The GLOW of the RUBIES

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SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprise to the wearer. Lightnut dons the pajamas and late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. In a message from his friend, Jack Billings, Lightnut is asked to put up "the kiddy" for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Francis and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Frances. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a hundred college boys, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls to a special night with Lightnut. They discover priceless rubies hidden in the buttons of the pajamas.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Billings gulped again. "I suppose not; don't blame you. Way you're fixed, you don't have to." He walked slowly to the window and back. "Take my advice, Dicky, and get those fire coals into your safe deposit vault first thing in the morning. Hello, you're counting them off! That's wise."

For with the knife he had left on the table I was cutting away the tough threads that held the rubies. I cut off the second and fourth, leaving the first ruby at the collar and the other two alternates.

"Go on," said Billings, as I laid down the knife. "You've only removed two."

"Don't believe I'll cut off any more," I said. "Want you to help me tie up the others just as they were."

"What!"

I insisted. And though Billings protested and argued and even called me names, we did as I said.

"For, by Jove, you know it was perfectly clear that if they had been safe so long under the little covers, the jewels couldn't find any better place. Singular thing Billings couldn't see it. Besides, the pajamas had to have fastenings, you know.

I held one of the two rubies under the light, and, by Jove, I almost dropped it—did drop my glass. Seeing a red-hot poker-point in your fingers would give you the same turn.

"Rippers, Billings! Simply rippers!" I exclaimed.

I held the other ruby beside its fellow. Then I waited, listening, and I heard Billings' hand strike down on the back of a chair.

"I guess I'll be going, old chap," he said gruffly. "Think I'd better, after all." He cleared his throat. "Sure you can't sell me one, Dicky?" Dashed if his voice didn't tremble.

"Quite sure, dear boy," I murmured, without turning around. "Not mine, you know—these two."

Billings exploded then. It seemed an opportunity to relieve himself. "Not yours! Why, you dodgasted idiot, you nincompoop, you cuckoo, you chicken-head! What notion have you got in that fool's noggin now? If those rubies are not yours, whose do you think they are?"

I whirled about quickly. "Yours," I said, and laid them in his hand.

"My compliments, old chap," I added, smiling. "By Jove! One time, at least, I put it all over old Billings!

"No!" he gasped, crouching over and gripping my shoulder.

I grinned cheerfully.

He fell into a chair and just sat there mouthing at me and then at the jewels in his hand. Old boy looked devilish silly. Really acted like he had some sort of stroke—that sort of thing.

I laughed at him.

"Don't you see?" I said, trying to explain. "Wouldn't have known a dashed thing about the buttons being rubies but for you. So lucky they came to me so I can get a chance to help out your collection. Awfully glad, old chap."

He clenched the jewels, and looked down.

"Dicky—" He coughed a little huskily as he paused. "Dicky." His voice was so low I could hardly hear him. "Dicky, you're off your trolley, and I'm a damned—"

He raised his arm and dropped it.

"Well, never mind what," he finished with a lift of the shoulders. "But I want to say something. It's about what I offered you for those stones. The price—the amount I named—wasn't even a decent gamble; but it was all I could go, and oh, I wanted one so badly, Dicky! And now you've made me feel like a dog. And I can't take your gift, old chap, any more than I could afford to offer you the real value of one of these beautiful stones. Here." And he passed them back to me.

"I know each of them to be worth anywhere from forty to fifty thousand dollars," he said quietly. "They're the kind the crowned heads scoop for jewels of state."

I nodded, and, getting up carelessly, I strolled to a window.

"Devilish lovely night," I said, poking my head out. And it was. Stars overhead and all that sort of thing, and lots of them below, too—I could hear them singing ever on Broadway.

"All right, old chap; then here they go into the street," I said. "If my friend can't have 'em, then no jolly crowned heads shall. That's flat!"

Billings started forward with a regular scream.

"Waved him back. "Don't come ", old chap," I said, holding my arm out of the window, "or, dash me, I'll drop them instantly. Six stories, you know—stone flagging below."

"But, Dicky—"

"If you don't say you'll take 'em, time I count three, I'll give 'em a toss, by Jove! One!"

"Here, Dicky! Don't-be a—"

"Two!" I counted. No bluff, you know; I meant jolly well to do it.

