The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

BY CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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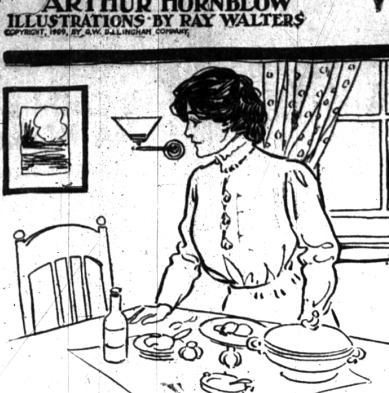
SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Dick Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries a gambler's daughter 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 dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, defend on accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in a drunken condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced. Underwood draws a screen, around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She refuses the 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. Howard is turned over by 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 calls on Jeffries, Sr. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents. It has been the finish that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she scorns his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines. It is reported that Annie is going on the stage. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to find some way to prevent it. Annie is pleased to engage Brewster to defend Howard. He consents. Alicia is greatly alarmed when she learns from Annie that Brewster has taken the case. She confesses to Annie that she called on Underwood the night of his death, and that she has his letter in which he threatened suicide, but begs for time before giving out the information. Annie promises Brewster to produce the missing woman at a meeting at his home. Brewster accuses Clinton of forcing a confession from Howard. Annie appears without the witness and refuses to give the name. Alicia arrives. Capt. Clinton declares Annie has tricked them. Alicia faints. Under Brewster's letter. Annie lets Clinton believe the letter was written to her. She is arrested.



Placed the Rolls and Butter on the Table.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Jeffries case suddenly entered into an entirely new phase, and once more was deemed of sufficient public interest to warrant column after column of spicy comment in the newspapers. The town awoke one morning to learn that the long-sought-for witness, the mysterious woman on whose testimony everything hinged, had not only been found,but proved to be the prisoner's own wife, who had been so active in his defense. This announcement was stupefying enough to overshadow all other news of the day, and satisfied the most jaded palate for sensationalism.

The first question asked on all sides was: Why had not the wife come forward before? The reason, as glibly explained by an evening journal of somewhat yellow proclivities, was logical enough. The telling of her midnight visit to a single man's rooms involved a shameful admission which any woman might well hesitate to make unless forced to it as a last extremity. Confronted, however, with the alternative of either seeing her husband suffer for a crime of which he was innocent or making public acknowledgment of her own frailty, she had chosen the latter course. Naturally, it meant divorce from the banker's son, and undoubtedly this was the solution most wished for by the family. The whole unsavory affair conveyed a good lesson to reckless young men of wealth to avoid entangling themselves in undesirable matrimonial adventures. But it was no less certain, went on this journalistic mentor, that this wife, unfaithful as she had proved herself to be, had really rendered her husband a signal service in her present scrape. The letter she had produced, written to her by Underwood the day before his death, in which he stated his determination to kill himself, was, of course, a complete vindication for the man awaiting trial. His liberation now depended only on how quickly the ponderous machinery of the law could take cognizance of this new and most important evidence.

The new turn of affairs was naturally most distasteful to the police. If there was one thing more than another which angered Capt. Clinton it was to take the trouble to work up a case only to have it suddenly demolished. He scoffed at the "suicide letter," safely committed to Judge Brewster's custody, and openly branded it as a forgery concocted by an immoral woman for the purpose of defeating the ends of justice. He kept Annie a prisoner and defied the counsel for the defense to do their worst. Judge Brewster, who loved the fray, accepted the challenge. He acted promptly. He secured Annie's release on habeas corpus proceedings and, his civil suit against the city having already begun in the courts, he suddenly called Capt. Clinton to the stand and gave him a grilling which more than atoned for any which the police tyrant had previously made his victims suffer. In the limelight of a sensational trial, in which public servants were charged with abusing positions of trust, he showed Capt. Clinton up as a bully and a grafter, a bribe-taker, working hand and glove with dishonest politicians, not hesitating even to divide loot with thieves and dive-keepers in his greed for wealth. He proved him to be a consummate liar, a man who would stop at nothing to gain his own ends. What jury would take the word of such a man as this? Yet this was the man who still insisted that Howard Jeffries was guilty of the shooting of Robert Underwood!

