

MICHIGAN TRADESMAN

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Twenty-Fifth Year

GRAND RAPIDS, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1907

Number 1258

YE OLDE FASHION HOREHOUND CANDY

"Double A"
On Every Piece



Is good for young and good for old,
It stops the cough and cures the cold.



Made Only by

Putnam Factory National Candy Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan

DO IT NOW

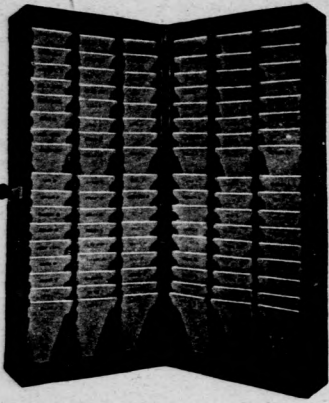
Investigate the

Kirkwood Short Credit System of Accounts

It earns you 525 per cent. on your investment. We will prove it previous to purchase. It prevents forgotten charges. It makes disputed accounts impossible. It assists in making collections. It saves labor in book-keeping. It systematizes credits. It establishes confidence between you and your customer. One writing does it all. For full particulars write or call on

A. H. Morrill & Co.
105 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids, Michigan
Bell Phone 87 Citizens Phone 5087

Pat. March 8, 1898, June 14, 1898, March 19, 1901.



Every Cake

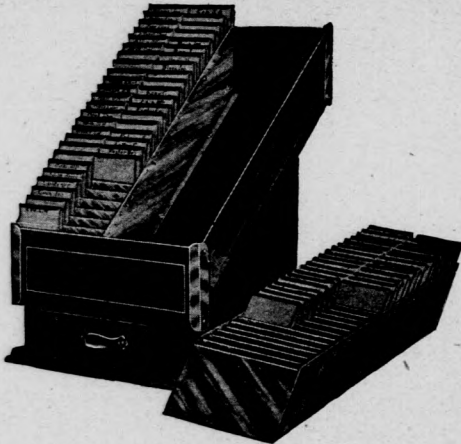


of FLEISCHMANN'S
YELLOW LABEL YEAST you sell not only increases your profits, but also gives complete satisfaction to your patrons.

The Fleischmann Co.,

of Michigan
Detroit Office, 111 W. Larned St., Grand Rapids Office, 29 Crescent Av.

The Keith System Pays For Itself



A view of our No. 100 Keith System with one tray removed

In FORGOTTEN CHARGES,
In LOST CHARGES,
In DISPUTED ACCOUNTS,
In BAD BILLS and slow collections.
THE KEITH SYSTEM gives absolute relief and at a minimum outlay of TIME, LABOR and MONEY.
It has an INDIVIDUAL BOOK for each customer and your clerks are compelled to make the charge when the purchase is made.
The slips are numbered in duplicate and bound substantially in book form, so that a charge will not be lost or destroyed without detection, nor will your accounts be disputed as your customer's record is an exact duplicate of yours.
With each purchase the customer makes he gets an itemized bill showing the total he owes. This makes the system an automatic collector.
Write for full information.

The Simple Account Salesbook Co.

1062-1088 Court Street Fremont, Ohio, U. S. A.
Sole Manufacturers, also Manufacturers of Counter Pads for Store Use

On account of the Pure Food Law there is a greater demand than ever for

Pure Cider Vinegar

We guarantee our vinegar to be absolutely pure, made from apples and free from all artificial coloring. Our vinegar meets the requirements of the Pure Food Laws of every State in the Union.

The Williams Bros. Co.

Manufacturers
Picklers and Preservers Detroit, Mich.

Makes Clothes Whiter - Work Easier - Kitchen Cleaner.

SNOW BOY WASHING POWDER.

GOOD GOODS — GOOD PROFITS.

MICHIGAN TRADESMAN

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Number 1258

TRACE YOUR DELAYED FREIGHT Easily and Quickly. We can tell you how. **BARLOW BROS.,** Grand Rapids, Mich

The Kent County Savings Bank

OF GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Has largest amount of deposits of any State or Savings Bank in Western Michigan. If you are contemplating a change in your banking relations, or think of opening a new account, call and see us.

3½ Per Cent.

Paid on Certificates of Deposit

Banking By Mail

Resources Exceed 3 Million Dollars

Duplicate Typewritten Letters

250.... \$2.00 1,000.... \$3.00
500.... 2.50 2,000.... 5.00

Grand Rapids Typewriting & Addr. Co.
A. E. Howell, Mgr.
23-25 So. Division St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

GRAND RAPIDS FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY

THE McBAIN AGENCY

Grand Rapids, Mich. The Leading Agency

Commercial Credit Co., Ltd.

Credit Advices and Collections

MICHIGAN OFFICES

Murray Building, Grand Rapids
Majestic Building, Detroit

FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF

SAFES

Grand Rapids Safe Co.

Tradesman Building

ELLIOT O. GROSVENOR

Late State Food Commissioner

Advisory Counsel to manufacturers and jobbers whose interests are affected by the Food Laws of any state. Correspondence invited.

2321 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

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CHANCELLOR DAY AGAIN.

When a truly erudite man takes himself seriously and honestly believes that any tempest in a teapot which he may generate is a sure-enough tornado, he becomes especially interesting. Chancellor Day, of the Syracuse University, is the author of "The Raid on Prosperity," a volume of argument, satire, epigram and prophecy which the Appletons will issue this week and which is the latest addition to a series of frantic appeals in behalf of Wall street practices, as they have been revealed, and against the policy of our present National administration, as it has been revealed.

As usual, he bases his argument upon the false notion that President Roosevelt and the Nation he represents are opposed to the existence of great financial, commercial, industrial and transportation corporations or trusts.

"The poor man," says Chancellor Day, "owes more to the corporations than to any other commercial force for his opportunity to work at good wages, or to work at all for that matter."

Good. Ninety per cent. of the citizens of the United States will heartily agree with that sentiment in its entirety and it would be a unanimous vote were it not for its finale: "or to work at all," etc. That innocent little tang will call forth opposition from every socialist and near-socialist in the land. The membership of the labor unions will not accept the theory that they are enabled to earn daily wages by the grace of anybody. It is their inalienable right and privilege no matter what may be their instincts, their habits, their abilities or their environment.

Ostensibly, Chancellor Day's chief fear is that through what he charges is our administration's threat of "stretching the Constitution" our Government will recede to a condition of autocratic rule. The democracy of the citizens of the United States is too strongly builded to warrant any such fear and it is that very strength which demands, imperatively, that the abuses of opportunity and resource so completely unveiled in recent investigations shall be stopped. The attacks upon great corporations have not been because of the honest exercise and

use of the legal rights of such organizations and they have not been because Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Morgan or Mr. Anybody Else happens to have a fortune of one hundred or more millions of dollars.

"Where great fortunes are now estimated in millions of dollars they will be computed in billions before the century has reached its close," says Chancellor Day, and it is good to hear such optimism; but Mr. Day and all those of whose causes he is champion must take notice at once that such an increase of wealth must be achieved on an open, fair field and without recourse to methods of chicanery and criminal boldness born of avarice and selfishness. That sort of thing must stop. The American people have had their lesson along that line and do not covet further experience.

THE WAYS OF THE FAKIR.

During the past two or three weeks a man has been making a canvass among the business men of Grand Rapids soliciting advertisements to be inserted in some publication of doubtful value and circulation, which, it was asserted, will be issued by the Interior Freight Handlers' and Railway Clerks' International League. Some of our business men who are afraid of anything resembling a labor union, or else who are pitifully careless, surrendered to the fakirs, but others did not. Moreover, these others investigated the matter and were assured by various railway officials and clerks that there was no such organization in Grand Rapids as the Interior Freight Handlers' and Railway Clerks' League. Accordingly, these business men persisted in their refusal to buy space in the proposed publication.

Now comes the "milk in the coconut." The men soliciting for advertisements were in reality the salaried organizers for the International League in question, and at a meeting held last Sunday a local branch of the Order of Railway Clerks was organized. At a later date another meeting was held, at which new members were secured and, in all probability, additional meetings will follow. It is claimed that already nearly 200 men have joined the order and that nearly or quite double that number will be enrolled within the next sixty days.

The men soliciting the advertisements must pay their way in one fashion or another and the easiest and most plausible method is to go after those people who are advertisers. And so, with a salary as organizers and with the cash received for advertisements in some kind of a pamphlet or journal, no matter what, they are able to remain in a city a considerable length of time, become acquainted with the class of workers

they are after and finally develop an organization which, at a moment's notice, may strike and effectually interrupt the business of the very men who helped to make the work of the organizers so easy and effectual.

GRAFT IN THE SADDLE.

One of the achievements already a foregone conclusion at Lansing is the rejection by the Constitutional Convention of the school tax. With that tax eliminated, it is figured by the railway interests, things will become more easy for the common carrier corporations. Indeed, it is already more than apparent that great corporate interests are in control of the convention and by the same token it is equally assured that when the new constitution comes up for the votes of freeholders it will be most emphatically turned down.

And the heavy expense of the convention will be, for the commonwealth, simply another entry on the account of Profit and Loss. And yet, in the face of the bold display of practical politics made by the great corporations since the first mention was made of a Constitutional Convention, the railway magnates of Michigan are doing their level best to pose as poor persecuted martyrs. Such pretense is simply nauseating.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the action of the Common Council in naming St. Patrick's Day as the date for holding the primary election, in response to Mayor Ellis' request, will not impair, in any way, the legal proceedings that are to be begun because of the City Clerk's refusal to place the Mayor's name on the ballot as a candidate for re-election. There is a growing suspicion that the alleged ignorance as to who was responsible for the mix-up at Lansing as to the Grand Rapids primary election is a myth and that the proposed legal proceedings will locate the offenders. The identity of such underground workers is not of so much importance, perhaps, as is the need there is of revealing why any such slight was put upon this district.

A Texas lawyer who invested in real estate and engaged in farming as a side line is said to be making \$100,000 a year on 1,400 acres of alfalfa. He cuts his crops four times a year, gets a ton an acre, and sells it at \$15 a ton on an average. Part of the seed is also harvested, and that yields \$18 an acre, the total revenue received in one year being \$109,200. This does not take into account the income derived from the sale of hundreds of heads of hogs, cattle and other livestock which are fattened in the alfalfa fields. Texas stories of wonderful success in agriculture are beginning to put the Kansas prosperity reports in the shade.

NATURE STUDIES.

Lesson Learned from Two English Sparrows.

By some process of miscalculation a pair of English sparrows located their residence this spring in the grape vine over our back door. Had a phoebe or a robin staked his claim here the calculation would have been excellent, for there is no snugger harbor for the rearing of a reputable bird family than just behind the broad grape leaves under the cornice of our back porch. But for the sparrows the location was a fatal error. Possibly they had watched the robin and the song sparrow not thirty feet away, building unmolested under the ivy on the barn, or had seen the oriole swing his hammock in the elm on the lawn, or had noted the house owner putting up two commodious wren houses, and from this had reckoned that the location was safe. And so it would have been but for one fact, namely, that the English sparrow and his tribe are undesirable citizens, to make war upon whom is the duty of every American patriot. Forgetting this they located, as has been said, just above the screen door of the back porch. In a case like this there is a disagreeable duty incumbent upon the house owner, and the sooner it is done the better. So we put up the ladder and explored. Here in its sheltered snugger was a big ball of dried grass wound up with strings, in the center of which, lined with feathers, was a round hole about as large as a lemon, containing five small brown-speckled eggs. What was to be done was done. The wad of trash with its little egg content was extracted and thrown behind the barn, and the incident closed. Not so with the birds. A few minutes later there was a nervous chattering in among the grape leaves, a fluttering—and perched on the gutter, the evicted pair, each with a feather in its bill, looked down on the author of their misfortune. They had taken an inventory of the disaster, and an inventory of the salvage, and taking council of courage had decided to repair their fortunes in time for their second hatching of eggs. I have read of birds that fretted and pined themselves into a swift decline because of the loss of a nest of eggs. But not so with these sturdy little people. Three weeks later it was the painful duty of the house owner to extract another well hung nest with its five speckled brown eggs from the depths of the aristolochia vine over the bay window—the second establishment of this persistent pair.

I am not nature fakir enough to say that the behavior of these sparrows was a touch of high courage approaching the heroic or the stoic. I might say so if it had been a pair of house wrens, or yellow warblers, or red-breasted grosbeaks. But in the sparrow you and I know right well it is nothing but a blind brute instinct, pushed on by an inscrutable, irresistible force. But for all that, as I looked at the two houseless little beggars, and they looked down at me, each with a scrap of its wrecked house in its bill, I wanted to go

back of the barn and kick myself—not because I had disturbed them, but that at one time and another in my life I had crawled, weak-kneed, away from small personal disasters.

Not many years ago there was not an English sparrow in all America. Now he holds the keys of every city and hamlet in our land from Boston to Los Angeles, and has preempted a good many townships of agricultural land. What brought about this conquest? His instinct to pick himself up out of the dirt after every knockdown; to pick up the splinters of his wrecked house with which to stake down a new claim. Every world conquest has been thus. The Goths and Vandals swept southward to the Great Sea and held their ground because they never knew when they were whipped. In older civilizations, where men have fewer opportunities and less elbow room, a single disaster may crush an average man and leave him to drag out the rest of his days, a piece of human wreckage. But in this free West there are fewer of the whipped classes. The panic of '93 made poor men of thousands of prosperous people in this city. But of these thousands, those who remained poor were almost all old men past their working years. Of these a large part kept courage, even although they did not regain wealth. The rest picked up the scraps, and from them built again good substantial fortunes. The people who keep heart can never be kept down. Keeping heart not only keeps the body comfortable and the pocket full; it keeps the world cheerful, society enjoyable, the state governable and life profitable.

I know a man who uses as much food for his daily pleasure and sustenance as would maintain the muscular and vascular action of four good able-bodied workmen, if used wisely and well. He throws his food in and he throws it about. The restaurant table after he has dined looks like a battlefield at sundown. He reminds me of our old hack horse that always wanted ten quarts of oats—six to eat and four to throw in four different directions. I am not convinced that this man's enjoyment is commensurate with his table activity. Knowing that many pleasant-looking people about me are eating quietly and lightly, I judge that this man, feeding heavily and noisily, is not getting as many kilowatts of joy per forkful as are they. There are such people on earth, people who have fallen into the habit of consuming a ton of material to produce an ounce of joy. We crossed the trail of two such chaps a few days ago—the Gotrox boys. In their garage we found five automobiles. They were out with the other two, hitting the hill-tops, skidding along the cliffs and blowing half-combusted gasoline into the pleasant valleys. And yet I am told they are not happy. If the pursuit and the compassing of happiness is the end of life, these boys are making progress backwardly. I remember when Johnnie and Georgie Gotrox, barefoot urchins, were more elated over a little red thirty-cent go-cart than they now are with their great glittering touring car. If one

goes to chasing happiness he must get hold of some propulsion that will hit a hotter pace than gasoline or electricity.

Speaking of entertainment and the pursuit of enjoyment—when one can not afford a gold-banded touring car or a trip abroad—did you ever watch a toad, the ordinary American garden toad? We have one on our premises. The toad is a condensed three-ring circus done up in a small parcel about the size and shape of a slag paper weight. His personal appearance is about as fetching as a Chinese household god, but really there is more to him than first appearance. He has something coming for you if you wait. On one occasion we uncovered in his presence three white grub worms, the variety you put in your bait box on a black bass excursion. The toad moved not a muscle of his countenance. To all appearances he cared no more for such bonbons than you do for cold pancakes. As we chided him for his lack of gumption, he winked at us with his left eye—and behold! where there had been three grubs but two now appeared. The third had been snuffed out like the innocent purchaser's stock in a recognized oil well—not even smoke to tell where it disappeared. The toad still sat unmoved, unsmiling. Another stolid waiting and one of the grubs yawned and moved to adjourn. Scat! The worm was cut in two by a bolt of lightning before he had time to turn. We thought then that we could see that the toad shot him. Naturalists tell us that this soggy-looking toad carries in his broad mouth a coiled lariat endowed with greased electricity, with which he shoots and bags his game with the speed of a weaver's shuttle multiplied by infinity. He does not attack merely the slow worm. He can pick the mosquito out of the ambient atmosphere or jerk the sly cut worm out of his overalls before he can bat an eye. The toad is called a clumsy fellow, and he looks it. But while he is sitting with his feet on the desk he is thinking. Look out for the slow people who think and wink.

The Maker of the universe knows that we need recreation, but he never designed that we should be forced to run ourselves footsore and short-winded getting it. He has put little surprises around in the fence corners for those to find and enjoy who, working honestly and cheerfully at their daily tasks, are in tune for wholesome and pleasant distractions. In these enjoyments there is no perceptible waste. You can get ninety-nine and a fraction per cent. of joy out of any God-given amount of material.—Sharpshooter in Commercial West.

Profit in Raising Ginseng.

Marquette, Oct. 29—That there is money in the cultivation of ginseng is a fact borne out by the experience of growers both in Northern Wisconsin and Upper Michigan, a region in which considerable attention has been given the novel industry during late years.

The roots of the plant are in great demand in China, where, in

some form, they enter into the composition of almost every medicine.

A recent incident of the profit that it is possible to achieve in raising ginseng for market is reported from Wausau, near which place there were harvested from beds aggregating 3,132 square feet, roots that, when dried, weighed 840 pounds. At \$7 a pound, the present quotation, the product was worth \$1,960. In addition to this, however, the plants were productive of a large quantity of seed during the five years they were permitted to grow, and this seed has in turn produced much other ginseng, the total value of the harvest from the area of materially less than an ordinary sized building lot being estimated at upwards of \$5,000.

The ginseng plant is native to the Lake Superior region, at least it is found growing in an uncultivated state in the forest lands, and in many districts it forms a source of income to Indians and homesteaders who dig the root. The price fluctuations, some seasons averaging \$4 or \$5 and at other times from \$6 to \$8. It takes three pounds of the green root to make one pound of the dry.

H. H. Cable Company To Enter Holly Plant.

Holly, Oct. 29—The brick layers on the new main building of the H. M. Cable Company here have completed their work on the top of the second story. There are no pilasters to bother on the third story, so with favorable weather the brick work will all be finished by the end of this week. Contractor S. B. Cole states that he will have the buildings all completed by November 15 with the exception of a few odds and ends and will be able to turn the plant over to the owners before December 1.

The glass which goes into the windows and skylights of the buildings is no small item. There are 126 windows each nine feet square in the main building and twelve windows each 8x9 feet in the mill building, besides various smaller windows in the other buildings. The skylights require over 3,000 square feet of glass.

The flooring for the buildings requires 53,000 feet of hard maple.

Will Build New Plant.

Coral, Oct. 29—Hamilton Bros., of Greensburg, Ind., who owned the canning factory recently burned, are here adjusting the insurance and completing arrangements for rebuilding.

They have contracted with Helper Bros., of Bay City, to clear the ground of old machinery, boilers, etc., and leave the ground ready for a new factory, which they expect to have erected in time for canning peas next season. They are planning to erect brick buildings, using four viners and take care of 400 acres of peas.

This year was Hamilton Bros.' first year here and they had a heavy pack, canning 800,000 cans of peas from 350 acres.

Watch your works and your wings will take care of themselves.

When the Young Man Must Swallow His Pride.

How much of undeserved censure and humiliating rebuke shall the young man entering business be prepared to take from men who hold authority over him?

This is a question which the young man starting out in the world should decide for himself as a vital preliminary to his experience. It will be taken for granted that the type of young man having the qualities of success shall be possessed of some spirit and have an appreciation of his duty to his own self-respect. With this consciousness of himself it is a certainty that in almost any line of endeavor this young man will come face to face with the question, "Do I owe it to myself to resent this?"

On the sane, judicial answer to this question may depend the greatest possibilities in that young man's future.

In this complicated age of great businesses the responsible heads for such businesses must leave much of the management to inferiors. These assistants may number tens or hundreds. It might be taken for granted, in any great business where managers and heads of departments are many and where they are in slight personal touch with the real head of the concern, a candid confession of that head of the house would show that he would be open to applications replacing a considerable percentage of these assistants if he could hope for better men.

One of the chief causes for worry on the part of such a business head

is the friction which develops among his employes. One of the marked forms of incompetency in a large organization is that the man invested with authority over other men can not "get along" with the men under him. Wherever this trait is shown in such a manager, too, his chances for a short lived term in his position are reduced to a certainty. Ten, fifty, or a hundred men under him may rebel and break away to other fields before the right man is ousted. But that the trouble maker finally will be unseated may be taken for granted.

In the creation of this friction probably nothing is more effective than the assumption of authority which the man in charge does not have. He may be of a bullying disposition, hard to please, and radical in expressing his displeasure where he finds fault.

But the young man who is prompted by a proper ambition for his work can feel that he is not working for the offensive, bullying Jones. If he has the chance to observe probably he will discover that Jones, in the presence of Smith, is such a cringing, apologetic figure as to claim even his contemptuous sympathy. The young man may reason that, in the last analysis he is not even working for Smith to the extent that he is working for himself and his own future. He needs the experience that he is getting if in the beginning he has not made a mistake in choosing Smith's establishment. When he has gained that experience he may say to Smith that for certain reasons

which are good he proposes to make a change.

But until that time has arrived the young man of earnest purpose can not afford to sacrifice his chances which have been well chosen merely because of some petty impositions which do not affect the great mass of his fellow workers in the establishment. If he shall be in the position of taking to heart those things which his fellows are laughing away among themselves, he should bring himself up with a sharp turn and discover where he stands. He has entered a business which is established on accepted lines. He is foolish to imagine that he can reform it in a day. He must adapt himself to the conditions as he finds them, or he must get out. Getting out of the one place, his chances may be that he will fall into another quite as bad, or worse, in its environment.

There are things that no respecting young man can stand and yet keep his self-respect. But what are they? In making his tabulated list of what these things are the untried young man needs all the judgment and conservatism which he can command. He is a fool if he allows an inferior creature to ruin his prospects.

John A. Howland.

The Origin of Fishing Reels.

The origin of the fishing reel is shrouded in mystery. J. M. Clark, a veteran Kansas City angler who has given considerable study to the subject, says the fishing reel is at least 3,000 years old. A picture of that age representing a fisherman with a

rod and reel is hanging in the gallery at Hong Kong, China, he says:

"The reel in the picture is described as being made of metal, probably bronze," said Mr. Clark. "It is large and cumbersome and is of the single action pattern."

A century or more ago reels made of wood were in use in England, Scotland and Wales. These reels were about five inches deep, the drums being, therefore, very large. They were used in salmon fishing. Subsequently manufacturers offered metal reels, but they were so large and cumbersome that it was not until many years after their introduction and after their weight had been lessened that they came into general use. All of these reels were, of course, crude in construction and of the single winch pattern.

It was about sixty years ago that the first multiplying reel was introduced. It is said to have been the invention of two Kentucky watchmakers. These men first made double multipliers; that is, for each revolution of the handle there were two revolutions of the spool containing the line. Later these same are credited with the invention of the quadruple multiplying reel, which takes up line four times as fast as the handle is turned. The inventors never applied for a patent. At present there are more than fifty firms in the United States manufacturing quadruple reels.

The church with a head for gold usually has a heart of wood.

Mr. Grocer-- Why Not?

Are you handling our Butter Color? Are you "on to" the fact that we have on our books grocers all over the country who sell without any trouble thousands of dollars' worth of Butter Color at a big easy profit? Are you getting some of these profits? If not—why not?

WRITE YOUR WHOLESALER OR US FOR PRICE LIST

DANDELION BRAND BUTTER COLOR (PURELY VEGETABLE) complies with the Pure Food Laws of State and Nation.

DANDELION BRAND BUTTER COLOR (PURELY VEGETABLE) complies with every requirement of every Pure Food Law, and is the strongest, clearest and purest Vegetable Butter Color made.

This Trade Mark has appeared on our Butter Color for over 25 years.



Here is the Dandelion Trade Mark which appears on every package. Don't accept any butter color unless the Dandelion Trade Mark is conspicuously displayed on the label.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Burlington, Vt.

AROUND THE STATE

Movements of Merchants.

Oxford—C. M. Brooks has sold his drug stock to Wm. P. McGregoe, of Flint.

Coldwater—The Knepp Bakery has been purchased by Bert Bice and Mrs. Hannah Smith.

Adrian—The Schwarze Electric Co. has increased its capital stock from \$25,000 to \$40,000.

Traverse City—F. S. York has opened a new grocery and provision store at 313 Rose street.

Decatur—G. B. Southworth has sold his stock of racket goods to P. E. Pritchard, of Paw Paw.

Bay City—James De Grace has purchased the grocery stock of L. H. Alverson and will continue the business.

Jackson—H. S. Pulver and George Thorpe have opened a hay and grain store at the corner of Mechanic and Chicago streets.

Owosso—The Barrett-Porter Co., wholesale dealers in hay, grain, seeds and beans, has changed its name to the C. H. Barrett Co.

Hodunk—Dr. S. H. Clizbe, of Coldwater, has purchased the interest of Mark Smith in the general store of Smith & King.

Sault Ste. Marie—Otto Feifer and Bert King have opened a new meat market at 949 Maple street, under the firm name of King & Feifer.

Lowell—Chas. Donaker, who has been employed by the Lowell Cutter Co. for the past fifteen years, has purchased the Meyers City Bakery.

Jackson—The Retail Grocers' and General Merchants' Association of Michigan will hold its annual convention in this city on February 4, 5 and 6.

Coldwater—Nelson Doty and Orrin Eldridge have rented the building north of the Gage saloon and are fitting it up as a restaurant and fish market.

Cheboygan—Daly & McCallum, formerly of the firm of Chimner Daly & McCallum, have purchased the implement department of G. C. Dodd & Co.

Allegan—John E. Davis has sold his implement and vehicle business to Milton Griffith and S. W. Fuller, who will continue the business at the same location.

Reed City—Berger & Esler have opened a new grocery store. Both partners were clerks in the grocery department of H. R. Niergarth for several years.

Grand Junction—I. J. Jewell will close out his general mercantile business here and go into the same business in Deckerville, Sanilac county, his former home.

Decatur—The grocery firm of Young & Warner have dissolved partnership, Mr. Young retiring and Carl W. Warner becoming sole proprietor of the business.

Albion—A. J. Miller has sold his drug stock to J. D. Bean, of Edwarsburg, who will take possession at

once. Mr. Miller will retire from business for the present.

Albion—The livery firm of Eastman & Grover have dissolved partnership, Russell Grover retiring. The business will continue under the management of O. V. Eastman.

Jackson—George T. Stiles, grocer at the corner of Trail and Blackstone streets, has purchased the Chamberlin & Eaton grocery stock, corner of West Main and Jackson streets.

Sault Ste. Marie—J. L. Sandleman & Co., proprietors of the Fair Department store, are to be succeeded on January 1 by a company to be known as the Fair Department Store Co.

South Boardman—James H. Patterson, who recently engaged in the grocery business here, has purchased the general stock of Howard Leach & Co. and will continue the business at the same location.

Hillsdale—E. C. Duguid, of Fremont, Ind., has purchased the bankrupt stock of the A. J. Dingman Dry Goods Co. and will re-open the store. The stock was sold to satisfy liabilities amounting to over \$7,000.

Kalamazoo—The McKee drug stock has been sold at auction sale to John L. Wallace for \$830. The purchase carries with it all the stock and fixtures, including the soda fountain, the whole invoicing in excess of \$2,100.

Manistique—The Manistique Co-Operative Meat Market, which will deal in meats and produce, has been incorporated with an authorized capital stock of \$2,000, of which amount \$1,000 has been subscribed and paid in in property.

East Jordan—Clayton Shapton, who has been in charge of the East Jordan Lumber Co.'s branch store at Hitchcock, is succeeded by G. C. Isaman, who has been clerk in the grocery department of the company's main store here for several years.

Mt. Clemens—The Macomb Creamery Co., which will engage in a general creamery business in Macomb township, Macomb county, has been incorporated, with an authorized capital stock of \$2,000, of which amount \$1,500 has been subscribed and \$530 paid in in cash.

Vermontville—C. H. Osborn announces a closing out sale of his shoe and clothing stock and in about thirty days he will close the store here. This move is brought about from the fact that he was unable to secure a suitable store building in order to place such stock as he wished to carry here.

Manufacturing Matters.

Cheboygan—The Embury-Martin Lumber Co. has started a logging camp at Presque Isle harbor on the Lake Huron shore.

Hancock—The Sturgeon River Lumber Co. will increase its business by adding a planing mill to its already large factory.

Baraga—The mill of the Baraga Lumber Co. has resumed operations after being closed down on account of a bad accident to the boilers.

Buckley—The sawmill of the Thomas MacBride Co. has just been overhauled preparatory to a winter's

run. Additional power has been added to take care of the extra work that will be put upon the plant this season.

Traverse City—Smith & Hull have shipped a complete lumbering outfit to North Manitou Island, where they will maintain a camp all winter.

Petoskey—John Karamol has purchased the cigar manufactory of Louie Suggitt. The factory has been moved to rooms over the Karamol saloon on Mitchell street.

Gladstone—The Northwestern Cooperage & Lumber Co. has sold a tract of land at Iron River to a local company, to be used as the site for an electric light plant.

Detroit—A corporation has been formed under the style of the Western Manufacturing Co., which will engage in the manufacture and sale of foundry supplies, with an authorized capital stock of \$5,000, of which amount \$3,000 has been subscribed and paid in in cash.

Kalamazoo—A corporation has been formed under the style of the Enameled Steel Tank Co., which will manufacture enameled closet tanks, with an authorized capital stock of \$60,000, of which amount \$35,000 has been subscribed, \$25,000 being paid in in cash and \$10,000 in property.

Detroit—The Delta Electric & Manufacturing Co., which will conduct a general engineering and electrical manufacturing business, has been incorporated with an authorized capital stock of \$1,000, of which amount \$560 has been subscribed, \$42.50 being paid in in cash and \$378.50 in property.

Bay City—The Hanson-Ward Veneer Co. has let a contract for the erection of an addition to the plant which will increase the working force of the company fifty hands. The new section will be 50x90 feet and will be built of cement and brick. This company is doing a prosperous business.

Cadillac—The Newhouse-Fishers Co. has bought 200 acres of land near this city and will cut off the remaining timber, to be converted into lumber and fence posts. The land will then become a sheep ranch. The concern will increase gradually its holdings and eventually have a ranch of considerable size.

Traverse City—The excelsior factory of J. A. Carron & Co. is running full time, the start having been made a few days ago. The machinery is composed of eight shredders, which make four grades of excelsior, and a patent baler. The power is furnished from a 40 horsepower motor. The material used is basswood, poplar and white birch bolts, obtained from this vicinity. The firm was formerly in business at Sutton's Bay, but was burned out last spring.

Rose City—The Cove Manufacturing Co., of Charlotte and Lansing, has installed its new band mill at this place, which will soon be ready for operation. The mill has a daily cutting capacity of 20,000 feet, and it will require three years to complete its cut here. The timber is largely hemlock, pine and cedar, and will be cut into bill stuff, lath and shingles for its wholesale and retail yards at Lansing. The com-

pany will close its Charlotte factory December 1, concentrating its business in its new brick and cement plant at Lansing.

Bay City—A. E. Bousfield, head of the largest woodenware plant in the world, says that the woodenware business has been unusually good all season. He believes all woodworking industries on the river have had all they could do. Conditions have been favorable except for the shortage of timber experienced by many firms and the more serious problem of labor. It is impossible to get enough help and when it is obtained the hours of labor are shorter and men will not do more than 50 per cent. of the amount of work done twenty years ago. The woodenware works use ash and basswood chiefly, pine not being obtainable at prices that warrant its use.

Au Sable—The H. M. Loud's Sons Co. has secured flowage rights along the Au Sable River, on both banks, for a distance of 100 miles. The banks of this stream are high and the river is rapid. The company contemplates developing the stream for generating power. Edward F. Loud claims that the Au Sable River is capable of developing approximately 25,000 horsepower for a 24 hour service and, owing to the unusual storage basins, it could furnish 50,000 horsepower for a 10 hour service. But for the stringency in the money market this power would be in process of utilization for manufacturing purposes at Bay City, Saginaw and other towns in the Saginaw Valley. The H. M. Loud's Sons Co. is furnishing several million feet of timber for large docks and a breakwater at Port Arthur. The company has made a specialty for the last two years of heavy timber for structural work, having all the appliances for cutting timber of any required dimension.

The Drug Market.

Opium—Is steady.

Morphine—Is unchanged.

Quinine—Is firm.

Acetanilid—Has advanced 1c per pound on account of higher cost for raw material.

Cocaine—Is very firm. An advance is looked for.

Glycerine—Is very firm and tending higher.

Cubeb Berries—Have advanced and are tending higher.

Juniper Berries—New crop has come in but prices remain firm.

Oil Peppermint—Is steady.

Oil Pennyroyal—New distillation has come into market and prices are easier.

Oil Cloves—Has declined on account of lower prices for spice.

Oil Cubebs—Has advanced on account of advance in berries.

Oil Cassia—Is in very small supply and has advanced.

Camphor—Is dull and weak.

Caraway Seed—Is very firm.

Gum Shellac—Is dull and tending lower.

Cloves—Have declined.

Linseed Oil—Is weak and lower.

Ground Oil Cake—Has advanced.



The Produce Market.

Apples—The market is active on the basis of \$3@3.50 per bbl. for best fall and winter varieties.

Beets—50c per bu.

Butter—The market is weaker and prices are 2c per lb. lower than a week ago. The supply is about normal for the season, and the quality fancy. The consumptive demand for butter is good considering the price, and the market is in a fairly healthy condition, with all prospects of remaining so. An unchanged situation is looked for during the coming week. As the season advances the supply of fresh butter will fall off, and the price will depend on the consumptive demand. Creamery is held at 28c for tubs and 29c for prints. Dairy grades command 23c for No. 1 and 19c for packing stock.

Cabbage—50c per doz. for home grown.

Carrots—40c per bu.

Cauliflower—\$1 per doz.

Celery—25c per bunch.

Cocoanuts—\$5 per bag of 90.

Cranberries—Wisconsin Bell and Cherry command \$10 per bbl.

Crabapples—\$1@1.25 per bu. for Hyslips.

Cucumbers—75c per doz. for hot house.

Eggs—The supply of fresh is very short and the few that are getting in are selling at top prices. There is a firm outlook for the coming week. Both fresh and refrigerator eggs are in good demand. Dealers pay 22c for case count, holding candled at 24c. Storage stock, 22c.

Grapes—Malagas command \$4.50, \$5 and \$5.50 per keg, according to weight.

Grape Fruit—Jamaica is now in market, commanding \$5 for 80s and 90s and \$6 for 54s and 64s. Florida fruit is expected to arrive before the end of another week.

Honey—16@17c per lb. for white clover and 12@14c for dark.

Lemons—Californias command \$6 per box. Verdillas fetch \$5@5.25 per box. Messinas command \$4.50 per box.

Onions—Red and yellow Globe (home grown) command 75c per bu. Spanish are in moderate demand at \$1.50 per crate.

Oranges—Valencias command \$7 per box and Jamaicas fetch \$4.25 per box; Floridas, \$4.50.

Parsley—20c per doz. bunches.

Parsnips—75c per bu.

Pears—Kiefers fetch \$1.25 per bu.

Peppers—Green command 65c per bu. Red fetch \$1.25 per bu.

Pickling Onions—\$2 per bu. for white and \$1.50 per bu. for yellow.

Potatoes—Local dealers pay 45@50c per bu., according to quality. The market is a little weaker than a week ago.

Poultry—Local dealers pay 8c for live hens and 12c for dressed—spring chickens the same; 9½c for live ducks and 13c for dressed; 14c for live turkeys and 16@20c for dressed. Receipts are heavy.

Quinces—\$2.50@3 per bu.
Squash—1c per lb. for Hubbard.
Tomatoes—50c for green and 65c for ripe.

Turnips—40c per bu.

Sweet Potatoes—\$2.50 per bbl. for Virginias and \$3.50 per bbl. for Jerseys. The Virginias are about gone, but the Jerseys are in good supply.

Veal—Dealers pay 6@7c for poor and thin; 8@9c for fair to good; 9@9½c for good white kidney from 90 lbs. up.

Good Report From a Young Organization.

Escanaba, Oct. 29—The regular bi-monthly meeting of the Escanaba Business Men's Association was held at the city hall last evening. The key note of the evening seemed to be a bigger and better Escanaba by and through the united efforts of every member. The several speakers looked into Escanaba's future with great optimism, and this certainly is the spirit which is going to be instrumental in the upbuilding of the city.

The meeting marked the first six months of the Association's existence and President J. A. Stromberg delivered a fine address, in which he gave a careful resume of the work that has been done. He gave the officers and directors much credit for their earnest and unselfish work in building up the Association, and especial praise was given to Secretary Norblad. Mr. Stromberg also spoke in a very complimentary manner of the way in which the Mayor and city council have worked with the officers of the Association in every move for the city's good.

Leslie French, Treasurer of the Association, made a report which showed that there is a balance of 339.50 in the treasury, with no outstanding bills. He said that not one cent has been paid for salaries, rent or light and that every officer is giving his time without any expectation of nor any desire for remuneration.

Short addresses were made by W. R. Smith, O. L. Huie, C. M. Thatcher, John Norton, J. J. Sourwine, I. G. English and Herman Salinsky.

The Secretary's report showed that the membership of the Association is increasing rapidly. The increase has been quite marked since the recent meeting and reception to Senator Smith, Congressman Young and Hon. Amos S. Musselman. The large number of business men who were present on that occasion were greatly impressed with the forceful address of Mr. Musselman, in which he told of the benefits to a city by united effort in an Association. The Escanaba Association certainly begins the second six months of its existence with very bright prospects.

