CHRISTMAS AS A SCIENCE

IN THESE latter days, when every branch of human activity has been systematized and we are brought, whether we like it or not, under the spell of scientific management of the smallest business, what is more natural than that we should now be obliged to accept the scientific management of Christmas?

Christmas as a science! How our grandfathers would have gasped at the idea! In their time Christmas was a spontaneous holiday. Christmas eve they hung their stockings on the mantelpiece in full confidence that Santa Claus could find his way through a six-inch stovepipe. Then there was the Christmas tree, with a grandfather to distribute the gifts and a strong force of uncles and aunts to maintain peace among the youngsters. And there was skating in the afternoon with the choicest sort of melee to give the finishing touch to the day.

There was no need of science there; it would, in fact, have spoiled the whole thing. But now the spirit of Christmas has changed. We still have our Christmas trees, subject to the regulations of the fire department, but we are really slaves of our Christmas shopping list. From Thanksgiving to Christmas most of us live in an atmosphere of deepening gloom. We have continually hanging over us that dreadful problem of what would be the best thing to give So-and-so, and when we have made a selection our hearts sink at the awful thought that, perhaps, What's-his-name may give the same thing.

It is to relieve this situation as much as possible that science has been called in to our aid. Of course, even science has not yet been able to prevent two people from sending the same gift to one person. But it has been able to display unusual gifts and a larger number of them for our consideration, so that it will be easier to select a present which we may be quite sure another person would not think of. And the greatest advantage of scientific Christmas shopping is the increased speed with which the ordeal may be gone through.

There are two things which have brought about this result. The first is the establishment of exhibits of gifts for children in the schools of the large cities of the country. And the second is the scientific arrangement of gifts for sale in the shops and department stores. On one floor we have a department devoted entirely to toys and other gifts for children; in another place presents particularly suited to men; and elsewhere sections for women and boys and girls. It is all the direct result of the card index and the filing cabinet. You look under the particular heading you wish and you find displayed before you a vast quantity of suitable gifts to choose from.

The object of the school exhibits is not so much to save mothers labor, worthy object though that might be. Nor is it to display the latest and most ingenious products of the toy market. Child welfare is the primary purpose. Before we have another side of the scientific Christmas. It is to save the children from being deluged at the Christmas season with inartistic, unhygienic and useless gifts. Esthetic and hygienic are words that loom up larger in the vocabulary of the present than that of the past.

And so, although Noah's ark will remain Noah's ark to the end of the world, no twentieth century youngster whose family attends one of these exhibits will feel constrained to suck the paint off Shem, Ham or Japhet. For, lo and behold, they are entirely innocent of the familiar red and green and blue of that unsanitary century we have left behind. The sons of the patriarch and all the animals that "went in two by two" are of reasonably hygienic white wood.

By the same token, dolls will be dolls. For here again the scientific Christmas has produced a change to a more esthetic and hygienic product. Instead of the big rag doll, whose features have been kissed into obliteration by several generations of children, there is a succinct successor, equally unbreakable, far more beautiful, and absolutely impervious to washing.

For older children one finds marvelous all-wood dolls, again embodying the three important virtues. They are unbreakable, washable and artistic. Their fashionableness is evident at a glance, and the visitor is not surprised to learn that they are reproductions of American children modeled by American artists.

And yet, the thought rises, will modern Dorothys and Nancys love these charming creations one whit more than their mothers and grandmothers loved the china and wax dollies who preceded them? There was Henrietta, a gorgeous Parisian, you may remember, whose pink and white loveliness is still a happy memory. Poor Henrietta! She died the victim of a bad small brother who tried the effect of midsummer heat upon her waxen complexion. Then there was Juliet, she of real brown hair that combed and a warm brunette complexion, and a host of others who may have had untold attractions. But you must put them out of your mind in this scientific age. Real hair harbors horrible microbes and complexions do not digest well in small stomachs.

Then there are other suggestions which are the result of the practicality of our time. Housekeeping furnishings, for example, such as tea sets in pewter, cooking utensils in granite and metal, an ironing board and iron which can really be used, and an iron cookstove upon which things can be cooked. In the matter of musical toys, science has gone even further. The pianos for the child of today are marvelous instruments, and for the prestige of the tinkly toy of a generation gone by! These have from two to three octaves of the chromatic scale and are accurately tuned "to concert pitch."