Fat public opinion was too intelligent to be hoodwinked for any length of time by a brutal and ignorant policeman. There was a clamor for the prisoner's release. The evidence was such that further delay was inexcusable, and the district attorney, thus urged, took an active interest in the case, and after going over the new evidence with Judge Brewster, went before the court and made formal application for the dismissal of the complaint. A few days later Howard Jeffries left the Tombs amid the cheers of a crowd assembled outside. At his side walked his wife, now smiling through tears of joy.

It was a glad home-coming to the little flat in Harlem. To Howard, after spending so long a time in the narrow prison quarters, it seemed like paradise, and Annie walked on air, so delighted was she to have him with her again. Yet there were still anxieties to cloud their happiness. The close confinement, with its attendant worry, had seriously undermined Howard's health. He was pale and attenuated, and so weak that he had several fainting spells. Much alarmed, Annie summoned Dr. Bernstein, who administered a tonic. There was nothing to cause anxiety, he said, reassuringly. It was a natural reaction after what her husband had undergone. But it was worry as much as anything else. Howard worried about his father, with whom he was only partially reconciled; he worried about his future, which was as precarious as ever, and most of all he worried about his wife. He was not ignorant of the circumstances which had brought about his release, and while liberty was sweet to him, it had been a terrible shock when he first heard that she was the woman who had visited Underwood's rooms. He refused to believe her sworn evidence. How was it possible? Why should she go to Underwood's rooms knowing she was there? It was preposterous. Still the small voice rang in his ears—perhaps she's untrue! It haunted him till one day he asked point-blank for an explanation. Then she told that she had perjured herself. She was not the woman. Who she really was she could not say. He must be satisfied for the present with the assurance that it was not his wife. With that he was content. What did he care for the opinion of others? He knew—that was enough. In their conversation on the subject Annie did not even mention Alicia's name. Why should she?

Weeks passed, and Howard's health did not improve. He had tried to find a position, but without success, for every day brought its obligations which took to the bed. One morning Annie was bustling about their tiny dining room preparing the table for their frugal luncheon. She had just placed the rolls and butter on the table, and arranged the chairs, when there came a ring at the front door-bell. Early visitors were not so infrequent as to cause surprise, so, without waiting to remove her apron, she went to the door and opened it. Dr. Bernstein entered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jeffries," he said, cheerily. Putting down his medical bag, he asked: "How is our patient this morning?"

"All right, doctor. He had a splendid night's rest. I'll call him."

"Never mind, I want to talk to you." Seriously, he went on: "Mrs. Jeffries, your husband needs a change of scene. He's worrying. That fainting spell the other day was only a symptom. I'm afraid he'll break down unless—"

"Unless what?" she demanded, anxiously.

He hesitated for a moment, as if unwilling to give utterance to words he knew must inflict pain. Then he quickly continued:

"Your husband is under a great mental strain. His inability to support you, his banishment from his proper sphere in the social world is mental torture to him. He feels his position keenly. There is nothing else to occupy his mind but thoughts of his utter and complete failure in life. I was talking to his father last night, and—"

"And what?" she demanded, drawing herself up. She suspected what was coming, and nerved herself to meet it.

"Now, don't regard me as an enemy," said the doctor in a conciliatory tone. "Mr. Jeffries inquired after his son. Believe me, he's very anxious. He knows he did the boy a great injustice, and he wants to make up for it."

"Oh, ue does?" she exclaimed, sarcastically.

Dr.Bernstein hesitated for a moment before replying. Then he said, lightly:

"Suppose Howard goes abroad for a few months with his father and mother?"

"Is that the proposition?" she demanded.

The doctor nodded.

"I believe Mr. Jeffries has already spoken about it to his son," he said.

