The GLOW of the RUBIES

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a letter from an 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 kiddie" 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 Frances 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 husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls to spend the night with Lightnut. They discover priceless rubies hidden in the buttons of the pajamas. Billings dons the pajamas and retires. Lightnut later discovers in his apartment a beefy person in mutton-chop whiskers and wearing pajamas. Jenkins calls the police, who declare the intruder to be a criminal, called "Foxy Grandpa." The intruder declares he is Lightnut's guest and appeals to the latter in vain. He is hustled off to jail. In the morning Lightnut is astonished to find Billings gone, and more astonished when he gets a message from the latter, demanding his clothes. Lightnut, bound for Tarrytown, Billing's home, discovers "Frances," the girl of the pajamas, on the train. Lightnut speaks to her and alludes to the night before. She declares indignantly that Lightnut never saw her in black pajamas. At Tarrytown Frances is met by a husky college youth who hails Lightnut as "Dicky." The latter ignores the boy, who then threatens to thrash him for offending Frances. Lightnut takes the next train home. Billings storms over the outrage of his arrest. He and Lightnut discover mysterious Chinese characters on the pajamas. Professor Dozenberry is called in to interpret the hieroglyphics.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Professor.

Billings ushered in the professor with a flourishing introduction.

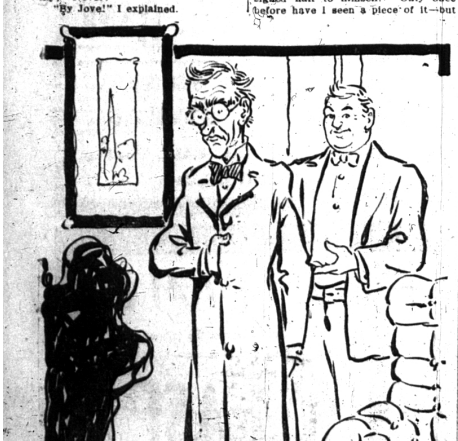
The great man never spoke, but gave me the end of one finger, and devilish grudgingly at that. He just came to anchor and stood there very straight and stiff, ignoring the chairs thrust toward him from every point. One hand was stuck in his stiff bosom, cloth bosom, with elbow pointing outward, and his great topheavy head reared above us impressively.

I addressed the professor hospitably: "Ah! won't you sit down, professor?"

He drew back, frowning. "Sit down, sir?" he questioned. And, by Jove, by this time he showed his teeth. And devilish white, even teeth they were, too, only they didn't fit.

"I never sit down, sir," he said stiffly; "Never!"

"By Jove!" I explained.



He Just Came to Anchor and Stood There Very Quietly.

"To be sure!" ejaculated Billings, looking extremely silly.

The professor appeared not ungratified with the sensation he had produced and condescended to smile; that is, if you can call a creasing and wrinkling like the cracked end of a hard-boiled egg a smile.

"You say, 'sit down,' sir," he said, addressing me. "I ask you, in turn: Is not 'sitting down' recrudescence back to the primordial?"

So saying, he took a pinch at my shirt front and stepped back again impressively.

Then his great head shot forward in front of his rigid neck—so suddenly, by Jove, that I reached out to try to catch it, don't you know. He made just two strides to the table, ten feet away, and pounced upon the pajamas with obviously trembling hands.

And behind his back Billings relapsed into an arm-chair and fanned himself with a magazine.

The professor humbugs sought through his pockets, and producing a pair of spectacles with phenomenally large lenses, adjusted them shakily.

He bent over the pajamas eagerly.

"Impossible! And yet, it is, it is!" he muttered. "I would know the weave among a thousand. It is hers undoubtedly, undoubtedly—the lost silk of Si-Ling-Chi! How comes it here?"

He glared around rather wildly at each of us in turn. Without waiting for a reply, he whisked back to the pajamas, and fishing out a thick magnifying lens, scrutinized the garments closely. It seemed that he would certainly nod his big head off its jolly hinge; and his quick side glances at Billings and myself, together with his growling and muttering, just reminded me of a dog with a bone, by Jove!

I stared at Billings, and Billings stared at me, and then he slipped over to the divan upon which I dropped, completely exhausted, dash it, from standing so long.

"Whose did he say?" he whispered.

"Celia: something," I answered. "Dash it, I didn't catch her surname. Gh, I say, you know, this is awful!"

Out of the professor's mutterings we caught a random sentence.

"Found, found again," we heard him say. "Hers beyond peradventure of a doubt. I am not mistaken."

"Ah, gentlemen!" exclaimed the professor, coming back again, "what a thing this little Chinese woman did for civilization when she gave the world silk culture and invented the loom! No wonder the Chinese deified her as a goddess."

"Goddess!" Billings swallowed hard. "And did these—h'm—garments belong to the lady?"