But all such marvels cost money and are not likely to avail much for the household where five or six must live on a small income. So it is good to discover a case containing a number of toys at a minimum price. Not one exceeds ten cents in cost. It is surprising how many attractive things may be had for this money, and the hard-pressed, busy mother, doting grandma, conscientious aunt or inexperienced big cousin is very likely to find there the very thing to buy for Tommy or Ruth.

"THE OLD CHRISTMAS LACKED COMFORT"

The scientific Christmas has only begun and before long we will have exhibits for people of all ages and both sexes. As it is, the department stores, by their scientific arrangement and the catalogues and lists of suitable gifts, classified according to ages, have done much toward making even shopping for men a simple matter.

This, however, is a very recent institution. In the old days, a woman went to the large shop, without the slightest idea of what she wanted to buy, and after ten minutes in the crowded, heated aisles, surrounded by thousands of elaborate, alluring, gayly colored possibilities with no apparent order or arrangement, bewilderment and not decision was her portion. Under such conditions, even the most conscientious of them seized the article nearest. She was at the mercy of the saleswoman because she did not know what she had better get or where she could get it.

But the woman's bewilderment was nothing to the man's. He didn't even make an attempt to shop; he simply bought.

But all these things are different now. You get a list of things which such-and-such a store has to offer for man, woman and child of any given age, with the floor on which it may be found indicated, and you have only to walk in calmly and deliberately and purchase it. It is literally an index of the peace and good will which you may wish to dispense. You do all your thinking beforehand and have an opportunity to remember that Mrs. So-and-So's library is furnished in red, and that a Kaiser Sinn vase would be more acceptable than a lamp.

Then when you have made your selection you may make your way to the store with a fairly calm and tranquil mind. Of course, it is crowded with a density which makes progress almost impossible, blazing hot with multitudinous lights and noisy with many clamoring voices, but all that can have no effect on you. You are a scientific shopper and know just what you are going to get and where you are going to get it. Science saves time, money and nerves.

There is another way in which Christmas has become a science and that is in the methods which the big shopkeeper employs to attract the crowds of holiday shoppers. Go into one of their establishments and you cannot fail to see it. They are aglow with light, bright with the colors of numbered fabrics and you hear far and near the clash of music from many instruments. That is simply to lure you in and once you are there you see at first nothing but a spectacle of confusion and a conflict of sounds that would make Babel lose caste as a synonym. But if you start to buy what you have come for you will find a remarkable state of order so far as the things offered for sale are concerned. It is not really a store; it's an exposition.

There isn't a man in the world who has a keener understanding of the human makeup than the big shopkeeper. He knows every string of the instrument and plays diligently upon them all. He lures people with advertisements which are wonder stories. He halts the passing crowd in the streets with a windowful of Christmas waxworks, and once they have come inside, whether with a purpose or out of mere curiosity, the machinery is there to hold them fast.

For weeks the designers, decorators, scene painters, dummymakers have been at work devising and constructing some sort of living pictures fraught with the spirit of the Christmas tale. There is the papier-mache church, still and beautiful, with snow-covered trees about it, light shining from the tall windows, men, women and children mounting to the portal, and from away in the inside sanctuary somewhere come the music of a mighty organ and voices singing Christmas carols.

It is expensive, but it impresses the people who enter the store. It is the idea of it all that the hearts of the shoppers be mellowed and the spirit be moved to buy more and still more for the holiday giving. That may seem a little "far-fetched" as you sit at home with a "grouch on" because something went wrong yesterday, or a man you thought was your friend went back on you; but get into one of those stores, where "you can't hear yourself think" of your troubles for the noise, and you will realize that it is really a very clever conception.

Up there before the eyes is an inspiring presentment of the great Unselfishness. And here before you, behind you and on either hand are the goods, just the things for all your kith and kin. It is the shopkeeper's plan that you shall buy while the spell is still on you, while the din of joyous light beams out and the Christmas carols harass the air. And you do. You would be less than human if you didn't. You may not think that has anything to do with it, but it has. The shopkeeper would not go to all that expense, you may be sure, if he did not know what results it would bring him.