A. J. Schairer, of El Paso, Texas, is spending a week with his brother-in-law, Samuel Krause. Mr. Schairer is engaged in merchandising and farming, growing five to six crops of alfalfa during a single season.

G. W. Miller, of Mt. Pleasant, has bought the Hotel Fern, at Alma, which he will manage hereafter. Mr. Miller was formerly a traveling salesman.

The Grocery Market.

Sugar—The raw market shows practically no change. The refiners are buying sugar in moderate quantities only. Refined sugar is unchanged and in fair demand. There seems to be no reason to expect any change in the near future.

Later—Michigan beet sugar has been marked down 10 points.

Tea—First crop Japans are said to be almost entirely out of first hands. Low grade Japans are scarce and selling poorly at that. Ceylons are strong. China teas are steady.

Coffee—Rio and Santos grades are weak, with the consumptive demand only fair. Mild grades are firm and active. Java is firm. Mocha is steady.

Canned Goods—Tomatoes are firm. Corn is firm. Medium and low grade peas are scarce and advancing. Beans are firm with upward tendency. Asparagus is strong. Pumpkin is advancing, owing to short supplies. New pack of nearly all lines is coming onto the market. Varieties not here now ought to be here within ten days or two weeks. All small fruits continue strong with upward tendency. This includes all grades. The entire list of California canned fruits is strong with peaches growing decidedly scarce. Jobbers are having a difficult time getting the goods. Cheap eastern peaches are practically out of the market. Pineapple is firm. There are practically no red cherries. Gallon apples are strong on the advanced basis. It is predicted that the advance in quarter oil domestic sardines will soon be followed by an advance in three-quarter mustards. All foreign pack sardines are very scarce and prices must rule very high during the coming year. All grades of salmon continue firm on the advance basis.

Dried Fruit—Currants are moving out well, mostly on contracts, at unchanged prices. Raisins are in good demand. Loose raisins are easy, largely because there is a surplus, due to the fact that the seeding capacity is sold up and loose raisins are therefore pushed for sale. Four-crown loose muscatel raisins opened at 8½c delivered in the East, and for various reasons the market has declined ½c. Even further declines will probably be necessary before the California loose raisins can compete with imported Valencias, which sell at 7c delivered. Apples are steady and in fair demand. The prune market is easier on the coast, though no further decline has occurred during the past week. The easiness seems to be particularly notable on large sizes. The demand is light both in primary and secondary markets. Peaches are beginning to sell again, though no brisk demand has developed as yet. Prices are unchanged. A few apricots are selling on an unchanged basis, ranging from 22@25c in first hands.

Farinaceous Goods—Dried peas and beans are strong. New buckwheat flour is expected soon. Macaroni shows advancing tendency owing to rapidly increasing demand. Sago and tapioca are steady.

Provisions—Pure lard continues

scarce; compound is unchanged. There will likely be a falling off in the consumptive demand for everything in the smoked meat and lard line, and any change which takes place will therefore probably be a decline. No change seems likely, however, for several days. Barrel pork is firm and in fair demand. Canned meats are unchanged and dull.

Syrups and Molasses—Sugar syrup is moving out well at unchanged prices. Molasses is unchanged and in fair demand. The receipts of new molasses have practically amounted to nothing up to the present time. The first receipts will probably be late this year.

Cheese—The market is firm and unchanged. The consumptive demand is good considering the extreme prices. The supply of cheese is still very short, being fully 40 per cent. below a year ago. This is due, as has previously been explained, to shortage of milk in the cheese producing sections. No relief in prices is likely as long as the consumptive demand continues.

Cereals—Rolled oats continue strong. Mills are behind on orders. Advances are predicted in some quarters. Package cereals are normal.

Vinegar—Cider vinegar shows advancing tendency. White wine vinegar is firm.

Fish—Cod, hake and haddock are in fair demand at unchanged prices. Sardines are unchanged, but it is reported that goods can be bought at a somewhat lower price than before the last advance. Imported sardines are firm and moderately wanted. Salmon is unchanged and in fair demand. Mackerel continues firm and active. Norway fat fish are still very scarce, and are snapped up whenever they are offered. Prices are maintained on the former high basis. Irish fish are wanted also, but are scarce and high. The only grade of mackerel which is reasonably plentiful is shores, which range from \$22@26 per barrel. The demand is fairly good, owing to the scarcity of other mackerel.

Secretary Elihu Root's visit to Mexico is regarded an event of great interest and importance in that country. The Mexicans have arranged to give him a reception that will not only be a tribute to his high office, but an evidence of their appreciation of him as a representative American citizen of marked ability. At San Antonio, where he will make a stop of five hours, there will be an address of welcome and response. He will be met there by a committee who will accompany him on a special train through the country. At all points most elaborate preparations are being made for entertainment of the visiting diplomat.

A Fenton correspondent writes: Harry Lusk, who a few weeks ago resigned his position as salesman for Bossenberger's candy house, at Detroit, has accepted a similar position with Foote & Jenks, of Jackson.

Where the sermon is only a work of art the saints are usually artificial.



Arts-and-Crafts Combs Seen in Exhibits.

Now is the heyday of the hairdresser, and of all others who sell hair and combs therefor, and also hats to top off the agglomeration or conglomeration or whatever you may call the chignons and the stuff to set them off. The dry goods and the department stores and eke the Ten Cent Store all vie with each other to sell the most of these vanities of vanities. To be sure, there are not so very many women who are willing to wear the ratty-looking appurtenances sold by the last-named store, the snarled-up pompadours and the other cheap hair accessories, but there are some, and these are well catered to.

"Verily, it takes a bushel of hair, a bushel of hairpins and a bushel of fancy combs and fancy pins to give a dressing that shall satisfy the dictates of Fashion this fall," remarked a pretty little hairdresser in a popular Beauty Parlor.

(Hairdressers, like milliners, are always pretty and always petite—I don't know why unless it be because Madame or Mademoiselle of the Beauty Parlor knows full well that that is the sort her customers like to have "fussing around" them. Could my reader see the rivalry that, as a rule, develops between the members of the working force in such a rendezvous of the Fair Sex she would understand that they are extremely jealous of each other's favoritism.)

"Yes," repeated the p. l. hairdresser, "it takes an awful lot of tresses for an elegant coiffure at the present time. If a lady hasn't an abundance of hirsute locks of her own she must purchase a quantity that has adorned the head of some other feminine to whom Nature was less niggardly.

"The fall hats are so enormous, to begin with, that it takes an immense amount of hair to fill them in around the face. If the average woman owning one of these inverted chopping-bowls doesn't get a large portion of hair to eke out her own she is an atom—an entity totally eclipsed by a power stronger than herself! A few—a very limited number—of the reigning hats are becoming. There are some of these 'creations' that are beautiful to look at from the points of color and of material, but perch one on a lady's head and she is as lost in it as was her grandmother in a pasteboard sunbonnet. However, these monstrosities in millinery will soon be a thing of the past and rationalism will prevail in place of current lunacy.

"But the 'bushel of hair' will be with us a considerable while longer, at any rate. It has a good start and the Beauty Doctor will see to it that the style doesn't wane in a jiffy. It is becoming to most faces. Framed in nice waves and puffs a

charming face looks even more attractive, and women are not going to discard in a hurry any style that aids them in enhancing their fascinations."

"Isn't it rather expensive to live up to these demands of Old Dame Fashion?" I queried.

"Oh, of course, it counts up into the many dollars," responded the p. l. hairdresser, with a shrug of her soft, gracefully rounded shoulders, "but, once a lady buys first-class hair, it is like buying lace or feathers: with painstaking it will last a long time. If she supplies herself with good natural curls of long hair, when ringlets 'go out' she can utilize them for puffs or pompadour and thus again help Nature out where she has been ungenerous.

"The 'big hair' calls for combs of greater amplitude than formerly. An ordinary-sized comb of a year ago looks like a baby affair at the instant. The combs are now 'immense' in every sense of the word.

"Have you noticed some of the odd conceits that are all the rage?"

"New shapes and picturesque settings are seen in the windows of all the stores that deal in ornaments for the hair. Hand-wrought jewelry is having a decided influence on hair-dressing goods. The manufacturers' catalogues show many samples of great beauty: precious stones for the very wealthy and semi-precious ones for those not blessed with the plethoric pocketbook. Pierced gray silver set with amazonites makes a handsome comb for gray or white hair. White hair, you know, is in the extreme of fashion just now. Turquoise matrices are much employed—look exquisite with blond hair of 'bright' quality. Something choice in art combs is gold or silver set with labradorites or lapis-lazuli. Corals and braoque pearls are much used for settings, also malachite or chaldon and jade. Corals and jade are giving each other a merry chase to see which shall sway the public desire.

"I was in Chicago a week ago and saw a legion of art-work combs. One immense tortoise shell comb had a pierced top in greenish gold set with large oval turquoise matrices. Two others had opals and colored pearls in place of the blue stones.

"Azurite comes in for its share of attention, also chrysoprase.

"All the different shades of gold are worked into the tops of combs and much silver—platinum-finished silver—for the background of the stones I mention. The combinations of color are simply enchanting—one can actually get drunk on them.

"A woman of taste nowadays not only has her frock, shoes, gloves and little accessories match or harmonize, but the jewelry must be taken into account, and this would come next to combs.

"There are combs for every possible occasion and the gradations are very sharply drawn. There are street combs, house combs, afternoon reception combs, evening combs; a comb for one function may not be worn for another.

"The less a comb is handled the

better may its loveliness be preserved. Some women seem to have no idea of the proper care of a handsome comb. I've had them come into my booth and slam a priceless comb down on the hardwood shelf under my mirror as if the embellishment were made of compressed steel. Maybe the reckless bang it received would end in a slidingoff onto the floor and the costly piece would break in two. Then there would be a wailing 'just my luck!' Of course, I wouldn't be able to say a word except of commiseration; but I would be thinking, 'If I were the fortunate possessor of such a rich comb how I would treasure it and guard it.' But I suppose its price cuts no figure with them. Even so, one would think the esthetic thing would appeal to them too strongly to permit of violent usage.

"The fingers should never be run over the face of the comb, nor should it be picked up in any way but by the thumb and fingers on the edges, or by the teeth, where dulness does not count so much, although there is no need to touch these latter and obscure even their shining surfaces.

"Don't ever attempt to clean or polish a comb your own self. Rather send it to the jeweler, who has ways you wot not of for restoring its pristine luster.

"Never lay a comb down where an accident could possibly happen to it. Even a common comb is worthy of caution, and how much more is one of value deserving of the utmost solicitude. It actually makes a sick feeling come over me to see the utter lack of appreciation displayed by the possessors of luxurious combs. Frequently before I can get around to undo their hair, kersmash goes their costly comb on the tiled floor; it is ruined forever! I oughtn't to feel bad over the matter, however, for they generally give me the broken parts. I have a baker's dozen of as handsome combs as I would ever ask to own—all in two pieces and carefully mended with a gold brace on the back where it never shows at all!

"Yes, fashions change in combs as they do in everything else in the way of wardrobe necessities. What is en vogue one six months (or even a less period) is way out of style the remainder of the year. It takes a lady of means to keep up the pace. But then, the fashions return after a time. She can lay away her lovely combs and the whirligig of time will see to it that they are again brought to light. What is really meritorious will live to delight in the future. There's an old saying that fashions change once in every seven years, and combs come back much oftener than that.

"There's one apparently small item to be thought of in regard to combs which far too many women neglect, and that is: Never allow a lost setting to go unreplaced. Nothing looks much shabbier than gaping holes where settings should be scintillating.

"Continual trips to the hairdresser are, of necessity, an element of extravagance, but the gratification of

this fastidiousness is really indispensable in these days of rush and finickiness. In a costume the hair is really the most important detail of the tout ensemble. How often do you hear it remarked:

"Her clothes looked magnificent, but her hair wasn't fixed becomingly and it was rough. If it hadn't been for her hair she would have been a dream of youth and beauty."

"It's the hair, the hair, that is the adorable part of a woman's appearance.

"But she must remember her face, also.

"Once I heard a young man raving over a certain young queen of society. He couldn't say enough about her dress and her figure.

"But, oh, her face!" he exclaimed. "She let that go!"

"Massage at the Beauty Parlor and personal manipulation every night at home, plus a plain, wholesome diet and special bathing, will make and keep the skin of the color of the rose and of the softness of velvet!"

Only Independent Starch Factory.

Traverse City, Oct. 29—The plant of the Michigan Starch Co., located in this city, is the only independent starch factory in the country and extensive improvements are being made in order that the mill will be able to compete with the trust plants.

So heavy are the orders that the mill can not be shut down to make these changes, so the work is being carried on while from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels of starch are being turned out daily. New machinery, valued at \$20,000 to \$30,000 is being added as well as an increase in warehouse space of 4,500 square feet.

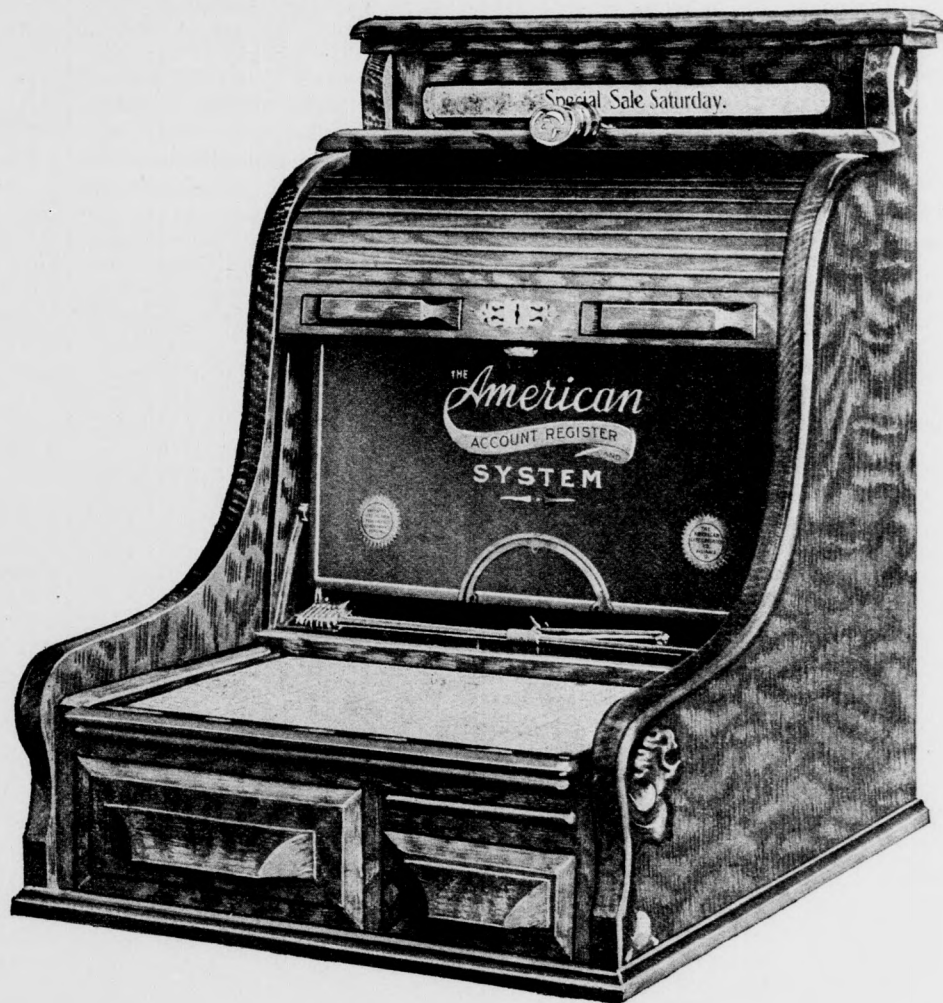
Corn is the material from which the starch is made and a new steep-house and a steep-tank with a cast iron bottom, is being built. Formerly the starch was handled with men by wheelbarrows, but a complete trolley system will be installed, this being necessary because of the new method of pulverizing starch, which will run the capacity of the plant up to 2,500 bushels a day.

When the changes are made 175 men will be employed day and night, the plant running seven days a week. So much has the work been delayed by bad weather that the company hires everyone who applies for work, carpenters being especially in demand, and the men work seven days a week.

Furnace Company To Increase Its Output.

Holland, Oct. 29—Not quite a year ago the Holland Furnace Co. built a factory and began operations here with a force of thirty men, turning out about five furnaces and twenty coal chutes daily. The company is constantly behind in filling its orders, and consequently will at once begin the construction of a large addition to its plant. The addition will be one story high and 101x218 feet. The company will make its output 1,500 furnaces and 6,000 coal chutes for next year.

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E. A. STOWE, Editor.

Wednesday, October 30, 1907

A NEEDLESS ANXIETY.

Certain individuals are expressing fear lest the farmer may not be equal to the prosperity which has come to him. From recent statistics it has been ascertained that the agricultural gains for the current year are enormous. North and South are rejoicing over bursting bins and bales, while the Middle West and the great Northwest are complacently calculating the rich returns of miles upon miles of harvest-burdened territory. There is no envious discontent at this tremendous increase; but in thus passing from straightened circumstances, let us say, to limitless wealth is the farmer quite equal to the great responsibilities thus placed upon him, and is not there not a likelihood of a modern instance of the prodigal son, with the prosperous farmer assuming that character?

Not if history is going to repeat herself, as she seems to be doing. A bit of New England life is rehearsing; that is all. In the old days when farmers and gentry were synonyms it was the bright boy who left the farm for college and so for the town, where he acquired the means that made him the envy of the elder son who stayed at home to grudge the dinner provided for the returned prodigal. It was a bitter experience—a hunger that led to the desire of eating with swine—but in eating it the boy learned the lesson of his life; and it is easy to infer from the sacred story that the moral not only made him a good citizen, but also taught him how to make the most of the prosperity that was undoubtedly his. So the New England home-leaver came from his city office, having learned how to enjoy his prosperity in the foreign country; and if the truth must be stated he returned to that office with a feeling akin to contempt for the brother who clung to the farm. That feeling has grown until the town considers the farmer a Rube and calls him so, while the Rube, having changed the New England rocks for the West's fertile square miles, having learned his lesson, is not listening with composure to the reformed prodigal's expressed fear that he may not know how to make the most of the pros-

perity which his brain and brawn has earned.

The life-story of the brothers is the same. For bettering himself each left the New England rocks, "the one for his farm, the other for his merchandise," and found success. Hardship came to both and was overcome; but there was a difference. The farmer found to his cost that the plow, his implement of industry, needed the same brain-cultured guidance that his brother's pen called for and, like the New England-born logician he is, he proceeded to give that plow the kind of guidance it wanted. He trained his brain and widened his world at school and college, and the resulting gain has brought with it such a knowledge of the attending responsibilities that he has no fear of being able to cope with any condition it brings. Time has been when the farmer's speech betrayed him. His garb was uncouth and old-fashioned. Hayseed was in his hair and a spear of timothy was in his mouth when he came to town. All that has gone. His manner and his speech, as well as his clothes, proclaim the gentleman, which he is, and he meets with level eyes the gentlemen who greet him now as an equal.

So quietly has this change gone on that the world, commercial as well as social, is hardly able to believe it, much less to become reconciled to it. With the passing of the timothy-spear has passed the dread of the country cousin, and there are already instances where the looking-down-upon has changed sides. Commercially things have been turned upside down. The West has stopped calling upon the East for money to move the crops and much to the amazement of the East that same West has had the audacity—and so the independence—to fix the price of his own products and to sell only when that price has been accepted. The fact is the long unbalanced forces of commerce between the sections of country have been readjusted and these same forces balanced will account for the changes going on in other lines.

It is safe to conclude, then, that the expressed anxiety lest the farmer may not be equal to existing conditions is groundless. His well-earned money has not come to him like an overwhelming flood. It is not the result of accident but of thought and energy and persevering industry; and mind and matter thus keeping pace with each other have developed into sound common sense, the only foundation of culture and refinement that is ever worth the having. The old idea that the Western crop, be it of pumpkins or of men, is only a question of size must be given up. Quality is now a recognized essential and the supply will be found equal to the demand, and until that supply is exhausted it is suggested that no anxiety be entertained as to the farmer's ability to stand the prosperity that is so justly his.

Many a man mistakes a stock of pious quotations for riches of religious character.

The world will never be driven to God by advertising the devil.

HOWL FOR MORE MONEY.

Naturally there is a loud outcry for more money, for an elastic currency to meet the demands of unlimited speculation, the lack of which, it is claimed, has brought on the financial pinch which is at this moment felt by so many business concerns, great and small.

The notion is generally held that there is too little money for the business of the country or for the business of the world, since all commercial countries are closely connected in trade and finance, and according to a Washington special an attempt will be made this winter to pass a currency bill to correct the evils which are held responsible for the money panic. This statement was made by Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, after a conference with the President. He did not say that the President would back the bill, but intimated that it would have strong backing from the dominant side of the House.

"We need a more elastic currency," said Senator Elkins. "The whole trouble is that the business of the country has increased faster than the supply of money. You might say that the business has increased 30 per cent. and the money 5. That leaves a gap of 25 per cent. to be filled by credit (or confidence, which is credit), and now that confidence has been shaken to a certain extent, the gap is open. I believe the worst of the panic is over and that things will now gradually resume their normal condition."

Plausible as is this statement it has only a moderate amount of truth in it, and a large share of delusion. If all the concerns, big and little, that have felt the pinch of the past six months could have gotten all the money they desired to carry on their speculations and to continue their expanded operations and new schemes and enterprises, there would have been in the end just as much of a pressure and as nearly a financial tie-up as there is to-day.

The spasm was first felt in Wall street last May, when there was a tremendous fall in the prices of stocks because speculators could not get money enough to save their deals and hold the market at their will. All who could not stand the pressure were crushed out. Their stocks were sold to pay their debts to banks and others whom they owed, and as many fell short of paying out, their creditors had to wait for some future meeting of obligations, or they, as was the case in many instances, had to accept the losses more or less great.

As time went on claims came due and notes which at ordinary times could have been renewed at reasonable rates of interest had to be paid, or, if extended, enormous interest was required. In the meantime there was no revival in stock values because most of them were sold under pressure to pay losses, and this sort of thing went on until it was declared that the shrinkage in stocks in six months had amounted to three billion dollars.

Now there is no such amount of money in this country. The only

money which will avail to pay debts in such a pinch is that which is legal tender, that which is current in every part of the nation. Such money is gold and silver coin and United States greenbacks. National bank notes are also current, because they are guaranteed by the National Government.

The howl was for money enough to save the shrinkage of three billions on the values of railroad and industrial stocks of the best quality. They were all protected by the vast actual material property embraced in great railway systems and in immense manufacturing plants, all crowded with more business than they could do with the means at hand. Their credit at ordinary times is magnificent, but when the pinch comes and everybody must pay up in cash, how few can do it.

Ordinary business is done with credit, and cash is only used to pay differences, but when the pinch comes credit shrinks because it is impossible to convert material wealth into instantaneous cash. The dollar which a man pays goes through many hands and is counted many times in the various transactions of the day, but when everybody is called on to settle in some moment when it is realized that there is no time to wait for the ordinary processes of daily settlement, but that everybody's money must be forthcoming by 3 o'clock, the general struggle to get money causes men to sacrifice important property and larger values to the necessity of the moment.

There is no such an amount as three billions of legal tender money in the country, or at least no such sum can be brought into sight and use. But if there were three billions of cash in the banks, and the pinch of to-day were forgotten, speculation would commence again and it would not be many years before the great sum mentioned would not be sufficient for the needs of business. The more money we have the more we can expand our business, and this goes on until the bubble bursts and settling day falls upon everybody.

How can the Government provide a sufficiently elastic currency to provide for the unlimited speculations that would grow up? Simply by issuing unlimited paper money. Paper money is credit money and nothing more. United States greenbacks now as good as gold have been for ten years at a discount in gold, and time was when two hundred and eighty cents of such paper were required to equal one hundred cents, one dollar in gold.

Yes, the Government can issue notes by the bale and ton, but they are only credit money and nothing more, wherefore no Government issue of paper money must go beyond the Government's power to keep it at par. Therefore there is a limit to such Government issues.

You can always get fine feathers with money, but a fine face you can not buy.

The preacher who trembles before the great has great cause to tremble for himself.

INTEREST IN THE PACIFIC.

When we study the Oriental mind as it is developed in the religion, the philosophy, the art, the literature, the politics and the general civilization of the Asiatic peoples we discover that all the way through they differ most radically from those of the European or Western nations.

The Orientals were once and for a long time the ruling peoples upon the earth. The ancient nationalities of Persia, India, China, Egypt and Arabia ruled the world. They had religions, philosophy, arts and civilization at a time when the entire Western World was inhabited by savages, and none of the Western people gained any early civilization except when they came in contact with the Orientals. Greece, which bordered on Asia Minor and was closely connected by navigation with Egypt, was the first of the European countries to become civilized, and although the Greeks got their religion and philosophy from the Orientals, they engrafted their Western characteristics upon all they got from the East, showing from the very beginning that there are essential differences between the peoples of the Eastern and Western Worlds. Many times did the Asiatics invade and overrun and conquer vast regions of Europe, and to-day the Turks and Russians are the descendants of Asiatics who conquered the countries their descendants now inhabit and control.

But the Asiatics went to decay and suffered themselves to be overrun and conquered by the peoples from the West, in retaliation for the earlier conquests in Europe made by the peoples from the East. But it seems that a time is at hand for the revival, revivification and rehabilitation of the Oriental races, and the first evidence is seen in the rapid rise of Japan from an obscure and little-known nationality into a great military and political power, to be reckoned with in all great questions of world policy.

Archibald Hurd, an English writer who knows the Asiatics well, realizes how little the Oriental mind is understood by the Western peoples. In diplomacy the Orientals are grave, ceremonious and courteous in the extreme, but reserved and watchful. When, however, they deal with Americans who greet them with loud professions of friendship, discarding the grave and dignified bearing supposed to be indispensable to the serious and important internegotiations of two nations, such unceremonious professions of friendship are regarded with extreme distrust, but in the case of the Japanese they have learned to meet the noisy demonstrations of amity and love with the same sort of profuse assurances of mutual regard, while at the same time they accept such expression as meant to deceive and mislead, and they (the Japanese) respond with like demonstrations which are the extreme of distrust and duplicity.

To the average Oriental mind there is no such thing as disinterested friendship. When people come into any sort of close relations it is solely for some desired and expected

advantage, and where engagements of friendship and mutual service are entered into, the expected benefit is always kept in view, and the friend or ally is carefully but secretly distrusted all the time, while expressions of friendship are constantly exchanged. It is from such a point of view the English writer mentioned makes his observations. In the London Nineteenth Century for October he says:

"When Japan defeated the armed forces of Russia, and drove them back with resistless determination, she slammed the door of the Eastern World upon outsiders. She corrected by her diplomacy, supported by force of arms, the current Western ideas as to the inferiority of the Asiatics. Prior to the outbreak of the war China had been regarded as the sick man of the Far East, and the Western nations had been gathering round the bedside, anxiously waiting for the dissolution. China is no longer the sick man of the Far East, but has passed under the guardianship of Japan, in effect if not in name. It is not to the interest of any European Power to nurse him to death, and he is consequently showing signs of returning strength. The sickness of China was largely une maladie imaginaire. He was not so sick, if the truth be told, as Russia herself.

"Down to the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan, European statesmen had failed to appreciate the quiet courage and skillful diplomacy which Japan was employing in order to free the Far East from the Far Western yoke. When the original agreement between the Japanese and British governments was signed none denounced it with more fiery abandonment than those Englishmen who desire to be known as advocates of peace and the opponents of what they style 'bloated armaments.' They did not realize, as did the Japanese, that this understanding was equivalent to the work of a dozen peace congresses. It saved England and France from being drawn into a deadly conflict. By this diplomatic instrument Japan cleared the arena for the inevitable struggle with Russia upon which she had already decided, with a fixed resolve to herald an era of peace in the Far East by a period of remorseless war. In effect Great Britain agreed to act as 'second', while Japan was actively employed in driving the Russians out of China and Korea, and the British government also promised that if any other nation came to the assistance of Russia the armed forces of the British Empire would immediately proceed to the assistance of Japan.

"Japanese diplomacy, so cunningly concealed at the time that its objective was never apparent to Western statesmen, succeeded beyond the wildest hopes of the Emperor's advisers. The Powers of the world, which had hitherto asserted the importance of their commercial and territorial interests in the Far East, were compelled by all the instincts of cautious statesmanship to stand aside while the fate of conflicting European and Asiatic policy in the Far

East was being determined by force of arms."

The result of it all is that Japan has set up a Monroe doctrine as regards Asia, and she has succeeded in having it guaranteed by England. England was particularly interested in securing the aid of Japan against Russia, and in order to gain it England had to guarantee Japan against the attacks of all other European Powers and the United States. Our alleged diplomatists and statesmen are accustomed when making speeches at English public dinners to boast of the close and intimate friendship, cemented by race unity and commercial interests, which binds Great Britain and the United States together, but the actual fact is that England is bound by a treaty of offense and defense to Japan and not to us. It must not be for a moment forgotten that Japan is always a possible, and at an early date in the future a most probable, foe to the extent of war, and is certain to remain so as long as we hold territory in Asiatic waters, while England is Japan's sworn ally. It is not a moment too soon that the authorities at Washington have come to realize that active steps must be taken for national defense in the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and any neglect or delay in making due provision may be fatal in the extreme.

THE ONE-MAN POWER.

It is common to say that no one man in this world is indispensable. "The workmen die, the work goes on," is another saying which comes to the same thing. But the present inherits the learning, the inventions, and to some extent the wisdom of the past, and in that sense the benefactors of the human race never die. It is true that there are tendencies—what Matthew Arnold calls "streams of tendency" in the history of civilization—prevalent dispositions and aspirations, peculiar to each age in its turn, and which seem to be the result of a general development, as though society, as a whole, were a kind of organism gradually elaborating and ripening fruit out of the materials that it gathers from the soil in which its roots are imbedded and from the atmosphere in which its branches and leaves are perpetually bathed. This conception of history takes too little account of individual genius and inspiration. The great epochs of his-

tory, the turning points in the course of progress, are associated with great names. A Charlemagne, a Columbus, a Guttenberg, a Morse, may not have fully grasped the significance, the enormous consequence of their several achievements, but saw a light that did not appeal to the common mind, and the world to-day may be said to be largely the work of their hands, the product of their thinking and high endeavor.

The late Lord Acton, who knew more history, perhaps, than any other man of his time, thought poorly of Carlyle's historical works because Carlyle, in his judgment, attributed too much to individual initiative and too little to the irresistible force of a vital principle leavening the social mass. It is the old story of the shield of which one man saw the side that was silver and another man saw the side that was golden. They were both right, and they were both wrong. But even in this democratic age, and even here in our own democratic country, one can not fail to note the hero-worshipping disposition of the people, the readiness with which they lend themselves to a self-asserting leadership. This habit of the popular mind is by no means always salutary, for it involves a kind of blind confidence that is incompatible with the eternal vigilance that is essential to the preservation of liberty. On the other hand, in old monarchical England we discover just now a remarkable instance of the beneficence of an institution where it had been supposed to be already almost effete. The greatest conservator of the world's peace to-day is the English King. His influence in the courts of Europe, his admirable tact and skillful diplomacy have relieved a continent, very nearly the whole world, indeed, of its dread of the immense military power of Germany and of the aggressive policy of its Emperor. The English monarch had to wait long for an opportunity to prove his capacity, but now that he is almost an old man he stands well to the front—the most important public man alive to-day. He does not pretend to be a walking cyclopedia; he advances no new theories for the instruction of political economists and sociologists, he flourishes no big stick, but he is first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

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Weekly Market Review of the Principal Staples.

Broadcloths—Are now experiencing a temporary period of dulness, in comparison with the business which was transacted in them last week. No great alarm is felt, however, since it is not thought that this state of affairs will in any way prove lasting, it being considered more in the light of a temporary reaction. Fancy broadcloths are still in good demand and both stripes and checks continue to hold good. This is only another indication of the now quite noticeable tendency toward brighter shades and more lively patterns. Wool plaids are also springing into greater popularity and not a few goods of this sort are being shown. In fact, a very good business is said to be taking place in goods of this class.

Dress Goods—The market for these goods is generally quiet, although a good volume of duplicating is going forward. Cancellations are also coming in to a considerable extent, but they are not causing any great alarm since it is expected that the situation will automatically adjust itself to a more satisfactory basis before long. Buyers are considered as more particular this year than they have been and they have generally been quite particular enough. Those who are fortunate enough to have in their possession such goods as appeal to the buyer's fancy are not having any particular difficulty, but, of course, not all sellers are so fortunate.

Domestics — In this particular branch of the market there has been very little change indeed. Trading is by no means heavy, but then the same was the case last week and the week before. As far as prices are concerned, the situation is strong enough on goods of every class. Gingham have been quoted as in strong demand for the past two weeks and more, as indeed they are at present. The strength of this particular line of goods has attracted considerable attention, and it would not be at all surprising if prices hardened to some extent before long. Such seems to be the general opinion, and there is no reason why it should not be justified. On colored goods, however, the demand is slight, and the situation is just now a very uninteresting one to the seller, since the buyers are holding off to a man with the view of awaiting developments, and the sellers naturally have nothing else to do but to follow suit. This is by no means a new phase of the situation, since the same has been true on most lines for some little time. Trading in denims does not show any improvement, although the situation of these goods is by no means weak. A spurt was noted in quiltings during last week, and it is still continuing, a considerable volume of business going through. Advances in price on these lines are making no difference, since

the goods are badly needed and therefore in good demand at any price.

Bleached Goods—Quietness prevails in this branch of the market if anywhere, but the sellers are not worried, since they hold that it is merely a natural state of affairs due to the season of the year, and the good trade which took place during the summer, making the present a period of reaction and reconstruction. The much talked of cuts have doubtless caused apprehension in some quarters, but no visible results in the way of price reductions are yet apparent. In fact, on some of the very lines on which cuts were made business has been excellent, and the goods themselves scarce. It is hardly probable that there will be any radical change in the general situation for some time to come, and the sellers do not seem to be at all uneasy.

Sheetings—Very little change has taken place in these goods, and opinions differ to a certain extent as to the general situation. The point of view largely depends on each individual case. In some quarters a good business is undoubtedly recorded, while in others the buying is very light indeed. Taken as a whole, the situation would probably about even up, so that at least a normal demand may be safely said to be in progress on goods of this class.

Gray Goods—On these goods the market is really more quiet than usual—more quiet, in fact, than it was last week and the week before, so that if there has been any real change it has been in the direction of less action rather than more; in fact, the present situation of the market for these goods was aptly characterized by a leading factor as comatose, which undoubtedly sums up the whole matter in a nutshell. As far as prices are concerned, there is nothing new and no change in this direction is anticipated by anybody for considerable time to come. Although the dulness is admittedly general, yet it is not causing any apprehension, and is thought to be due to entirely natural causes.

Prints—And flannelettes are on a very satisfactory basis, and the situation of these goods is very encouraging indeed. The demand seems to be general and prices are holding firm. No change has as yet been recorded in the price of Turkey reds and the same true of clarets. Business in goods of this description is therefore particularly active, since advances have not been recorded on these lines in proportion to those which have been noted in regard to other goods of this class.

Dr. Carleton, of New York, has found that vinegar is an excellent antidote for phenol. Applied to surfaces burned by the strong acid, it at once removes the bleaching and anaesthesia and prevents the subsequent formation of an eschar. It is also serviceable when the poison has been swallowed. In this case the vinegar should be given freely mixed with an equal volume of water and the stomach washed out as quickly as possible.

Trousers, Mackinaws

Covert, Duck, Kersey Leather and Sheep Lined Coats

Let us compare and convince you that we are offering some exceptionally good values. We offer the following range of prices:

Cottonade, Cassimere, Kersey or Worsted Trousers at \$9 to \$42 per dozen.

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GET UP EARLY.

No Success Comes To the Lazy Man.

The greatest and best mark of modern progress is a thorough realization of the immeasurable and priceless value of time; civilization has made its chiefest gain in correctly measuring and utilizing to the best advantage the one gift which man must use either wisely to his own good or foolishly to his own evil.

For centuries the world wasted time as if it were of no value, let it slip through its fingers as sand, never thinking that each grain was a golden gem to bedeck the everlasting crown of eternity. Those gems can never be recovered, they are buried deep in the oblivion of the past and it is for no man to exhume them—he can only draw experience from their loss and so learn to make use of the treasure that is his in the present in order to conserve the future.

Time will wait for no man, yet many seem to be under the impression that instead of having wings to its shoulders it has weights to its feet, which will hold it to wait on their convenience until they get good and ready to meet it. Such people generally wake up from their trance to find that their opportunities have passed like lightning flashes never to return, and then they can only lament their own stupidity.

Delay can never take advantage of anything, for it allows everything to pass by its door and then only takes up the pursuit when it is too late and unavailing. Delay in our day is an unpardonable sin. It has wrought untold and incalculable mischief from the earliest times. Caesar's delay to read a message cost him his life when he reached the Senate house.

Col. Rahl, the Hessian commander, was too busy at the card table to attend to a messenger bearing a letter which stated that Washington was crossing the Delaware. He delayed to read that letter until the game was finished, and then he had only time to rally his men in a forlorn hope and rush to the scene of activities, but, alas! the enemy had the vantage point, and the gallant colonel fell at the head of his regiment, while the men who had followed his lead were taken prisoners. How often on a few minutes depend liberty, honor and life itself!