The professor frowned at him in surprise. "Garments?"

"Them," said Billings in devilish questionable grammar, pointing to the table. "They are pajamas, you know."

"Ha!" ejaculated the professor, holding them up. "So they are. You are very observing, sir, very. Now, I had not noticed that at all; I was so interested in the material itself—the wonderful silk of Si-Ling-Chi, gentlemen. Ha! Indeed a rare privilege!"

"From a friend of Mr. Lightnut's in China," Billings explained. "H'm! In the neck, professor—I mean inside the collar," he said, approaching the table—"there's some kind of freak lettering. Looks foolish to me."

The professor looked perplexed.

"I mean, looks like it was done by some one who was batty—had wheels, you know; probably some chink whose biscuit was drifty," floundered Billings. "You understand!"

The professor didn't. I knew that jolly well by the way he cocked his head on one side, standing like a puzzled crow, don't you know.

"Ha! I fear I do not as I should."

By Jove! He stroked the stuff lightly, tenderly—as one likes to do a little child's hair, don't you know.

"Beautiful, beautiful fabric," he sighed half to himself. "Only once before have I seen a piece of it—but

It was enough; I could never, never forget." Something like a groan escaped him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Spell of the Pajamas.

The professor suddenly faced us, holding up the pajamas with a gesture of inquiry.

He said with an apologetic cough. "Perhaps I do not intelligently and logically follow your deductions because your premises are inscrutable until I have seen the lettering. Ah!"

Out came glasses and lens and he bent over the collar eagerly.

The professor's lips moved rapidly and his visage twisted into a horrible frown.

"Why, why—s—what!" With mouth open, and gripping the pajamas tightly, he glared at us each in turn.

"Oh, impossible!" he rasped harshly, seizing the lens and bending again. "Incredible—poof—absurd — tut, tut, what nonsense!"

"The glass swept the lines rapidly. Suddenly, with a cry, the professor dropped the lens, a violent start almost lifting him from the floor.

"Ridiculous, I say! Poof!" He snapped his fingers. "Necromancy and thaumaturgy transmitted in pajamas! Absurd!"

"Pish!" said Billings emphatically. "Don't know what they are," he whispered to me; "but I'll take a hundred-to-one shot on anything he says. The professor's a corker!"

"By Jove!" I remarked. "Perhaps Professor Huckleberry won't mind telling us—"

"What I think, gentlemen? What could I think but what I am sure is your own conclusion—though you have generously and considerately left me to form my own opinion—namely, that the claim of supernatural attributes of these garments is preposterous. Enchanted pajamas! Haunted pajamas! Poof! Nursery lore; children's fairy tales! Ghosts, gentlemen! Tut—tut—nonsense!"

He snorted indignantly.

"Ghosts!" faltered Billings.

"Oh, I say!" I rather gasped. Dash me if it didn't give me a turn, rather!

The professor shrugged his shoulders.

"What other interpretation is admissible, gentlemen?" he questioned somewhat peevishly, taking up the coat. "Here, we have the royal insignia of the cruel emperor, Kee, and we note that these garments were given some one in his court by the alleged sorcerer, Fuh-keen. Perhaps it was revenge—perhaps some court plot in which Fuh-keen, for reasons of his own, was an active participant; it is of no importance, that part of it. So much for the first line; but now we come—"

He paused to polish his spectacles.

"Tell me," he said more cheerfully, "do our free translations of the ideographs so far agree in essentials—eh?"

"Like as two peas!" Billings declared with manifest enthusiasm.

The professor looked gratified and bowed.

"Now we come to the second line, or, more strictly speaking, column," he said, straightening impressively. "Here we find the astonishing claim made that there will be a change or metamorphosis of any kind of animal life that these habiliments enshroud. Um!"

The great man breathed heavily and bared his eyes over his glasses.

"Credat Judaeus apella—eh, gentlemen?" And he winked knowingly. Dashed if he didn't almost catch me swallowing a yawn, too! For I hadn't any idea what he was talking about or driving at, and, by Jove, I did know I was getting devilish sleepy.

The professor waved his glasses. "Did you ever read such a childish, ridiculous, extravagant asseveration?" he demanded.

"Ass—eh? I should say so!" worked this off indignantly.

"Tommyrot!" murmured Billings absently. He seemed thoughtful.

I was thoughtful, too—wondering, by Jove, whether the professor would go soon, so we could turn in and get the earlier start tomorrow up the river. But chiefly I was wondering wistfully if Frances would still be angry with me.

"Moreover," broke in the professor's voice as he turned again to the lettering, "to assert further that there will be a semblance—mind, I say actual, gentlemen, mind you, but an optical illusion—taking the form of some creature of the same kind that this silken tenement has previously inclosed."

"In other words, gentlemen, if were to don these garments, I might no longer look like myself, but like some one else who had worn them upon some previous occasion—perhaps last night—perhaps a thousand years ago. Eh? Is that what you understand?"