Even the small street fakers use their wits to sell all they can during the holidays. It is their harvest time of the whole year. And they select the spots on the sidewalks which will be most advantageous for sale of their particular wares. They invent innumerable little devices for the purpose of attracting crowds. They, too, are scientific.

The toyman chooses a spot where the greatest number of children will pass, and spends the day showing the workings of his clockwork vehicles with metallic horses and drivers, his fighting roosters and climbing monkeys, and his automatic animals full of plaintive voice. About the corners where most people pass are stationed the familiar men and women with baby rabbits, and beribboned puppies of diverse breeds. They know just how to make a woman imbued with the Christmas spirit take pity on the little animals on a cold day and buy them in order that they may have a comfortable home.

The Christmas greens man with his huge boxes of holly and mistletoe, and—more power and less glucose to him—the candy man and something like a thousand others display their wares from all sides, entice the passing throngs with a hundred little devices, appeal to their sympathy and turn peace and good will into hard cash. To both buyer and seller, from the biggest to the smallest, Christmas has become a science.

CHRISTMAS TREES

From ancient days Christmas trees, lighted with candles, were used in the chancels of English churches. But it has been put on record that the introduction of the modern Christmas trees into England was due to the late duchess of Kent, grandmother to King Edward VII, who was credited with having brought the custom from Germany for the amusement of Queen Victoria when a little girl at Kensington palace.

The Christmas tree by 1840 was undoubtedly established at Windsor; indeed, at that period a perfect plantation appears to have sprung up in the drawing room of the castle. In the newspapers of the time it is recorded that after dinner, at which the principal dish was a noble baron of beef weighing 260 pounds, that occupied many hours in roasting, and at which the band of the Scots Fusiliers discoursed such popular airs as Auber's "Bronze Horse" and selections from "Norma," the queen and the prince, with the royal suite, retired to the drawing room, where, on tables, were gracefully displayed "several imitation fir trees upwards of six feet in height, from the branches of which were suspended a variety of French bonbons and numerous elegant presents for the royal visitors and suites." The trees, we further learn, were brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers judiciously placed among the leaves.

It is not certain, however, that the custom had not been in use for centuries in rural parts of Great Britain.

WHEN CATTLE KNELT IN ADORATION.

Many an awe-stricken group has waited in the chill air to see the cattle fall upon their knees in adoration at twelve o'clock, the hour when Christ was wrapped in swaddling clothes. An honest old Cornwall, England, man, who lived at St. Stephen's Downs, near Launceston, said, towards the close of the eighteenth century, that he once, with some others, made a trial of the superstition. Watching several oxen in their stalls at twelve o'clock at night on the 24th of December, they observed the two oldest oxen only to fall down upon their knees "and make a cruel moan, like Christian creatures."

There is an old print in the British museum in which the oxen in the stable near the Virgin and Child are represented upon their knees, as if in suppliant posture. This graphic representation is, perhaps, the origin of the foregoing superstitious notion.

But more curious than all is an addition to this superstition, to the effect that the brute creation unanimously refused to acknowledge the change of style, from old to new, under the calendar, though on old Christmas day not only would the bees sing their welcome song but the oxen and asses would kneel in their stalls in token of homage. It was also said that to spin on Christmas day caused cattle to go mad and lame.

SOME PEOPLE DO.

"Did I understand you to say that Willoughby enjoys canned prunes?" asked the man who was slightly deaf.

"No," answered the friend; "I said 'canned tunes.' There's no accounting for tastes."

DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW.

"When we were first married you used to admire my clothes, but you only frown at them now."

"But, my dear, your father paid for the clothes you wore when we were first married."

LITTLE MATTER OF HONESTY

According to Test, Humanity Does Not Rank Very High in What Might Be Called Little Things.

"How deep is your honesty?" asks the Wichita Beacon. "Probably you wouldn't rob a blind man or take pennies from a baby—at least we want to believe that you wouldn't. But if the man at the cigar or candy counter by mistake handed you back too much change and you saw the error, would you call his attention to the mistake and return the excess or would you chuckle, pocket the swag and salve your conscience by saying to yourself: 'Well, it was up to him!' The other day a business man gave a number of coins to the cashier and told her to give an extra coin to each of the first 25 persons getting change. She did so. Eight pocketed the change without looking. Ignorance, therefore, lets them out. But of the other 17, 11 knowingly kept money that didn't belong to them and two women. Six only stepped up and did the right thing—two women and four men. Analyzing these figures, we have 50 per cent of honesty among women to a bit over 30 per cent among men. Is that, in your opinion, about the average or wasn't the test decisive?"—Kansas City Star.