"Just one word—one second, Dicky!" he yelled. "Let me off with one, then, Dicky! Dicky, old chap! Be a good sportsman!"

I hesitated. Dash it, one hates to take an advantage.

Billings stretched out his arm appealingly. "Do, old chap!" he pleaded. "Give me just one—one only!"

His hand shook like a quivering what's-it-a-name leaf.

I yielded reluctantly. "Oh, well, then, can it off with one," I said. And with a sigh I tossed him one of the rubies and dropped the other in the pocket of my smoking-jacket. Billings wiped his forehead, and then he thanked me and wiped his eyes.

"So good of you to give in, old chap," he snuffled. "Never will forget you for it!"

"Oh, I say, chuck it, you know!" I protested.

"Whole family will thank you," he went on in his handkerchief. "Princely magnanimity and all that sort of thing—you'll just have to come up for the week end with me this—"

"I will!" I readily agreed eagerly and insisted on shaking hands. By Jove, what luck!

And Billings looked regularly overcome. All he could do was just shake his head and pump my arm. Why, dash it, this seemed to affect him more even than giving in about the ruby. It was the first time I had ever accepted his invitation, you know.

"Tell you what, old chap," he said, as soon as he could speak, "I'm going to tell you what to do with that other stone. You save that for her."

"Her!" By Jove, I was so startled I lost the grip on my monocle. Billings nodded emphatically.

"Yes, sir, for her; she'll be along one of these days."

"By Jove, you know!" I was almost dizzy with a sudden idea. I fished out the jewel and held it before my glass, squinting doubtfully at it. I wondered if it was good enough for "her."

"I say, Billings," I murmured thoughtfully. "Blondes or brunettes, you know—which wear rubies?"

"Both!" He said it with a kind of jaw snap. "They wear anything in the jewel line they can freeze on to."

"But which—"

"The worst? Blondes, my boy—blondes, every time; especially those going around in black." Billings spoke gloomily. "Let me tell you, my boy—and I know—don't you ever have anything to do with a blonde if she's in black, especially black silk—hear?"

By Jove, his uplifted finger and fierce way of saying it gave me a regular turn, you know. But then there was the ruby, and I was thinking that—

"Perhaps the four of them in a bracelet," I muttered, "with something else to help out. They might do."

"They might," said Billings in a tone of coarse sarcasm. "They might do for a queen!"

I flashed a quick look at him. "Just what I was thinking," I answered gently.

"Meantime," said Billings, yawning, "let's go to bed."

And just as I rang for Jenkins I suddenly was seized with a perfectly ripping idea that checked a long yawn right in the middle and almost broke my jaw. For I saw how I could do something handsome that would even up with Billings in a way for the ruby he wouldn't take.

"Tell you what, old chap," I said, slapping him on the shoulder, "you are going to have them tonight!"

"Have—have what?" burst from him. "Rubies? I tell you I won't take another—"

"Rubies!" I ejaculated contemptuously. "Rubies nothing! Something better—something worth while, dash it!"

I saw he would never guess it.

"Why, you shall sleep in the pajamas from China," I exclaimed. And gathering them, I placed them in his hands.

"By George, Dicky!" Billings' face showed feeling. "How infernally clever of you, old chap! How thundering timely, too!"

He held them up singly, studying their outlines critically.

"And see here, Dicky—why, great Thomas cats!" His eyes turned on me wonderingly. "Never noticed it before—did you?" But I do believe they are just my size!"

His size! By Jove, I had forgotten all about the item of size! I just collapsed into a chair as he said good night, and sat there blinking in a regular stupefaction of horror as his door closed behind him.

For he was devilish sensitive about his bulk, and I dared not say a word.

CHAPTER X.

A Nocturnal Intrusion.

"Oh, but I say, it's impossible, you know!" And I stared at Jenkins incredulously.

He grinned foolishly. "I know, sir; but he's in 'em, just the same, and I must say they do fit lovely—just easy-like."

"By Jove!" I gasped helplessly. "Then the jolly things must be made of rubber, that's all! Why, look here, he weighs over three hundred pounds, you know!"

Jenkins' head wagged sagaciously. "I think that's how it is, sir; it's wonderful what they do with rubber now. my brother wears a rubber cloth bandage that ain't no bigger 'round than my arm when it's off of him, and he—"

"Dare say," I said sleepily, as I fell back upon my pillow. "Good night, Jenkins; hope you'll get enough sleep to make up for the other night."