He ducked again over the letters and came up, looking chagrined.

"Moreover, I am forced to confess, gentlemen, that I fail to find a system—any rule governing these ridiculous transformations. The hypothesis is, therefore, that the alleged materializations merely follow the arbitrary caprice of the magic." He shook his head. "Well, gentlemen, I—really, I must laugh!"

And he did! I hadn't caught the drift of what it was he thought he was laughing at—I got the words, but I was too dashed sleepy to get the sense. But I was awfully glad I understood this much—that what he was attempting now was a laugh. I never would have known it. It was more like a shrieking squeak—rusty hinge, you know, that sort of thing.

The professor looked up from the pajamas, and folding his arms, eyed Billings with a cunning leer.

"I think I see," he said, fevering his finger. "You have both demonstrated how nonsensical is the assertion in this inscription. Doubtless you desire an experiment upon my part to confirm your proof of its absurdity. Reductio ad absurdum—eh, gentlemen?"

A devilish queer look had come into Billings' face. He nodded, gathered the pajamas into the professor's arms and patted him on the shoulder in a way I thought offensively familiar.

"You've got it, professor!" he said, grinning.

Then he whispered to me aside:

"Not a word, Dicky—great Scott!" But he needn't have said that, even if I had been mind-reader enough to guess what word he meant. It was about all I could do to get out a last word to the professor as he went out the door:

"Night!"

CHAPTER XIX.

The Collapse of Billings.

"Are you sure, Mr. Lightnut?"

I stood, cap in hand, one foot on the sidewalk before the Kahoka, the

"I Think I See."

other on the running-board of the car—a big double-tonneau red whale sort of affair. This was as far as I had been admitted to the vehicle.

For the frump was sitting there behind the steering wheel, looking down at me in a nasty, sidewise fashion. Ever have them do you that way? Besides, I somehow felt that she had a feeling toward me as a man, an unvoiced protest against my existence at all. It found expression in her suspicious, sniffy manner. Dash it, I just hated that woman from the start! I felt it was bad enough, her English clumsiness in getting the introductions twisted as I advanced to meet the car, but now I was of half a mind that she had done it purposely. Could see with half an eye that she was determined to make trouble about yesterday.

"Haven't we met before, Mr. Lightnut?" she had asked.

But it struck me that Frances glanced at me with a kind of wistful light in her lovely eyes, and I saw that the game was to lie like a gentleman—that sort of thing, you know. And, by Jove, I was getting kind of used to it now, anyhow—I mean since I had broken the ice last night. Not hard at all, though, after a few goes—really!

So I stood out that I had never had the pleasure, you know—all that sort of polite rot. And all the time felt like a jolly cad, too, meeting a girl with that, when she remembered! But, by Jove, it was worth sacrificing the frump fifty times over just to see Frances' face brighten and note her faint flush and smile as she looked at me. For, dash it, I knew then I had done the right thing!

"Um!" grunted the frump, compressing her lips and looking at my darling. "There's one good thing! The experience will Mr. Smith will teach Francis a lesson!"

The cat! Nice sort of host!

But the dear girl just laughed—how I remembered that laugh!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had a Numerous Progeny

From Female Kidnaped in Peking in 1861 All Chinese Lap Dogs in the West Are Descended.

Peking dogs, as they formerly were called—otherwise, Chinese lap dogs—have a curious history. On October 8, 1861, an Anglo-French soldier ransacked the imperial summer palace at Peking and took back to his captain a little dog that was supposed to have belonged to the empress. At any rate, her majesty made frantic attempts to regain the little creature, and the English officer finally struck a bargain, through Chinese emissaries, that it be sent as a present from the Chinese ruler to her majesty, Queen Victoria of England.

Good feeling was thus established all around, and the little dog, bearing the name of Looty, was domiciled at Buckingham palace. He was a very lonely little creature, the other dogs taking exception to his oriental habits and appearance, and when the prince and princess of Wales returned from a continental trip the latter pleaded with her mother-in-law to be allowed to take Looty to Sandringham. About six months later Looty's mate arrived from China, and the breeding of this species of dog became a diversion in fashionable society.

Not many years ago a number of ladies got together material for a dog show and called it an "Association of the Dogs From the Palace of Peking." Looty, who had long since passed to the future good or evil place for dogs, was represented by a very numerous progeny. From Looty, indeed, all Chinese dogs known to Europe and America are descended.—Harper's Weekly.

Hence the Tears.

A German lass stood at a steamship pier, weeping. "Why do you grieve, Fraulein?" "Because my lover has sailed, and I fear that before he returns someone else may propose to me and I may accept."—Satire.

Got the Crowd.

A politician was elected on the merits of a single speech. All he said was, "Fellow countrymen, follow me to yonder liquor saloon."