Walking Graveyards.

Some of the Indian princes have given fifty to sixty lakhs of rupees apiece — over $2,000,000 apiece — to Great Britain for the war. Beside such gifts the gifts of the London business millionaires seem small.

"In fact," said James Douglas, the liberal publicist, in an interview with an American correspondent—"in fact, the gifts of the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Maharajah of Mysore and the Gaekwar of Baroda give our English merchant princes, who owe England so much more, a look of avarice; and you know the definition of avarice.

"Avarice, like a graveyard, takes in all it can get and never gives anything back."

Diese Abteilung ist für die Familienglieder, welche am liebsten Deutsch lesen.

Deutschlands Lage.

Reichlicher Vorrat für lange Zeit.—Preise für Lebensmittel nur wenig gestiegen.

Allgemeiner Rundschau.

Vor einigen Tagen ist aus Deutschland ein Brief von Herrn Franz Matt angelangt, in welchem er die Lage in Deutschland schildert. Er schreibt:

Dieser Tage sagte mir ein Bekannter, sein Bruder in Amerika habe in einem Briefe u. a. gefragt, ob es wahr sei, daß in Berlin das Pfund Fleisch 7 Mark — in Worten sieben Mark! — koste. Wir mußten uns willkürlich lachen; denn englische „Wahrheitsliebe" sprach aus dieser Anfrage. Wir lachten gewissermaßen gewohnheitsmäßig!. In Deutschland gewöhnt man sich nachgerade an die „Bären", welche unsere Gegner ihrem gläubigen Publikum aufbinden. Die Belgier haben „gesiegt", bis ihr ganzes Land in deutschem Besitz war, die Franzosen „liegten" rückwärts; bis die deutsche Front dort sich befand, wo die deutsche Heeresleitung sie haben wollte, die Engländer „liegten", bis unsere mächtigen deutschen „Brummer" sehr laute Grüße von der belgisch-französischen Küste aus in den Kanal senden werden, und die Russen „liegten" fortgesetzt, obwohl ihnen der deutsche Anführer Hindenburg (zur Zeit wohl der populärste Mann in Deutschland!) allein zwei Armeen vernichtet hat, obwohl sie allein in der Schlacht bei Gilgenburg etwa 90,000 Gefangene und 150,000 Tote verloren, obwohl unsere Truppen bereits vor Warschau stehen, obwohl die Oesterreicher dem russischen Bären auf der ganzen Front neuerdings mächtig das Fell ausgegerbt, obwohl vor der österreichischen Festung Przemysl allein 70,000 Russen den Tod gefunden haben!

Hungersnot in Deutschland! möchten die Verbündeten gar zu gerne der Welt proklamieren. Diese Kunde reibt sich ihren Siegesberichten wirdig an. Sie ist ja auch so spitzen wie an einer solchen bis heute nicht das geringste und werden nichts davon verspüren. Unsere Armee im Feindesland kann fast vollständig an Ort und Stelle ernährt werden. Sie „berauht" uns also nicht. Im Reiche selbst aber haben wir Fleisch, Brot und Kartoffeln vorläufig und auf lange Zeit übergenug. Allenthalben wird behördlicherseits dafür gesorgt, daß mit diesen Vorräten rationell gewirtschaftet wird. Die Winterfaaten sind ohne große Mühe wie gewöhnlich dem Boden übergeben, für Nachzucht von Rindvieh, Schweinen usw. wird ausreichend gesorgt. Kartoffeln dürfen beispielsweise bereits nur noch in geringen Maße zum Schnapsbrennen verwendet werden, und so ist gar nicht abzusehen, wie wir in Not geraten sollten. Die Preise für diese Hauptnahrungsmittel des deutschen Volkes aber sind in so minimaler Weise gestiegen—pro Pfund um einige Pfennige bei Fleisch und Brot — daß man es nicht spürt. Nun lohnt sich die Mühe der Reichsverwaltung, die sich diesebe seit Jahr und Tag um die deutsche Landwirtschaft angelegen sein ließ. Die Angehörigen der im Felde stehenden Soldaten aber erhalten reichliche Unterstützungen vom Staat, für jedes Kind einen Eingerückten wird Extragelduntersützung gewährt, und wo in solchen Familien etwa trotzdem Mangel sich zeigen sollte, da sind hilfsbereite Nachbarn und Freunde zur Stelle. Für die Bewohner jener deutschen Gegenden, die vorübergehend von Franzosen oder Russen „erobert" waren, wurden nach Vertreibung der Eindringlinge sofort großartige Sammlungen mit staatlicher Beihilfe veranstaltet. Kurzum: Hungersnot gabs und gibts bei uns nicht, und wenn sie der englisch-französische Kabelfunge auch noch so grellfarben an die Wand malen sollte!. Es ist auch gar nicht schön von den Verbündeten, dem Deutschen Reiche eine Hungersnot zu wünschen, aus dem Grunde, — weil sie uns schon soviele Gefangene zur Ernährung geschickt haben und diesen Bestand (von 350,000 Mann!) immer noch vermehren....