Jenkins sighed as he punched out the light. "Thank you, sir—and good-night," he murmured.

How long I slept I cannot tell, as they say in stories, you know; but I was brought jolly wide awake by a light that shone through the bedroom's open door. For I knew a one thing will wake me quicker than everything else it's a light in the room at night. Fact is, I always want it as black as the what's-it-name cave, or else I can't sleep. And this light came from the small electric stand on the writing-desk. I could tell that by the way it shone.

And just then the little silver gong in there chimed three. Jolly rum hour for anybody to be up unless they were having some fun or were sick. So I raised my head and called softly:

"Jenkins—er—Billings!"

No answer. Reluctantly I swung out and stepped within the next room. Not a soul there, by Jove! Then I moved over to Billings' door, which was wide open for coolness, like my own. I could not see the shadowed alcove in which the bed was placed, and so I stood there hesitating, hating awfully to risk the possibility of disturbing him, don't you know. And just then my eyes, ranging sleepily across the room toward the private hall, were startled by the apparition of an open doorway.

Startled, all right! And yet, by Jove, I was in such a jolly fog, I just stood there, nodding and batting at it for a full minute before I could take in it.

"What I call devilish queer," I decided. I walked over and stuck my head out into the dark hall.

"Billings! Jenkins!" I whispered.

"By Jove, not a word! Everything as silent as the tomb!

I didn't like it a bit—so mysterious, you know. Besides, dash it, the thing was getting me all waked up! I just knew if once I got excited and thoroughly awake, it would take me nearly ten minutes to get to sleep again. And, by Jove, just then the excitement came, for I got hold of the fact after I had stared at it a while, that the door of my apartment opening into the outer corridor was standing ajar. Why, dash it, it was not only standing, it was moving. Then suddenly the broad streak of light from the corridor widened under the impulse of a freshening breeze, and the door swung open with a bang.

And then I heard my name spoken.

By Jove, I had been standing there with my mouth open, bobbing my head like a silly dodo; but, give you my word, I was suddenly wide awake as a jolly owl wagon!

Away down the corridor, by the mail chute, a man was standing, reading a framed placard. Nothing particularly remarkable in this, but as the door banged he turned his head sharply and ejaculated:

"Dammit! Now, that will wake Lightnut!"

I was surprised, because I couldn't recall ever having seen him before; yet, standing as he did under the light, I had opportunity for a devilish good view.

He was a heavy set old party, rather baldish, with showy mutton chops and a beefy complexion that was jolly well tanned below the hatband line, you know. The kind of old boy you size up as one of the prime feeder sort and fond of looking on the wine when it is Oporto red. Had something of the cut of the retired India colonels one sees about the Service clubs in London—straight as a lamp post still, but out of training and in devilish need of tapping—that sort of duck, you know!

What a respectable-looking old party might be up to, wandering around a bachelor apartment building at three in the morning, was none of my business. What's more, you know, I didn't care a jolly hang, but the thing that dashed me was that just as I moved toward the door to close it, he uttered my name again and came straight toward me as though to speak.

So I had to wait, by Jove, for I couldn't close the door in his face. Awfully rotten thing to do—that, you know.

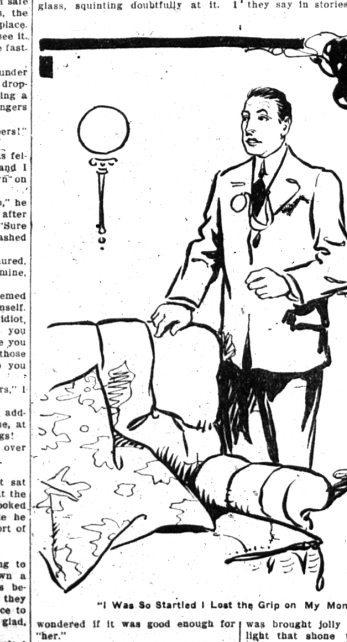
"Lost his floor and wants to inquire," I decided.

And then as he toddled across the last yard and stopped before me, I saw that the old chap was in his night things—some darkish sort of pajamas.

"By George!" he exclaimed with a leer that showed his almost toothless old gums. "Bet you never would guess who I got up for!"