Napoleon laid great stress on the "supreme moment," and became an adept in taking advantage of that "nick of time" which comes in every battle, the crucial moment on which often depends the destiny of nations. He said he beat the Austrians because they did not know the value of five minutes. It has been said that among the concatenation of circumstances that conspired to defeat the hitherto invincible Corsican at Waterloo was the loss of a few minutes by himself with Grouchy's delay to join him, although but a few miles distant. Grouchy's delay was fatal to the "Little Corporal"—it sent him to exile and to death on St. Helena.

The time wasted in delaying and

postponing and procrastinating and putting off, if rightly utilized, would be sufficient to accomplish the most important of tasks, which when thus shunned for the present because of some little unpleasantness or difficulty are liable never to be performed. The road of "By-and-by" leads to the town of "Never."

Delays really make work drudgery. You have to make up for lost time and therefore the tasks are doubly difficult, and, moreover, liable to be slouched over in a poor, unworkmanlike manner which never gives satisfaction to either the performer or those for whom the work is done. Work is easy to those who do it when it should be done, but to those who defer it the task becomes monotonous, dull and difficult, and develops into downright drudgery.

If you lose an hour in the morning you will be all day hunting for it and at night find that you have not recovered it. That hour is irretrievably lost and there is no use advertising it, since your neighbor could not have found it for you; it is irrevocably lost in the ocean of eternity and what a beautiful gem it was!—a golden jewel, set round with sixty diamond minutes, and each one of these encrusted with sixty sapphire seconds—gone never to be found.

How much poorer you are for losing that one golden jeweled hour! The whole future of your life—misery or happiness, woe or joy, disease or health, even salvation itself—may depend on one hour, nay one minute rightfully used. What would not the dying sinner give for time again to correct the errors of his life and do what was right and just!

Time is the warp of life, 'tis for all, especially the young, to weave it well, into a bright and beautiful garment that shall cover them as with a shining robe during the day of early travail and in which they can pass across the bridge that leads from the darkness of the temporal to the light of the eternal. Don't let drop the strands of the warp; be prompt with the shuttle. Promptness takes away the monotony and the drudgery, smoothes out the creases and makes every surface velvety.

Delays toughen and harden and throw the whole thing into confusion. If a planet delayed a moment in its course it would throw the whole universe into chaos. Work can become one grand, sweet harmony, a symphony of pleasure, not of pain, if approached in the right way and the golden rule observed of a time and place for everything and everything in its proper time and place.

"To-morrow" is a word which is only found in the fool's calendar and stands for nothing that is real and tangible, just the baseless stuff of which dreams are made, a fantastic vision of anticipations in the shadow land of the future. Put no trust in to-morrow; it may be a bankrupt investment. To-day is the best bank.

While you work have a system of work. Make a golden rule for yourself. Commence the day well. The morning hour is the test of the day's success. Daniel Webster used often to answer thirty letters before breakfast. Columbus planned his voyage

in the early morning. Napoleon made use of the early part of the day in all his successful campaigns. Bryant rose at 5 o'clock every morning and began work. Bancroft was up at the dawn and busy. Washington, Jefferson, Clay—all were early risers. Take example by them.

The time to turn out is when you turn over. Walter Scott used to say that by breakfast time he had broken the neck of the day's work. Goethe, Schiller and Heine all found inspiration in the early morning air.

Keep your appointments. Remember time is money. Don't waste your own or that of others. When you have your business done, go about your business, and do not waste the time of a business man, for his time means money to him, and your time should mean something to you. Punctuality is the soul of business.

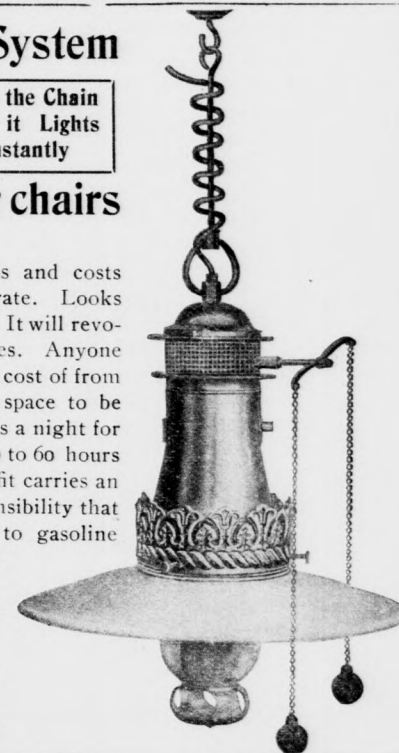
Dr. Madison C. Peters.

Many who think they are defending the faith are only barricading truth out of their lives.

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The Prompt Shippers



Practical Suggestions on Putting on "the Rousements."

Assuming as I did in a previous article (and as one certainly is warranted in assuming) that the average shoe retailer's trade needs a boost; and assuming further, as I did (and as I had a right to assume) that the needed boost must originate with the boss and none other; I now propose to show some ways, in this and subsequent articles, how the man back of it may impart new and great impetus to the business.

Doubtless many retail shoe merchants are more or less persuaded in their own minds that their business needs expansion, and is capable of expansion; but they are somewhat slow to run the risks incident to such expansion. If the programme of enlargement involves an outlay for more shoes and more advertising (as it often does), they are wondering if results will justify the outlay. Thus they are often halting between two opinions, knowing not whether to stay in the old limits and keep to the old staples, or branch out and take a plunge into the unknown and the unknowable. Sometimes the timely counsel of a friend who knows, or even the criticism of some butt-insky who thinks he knows, will help to decide the issue for larger and better things.

A little 5-year-old girl was dictating a letter to a friend. Her mother wrote the letter as the little girl worded it. A part of the letter ran something like this:

"The Higginses have a billy-goat. **This morning I went over to ride the Higginses' billy-goat.** I didn't ride the billy-goat because the billy-goat butted me through a hole in the hen-house. But the billy-goat didn't butt me all the way through, for I was partly through when the billy-goat got to me."

Now, my dear friend, if you are lingering in the hen-house hole between the limited actualities of the present and the larger possibilities of the future, I trust some billy-goat will butt you through. Decide definitely and positively to expand.

Principles of merchandising never change. Methods are always changing. Principles are based on fundamental laws and relations that are fixed, static, universal, principles inherent to the business of merchandising. Of the principles that underlie all successful merchandising—shoe retailing no less than other businesses—there are at least six of prime importance: 1, Industry; 2, Adaptability; 3, Honesty and Truthfulness; 4, Ability to buy at right prices; 5, Knowledge of the commodity or commodities to be sold; and 6, Knowledge of the people to whom they are sold. Because these are principles they are essentials. If any one of them is wanting the business is going to run amuck in short order.

Many shoe dealers—in fact, one

would be warranted in saying, the majority of shoe dealers—never give a passing thought to what I have or essentials of our trade. They unconsciously accept them and unconsciously act upon them. The elements of science are always used before they are formally stated. Principles of teaching, for example, held good long before there was a science of pedagogy. And there are plenty of good teachers now who wouldn't know what on earth you were talking about if you began telling them something of the laws of pedagogy. At the same time no one is worse off for familiarity with the laws or principles underlying the profession or trade in which he is engaged.

Beyond all controversy the most valuable asset in the retail shoe trade—as it is in all other businesses that I know anything about—is industry.

Industry pays. The industrious shoe dealer—the dealer who goes after trade early and late, through every legitimate medium, and in every manner consistent with integrity, manliness and modern methods, is the man who is going to win the biggest retail shoe trade in his community.

The man who is brimful of industry is bound to work it off. The extremely industrious man is alert, resourceful and continually on the go. He is not content to spend a minimum amount of energy upon a few schemes; he throws himself with a perfect abandon of enthusiasm and zeal into many schemes. To him work is congenial.

Yet, the industrious man isn't the man who does things merely for the sake of doing things; he works for results.

One day the senior partner of a certain retail shoe store said to the junior partner, "Tom, suppose you take six weeks off in three or four of the leading shoe stores in — and —," and he mentioned half a dozen cities. "Spend half a day, a whole day, or two days, if necessary, in each of these leading stores. Study their methods and, if possible, master the secret of their success. Each of these leading retailers has solved the problem of successful retailing in his city. Try to find out how they did it. Have an eye for the details of furnishings and equipment. Note the arrangements of the goods—especially take note of their window trims. Get samples of their letters, announcements, catalogues (if they issue them), copies of some of their newspaper advertisements and posters, street car advertisements, etc. Take notes on all you see and hear—and see to it that you rub elbows with the chief man—the producer—in each case. A six weeks' vacation won't hurt you—and it seems to me you ought to come back chockful of new ideas on modern business methods that have been actually tried out."

The plan sounded good to Tom, and in due time he made the trip. He came back with many valuable suggestions, with numerous specimens of up-to-date advertisements, together with not a few pointers on the arrangement and equipment of

The Best Yet Boys' Holdfast Shoes

The Kind That Wears

A strong shoe made up on new, snappy up-to-date lasts is what catches the boys. Wayne made shoes combine both. They protect the feet and please the eye. ❁ ❁ ❁

Wayne Shoe Mfg. Co.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Our salesman will be pleased to show you

Three Shoes that Please the Ladies

Michigan Lady Northern Belle Wolverine Girl

For particulars write us

Grand Rapids Shoe & Rubber Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

State
Agents



Not In Any
Trust

big and prosperous shoe stores. The old man sat with attentive ears and sparkling eyes for the enthusiastic recital of the younger man, and when he quite finished the older man said: "And now, Tom, what in your judgment is the final secret of the success of these men about whom you have been telling me?"

"Well, to sum it all up in a word," said Tom, "I would say it is just hard work directed along intelligent and practical lines."

"You are right, Tom," replied the senior partner. "I have yet to find the method that works automatically. There's always got to be a worker behind the method to make it work. Industry is the first law of success, and the place has yet to be discovered where this law doesn't hold good."

Modern nature science makes much of what has been called the principle of the "survival of the fittest," or "natural selection." A species, either of plants or animals, survives, overcomes its enemies and perpetuates itself because it is able to adapt itself to changing environments.

This law is everywhere operative, and in all things, whether among weeds, grasshoppers, nations of men, or retail shoe merchants. It is a good thing to be familiar with the principle, and understand once for all how dangerous it is to go up against it.

When I say adaptability is a prime law of success in retailing shoes I do not mean merely that the local dealer should be genial and pleasant in his dealings with the various specimens of the human animal who frequent his store from time to time; and that he should merely try to make himself agreeable to the most notorious grouch in the town. That, of course, he ought to do. But adaptability means more than that—and goes farther than that. Adaptability means that a man should use good sense, originality and individuality in the selling of a given commodity in his town. It applies to the whole business—the store, the goods in the store, the business methods back of the store, and nature of the selling campaigns inaugurated from time to time.

A good method doesn't necessarily work everywhere—and it assuredly isn't apt to work all the time. A good shoe man has a run in one community—and hits the public fancy smack-dab in the eye. In another town it may fall down. There are local tastes, traditions and conventionalities that may even demand special treatment in the make-up of the store and output of the store's advertising literature. These important demands are covered by the principle of adaptability.

Necessarily the retail shoe merchant who has adaptability is the man who is resourceful. He is sensible to outward conditions—feels the public pulse by a sort of sixth sense, and relates himself to it in a way that makes for business.

And of course he is full of all manner of good ideas on building up the trade and making his shop popular with his townspeople. He is not

hampered by traditions and conventionalities of our trade. He is open-eyed. He has a nose for everything that smells like progress. He is willing to learn—from any source and at any time—and he is bold enough to put his knowledge into practical use. All you have to do is to show him that you have a negotiable idea, and he's willing to use the idea—and pay you what it is worth to him.

Now it is just because most of us are creatures of fixed modes of thought and traditional ways of doing things that the original genius in the shoe retailing line always cuts a prodigious swath in the community where he happens to light. Competition, the respectability of age, resources, and all other commendable qualities in the catalogue, can not depress the man of adaptability. He is going to create a stir, sure as fate and taxes. Just because he smashes long-established customs and breaks traditions into smithereens, people are going to sit up and take notice of that man and his doings. They are going to talk about the manner of his window displays—and the kind of shoes in them; about the originality and spiciness of his advertisements. And after a while—and it won't be very long, either—they are going to begin to patronize his shop. —Cid McKay in *Boot and Shoe Recorder*.

Shoplifters in New York.

Professional shoplifters have been largely eliminated, owing to systematic prosecution. By far the greatest number of thefts committed by outsiders are traced to women, usually reputable, who yield to a sudden temptation. A curious thing is that they seldom take articles of any value. They keep on stealing until they are caught—each store employs from five to fifteen detectives, of whom about half are women—and then the guilty ones are invited to the manager's office, where they are searched and closely questioned. They are detained until investigation is made, but if their stories are proved and it is shown that they are not professional thieves they are allowed to go. They seldom offend a second time. Incidentally, the newspapers never name a store in which a person is arrested for shoplifting, for the simple reason that it would frighten away customers. A retail store on Broadway that did a large business was actually ruined by the publication of the details of several arrests within its doors.

At least a hundred kleptomaniacs are known to New York department stores. Most of the managers admit that kleptomania is a disease, to be dealt with as such. There is a certain grim humor, affording food for thought in the fact that two of the worst offenders belong to the families of high insurance officials and another is the wife of a bank cashier. There is one pitiful case of a woman whose daughter, a child of 10, always accompanies her and promptly informs some one in authority when her mother enters a store.—*Everybody's Magazine*.



Easagos

Easagos are the most comfortable knock-about shoes in Michigan. They are made in blucher or bal cut in black or tan.

They are that perfect and ideal combination of flexible glove-like softness and extra hard wear in such great demand by the people who do lots of walking in our fields and factories.

Our trade mark on the sole guarantees the wearer just this sort of comfortable shoe satisfaction.

Rindge, Kalmbach, Logie & Co., Ltd.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Are you supplying the ladies in your locality with fine shoes, or are they going elsewhere?

If so, you ought to stop them, and you can do it effectually by putting in the following lines:

"Ruth"
"Ah-wah-ne-tah"
"Furniture City Girl"

and you will win the hearts and clothe the feet of the best women in your neighborhood.

Write us and we will have our salesman call.

HIRTH-KRAUSE CO.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

ABOUT SELLING FINDINGS.

Don't Put Them in a Dark Back Corner.

Written for the Tradesman.

For goodness' sake, if you ever expect to sell your shoe findings, Mr. Shoe Man, don't relegate them to some poky old corner of the shop. "Seeing is believing," and this is just as true of shoe findings as if you caught another fellow kissing your very best girl. If the other fellow declared right up and down that he didn't kiss her you might be constrained to take him at his word. However, if you happened upon him suddenly in the vestibule and saw him with his arms around your v. b. girl's waist, with his lips lovingly pressed to her ruby ones, you'd be quite apt to put a little faith in the old adage, "Seeing is believing."

And it's something the same way with shoe findings: "Seeing is believing," most certainly. Stick your findings case in some out-of-the-way part of your store and you never in the world will sell the amount that you would if these goods were kept right to the fore.

Then talk about them, too—not in a lugged-in sort of way, but gently—adroitly—lead the talk around to the subject. Half the shoe men don't talk enough about their goods. Too many sellers of shoes go through their work in a perfunctory kind of manner, which says just as plainly as would words:

"I hate to sell shoes. I hate to take down the boxes and put them back. I hate to try them on you. I hate the whole business and I wish I were well out of it."

Maybe I am a trifle too severe in criticism, but I have stood and watched the ways of so many shoe dealers and their salesmen that I have come to the above conclusion perforce, in regard to a whole lot of them.

Even when these have concluded a good sale they seem not to think there's anything more for them to do or say.

Why not a pleasant "Thank you," accompanied by a following to the door to open it for the departing shopper?

I tell you, this very small—or seemingly small—item of opening the door for speeding customers goes farther than the casual would imagine, in making them regard kindly any store, and especially if it is the proprietor who performs this tiny courtesy. Patrons think:

"My, my! How polite the proprietor of this store is to open the door for me. Guess I'll come here again."

And then how easy for this polite shoe merchant, before he gets so far as the door, to lean his arm on the corner of the findings case (he couldn't do that if the case were away at the rear of the establishment), to glance admiringly at the well-arranged stock of these essentials reposing under the glass beneath his elbow and to begin a bit of conversation about them. He might say:

"Has your attention been called, Miss Brown, to the particularly fine quality of the silk laces we are carrying for oxfords? Just let me show

you what a good thing we are giving away for 25 cents!"

Don't pause too long after the words "giving away" or the young lady may conjecture that you are going to make her a present of a pair. But smile a wee as you reach the end of the little joke and there-with hand out several pairs, in differing colors, for her inspection. Finger them yourself, as if you fully appreciate their worth. Then mention where the laces are made. Excite interest as to how they are manufactured. It is a good idea, sometimes, to give away a fine pair of laces. But be very discriminating here. Some might take umbrage at the gift, while others would be "tickled to death" over the present. In "doing the generous," it is usually best to give laces to a well-to-do patron. That variety are not going to be offended, because they know that you know they are able to buy all the laces in your show case, and, being in good circumstances, they are not likely to be telling around that "So-and-So are giving away laces and you'd better go and get some." The whole town, if it's a small one, would go daffy, then, on "getting something for nothing."

The next time Miss Brown needs laces for oxfords think you she will purchase them anywhere else? I rather guess not!

And, while you are pushing trade inside the portals on shoe findings, don't be unmindful of the fact that there is glass on the front of your store, just next to the sidewalk, and what's the matter with letting the general public know, by a neat window exhibit, that So-and-So sell shoe findings?

Jo Thurber.

A Slow Train.

I happened recently to be traveling on a local train which was a marvel of slowness. The engine wheezed and puffed and pulled, but evidently the load was too much for it, and the delays were very numerous. The passengers were not in the best of humor, and the conductor came in for a great deal of harsh criticism. One man on the train, a drummer, was especially indignant, and taunted and giped the conductor unmercifully.

"This blankety, blank, blank train is just about the limit. Why, it could not beat molasses in winter," etc.

Finally the conductor's patience became exhausted. "Say," he said to the drummer, "if you don't like this train, why don't you get out and walk?"

"I would," responded the drummer, "only my wife doesn't expect me until the train gets in."

Jewelry Concern Which Courts Investigation.

Iowa City, Iowa, Oct. 28—I have just examined your issue of October 16, containing an article entitled, "Jewelry Shysters."

I own the American Jobbing Association, wholesale jewelers of this city. Should you ever receive any complaints from my customers, give me an opportunity to state my side of the case, and if you do not find that we deal absolutely squarely with our customers in every respect, go after us. All I ask is that before making any charges against us you know that we are in the wrong.

I thoroughly believe in writing up shysters of any kind. The more you go after my competitors who are crooked the better it is for me. I am not connected with any other jewelry house, directly or indirectly, other than the American Jobbing Association, and have not been for a good many years. I used to own the old W. F. Main Co., but sold it out a good many years ago, allowing them to use the name for a year or so in winding up the business. I have not been actively connected with that firm since 1898. The name has been dropped, and if you find any customers who dealt with that firm while I owned it who were unfairly treated ask me for particulars. If I can not convince you that I dealt absolutely squarely with the customers in every respect, go after me.

I have no charges to make against my competitors. I have no way of knowing anything about their methods excepting some of my customers or salesmen should send me some of their literature or make complaints to me. They are all doing a legitimate business, so far as I know. Those who are doing a legitimate business are competent to stand or fall on their own merits; those who are not should be wiped out.

I believe such papers as yours have done a great deal toward purifying the atmosphere, and not only protecting retailers but legitimate jobbers as well.

W. F. Main.

Meat Is Vegetable.

Brownovich—I thought you were a vegetarian.

Smithinsky—So I am.

Brownovich—Then why did you order roast beef for dinner?

Smithinsky—My boy, haven't you heard that all flesh is grass?

MAYER Special Merit

School Shoes Are Winners

"Mishoco" New Specialty Shoe for Men and Boys

Made in all Leathers Snappy up-to-date Lasts
Men's Goodyear Welts, Retail \$3.00 and \$3.50
Boys' English Welts, Retail \$2.50
All Solid Leather

Michigan Shoe Co.

- Detroit, Mich.



No. 887 H. B. Hard Pan

8 inches high, Blucher cut, Klondike Hooks and Eyelets, Double Sole Standard Screw. Carried in stock.

The Shoe Dealer on the Fighting Line

The man well up in the front, who aims to lead in his business must carry a line of shoes that will stand the hardest kind of tests—fierce competition—the criticism of his trade who expect the best wearing shoes in the world from his store.

For such a man "H. B. Hard Pans" are really indispensable. Built strictly on honor. Eyelets that won't pull out; never rip shanks; soft, durable upper stock that will stand the roughest wear. Good for a whole lot of service.

Don't you think it worth while to connect with such a line? Costs a postal to learn the advantages of the original H. B. Hard Pans.

Herold-Bertsch
Shoe Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.



HORNING BEES.

They Are Relics of the Olden Time.

Written for the Tradesman.

What has become of the old fashioned "shivaree?"

Those midnight serenades were more frequently denominated "horning bees" by the participators, and the French charivari was never in the mind of the actors on such occasions.

Cow bells, tin pans, old saws, horns and shotguns composed the band instruments for such occasions. Relics of barbarism? Well, no doubt, yet there was a pile of fun gotten out of some of those night escapades.

A prominent man in a border town not a hundred miles from Grand Rapids married his second helpmeet within three weeks of the death of wife number one. The town boys got together and marched on the bridegroom's domicile; regardless of a recent death in the family they piled on the agony and made Rome howl once again.

The newly married did not rebuke the serenaders, although he might have reminded them, as did one other, that a recent funeral at the house ought to protect its inmates from such carryings-on. Not a sound emanated from the house. The inmates refused to be interviewed. The doors were securely locked and no one was admitted. The boys had never been treated thus unkindly. Naturally they resented it. Bullion—we will call him that—was as sullen as a caged lion. He was a high-up mogul in lumber circles, a sort of prince among the newly rich. He ought to have known better than to have shocked the proprietaries in the way he had done. The first wife had been an estimable woman. As for the second, her marrying a man so soon after the death of his wife was enough to stamp her character. At any rate so thought the town boys.

"Old Gudgeon's too mean to treat the boys," said Sile Thomas, one of the cow bell gang. "What are we going to do about it, lads?"

"Give him music until he does."

And they did. For seven nights in succession that gang got out and made darkness hideous with sound. Finally they dropped some fireworks down the chimney and blew the fireplace to atoms. This fetched the old sinner into the limelight. He came out storming. The boys were tired and restless from their long siege. Impatience begets anger. They seized the big gun and dusted his fine clothes in the street. They got even in fine shape for their long wait.

Not once but five times did the great man bite the dust and draggle of street and gutter. He was a sorry object at last. The boys went home satisfied. Several of them kept dark for a spell. Some belonged to good families. Old Bullion made dire threats. He was a veritable bulldog to hang on. He put a detective on track and hunted his serenaders down. Two of them found work in an outside town; two were caught and severely fined; at least a dozen went scott free. There was a lesson learned on both sides. That proved

the last tinpan serenade in that town for a term of years.

On another occasion, in the back country, another couple was serenaded to the limit. The father of the groom came forth with a revolver and made threats. "This 'ere English bulldog'll bark if you devils don't clear out!" he fumed, waving the barker. Did the boys skidaddle? Not much. Several shotguns were pointed at the old fellow.

"More than one can play at that game, Johnny Bull," said the leader of the band—I came near saying bandits! "Send Bill out, or—"

The old Englishman reconsidered. He retired. Bill came out, handed the leader of the gang a V and after one more blast the meeting broke up.

At another time a lady visiting a family in which a wedding had taken place was, on the first night of her stay, aroused from a sound sleep by a combination of most unheard of noises. Although a piece of wedding cake was under her pillow it had not the power to keep off the spooks.

to school, meeting his future helpmeet there. The rough farm youths resented his mightiness and resolved on revenge.

A spy was set upon the movements of the young couple, who passed the first night of their return in the house of an uncle of the groom. Locating the bedroom, which was on the ground floor, the gang of farmer lads gathered to the number of twenty. A grove of maples shadowed the house and window. Under cover of trees and darkness the gang carried a fanning mill to the window. When everything was in readiness the pans and bells broke into music! It was the usual introductory. After one or two outbursts loud calls were made for the groom. He raised the window and ordered the fellows away.

There was a rush for the window; the sash was torn out in the scuffle and then the raider captain yelled:

"Give it to 'em, boys!"

The fanning mill was drawn close

WILL YOU STAND IDLY BY AND SEE THIS?



Your trade is in danger. Get busy and air your side of the parcels post question in your local press. The people must be made to see that the danger lurking in the parcels post measure is far greater than its possible benefits. Organize your fellow merchants and fight for your rights NOW.—Hardware.

Miss Lucy imagined a thousand and one horrors as she sat up in bed and listened. She had come a thousand miles to the wedding, come from a big Canadian town into the heart of a Michigan woods. Cow bell serenades were to her altogether unknown.

And immediately after the horrible twang of saws and pans and the bellow of cow bells came shots from a dozen guns. That was enough. Wild Western savages had attacked the house. Miss Lucy gave one piercing scream and fell in a fit on the floor.

When the true situation was made known to the gang, that conglomeration—with becoming apologies to the head of the house—hastily retired.

Town boys and backwoods luggers were bad enough, but it remained for a gang of out-and-out country fellows to cap the climax of charivari nonsense gone mad: A young farmer had married outside his native health. He had been away

to the open bedroom window. A dozen pans of milk filched from the spring house were fetched, and one after the other poured into the tail of the mill, while strong hands turned the crank. There could be

but one result: The bed, walls, clothing, everything was saturated with the oleaginous fluid.

The bride's rich clothing was ruined and the groom's best garments were never used again. It was a sight to make men and angels weep. Strange to say no prosecutions followed, but, as may be supposed, the neighboring farmer boys were persons non grata at the home of the newly wed for long years after that horning bee.

As the country grows older customs change. What was once viewed with the extreme of leniency would now be frowned upon as criminal. In new countries the people are less strict in conventionalities, more given to laxness of government, yet, mind you, much more severely moral than the older sections.

On another occasion the groom was taken out and made to dance his best jig before the serenaders in his night clothes. Such barbarisms are fortunately a thing of the past. This is the Golden Age of man. What was once regarded as a practical joke would now be treated as a crime. The world moves and the people with it, and it is well that it is so. Old Timer.

The Little Girl's Prayer.

A little girl of four or five was quietly playing on the porch one afternoon, while her father and one of his friends were enjoying a smoke and a chat on political matters. They paid no attention to the little girl who, in turn, seemed entirely absorbed in her dolls and her teddy bear.

When the guest had gone, and bedtime came, the child's mother noticed that she was unusually silent and thoughtful. And when she knelt to say her prayers there came a pause after the usual petitions, and then she resumed very earnestly:

"And now, God, please take care of Yourself, for if anything should happen to You, we should only have Mr. Roosevelt—and he hasn't come up to papa's expectations."



J. W. York & Sons

Manufacturers of
Band Instruments and Music Publishers

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Send for Catalogue

THE INCORPORATING COMPANY OF ARIZONA

makes a specialty of the LEGAL INCORPORATION and REPRESENTATION of corporations under the VERY LIBERAL and INEXPENSIVE corporation laws of Arizona. Attends to every detail, furnishes By-Laws and Instructions for organizing and presents FREE to each company a copy of the most complete and authentic work on CORPORATE MANAGEMENT issued. Get a copy of RED BOOK of complete information and laws before incorporating. It's Free. Box 277-L, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

References: Phoenix National Bank, Home Savings Bank.

Wolverine Show Case & Fixtures Co.

Manufacturers of

Bank, Office, Store and Special Fixtures

We are prepared to make prompt shipments on any goods in our line.

Write for catalogue.

47 First Ave.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

SLOVENLY SPEECH.

Americans Too Hurried To Enunciate Clearly.

Why do most Americans murder the English language? Slovenly speech is not confined to any particular class. The subway guard who mumbles "Alouere!" instead of taking the trouble to call "All out here!" is only doing what any number of people of, supposedly, much better educational opportunities do. John D. Barry, says Americans are in such a false state of hurry. "To be busy—that is, to be rushed—has been so long an ideal with us that even if we really are not busy we have acquired the habit of doing things in a busy way—that is, in a hurried way. We attend to trifles hurriedly. We speak hurriedly when we have plenty of time. Repose, quiet, poise, the easy balance of one's mental and physical qualities, must be recognized as an ideal before, as a people, we can learn to arrange what is going on in our minds and to express it in clear speech, so if we decide to try to speak well we must accept this ideal and relax from the tension in which most of us hold ourselves. When we express ourselves we shall then express, not a hurried or a harassed being, but a nature calm and rational."

In this feverish hurry to get the words out drifts becomes drifts, reel is reel, different is diff'runt, family is fam'lee, and the beautiful English language, the language which has been the medium of some of the noblest poetry literature has produced, is hashed into a muddle of confusing sounds. It is because people will not take trouble, Mr. Barry says, that they can not correct their faults of diction. One public speaker had a great deal of trouble with the final ing, and made spasmodic efforts to cure himself. "Why can't I succeed?" he asked a friend. "Because you don't care," said the friend. He vowed that he did care, but was so busy he didn't have time to think about it. "It is as if," says the writer, "a man were to insist that he cared for his wife, but was too busy to think about her."

If people cared about the beauty of the language, cared enough to perceive, for example, the difference between the musical final ing and the clipped pronunciation that suffix generally gets, life would be easier all around. For clearness of speech means ease of speech, and ease of speech means comfort, both for the speaker and the persons addressed. Mr. Barry holds that it is altogether a mistake to say, as many people do, that Italian and French are more beautiful than the English language. English is not as soft and flowing as the Italian, but it has a strength Italian lacks; it is free from the roughness of German, and, properly spoken, it has more dignity and music than French has. On the stage good English has a commercial quality, and every one who has been much with actors and actresses, well trained ones, knows the delight of listening to their speech. All their lives they have practiced articulation, until it has become second nature.

There are two sisters in Chicago, one a physician, the other a teacher

of elocution, whose different ways of speaking show what training and watchfulness will do for a speaking voice. Their voices are of the same quality, contralto, naturally full and sweet. The busy physician has gone along biting her words off until her voice has degenerated into a mere guttural. The elocutionist had, by rare good fortune, a sympathetic teacher, who possessed intelligence, who drilled into her year after year the importance of giving each syllable its full value, until now it is absolutely a pleasure to hear her ask for the butter at breakfast or remark that it is a fine day.

Mr. Barry says modern methods of teaching are partly responsible for modern slovenliness of speech. In the old days children began with the elements, they learned to form words of one syllable, to pronounce them and then to spell them, before they had longer words. When they attacked longer words each syllable was given an identity of its own. To-day children are given whole sentences to read before they learn to pronounce the words. That may be excellent for the enlargement of their minds, but it does not conduce to clear speaking.

Mark Twain's Story of His Life.

Mark Twain refuses to let his captivating autobiography be published in book form until after his death, but journalistic enterprise has come to the rescue, and we are to have Mark's masterpiece after all. He has consented to let it appear as a serial. It has been secured at enormous cost by the Sunday Magazine of The Chicago Record-Herald, which has a name for capturing big prizes of this sort, such as Conan Doyle's "Sir Nigel" and Kipling's "Sons of Martha."

Thus it falls out that the readers of The Sunday Record-Herald are to have a delightful treat without extra cost. For months to come Mark Twain will go on telling in his droll way about the famous people he has met, how he came to create Colonel Sellers and Tom Sawyer, and all the funny things that have happened to him. The whole is to be profusely illustrated. The first installment—in the issue of October 27—is accompanied by a magnificent portrait of the humorist. Everybody who likes Mark Twain will want to read this great biography.

A Private Letter.

A colonel on his tour of inspection unexpectedly entered the drill room, when he came across a couple of soldiers, one of them reading a letter aloud while the other was listening, and at the same time stopping up the ears of the reader.

"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer enquired of the latter. "You see, Colonel, I'm reading to Atkins, who can't read himself, a letter which has just come from his sweetheart."

"And you, Atkins, what in all the world are you doing?"

"Please, Colonel, I am stopping up Murphy's ears with both hands because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to hear a single word of what she has written."

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DISHONEST DOLLARS.

Gambling Winnings Can Not Be Regarded As Earnings.

Dr. H. G. Burnham thinks children in school should be taught to calculate probabilities as a part of their course in elementary arithmetic. Then they would know better than to play slot machines or buy prize packages. And when they grew up they would shun the book-maker, the lottery, and the roulette wheel.

The ordinary gambler speculates partly because he loves the excitement and thrill of the game, but mainly, he will assure you, as he assures himself often, he is buoyed by the hope of winning. He does not stop to figure out his chances. If he sees a hundred to one shot he will play it, seeing only that by risking a dollar he has a chance to win a hundred. If he had been taught in school to see that really the chances were 200 to 1 against him, and that he was betting a dollar against 50 cents, he would keep his money in his pocket. Of course the man who plays the races knows the odds of the book are against him. He prides himself, however, that he is a wise reader of the "dope sheet" and that he can overcome the odds by a superior cunning. He knows that he can't win on his luck, for this "breaks even" in the long run.

But the man who plays against a machine, if he has taken the elementary course in the law of probabilities, can suffer under no delusions and can not give himself any reasonable excuse. He is bound to lose. The odds on the machine are against him. And even if they were not, it is entirely likely that the machine would win. An old gambler contends that if a man matched pennies all day every day for a month against a purely mechanical device he would quit a heavy loser. The only way he could keep even would be to start out with "heads" or "tails" and then go away and leave the machine at work, never changing his bet. If he remained to watch the operation he would be sure to lose his head and begin to "guess" against the relentless mechanism, and then he would lose.

In the ordinary coin paying slot machine, the dial shows alternate reds and blacks, interspersed here and there with quarters, halves, and perhaps \$1. The player wins 5 cents on the red, 5 cents on the black, 20 cents on the quarter, 45 cents on the half, and 95 cents on the dollar. The dials differ, but suppose there are thirty reds, thirty blacks, ten quarters, five halves, and one dollar. The chances against you then on the red or black are 46 to 30; on the quarter, 66 to 24; on the half, 71 to 24, and on the dollar, 75 to 19. Most players, it is said, prefer the larger sums as a hazard in the coin machines, although the probabilities against them are much greater. Again, they are dazzled by the chance of winning a large sum at a small risk. Really, they are betting their nickel against 3 cents on the red or black and against 2 cents or less on the larger sums.

If the children knew this they would not fool away their money in

the machines when they go for a boat ride on the lake, and it is reasonable to suppose that grown men and women would beware of them if they had learned to figure chances when they were in school. In the penny machines in the cigar stores the probabilities are harder to figure. You play a cent in the machine and if you get two pairs from a revolving pack of cards always exposing the faces of five you win a 5 cent cigar. In most of the machines you must get "jacks up or better" in order to win. Any poker player will bet you a chip on any deal that you will not have as good as a pair of trays and the chances that you will have two pairs as good as jacks up must be at least twenty to one.

Wherever and whenever children or grown people play their money against the machine the machine is going to win. That's what it is there for. Most people know this in a general way, no doubt, but they do not calculate the precise chances against them. If they did they would be less likely to play, because figures and mathematical reasoning are great dampeners for the spirit of speculation. Of course, some men lose their heads entirely. They become fiends for the poker table or the poolroom, and play even when they know they are bound to lose. But even these might have been saved in the beginning by a calculation of the probabilities. If they had been taught when children to figure the chances before they took a hazard they might have drawn back before the habit fastened itself upon them.

If nobody gambled except for amusement, and if everybody beforehand made a calculation as to how much they were prepared to pay for that amusement, realizing that the expectation in every case was a loss, the worst evil of gambling would be eliminated. The only difficulty would be the psychological one of preventing a man from being carried away by his excitement. What people should know is that to bet against a bank or a syndicate, a slot machine, a bookmaker, a game of poker, or bridge with a "rakeoff" is a bad investment. Of course, everybody knows that gambling is immoral. They should know, too, that it is unprofitable.

Even where all the stakes are distributed evenly and fairly among the players—that is, where there is no "rakeoff" or percentage against the better—gambling is a poor investment on the ground that a "bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The loss of the bird in hand means a definite loss of income. The dollars you risk you could save or invest in the saner pleasures and comforts of life. The dollars you may win can not be regarded as income—and you may not, probably will not, win them. T. C. White.

Effect of Sunlight on Microbes.

It was announced some years ago that sunlight was a perfect germicide. That harmful and disease breeding microbes could be killed by exposure to the rays of the sun was proved conclusively, and the sunlight cure

for certain ailments was exploited in many scientific quarters. But recent experiments of Dr. Weisener have shown peculiar results. Sunlight, he declares, kills all the parasitical germs, those that habitually dwell in the bodies of men, but it has little or no effect upon the free roving microbes that spend much of their lives in the open air. The reason for this is apparent, now that Dr. Weisener has announced his discovery. The germs that live in darkness can not endure the light, and it is probable that their destruction by the sun's rays is not because of any peculiar chemical effect, but because of the foreign conditions. The microbe inured to darkness dies in the light, just as a fish dies when taken from the water. The ultra red rays and the ultra violet rays also are germicides. In reference to the disinfection of houses by sunlight Dr. Weisener says much of the good effect is lost on account of the window shades and curtains, and the darkness caused by the furniture. The little nooks and crannies of rooms, beneath sofas and behind closet doors, for instance, where darkness always reigns, must be insanitary, and some means of lighting up all parts of a room should be devised.

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Too Much Conscience and Too Little Sense.

I always envy preachers. It must be perfectly lovely to be able to stand up and talk by the hour to people who can not talk back to you. Being a woman, I suppose I shall never have that privilege, but if I ever do, I am going to preach one sermon to my sex from the text: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Of course, the idea is revolutionary. When men preach to women they always spend their time telling their feminine hearers of more things they ought to do and extra duties they ought to annex and additional cares they ought to undertake, and the worst of the matter is that women take all these fine theories for gospel truth. They think they ought to be doing things, too. A woman is never so absolutely sure she is doing her full duty as when she is working herself to death, and when she succeeds in precipitating nervous prostration on herself, she looks upon it as an outward and visible sign of spiritual grace.