Ueber alles Lob erhaben ist die Bravour, mit welcher Deutschlands Verbündete, die Oesterreicher, sich schlagen. Diese Artillerie — vorab ihre Mörtarbatterie vor der Festung Maubeuge z. B. — hat uns im Kampfe an der westlichen Front schon sehr gute Dienste geleistet. Die Serben und Montenegriner erhalten von Zeit zu Zeit regelmäßig ihre Schläge, wenn sie versuchen, die ihnen zugewiesenen Grenzen innerhalb ihrer Länder zu überschreiten, und die Russen, auf ihre numerische Uebermacht vertrauend, haben sich schon so und sooft blutige Köpfe geholt, wenn sie weiter vor wollten, als ihnen dies zu tun der österreichische Feldzugsplan gestattet.

Der russische Mißerfolg vor Przemysl gestaltet sich zur Bedeutung einer großen verlorenen Schlacht.

Um so eindrucksvoller ist diese schwere russische Niederlage, als Przemysl in diesem großen Kriege, so betont auch die „Reichspost", die erste Festung ist, die einem Feinde siegreich zu widerstehen vermag. Lüttich, Namur, Maubeuge, Fort St. Michel, zuletzt Antwerpen — Befestigungsanlagen, auf deren moderne Werke sich die belgische und französische Wehrmacht viel zugute tat, fielen nach überraschend kurzem Widerstande. — Die Russen hatten doppelt so lang, als die Deutschen vor Antwerpen Zeit, ihre Kräfte in der Belagerung zu erproben, in zwölf Tagen fiel Antwerpen, die zweitgrößte Festung der Welt, drei Wochen lang sah Przemysl den Feind unter ungeheuren Verlusten sich verbluten, und nicht ein einziges Fort fiel in die Hände der Russen, die in den Stürmen zusammengeknickt auch nicht mehr die Kraft hatten, dem heranziehenden österreichischen Heere zu widerstehen....

In dem Feldbriefe eines braven deutschen Soldaten, dessen Eltern nur denselben zum Lesen gegeben hatten, beschrieb der junge Mann, ein Artillerist, seine Erlebnisse während der ersten Schlacht, die er in der Gegend von Mörchingen mitgemacht. Es hieß darin u. a.: „Mit Gott, Kinder! trief unser braver Hauptmann, als wir den ersten Schuß lösten.... Wir standen im dichtesten Kugelregen, aber die Franzosen schossen zu hoch — Gott wollte es so...." Vielleicht, so stieg es mir leise im Innern auf, hat dieser schlichte Soldat, ein Schreiner, mit diesen einfachen Worten die Frage, welche jener Leute auf der Welt beantwortete, die ohne Laut: Wie kammt es, daß die französisch-russisch-englisch-belgisch-mongolischen Verbündeten überall und trotz kleiner Teilerfolge dann und wann immer wieder Schlappen in den Entscheidungskämpfen erleiden?....