No, dash it, I didn't even care to try. I just coughed a little.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I Was So Startled I Lost the Grip on My Monocle."

Then Asked Him His Name

New Boarder Tells Table Neighbor His Infallible Method in Handling Landladies.

The new boarder dropped in at dinner time and sat next to the only other man at the table. The new boarder thought it was up to him to be affable and friendly.

"I suppose you've boarded here for some time?" he asked the solitary individual.

"Yes, quite awhile."

"How is it, any good?"

"I find it pretty fair; I've no complaint to make."

"Landlady treat you decent?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to—"

"Never mind, never mind," said the new boarder. "I'm on. Did you ever try chucking her under the chin. That's always the way to get on with these boarding-house landladies. I can always get 'em on my side. Treat them old dames nicely and I'll bet you can live in the house a month and never be asked for a dollar. Watch me hand her the 'con' when she comes in. I'll bet that this time tomorrow she'll be handling me the best in the shop. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably married to some measly runt who never did a days work in his life. She earns the coin and he spends it. Watch me give her the real sympathy. Say, my name's Smith. Let's see, I didn't hear yours?"

"No—I didn't mention my name—it doesn't matter—call me Jack—I'm merely the landlady's husband."

Laughed Out His Name.

It is hard to be laughed out of one's surname. That is what happened to an inoffensive gentleman, Charles Sainsbury Pickwick, Esq., who after the publication of Dickens' famous novel felt constrained to advertise in the Times informing the world that owing to its having been brought into ridicule and made a byword by the novelist he intended to abandon his name forever. This was the more hard in his case because he proudly traced his name to a knightly origin—from "Piquevite"—"pique fast."

Encore.

"What on earth d'you keep clapping for? That last singer was awful!"

"I know; but I liked the style of her clothes, and I want to have an other look at them."—London Opinion

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.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 200 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 56x100; plenty of fruit. You could not build the house for $3,000, and that's all we ask for the premises. Well worth looking at.

296

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision; good house, insured for $850; fine location; price $1,200. Nice cozy little home for some young man to begin cash to make a small first payment.

296

Nice eight-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways; cellar, cistern; lot 50 feet front and 132 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 county. On the line of the Rochester-Leonard 18 miles out of Detroit; two flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clean ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn 40x60, accommodation for 30 head of cattle in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well in it; cement floors; 1,000 rods wire fence with cedar posts. 142 acres of land, 110 acres tillable; balance in woods land; pretty little creek runs through farm; 20 acres of fine meadow flat, and less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. There!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds, 4½ acres of land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair; 1½ 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. Price $3,000, $1,000 down 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 feet deep. Cannot 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 as an investment.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, closet, furnace, city water, electric lights, all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, corner lot, desirable location in village; $2,200 above mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

Nice, cozy, convenient home which cost $2,600 to build. Can be had for $1,800 by one of the best residence localities in Birmingham and would not be sold but for the conditions existing. Just that's the good fortune and misfortune of the owner and he will take $1,800 and no grumbling. Terms easy and long time to the right kind of a purchaser.

320

Excellent business chance in a small village. Store and dwelling, 1½ acres, two buildings. Fine chance for some one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a living and something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good country trade has been done in the same locality. The price is $1,400 and the terms can be made easy for any one who can pay enough to secure loan. Ice house, barn, wood-shed, seven-room house, good cellar, fine well, good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 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 hickory. No waste land. Price $100 per acre. Terms easy.

323

If quality in farming lands is what you are looking for, here it is. One mile from the electric on excellent gravel road, 160 acres, well fenced, and 300-room brick house with furnace; two best flowing wells in the country, basement barn 30x80, nearly new; hen house with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, hog shed, milk house. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness. Fully drained by best tile. Farms in the immediate neighborhood adjoining have sold for $150 per acre, but we will sell this for less.

324

Ninety-two acres a mile east of the electric in Royal Oak; seven-room house; five outer buildings, two acres apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And good enough for any farm. Price and the balance of the purchase price can run on long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 10x100 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, water-closet, hot air furnace, large 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; small house, good barn, cow sheds; excellent land in high state of cultivation; easy terms. Price $2,500.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loamy land, two acres of orchard, fine first-class buildings which could not be built for $5,000. Eleven-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city; city water. Just what you want. Come nothing to investigate. Let us take you to see it.