There may have been a time when women needed stirring up—when they existed in a state of mental lethargy and failed in realizing their responsibility for running the universe right. Heaven knows that time is passed now and that the crying need of this day is some sort of a break to stop the modern woman from going so fast. Her car of progress is an automobile geared up to run at lightning speed and its pace is the pace that kills. Where one woman fails to do all that she ought to do, a million perish from doing too much, and it is high time for us to begin to comprehend that running herself to fiddlestrings is not the first duty of woman, nor even the most important.

The other day the newspaper dispatches told of a woman in another city who fainted in a dry goods store and was taken to the hospital in a state of complete collapse. The doctor who attended her found a list on her visiting card in her purse which read: "Ammonia; one spool of blue silk; shoes for Bobby; see caterer about lunch; hat for Mamie; dressmaker at 10; bottle for baby; Jovin's logic; marketing; theater tickets; board meeting at 2; stationery; lecture at 4; church."

The first words the victim spoke were an apology for having given way, and she explained to the doctor that she must go as soon as she was able to walk, as the housemaid needed the ammonia to clean the windows; unless the dressmaker got the silk she could not finish Sallie's dress in time for the afternoon party; it was absolutely necessary for her to see the caterer about a lunch she was giving the next day, and if the baby didn't get the fresh bottle the nurse would give him a sour one, which might kill him. The comfort of the entire family depended

on her getting the marketing properly done. It was necessary for her to be at the board meeting, as an important matter was to be decided, and she must show up at the lecture, of which she was one of the lady patronesses, and which was to help a charity she had much at heart. The physician's questioning elicited the fact that in addition she had undertaken the study of logic to keep her mind from getting rusty, and belonged to a current events club that she might not fall behind her husband in knowledge of the topics of the day, and, of course, she couldn't think of such a thing as neglecting her religious duty by not going to church several times during the week. She really couldn't see anything that she could leave off and not fail in her duty somewhere, so as soon as she was able to leave the doctor let her go, but he scratched out the original entry he had made on the hospital book and recorded: "General collapse; cause, too much conscience and too little common sense."

There is not a day in the week that all of us do not see pretty much the same thing exemplified and there is nothing else in the world more truly pathetic than the great army of women who are wearing themselves out, and growing old and haggard and nervous and cross, because they have never been taught that it is just as much one's duty to rest as it is to work. "They also serve who only stand and wait," and little as the toil-worn and weary woman who has made a slave of herself for her family may believe it, perhaps the woman who keeps herself quiet and restful and placid fills the measure of her duty as wife and mother just as fully as any other.

No other thing in life ever seems more cruelly unjust than the lack of appreciation with which the woman who wears herself out for her family invariably meets. We have all seen the little tragedy happen a hundred times. A woman will make a burnt offering of herself over the kitchen stove in order to prepare the food just exactly to suit the pampered palate of her husband; or she will deny herself all social relaxation and enjoyment in the evening to hold a spoilt child's hands while it goes to sleep; or she will toil all day and far into the night over her sewing machine in order that her little Sallie's frock may have as many tucks in it as the Smith girl's next door or her little Johnny's collar may be as beruffled and Faunterloved as the Croesus boy across the street.

In her mingled idea of what is right and wrong, such a woman never doubts but what she is doing the very best possible thing for her family and her full duty as a wife and mother, and she feels that the women who are taking life easier are falling very far short. She wonders how little Mrs. Brown can find it in her conscience to drop everything and go out for a walk just because the spring is calling to her with a thousand seductive voices or how she can be so lost to a sense of her duty as a mother as to idle away an hour in an afternoon nap when everybody

can see the Brown children have scarcely a tuck or a ruffle to their clothes, and the cook says they are just going to have a plain pudding for dinner, instead of something that takes forty-seven different ingredients and calls for the personal handiwork of the mistress.

To the woman who makes a domestic slave of herself any idleness is a deadly sin, but what troubles her most is that the sinners seem to get so much the best of things. By all laws of gratitude she who does so much for her family and sacrifices so much for them ought to be the adored wife and mother. Instead it is the Mrs. Browns who don't do so much but who keep themselves sunny and bright and sweet tempered who are worshipped by their husbands and children.

Nor is this so unreasonable as it seems. It is the plain working out of cause and effect and it is really worth a woman's while to sit down and do a little figuring on the subject and see if she isn't making a mistake. Bad temper, cross words, irritability and impatience, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, are just the expression of weariness and overwrought nerves. Is the woman who takes life easily, and who does for her family only what she is able to do, but who is gentle and sweet to her children and loving and companionable to her husband, doing her duty any less than the nervous, irritable woman who feeds and clothes her family to perfection, but who is so overwrought and overworked she snaps them up at a word and flies



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into a tantrum at the slightest provocation? Are tucks more important than love and gentleness? Which will a boy remember longer, which will influence him more when those sudden crises of life come when a man must choose between right and wrong, the blanc manges that mother used to spend her time in making, or the long, peaceful, quiet heart to heart talks?

There is another side of this subject that I want to call the attention of the good, conscientious woman to and that is that it is often just as much a woman's duty to live for her family as it is to die for them. It is a platitude to say you can wear out any kind of a machine unless you give it rest, yet many women go on the theory that the human body, especially the feminine human body—the most complicated and delicate machine in the world—never needs to be rested up. I once heard a very clever doctor tell an overworked mother who was so nervous she could not sit still that if every woman would lie down every day for half an hour in a dark, quiet room, with closed eyes, his profession would be gone.

"But, doctor," the woman exclaimed, "that is impossible for me! I couldn't think of neglecting my children like that! Who would care for them?"

"Probably the same people who will take care of them when you die," he answered, cynically.

She was too conscientious to heed the advice and, really, I must say their stepmother is doing a very good part by the children now. I have gone to many a woman's funeral where I did not know whether to revere her as a martyr or mourn her as a fool who did not have sense enough to live.

Much as modern progress has done for women, we owe it some grudge for having robbed us of the restful woman. She it was who used to have time to listen to our troubles and to the stories of our hopes and ambitions and dreams. There are no such women now, when even grandma listens to us with one eye on the clock that warns her of her committee meeting, and the average woman's day is so brimming over with society and housekeeping and mother classes and charities and studies and clubs that you feel you have to state your business and get away as swiftly as if she were a consulting physician or the head of a billion dollar trust.

Nobody would turn back the hand of the clock of progress, but it is undeniable that, as a sex, we are trying to do too much. We have too many clubs, too many charities, too many entertainments, too much fashion, and too much study. They give us mental and physical dyspepsia, and we want to get back to simpler living and a quieter life and to realize that often the woman who does nothing does the most. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Dorothy Dix.

The power of a truth depends less on the brilliancy of the setting than on the character of the source.

Women Make Office and Store Better.

It can not be denied that the presence of a woman in an office or store raises the moral tone. The fact that there is a woman present also helps the work to a certain extent. The woman herself can do much to assist in this betterment.

The president of a conservative old company for years decried the woman in business life. He insisted that no woman ever would work in his office. His claim was that he paid his men well; he expected good work of them, and he would not replace any man by a woman working for a smaller salary. Among his other causes for criticism was his idea that if a woman were in the office the men would spend too much time talking to her or at least gazing at her.

As year by year the woman worker further invaded the business field, he found it harder and harder to get a man stenographer that exactly suited him. Finally, in despair, he yielded to the arguments of a friend of his and agreed to give a woman stenographer a trial although he did not expect her to last long.

The woman his friend recommended to him, contrary to his expectation, was not a howling beauty entirely engrossed in the fit of her shirt waist or the smoothness of her hair, but a plain, almost homely, woman, dressed in a neat and businesslike way. She soon proved herself competent in her own line and willing to learn the work of the others.

The first thing the staid old business man noticed was that the men in the office were more neat in their appearance and gave the public a better impression of his office. Furthermore, the undercurrent of swearing, which at times became audible to outsiders coming into the office, had subsided.

At the present time the president swears by her. As he expresses it: "Of course I pay her as much as I would a man in a similar job and for that reason perhaps I have the pick of the women workers. But I don't know what I would do without her. When vacation time comes then she best shows her worth, for with a man short she can turn her hand to any sort of work."

A woman went to work in an office the head of which was a man of fiery temper. He had been in the habit of interspersing his speech with a liberal supply of swear words. The employes good naturedly put up with the cursing until the woman's arrival. After that time the old and trusted employes one by one sought other jobs. When at last the old book-keeper told the boss that he was about to quit, the boss in dismay asked the reason for the desertion.

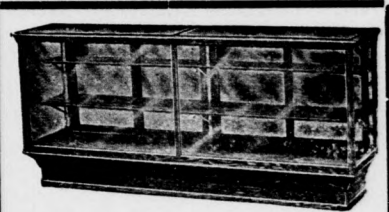
The old book-keeper's answer was that he could stand the swearing himself, but he would not work in an office where a woman was forced to listen to profanity. From that time on the boss was careful in his conduct.

Thus a woman not only can bring

a good influence to bear upon the employes but upon the boss as well.

Railways That Run Straight Up.

Air railways are the dernier cry among railroad fashions. Up the Swiss mountains runs a sensational aerial cableway from which a car body is suspended by means of running gear. The cable is stationary, the tarctive effort being exerted by motors on the moving vehicles. This latest form of railway mountaineering does not disfigure the scenery, it requires no cuttings or tunnels, and there is no smoke. The railway up the Matterhorn for which the money already has been subscribed and a concession granted, will be constructed on the same principle. The line will be divided into two sections. The second section will consist of a double aerial railway passing through a nearly vertical tunnel, inclining only a few degrees out of the upright to the summit station on the north side of the Matterhorn at a height of 14,582 feet, only 65 feet below the top of the mountain. The total length of the railway would be 7,700 feet, and the work would be completed in four years. The trips would take 1 hour and 50 minutes. The highest mountain railway is in Peru. The culminating point at the Central Peruvian railway occurs in a tunnel 15,774 feet above the sea level, or 44 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. The highest rack and pinion line in the world is that up Pike's Peak, Colo., which reaches a point 14,000 feet above sea level.



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What the Big Wind was to Ireland the great John S. Wheeler auction sale will be to Litchfield county, Conn. Everything hereafter will date from that. All through the country on the special dates of September 11 and 12, farmers, city folks, visitors, summer boarders were exhibiting strange articles of merchandise—pewter spoons, old furniture, fish-hooks, old derby hats, blue china-ware, patent medicines of forty years ago, hair oil, paper collars, diaries of the '60s, articles of every kind that a country store in Connecticut might keep—which had been locked up in Wheeler's store at Colebrook, six miles north of Winsted, for thirty-three years, and which were sold to settle his estate. In 1874 he locked the doors of his store, and the tradition is that he never went inside the place again himself.

The country for miles around knew about Wheeler's store. Stories grew about the value of the stock that was gathering dust on the shelves. Stories also grew as to the reasons why this shrewd Connecticut Yankee closed his shop suddenly and would not open it again. So when the big posters went up all over Litchfield county saying that the stock would be sold there was a rush to attend the auction. More than 1,000 persons came. They arrived in every sort of conveyance. More than twenty-five automobiles were in the push. Hay wagons brought picnic parties. Young fellows hitched up their best rigs and gave their sweethearts an outing. Nearly 400 vehicles were hitched in the orchard adjacent.

Delegations came from Great Barrington on the north to Hartford on the southeast and Waterbury on the south. Every town and hamlet near by was represented. A caterer sold out two wagonloads of eatables. The throng drank a well dry and every dairy within a mile was drained to the last drop of milk. There was fun from the drop of the hat. Rain couldn't dampen the ardor of the bidders. Colebrook, which has a population of 400 and is now in the decadent village class, never saw such a day, and the old time residents said it beat any county fair or balloon ascension or circus day that old Litchfield county had ever experienced.

So when folks brought out their treasures to-day the question, "Where did you get it?" was answered invariably:

"Why, up at the great Wheeler auction in Colebrook on Tuesday."

The sale did far more than disperse a lot of musty merchandise, most of which had been bought at civil war prices. It settled one of the greatest disputes of Litchfield county. Ever since Bud Jones bet Sid Peacock a quart of the hardest cider that Connecticut could produce against a quart of any other kind of hard stuff that Sid wanted to name—wood alcohol, Jersey Tangle-foot, hardscrabble applejack, shampagny, even—that it was in 1868 and not in 1869 that the big thunder shower came and lightning blasted

the great elm in the fork of the road to Sandsfield, thereby causing Hank Summers to lose Sally Hitchcock as a bride and Bill Johnson to get her, all of which drove Hank to drink, and an early death, there has been no one to decide the matter. The bet has been on for ten years and a lot of thirsty throats have been waiting until it was decided.

Bud wins, and late on Saturday night the representatives of several families had better call at Sid's place with lanterns to lead home the men who will participate in the payment of the wager. Old man Wheeler's diary settled the dispute. Wheeler was the greatest diary keeper in all Northwest Connecticut. They found about twenty of them in the attic of his house. His widow, who is now about 75 years old, sent word to lock them up, but the crowd got hold of them and scores of people sat up nearly all of Tuesday night reading them.

The diaries were mostly about the weather and the village happenings, and one entry in August, 1868, told about the big elm being blasted. Hank Summers had taken Sally out for an evening's drive. They were to be married the next week. Sally had had a quarrel with Bill Johnson and had thrown him over. She really loved Bill more than Hank. When the big shower came up Hank's brown mare got balky. Sally could not get out and walk. Some one came along and carried the news to Bill. He hitched up, drove to the place and offered to take Sally home. She went with him. Bill told her that if she took Hank for better or for worse she would have to take the balky mare with him. She declared that she wouldn't do that and the next day they ran off and got married. Bill got a lot of property with Sally and in less than a year Hank was gathered unto his Litchfield county fathers. Bill went to the Legislature. The great dispute is now settled.

Wheeler was 78 years old when he died in Waterbury last April. He had no children. He was born in Salisbury and went to Colebrook in 1858 to open his general store. He bought a farm of seventeen acres and with a brick house and a leanto on it, there being ten rooms in all, and he built himself a two story store, with a wagon shed, across the street, and stocked things up. On one side of the store were the dry goods and on the other the groceries, tobacco, boots and shoes and hardware. Far back in the store were a stove and a little desk. From the ceiling hung tinware, boots and shoes, ropes and lanterns, and along the bare spaces there were gathered in the course of time circulars telling of auctions, losts and founds, county fairs, picnics and a reward of \$20,000 for the discovery of the whereabouts of Charlie Ross.

Wheeler never kept a clerk. He had one great fear. It was of robbers. Often he made two or three trips of a night to see if his goods were all right. One night in 1874 he went down cellar to look around, and when he started up the stairs some one hit him on the head and

he fell to the bottom. He came to in about two hours, crawled to the top, found that his till had been robbed and some of his goods gone. He lay in bed for several days. The store remained shut. When he was able to get out he put bars up at the windows, hid the big brass key of the door and declared Wheeler's store shut for all time.

Hard times came along then, prices went down and it got to be the accepted story that Wheeler had said that not until the price of things had risen and he could get his money back would he ever sell the stock. The truth probably was that he had had enough of storekeeping if robbers were to go with it. He had made enough in sixteen years to live on. He always read all he could in

the newspapers about burglaries. He was through keeping store and it was his own business he had quit.

Wheeler's cronies always tried to get him to tell why he had gone out of business. His comment always was:

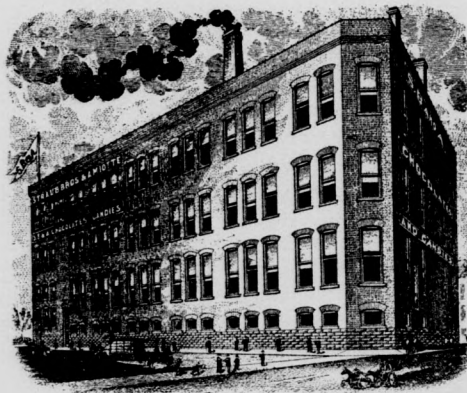
"Connecticut Yankees are known as pretty good guessers. Suppose you keep on guessin'."

And they did keep on guessin'. Sometimes they used to drive him pretty hard.

"Why, it is a sin," they used to say, "to let all that property go to waste. It's a crime! You might better give it to the poor."

And all Wheeler would say was:

"I hear you. Mabbe you know my business better'n I do. Mabbe you don't."



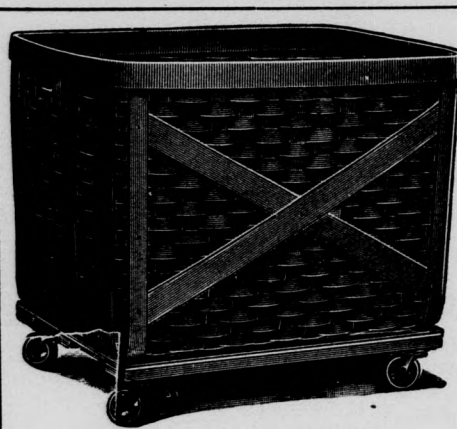
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are made. If you wish to increase your candy trade and enjoy its profits give them a trial and they will do the rest. Manufactured by

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BALLOU BASKETS ARE BEST



X-strapped Truck Basket

A Gold Brick

is not a very paying investment as a rule, nor is the buying of poor baskets. It pays to get the best.

Made from Pounded Ash, with strong cross braces on either side, this Truck will stand up under the hardest kind of usage. It is very convenient in stores, warehouses and factories. Let us quote you prices on this or any other basket for which you may be in market.

BALLOU MFG. CO., Belding Mich.

A HOME INVESTMENT

Where you know all about the business, the management, the officers

HAS REAL ADVANTAGES

For this reason, among others, the stock of

THE CITIZENS TELEPHONE CO.

has proved popular. Its quarterly cash dividends of two per cent. have been paid for about ten years. Investigate the proposition.

Then he'd go home and his diaries show entries like these:

"Another darned fool down in Phelps' drug store in Winsted wanted to know why I shut the store. I told him to keep on guessin'. They must be pretty tired o' guessin' by now."

Thereafter it is conjectured that Wheeler kept the store shut just for the low down, mean fun of keeping all the country guessin' about it and having fun over it himself until the very day he died.

Wheeler was not eccentric in other things. He was a short, thin, spare man, with a long bunch of whiskers from his chin and a smoothly shaven upper lip—you can see thousands of 'em all over New England to-day. His eye had a twinkle in it. He liked good things to drink, as many empty bottles branded familiarly and found in his cellar signified. Occasionally he played a game of cards in which three of a kind beat two pairs.

Otherwise he had few diversions except reading. He wrote a fine hand, was town clerk of Colebrook and once went to the Legislature. He dressed well, always had a good horse, was a good handshaker and was hail fellow whenever he came into Winsted. He inherited a lot of money, some say \$150,000, in 1890, and he and his wife went down to Waterbury to live. Every summer he came back to the old brick house to live all by himself. He had a neighbor run the farm and he enjoyed life. His fear of thieves remained all compelling with him, however, as was shown when they auctioned off his phaeton. It was in good condition, but the nut of every hub had been taken off and hidden. No thief could have got away with that vehicle. John Wheeler knew a thing or two.

And when the sale came the old-timers got together to tell stories about him. Zeb Hopkins recalled how once John beat his rival storekeeper all to pieces in a war they had. It was in the days when kerosene oil sold for something like 25 cents a gallon. It cost dealers 18 cents. The rival reduced his price to 20 and got a good run of trade. Then he reduced his price to 15 and Wheeler's customers came dropping in pretty lively. Wheeler said nothing, but did a lot of thinking. One day a large consignment of kerosene arrived at Wheeler's and the country began to talk. Wheeler announced kerosene at 15 cents. The rival dropped to 12, and so did Wheeler. Down, down it went until it reached folks for miles around. Wheeler said he guessed he could stand it and hoped the other fellow was feeling as good as he was. The other man quit after a while a heavy loser. It drove him out of business eventually. Wheeler said he didn't lose a cent.

"Well, if you paid 18 cents for your oil and sold it for four, why didn't you lose?" asked a friend.

"You darned fool," said Wheeler, "you don't suppose I sold any of my oil at that price. No, sir. I just hired all the small boys I could to go down to that fellow's place and buy his 4 cent oil and fetch it up here. Then I sold it for 4 cents and didn't lose anything. I've got all

that oil I bought yet and the price of that oil is now 25 cents a gallon."

Another man was telling of the time that Wheeler took a friend down to the Cherry Park fair, where there were some three card monte sharps. He took a confederate and schooled him up well. They bet together at varying figures, the proceeds, if any, to be divided, and it was agreed that neither was to select the card that looked to be the ace. Each took one of the other cards and by trimming the amount of their bets it was said that they beat the sharpers.

That night at a hotel the sharpers sought out the two farmers and wanted to play poker. Wheeler and his friend said they didn't know much about it, but would sit in. They won at first and then came a run of hard luck with busted flushes and straights. Once when Wheeler had the deal he looked at his cards, started to throw them down, saying that it was no use to keep on because he never could fill. Then he suddenly changed his mind and said he'd try it again. He took one card. He let the betting go by without raising. The next time he raised with apparent reluctance. He kept it up until the others called. He showed four tens to a king full that one of the sharpers had.

"I was mighty lucky to get that extra ten," he said, but the man who was telling the story said:

"John was always mighty powerful on the deal when it was necessary to be vigorous."

And so the stories went as to his shrewdness, all accounting for the way he got rich.

Well, they had to sell out after he died. Ex-High Sheriff C. C. Middlebrooks was the auctioneer, and he and Francis Sage, of Winsted, went up and opened things. They spent four days getting the things together and dusting them off. The floor of the store was decayed and it was unsafe to let a crowd in. The sale opened at 10 o'clock. By 9 o'clock Sheriff Middlebrooks had to put up a sign on the orchard fence:

"Drive in here and hitch."

Middlebrooks took a recess at 12:30 o'clock and then Caterer Russell was cleaned out. Herman Fritz's dairy next went dry and some joker shouted that his customers would have pure milk in the morning. Herman made a grimace, and Tom Baldwin went to the outskirts of the throng to tell his people about it.

"I almost died laughin'," he said. "I thought I'd bust!"

After the recess Middlebrooks took up the sale again. He got tired crying, and his friend Henry Manley, of Sandsfield, old-time wag auctioneer, took it up. Henry started in by singing, "Auld Lang Syne" and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." Then he eulogized Wheeler and said things were worth double what they were bringing. He said George Washington never slept in those feather beds or ate off the crockery or warmed his toes at the stoves, but all these things were just as good as any George did have, nowhatchergoingtobid on this ingrain carpet, prettiest design ever

Mr. Grocer—

Do you remember the number of brands of coffee that seemed popular a few years ago?

Can you recall the number of brands that are seeking the public's favor to-day?

Then Think of Bour's "Quality" Coffees

which have been the

Standard for Over Twenty Years

Don't experiment

Sell the Coffees of Proven Qualities

Sold by

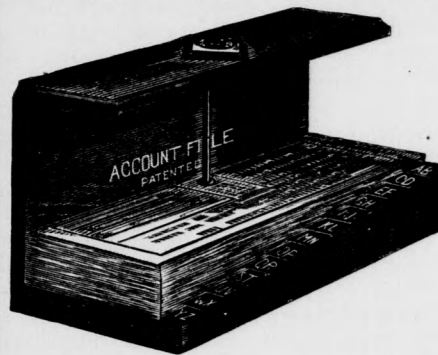
Twelve thousand satisfied grocers

The J. M. Bour Co., Toledo, Ohio

Detroit Branch

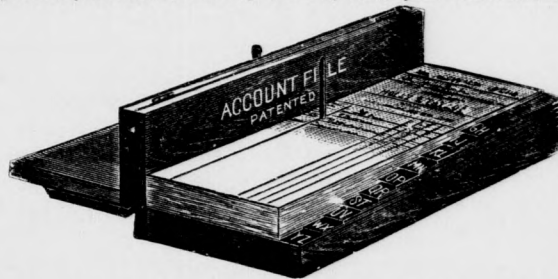
127 Jefferson Avenue

Simple Account File



A quick and easy method of keeping your accounts. Especially handy for keeping account of goods let out on approval, and for petty accounts with which one does not like to encumber the regular ledger. By using this file or ledger for charging accounts, it will save one-half the time and cost of keeping a set of books.

Charge goods, when purchased, directly on file, then your customer's bill is always ready for him, and can be found quickly, on account of the special index. This saves you looking over several leaves of a day book if not posted, when a customer comes in to pay an account and you are busy waiting on a prospective buyer. Write for quotations.



TRADESMAN COMPANY, Grand Rapids

made in war times He got \$4 for it. Then he held up a back scratcher.

"Much, 'much'mbid?" he asked. "Why, often I've seen the time I would have given \$2 to have one of these things, and I bet there's lots of you who have been in the same fix," he said. "It's terrible when your back itches and you ain't got no back scratcher. Goin', goin', gone for \$2."

So Manley cracked his jokes, and then Auctioneer Henry Ayres, of Torrington took up the work. Then Middlebrooks came back.

After they sold the household things they went across the street and sold the wagons, the sleigh, the grindstone, the hay and farm utensils and then came the store things.

They brought out the crockery, the nails, the razors, penknives, hairpins and the dry goods. All were snapped up. Then some one discovered the hoopskirts and the boys threw them over the girls' heads, hind side afore mostly, and the crowd had fun. About two dozen old derby hats with small rims came out. The girls snapped them up and put them on the boys' heads.

Then came a jar of butter thirty-three years old. It wasn't sold. There wasn't a building in the country strong enough to hold it and lots of farmers said they wouldn't use it for axle grease. There was a barrel of peanuts. The shells were there, but the mice had had the nuts. Cigars were sold at \$2 a box. Some of the men tried to smoke them, but they said the flavor was all gone and they tasted like carpet rags. Lots of these cigars are being saved in Litchfield county to pay election bets this fall. Sugar, tea, coffee, spices, lanterns, mutton tallow, tallow candles, bay rum, combs and brushes, buttons, lace insertion, calico, axes, paper and envelopes, women's stockings and men's socks, gaudy but good, went in a jiffy.

Then came the boots and shoes. The old copper toed, red topped boots, how they did go for \$2.50 and up a pair. All the old boys renewed their youth over those boots, and they told stories of sliding down hill and going to cider parties and bringing in the wood—gracious, how the old times did come back! Then there came the books. A fine collection of the statutes of Connecticut and a Webster's unabridged were the gems of the collection. There's a lot of law studying and spelling of big words going on in certain homes in the county as the result. The auctioneer said he wouldn't sell the canned beef because the new pure food law wouldn't allow it, and a great shout went up. Then he put up some undershirts.

"What's the size?" asked a man.

"How do I know?" said Joker Henry Manley, who was doing the crying. "Take 'em as you find 'em. You ain't got time to try 'em on here."

Another terrific shout, and Tom Baldwin sought out his folks and again explained the joke and told 'em he almost died alaughin' and thought he'd almost bust.

And so the sale went on—what's the use of trying to enumerate all

the things that were sold, except the paper collars? They went for about 50 cents a dozen, and the old fellows had lots of fun putting them on. Folks paid down the cash on the spot, loaded up the things, and when dark came all of John Wheeler's belongings were being distributed over Litchfield county and people were telling their neighbors all about the bargains they got. They brought war prices all right, and the estate was enriched by about \$700 from goods which had been allowed to lie fallow for thirty-three years.

Just before the sale closed it was discovered that two young women, who had strayed into the attic of the old store and who said they had been hunting for old postage stamps for the brothers' collections, were locked in. They got 'em out safely and they wept. They were the only tears that were shed, and the girls said they weren't shed for John Wheeler but because of him. As Middlebrooks was announcing the last sale some one found a lot of eggs that were thirty-three years old.

"Sell 'em, sell 'em!" was the shout. "What's the use?" said Middlebrooks. "There ain't anything in 'em. You can't use 'em, even to throw at bad folks."

"Yes, I can use 'em," shouted a buyer. "I want to use the shells to settle the grounds of the thirty-five-year-old coffee I bought," and Tom Baldwin nearly died alaughin' again and thought he'd bust.

Fifty years from now in Litchfield county the oldtimers will be telling the youngest generation that they guess Roosevelt must have been President along about the time the great Wheeler auction was held in Colebrook.—New York Sun.

Millions of Slate Pencils.

To supply the school children of this country with slate pencils a great many millions of those little writing instruments are made annually. In fact, in addition to the domestic output, no fewer than twenty million imported ones are used up in a twelvemonth, nearly all of them from Germany.

The slate used for pencils is a kind of schist, of so fine a grain that its particles are not visible to the naked eye. Occasionally impurities are accountable for "scratchy" slate pencils, which, instead of making a soft, delible mark, are liable to score the smooth surface to which they are applied. This kind of stone is largely silica and its black appearance is due to the carbon it contains.

Germany supplies all the world with slate pencils, producing nearly three hundred million annually. They are obtained from quarries in the neighborhood of Steinach, in Meiningen. Nearly all the work is done by hand and is so poorly paid that 15 marks (\$3.57) weekly is considered fair wages for a man, who, in order to earn this amount, must call upon his wife and children to help him.

Although wages are so much higher in the United States, slate pencils are manufactured here to compete with the imported article by the help of machinery. The rough stone is sawed into pieces of a certain size, each of which, when run

through a machine, yields six pencils of standard length—five and a half inches. They come out in cylindrical shape and are pointed by boys on emery wheels. Finally they are packed in cases of 10,000, selling for \$6.75, or about one-fifteenth of a cent each.

Most of the domestic slate pencils come from a quarry in Pennsylvania. From the same deposits which yield pencils are obtained slabs for slates and school blackboards. Efforts have been made to find some composition suitable for blackboards and school slates, but nothing is equal to the natural product. There are a good many so-called slate pencils of soapstone, which is a kind of talc with a soapy "feel," but they are inferior in quality.—Saturday Evening Post.

Rural Suspicion of New Money.

"The next time I go on a trip that takes me to a small village," remarked a local traveling salesman, "I'll see to it that I'm well supplied with the most ragged and dilapidated bunch of banknotes I can get my hands on. It recently happened that just as I started a trip I cashed a check at a bank, and the teller gave it to me all in brand new bills that never had a fold in them. I had to spend about a day and a half in a small town in the central part of the State. By the time I got there I was out of everything but my nice new bills. Well, my first awakening came when I tried to pay my hotel bill. The old man who presided behind the desk looked at the ten-spot I handed him, held it up to the light,

shook his head dubiously and then looked back at me. 'Is that all you have?' he asked me. I looked in my wallet and found a fiver. 'Possibly that will be small enough for you,' I said. But when he saw I had nothing about me but the new bills without a wrinkle in them he thought he had seen enough. 'Nope,' said he, with the air of a man who is blocking a slick game. And I had to go out and have one of those tens changed before I could get him to give me a receipt for my bill. I had to try two or three places before I could get the change, too, and I believe the ones that claimed to have no change were afraid I made the bill myself."

There is

no such thing as "Telephone Competition." The proper phrase is, "Telephone Duplication."

Avoid it.

"Use the Bell"

IT PAYS



CALL MAIN 330

PIN YOUR FAITH TO WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

for its absolute reliability—for the certainty and assurance of satisfaction to your patrons. Its quality has been proven to every grocer in the land a thousand times. You yourself know its probity and winning qualities.

Stick to it and don't be jollied into specious and doubtful propositions.



DWINELL-WRIGHT CO.
PRINCIPAL COFFEE ROASTERS
BOSTON CHICAGO

SYMONS BROTHERS & CO.
Wholesale Distributing Agents for
Saginaw, Michigan

Out-of-Town Mail Orders Require Special Care.

Written for the Tradesman.

If there is one part of the store work more than anything else that should have system it is the mail order department. This article has nothing to do with the so-called mail order house but has reference only to the ordinary store.

The most important item to be considered is that the answering of all correspondence and the filling of all orders should be in the hands of painstaking person, one who is not in the habit of making mistakes. Of course, some errors should creep in through sheer inability to decipher chirography or to discover just exactly what a writer is driving at, and this is perfectly excusable on the part of the one delegated to occupy the position of mail order clerk. This clerk should leave no stone unturned in the endeavor to carry out the orders of a letter calling for special goods. If the writing is exceptionally poor and almost illegible let the clerk consult some one (or more) of the store's force who are particularly adept at "making out" difficult handwriting. The former should not let pride of position stand in the way of making every effort to minutely carry out instructions. Here he must literally obey the Scriptural injunction to "Be not weary in well doing." An out-of-town customer who can feel certain that her wishes will be attended to just as well as it is possible to do so is not going to be lured away to other stores. She will "tie to" an establishment that takes infinite trouble to cater to her desires.

There is one mail order clerk in the city where I live who has an enviable reputation in this regard. "Many a time and oft" have I heard it remarked of him, "Well, you may make up your mind if Earl can't fill your order no one could." This young man has had such statements follow him in every capacity in which he has been employed. Quick to catch meaning of orders, he is as quick to execute them, and as accurate as he is quick. It is nothing short of wonderful the way that boy has developed along this peculiar line. He is invaluable to his chiefs; the store whence the boy draws his salary would find it an extremely onerous task to find someone to take his place. Add to celerity in thought, speech and action a keen appreciation of value, fabric and color and you have a combination under one hat that "doesn't grow on every bush," to use a homely old saying.

Lady patrons of the establishment where this young fellow is employed constantly call for the services of "that careful young man you call 'Earl,'" and then they will add that they "are not familiar with his other name;" that they "don't know now whether 'Earl' is the young man's first name or his surname; but anyway they want 'Earl' to fill their order."

And "Earl" it is from morning until night. There never was a more popular mail clerk. As I say, it's "Earl this" and "Earl that" all the whole time. And, strange to relate,

there isn't the least spark of jealousy exhibited towards the boy by his fellow-workers. All co-operate with him in his efforts to further the interests of the house, the members of which firm consider him a fixture so long as they have need of a man to attend to out-of-town mail orders.

J. Wolcott.

The Last Man.

The very last man to go on his vacation and live to get home again returned the other day. He was the book-keeper and cashier of a firm that had trusted him for years, but had finally become suspicious and wanted an examination of the books. They hinted in June that he ought to take two weeks off, but he said that he had rather keep on working. In July they almost insisted that he go, but he said he didn't see how they could get along without him. In August they tried their best to drive him off, and in September they finally succeeded in getting him started. He went to the country and was gone two weeks. The next day after his departure the firm had an expert at work on the books.

The "confidential" showed up at the store whistling the day after his return to be met with the remark:

"Mr. Blank, during your absence we have had the books overhauled."

"Yes."

"They show that you have been strictly honest since being in our employ."

"Yes."

"But we shall have to fill your place with another man."

"I see. For being honest?"

"Exactly. If we could have found that you had robbed the firm of about fifteen hundred dollars we could have called in the police, had a dozen reporters here, and every newspaper in the city would have given us a column of free advertising and called direct attention to the fact that we manufacture pure cider vinegar."

"I see—just so," said "confidential" as he turned on his heel.

"Try it for thirty days at our expense, and if not perfectly satisfied return at our expense."

Rapid Butchering.

John Glass, a butcher of Buffalo, N. Y., who has held the championship in killing and dressing beeves for the last twelve years, added another sprig to his chaplet of laurels by dressing a 1,300-pound carcass and making it ready for the cold storage in 4 minutes and 29 seconds. The contest in which the doughty Glass turned in this record was held at an abattoir in Gates. The winner clearly out-classed the local and other out of town experts who competed with him. A side issue of the tilt was the awarding of a \$100 bet which had been posted between Glass and a Chicago carnifex named Christopher Klincke.

Mr. Glass assailed his subject, a 1,300-pound brute, with much nerve. He showed a deal of knowledge of the subject, and when the offal was removed and the last shin bone cast aside, he had been busy only 4 minutes and 29 seconds. He was awarded the \$100 wager.

Mr. Retail Dealer:

Have you ever used a piano for increasing cash business?
 Would you be interested in a plan and piano to be given away absolutely free that will increase your cash business anywhere from 20 per cent. to 75 per cent.?
 Our plan and this high grade, standard piano unsurpassed for cash-bringing results.



Our way the new way, the only way to increase cash business without expense to merchants.

We have just such a plan and proposition, including piano, for one retail merchant only in a town. Our plan requires no investment or ready cash.

We can serve only one merchant in a town. Send today for particulars and ask for letters from dealers who have tried giving away a piano to their patrons, for cash trade, with very profitable results.

AMERICAN JOBBING ASSOCIATION

Iowa City, Iowa

40 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Grand Rapids Safe Co.

**Fire and
 Burglar Proof Safes
 Vault Doors**

Tradesman Building

WE carry a complete assortment of fire and burglar proof safes in nearly all sizes, and feel confident of our ability to meet the requirements of any business or individual. Intending purchasers are invited to call and inspect the line. If inconvenient to call, full particulars and prices will be sent by mail on receipt of information as to the size and general description desired.

THAT WINDOW DISPLAY.

Make It Original and It Will Surely Pay.

Written for the Tradesman.

"Why don't you get up a window display?" asked the customer of the grocer.

"What's the use?"

"It would draw trade."

"Draw nothing. This is no dry goods store. I can not attract the attention of women by showing new styles."

"You can make folks hungry by getting out a good display of provisions."

"I don't think it is of any use."

"You just come here a second."

The customer led the way to the sidewalk and pointed to the big plate glass window, which was not much to look at.

There was a round, shelf-like thing in the center, and on this were a few cans of tomatoes, peas, beans and tinned meats.

The papers on the shelves were faded and foul with dust. The whole interior was sprinkled with dead flies.