Annie choked back a sob and, crossing the room to conceal her emotion, stood with her back turned, looking out of the window. Her voice was trembling as she said:

"He wants to separate us, I know. He'll give half his fortune to do it. Perhaps he's not altogether wrong. Things do look pretty black for me, don't they? Everybody believes that my going to see Underwood that night had something to do with his suicide and led to my husband being falsely accused. The police built up a fine romance about Mr. Underwood and me—and the newspapers! Every other day a reporter comes and asks us when the divorce is going to institute the proceedings, Howard or me. If everybody would only mind their own business and let us alone he might forget. Oh, I don't mean you, doctor. You're my friend. You made short work of Capt. Clinton and his confession. I mean people—outsiders—strangers—who don't know us, and don't care whether we're alive or dead; those are the people I mean. They buy a one-cent paper and they think it gives them the right to pry into every detail of our lives. She paused for a moment, and then went on: "So you think Howard is worrying? I think, so, too. At first I thought it was because of the letter Mr. Underwood wrote me, but I guess it's what you say. His old friends won't have anything to do with him and—he's lonely. Well, I'll talk it over with him—"

"Yes—talk it over with him."

"Did you promise his father you'd ask me?" she demanded.

"No—not exactly," he replied, hesitatingly.

Annie looked at him frankly.

"Howard's a pretty good fellow to stand by me in the face of all that's being said about my character, isn't he, doctor? And I'm not going to stand in his light, even if it doesn't exactly make me the happiest woman in the world, but don't let it trickle into your mind that I'm doing it for his father's sake."

At that moment Howard entered from the inner room. He was surprised to see Dr. Bernstein.

"How do you feel to-day?" asked the doctor.

"First rate! Oh, I'm all right. You see, I'm just going to eat a bite. Won't you join us?"

He sat down at the table and picked up the newspaper, while Annie busied herself with carrying in the dishes.

"No, thank you," laughed the doctor. "It's too early for me. I've only just had breakfast. I dropped in to see how you were." Taking up his bag, he said: "Good-by! Don't get up. I can'let myself out."

But Annie had already opened the door for him, and smiled a farewell. When she returned to her seat at the head of the table, she began to pour out the coffee, Howard said:

"He's a pretty decent fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes," she replied, absent-mindedly, as she passed a cup of coffee.

"He made a monkey of Capt. Clinton all right," went on Howard. "What did he come for?"

"To see you—of course," she replied.

"Oh, I'm all right now," he replied. Looking anxiously at his wife across the table, he said: "You're the one that needs tuning up. I heard you crying last night. You thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. I didn't say anything because—well—I felt kind of blue myself."

Annie sighed and leaned her head on her hand. Wearily she said:

"I was thinking over all that we've been through together, and what they're saying about us—"

Howard threw down his newspaper impatiently.

"Let them say what they like. Why should we care, as long as we're happy?"

His wife smiled sadly.

"Are we happy?" she asked, gently. "Of course we are," replied Howard.

She looked up and smiled. It was good to hear him say so, but did he mean it? Was she doing right to stand in the way of his career? Would he not be happier if she left him? He was too loyal to suggest it, but perhaps in his heart he cried out. Looking at him tenderly, she went on:

"I don't question your affection for me, Howard. I believe you love me, but I'm afraid that, sooner or later, you'll ask yourself the question all these months have been asking me. Looking at Annie's face, he said, lightly:

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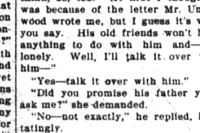

A Polytheist.

"When the late Bishop Foss was president of Amenia seminary," said an aged Methodist of Philadelphia, "I once heard him deliver an interesting Easter address on heathenism and idolatry.

"Bishop Foss showed us, with a little story, the bad effect that the many gods of polytheism has upon the mind.

"He said a little English boy living in India was rebuked by his mother for telling a falsehood.

"'God, if you tell falsehoods, will be very angry with you,' said the mother.

"'Very well,' the youngster answered. 'Then I will change my god.'"

Recovery of Lost Standards.

"A curious experiment was once made to determine whether a lost standard could be recovered by purely personal efforts. The assumption was made that the standard of length was lost. One hundred operatives and others accustomed to dealing with measurements were asked to give by estimate their ideas of what the given standard was—in other words, to guess at length of the meter. It was found that the guesses were most accurate for lengths of about six inches—that small lengths were underestimated and large ones were overestimated. Taking the average of the 100 subjects the result varied but a few one thousandths from the truth.

