loam and very productive. Price considerably low for $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. 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.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 180x183, the corner on two best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, water-closet, hot air furnace. Two blocks from the electric. Price $5,000; terms easy. Plenty of time. 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; Woodward Ave. car passes; 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.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loamy land; 10 acres of orchard; good first-class buildings which could not be built for $3,000; nine-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city; city water. Just what you want. Could 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 120 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Price $2,000 and worth double the thing. Let us take you to the owner and you can discuss 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, and plenty of shade; price and terms cement 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 acres for about half a mile from the electric; beautiful location. Pretty little branch of the River Rouge, with overhanging elms; 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 this season for $300.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $7,500. That's different, too. Price is $7,500 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; half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they couldn't sell you if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, on 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 stone house—ten rooms, fireplace, 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 house; 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 us see 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 good for a living; rich, deep, 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 for the asking, and if 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. Sixty-six acres, with good buildings, ten-room house, basement barn recently rebuilt, good fences, finest little creek you ever saw runs through the place, three acres of good 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, modern bath, hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, storm sashes, 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, city water, fine 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, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walk, fine shade; lot 50x82, and it is fine buy at $2,400. Well, look it over, and if you think you can build the house for that, you can come out for all the houses we build hereafter.

361

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with a small lake on the premises beside. Five acre grove, thirty acres in farm with good buildings worth $5,000; this acre-line property sells for two thousand 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, eighty feet front, 102 feet deep, seven room house, city water, fine well, cellar, cistern, beautiful maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Price is two hundred on easy terms will do the business. Some would call this the asking price to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

366

Listen Here! Five acres not more than thirty rods from the corporate line, on Woodward Ave., fare to the city hall, fifteen cents. Almost ready to buy it ourselves. Ideal suburban residence. Plenty of fruit of all kinds. Wait a minute! Stone house, twenty-by-ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, electric light. Stone stable and two other buildings, right on the electric to Detroit. Say, what do you want anyhow? 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 dust and noise, two acres of land with plenty of fruit, good two-story house, 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, 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 to the electric. Prefer to sell for cash, but would entertain a proposition to trade for Detroit improved, flat preferred.

370

Forty-five acre farm in the township of Bloomfield, one mile from Bloomfield station, little lovely land and good barn and house, twenty $2,000 easy; need all in good shape; farm well fenced, never failing stream, water; the farm is worth more than the money we ask. One of the very best for fruit or poultry. $1,800 cash will handle it, and you can have your own way about the balance. Well, this farm is within a little over a mile from the Grand Trunk Fair ground.

371

In these times of high prices for farms and cost of farming land, you would buy a ripping good farm for twenty dollars an acre, you would sit up and take notice, you would say, "Well, what it is." Eighty acres in the township of Southfield, barn cost $1,800; good water, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay subsoil, about acre of fine orchard. 3½ miles from electric, 12 miles from Detroit; fine village, 2½ acres of fine timber, including some old-fashioned timber. Look it over, brethren and sisters, we believe that this thing just as they are.

372

Here's another Southfield farm, and this place is worth more money; about two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, underground latrine and good barn, two acres of good timber, three acres of good orchard, three miles from electric, fare 15 cents; we will take you to see the owner of this farm any time, and in the meantime, for sale, and you can make your own terms independent of us. That's fair, eh?

373

Forty-three acres with fair buildings and good fences, with plenty of water, no waste land, well stocked with apples, cherries, peaches, two miles from electric, fare 15 cents; electric in the delightful Bloomfield Hills country, where prices are high and farms are hard to find. This is a desirable farm home can be had for $6,000.

374

Here's a good one for the truck gardener. One hundred and twenty-seven acres at the productive farm lands, thirteen miles from Detroit, station, good orchard, eight buildings valued at $2,500, plenty of water, good well, one mile from village of Wodward Ave., all in a high state of cultivation. Can be had for $150 per acre and twenty-five dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that farms not 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, who doesn't want to work himself and wife to death on a big farm. Eighty-nine acres, eight acres of orchard, eight acres of timber, good fences and buildings, everything in good order ready to make a comfortable home. Only half a mile from the electric, nice hourly service, fare 15 cents; price, $3,000; very pleasant location at Hight's Station. Two thousand dollars cash will buy it and the balance of the purchase price can be paid on the lowest terms you could ask for. Look it over and tell us—that won't cost you any thing.

376

An acre and a quarter just inside the corporation limits. Find location for a nice home with nearly half acre fruit garden. Well worth $1,000 to you if you have $1,000 to spare, the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition, good location, lot 50 feet wide and 120 deep; 4x110 and it can be bought right now for $175 cash.

378

Vacant lots on Southfield Ave., 50 feet front and 120 deep, $150 each. Fine location for nice residence, excellent neighborhood. $300 for the two.

379

Well now! Look at this. Forty acres of one hundred and twenty acres, with good cement block barn, 72x40, cement floor, stanchions for 40 head, peach, apple and plum trees, ten acres peas and beans, one half acre potatoes, clear cash, $1,500 and balance time; there are two good steel pits on the farm and it is only 2½ miles from the D. U. R. tracks. Will throw in new cement block hog house, 20x40, farm tools, horse and wagon, good mare and all the other stock and tools on the farm and will take in exchange THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS for the farm and stock, but we want to go in a week.

380

New brick ten-room house, tile bath, laundry, cellar, furnace, electric light, in good condition, nearly a block from town; lot 125 feet front and 320 feet deep; good barn, 32x36, and other buildings. Price $3,500. Terms can be bought at any price, but interest advances after one year. The land alone is worth more than less than $2,000, and your know property is depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. Not so that you should notice it. Ask us about it. Ask Mr. Hoyt, the owner about it. Go and look the place over and—what will persuade you to settle it.

381

Yes! Here's the chicken farm you have been looking after. Seven and one-half acres in Royal Oak, half mile to electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, gas, city water, electric light, cellar, cistern, two houses, barn, good drainage, sixty feet front, 300 feet deep, fare to Detroit, 15 cents to City Hall. There is a garage for about twenty machines. Price of place, which can run, the balance is so small, considering everything, that it is a shame to tell it. Go and look at it! It's worth while.

382

Twenty acre farm with fine buildings one mile from Bloomfield and half mile from electric, fare 15 cents; large of Birmingham eight acres of apples, good, well, greatly improved. Price $2,000.

Pews at Cut Rates.

"A reduction of 50 per cent in pew rent will please the bargain hunter every time," said a sexton. "Only last week a young woman who expects to make her home in this city concluded that of all city churches of this denomination she liked ours best, and would take a pew here, but when she found she could get a pew that suited her about as well in another church for $3 a year less she let all other considerations go by the board and promptly fled herself with that church.

"The cut rate pew hunter is a recognized feature of modern church life. Because a new member elects to join our congregation does not at all signify that we shall be obliged to listen to sermons like the pastor and our service; it may mean that we shall be less for the pew he likes than another church up the street."—Philadelphia Ledger.