There was dust on the glass, and dust over everything in sight.

"That is enough to drive a man away from your store," said the customer.

The grocer stood silent for a moment and then broke into a shamefaced laugh.

"It does look pretty tough," he said. "I'll get one of the clerks to clean it out in the morning."

"Fix up something original for it."

"What would you suggest?"

"Set a breakfast table in there, a neat thing with fine linen and silver, and all the dainties in view."

"Oh, that would be a good deal of trouble, and, besides, it would cost quite a lot of money. No, that would be a waste of time and coin."

"It would be the cheapest advertising you ever did."

"I can't see why."

"Because it would attract attention, and that is advertising."

"But will the people thus attracted come into the store and buy? That is the question. It is useless to get a crowd in front of the store if they only satisfy their curiosity and go away without spending their money."

"If you get the people to talking about you," said the customer, "it will help your trade. It is a strange thing that grocers pay so little attention to window dressing. Half the the windows reflect interior conditions. There is no reason why a window display at a grocery should not be just as effective and as profitable as a window display at a dry goods store or a clothing house."

"Suggest something besides that breakfast table idea."

"What is the matter with the breakfast table idea? Suppose you put a placard in the window reading:

'Slater's Breakfast.'

"Get up a dainty meal of bacon and eggs, and toast and all that. Of course it will cost both time and money, but it will pay. Set out a meal for one, and do it right. Next day get up an entirely different menu."

"That is an old idea."

"It is original, I believe."

"But where does the profit come in?"

"Why, in less than a week you'll have the people of this part of the city wondering what Slater is going to have for breakfast. If you do the thing right, you'll have 'em coming down here to see what he has, and in a short time they will be ordering provisions for a breakfast like the one in the window."

"Do you really think that?"

"Of course I do. In every house in the city the women are wondering what to set out to break the dead monotony of eggs, chops, bacon, pancakes, and all that. You figure out new menus and put them in the window. They will be imitated fast enough, and the provisions for the meals will be bought here."

"You want me to set the style for home breakfasts, eh?"

"Put it that way if you want to."

"There is only one question in my mind: Will it pay? The expense would be considerable."

"Never refer to advertising as an expense. It is not an expense. It is an investment. But if you start in on this thing you must not expect to reap a rich reward the first day or the first week. It will take a long time for the idea to percolate through the noddles of the people hereabouts, but when you do get them coming, you'll have them coming good and plenty."

"I've tried so many things to draw trade that have failed that I'm leary about going in on this one, although it does look pretty good."

"You might give half a dollar for the best suggestion for a breakfast menu. That would get the women to guessing, and it would keep the interest alive. Put a card in the window saying: 'What will Slater have for breakfast to-morrow morning? Get busy and figure out a menu for him.'

"Now, don't you think the women would get busy? You bet they would, and they would be down at the store bright and early to see what Slater had for breakfast, and also to see who got the prize for the best menu."

"Now you begin to interest me."

"What's the new attraction in the scheme?"

"Why, the contest. Of course the women will come to the store to see what Slater has for breakfast, and also to learn who figured it out for him. I think I'll go in on that, and if it wins as I think it will you shall have the best suit of clothes that can be built in the city."

"That is all very well," said the customer, "but if you undertake the thing you must do it right. The object of a display window is to make people stop, and look, and think. You must have the table dainty, and you must have color—not too much color, but enough to attract attention."

"I understand that."

"And you must make your displays from the best grades of goods, and the orders you fill must be filled on honor."

"Oh, I'll attend to all that. If I can get the women to talking about my windows, and coax them here to see what Slater has for breakfast, I'll pass out only the best brands of the

provisions which make up the menu."

"That's the idea."

The grocer swept one hand before the window, with its soiled paper, its rusty cans and its pints of dead flies.

"Anyway," he said, "it will be an improvement on that."

"Yes, sure thing. You can make people hungry by putting good things in your windows. People like to look at good things to eat. Any artistic exhibition of good things excites the appetite, and thus creates trade. How would it answer to put a few articles in sight, without disturbing the artistic quality of the breakfast table, and show prices?"

"That is another good idea. I don't believe in showing goods without telling the price."

"Well, this idea will give you a change of display every day. That is something. Every day you must prepare your customers for the change by making a mystery of what will come next. Again, the idea of getting the women to plan menus for you will attract attention. You get to going with the scheme, and if it doesn't work I'll buy you a new hat."

And the grocer set to work on the novel idea, and in a week he had the women of that part of the city sitting up nights figuring out menus for him. They got up some dainty breakfasts for Slater, and that imag-

inary gentleman must have lived high up in the clouds for a number of weeks.

"What will Slater eat this morning?" became a household enquiry. The men laughed at the shrewd advertising scheme, but the women said that it was helpful as well as keen.

At the end of the month the customer went down to the store and got an order for the promised suit.

"Get up another scheme as good," said the grocer, "and I'll buy you an overcoat to go with that suit."

It may be that some grocer who reads this might make a hit in the same way. Anyway, it is worth trying. But don't try it unless you are determined to do it right.

Alfred B. Tozer.

Wanted SECOND-HAND SAFES

Grand Rapids Safe Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

GRAND RAPIDS PAPER BOX CO.

MANUFACTURER

Made Up Boxes for Shoes,
Candy, Corsets, Brass Goods,
Hardware, Knit Goods, Etc. Etc.

Folding Boxes for Cereal
Foods, Woodenware Specialties,
Spices, Hardware, Druggists, Etc.

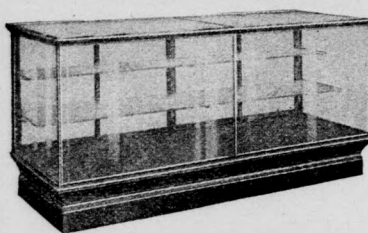
Estimates and Samples Cheerfully Furnished.

Prompt Service.

Reasonable Prices.

19-23 E. Fulton St. Cor. Campau,

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



Our Crackerjack Display Case
No. 25

Reduction In Price

of our famous "Crackerjack" cases. With 1000 cases in stock we can give you prompt service. All sizes and styles to meet your requirements.

Write for our catalogue A.

GRAND RAPIDS SHOW CASE CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The Largest Show Case Plant in the World

Lady Vernon

Chocolate Creams and a bottle of

Dorothy Vernon

perfume in every box. Packed in one pound boxes only.
"One of the most beautiful boxes ever put on the market."

PUTNAM FACTORY, National Candy Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE MASTER HAND.

It Is Little Things That Reveal Its Touch.

One of the real evils that afflict many workers in all lines is the fact that they too often regard their development as finished after working up to a certain standpoint. A stenographer, for instance, is content usually when a certain minimum of speed and efficiency is attained. A book-keeper often never will dream of trying to learn accountancy. It is axiomatic that progress will not be made if the worker is certain further development is impossible. The power of a fixed belief for good or evil is almost incredible.

Yet nothing is more sure than this—the more a man digs and studies the more he can see in his profession. The attitude of foolish content, smug self-satisfaction, unwillingness to progress, and hence the non-bringing out of the best within oneself is disastrous.

The world's fastest man stenographer, for example, was not content with merely learning shorthand and attaining a high rate of speed on the machine. He found out just how and why it was possible to operate some typewriters faster than others. He threw himself into studying the mechanism of various machines, and the laws which govern or limit speed. After he was a "star" he wrote an instructive little book on the subject of attaining speed. Every paragraph of that book showed there was a hidden reason for his supremacy.

To a man who really loves finance and will explore the methods which have reduced accountancy to a science there is nothing about book-keeping which savors of drudgery. He can tell you fifty different ways of keeping a certain account and in the twinkling of an eye explain why one method is better adapted to a certain business than another. He revels in pulling to pieces certain fond delusions of the book-keeping world. He is an expert in short cuts to figuring out things. To hear such a man talk one would think the subject of accountancy was the beginning and end of all things. It is rightly so to him to a great extent. If he thought that there was a finer profession to engage in "pay couldn't hold him" from learning it.

The most willing man in all the world to see the faults in his own work usually will be the man who is the most proficient in his line. Content with himself is the last thing in the world to enter his mind. Contrast this attitude with the smug, self-contented attitude of the "small man"—the one who would feel highly insulted if it were hinted that there was still something for him to learn.

An almost infallible way to test a man's capacity is to get him to speak of his work in relation to other things. The one who makes headway is all the time trying to figure out the big cause that produces the small effect. The other and non-progressive individual constantly is aiming to see everything from his own angle.

An employer a short time ago described the point aptly when he said:

"No man in business is trying to create jobs for people to slip into. The one most wanted is the worker who takes an interest in the whole business and wants to learn it at any cost."

This employer stated that in all his experience he had been approached by only two people who wanted a position so that they could assist to develop business, and who never asked a word about remuneration, hours, or details.

All business men are engaged in the game of commerce for the profit there is in it. Naturally their thoughts turn affectionately toward the man who helps them to make two dollars grow where but one grew before.

The trouble with thousands of workers is that they never harness their whole brain power to the problem at hand. When a man is in danger he often will develop surprising agility and resource. Latent and unexpected powers demonstrate themselves in the twinkling of an eye. Innumerable workers could perform wonders if they only threw themselves into their labor and did not hold anything back.

Perfunctory performance of work is one thing, whole hearted toil entirely in another class. Some time ago, the assistant of a department head applied for the vacancy created by the passing away of his chief.

"What are your qualifications?" asked the general manager.

"Why, I can do the work just as well as it has been done before. I know it from A to Z."

The manager chewed a cigar reflectively for a moment. Then he asked: "How many improvements have you in mind that you can introduce immediately into the work?" The department head assistant named several.

"But were not all these improvements suggested by your late chief, and in course of being put into effect?" The other had to agree that it was so.

Then the manager remarked, "This isn't really my job; but right now I can name off hand twenty-five things that can be done to improve the work of this department," and he did so. Needless to say, the applicant didn't get the vacancy.

Henry Clay Frick, multi-millionaire, when a youth, was the only man in what was termed a "God forsaken place" to see the vast opportunity of the locality as a coke center. He spent all his spare time in learning everything possible about coke. He saved his money and bought options. Then, when the time was ripe, he made application to a bank for the loan of a good many thousand dollars to form a company, with himself at the head. At this time he was but a clerk of about 25, but so striking was his mastery of the problem that the bank financed him, and he made 100 per cent. on the capital of his concern within a year or two.

It is the little things that reveal the touch of the master hand. The ablest workers scorn the idea of their being any such thing as fixed development. George Brett.

Success

BECAUSE we want the best trade and the most of it, we do printing that deserves it. There is a shorter way to temporary profits, but there is no such thing as temporary success. A result that includes disappointment for somebody is not success, although it may be profitable for a time.

Our printing is done with an eye to real success. We have hundreds of customers who have been with us for years and we seldom lose one when we have had an opportunity to demonstrate our ability in this direction.

Tradesman Company
Grand Rapids, Michigan

HARDWARE

What Lines of Hardware To Handle.

There are three essential points to be considered always before deciding to handle a new line of goods:

1. Will they sell?
2. Will they give satisfaction?
3. Will they pay a fair profit upon the handling and investment?

To these three commercial points may be added two of a more personal nature:

Am I equipped financially and otherwise for handling these goods at this time?

Are the people who make them to be relied on?

It is sometimes claimed that good advertising and energetic salesmanship will sell anything. Within limits this is true, and dangerous in proportion to its truth. The article which can not be sold upon its merits is always sold upon misrepresentation, whether expressed in words or not. No one ever buys anything he does not believe to be of value to him, either for some practical purpose or for amusement. If it fails to give the desired result there is disappointment, dissatisfaction, no matter whether the misrepresentation was made by the seller of the article or by the imagination of the purchaser; in either case the feeling of hostility is just about the same. This is not always justice, but it is a fact, and, after all, there is a good deal of justice in it, for the man who sells poor goods by gilt-edge argument is first cousin to the one who sells them by means of gold paint and misleading appearance. In both cases the sale is effected by creating an assumption of quality which does not in reality exist. Misrepresentation is frequently effected without words, and the disappointed customer who charges up the errors of his own enthusiasm to the establishment that by skillful display made an inferior article look attractive to him has a good deal of reason as well as all of human nature on his side.

The question of salability is one of degree rather than fact. How difficult will it be to sell? That line which, other things being equal, requires a greater amount of expert salesmanship, of energy, of enthusiasm, is more expensive to handle than something more popular in itself. The profits of a sale can not be reckoned as the difference between the cost of the goods and the price at which they were sold; the cost of the selling must be regarded. So it is necessary to ask not only, Will the goods sell? but How easily will they sell? not for the purpose of shirking the difficult task, but for the very legitimate purpose of reckoning the cost at which the selling will be accomplished.

Whether the goods will give satisfaction depends upon the purchaser and the salesman as well as on the article sold. If, in order to effect a sale, the pressure must be great

upon the salesman's part, there is a pretty good chance of a dissatisfied customer unless the service rendered by the purchase is fully as great as has been represented. The man who buys an article under the momentary influence of another must get more than the ordinary due of satisfaction, else he will feel aggrieved. The question then comes in, Does the man really need the article; will it be of enough service to him to warrant its purchase? Does the neighborhood need the article? Are there enough people here who would really get just value for their money out of the purchase to make it a profitable line to handle? If so, and if the article is one that can be sold without too great pressure, enough to in itself create dissatisfaction, the vital point is still at issue, does this particular article merit my salesmanship; is it what my community needs; will it answer their purpose?

The third consideration is, perhaps, the only one that can be worked out in figures, and even here conjecture must be used to represent an unknown quantity. Questions of freight and the location of the factory or shipping point; what classification do the goods come under? What is their nature? If bulky, greater expense must be figured in for rent and storage; if very heavy, the expense may be transferred to handling and drayage. Sometimes the article may be sold by sample, and occasionally, as in the case of a gas or gasoline engine, the sample may be made to pay at least a portion of its own expenses by putting it to some useful occupation. At the same time, in operation, it makes its own most impressive advertisement. The article which will not be dead property during the time it is stored can be more cheaply handled than something that requires more than all of its own energies for its care.

A Lemon Instead.

"Do you know," a pretty bride of three months said to a friend the other day, "I think all these jokes about young wives having so much trouble with butchers and grocers, and being cheated, and all that, are just too foolish."

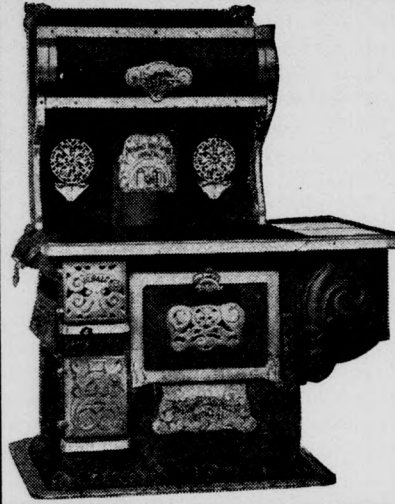
"Then I presume you are getting on all right with yours, dear?" her friend enquired.

"Why, of course I am! Anybody would if they would just deal at a reliable place," the young wife declared. "Now there is my grocer," she continued, "he is just as obliging and thoughtful as can be. The other day I ordered a dozen oranges, and when they came I found there were but eleven in the bag, so when I went to the store again I told him so."

"Why, yes, ma'am," he said, "I know there were. I had put in a dozen, but I noticed that one of them was spoiled, and of course I wouldn't send you any but the best goods, so I took it out."

"Now, don't you think that was nice in him to be so thoughtful and honest?" she concluded.

When ambition weds avarice aspiration dies.



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SECRET OF SUCCESS.

It Consists In Training the Five Senses.

The secret of success is in the senses. They are the gateways of our knowledge of the outer world, and whether we have five, or the added sixth, or the promised seventh, these it is that lead us to knowledge edge.

If our senses are defective all our knowledge, all our work is defective. And if they are cultivated we not only are wiser and more skillful, but we also are better.

Rousseau, the celebrated French philosopher and educator, asked eloquently whether we have "naught but arms and legs? Have we not also eyes and ears? And are not these latter organs necessary to the use of the former? Exercise then not the muscles only but the senses that control them."

But after all, our senses are in great neglect. A Peres, another fine Frenchman, has found that when we measure acuteness of vision we find that it is becoming weaker; that hardness of hearing is on the increase; and that, as for taste and smell, they are used up.

We have given care to the physical strength and vigor so that the general term, "physical education," finally has assumed the restricted meaning of muscular education.

The length and exactness of the sight, the skill and sureness of the hand, the delicacy of the hearing, Mme. Pope-Carpentier said, are of value alike to artist and artisan by the rapidity and perfection of work they insure. Nothing embarrasses a man so trained; he is ready for anything. His cultivated senses have become tools for universal use. The more perfect his sensations the more justness and clearness do his ideas acquire. The education of the senses is the primary form of intellectual education.

The influence of training on the senses easily is seen. The adroit marksman never misses his aim; the savage perceives and recognizes the slightest rustling; certain blind persons know colors by touch; the precision of jugglers is surprising; the gourmet recognizes the quality of a wine among a thousand others; odor is with chemists one of the most sensitive reactions.

The senses operate in two ways, passively, when the organ is acted upon by exterior bodies solely from the fact that it is situated on the surface of the body, and independently of the will. They operate actively when the organ is directed and excited by the will and goes in advance of the body to receive the impression.

The impressions made by exterior objects on the sense organs, the nerves and the brain, are followed by certain mental operations. These two things often are confounded. We are in the habit of saying that our senses often deceive us; it would be more just to say that we do not always interpret correctly the data that they furnish us. The act of interpretation may be learned. And this is the cultivation of the senses.

The senses may be cultivated in early life, because it is in this period that the organs adapt themselves and lend themselves best to the functions for which they are made, and because in children the senses have a considerable preponderance in their activities. The child is curious, touches everything, observes, listens, and handles with ardor and eagerness, so that exercises for educating the senses are for him as easy and pleasant as amusements.

The development and regularity of any one sense plays its part in the harmony of all. There is a sort of mutual aid society among the senses, as Dr. Willington Miller called it.

Miss Camilla E. Teisen of the Pennsylvania Institute for Feeble-minded Children thinks sight the most important sense to develop, and that most easily developed. She feels assured of development in other directions as soon as the idea of color dawns upon the child's mind. According to her experience, the development of one sense is accompanied by improvement of the other senses. She has found it impossible to reach the moral sense without a fair development of the physical senses.

Improvement of the physical senses usually has been shown to improve the habits and manners. A child who distinguishes sound and appreciates music will not be so likely to howl and scream as others, and a child who feels the influence of color is far less inclined to tear its clothes than another.

The training of the defective is suggestive of what can be done with people possessed of all their five senses. The eyes of the deaf are made to do the work of two senses, and in time attain the most extraordinary power and even subtlety of vision. It has been suggested that their highly developed eyes would be useful in the most delicate astronomical and physical experiments, where instruments of precision are commonly employed.

For many years a totally deaf man has occupied a place in the United States civil service. He received his first appointment on the strength of admirable papers in the civil service examination. Despite his infirmity, he took the regular course at a large university, recited with his classmates, attended lectures, and took his degree. President and professors may not have known that he was a deaf man. Certainly some of his classmates did not know it. For business reasons his deafness has been kept secret, so secret that when a keen newspaper man went through the office in which he was employed in search of a deaf clerk, he failed to find such a man or any one who knew of the existence of such a man in the department.

Dr. Wallaston, the authority on hearing, found that some people could not hear the cry of the bat, nor the chirp of the house cricket, nor the chirping of sparrows, which is four octaves above F in the middle of the pianoforte. Not to be able to hear this last note he considers most rare. He believes the whole range of hum-

an hearing to be compressed between the deepest notes of the organ and the highest known cries of insects, including fully nine octaves. Of course, the insects may make sounds which are inaudible to humans. There are but few insects that have any cry at all to our ears. There may, however, be no such thing as dumb animals. Probably also they hear much that we can not hear.

Horses are known to hear what is inaudible to people. At the time of an earthquake along the shores of the Mediterranean the horses for several days before exhibited every symptom of abject fear. Some could not be made to stir from their stables. Some were unmanageable in harness, would stop on the road and shake with terror. When the deep rumbling noise and awful roaring were first heard by people, which was only a few seconds before the earthquake, their fright reached a climax. They may have heard subterranean sounds which made them sweat and tremble, and which their masters did not catch.

Rousseau called attention to the fact that "as all that enters the human understanding comes through the senses, the first reason of man is a sensuous reason; and it is this which serves as a basis for the intellectual reason. Our first teachers of philosophy are our feet, our hands, and our eyes. In order to learn to think we then must exercise our limbs, our senses, and our organs, which are the instruments of our intelligence."

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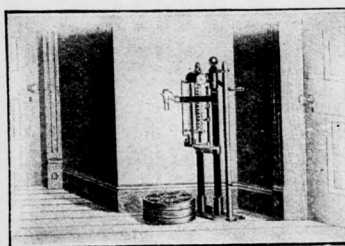
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Your customer brings in a can for a gallon of oil. All that is then necessary is to hang that can under the nozzle of the Bowser Pump, set the indicator for one gallon and give the handle one stroke. When exactly the right quantity is in the can, the pump automatically stops. Other amounts measured in the same way.

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"If you have an old Bowser and want a new one, write us for our liberal exchange offer."

SAVED FAMILY CREDIT.

Kleptomaniac's Startling Crime Unearthed by Detective.

Gregory Knickerbocker, expert kleptomaniac, son of the Hon. William Knickerbocker, magnate, and of Mrs. William Knickerbocker, social leader, for weeks had failed to disturb the august serenity of the Knickerbocker household. I knew it was time for him to break out again. Old Knickerbocker, the father, gleefully announced his opinion that at last the wave of reform had struck and engulfed Gregory and that his penchant for stealing from his friends died a painful but complete death. Mrs. Knickerbocker had recovered her equanimity and poise sufficiently to issue cards for a reception. But to me the lack of activity of the boy did not, in the language of the street, look good. Unless my experience with thieves of his maniacal kind went for naught, he simply was lying low, planning or executing a new and complicated piece of thievery.

And I was right. It was on the way downtown on the elevated that I first saw the evidence of another outbreak on the part of Gregory. It was in the form of a column newspaper story with generously leaded headlines:

"Famous Painting Stolen—Priceless Gainsborough Pilfered from Home of Millionaire Van Brundt—Thief Ruthlessly Slashes Canvas from Frame."

Then followed the story of the newspaper, chronicling an event calculated to excite the interest of its constituency. Boiled down to its actual necessary details, the yarn was this: The celebrated Van Brundt Gainsborough, valued at \$30,000, had been stolen from the art gallery of the Van Brundt mansion by a thief who had cut the canvas from the frame and left no trace of his nature or identity. The Gainsborough was as well advertised as it was valuable. Martin Van Brundt, its owner, was not gifted with the gift of reticence, nor was he disinclined to let the public know, via the daily press, whenever he purchased a costly painting. Unlike some connoisseurs of art, he did nothing to hinder the public from knowing exactly what his indulgence in his fad cost him, so the whole country knew that he had paid \$30,000 for a Gainsborough measuring only 26x30 inches, and that the picture hung with the rest of his collection in his famous mansion in Garth street.

In detective and police circles it had been common talk that Van Brundt was inviting some artistic picture thief to try his skill by so widely advertising his possession of the little Gainsborough, and my first thought now was, "So they've got that picture at last," and my thoughts from this flew to the possible whereabouts of three deft gentlemen renowned for their ability in just such kind of work.

Then I remembered that Van Brundt and Gregory Knickerbocker were bosom friends, and I put the three professionals out of my mind in an instant and substituted Greg-

ory, the rich but clever kleptomaniac.

This caused me to grow serious. If this was the work of Gregory—and the most simple follower of the science of deduction, knowing what I did, could arrive at no other conclusion than that it was—he had at last turned the impossible trick from my point of view.

I read the story through and stuffed the paper in my pocket.

"A picture cut out of its frame," I ruminated. "I wonder if Gregory is wise to the fact that somebody is taking care of him, and has resolved to steal something that can not be returned. I think—I think I'll go down and see his father."

It was early, and Knickerbocker, senior, had failed to arrive at his office. I waited. He came in fresh from an auto run from his country home, full of good health and spirits, and I knew by these signs that he knew nothing of the story that was in the morning papers.

"Good morning, Baldwin!" he cried, cheerily. "Glad to see you. Lovely morning, isn't it? Lovely morning. These sharp Indian summer days make me feel like a boy again. Why, what's the matter? What are you so serious about?"

"Have you seen the morning papers?" I asked.

"Thank heaven, no! I've been away from everything of the sort since Friday afternoon. I won't allow 'em near the place up there. What's in 'em to interest us this morning?"

It was a shame to do it. He was feeling so fine. But it had to be done.

"I suspect that he's broken loose again," I said, handing him the paper.

He caught the import of the story in one sharp glance, and sat down abruptly.

"Well, I'll be —! Still, Baldwin, you only suspect it. You haven't been up to the house to see? Good! There is still a chance, then—still hope. I don't believe he did it. Baldwin; no, I don't. I really do believe he's stopped his crazy stealing—that he's cured. Why—why, he never went so long before without making trouble."

"No, quite true," I replied. "Let's hope for the best. But we'd better run up to your house and make sure, hadn't we?"

"Oh, of course. My car is waiting outside. Come on. Let's run up at once."

Thirty minutes of dodging trolley cars, frightening pedestrians and cab horses, and the big Panhard stopped throbbing in the port cochere of the Knickerbocker residence.

"Is Gregory in?" queried Knickerbocker of the butler. "No? Come on, Baldwin; let's have it over with in a hurry."

We went up the stairs two at a bound. A duplicate key let us into Gregory's room, and another opened for us the little closet in which Gregory invariably deposited the results of his crazy depredations.

I was looking for a roll of canvas and was agreeably disappointed when my first survey of the little room failed to reveal anything of that

nature. There was nothing on the floor; Gregory custom was to throw his plunder carelessly upon the floor.

"Nothing there, eh?" jubilated Knickerbocker. "What d'you think, Baldwin, have you not guessed wrong?"

"I hope so."

But as I spoke I was running my hands under Gregory's clothing on the hooks, and almost at the first move my hand ran onto, not a roll of canvas, not a loose picture, but a picture frame, hidden under an Inverness cloak.

I drew the cloak off and switched on the light.

Knickerbocker swore. I would have done likewise, only I was too astounded to speak. There on the cloak hook hung the celebrated Van Brundt Gainsborough fully framed, and bearing no sign of ever having been touched by anything or anybody ever intending to do it any harm.

It was not cut or slashed! It had not been rolled. It wasn't in a new frame. It was the picture just as the papers had described it upon its arrival from England!

"Is that it?" I said, turning to Knickerbocker. "You've seen it; is that the picture and the frame?"

He nodded in a dazed sort of fashion.

"That's it," he said slowly. "That's the original Gainsborough, and the original frame, as I remember it. What—what does it mean?"

I put the cloak back, covering the painting, and turned out the light. Knickerbocker followed me out me-



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chanically, and we locked the doors behind us and passed downstairs into the hall.

"What—what in dickens is the connection?" queried the old man, weakly. "I don't seem to understand. Here the papers say that Van Brundt's picture was cut out of its frame, and the ragged edges of canvas left, and here upstairs is the original painting, intact, unless I'm blind and have lost my memory. What do you make of it, Baldwin? It must be that the papers are wrong, as usual."

"It might be that," I admitted. "Of course I'll have to look it up right away. I can't say that I see my way clearly, myself."

"Well, Gregory's mixed up in it, at all events," he said, resignedly. "Get to work on it; straighten it out, straighten it out in a hurry—if you can."

Then he left me and went downtown and I got a cab and had myself driven to within a block of the Van Brundt mansion. I dropped into a barroom and easily discovered that their butler's name was Boggs.

As I expected to do, I found neither Mr. nor Mrs. Van Brundt at home when I called. I had adjusted my visit to their home to correspond with what I hoped to be their period of absence, and I was not mistaken.

"Is Miss Van Brundt in, then?" I asked.

"No, sir, I think not," said the butler.

I handed him a \$5 bill.

"Thank you for your trouble," I said. "You're sure she's not in?"

I had him sized up right.

"I'll see, sir; she may be in after all."

"Just a moment," I said as he started away. "Come back here. You look like a man of judgment and sense, and like a business man. Here, have a cigar. By the way, isn't it true that the servants here have been under surveillance ever since the picture robbery was discovered?"

He grew purple all over his big, fat face.

"Not all of the servants, I'll have you know, sir," he spouted like a ruffled turkey cock. "Some of the lower class people here have been, I might say, suspected, sir; but there are servants in this establishment who are trusted like as if they was members of the family, sir. When you say that the servants here have been watched, sir, you are wrong; but if you say that some of the servants have been watched, you are quite right, sir."

"Of course," I said, "and you are not included in the 'some.' Wasn't that what I said? Or didn't I make myself clear? Do you suppose I would come to you and talk that way if I didn't know who you were and didn't have information from headquarters that you were a responsible man and represented the household when none of the family is here? Do you suppose I would make such a break? Do you suppose I'd give myself away like that to you if I didn't have an understanding with your master about you? A fine sort of a detective to work for Mr. Van Brundt I'd be if I didn't know any better than

that! Here, light up; they're better than the kind your master gives you."

"Well, now, sir, I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Butler. "I thank you for the cigar, sir, and the match. And I beg your pardon and hope you won't hold anything against me for this; because how was I to know that you was a detective or that you was working for Mr. Van Brundt when I'd never seen you before and didn't have any word about you, sir?"

"Now, that's all right, Boggs," I said. "I merely wanted to test your shrewdness. Don't worry about anything being held against you, Boggs. Why, you and I are going to work together on this job. I've no doubt that you've got your idea of who stole the painting, and I want to hear it. It'll be a fine feather in your cap, Boggs, if you can put us on the way to recover this picture, I can promise you that."

"The master mentioned my name, did he, in that connection? Well, of course, of course. Mighty nice of him it was, though as you say, of course, I was to be mentioned in such cases."

"Certainly. And now, Boggs, let's get to work and look over the picture gallery. And, by the way, Boggs, how d' find that cigar? Good! Oh, I say, Boggs, I wouldn't let any of the common servants know that we're here. No, nor Miss Van Brundt, for that matter. Keep it entirely secret; it's best, you know."

"Of course, sir; secret it is. And here we are at the gallery."

"Close the door behind us, Boggs. Ah, there's the frame still hanging right where Mr. Van Brundt said I'd find it."

I continued to talk to the big, fat booby to hide my surprise. The frame before me, from which the priceless canvas apparently had been, as the reporter said, "ruthlessly slashed by a vandal hand," was a duplicate of the one in Gregory's closet, if duplicates there be in this imperfect world. Its stained gold was of exactly the same shade as that of the other frame; its formation was exactly the same. The canvas itself had been cut close down to the frame. The "ragged edges" were there sure enough, but they were small. At no place was more than one-sixteenth of an inch of the canvas left, as nearly as I could judge without measuring.

Now, honestly, I could say with old Knickerbocker: "What does it mean? I don't seem to understand?"

Looking at the evidence before me it was plain to see that the theft had been committed in the manner described in the papers. The canvas had been cut from the frame. The frame had been left as it hung. But how, then, did Gregory Knickerbocker have the painting, immaculately framed, hanging under his Inverness cloak at home?

"Quite plain, isn't it, Boggs?" I said. "Somebody has just slashed the thing out, slipped it under his coat, and hiked out. H'm! It certainly looks like some servant, doesn't it, Boggs?"

"Indeed it does, sir. Although it

would be far from me to say what I think until I know more than I do know. In time, sir, I may speak out, but not just now."

"That's right, Boggs. Your caution justifies your master's high opinion of you. Now, what's that little room at the other end of the gallery?"

"Come in and see, sir," said Boggs, leading the way. "It's the master's den. He has his particular friends in here when he wants to get away from the company, sir."

"Ha, ha! Sort of a stagroom, eh? Just his particular friends in here, you say, Boggs?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Carson, and Mr. Golden, and Mr. Gregory Knickerbocker—particularly Mr. Gregory, sir."

"Mr. Gregory and he are close friends, you say, Boggs?"

"Close friends? Chums, you might say. They—they have merry times together."

"Merry times, eh? Hah! For instance?"

"Well, what you might call soaked, if it was me, sir. Being them, it is only—only a merry time."

I don't know which of us laughed the more heartily. Boggs was certain he had delivered himself of some subtle humor, and I had Gregory's opportunity unearthed.

"Mr. Knickerbocker hasn't been around lately, though, has he, Boggs? I thought he was in Florida."

"In Florida? No, indeed. Why, it was only the other night that he and Mr. Van Brundt had one of their—their merry times, sir. Hah,

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COFFEE

is sometimes called the national drink because it is to be found in every home.

People drink it on the average of twice a day, therefore it has a great deal to do with the digestion.

It should be good coffee, all the greenness must be taken out in the roasting, all the unripe beans should be cast aside. These are the qualifications of

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

hah! A merry time. I let Mr. Gregory out the front door, and he called me 'Mollie, dear!' Hoh, hoh! 'Mollie, dear!' He's a case, he is. No, he's not in Florida; wasn't a couple nights ago, at least, sir."

"Did Mr. Van Brundt get—was he merry like Gregory, too, Boggs?"

"Merry? Hoh! Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Gregory helped him up to his room; that's how he was, sir—that way."

"Was he, really, Boggs? Now, do you mind if we sit down and smoke a bit? I want to plan my work, if I can. And, say, Boggs, I know it's asking a lot, but could you get a drink for us? We'll go out and have something on me after we're through here."

"Never mind, sir. Glad to have something with you right now. I won't be gone over two minutes, sir; be right back."

Two minutes alone was all that I wanted and I couldn't think of anything but a drink to get Boggs out of the way. There was one window in the art gallery. It was a stained glass affair that turned in and out. As Boggs said that he had let Gregory out of the house on the night that the boy must have stolen the picture, I knew that he hadn't carried the thing out with him, or it would have been discovered. And I knew that he wasn't any more intoxicated than I was at that moment, and that he must have had some means of getting the picture out before he met Boggs.

There was the window. It was the only way, although I had no theory of how the trick had been turned, save that the window was concerned.

I worked the catch open and found to my joy that the thing moved easily. The window was a mere ornament to the wall, not calculated to admit light or air, probably never was opened for either purpose, and that it worked readily seemed an indication that it had been opened recently, and the missing picture naturally supplied the reason for such circumstance.

The window opened over the walk leading from the front around to the rear of the Van Brundt home. There was no other window beneath it, the architecture of the house being such that it alone served to break a monotonous stretch of stone wall. It was too small to permit the passage of the body of any man save one built on the dimensions of a board a yard wide and a couple of inches thick.

I hoisted myself up to get a view of the grounds below. In doing so my hand, going over the casing to the outside, came in contact with a hook, one of the kind placed in outer sashes for the fastening of storm and screen windows.

Now, a hook like that was nothing, but on that hook was something that was something. It was a piece of string. Simply working for every possible clew I pulled on the string. It came up in my hand, a thin, black fishline, and I continued to pull, and the string continued to come, until I had drawn up twenty-five feet, quite enough to reach from the window to

the ground below. Then I heard Boggs slowly mounting the stairs and I threw the line out as it had been, closed the window, slipped back the catch, and was in my chair, leisurely smoking, when the old fellow puffed into the room with the whisky.

"Have you been thinking of things, sir?" asked Boggs.

"I have," said I. "And this ought to help me finish the job."

Without letting him know that he was being led, I managed to get Boggs to show me around the grounds, and thus I was enabled to pass and examine the window from the outside, and the string.

Boggs never saw the line at all, although we stood within a yard of it. It was thin and black, it hung against the dark gray—almost black—wall of the house, and, in fact, unless one knew it was there and was looking for it, it was next to impossible to distinguish. The end hung within five or six feet of the ground. It was frayed and white, apparently having been broken recently. We went on, Boggs talking about the stables and myself working to connect the string and the picture and Gregory.

If it had been a simple case of one picture—of the theft of the Gainsborough without any complications—I now would have had the solution in my hands; the picture must have been let down by the string from the window above. But there were two pictures—two. And then the thing came to me as plain as the nose on Boggs' face.

Gregory had stolen the original picture in the manner I had deduced, but first he had substituted the frame with the ragged canvas edges now hanging in the art gallery upstairs! The frame there now was merely a blind! It was Gregory's way of adding confusion to his theft.

"This, sir, is the blue ribbon winner in the runabout class," Boggs was saying.

"Oh, yes," said I. And my thoughts were running. First he fastened the line on the hook up on the window, then he fastened the fake frame to the line down below; then, up in the gallery when he'd got Van Brundt drunk, he jerked the Gainsborough off the wall, opened the window, drew up the false frame, hung it up in the place of the picture, which he fastened to the end of the string, and dropped out of the window, closing and locking the latter behind him. Then, after he had been let out by Boggs, he slipped around in the dark and got his picture, jerking it off the line in his hurry, and got away at his leisure. How devilishly simple his awful ingenuity was—when you had worked it out!

After I had bought Boggs the promised drink I swore him to secrecy regarding our work, telling him that I felt sure that his idea was right, and that I was on a trail that would lead to the detection of the ignorant, unfaithful servant who had done the deed.

"I've got to go away now to follow the clew elsewhere, Boggs," I said, assuming an air of deep mystery. "I can depend upon you to

say nothing to anybody about this—not even to your master or mistress. It might spoil things, you know, Boggs; people have a way of taking these things in their own hands; and you know it will be all the bigger a feather for you when we trot out the culprit without having said a word to let anybody expect any such thing."

"Certainly, sir, I'll be silent until you give the word to speak."

"Good boy, Boggs. And, say, Boggs, I notice there's a \$2,500 reward for the return of the picture. You—you'd be willing to split with me if I manage, by following your suggestion, to land the man?"