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 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. House would cost at least $3,000 to build today; ask anyone to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $3,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the west side of Woodward. Has 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.

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. Then there is about one acre of good garden with a small 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 an offer. It sure will pay 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 $150; fine location; price $1,600. Nice cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

294

Nice eight-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from main electric railroad and village, 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 this section. On the line of the Rochester electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two miles from village. Pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clean ice. nine-room house, new barn 74x40, accommodation for 30 head of cattle in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 245 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; price $100 per acre, 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; buildings in good repair. In the line of the Rochester electric, 18 miles from Detroit, 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 front and 127 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 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; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, cement walks, choice location in village. $2,700 above little mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

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

320

Excellent business chance in a small village. Store and dwelling, 1¼ acres, five buildings; fine chance for some one with small means, and to do hard labor, to make a living and something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good country trade has been done in the village locality. The lot is $1,600 and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure loan. Ice house, 100 tons; new hog 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, wind mill, supplies best water, never failing piped to house and barns; rich, gravelly, loamy soil; about five acres pretty little grove and orchard. 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 hundred and sixty acres, excellent gravel road, 160 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace and two best flowing wells in the country; basement under whole house; large new barn with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn; hay shed, tool house. Not a foot of waste land, and known as the most 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 peach orchard, fine land, well watered. Listen here! $2,500 will buy it, and the balance of the purchase price can run as long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

330

Fine farm of 320 acres, three miles from Birmingham, eleven-room house, six buildings, twenty acres orchard—apple, pear and peach; 200 acres fine 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. Fronts on two streets, and can be adapted to the building of two more good residences on the same lot. Surroundings are fine, and 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, 18x42 on 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 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 20x40. Plenty of room for garden and chickens; one of the best locations, and the price is 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 which 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 135 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us know what you want, and you can dicker it out. Isn't that honest and square?

350

A classic among the farms. 166 acres half a mile from Birmingham and ten rods from the electric, just on the edge of the Bloomfield Hills district. Pretty little stream, two acres of woodland, plenty of shade. Fine stone and 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 acre farm 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 $200.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $75.00. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and fine ground for a horse. A and a half by the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't suit 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, one-half mile from village of 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 house; just outside the village limits. Although in the finest farming section in vicinity, about twenty rods from the electric—and it can be bought for less than the buildings cost. Let us run out 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, plenty of timber, two sets of buildings, and the farm can be divided so that each part would be cared for in an intelligent, loamy soil, well-watered, and no waste land. Farms that are going 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 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.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., eight rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, and all the modern conveniences. 220 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, furnace, porch, screens, and all the modern conveniences. 220 feet deep. House cost $3,500 to build, and a very little more would buy the whole business.

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, shade; lot 40x102, 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 $2,000 of the five acres. Five hundred 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, and beautiful maple trees for shade and usual shrubbery. Can be bought for five hundred on easy terms will do the business. House would cost more than asking price to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

366

Listen, Here! Five acres not more than forty rods from the corporation 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, and ready to bear. Story and a-half, two-story, 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? Five acres? Right; if you doubt it ask Whitehead at the First National Bank.

367

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

368

Sixty acres of rich loamy land in Southfield, twenty acres of ash and elm timber, forty acres tillable. Price is one hundred dollars per acre. No buildings or orchard. Just 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 Royal Oak, just north of the sandy ridge. Rich loamy land and good land and house (worth $2,500 easy), and all in good shape. Farm well fenced, never failing stream waters the farm in every field. Four acres good fruit. One of the very best for fruit or poultry. $1,000 cash will buy it and you can have your own way about 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 any old kind of farming lands, if you could buy a ripping good farm for sixty dollars an acre, you would think there is no use, wouldn't you? Well, here it is. Eighty acres in the township of Southfield, barn cost $1,800, good well and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay subsoil, seven acres of timber, 2½ miles from Birmingham and two miles from thriving village. Fourteen 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. Only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, underground stable and good barn, 100 acres of land, four acres of timber, three acres of good orchard, three miles from electric, terms easy and we will take you to see the owner of this or any other property we may have for sale and you can make your own terms independent of us. That's fair, eh?