Der frühere sozialdemokratische badische Landtagsabgeordnete Fendrich veröffentlichte kürzlich in der Zeitschrift „Der Krieg" einen Artikel über die deutsche Mobilmachung, worin es u. a. heißt: „Unsere Kinder und Kindeskinder werden noch davon erzählen, wie sich der angeblich seelenlose Mechanismus, unsere Militärgesetze nur als ein Stück jener heiligen Ordnung erwiesen hat, die Friedrich von Schiller eine Himmelstochter nennt. Die Gewalt allein tut's nicht, aber ohne sie gibt es keine Siege. Die Ordnung allein tut's auch nicht, aber ohne sie ist alles verloren.... Und noch eins macht die Zurückbleibenden froh und leicht. Jetzt sah man auf den Straßen, wo die Millionen und Milliarden hingekommen waren, die Jahr um Jahr durch die Militärvorlagen der Regierung gefordert wurden. Hier ging unser Fleisch und Blut, gut gekleidet, gut gestiefelt, gut genährt. Und auch die, welche gegen den immer unfriedlicheren Militarismus, manches scharfe Wort hatten fallen lassen, dachten jetzt heimlich: Gott, daß im Reichstage auch gegen ihren Willen alles angenommen worden war. Denn wo wären wir sonst jetzt?"

So wie diesem früheren Gegner des „Militarismus" ist es gar vielen anderen ergangen: Die Ergebnisse und Vorgänge der letzten Wochen haben ihre wohltätige Wirkung nicht verfehlt.

Viel wichtiger als diese „Bekehrungen" sind solche anderer Art. Konnten wir in früheren Zeiten manchmal über bedauerliche Zeichen des Niedergangs in Deutschland berichten, so wären wir jetzt in der Lage, im Hinblick auf eine lange Reihe von Tatsachen, Vorkommnissen und Erscheinungen im öffentlichen Leben darzutun, wie eine mächtige Erneuerung, Um- und Einkehr im deutschen Volksleben sich bemerkbar macht. Diesen Deutschen aus der Seele gesprochen hat beispielsweise im Oktoberheft der Zeitschrift „Hochland" der Herausgeber, wenn er schrieb: „.... Mehr als je fordert die ungeheure Lage, daß wir alles das, worauf es für unseren nationalen und sittlichen Fortbestand künftig ankommt, mit dem Willen zu ernster Selbsterkenntnis ins Werk setzen. Wenn wir, was wir hoffen und erflehen, dem feindlichen Ansturm siegreich widerstehen und dem Vaterland für immer den Frieden sichern, so werden uns doch mit dem Frieden Lasten geringerer Aufgaben gestellt sein, wie jetzt im Kriege. Bald nach dem Erfolg des letzten Krieges schrieb der Philosoph der „Anzeigenämter Betrachtungen" die ehrlichen Worte: „Ein großer Sieg ist eine große Gefahr. Die menschliche Natur verträgt ihn schwerer als eine Niederlage; ja, es scheint selbst leichter zu sein, einen solchen Sieg zu erringen, als ihn so zu ertragen, daß daraus keine schwere Niederlage entsteht." In dieser Erkenntnis wollen wir schon heute anfangen, den Geist zu pflegen und in uns klarf zu machen, der uns für die große, erzieherische Aufgabe des Germanentums befähigt. Nichts darf wiederkehren von dem verbitternden Haber, der unser Volk so oft in den politischen, sozialen und religiösen Kämpfen entzweite. Wohnmer sich die geschichtlich notwendigen Gegensätze auswirken, muß es mit dem Blick auf das Ganze geschehen und mit dem Glauben an die Aufrichtigkeit aller in ihrer Liebe zum Vaterland."....

Michigan News Tersely Told

Battle Creek.—John Hanson, eighty-one, was instantly killed when he fell down stairs and broke his neck, at the home of his son, Eles Hanson.

Marshall.—Charles H. Katz had a narrow escape from death when his clothing caught in the shafting of a buzz saw. He jerked himself away, breaking his shoulder. The saw stripped off his clothes.

Lansing.—The state treasurer sent out a call on the state depositaries for almost all of the money which the state has on deposit. The call is for December 15, and will lift about one million dollars. The call will close many banks of state funds. This time of year the drain on the state for current expenses is heaviest and the money is to meet expenses until February 1.