"Split? Twenty-five hundred? Well—well, I suppose it would be only right," said Boggs. "Yes, we'll call it that—half and half. And there's my hand on it."

An hour later I was back in the Van Brundt hall again talking to Boggs.

"I think I've got him," I whispered. "Think I've got him landed through a dealer in stolen goods. Unless I'm much mistaken he's scared and will make an attempt to return the painting to-night, late. Now, Boggs, we can't let him return that thing and make his escape. We've got to nab him with the canvas in his hand. Now, what I want you to do is this: When I come here to-night at 11 o'clock you are to take me into the picture gallery without saying a word or without letting anybody see me. It will be between 11 and 12 that he comes. I'll be in the dark, and bang! we'll have our \$2,500

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Refer H. P. Davock, Referee, Detroit.

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Mr. Retailer—If business is quiet and you need the money write me for particulars. My charges are nominal and I will positively make you money with a small comparative expense.

Mr. Wholesaler—If you have customers that are slow, customers that owe as much as their stock inventories, and you wish to get out from under, write me and learn what years of experience and study in this kind of work have taught me.

Open for a Few Eastern Engagements After Nov. 15

T. R. GALVIN, Manager of American Sales & Brokerage Co.
Eastern Office, 10 Mather St., Dorchester, Mass. Western Office, Port Huron, Mich.

the minute I see he's got the canvas. Do you understand?"

Twelve hundred and fifty dollars looked mighty big to Boggs.

"I'll do it, sir. And we split the \$2,500, mind, sir."

Only two hard problems remained. One was to get the real picture, the Gainsborough that I took from Gregory's closet, fastened to the fishline without being seen. I lay pressed up against the wall of the house for ten minutes, the precious picture clutched to my bosom, before I was sure that neither pedestrian, watchman, nor servant was in sight. Then to leap up and tie the line to the wire cord was the work of only a few seconds, after which I presented myself to the useful Boggs and was escorted secretly up the stairs.

The other problem was to remove the false frame from the line after I had drawn the picture up and hung it where it belonged and let the other out of the window.

But Boggs helped me to the last. He remained on guard in the hall while I hung the picture and let down the empty frame. His disappointment at the failure of the frightened servant to attempt to return his booty was heartbreaking, but he brightened considerably when I told him that I knew the man, that I was sure he had been reconnoitering, and that I wished to search the walk at the side of the house for signs of his footmarks, and would report to him my new line of action immediately I had seen if my suspicions were well founded.

I never went back to poor Boggs. I got my frame and slipped out of the grounds, after having pulled it apart and placed the pieces under my coat, while he was waiting patiently in the hall.

I passed him next day on the street and came near laughing in his face at his melancholy. He didn't recognize me. I forgot to say that I had "made up" slightly before calling at the Van Brundt mansion.

George Adair.

Microscopic Pains and Pleasures.

The joys and sorrows of life to a baneful bacterium are said to be as real as the pains and pleasures of an elephant, for example. Why do the bacteria choose certain conditions and reject others? This selection of the favorable condition and rejection of the unfavorable is perhaps the fundamental point, although other elements of their existence point to the fact that they have sensations. It often is maintained that this selection is personal or conscious choice. Prof. Jennings is convinced that if the amoeba were a large animal, so as to come within the every day experience of human beings, its behavior at once would call forth the attribution to it of states of pleasure and pain, of hunger, desire, and the like. If words have meaning it is correct, he argues, to say that the bacteria enjoy life. They struggle for existence. The struggle implies all the victories and all the defeats attendant upon the struggle for existence among the highest organisms. The bacteria of an organic disease should be as capable of sensations as a monkey.

Education Essential For Mechanical Worker.

Education for the mechanical worker has become a necessity if he desires to advance. An uneducated mechanic can not go beyond the grade of piece wage worker or day laborer unless he is above the average. He will not climb high unless he is brilliantly efficient in his work. It is not meant that a mechanic should have graduated from the high school and a technical college, although a high school education is in the grasp of every American boy and should be taken. On the contrary, the boss foreman on a job of plumbing or in a shop will not hire a man who can show no other preparation for his trade than a jumbled assortment of book ideas.

The mechanic who first learns his trade in actual construction work and then attends a technical school is the one who will advance. He knows how to study. He knows how to make profitable application of every principle learned in the classroom. His memory is not burdened by rules and equations which do not picture to him an exact mechanical situation.

It is the day of "specializing" that has made it necessary for a mechanic to have an education. Every machine shop, and in fact nearly every manufacturing plant run by machinery, now is so extensive that there are few men in any establishment who know anything about any other machine than the one upon which they are employed. If a man's machine breaks down he usually is unable to repair it himself and stands idle until the factory mechanic reaches the trouble.

"Why can't a man on a machine 'rubber' at the man on the next machine; learn another man's job; do other men's work in idle moments, and, above all, study his own machine so that no general mechanic can come around and bluff him into thinking he runs a mystery?"

"That's all right," replied the mechanic who answered this question, "but the average shop worker does not think of such things. He wants to earn his money, and that's all. He thinks if he does more than the foreman expects of him he will be giving more labor to the firm than the firm pays for."

"He fails to realize that to get ahead he must know not only how to do his own work well but how every man around him should do his task. Above all he should know why certain things are done in certain ways and the results of every move. Most fellows plug along and never know a thing about the theory of what they are doing. Ask them why they are nailing lids on boxes or turning a lathe in a machine shop and you will get the answer: 'To make money.'"

"These fellows remain at the same nailing machine or the same lathe that they have operated ever since they entered the factory. If one of their fellow workmen invents an improved method of nailing boxes or trimming steel they have to make way for some one who has kept up with the procession. They do not know how to adapt themselves to

new methods. They can not run the new machine."

The complicated machinery of today makes it impossible for a man to understand it unless he is well versed in the principles of mechanics and their application. It is easy enough to hold a box up to a machine, push a lever with your foot, and watch a whole line of nails drive home under the pressure of the weights; but to know why those nails went into the right place and drove home at the first blow requires more thought than one gives to his task if he keeps pushing away with one ear listening for the whistle and one eye on the clock.

If a man studies his job he will find that there is much more to it than he ever supposed. If you are running a lathe or a bottle grinder, study it. Study it from all standpoints. If you study it long enough you will find principles you little suspected in every one of the machine's simplest movements. Your machine will tell you how ignorant you are.

Night schools, correspondence schools, friends who have completed their courses, await your search for knowledge. If you lost your opportunity to go to school in youth take the one that presents itself now. Don't remain in the same job forever.

Winfield W. Dudley.

Most of our difficulties are neglected duties.

Truth makes a better cement than taffy.



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Rubber and Steel Stamps Seals, Etc.

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BUYING A LUNCHEON.

Why Meal Service Was Stopped at Holloway's.

Written for the Tradesman.

Holloway has a neat little bakery out on the South Side. He advertises "Home-Made Bread and Pies and Cakes," and makes rather a good thing of it. The two wagons he operates are popular in the South division, and the time is not far distant when Holloway will have money enough to put up a building of his own.

In order to hasten the glad day when he could cease paying rent, Holloway set up a bakery goods luncheon at his store. He has a pretty little back room, the windows of which look out on a garden, and here he placed his tables. He served tea, coffee, milk and such bakery goods as he sold from his shelves. If a customer insisted on it eggs were provided, boiled or fried, but that was a nuisance, and not quite in line with the bakery goods trade.

Of course Holloway was delighted with his new venture, and spent hours there waiting on customers. He could watch the store from the curtained door and chat with his customers while they consumed the products of his ovens.

To the little lunch room, about the second week, came two young girls, fresh from a country village, and wholesome with the air of the fields. Holloway smiled at their pretty faces and shy manners as he stood at the table waiting for their orders. The girls were not used to lunching away from home. They did not know what to order. They giggled and looked bashfully into the eyes of the waiting merchant.

"What will it be?" he asked.

"Could we have oysters?" one asked.

"Not at this season."

"The idea!"

"I thought they had oysters everywhere."

This from the other girl, who looked too sweet for anything in a blue dress.

"This is not a regular restaurant," said Holloway. "Only a bakery lunch. We can serve eggs if you like."

"No," declared the girl in white, "if we can't have oysters we'll have beefsteak."

"Only a bakery lunch, ladies."

The girls consulted together, their blonde hair falling about their flushed cheeks as they whispered.

"Then we'll have roast beef," said the girl in white.

"Only a bakery lunch, ladies," repeated Holloway.

Again the girls consulted. Then: "Can we have chicken pie?"

"Not to-day."

"I don't like bakery things," complained the girl in blue. "They are not good for the complexion. Do you use cottolene in your pies?"

The merchant side-stepped.

"We have all kinds of pies and cakes," he said.

"Do you use cooking butter for shortening?"

The girl in white was gaining courage. Again Holloway dodged.

"Our goods are all home-made," he said.

"Let's have some salad," suggested the blue girl.

"Let's."

"Sorry," said Holloway, "but we don't serve salad."

"Oh, dear!" murmured the white girl, "I don't want to eat biscuit and things. There's always too much soda in them, and that makes those funny little red things come on your nose. Do you have salt-rising biscuit?"

"There is no call for them," said Holloway, "and so we don't make them. We have very nice biscuit, though."

"Let's have watermelon."

This from the girl in blue.

"Let's."

"I can get one for you," suggested Holloway, wishing the girls would go away and permit him to get back behind the counter.

"How much will it cost?"

"About a quarter."

"My! We don't expect to pay that much for both our lunches. Out there you say 'Three Cent Lunch Room.' What can we get for three cents? Pie and coffee, and things like that?"

"You can get a cup of coffee for three cents, or a cut of pie, or two rolls, or bread and butter."

"Can we get them all for three cents?"

"Certainly not."

The girl in white sighed.

"I don't think a cup of coffee is much to get for three cents," she said. "Do you get the real coffee and brown it and grind it yourself?"

Holloway was not giving out the secrets of his business, so he said.

"We serve the best coffee we can get."

"Don't you think coffee makes one look brown and old?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the merchant. "If you drink too much coffee it might have that effect."

"I feel just awfully in the morning after I have been drinking coffee," said the girl in blue. "Do you think it is the coffee or the stuff they put in it? Is it so much cheaper to put things in coffee?"

"I don't know," replied Holloway, wondering if the girls would ever go away.

"I knew a man once," began the girl in white, "who drank his coffee without cream or sugar. He was just as black! And he used to get up in the morning and chew tobacco before breakfast. Do you think it is healthy to chew tobacco?"

"Some day," said the other girl, "that man will get something so he won't be able to make his feet go. Papa says coffee is as bad as cigarettes. If we buy pie can we turn it over before we pay for it? There might be flies in the bottom crust, you know, and I can't bear flies."

"Yes," replied the disgusted merchant, "you may turn the pie out of the plate and examine the bottom before you pay for it. You won't find any flies in my pies. We are very careful in the bakery."

"I don't think I want pie," said the other girl. "Have you some of the little square cakes with frosting on? Lemon frosting is just lovely on those little square cakes. Do you give cheese with the pie?"

By this time Holloway was backing toward the door.

"Yes," he replied, "we have the little square cakes with frosting, but no lemon frosting. Shall I bring some?"

"How much?"

The girls both spoke at once. With all their beauty and their innocent

ways they were decidedly commercial.

"Fifteen cents a dozen."

"Why, the idea!"

"Let's have some."

The girl in blue was evidently getting ready to eat.

"Let's. You may bring four."

The merchant took the nickel off the table and started for the front room.

"Tea or coffee?" he asked, looking back over his shoulder.

"A cup of tea," replied the girl in white, "and two cups."

When Holloway returned with the tea and cakes the girls were counting pennies out on the table. They contributed four cents each to a little pile and pushed it out to him. Then:

"Let's have a quarter of pie."

"Let's. It will be only three cents."

"Five," the merchant said, "if it is a quarter of a pie."

"And we may look for flies?"

"Oh, yes, you may look for flies."

"Before we pay for it?"

"Yes, and if you find any flies in the pie there will be no charge."

Holloway brought the pie in the original tin, cut out a quarter and passed it over to the girl in white. She turned it over and picked a fly off the plate where the bottom of the pie had lain.

Holloway shoved the nickel back and went out to the front and took down his lunch room signs. Then he heard the girls snickering in the back room and looked in. They were sharing the one cup of tea and eating the pie. The fly that lay on the table did not look as if it had been baked!

"I guess they caught that fly and had it all ready for me," he mused as the girls went out. "They are too financial for me. I can't run a lunch room any more." Alfred B. Tozer.

YOU ARE ALWAYS SURE of a sale and a profit if you stock SAPOLIO.

You can increase your trade and the comfort of your customers by stocking

HAND SAPOLIO

at once. It will sell and satisfy.

HAND SAPOLIO is a special toilet soap—superior to any other in countless ways—delicate enough for the baby's skin, and capable of removing any stain.

Costs the dealer the same as regular SAPOLIO. but should be sold at 10 cents per cake.

WOMEN AS BUYERS.

Part They Play in the Purchase of Goods.

Written for the Tradesman.

That the women do fully 90 per cent. of the buying is a recognized fact.

If you could reach every woman in the universe with advertising matter your profits would soon rob the legend of Monte Cristo of nine-tenths of its gold and romance. But this is beyond human effort.

In the advertising question you will find by sifting the chaff from the wheat that by far the greater quantity of merchandise advertised appeals to women. With rare exceptions it is the wife who decides to use this or that which she saw advertised.

It is the wife who usually buys her husband's underwear, handkerchiefs, socks and other furnishings and also buys the children's wearing apparel, as a rule.

Either she accompanies her husband when he comes to purchase a suit or overcoat or else he says: "Just do that suit up and I will take it home and see how my wife likes it."

The devoted finds relief from the cares of business in the ministrations of his wife. The more she interests herself in him the more he appreciates her. And she seldom fails to maintain her prestige from this knowledge.

Her tact, taste and good judgment eminently qualify her for the position she occupies in life's drama.

Many advertisers make the mistake of advertising their wares in magazines which are sold on news stands, to an ever-changing list of buyers composed largely of men, instead of placing their advertisements in a woman's magazine.

Some prefer to advertise ranges, furniture, dress goods, jewelry and many other articles in a miscellaneous list of publications of unknown value, instead of selecting high-class women's mediums of established reputation and acknowledged worth, mediums known by experienced advertisers to be highly profitable, because they go to buyers of these articles—women.

If a woman does most of the buying, why should not the same amount of advertising be directed to her?

If you are a retailer talk in your advertisements to women. Women talk over these matters more than men—they get each other's ideas on the merits or demerits of your store.

They shop and observe; they are the ones who watch your advertisements with an eagle eye.

The wife says, "John, I see Blank & Co. are offering special bargains in boys' suits. George's last suit I bought there wore well. They are reliable dealers. I wish you would bring home one for me to look at." She is the power behind the throne.

Always see that your lady customers are satisfied, for one woman can do you more good than a month's advertising will do. She can also do you more harm than a year's advertising can overthrow.

Her good will is priceless.

Bear this in mind when constructing your advertisements.

If you are sending out a booklet or circular, address it to the wife if it is for a married man. Women do not get so much mail as men, consequently every bit of mail they receive will be given immediate attention. If they are too busy to read it then they will put it one side and at their leisure will sit down and read every word of it.

If addressed to the man, if he hasn't the time to read it the moment he gets it nine times out of ten he throws it down and never thinks of it again.

While there may be nothing wanted at that time, when there is "she" will remind her husband of your circular and instruct him where to go for what is wanted.

In your advertisements in the papers appeal to the taste and judgment of women. Tell them how much you value their opinion of your styles and prices.

Make them sound as if you were talking to each individual woman in your community.

Every woman likes a little flattery, if it is presented in the right way.

Fix your store with women's comfort in view. Have some place where they can sit down and talk over their purchases, past, present and future—about baby's last tooth, and many other little things dear to the feminine heart.

Have a copy of your latest advertisement, together with other advertising matter, lying where it will

be handy for them to look at. You will make many sales this way that you would not make otherwise.

This is advertising in the truest sense of the word.

Remember that women's power or influence is strong enough to stop or move the wheels of progress, and that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

H. Howard.

Proving the Fourth Dimension.

The road to infinity W. F. Tyler, of London, has found in a world of four dimensions. There are just three dimensions with which we are familiar. We know what a line is, and we know what a surface is, and we know what a solid is. We have learned that when a linear dimension is multiplied twice it becomes a surface; when multiplied thrice a solid. What would happen if a linear dimension were multiplied four times? Take a two dimensional figure, say a scalene triangle, with the angles A, B, C following one another in a left handed manner, and place beside it an exactly similar and equal triangle, a, b, c, with the same angles, a, b, c following one another in a right handed manner. Now, can we convert the triangle A, B, C into the triangle a, b, c? Yes, we can, by turning it over in our three dimensional space. In a two dimensional world it could not be done. Consider, now, a right hand boot and a left hand boot. Can we convert one into the other? No, we can not in three dimensional space. But if by any means we could turn

one over through a fourth dimensional space the act apparently would be accomplished. But this fourth dimension is only a prelude to an infinite number of dimensions that transcend it, and in which we share. Concerning the fourth dimensional state, it is possible that by deep pondering we may get gropingly some small knowledge; but concerning the fifth dimensional we can form no idea. The infinite dimensional existence Mr. Tyler conceives to be God, of whom, therefore, in an infinitely small degree, we are a part, but of whose nature and attributes it is hopelessly impossible to gain any conception whatever. We are in a world of laws which are sublaws of higher laws in an infinite progression until we arrive in thought at the law of the infinite dimensional, which, Mr. Tyler says, we may term God's will.

Needed Strength.

"I have seen many fantastic and humorous advertisements in newspapers during my somewhat lengthy career," once said Colonel Henry Waterson, in an address to a convention of journalists, "but quite the most interesting and oddest of these was an advertisement that I chanced upon in London. It was printed in the staid old Times, and, as I remember it, ran something like this:

"A young gentleman who is on the point of getting married is most desirous of meeting a man of experience who will take the responsibility of dissuading him from this dangerous step."

Joy over KAR-A-VAN

"The cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

Bringing health and happiness to the home, satisfaction to the buyer and profit to the retailer.

Every Ounce Guaranteed to Comply with State and National Food Laws

KAR-A-VAN

That Rich Creamy Kind, is packed in six grades under one brand, selling at retail prices ranging from 20 to 40 cents.

The brand is recognized the country over as representing purity, protection, progress.

Imported, Selected, Roasted and Packed by
The Gasser Coffee Company

Home Office and Mills, 113-115-117 Ontario St., Toledo, Ohio

DETROIT BRANCH, 48 Jefferson Ave. CINCINNATI BRANCH, 11 East 3rd St. CLEVELAND BRANCH, 425 Woodland Rd., S. E.



Special Features of the Grocery and Produce Trade.

Special Correspondence.

New York, Oct. 26—It has been a week of a good deal of financial anxiety, of course, and it would not be surprising if the grocery trade felt some of the effect. An effort to get some of the leading jobbers to express an opinion was unavailing. They would not say whether they regarded the outlook with fear or favor, and would go no further than "we have absolutely nothing to say." There is, however, a good volume of business; in fact, almost every jobbing house is having all it can do to take care of the orders that come by mail and wire, as well as the home trade, and this seems to show that there is not the feeling of distrust all over the country, or even all over New York State.

Coffee has shown some improvement, although buyers as a rule take very small lots and seem to prefer to let "the other fellow" take the risk of holding, although there seems very little risk, for that matter. Rio No. 7 closes at 6¼c. Mild grades show little change in any respect. Although they are very firmly sustained buyers seem loath to take more than enough to keep assortments intact.

Sugar is, of course, quiet. In fact, there is no new business whatever and very little in the way of withdrawals on previous account. Quotations as last noted.

Tea maintains its position remarkably well and for the lower grades especially there is a demand that is much better than a month or so ago, and that seems to be improving almost every day. But the article can stand a whole lot of "improvement." It is reported that the planters in Ceylon are again coming to the rescue of the trade in this country with a big appropriation for advertising—an indication that the money spent in the past in this line has been of material benefit.

Rice has had a fairly good week, all things considered, and sellers express themselves well content with the outlook for this season of the year. The supply is not overabundant in this market, although there seems enough to go around. No change whatever in quotations.

Spices have shown some improvement, owing maybe to the decidedly cooler weather and the nearer approach of the holidays.

A steady improvement is noted in the molasses market and holders are well satisfied with the outlook. While quotations have not advanced no surprise will be occasioned if such should be the case. Syrups are steady. The supply is moderate. Quotations are firm.

Canned goods seem to have had the "edge taken off" a little this week so far as general interest in the situation is concerned. Tomatoes have made no further upward movement,

but seem to be well established at last week's quotations. Within a fortnight now we can gain some idea of how large—or how small—the pack of the country has been. Other goods are about unchanged and quotations are all well sustained. "Dollar" corn is still bound to come, some say, sooner or later, but there is quite a difference of opinion. There are those who think prices have reached the limit all around; but canned goods are good to have.

The top grades of butter are in moderate receipt, and with a good demand the market is well sustained, but no advance seems to have been made over last week. Creamery specials, 28½c; extras, 28c. Grades that are lower are not so much sought for although the market is pretty well sustained all around. Western factory firsts, 23c; seconds, 21½c; packing stock, 22½c. Cheese is steady, with full cream still held at 16¼c for September, small size, and ¼c less for large. At the moment there seems little likelihood of any decline, nor is there apt to be any marked advance.

Near-by eggs are worth 38@40c and sought for at this range. Medium are also doing better than last week and Western extra firsts are worth 25@27c.

Lowest Life Shows Habit's Force.

Life may be said to consist of habits, opines Dr. A. Drzewina, of France. A little ciliated worm is found on the beaches of Brittany, where it forms vast bright green patches of incessantly varying shape and size. These colonies are submerged for about two hours before and two hours after high tide. At this period the worms bury themselves in the sand to escape the buffeting of the waves.

When the tide ebbs they appear on the surface of the sand. These alternate movements evidently acquired, have in the course of generations, become independent and spontaneous, so that they are continued in the aquarium where there are neither tides nor waves. The worms, imprisoned in a glass tube with wet sand, move to the top of the tube at low tide and to the bottom at high tide. They even follow the irregularities of the tide and move slowly at neap tide and quickly at spring tide. These alternating movements continue for several days after the worms have been taken from the beach.

The example of spring wheat is equally instructive. Wheat which had been cultivated in the south of Germany and had acquired the same seasonable habits appropriate to that region was sown in Scandinavia. It adapted itself so rapidly to the Northern climate that in a few years a variety of wheat was developed which had acquired a habit of maturing much more rapidly than its German ancestor and retained this habit when it was sown in Southern Germany. Thus was produced a variety of wheat which, although sown in spring, ripens as early as winter wheat sown in the preceding autumn.

The evil we remember is surpassed by the good we forget.

W. C. Rea

A. J. Witzig

REA & WITZIG

PRODUCE COMMISSION

104-106 West Market St., Buffalo, N. Y.

We solicit consignments of Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Live and Dressed Poultry Beans and Potatoes. Correct and prompt returns.

REFERENCES

Marine National Bank, Commercial Agents, Express Companies; Trade, Papers and Hundreds of Shippers

Established 1873.

Butter

We are in the market every day in the year for Packing Stock Butter. Write or wire us for prices, or let your shipments come along direct to the factory and get outside prices at all times.

We are also manufacturers of fancy Renovated and Creamery Butter, and can supply the trade at all times in any quantity, 60 pound and 30 pound tubs or 1 pound prints. Write for prices.

American Farm Products Co.
Owosso, Mich.

WE'RE DAILY BUYERS

Don't sell your orchard or farm products before we have made you our cash offer

We have the orders to fill, so can pay you top of the market for apples, grapes, peaches, plums, pears, potatoes, cabbage, etc., carlots or less.

Wire us for quotations or call us at any time. Citizens phone 5186, Bell 2167, or drop us a line informing us what you have to offer.

Yours truly,

YUILLE-MILLER CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

BEANS We are in the market for all kinds. When any to offer either for prompt or future shipment, write us.

ALFRED J. BROWN SEED CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
OTTAWA AND LOUIS STREETS

If you are shipping current receipts of fresh gathered eggs and want an outlet for them at full prices—regularly—write for our proposition.

L. O. SNEDECOR & SON, Egg Receivers, 36 Harrison St., New York

We handle dairy butter, ladles and packing stock.

Butter, Eggs, Potatoes and Beans

I am in the market all the time and will give you highest prices and quick returns. Send me all your shipments.

R. HIRT, JR., DETROIT, MICH.

Gum Chewing Develops the All Conquering Jaw.

Chewing gum is one of the greatest developers of firmness, determination, grit, bulldog tenacity and strength.

Chewing gum—despised and rejected, on grounds of "bad form"—has been declared the greatest foe of degeneracy in the world, rivaled only by "hardtack," sea biscuit and such foods.

One of the greatest scientists in Britain has declared it so. At least he has proved, to the satisfaction of other scientists, that chewing gum, supposed to be a pernicious habit and one indicating weakness, if not vulgar commonness, really is one of the great forces that work for the uplifting and strengthening of the race.

The strong nations, the nations that have conquered the world, are strong jawed nations—nations that have fed on soldiers' fare, have masticated tough beef, chewed tough hardtack, and grown strong of jaw and strong of will by vigorous mastication.

The weak, soup fed nations have grown weaker of jaw, of will, of brain, while the men who chewed bacon and jerked beef have grown strong of jaw, and of character. Therefore the great British scientists declare that chewing gum may save the race from degeneracy and develop it into the strongest jawed nation of the world.

To back his argument the scientist goes far into history. He recalls that the deterioration of Greece, as shown in art, was marked by the steady weakening of the jaw and chin. The Romans, strong jawed, world-conquering as a people, fell because they ate macaroni. The French, who threatened a world conquest, developed all conquering jaws during the generations that ate hard fare in the years of oppression and hunger that preceded the revolution, and degenerated on pate de foie gras and wines. The scientist contrasts the firm, prominent jaws of the early Americans with the feeble receding jaws of later day New York, the jaw of the Easterner who feeds on rare roast beef, a pate of chicken, a soft boiled egg, with the grim, determined, all-conquering jaw of the cowboy and plainsman, who chew tough meat and jerked beef.

Mastication, science has discovered, is the secret of strength. Jaw gymnastics are necessary for great strength. The nations that exercise their jaws by chewing, and not by talking, develop the jaws. The well developed jaw controls nerves and brain cells which develop with the jaw. A perfectly developed and well exercised jaw means strongly developed nerves and strong brain cells.

Therefore, science urges that chewing gum be resorted to in the effort to develop strength of jaw and character and will. According to the eminent British scientist, if Greece had used chewing gum she might even now be mistress of the world.

The scientist scoffs at the idea that the number of teeth in the human species is diminishing.

"This is not sound science," he says, "if the views of most students

of evolution are well based. In almost every case this defective development is due to individual jaw indolence, and not to racial degeneracy. Were the next crop of children to be as lightly clothed and as hardly fed as were the brats of the root and acorn-eating age the survivors would have a dental equipment equal to that of the ancient Britons.

"The gums close fiercely in the toothless mouths of infants, recalling the remote periods when the teeth settled the disputes of hunger and of hatred. The sneer more than suggests the old menace of gnashing and flashing teeth. That the jaw development strengthens certain nerve cells is beyond dispute."

Instead of making the children "throw away that nasty gum," buy them more. Teach them to chew tough spruce gum, develop their jaws—and produce a great general.

H. S. Stuart.

If Columbus Had Sailed to the Moon.

A balloon sent sunward by Columbus in the year 1492 traveling steadily thirty-seven and a third miles an hour would have reached the sun in the year 1776. Its long flight furnishes the unit of distance for measuring sun distances. Two hundred and seventy-five thousand times this unit is the distance to the nearest star. Our sun, like other stars, is speeding toward Hercules or, more nearly, toward the bright star Vega, now conspicuous in the northeast. The spectroscope confirms this fact. Moreover, it shows that the sun's steady motion toward Vega is at the rate of some twelve miles a second.

In a year we move in that direction four times the earth-sun distance, and in some four thousand centuries we shall reach Vega's present region of space—but not Vega. Its motion meanwhile will have borne it to new remoteness. We shall then have a new pole star, but shall still see in the north the same Big Dipper, a little bent, doubtless, and the same galaxy, the same Zodiac, the same glittering constellations as now.

That since the beginning we have been speeding on and through interstellar space without once melting or passing a single lonely star brings clear to our realization as no other consideration can the amazing amplitude of cosmic space, the completeness of the isolation of each star from all others, the supreme magnificence of the scale of the stellar universe. And beyond this universe there are considered to be innumerable other universes.

With Loss of Interest.

There is a police court magistrate of St. Louis who frequently evinces a pretty wit in dealing with fresh or facetious offenders.

To one vagrant brought before him not long ago his honor put the question, "What occupation?"

"Nothin' much at present," flipantly responded the prisoner; "just circulatin' 'round, judge."

"Retired from circulation for thirty days," dryly observed His Honor to the clerk of the court.

Pure Buckwheat Flour

Car lots or less. Write for prices and sample.

Traverse City Milling Co.
Traverse City, Mich.

We want competent Apple and Potato Buyers

to correspond with us.
H. ELMER MOSELEY & CO.
504, 506, 508 Wm. Alden Smith Bldg.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

We Are Buying

Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Grapes, Onions, Potatoes, Cabbage. CAR LOTS OR LESS.

We Are Selling

Everything in the Fruit and Produce line. Straight car lots, mixed car lots or little lots by express or freight.

OUR MARKET LETTER FREE

We want to do business with you. You ought to do business with us. COME ON.

The Vinkemulder Company
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Apples Wanted IN CAR LOTS OR LESS FOR

The New Canning Factory

Write, Phone or Wire

C. D. CRITTENDEN CO.
41-43 S. Market St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

I buy EGGS and all grades of DAIRY BUTTER. Get my prices when you have any to offer.

F. E. STROUP, Successor to Stroup & Carmer
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Potato Bags

new and second hand. Shipments made same day order is received. I sell bags for every known purpose.

ROY BAKER

Wm. Alden Smith Building Grand Rapids, Michigan

ESTABLISHED 1876

FIELD SEEDS

Clover and Timothy Seeds. All Kinds Grass Seeds. Orders will have prompt attention.

MOSELEY BROS., WHOLESALE DEALERS AND SHIPPERS
Office and Warehouse Second Ave. and Railroad.
BOTH PHONES 1217 GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Highest Price Paid for Eggs

We buy them case count, f. o. b. your station. Today we are paying 23 1/2c.

We also want your Butter, Cheese and Poultry.

Money right back

Bradford-Burns Co. 7 N. Ionia Street Grand Rapids, Michigan

Four Kinds of Coupon Books

are manufactured by us and all sold on the same basis, irrespective of size, shape or denomination. We will send you samples and tell you all about the system if you are interested enough to ask us.

Tradesman Company - - - Grand Rapids, Mich.

SOLD THE PEACHES.

Almost Impossible Task Imposed on Grocery Clerk.

Written for the Tradesman.

Archibald loved Gloriana and Gloriana loved Archibald in return. Archibald's other name was Snodgrass, but this made not the slightest difference to Gloriana, nor did the fact that her hero labored early and late in his work as delivery boy at pa's grocery. Pa, it might be said, was known to his fellow citizens as Jedediah Grouchem and was proprietor of Grouchem's Staple and Fancy Grocery. His name did not belie his temper, either, and many times he designated Archibald by other names than Snodgrass, often attributing him with relationship to the arch fiend himself.

Archibald was a manly man in the embryo in spite of the fact that he found only \$3.50 in his weekly pay envelope; and Gloriana—well, Gloriana was a dream. Not an ordinary every-day dream but a combination of all the beautiful dreams that had been dreamed by man since the severing of his relationship with the original monk.

One eye might have been slightly out of true, but this mattered not to Archibald. Neither did he care if her hair was slightly auburn, nor if her otherwise beautiful face was a mass of freckles. These slight drawbacks were overlooked by the zealous grocery boy and his one incentive was to keep at his work of tying up packages and weighing out sugar, coffee and other sundries in the thought that some day he and Gloriana would be one.

Being a persistent suitor Archibald had the rest of the village beaux faded. Seated on the rail fence which sequestered the home of Gloriana's pa after the store closed at 8 p. m. Archibald would exercise his vocal powers in the singing of "The Darby Ram," accompanying his singing on a rude banjo which, from its appearance, must have been the one which Ham carried with him on his ocean trip in the Ark. Of course, while all this was happening Pa Grouchem was absent, generally being engaged in discussing the affairs of state with other local statesmen at the village tavern.

One day Gloriana astonished Archibald by demanding to know just what his plans were.

"You know we can never be married on \$3.50 per," she said mournfully.

"I will ask my employer for a raise," said Archibald bravely.

It was a brave thing to suggest, too, for well did Archibald know the temper of Pa Grouchem and his penchant for hanging to every cent. In fact, it was a by-word in the village that Pa Grouchem still had possession of the first dollar he had ever earned. It was also said that it was covered with moss.

Next morning, therefore, Archibald arrived at the emporium bright and early and proceeded to get things into shape for the arrival of Pa Grouchem. He had determined to brave the wild beast in his lair and ask for a raise in salary, as well as for permission to wed fair Gloriana.

Then Pa Grouchem appeared. He didn't feel well that morning. A cannery up the State which owed him considerable cash for vegetables and fruit from a small farm which he owned had failed and all Pa drew for his share of the assets of the factory was about 150 cases of canned peaches.

Canned peaches for pay only added insult to injury, for the country in the neighborhood of the grocery emporium had brimmed over with peaches that year and Pa Grouchem had about as much chance to sell them as he would have had to purchase a bunch of Standard Oil stock. Therefore, Pa Grouchem's name fitted him well on that eventful morning.

"Mr. Grouchem," came a still small voice. Archibald's heart had risen to his throat and he was barely able to speak.

"Well!"

The reply almost took the grocery boy off his feet.

"May I see you privately?" he asked still more timidly.

"What?"

Archibald painfully repeated the question.

"Come in," surlily invited Grouchem, throwing open the door to a small room in the rear of the store where he kept his accounts.

Archibald dodged into the place, followed by Pa Grouchem.

"Well," demanded Archibald's employer, "what do you want?"

"If you please, sir—"

"Well, go on."

"I want a raise and I want Gloriana," blurted out Archibald.

The next instant he left the room hurriedly, followed by an inkwell, a whisk broom and a shoe brush.

"If you ever dare mention Gloriana to me again," bellowed Pa Grouchem from the doorway, "I'll have you hamstrung. Why, you—"

Archibald didn't wait to hear the remainder of the adjectives, but started mournfully out on his first order trip.

When he returned to the store he found his employer in a somewhat more amiable frame of mind, the result of several hurried trips to the village tavern between customers. Archibald dodged as he entered the emporium.

"Archie," said Pa Grouchem gently.

Archibald started.

"Archie," repeated Pa Grouchem in the same tone of voice.

This time Archibald plucked up courage enough to enquire his wishes. Pa Grouchem told him soon enough, for the old man had figured out a scheme during Archibald's absence.

"Now, Archie," he said, "I am expecting a consignment of 150 cases of canned peaches to-morrow and if you can figure out a plan to dispose of them in ten days I'll raise your salary to \$7.50 per and you may marry Gloriana."

Archie glanced hurriedly around, but failed to see any attendants from the insane asylum, so he concluded that he still possessed his reason. Then he looked at Pa Grouchem.

When he saw the state of the old man he was less surprised for Pa's potatoes had already affected Pa's appearance.

"Will you put that in writing?" asked Archibald, a sudden thought striking him.

"Sure," said Pa Grouchem.

He did not expect that Archibald would be able to secure the sale of any of the peaches, and not more than a few cases at least, so he felt perfectly safe in signing such a contract. Archibald surprised him somewhat by insisting that his father, Ezekiel Snodgrass, be called from his sunny perch on the porch of the village tavern to add his name, thus making the contract legal.

Then Archibald went about his work again, the contract safe in his inside pocket.

"I must get up a scheme," thought Archibald, "for selling those peaches. I haven't enough money to buy them myself."

Next day the peaches arrived. By that time Archibald had hit upon a scheme.

It all came about through Archibald's sister, Henrietta, who belonged to the Bachelor Girl's Club. This was an organization including all the marriageable young women in the village. The beaux of the town had all laid siege to the hearts of the fair members, but had always been repulsed.

The night before the peaches arrived Archibald had found one of his sister's notes in a book where she had thoughtlessly left it. The note was from the President of the Club and was to notify Henrietta that the Club would hold a meeting to come to an agreement in regard to the young men. The meeting was set for the night following the arrival of Pa Grouchem's canned peaches. The place was to be the parlors of the village church.

That night Archibald ensconced himself in a closet leading off the church parlors and awaited developments. They came soon, and after considerable discussion passed a resolution disbanding the Club. It was also decided to send out notes accepting proposals.

Archibald sneaked away in the darkness. Next day each of the town beaux was surprised to receive a short note informing him that his proposal had been accepted by his affinity. The Secretary of the Bachelor Club also received several typewritten notes—Pa Grouchem had a typewriter—notifying the Club as a whole that each individual to whom an acceptance had been mailed would under no circumstances wed one of the hated bachelor girls.

Next day the beaux, dressed up in their Sunday finery, could be seen promenading up and down the main street of the village. Each ardent suitor was greeted by his ladylove when he approached her with an upward tilting of the nose and an icy stare. When this had continued for some time the youths came together and a heated discussion followed.

That night the youths held a meeting in a barn down by the creek and decided upon a desperate plan. They

would form a Suicide Club. The means decided upon was poison.

Archibald had, however, been an eavesdropper, having been concealed on the roof of the barn. Next morning he arose early and visited the three drug stores in the village, with the result that none of the members of the Suicide Club were able to purchase any sort of poison.