348

House and two lots, two blocks from electric in Birmingham; 75 feet front and 188 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us take you to the owner and you can decide if it, 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 of water and plenty of shade. Fine stone and cement house and ample barns; well located 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 $250.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $7,500. That's different, you bet. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and fine grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, six 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—nine rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees, sixteen acres of best kind of fruit 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's you and I go and look at it at our expense.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., right rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, storm house, fine cellar; lot 125 feet deep. House cost $2,500 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, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walk, fine shade; lot 40x103, 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.

362

House and two lots on Willits street, half block from electric; eighty feet front, 193 feet deep, seven room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred on easy terms will buy the business. House would cost the 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 limits on Woodward Ave. Can be in city hall fifteen cents. Almost ready to buy it ourselves. Great 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, 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.

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.

371

In these times of high prices for any old kind of farming lands, if you could buy a tipping good farm for sixty dollars an acre you would sit up and take notice, 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 running through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay subsoil, seven acres of finest orchard, 3½ miles from electric, 1¼ 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, two wells, 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, fine large orchard of best varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, etc. Four miles from the electric, right in the beautiful Bloomfield Hills country, where land is 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 timber, sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, valued at $7,500, no marsh nor swamp, good fences, a mile from the electric. On 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 adjoining farms have been sold in the immediate neighborhood for thirty 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-five acres, eight acres of orchard, eight acres of timber, good fences and buildings, everything in good order ready to make a cozy farm home. Only a little over a mile from the electric, nice rolling land, well drained and buildings are in very pleasant location on slight elevation. Two thousand dollars cash will buy it and the balance of the purchase price can be paid on the easiest terms you could ask for. Better investigate—that won't cost you anything.

376

An acre and a quarter just inside the corporation limits. Fine location for a nice home with plenty of room for garden. No buildings. $1,150 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, 50 feet front and 132 feet deep is 60x110 and it can be bought right now for $175 cash.

380

New brick ten-room house, toilet, bath, laundry, cellar, furnace, electric light, fireplace, mantels, finest location in town; lot 125 feet front and 220 feet deep, good barn, 24x30, and 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 you know property hasn't 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 premises over and—that will probably settle it.

381

Yep! Here's the chicken farm you have been looking after. Seven and one-half acres in Troy, near the electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, fireplace, mantels, electric light, flowing well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees, last standing into bearing, 15 cents to City Hall. There is a mortgage for about one-third of the value of the place, which can run. The balance is so small, considering everything, that it needn't worry you. Let's go and look at it. It's worth while.

382

Three lots, 120 ft. frontage by 193 ft. deep, 9-room house, building in first class condition, also new outbuilding suitable for wood house; shade fruit, lawn and garden in fine condition.

(Copyright, 1910, by W. R. C.)

Speaking of the Divorce Evil

Trying to succeed in business without advertising is like the case of the man who, trying to cut expenses, divorced his wife and alone attempted to keep house and raise his children. It cost him more money for doctor bills and funeral expenses in a year than he gave his wife in a lifetime.

When advertising is divorced, business success becomes failure.

This paper is building your neighbor's business. He has reasons. He tried advertising and it helped him. It is not an experiment—this paper brings results. Good, hard, convincing results—*dollars.*

If You Want RESULTS

You can get them by advertising in this paper. It reaches the best class of people in this community.

Use this paper if you want some of their business.

Use This Paper

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

has not affected our job printing prices. We're still doing commercial work of all kinds at prices satisfactory to you.

The Sum and Substance

of being a subscriber to this paper is that you and your family become attached to it. The paper becomes a member of the family and its coming each week will be as welcome as the visit of another that's dear.

It will keep you informed on the doings of the community and the bargains of the merchants regularly advertised will enable you to save many times the cost of the subscription.

Catching Mrs. Jones

If Mrs. Jones buys her coffee at Smith's each week—

If the coffee in your store is better than Smith's and cheaper—

Why, TELL MRS. JONES!

Don't dash wildly across the street to tell her, though; she'd laugh at you. Insert a sane, forceful advertisement in this paper about your coffee.

We'll catch her eye by making your ad. attractive. Then all that is left for you to do is to take in the money for the coffee Mrs. Jones buys.

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