373

Forty-three acres with adequate buildings and good fences, with plenty of water, no waste land, soil a good loam, three acres orchard of best varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, etc., within easy driving distance of the electric. In the delightful Bloomfield Hills country where prices are high and farms hard to get, yet this very desirable farm home can be had for $6,000.

374

Here's a good one for the lucky purchaser. One hundred and twenty-seven acres of fine productive farm lands, thirteen acres of timber, eight acres good orchard, eight buildings, valued at $7,400, no marsh or swamp, good fences, mile from village of Woodward Ave., all in a 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 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 well to death on a big farm. Eighty-five acres, eight acres of orchard, eighty acres of timber, good fences and buildings, everything in good order ready to make a city farmer home. Only a mile over a mile from the electric, nice rolling land, well drained, and situated in very pleasant location on slight elevation. Two thousand dollars cash will buy it and the terms can be made easy. Price can be paid on the easiest terms you could ask for. Let us run out and look at it at our expense.

376

An acre and a quarter just inside the corporation limits. Fine location for a city home with plenty of room for a garden. No buildings. $1,500 will buy it if you have $1,000 to pay down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition. Good location; new cement walk. Lot is 60x110 and it can be bought right now for $175 cash.

378

Vacant lots on Southfield Ave., 99 feet front and 135 feet deep. Fine location for nice residence; excellent neighborhood; $500.

379

Well, now! Look at this. A fine farm of one hundred and twenty acres, with good cement block barn, 72x32, cost $2,000 to build; six-year-old bearing peach, apple and plum trees, ten acres peas and oats, fine timothy meadow, four acres butter beans and—listen here, there are two good gravel pits on the farm and it is only forty rods from D. U. R. tracks. Will throw in new cement block house at sheep, and lambs, horse and wagon, good mare, and all the other stock and tools on the farm, and the price is only THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! Now hustle, for this bargain is sure to go in a week.

380

New brick ten-room house, toilet, bath, laundry, cellar, furnace, electric light, fireplace, mantels, tile floors in town; lot 125 feet front and 320 feet deep; price $8,000. Other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought at any price, but circumstances alter cases, and this place can be bought for much less than it cost, and we know of no property that has been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. Not so that you would notice it. Ask us about it, talk to us and the owner about it. Go and look the place over and—that will probably settle it.

381

Yep! Here's the chicken farm you have been looking after. Seven and one-half acres, all under glass, near electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, grates, mantels, electric light, flowing well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Price 15 cents to City Hall. There is a mortgage for about one-third, but you would not notice it. Ask us about it, talk to us and the owner about it. Go and look the place over and—that will probably settle it.

381

Yep! Here's the chicken farm you have been looking after. Seven and one-half acres, all under glass, near electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, grates, mantels, electric light, flowing well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Price 15 cents to City Hall. There is a mortgage for about one-third, but you would not notice it. Ask us about it, talk to us and the owner about it. Go and look the place over and—that will probably settle it.

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WEBSTER AND THE MAGICIAN

Secretary of State's Clever Retort to the Joking Remark of Signor Blitz.

During the presidency of Mr. Tyler I had occasion to call on Daniel Webster, then secretary of state.

Glancing at my card, he turned, and really extended his hand with, "Welcome, signor! No hocus pocus among my papers," covering them with his arms.

After explaining to him my object I received the required information. We laughed and chatted a few minutes, and I was about to retire when I mentioned that I was an applicant for office and hoped I could rely upon his influence in the matter.

"You, a magician, an office seeker, signor?"

"There is only one, sir, I aspire to; all others I should refuse without regard to their emoluments."

"Well, what one is that?" questioned the great statesman, in his deep and powerful voice.

"Counting the treasury notes, Mr. Webster."

"The treasury notes, Signor?"

"Yes, sir. You might give me 100,000 to count and watch me closely, but you would find only 75,000 when I returned them."

"Signor," he exclaimed, with lively animation, "there is no chance for you; there are better magicians here than you. For there would not be 75,000 left after their counting!"

"Life and Adventures of Signor Blitz."