Then Archibald hid himself to the grocery and before Pa Grouchem had arrived he had labeled half a hundred cases of peaches with the ominous word: "Poison."

When the members of the Suicide Club saw the display on the sidewalk there was an immediate digging into pockets for cash. As each approached Archibald he was informed that the poison was a new variety, producing death only when a dozen cans had been consumed. Then the eater would go to sleep and never wake up. The advantage about the kind of poison was that, should the would-be suicide desire to change his mind, he might do so at any time before the dozen cans were gone. It was a new invention of Pa Grouchem's, Archibald informed them, and Pa did not intend that it should get on the market at that time. At the last moment Pa had decided to sell the stuff, he told them, but could find no labels but the peach labels.

The result was the sale of fifty cases, some of the members taking two, so that their death might be sure. Archibald pondered deeply. Here were fifty cases gone, but one hundred still remained. Then an idea struck him. He wrote a letter. When Pa Grouchem appeared Archibald told him of the sale of the fifty cases and Pa was so pleased he gave Archibald half a day off.

Next morning a black bearded stranger appeared and took possession of the rest of the cans in the name of the State. He informed Pa Grouchem that he was the State Food Inspector and that he would examine those cans. Several persons in a nearby village had been exceedingly ill from ptomaine poisoning and it was suspected that Pa Grouchem's peaches had done the trick. In fact, the Food Inspector had received word, he said, that it was Pa Grouchem's peaches that had caused it.

When he confiscated all of Pa's peaches Pa was mad. He didn't hesitate to say so, either. But it did him no good. The Food Inspector drove away with the sample cans and all the remainder were shipped away to the State Chemical Laboratory.

Archibald's life for the next week was anything but a happy one. Although he and Gloriana enjoyed the music of the banjo nightly, Archibald enjoyed the music of Pa Grouchem's jaw in the daytime. The mournful grocery boy was informed that he could never hope to wed Gloriana. If he had sold those peaches all would have been different.

One day when Pa Grouchem went to the postoffice for his mail he was handed a long bulky looking letter. It was a notice from the State Chemist to the effect that he had opened every one of the cans and had been unable to find any trace of poison. Enclosed was a check for the peaches.

"I have fulfilled my part of the contract," said Archibald, "but I guess my letter to the State Food Department did the business."

The wedding of Archibald and Gloriana took place a year afterward and now Archibald is running the store for half the profits. Baby Snodgrass now pulls the strings of the banjo. The bachelor girls and the Suicide Club made up their differences, and about the time that Archibald and Gloriana were wed there were a number of other weddings in the village. Charles R. Angell.

How Mail Order Houses Increase Their Trade.

According to figures furnished by the annual statement of the largest mail order house, this business is growing apace, an increase of about twenty-three million dollars' worth of business being noted in two years. This means that the amount of business transacted by this mail order house was almost double in the year ending June 30 last what it was in the calendar year 1905. At first blush this is alarming intelligence to friends of the retail merchant. But we are led to believe, upon consideration, that not all of the fifty millions of business done by this house in the last year was diverted from retail channels.

Or perhaps we would better express ourselves by saying that had the mail order house under discussion not been in existence at all, and had it not transacted any business at all, still much of the fifty millions that did not go to the coffers of the retailers last year would not have gone there anyhow. In other words, the people who spent this money would more than likely have kept it and not given the retailer a chance at it. We know that the retailer is not losing any great amount of business, and has not since he began to fight the mail order house intelligently. Then if the retailer has not lost materially in two years, and the mail order house, in the same period, has practically doubled its receipts, where has the business come from?

We do not for one moment doubt that the mail order house created the business by creating desire on the part of buyers. This was accomplished through advertising. The mail order house is a persistent, careful, shrewd advertiser. In localities where the retail trade advertises, the mail order house lays off, but elsewhere, and there are many communities where the retailer is a poor advertiser, the mail order advertising is scattered, and it is from these districts that it obtains its business.—Stoves and Hardware Reporter.

His Business.

A Boston lawyer who brought his wit from his native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial, brought forth the following:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business!" (angrily).

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer asked: "Have you any other business?"

Hardware Price Current

AMMUNITION.			
Caps.			
G. D., full count, per m.	40		
Hicks' Waterproof, per m.	50		
Musket, per m.	75		
Ely's Waterproof, per m.	60		
Cartridges.			
No. 22 short, per m.	2 50		
No. 22 long, per m.	3 00		
No. 32 short, per m.	5 00		
No. 32 long, per m.	5 50		
Primers.			
No. 2 U. M. C., boxes 250, per m.	1 60		
No. 2 Winchester, boxes 250, per m.	1 60		
Gun Wads.			
Black Edge, Nos. 11 & 12 U. M. C.	60		
Black Edge, Nos. 9 & 10, per m.	70		
Black Edge, No. 7, per m.	80		
Loaded Shells.			
Rival—For Shotguns.			
No. Powder	Shot	Gauge	Per 100
120 4	1 1/2	10	\$2 90
129 4	1 1/2	9	2 90
128 4	1 1/2	8	2 90
126 4	1 1/2	6	2 90
135 4 1/4	1 1/2	5	2 95
154 4 1/2	1 1/2	4	3 00
200 3	1	10	2 50
208 3	1	8	2 50
236 3 1/4	1 1/2	6	2 65
265 3 1/2	1 1/2	5	2 70
264 3 1/2	1 1/2	4	2 70
Discount, one-third and five per cent.			
Paper Shells—Not Loaded.			
No. 10, pasteboard boxes 100, per 100	72		
No. 12, pasteboard boxes 100, per 100	64		
Gunpowder.			
Kegs, 25 lbs., per keg	4 75		
1/2 Kegs, 12 1/2 lbs., per 1/2 keg	2 75		
1/4 Kegs, 6 1/4 lbs., per 1/4 keg	1 50		
Shot.			
In sacks containing 25 lbs.			
Drop, all sizes smaller than B	2 10		
AUGERS AND BITS			
Snell's	60		
Jennings' genuine	25		
Jennings' imitation	50		
AXES			
First Quality, S. B. Bronze	6 00		
First Quality, D. B. Bronze	9 00		
First Quality, S. B. S. Steel	7 00		
First Quality, D. B. Steel	10 50		
BARROWS			
Railroad	16 00		
Garden	33 00		
BOLTS			
Stove	80		
Carriage, new list	70		
Plow	50		
BUCKETS			
Well, plain	4 50		
BUTTS, CAST			
Cast Loose, Pin, figured	65		
Wrought, narrow	75		
CHAIN			
1/4 in. 5-16 in. 3/8 in. 1/2 in.			
Common	7 1/2 c.	6 1/2 c.	5 1/2 c.
BB.	8 1/2 c.	7 1/2 c.	7 c.
BBB.	9 c.	8 c.	7 1/2 c.
CROWBARS			
Cast Steel, per pound	5		
CHISELS			
Socket Firmer	65		
Socket Framing	65		
Socket Corner	65		
Socket Slicks	65		
ELBOWS			
Com. 4 piece, 6 in., per doz.	net 65		
Corrugated, per doz.	1 00		
Adjustable	dis. 40 & 10		
EXPANSIVE BITS			
Clark's small, \$18; large, \$26.	40		
Ives' 1, \$18; 2, \$24; 3, \$30	25		
FILES—NEW LIST			
New American	70 & 10		
Nicholson's	70		
Heller's Horse Rasps	70		
GALVANIZED IRON			
Nos. 16 to 20; 22 and 24; 25 and 26; 27, 28			
List 12 13 14 15 15 17			
Discount, 70.			
GAUGES			
Stanley Rule and Level Co.'s	60 & 10		
GLASS			
Single Strength, by box	dis. 90		
Double Strength, by box	dis. 90		
By the light	dis. 90		
HAMMERS			
Maydole & Co.'s new list	dis. 33 1/2		
Yerkes & Plumb's	dis. 40 & 10		
Mason's Solid Cast Steel	30c list 70		
HINGES			
Gate, Clark's 1, 2, 3	dis. 60 & 10		
Pots	50		
Kettles	50		
Spiders	50		
HOLLOW WARE			
Common	dis. 50		
HORSE NAILS			
Au Sable	dis. 40 & 10		
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS			
Stamped Tinware, new list	70		
Japanese Tinware	50 & 10		

IRON

Bar Iron	2 25	rate
Light Band	3 00	rate
KNOBS—NEW LIST		
Door, mineral, Jap. trimmings	75	
Door, Porcelain, Jap. trimmings	85	
LEVELS		
Stanley Rule and Level Co.'s	dis. 50	
METALS—ZINC		
600 pound casks	9 1/2	
Per pound	10	
MISCELLANEOUS		
Bird Cages	40	
Pumps, Cistern	75	
Screws, New list	87 1/2	
Casters, Bed and Plate	50 & 10 & 10	
Dampers, American	50	
MOLASSES GATES		
Stelbins' Pattern	60 & 10	
Enterprise, self-measuring	30	
PANS		
Fry, Acme	50	
Common, polished	70 & 10	
PATENT PLANISHED IRON		
"A" Wood's pat. plan'd, No. 24-27	10 80	
"B" Wood's pat. plan'd, No. 25-27	9 80	
Broken packages 1/2 c per lb. extra.		
PLANES		
Ohio Tool Co.'s fancy	40	
Sciota Bench	50	
Sandusky Tool Co.'s fancy	40	
Bench, first quality	45	
NAILS		
Advance over base, on both Steel & Wire		
Steel nails, base	3 00	
Wire nails, base	2 40	
20 to 60 advance	Base	
10 to 16 advance	5	
8 advance	10	
6 advance	20	
4 advance	30	
3 advance	45	
2 advance	70	
Fine 3 advance	50	
Casing 10 advance	15	
Casing 8 advance	25	
Casing 6 advance	35	
Finish 10 advance	25	
Finish 8 advance	35	
Finish 6 advance	45	
Barrell 7/8 advance	35	
RIVETS		
Iron and tinned	50	
Copper Rivets and Burs	30	
ROOFING PLATES		
14x20 IC, Charcoal, Dean	7 50	
14x20 IX, Charcoal, Dean	9 00	
20x28 IC, Charcoal, Dean	15 00	
14x20 IC, Charcoal, Allaway Grade	7 50	
14x20 IX, Charcoal, Allaway Grade	9 00	
20x28 IC, Charcoal, Allaway Grade	15 00	
20x28 IX, Charcoal, Allaway Grade	18 00	
ROPES		
Sisal, 1/2 inch and larger	9 1/2	
SAND PAPER		
List acct. 19, '86	dis. 50	
SASH WEIGHTS		
Solid Eyes, per ton	32 00	
SHEET IRON		
Nos. 10 to 14	3 60	
Nos. 15 to 17	3 70	
Nos. 18 to 21	3 90	
Nos. 22 to 24	3 00	
Nos. 25 to 26	4 00	
No. 27	4 10	
All sheets No. 18 and lighter, over 30 inches wide, not less than 2-10 extra.		
SHOVELS AND SPADES		
First Grade, per doz.	6 50	
Second Grade, per doz.	5 75	
SOLDER		
1/4 @ 1/2	26	
The prices of the many other qualities of solder in the market indicated by private brands vary according to composition.		
SQUARES		
Steel and Iron	70%	
TIN—MELYN GRADE		
10x14 IC, Charcoal	10 50	
14x20 IC, Charcoal	10 50	
10x14 IX, Charcoal	12 00	
Each additional X on this grade	1 25	
TIN—ALLAWAY GRADE		
10x14 IC, Charcoal	9 00	
14x20 IC, Charcoal	9 00	
10x14 IX, Charcoal	10 50	
14x20 IX, Charcoal	10 50	
Each additional X on this grade	1 50	
BOILER SIZE TIN PLATE		
14x56 IX, for Nos. 8 & 9 boilers, per lb.	13	
TRAPS		
Steel, Game	75	
Oneida Community, Newhouse's	40 & 10	
Oneida Com'y, Hawley & Norton's	65	
Mouse, choker, per doz. holes	12 1/2	
Mouse, delusion, per doz.	1 25	
WIRE		
Bright Market	60	
Annealed Market	60	
Coppered Market	50 & 10	
Tinned Market	50 & 10	
Coppered Spring Steel	40	
Barbed Fence, Galvanized	2 85	
Barbed Fence, Painted	2 55	
WIRE GOODS		
Bright	80-10	
Screw Eyes	80-10	
Hooks	80-10	
Gate Hooks and Eyes	80-10	
WRENCHES		
Baxter's Adjustable, Nickeled	80	
Coe's Genuine	40	
Coe's Patent Agricultural, Wrought	70-10	

Crockery and Glassware

STONEWARE	
No charge for packing.	
Butters	
1/2 gal. per doz.	52
1 to 6 gal. per doz.	6 1/2
8 gal. each	60
10 gal. each	75
12 gal. each	90
15 gal. meat tubs, each	1 28
20 gal. meat tubs, each	1 70
25 gal. meat tubs, each	2 38
30 gal. meat tubs, each	2 85
Churns	
2 to 6 gal. per gal.	1 1/2
Churn Dashers, per doz.	84
Milkpans	
1/2 gal. flat or round bottom, per doz.	52
1 gal. flat or round bottom each.	6 1/2
Fine Glazed Milkpans	
1/2 gal. flat or round bottom, per doz.	60
1 gal. flat or round bottom, each	7
Stewpans	
1/2 gal. fireproof, bail, per doz.	86
1 gal. fireproof, bail, per doz.	1 10
Jugs	
1/2 gal. per doz.	68
3/4 gal. per doz.	51
1 to 5 gal., per gal.	8 1/2
SEALING WAX	
Pontius, each stick in carton	Per doz. 40
LAMP BURNERS	
No. 0 Sun	40
No. 1 Sun	42
No. 2 Sun	55
No. 3 Sun	90
Tubular	60
Nutmeg	60
MASON FRUIT JARS	
With Porcelain Lined Caps	
Per gross	
Pints	4 40
Quarts	4 75
1/2 gallon	6 65
Caps	2 10
Fruit Jars packed 1 dozen in box.	
LAMP CHIMNEYS—Seconds	
Per box of 6 doz.	
Anchor Carton Chimneys	
Each chimney in corrugated tube	
No. 0, Crimp top	1 70
No. 1, Crimp top	1 85
No. 2, Crimp top	2 85
Fine Flint Glass in Cartons	
No. 0, Crimp top	3 00
No. 1, Crimp top	3 25
No. 2, Crimp top	4 10
No. 0, Crimp top	3 30
No. 1, Crimp top	4 00
No. 2, Crimp top	5 00
Lead Flint Glass in Cartons	
No. 0, Crimp top	3 30
No. 1, Crimp top	4 00
No. 2, Crimp top	5 00
Pearl Top—1 doz. in Cor. Carton	
Per doz.	
No. 1, wrapped and labeled	75
No. 2, wrapped and labeled	85
Rochester in Cartons	
No. 2 Fine Flint, 10 in. (85c doz.)	4 60
No. 2 Fine Flint, 12 in. (\$1.35 doz.)	7 50
No. 2 Lead Flint, 10 in. (95c doz.)	5 50
No. 2 Lead Flint, 12 in. (\$1.65 doz.)	8 75
Electric in Cartons	
No. 2, Lime (75c doz.)	4 20
No. 2, Fine Flint, (85c doz.)	4 60
No. 2, Lead Flint, (95c doz.)	5 50
LaBastie, 1 doz. in Carton	
No. 1, Sun Plain Top, (\$1 doz.)	1 00
No. 2, Sun Plain Top, (\$1.25 doz.)	1 25
OIL CANS	
1 gal. tin cans with spout, per doz.	1 20
1 gal. galv. iron with spout, per doz.	1 60
2 gal. galv. iron with spout, per doz.	2 50
3 gal. galv. iron with spout, per doz.	3 50
5 gal. galv. iron with spout, per doz.	4 50
3 gal. galv. iron with faucet, per doz.	4 50
5 gal. galv. iron with faucet, per doz.	5 25
5 gal. Tilting cans	7 00
5 gal. galv. iron Nacefars	9 00
LANTERNS	
No. 0 Tubular, side lift	4 60
No. 2 B Tubular	6 75
No. 15 Tubular, dash	7 00
No. 2 Cold Blast Lantern	8 25
No. 12 Tubular, side lamp	12 00
No. 3 Street lamp, each	3 50
LANTERN GLOBES	
No. 0 Tub., cases 1 doz. each	55
No. 0 Tub., cases 2 doz. each	55
No. 0 Tub Ruby	2 00
No. 0 Tub, Green	2 00
No. 0 Tub, bbls., 5 doz. each, per bbl.	2 25
No. 0 Tub, Bull's eye, cases 1 dz. e.	1 25
BEST WHITE COTTON WICKS	
Roll contains 32 yards in one piece.	
No. 0 3/8 in. wide, per gross or roll.	28
No. 1 1/2 in. wide, per gross or roll.	38
No. 2 1 in. wide, per gross or roll.	60
No. 3 1 1/2 in. wide, per gross or roll.	90
COUPON BOOKS	
50 books, any denomination	1 00
100 books, any denomination	2 50
500 books, any denomination	11 50
1000 books, any	

WOULD BE KING.

Too Must Ambition Cost Man His Job.

A man named Kipling once wrote a story about a Man Who Would Be King. In all probability Hopkins never heard of Mr. Kipling or of the story about the would-be king, or anything else so far disassociated with the sales department of Going & Co. as Mr. Kipling's story, but for all his woeful ignorance in such matters Hopkins put up a fair and interesting exhibition of a man trying to be king all by himself and through his own ability.

Ambition, naturally, is the root of all and any desires to be king for the mere sake of being king, and there is no question that Hopkins was ambitious—terribly ambitious. It began to trouble him when he was in the sample room of the selling department of the big house. It drove him when he was on the road as a salesman. He never was satisfied. As a salesman he merely was one of a hundred, no higher, no more important, no more powerful. This hurt him. He wanted to be something more, to be more important and to have power. So he became sales manager through sheer, hard, killing work, not through any particular brilliance, and it was as the sales manager, the head of the department where formerly he had been but one of a hundred, that he wanted to be king and tried it with the results that follow:

As sales manager for Going & Co. Hopkins had 150 people under him, assistants, correspondents, salesmen, stenographers, clerks, office and messenger boys, each and every one of whom worked and contributed to the successful performance of the functions of the department one share of some degree or other. The department was well organized. All of Going & Co.'s departments are well organized. Everybody, from the first assistant down to the last office boy, had his or her place, his or her work to do, and did it. There were no waste positions, no waste help. Going & Co. don't believe in waste of any kind. If a department head discovers an employe without a certain and sufficient amount of work to keep him or her busy, it follows not long after that there is a lessening in the total number on the pay roll.

If the head discovers that two persons are doing the work of one or that one can do the work of two, there are swift and sudden changes that alter entirely such conditions of affairs. Each department thus becomes a fine, economical machine, or rather the part of a machine, for the whole office is so well organized and so thoroughly amalgamated that it is it which deserves the name of the machine. But in each department every individual is a cog which contributes more or less to the efficiency of the whole part, and this is what Hopkins must have overlooked.

So there was the department, consisting of 150 important cogs and Hopkins, and Hopkins decided to be king.

"I am the head of the department,"

he said, three months after his accession to that post. "I want that completely understood. Anybody who doesn't understand has outlived his usefulness here. That is the basis upon which this department is to be run from now on."

That was quite different from the attitude with which the old manager, who had retired, had conducted said department. He had said:

"We all are working for one common purpose—to sell as much Going & Co. stuff as cheaply and efficiently as we can. Everybody has got to remember that the work depends on him as well as all the rest of us. We have all got to do our best, and we'll all conserve our own interests by so doing. I don't want the lowest man in here to think that he's a mere stick in a hole. What good is a stick? I want him to feel that he's got an actual and vital part in the work of the department to attend to, and that if he attends to it well he will have helped the house and himself, and if he doesn't do it well he will hurt himself. Now, I hope we understand each other, and we'll go to work."

That was the difference between the old and the new managers. The old one said "we," the new one said "I." It makes a difference; notice the next time the occasion offers and see

"This department has been run loosely," continued Hopkins, as he laid down new rules. "It's been a sort of a hit and miss affair. It won't be that any more. It will be a sort of an army, with a definite head, in whose hands will rest all the power of decision. I want each man to do his work and his work only. If he hasn't got enough to do with his own work there isn't room for a man in his position."

Hopkins didn't tell his people that he wanted to be king. He didn't even tell himself. He didn't look at it in that way. But he wanted to be boss. He wanted to be above the others, and to let them know it. He had wanted to do this all his business life. Power was like wine to him.

Partly through an overappreciation of his own ability as a sales manager, and partly through an inbred contempt for the men under him, he felt secure in the ground he had assumed. He felt that he was responsible for the efficiency of the department, that without him the others would be like a train without a locomotive. He was the power. He was the intelligence and the force. The others were all right in their place, but their place was where he could either push or pull them. Mostly he drove, naturally, for he was sure that half his force were deliberately lazy and faithless and that only by keeping the hand of iron on them where they could feel the slightest pressure would he be able to keep them up to the pitch of work and efficiency which he had set as necessary for men who were working under him.

He would be king; nothing else would do.

Hopkins had an assistant who had been in the department for fifteen years. The only reason why the assistant was not manager was because he was slow and easy going and Hop-

kins had been quick and aggressive. The assistant was satisfied; he wasn't the ambitious kind. He came to Hopkins with a suggestion one day. He had come to the old chief with suggestions as a matter of course and of invitation. He began to talk about his suggestion, which concerned a salesman named Grady.

"Grady would do better in a territory of smaller towns," he said. "He isn't quite fitted for the bigger towns; he—"

"How do you know he's not fitted for the bigger towns?" said Hopkins, coldly. "How do you know that I have not decided that he is fitted for the larger towns? How do you know that I'm at all pleased to receive these criticisms?"

"Not criticisms, Mr. Hopkins—"

"Never mind. That will be all. I am running the department."

The old assistant blinked for ten minutes after the lightning had hit him. He didn't understand for twice as long. Then from that moment he began to get sour and attend to his work like an automaton. The assistant was the first one to discover that Hopkins would be king. Others came afterward. Some of them discovered in a manner more unpleasant, some of them less so. But all of them came away from their interview bearing the same impression: Hopkins wanted to be the whole thing.

And he was the whole thing—for a year. He ran the department with a hand of iron. He was king, all right, all right. Nobody had anything to say except him, and nobody felt that he'd last until another pay day if he tried to think of anything. Hopkins was satisfied. He was the boss now. If he had been possessed of military notions he might have been disturbed with a desire to put his subordinates in uniform or to number them, but he had nothing of the sort, so he was satisfied.

Then came the time when Butler & Sons began to cut into the trade of Going & Co. It was a new firm and they instituted a selling war from the beginning. They had the war well planned and their forces well organized. Going & Co. began to lose trade in territories where they had been regarded as supreme. Hopkins wrote half a dozen salesmen to come in.

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Dried Beet Pulp

(See quotations on page 44 of this paper)

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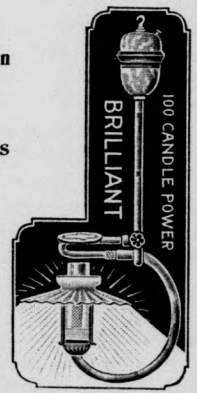
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EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF THESE GOODS

"You fellows will have to do better," was his decree. "You're losing trade; you should be gaining it. This must be stopped."

The salesmen went back to their routes without much talk. But they didn't stop the losses. They began to spread. Most of the big territories began to suffer losses. The correspondence sales began to fall off. Hopkins stood it well for two months, and then called a general consultation.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are not working as hard as you can."

The gentlemen admitted the accuracy of the charge.

"Why?" asked Hopkins.

The gentlemen hung back.

"Why?" he insisted. "I order you to tell me why."

Then they told him. They had a lot to say, for there were a lot of them, and the matter had been boiling in them for a long while. Hopkins was sitting back in his chair as limp as a rag when they were through. By that time he had discovered that it was his fault.

"Nobody can work as hard and as well as he can for a man who bosses the way that you do!"

Hopkins gasped. The salesmen and others went on:

"You have run things here without regard to anybody else, as if they didn't count. Now you find that they do count; that you are not the whole department and that you can't run your department properly without the co-operation of the people in it. Now do what you please."

There wasn't much for Hopkins to do. Old Man Going heard of the trouble and took it in hand himself.

"Boys," said he, and the crowd began to soften and grow mellow at once, "boys, we can't stand to have those fellows beat us and crow over us. Go right back and work your best to euchre them, and by the time that you have the fight cleaned up in a victory and have time to stop and look around you'll discover that things have changed in a way to make everything satisfactory to all. Now get right back and let's catch up the lost ground."

With the success of the campaign that followed this story does not concern itself. But the change that made everything satisfactory to all took place in due time. Hopkins was fired. Allan Wilson.

Beware of the Gander.

While some children were making their way home from a country schoolhouse in Tennessee this summer they came across a flock of geese belonging to a farmer.

One old gander showed signs of flight and a girl 12 years old picked up a stick and stepped forward. The gander at once flew at her and broke her arm with a blow of its wing and at the same time gave her such a peck in the face as to lay her cheek open and leave a permanent scar.

We hear a good deal about the bravery of the eagle, but any farmer's boy who has ever had a bite from a gander has respected the fowl ever since. When he gets hold he forgets to let go again until he has wound up the business.

Young Man Should Take Care of Himself.

When the young man starts out in business he should take stock of himself. In this beginning of his work nothing is of more importance. He must say to himself that he is a beginner only. He has everything to learn of ways, means and methods. He may have a groundwork of training based upon academic instruction, but experience is the one thing needful. Look over the want advertisements of the large Sunday papers, and it will be observed that the one emphasized requirement of most employers having worthy places to offer is that the applicant "state your experience."

Knowing how to do a thing is the first essential in business. To do it promptly and properly, however, would be the greater desideratum only that the knowledge that how to do it first must have been acquired. To know how a thing should be done and not to do it becomes the greater shortcoming than if the person, not knowing how, had failed after the utmost willingness in trying.

"That hardest thing to impress upon men in general is that they obey orders to the letter," said a friend of mine charged with the management of men in a great business.

"There are several reasons for such failure, too. Egotism ranks first of these. This egotism works in several ways to the disobedience of a literal order. I call a man in here sometimes to give him instructions in a most important move. He is a good man in many respects, but he is a most profound egotist. His egotism prompts him to appear to know more than he does. He begins to anticipate me in what I have to say. He will break into the most important part of his instructions with, 'Oh, I see, you mean—' I have to shut him off a dozen times with saying to him, 'Now, if you'll only listen and let me do the talking.' But he won't, or if he does his egotism causes him to say to himself that he knows all about it, and suddenly I find that he isn't listening.

"The result is that this man has made some of the most foolish mistakes made by any man in the place. This man is supposed to work under my individual direction. If he makes a mistake the house holds me responsible for it. I like the man and I don't want to think of letting him go, but sometimes it seems to me that I'm foolish to take some of the kicks which come to me because of this man's crazy egotism.

"I find occasionally a man of the other extreme—the man who is of the extremely nervous type and naturally timid. This man is handicapped through realizing that I'm the responsible head and is overburdened with the responsibility which I am giving over to him. He is so nervous that he is uneasy, and he is likely to miss a point or two in his instructions in his endeavor to avoid taking up my time with details. Between the egotist and this nervously timid type there is the man of the heavy, slow temperament who never leaves until he has the fullest measure of his instructions into his slow

brain, but who can be counted upon in his slow way to carry out every order in its fullest detail.

"But this slow temperament is not satisfactory. Every order given him is taken in its most literal sense. He does not expect ever to take the slightest initiative in deviating from the order's letter. There are times and circumstances when, in the light of good judgment, some latitude in discrimination is necessary. Of the three types I have described, too, only the egotist in his egotism is likely to take the chance."

Could the young man entering business find stronger inducements than these to take stock of himself to discover what he is, and where?

In this initial stock taking no other one thing is more necessary than for the young man to decide just where his confidence in himself begins and ends. Overconfidence always is an expression of egotism. Thorough confidence can not be established in one's self until egotism has been eliminated. The egotist's philosophy always is "to take a chance at it." He forgets that one of the bulwarks of a business is to avoid the element of chance just as far as order, judgment and system will admit. Egotist that he is, the man of this type forgets that to the sane, conservative man of business egotism is offensive, while to the men of his own kind it can be only an irritation at best. The egotist's egotism thus becomes his chief weakness before other men.

Size yourself up, young man. Get some good, plain, jarring assistance in the job, too. It's a good business move. John A. Howland.

A New Golf Word.

An Irishman was suddenly struck by a golf ball. "Are you hurt" asked the player. "Why didn't you get out of the way?" "An' why should I get out of the way?" asked Pat. "I didn't know there was any assassins round here." "But I called 'fore,'" said the player, "and, when I say 'fore,' that is a sign for you to get out of the way." "Oh, it is,

is it?" said Pat. "Will, thin, when I say 'foive,' it is a sign that you are going to get hit on the nose. 'Foive.'"

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Ionia, Fountain and Division Sts.
Opposite Morton House

CROWN PIANOS are made in a factory that has the finest and most complete privately compiled piano-building library in the country. Piano dealers know what this means. Piano players realize what it means when they play on a Crown Piano.

Geo. P. Bent, Manufacturer
Chicago

**El Portana
5c Cigar**

Now Made in Five Sizes

Each size is numbered and every box is marked with its respective number. When ordering by mail, order by number.

G. J. Johnson Cigar Co., Maker
Grand Rapids, Mich.



The Snob Sometimes Makes a Good Salesman.

Does the snob succeed or fail in business? Most people would say off-hand that a snob would fail, at least that snobbishness would be a detriment to the worker.

If the baby is not cutting paper dolls from the pages of the dictionary, or if the missus has not given it to some rescue home in order that it might improve the minds of the hobos, one may learn from it that a snob is "an affected and pretentious person," "a person who always is pretending to be richer or more fashionable than he is."

But if asked why Johnny Van Der Swell is a snob one would say because he thinks he is "it" when he isn't. Or if, afflicted with a sudden mania for truth, one's inmost thoughts would come out, the answer would be "because he thinks he is better than I am," "because he doesn't go out of his way to seek my company," or "because he doesn't appreciate what a really great man I am."

The dyed in the wool snob is one because of some social position that he has or because he wants to associate with those that have some social prestige. If he carries this affectation into business life it does not mean that failure follows inevitably.

If he is looking for a job in a place where a high class of trade is sought, the boss may think the snob has some important connections because of this snobbishness, and hires him for that reason.

He will not antagonize the man of assured position who patronizes the store, for such a man is dearly beloved by the snob and the also rans in the social race will think the store must be a high class one because of the important manner of its employes.

If the snob is democratic during business hours and exclusive afterwards we have a secret and guilty desire to have him wait on us rather than some member of the common herd. If young Brownstone cuts us on the way to his golf club with a party of his friends we feel that we ought to be indignant. However, next day at the store he says cordially, "Hullo, Jimmy! How's the missus and the kids? Been making any tall scores bowling lately?"

Then we pat ourselves on the back and have a secret feeling of delight because we are meeting the aristocrat on a footing of equality. If he hadn't looked the other way when passing us the day before we would boss him around, but as it is we are complimented to have him wait on us.

Even the growling of his fellow employes is more or less pretense. The other employes will tell each other what an unpleasant snob Livingstone is, but when speaking to him

they assume a deferential air and after business hours they will tell Katy who lives around the corner about the long and confidential talk they had with young Livingstone.

"What, Katy, you don't know who young Livingstone is?" Then comes a long discourse telling what an important personage our intimate friend Livingstone is.

Of course, if one hold an important position it is much easier to put through the snobbish act, but even a "gentlemanly clerk at 12 per" can make a bluff, for if one continually pretends to be "it" one soon will be "it" in other people's opinion.

Charles O. Smith.

Bank President Asks a Favor.

"Mr. Smithly," said the bank President, as he called the cashier into his private office and motioned him to be seated, "I want to ask you a few questions: Is it true that you have just purchased a home at a cost of \$35,000?"

"I—I have, sir," replied the Cashier as he turned pale.

"And that you own an automobile worth \$5,000?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"And a yacht worth \$7,000?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"And three race-horses valued at \$15,000?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"And a dog worth \$2,000?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"And that you sometimes lose cash sums at poker?"

"Y-es, sir."

"And live the rate of \$50,000 a year?"

"P-pretty near that, sir."

"Mr. Smithly," continued the bank President, as he lowered his voice, "I want to ask you a favor. Your salary is \$2,000 a year, is it not?"

"It is, sir," replied the cashier, as he arose from his seat and sighed and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "I—I suppose I am to hand in my resignation at once, sir?"

"Not at all, my boy—not at all! I just want to ask if you won't change jobs with me for a few years. I do not seem to be able to gain much headway in this institution on my measly salary of \$20,000."

When a Promissory Note Is a Forgery.

In the last issue of Bradstreet's it is reported that the Supreme Court of the State of Maine has held, in the case of the Biddeford National Bank vs. Hill, that where a person did not intend to sign a promissory note, but by fraud and deceit was tricked into signing an instrument which afterward proved to be a promissory note, such instrument was a forgery, although the signature affixed thereto was genuine.

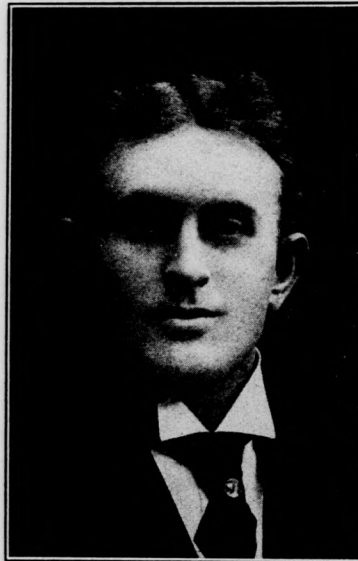
This is a very important decision, and we are glad that it has been made, and we would like to have the courts of other states pass upon this matter.

The case upon which the decision is given is one which has very materially affected the retail merchants of the country, and it is one which in the years past we have been called upon to deal with not infrequently.

SUCCESSFUL SALESMEN.

C. F. Pichon, Representing Wayne Shoe Manufacturing Co.

Charles F. Pichon was born ten miles northeast of Fort Wayne, Ind., on May 3, 1883, his father being French by birth and his mother of Scotch-Irish descent. He first attended country school and subsequently the public schools of Fort Wayne. His first employment was with Perfect & Co., wholesale grocers, as city shipping clerk, in which position he continued for three years. He then became country salesman for the Becker Paper Co., covering Northern Ohio and Indiana and three counties in Michigan for two years. He next traveled in the same territory for two years for the wholesale paper house of Rothschild Bros. On July 1, 1907, he engaged to represent the Wayne Shoe Manufactur-



ing Co., covering the same trade as before. He sees his customers every two months.

Mr. Pichon was married on Oct. 12, 1905, to Miss Blanche Poland, of Fort Wayne. They reside in their own home at 1122 Jackson street.

Mr. Pichon attends the Baptist church. He is a member of Fort Wayne Lodge No. 155, B. P. O. E.; Fort Wayne Lodge No. 15, Tribe of Ben Hur, and Fort Wayne Council No. 212, U. C. T., in which he is now passing through the chairs, being Conductor at present.

He attributes his success to hard work, rightly directed, but those who know him best insist that a pleasing personality has much to do with the warm welcome which he receives whenever he calls on his customers. Mr. Pichon is simple in his tastes and mild in his methods, caring little for society and nothing for notoriety. His friends are legion and all who know him appreciate his friendship and admire his business capacity, as well as his integrity and fidelity to duty.

He Was Retained.

"Your Honor," said the lawyer for the defense as he rose after the jury had taken its place in the box, "we object to juror number four and ask that another be drawn to fill his place."

"State your objection," replied the judge

"He is the owner of an auto."

"But what has that to do with the matter?"

"A great deal, Your Honor. With your leave I will ask him if he was not arrested in June for speeding?"

"I was," was the reply.

"You were going forty miles an hour, as sworn to by three good men, and yet you claimed that it was only fifteen."

"Yes, sir."

"Then you prevaricated, didn't you?"

"I did."

"In July you were arrested again for the same offense, after having knocked a man down. You lied again about the speed, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"In July you killed a farmer's horse and broke the farmer's leg. In court you denied that you were going over ten miles an hour. Wasn't the true speed nearer thirty-five?"

"It was fully forty, sir."

"And in August," continued the attorney, "when you knocked a street car off the track, you swore that your auto was just creeping along."

"Yes."

"As a matter of fact, weren't you racing with another machine?"

"I was, sir."

"And wasn't the speed at least fifty miles an hour?"

"It was."

"Then, as you are a liar and admit that you are a liar, I ask that you be dismissed from this panel."

"But I must refuse the motion," said His Honor. "This is a suit between two owners of autos, and we want number four to balance the lies the other two will tell. Let the case go on."

No Need of Another.

An Italian priest who was well known for his missionary work among the Passamaquoddy Indians in Eastern Maine was once urged by a young lady of his congregation at Eastport to have a "mission" there to rouse some of the lethargic members of the church, whose spiritual condition, she earnestly declared, was really deplorable.

"No, no!" he replied. "I do not approve of missions. Dey make de excitement, but de effect is not lasting!"

"Oh, yes, father, indeed it is!" she insisted.

"In dat case, den, you do not need one," replied the good father, with a genial smile, "for you had one tree years ago."

The Eternal Question

Where are you stopping?
'Tis a decided point in
your favor if your an-
swer is

Hotel Livingston
Grand Rapids

NEW GLASS HOUSE.

Donaldson Glass Co. Succeeds the Wm. Reid Co.

The Wm. Reid Co. has retired from the glass and paint business in Grand Rapids, due to a variety of causes, any one of which was sufficient to determine the usefulness of the house at this market.