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 44x100; 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.

282
Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision; good house, insured for $850; fine lot, 50x150; price $1,150. Nice cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

296
Nice eight-room house, built last year on the corner of Royal Oak and Block, from both electric railways; cellar, cistern; lot 40 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 county. On the line of the Rochester electric, 16 miles from depot; 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 74x40, accommodation for 30 head of cattle in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres of orchard, 40 rods of 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, tool house, chicken house, 2 acres 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 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.; 59 feet frontage and 120 feet deep. Corner lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Can be bought for cash at a price that will surely appeal to any 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, gable-roof residence, nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in village. $2,700 gave 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 sudden death of the owner; your good fortune and no fault 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, rent, $15; five buildings; fine chance for some one with small means, unable to 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 $1,600 and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure loan. Ice house, barn, wood-shed, seven-room house, good cellar, 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 of water, never failing; piped to house and barns; rich, gravelly loam soil; about five acres pretty little grove and hickory. No waste land. Price $199 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 ten-room brick house with furnace; two neat flowing wells in the center; basement barn 30x80, nearly new; hen house with cement floor, corn crib; horse barn, tay shed, tool house. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness. Only offered by best city Farms in the immediate neighborhood of Birmingham; 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; soil sandy loam. And listen here! $2,500 will buy it, and the balance of the purchase price can run on long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

335
Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 130x192, 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.

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 $4,000—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 take you to the owner and you can chicker 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. 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 $350.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $7,500. That's different, too. 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, 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, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees, sixteen acres of best kind of fruite just coming into bearing; splendid new barns and carriage houses; just outside the village limits. Altogether the finest place in the vicinity, about twenty rods from the electric—and it can be bought for less than the buildings cost. Let's you and I go and look at it at our expense.

358
Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., eight rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, storm house, fine location; lot 230 feet deep. House cost $3,500 to build, and a very little more would buy the whole business.

359
Eight-room, two-story house, on Middle St., bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, fine finish, one block from the electric; nice shade, good neighborhood; walk out and look it over, and if you think you can build the house for that, you can contract for all the houses we build hereafter.

360
New house on Merrill St., one block from postoffice and electric, eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walks, fine shade; lot 40x103, and the price is $2,400. Well, we took 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; house has seven rooms, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful and valuable for its shade and usual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred on easy terms will do the business. House would cost the asking price to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

365
Listen Here! Five acres not more than forty rods from the corporation line, on Woodward Ave., fare to the city by electric, 20 cents. Almost ready to buy it ourselves. Ideal suburban residence. Plenty of fruit of all kinds. Wait a minute! Stone house, two-story, ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, electric lights. Stone stable and two other buildings; right on the electric, 20 cents. Say, why don't 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 from the electric. Perfect soil 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 runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay sub-soil, seventy acres of finest orchard, 3½ miles from electric, 1½ 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., within easy walking 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 timber, sixteen acres good orchard, good buildings, valued at $7,500, no marsh or 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 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-five acres, eight acres of orchard, eight acres of timber, good fences and buildings, everything in good order ready to make a cozy little home, only two miles out, a mile from the electric, nice rolling land, well drained and buildings in very pleasant location on village limits. 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. $1,500 will buy it if you have $300 down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377
Vacant lot in Campbell Addition, good location, new cement walk. Lot is sixty 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, fine shade 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, grates, mantels, electric light, flowing well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Fare 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 one other building suitable for wood house; some fruit; lawn and garden in fine condition.

383
Seven-room house, two bedrooms, hot air furnace, desirable location; lot 50x100; $2,500 cash will buy it in Birmingham.

384
Ninety-six acre farm, in Southfield township. New eight-room house, finished in southern pine; tip roof, barn, 32x60; small barn, 16x24; chicken house, 12x24; all buildings in good repair and newly painted. Stream runs through middle of farm; 2 miles from electric. $90 an acre will buy it, or will exchange for Birmingham Village improved.

385
Lake property, cottage and barn; 55-foot front, 150 feet deep; lot 100 feet back end of lot, 90 feet wide; $1,500 cash will buy it, or will exchange for Birmingham improved.

386
Seven-room house, good cellar, city water; house practically new, electric lights, lot 70x120; $2,000.

387
300-acre farm, two sets of buildings, brick house, two beautiful creeks, no waste land, half mile from new State road. Fine orchards. $75 an acre.

OUR ADVERTISING COLUMNS

are read by the people because it gives them news of absorbing interest. People no longer go looking about for things they want—they go to their newspaper for information as to where such things may be found. This method saves time and trouble. If you want to bring your wares to the attention of this community, our advertising columns

Should Contain Your Ad

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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THE VALUE of well-printed neat-appearing stationery as a means of getting and holding desirable business has been amply demonstrated. Consult us before going elsewhere

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.