Adrian.—The 18 young men who confessed to breaking into the Adrian high school and "stacking" the books were suspended from school for 30 days at a special meeting of the board of education. Superintendent Mickens refused to give out the names of the students, saying: "The boys come from good families and the shame and humiliation of suspension is sufficient without the publication of their names." The boys were also fined approximately five dollars each to pay for damage done.

St. Joseph.—Charles Desmond, chef in a local cafe, shot and instantly killed Henry Smith here when the latter intervened to prevent Mrs. Desmond being shot down by her husband. The murderer fired two shots, both of which pierced Smith's heart. Desmond, known in the city as "Frenchy," was overpowered as he attempted to escape. Desmond had been separated for several weeks from his wife, who had been making her home with the Smith family. Desmond stole a revolver and started for the Smith residence with the avowed intention of killing her. Smith met him at the door and refused to let him in. Desmond fired once opened fire.

Charlevoix. — Hunters throughout this section of the state are indignant at the disregard of the game laws by the inhabitants of the north woods during the recent deer hunting season. The use of dogs, which the statutes strictly cover and which for many seasons was watched closely, has been a common occurrence this year, it is alleged, and returned hunters say that dogs could be hired for a slight consideration with a guarantee that the results be satisfactory. Shiners were also employed by many hunters. It is asserted. The shiner is used at night and is a light arrangement which attracts the deer, causing it to be blinded and easily killed.

Niles.—One case of foot-and-mouth disease reported at Holland is the first new case since January a week in Michigan. The state live stock commission issued an order here modifying the quarantine in Berrien county and except for four townships lying directly west of Niles, where the disease was most prhvalent, live stock, hay, fodder and manure may now be moved upon the highways and from farm to farm without a special permit. The quarantine on dogs is still maintained in the entire county. Doctor Houck left for Indianapolis, where he will confer with state officials with a view to a modification of the quarantine in that state, along the lines outlined at the conference with Michigan officials at Lansing.

Royal Oak.—In the presence of congregations that jammed the building to its capacity, the new Evangelical Lutheran church here was dedicated at services held. Those taking part in the services were: Rev. C. Zwilling; St. Matthew's choir, Detroit; Rev. Otto Haass, Detroit; Professor Paul Koch; Rev. Theodore Mergen, Toledo; Dr. W. L. St. Johns, pastor of the Royal Oak Congregational church; Rev. O. T. Olsen, pastor of the Royal Oak Methodist Episcopal church; Rev. Harry H. Blocker, pastor of the Royal Oak Presbyterian church, and Fred Puvogel. The church, a handsome structure, recently was completed at a cost of $10,000.

Lansing.—Figures compiled for his own curiosity by Secretary Martindale show the increase in the use of automobiles in Michigan in the last six years. Since 1909 the number of auto licenses has been on such a jump that so far in 1914 it has been issued almost seven times as many as in the entire year of 1909. The figures follow: 1909, 11,718; 1910, 18,355; 1911, 27,796; 1912, 39,579; 1913, 54,366; 1914 to date, 76,322. Motorcycles began to be licensed in 1910. The figures are: 1910, 1,041; 1911, 1,924; 1912, 3,621; 1913, 5,698; 1914 to date, 6,975. Chauffeurs' licenses indicate a loss during the last year. The figures on these follow: 1910, 2,868; 1911, 3,681; 1912, 3,890; 1913, 4,835; 1914 to date, 4,769.

Menominee.—The second hunting fatality in a week occurred when H. Jilmar Poberg, nineteen-year-old son of a Banat farmer, was shot and instantly killed by Elbert Swanson, thirteen years old. They were in a party of deer hunters which had just surrounded an animal. Swanson shot at the deer as it sprang from the brush and just as Poberg stepped into the opening directly in line with hunter and hunted. The bullet missed the deer and went through Poberg's heart. "You shot me," he exclaimed as he threw his gun away and staggered forward. Then he fell dead.

Port Huron.—The Grand, Trunk has assured Port Huron that the raising of 113,000 feet in two days by citizens as a bonus has insured the replacing of the Block I shops that burned here a year ago. They will be located on the site of the Port Huron Engine & Thresher company's plant.

Ann Arbor.—The women of the university will edit the March number of the Gargoyle, the university humorous publication. The co-ed editors will be Miss Alice Ward, Detroit, editor, and the Misses Margaret Foote of Muskegon and Phyllis Povah of Detroit, associate editors.