The building occupied by the Reid Co. has been leased for a term of years by a new corporation which has been organized to continue the business under the style of the Donaldson Glass Co. The company has an authorized capital stock of \$10,000, of which \$6,500 has been subscribed and paid in, as follows:

Chas. A. Donaldson	\$5,500
E. M. Donaldson	400
F. E. Walter	300
Louise Bierbower	300

The officers of the corporation are as follows:

- President—Chas. A. Donaldson.
 - Vice-President—E. M. Donaldson.
 - Secretary—F. E. Walter.
 - Treasurer—Louise Bierbower.
- Chas. A. Donaldson has been man-



ager of the Reid interests here for the past three years, having had ten years' experience in the glass business. Mr. Walter has been connected with the local house for the past two years. He will travel for the new house, undertaking to see his customers every thirty days. Miss Bierbower has had twelve years' experience in the glass business.

Biographical.

Charles A. Donaldson is of Scotch-Irish descent. He was born at Mercer, Pennsylvania, November 25, 1875. When he was an infant his parents moved to St. Joseph, Indiana, where they resided six years. They then removed to Edgerton, Ohio, where the son attended school until he completed his high school course. He subsequently spent two years at the Angola Normal School, pursuing the scientific course. He then sought and obtained employment with Edward Frohlich, glass jobber at Toledo, being engaged in the store and on the road for three years. He then returned to Edgerton to take the position of Secretary of the Oak Manufacturing

Co., manufacturer of hardwood lumber and baskets. Two years later he secured a position as salesman for Wm. Reid, glass dealer in Detroit, and about six months later he was promoted to the management of the Grand Rapids branch, succeeding Walter French, who resigned to engage in business for himself.

Mr. Donaldson was married November 27, 1899, to Miss Elva M. Mortland, of Edgerton, Ohio. They reside at 168 Lagrave street.

Mr. Donaldson is a member of the Christian church and of the F. & A. M. as far as the Blue Lodge. He fishes, hunts and plays ball, but has no other hobby and is not much of a "jiner" or fraternity man. He is naturally ambitious to make a record for himself in his new connection, in which he has invested the savings of years, and if hard work and patient and persistent efforts count for anything in the business world, he will surely achieve success.

Movements of Michigan Gideons.

Detroit, Oct. 29—The National Cabinet met in Chicago Oct. 19. The Secretary reported that \$1,500 had been subscribed to employ a Field Secretary, and the Cabinet appointed C. T. Bowers, of Lincoln, Nebraska, to fill this office. The Secretary was instructed to at once send out for payment of subscriptions. Mr. Bower will make a trip through Indiana and Ohio and will doubtless be called to Michigan the fore part of 1908.

On November 2 and 3 there will be a State Gideon rally in this city to celebrate the inaugurating of hotel meetings in the New Ponchetrairie Hotel. Let every Gideon make an effort to be present. "If every Gideon was just like me, what kind of a Gideon would all Gideons be?" Saturday, 6 p. m., banquet at the Griswold House, \$1 per plate. Camp fire, 7:30 p. m., at Y. M. C. A. Sabbath, 10:30 a. m., sermon to Gideons at the Central Methodist church, corner Adams street and Woodward avenue, by Rev. F. D. Leete, D. D.; 3 p. m., meeting with Volunteers of America. Address by State Vice-President John Adams Sherick, of Grand Rapids, on "The New Man or From Poverty to Power." 7:30 p. m. Hotel Ponchetrairie.

Bring your wives, your daughters, a smile and success. "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much, who has gained the trust of a pure woman and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task, who has left the world better than he found it, whether by improving a poppy, writing a perfect poem, or rescuing a soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it, who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had, whose life was an inspiration, whose memory was a benediction." Come expecting much and bring it with you.

Aaron B. Gates.

Some men hope that a golden crown will give them a golden mind.

Fashion leads many to starve the inmates in order to paint the house.

MODESTY OR PROPHECY.

In the course of a speech at Manila the other day Secretary Taft is credited with having said: "I hope in another two years to visit Manila again and then I probably will come as a private citizen." People are naturally wondering whether this is modesty or prophecy. Just now Mr. Taft is a very eager and prominent candidate for the presidency. Presumably he thinks, or at least his friends do, that he will be nominated, and if nominated that he will be elected, but in that event he would not be a private citizen two years hence, nor would he be liable to go to Manila. That would be a longer journey than any President ever took when in office, even though on landing his feet would rest on American soil. If he had his own way, it is represented that Secretary Taft would two years hence be a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. In that event also he would not be a private citizen. Now one or the other of these places he desires and makes no secret of it. He could have been a judge if he had not thought best to try for the presidency and if he loses it he may still have a chance on the bench.

It must be that what prompted the distinguished Secretary to make this remark was modesty. He did not desire even on the other side of the globe to say that he could not come again in four or five years because he expected to be President and have other business requiring his undivided attention. That he thinks some of taking up his residence in the White House is evidenced by what is being done in his behalf. Surely it was modesty which was the motive of this speech, but be that as it may it is altogether possible that it is also a prophecy. It is within bounds to say that the majority of onlookers who have no special personal preference do not regard Taft's chances as of the best for the presidency. He has the backing of the administration, to be sure, but that may work both ways. He has nothing which looks like a certainty and can not even now be said to have the best chance. Should he fail of the nomination, President Roosevelt would doubtless be glad to appoint him a judge of the Supreme Court, but that can only be done when there is a vacancy and between next June and the following 4th of March there may be no vacancy, in which event Mr. Taft's chances for private citizenship would be exceedingly good. Hence while the motive in making the statement was modesty it is quite possible that the statement itself may prove a prophecy.

Largest Food Factory in the World.

Battle Creek, Oct. 29—To travelers entering Battle Creek on the Michigan Central or on the Jackson & Battle Creek interurban the two new buildings of the Toasted Corn Flakes Co. present an imposing appearance. The structures are nearly enclosed. The buildings are 320 feet long, combined length, and four stories high, besides the basement and ventilating story on the west side. The height of each story is 14 feet and 6 inches.

The walls are solid brick, 22 inches thick.

The interior work is steel and cement, the steel columns being encased with cement, and the floors are made of the same material, ten inches thick, reinforced with steel rods. Electric wires are placed in conduits in the cement floor. All floors have been thoroughly tested, the test calling for 500 pounds to the square foot.

The oven rooms are located between the two main buildings. The east building will be occupied as the work room. The west building will contain offices and shipping department, while on the second floor will be the packing room.

Cement foundations have also been completed for the engine and boiler rooms, which will be 160 by 60 feet, constructed of brick. The bricklayers will begin work upon this building this week. This plant will be equipped with eight Weeks boilers and two engines, giving 2,400 horse power.

Work has further commenced upon four big grain bins, which will be constructed entirely of cement. These will be 20 feet interior diameter, the screenings bins in the foundation, 7 feet 8 inches in height; above this is the grain bin, 43 feet by 8 inches; on top of this is the elevator, 12 feet in height, making the total height of each bin 63 feet and 6 inches. Adjoining the bins on the east will be a cleaning room 13x24 feet.

The heating, lighting and ventilating will be perfect, particular attention being paid to the latter. The comfort and convenience of the employes will be given special consideration and attention. Bath rooms, waiting rooms, a dining hall and kitchen will be provided for the employes.

The work upon this building is being done by the day, about 100 men being employed at the present time, with an opportunity for work for twenty-five more if they could be obtained.

A loading side track will be located on the south side of the building and an unloading track on the north side. North of the engine rooms and the grain bins will be located another siding, to be used for bringing in coal and other material.

Refused Him a Demit.

Detroit, Oct. 29—Adolph Sempliner, charter member of Cadillac Council, United Commercial Travelers, who has been in Milwaukee for four years, is back with the old boys again. He will represent Gentzberg, Rosenthal & Co., of New York, with an office at 67 Monroe avenue. While Sempliner was in Milwaukee he wrote three times for a demit from Cadillac Council and received no response. Enquiry through a friend developed that the members of the Council had passed a unanimous resolution to ignore any such request, as they could not spare him. Now Sempliner is happy to think that it is not necessary for him to change back.

If you sell your soul you will never be able to make enough to buy it back.



Michigan Board of Pharmacy.
 President—Henry H. Heim, Saginaw.
 Secretary—W. E. Collins, Owosso.
 Treasurer—W. A. Dohany, Detroit.
 Other members—John D. Muir, Grand Rapids, and Sid A. Erwin, Battle Creek.
 Next examination session—Grand Rapids, Nov. 19, 20 and 21.

Michigan State Pharmaceutical Association.

President—J. E. Bogart, Detroit.
 First Vice-President—D. B. Perry, Bay City.
 Second Vice-President—J. E. Way, Jackson.
 Third Vice-President—W. R. Hall, Manistee.
 Secretary—E. E. Calkins, Ann Arbor.
 Treasurer—H. G. Spring, Unionville.
 Executive Committee—J. L. Wallace, Kalamazoo; M. A. Jones, Lansing; Julius Greenthal, Detroit; C. H. Frantz, Bay City, and Owen Raymo, Wayne.

Facts About Licorice.

Licorice root grows wild in the fields of Asia Minor, and few attempts have been made thus far toward its cultivation. It grows chiefly in the Meander and Hermus valleys, and until fifty years ago was practically unused. The root grown on the Meander plains is the best in the world, being superior to that found in Syria, Mesopotamia, Caucasia, Siberia or China. The exporters of the root lease licorice bearing lands for a period of from three to five years. Digging usually begins in October, and is done by peasants, who at the end of each day deliver the root to the various depots and receive payment according to the quantity they bring. The wages earned depend entirely upon the industry of the individual laborer.

The root is piled up and exposed to the air until about May and June. It then weighs only half as much as originally, owing to the thorough drying process to which it has been subjected. The root is sorted to obtain the qualities known as "debris" and "bagette," both of which are highly valued.

Licorice root is shipped in bales weighing about 220 pounds each, pressed by hydraulic machinery and strapped with iron bands. The United States is the principal consumer of this class of licorice, which is shipped here in its natural state as raw material, being admitted free of duty. It is converted into licorice paste for medicinal purposes, and is especially used for flavoring plug tobacco. Licorice root in its original state can also be found in any drug store in America. Annual exports to the United States amount to about 14,210 tons, valued at \$550,000.—Fur News.

Formula for Bottle Capping Mixture.

Put a weighed amount of dry glue or gelatin in water, and let it stand over night. In the morning drain and press off all the surplus water, and then dissolve the swollen mass by heating in a waterbath. Add while still in the bath about one-half as much glycerin as there is liquid gelatin, and for every pound of gelatin employed add just 1 ounce of tannic acid, and stir until entirely homogeneous. If it is desired to color

the material any of the mineral colors may be used. Test the liquid on a piece of glass, and if when cold it is too hard or brittle add a little more glycerin, and if too soft more glue and tannin, preserving the proportions indicated:

Shellac 3 ozs.
 Venice turpentine 1½ ozs.
 Boric Acid 72 grs.
 Powdered talcum 3 ozs.
 Ether 6 fl. drs.
 Alcohol 12½ fl. drs.

Dissolve the shellac, turpentine and boric acid in the mixed alcohol and ether, color with a spirit-soluble dye, and add the talcum. During use the mixture must be agitated frequently.

A collodion varnish has also been suggested. Try the following: Pyroxylin, 1 ounce; ether, 6 ounces; alcohol, 8 ounces. Dissolve and add camphor, 2½ drams. To apply, dip the cork and portion of the neck of the bottle into the varnish, which may be suitably tinted by the use of aniline colors. P. W. Lendower.

How To Make the Day Longer.

Move the clock and get more sunlight. Too much daytime goes to waste. The foolish system by which standard time makes us sleep several hours daily while the sun shines during half the year should be changed. We need daylight, sunlight for our leisure hours of the evening. We should withdraw some of the hours of wasted sunlight from the beginning of the day and place them at the end. We can have eighty minutes more daylight after 6 p. m. every day during May, June, July and August, and an average of forty-five minutes more each day during September.

The simple expedient by which this is possible is to advance standard time twenty minutes on each of four Sunday mornings in April, and on each of four Sundays in September standard time shall recede twenty minutes. Another means of reaching the same result would be to alter the clock thirty minutes on each of six Sundays, the last three in April and the first three in September. The cost of the scheme is the effort in moving the hands of the clock. We lose nothing and gain much.

To wind up a watch requires more effort than to move the hands twenty or thirty minutes once a week, three or four times in April, and three or four times in September, yet no more than that is needed to secure during nearly five months of the year the equivalent of a whole holiday every week. Eighty minutes a day amount in a week to nine hours and twenty minutes, which is about the average time that can be spent in open air exercise on any holiday.

With nine hours and twenty minutes every week of additional opportunity for recreation we would add to our strength of mind and body. At present the brief period of daylight at our disposal is insufficient for open air recreation, but the addition of an hour and twenty minutes daily will supply the deficiency. The use of parks will be doubled.

Nor will we have to rob ourselves of sleep. On the contrary we may sleep longer. For eighty minutes of daylight added to our waking hours

we will have eighty minutes darkness in which to sleep. By those who do not retire until early morning or those who sleep with open windows the advantage of not being awakened by the sun will be appreciated. Every one, rich and poor alike, will find their expenditures for light greatly reduced in six months of every year.

This consideration brings into view the financial aspect of the scheme. Assuming that the cost of artificial light for each unit of the population averages one-fifth of a cent per hour, and showing that 210 additional hours of daylight can be gained yearly, it will be seen that \$88,000,000 per year will be saved to the people of the United States in light bills.

If the standard time is changed according to this plan the man who now leaves off work at 5 p. m. will take with him the light that he now has at 3:40. He who leaves off work at 6 o'clock will take the light now shining at 4:40. Most striking is the advantage to be gained on Saturdays. Those whose half holidays begin at 12 o'clock will have as much daylight at their disposal as if their vacation had commenced at 10:40. Those whose half holidays begin at 1 will take with them the light now shining at 11:40.

Consider what this gained time means to posterity! At the age of 28, minus six years of childhood, a man will have gained a whole year of daylight. At 50 he will have gained two years, and at 72 he will have added three years to the sum of sunny enjoyment.

Only two objections so far have been raised to this scheme. They are insignificant. One is that the same end can be attained by early rising; the other is that the saving by users of artificial light would be offset by a corresponding loss to producers.

To the first objection one might answer, nobody wants to rise early. Change the clock and they won't have to do so. As to the second objection, the light companies will find some other way to get the money.

Thomas Green.

Cocaine Selling Druggists in Trouble.

Active efforts to stop cocaine selling by druggists have been made in widely separated localities. Arrests have been made in Louisville, Ky., Alexandria, Va., Chicago, Detroit, Newark, New York City and other places. In Louisville the State Board of Pharmacy is determined to root out the cocaine-selling evil if it is possible to do so. In Detroit several suits have been instituted by the inspectors of the Board of Pharmacy. In Newark and Chicago the police are taking up the reform with considerable vigor. In New York City the Board of Health is enforcing the ordinances which it adopted some months ago, and over thirty arrests have been made; most of these cases have been based upon the sale, not of the narcotics themselves, but of narcotic-containing proprietaries.

Giving Him a Chance.

Mrs. Brown's husband was often obliged to go to Chicago on business, and frequently did not reach his home until the arrival of the midnight train. Mrs. Wilson had been in the habit of sleeping peacefully at these times without fear, but a number of burglaries in the neighborhood during one of her husband's trips had disturbed her calm.

On the night of his return Mr. Wilson was stealing carefully up the front stairs, as was his wont on such occasions, so that his wife would not be wakened, when he heard her voice, high and strained.

"I don't know whether you are my husband or a burglar," came the excited tones, "but I am going to be on the safe side, and shoot, so if you are Henry you'd better get out of the way!"

Formula for Aromatic Syrup Terebene.

A preparation made as follows, or perhaps modified, would probably answer your purpose:

Terebene 1 dr.
 Tincture tolu 2 drs.
 Syrup 3 ozs.
 Powd. acacia 3 drs.
 Water 5 drs.
 Syrup 3 ozs.
 Comp. elix. taraxacum to make 6 ozs.

Make a mucilage of the acacia and water, and with 2 fl. dr. of it emulsify the tincture of tolu by shaking in a bottle. With the remainder of the mucilage emulsify the terebene, mix the two emulsions, then add the syrup, and lastly enough of the elixir to make up the quantity stated.

M. Billere.



YOUNG MEN WANTED—To learn the Veterinary Profession. Catalogue sent free. Address VETERINARY COLLEGE, Grand Rapids, Mich. L. L. Conkey, Prin.

THE Keeley Cure **LIQUOR MORPHINE**
 27 Years Success
 ONLY ONE IN MICH. WRITE FOR INFORMATION.
 GRAND RAPIDS, 265 So. College Ave.

PILES CURED
 ...without...
 Chloroform, Knife or Pain
 Dr. Willard M. Burleson
 103 Monroe St., Grand Rapids
 Booklet free on application

POST CARDS
 Our customers say we show the best line. Something new every trip. Be sure and wait for our line of Christmas, New Year, Birthday and Fancy Post Cards. They are beautiful and prices are right. The sale will be enormous.
FRED BRUNDAGE
 Wholesale Drugs Stationery and Holiday Goods
 32-34 Western Ave. Muskegon, Mich.

GROCERY PRICE CURRENT

These quotations are carefully corrected weekly, within six hours of mailing, and are intended to be correct at time of going to press. Prices, however, are liable to change at any time, and country merchants will have their orders filled at market prices at date of purchase.

ADVANCED

DECLINED

Index to Markets By Columns

Table listing various grocery items and their prices, organized by column (A through Y).

Table 1: ARCTIC AMMONIA, AXLE GREASE, BAKED BEANS, BATH BRICK, BLUING, BROOMS, BUTTER COLOR, CANDLES, CARBON OILS, CEREALS, CHEESE, CHOCOLATE, COCOA, COCOANUT, COCOA SHELLS, COFFEE, CRACKERS, CRACKNELS, CREAM TARTAR, DRIED FRUITS, FARINACEOUS GOODS, FISHING TACKLE, FLOUR, GELATINE, GRAIN BAGS, GRAINS AND FLOUR, HERBS, HIDES AND PELTS, ICE, LIQUORS, MATCHES, MEAT EXTRACTS, MINCE MEAT, MOLASSES, MUSTARD, NUTS, OLIVES, PIPES, PICKLES, PLAYING CARDS, POTASH, PROVISIONS, RICE, SALAD DRESSING, SALT, SOAP, SEEDS, SHOE BLACKING, SNUFF, SOUP, SODA, SOUPS, SPICES, STARCH, SYRUPS, TEA, TOBACCO, TWINE, VINEGAR, WOODENWARE, WRAPPING PAPER, YEAST CAKE.

Table 2: OYSTERS, PEAS, PEACHES, PINEAPPLE, PUMPKIN, RASPBERRIES, SALMON, SARDINES, SHRIMPS, SUCCOTASH, STRAWBERRIES, TOMATOES, CARBON OILS, CEREALS, BREAKFAST FOODS, CRACKERS, CRACKNELS, CREAM TARTAR, DRIED FRUITS, FARINACEOUS GOODS, FISHING TACKLE, FLOUR, GELATINE, GRAIN BAGS, GRAINS AND FLOUR, HERBS, HIDES AND PELTS, ICE, LIQUORS, MATCHES, MEAT EXTRACTS, MINCE MEAT, MOLASSES, MUSTARD, NUTS, OLIVES, PIPES, PICKLES, PLAYING CARDS, POTASH, PROVISIONS, RICE, SALAD DRESSING, SALT, SOAP, SEEDS, SHOE BLACKING, SNUFF, SOUP, SODA, SOUPS, SPICES, STARCH, SYRUPS, TEA, TOBACCO, TWINE, VINEGAR, WOODENWARE, WRAPPING PAPER, YEAST CAKE.

Table 3: CHEWING GUM, CHICORY, CHOCOLATE, COCOA, COCOANUT, COCOA SHELLS, COFFEE, CRACKERS, CRACKNELS, CREAM TARTAR, DRIED FRUITS, FARINACEOUS GOODS, FISHING TACKLE, FLOUR, GELATINE, GRAIN BAGS, GRAINS AND FLOUR, HERBS, HIDES AND PELTS, ICE, LIQUORS, MATCHES, MEAT EXTRACTS, MINCE MEAT, MOLASSES, MUSTARD, NUTS, OLIVES, PIPES, PICKLES, PLAYING CARDS, POTASH, PROVISIONS, RICE, SALAD DRESSING, SALT, SOAP, SEEDS, SHOE BLACKING, SNUFF, SOUP, SODA, SOUPS, SPICES, STARCH, SYRUPS, TEA, TOBACCO, TWINE, VINEGAR, WOODENWARE, WRAPPING PAPER, YEAST CAKE.

Table 4: CRACKNELS, COFFEE CAKE, COCOANUT TAFFY, COCOANUT BAR, COCOANUT DROPS, COCOANUT HONEY CAKE, COCOANUT HONEY FINGERS, COCOANUT MACAROONS, DANDELION, DIXIE COOKIE, FROSTED CREAM, FROSTED HONEY CAKE, FRUIT TARTS, GINGER GEMS, GRAHAM CRACKERS, GINGER NUTS, GINGER SNAPS, HIPPODROME, HONEY CAKE, HONEY FINGERS, HONEY JUMBLES, HOUSEHOLD COOKIES, HOUSEHOLD COOKIES ICED, ICED HONEY CRUMPLETS, IMPERIAL, ICED HONEY FLAKE, ICED HONEY JUMBLES, ISLAND PICNIC, JERSEY LUNCH, KREAM KLIPS, LEMON WAFER, LEMON COOKIE, MARY ANN, MARSHMALLOW WALNUTS, MARLINER, MOLASSES CAKES, MOHICAN, MIXED PICNIC, NABOB JUMBLE, NEWTON, NIC NACS, OATMEAL CRACKERS, ORANGE GEMS, OVAL SUGAR CAKES, PENNY CAKES, PRETZELS, PRETZELLETES, RAISIN COOKIES, REVERE, ASSORTED, RUBE, SCOTCH STYLE COOKIES, SNOW CREAMS, SUGAR FINGERS, SUGAR GEMS, SULTANA FRUIT BISCUIT, SPICED GINGERS, SPICED GINGERS ICED, SUGAR CAKES, SUGAR SQUARES, SUPERBA, SPONGE LADY FINGERS, SUGAR CRIMP, VANILLA WAFERS, WAVERY, ZANZIBAR.

Table 5: FARINACEOUS GOODS, BEANS, DRIED LIMA, MED. HD. PK'D., BROWN HOLLAND, FARINA, HOMOINY, PEARL, MACCARONI, DOMESTIC, IMPORTED, PEARL BARLEY, COMMON, CHESTER, EMPIRE, PEAS, EAST INDIA, GERMAN, SPLIT, SAGO, TAPIoca, FLAVORING EXTRACTS, COLEMAN'S, FOOT & JENKS, JENNINGS, TERPENELESS EXT., GRAIN BAGS, GRAIN AND FLOUR, WHEAT, WINTER WHEAT FLOUR, LOCAL BRANDS, WORDEN GROCER CO'S BRAND, QUAKER, WYKES & CO., JUDSON GROCER CO'S BRAND, FANCHON, GRAND RAPIDS GRAIN & MILLING CO. BRANDS, WIZARD, GRAHAM, BUCKWHEAT, RYE, SPRING WHEAT FLOUR, GOLDEN HORN, WISCONSIN RYE, JUDSON GROCER CO'S BRAND, CERESETA, LEMON & WHEELER'S BRAND, WINGOLD, PILLSBURY'S BRAND, WORDEN GROCER CO'S BRAND, LAUREL, WYKES & CO., SLEEPY EYE.

Market price table with 6 columns (6-11) and multiple rows. Columns are labeled with numbers 6-11. Rows are categorized by product type: Meal, Sausages, SNUFF, Gunpowder, Clothes Pins, CONFECTIONS, etc. Each entry includes a description and a price.

Special Price Current

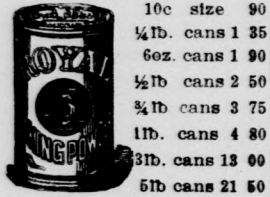
AXLE GREASE



Mica, tin boxes...75 9 00
Paragon55 6 00

BAKING POWDER

Royal



10c size 90
1/4 lb. cans 1 35
6oz. cans 1 90
1/2 lb cans 2 50
3/4 lb cans 3 75
1 lb. cans 4 80
3 lb. cans 13 00
5 lb cans 21 50

BLUING



G. P. Bluing

Doz.
Small size, 1 doz. box..40
Large size, 1 doz. box..75

CIGARS

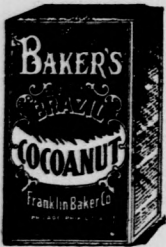
G J Johnson Cigar Co.'s bd.



Any quantity31
El Portana33
Evening Press32
Exemplar32
Worden Grocer Co. brand
Ben Har
Perfection35
Perfection Extras35
Londres35
Londres Grand35
Standard35
Puritanos35
Panatellas, Finas35
Panatellas, Bock35
Jockey Club35

COCOANUT

Baker's Brazil Shredded



70 1/4 lb. pkg. per case 2 60
35 1/2 lb. pkg. per case 2 60
38 1/4 lb. pkg. per case 2 60
18 1/2 lb. pkg. per case 2 60

FRESH MEATS

Beef

Carcass5 1/2 @ 9
Hindquarters7 1/2 @ 10
Loins8 @ 14
Rounds7 @ 8
Chucks5 @ 6 1/2
Plates@ 5
Livers@ 3

Pork

Loins@ 13 1/2
Dressed@ 8 1/2
Boston Butts@ 12
Shoulders@ 10 1/2
Leaf Lard@ 10 1/2
Trimnings@ 9 1/2

Mutton

Carcass@ 9 1/2
Lambs@ 12 1/2
Spring Lambs@ 12 1/2

Veal

Carcass6 @ 8 1/2

CLOTHES LINES

Sisal

60ft. 3 thread, extra..1 00
72ft. 3 thread, extra..1 40
90ft. 3 thread, extra..1 70
60ft. 6 thread, extra..1 29
72ft. 6 thread, extra..

Jute

60ft.75
72ft.90
90ft.1 05
120ft.1 50

Cotton Victor

50ft.1 10
60ft.1 35
70ft.1 60

Cotton Windsor

50ft.1 30
60ft.1 44
70ft.1 80
80ft.2 00

Cotton Braided

40ft.95
50ft.1 35
60ft.1 65

Galvanized Wire

No. 20, each 100ft. long 1 90
No. 19, each 100ft. long 2 10

COFFEE

Roasted

Dwinell-Wright Co.'s. B'ds.



White House, 1lb.
White House, 2lb.
Excelsior, M & J, 1lb.
Excelsior, M & J, 2lb.
Tip Top, M & J, 1lb.
Royal Java
Royal Java and Mocha ...
Java and Mocha Blend ...
Boston Combination ...
Distributed by Judson
Grocer Co., Grand Rapids;
Lee, Cady & Smart, De-
troit; Symons Bros. & Co.,
Saginaw; Brown, Davis &
Warner, Jackson; Gods-
mark, Durand & Co., Bat-
tle Creek; Fieibach Co.,
Toledo.

Peerless Evap'd Cream 4 00

FISHING TACKLE

1/2 to 1 in.6
1 1/4 to 2 in.7
1 1/2 to 3 in.9
1 3/4 to 2 in.11
2 in.15
3 in.20

Cotton Lines

No. 1, 10 feet5
No. 2, 15 feet7
No. 3, 15 feet9
No. 4, 15 feet10
No. 5, 15 feet11
No. 6, 15 feet12
No. 7, 15 feet15
No. 8, 15 feet18
No. 9, 15 feet20

Linen Lines

Small20
Medium26
Large34

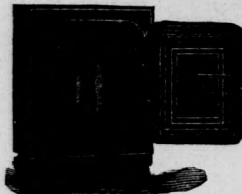
Poles

Bamboo, 14 ft., per doz. 55
Bamboo, 16 ft., per doz. 60
Bamboo, 18 ft., per doz. 80

GELATINE

Cox's, 1 doz.1 80
Knox's Sparkling, doz. 1 20
Knox's Sparkling, gro. 14 00
Nelson's1 50
Knox's Acidu'd. doz. 1 20
Oxford75
Plymouth Rock1 25

SAFES



Full line of fire and burglar proof safes kept in stock by the Tradesman Company. Thirty-five sizes and styles on hand at all times—twice as many safes as are carried by any other house in the State. If you are unable to visit Grand Rapids and inspect the line personally, write for quotations.

SOAP

Beaver Soap Co.'s Brands



100 cakes, large size..6 50
50 cakes, large size..3 25
100 cakes, small size..3 85
50 cakes, small size..1 95
Tradesman's Co.'s Brand



Black Hawk, one box 2 50
Black Hawk, five bxs 2 40
Black Hawk, ten bxs 2 25

TABLE SAUCES

Halford, large3 75
Halford, small2 25

Use

Tradesman

Coupon

Books

Made by

Tradesman Company

Grand Rapids, Mich.

FINE CALENDARS



NOTHING can ever be so popular with your customers for

the reason that nothing else is so useful. No housekeeper ever has too many. They are a constant reminder of the generosity and thoughtfulness of the giver.

We manufacture everything in the calendar line at prices consistent with first-class quality and workmanship. Tell us what kind you want and we will send you samples and prices.

TRADESMAN COMPANY

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

BUSINESS-WANTS DEPARTMENT

Advertisements inserted under this head for two cents a word the first insertion and one cent a word for each subsequent continuous insertion. No charge less than 25 cents. Cash must accompany all orders.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

For Sale—Stock of groceries, some dry goods and notions. Invoicing about \$500. A good location. Reason for selling, poor health. Address Mrs. W. R. Rae, Gilford, Mich. 288

Wanted—\$15,000 to \$25,000 stock general merchandise for Hartley Co. Texas land. Address No. 287, care Tradesman. 287

Furniture store room for rent. Good location with established business. Address Bevins & Reese, Corning, Iowa. 286

For Sale—Warehouse, two lots; hundred feet trackage in good live village; just right for implements, fuel, grain, lumber. Cheap. W. J. Carson, Glenwood, Minn. 285

Ladies' ready-to-wear and dry goods store. Most prominent location and store in best town in Southern Indiana. Population 10,000. Stock can be reduced to \$5,000. Sales this year \$30,000 (profit over \$3,000). Poor health only reason for selling. No gold brick—an absolutely legitimate proposition that is making money. Investigation invited. Livingston Bros., Bedford, Ind. 295

Do you want a splendid business and a 50 bbl. flouring mill that is paying \$2,500 per year net? Fine farmers trade, excellent reputation in good town in Northern Indiana. Best location, 20 miles to other mills and plenty of good wheat at mill door. Mill just remodeled. Reason for selling, other business. Lock Box 303, Medaryville, Ind. 294

For Sale—\$1,100 worth of men's and young men's suits for 35 cents on the dollar if sold before Nov. 2. Address T. R. Galvin, Port Huron, Mich. 293

For Sale—A first-class stock of dry goods, carpets, lace curtains, and cloaks. Best location in a manufacturing town of 4,500. Stock will invoice about \$6,000. This is a golden opportunity for any party wishing a good location for a money making business. Our town has 16 good manufacturers and new ones coming in every year. My reason for selling, have interest out West that will take up all my time. Address No. 292, care Michigan Tradesman. 292

Oven—Second-hand, twelve pan reel oven. Practically new. Write to The Hitz Baking Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 291

For Sale—Good clean hardware stock, will invoice about \$4,000. Can be reduced to \$3,000. Last year's sales \$4,000. Don't answer unless you mean business. No trade. Address No. 290, care Michigan Tradesman. 290

Exchange my equity of \$2,500 in 12 room flat building in Austin, Chicago, for body of unimproved Michigan lands. Simon Stoffel, West McHenry, Ill. 289

For Sale—General store business in a town of 400 inhabitants. Located in one of the best farming communities in Central Michigan. Will inventory about \$5,500. Did \$16,000 business last year. Good reasons for selling and must be sold at once. Address No. 280, care Michigan Tradesman. 280

For Sale—Clean stock general merchandise and fixtures, invoicing about \$5,000. Building with basements and warehouse for sale or rent. Main sales-room 30x110 feet, heated by furnace. Two churches. Only Academy in state is located here. Splendid farming and fruit country. Good class of associates, morally and intellectually. Case Mercantile Co., Benzonia, Mich. 278

Wanted—A store 15 to 20 feet wide, 25 to 40 feet deep, to put in a stock of shoes. Town must be from 4,000 to 10,000 population. Address No. 275, care Tradesman. 275

For Sale—Cheap, a patent on the best seed and fruit sack on the market; likewise one of the most popular potato planters made. Address Greenville Planter Co., Greenville, Mich. 273

Commercial Auctioneer—If you wish to close out or reduce your stock, I get top prices at auction. Bank references. J. F. Mauterstock, Owosso, Mich. 284

Free Booklets—How to quit business, not a theory but a fact. We do the work where others fail. Write to-day. G. E. Breckenridge, Edinburg, Ill. 142

The entire business stock and fixtures of the Bailey & Ford Dry Goods Co., Galva, Henry Co., Ill., inventing about \$17,000 is offered for sale. Splendid opportunity. Established trade. Clean stock, only two stores; 3,000 local population. Best farming center in the State. Has always made good money. The stock is being gradually reduced. Good reasons for selling. 282

For Sale—My stocks of general merchandise at Sebewa, West Sebewa and Sunfield. Can reduce stock at any of these locations if desired. Reason for selling, failing eyesight, which necessitates my curtailing my mercantile business. Stocks are new and clean. Business well established and profitable. This is the chance of a lifetime. F. N. Cornell, Sebewa, Mich. 274

For Sale or Exchange—Electric motors of all kinds. Direct current or alternating current. Large stock ready for immediate delivery. L. E. Lemon, Aurora, Ill. 283

Wanted—Grocery or small general stock, located in a small town in Southern Michigan. Give full particulars and cash price. Address Grocer, care Michigan Tradesman. 282

Retail bakery and property. All store trade. D. Gisler, 1194 Southport Ave., Chicago, Ill. 271

For Sale—Cheap, \$90 jewelry assortment from American Standard Jewelry Co., Detroit, which claiming technical breach of contract, refuses to repurchase. Investigate. Ray Robson, Bath, Mich. 265

To Exchange—640 acres Wilkin County, Minnesota, level black prairie land, encumbrance \$10,000 five years at 5 per cent interest. Owner will exchange for a good stock of merchandise. Address No. 264, care Michigan Tradesman. 264

Two fine homes for sale cheap in most beautiful city on the Sunny Ozarks. Box 104, Mountain Grove, Mo. 263

For Sale—Clean stock of general merchandise, inventory \$4,000, in Northern Michigan. Good store building. Will sell on time. Yearly sales \$10,000. Address No. 245, care Michigan Tradesman. 245

For Sale—Two fine dairy farms and poultry farms; fully stocked; 2,000 homing pigeons, 16 collie pups, at less than half value. T. R. Michaelis, Marinette, Wis. 235

For Sale—Seven hundred dollars worth of men's and young men's suits at 75c on the dollar. Address No. 14, care Michigan Tradesman. 14

For Sale—Four floor cases, 1 umbrella case, 1 triplicate mirror, 3 folding tables, 2 shoe store settees. All in first-class condition. Address No. 15, care Michigan Tradesman. 15

For Sale—Stock of dry goods, shoes, gents' furnishings and crockery. Strictly cash business established. The only store in town of 400 population carrying the above lines. Address No. 999, care Michigan Tradesman. 999

Wanted—An experienced grocery clerk. Must be temperate and willing to work. A good position for the right party. Married man preferred. Address No. 228, care Michigan Tradesman. 228

I WANT TO BUY

From 100 to 10,000 pairs of SHOES, new or old style—your entire stock, or part of it.

SPOT CASH

You can have it. I'm ready to come.
PAUL FEYREISEN, 12 State St., Chicago

Retail merchants can start mail order business in connection with retail business; only a few dollars required. We furnish everything necessary; success certain. We offer retail merchants the way to compete with large mail order houses. Costs nothing to investigate. Milburn-Hicks, 727 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago. 193

For Sale—Stock of hardware, furniture and undertaking. New and well selected, in one of Michigan's best towns. A rare chance for a man who wants business. Hardware invoices about \$3,000, furniture, \$1,000. Reason for selling, other interests. Address No. 188, care Michigan Tradesman. 188

For Sale—An old-established grocery and meat market, doing good business in good location. Will sell reasonable if taken at once. P. O. Box 981, Benton Harbor, Mich. 120

Cash for your business or real estate. No matter where located. If you want to buy or sell address Frank P. Cleveland, 1261 Adams Express Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 961

Wanted—Two thousand cords basswood and poplar excelsior bolts, green or dry. Highest market price paid, cash. Excelsior Wrapper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. 859

For Trade—200 acre farm, good buildings, well watered. First-class stock farm, near city. Will trade for city property or stock of general merchandise. Enquire E. D. Wright, c-o Musselman Grocer Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. 248

For Sale—Small country store, doing strictly cash business. A moneymaker. Address No. 770, care Michigan Tradesman. 770

For Sale—Stock of shoes, dry goods and groceries located in Central Michigan town of 350 population. Living rooms above store. Rent, \$12 per month. Lease runs until May 1, 1908, and can be renewed. Last inventory, \$2,590. Sales during 1905, \$8,640. Good reasons for selling. Address No. 386, care Michigan Tradesman. 386

For Sale—Stock of groceries, boots, shoes, rubber goods, notions and garden seeds. Located in the best fruit belt in Michigan. Invoicing \$3,600. If taken before April 1st, will sell at rare bargain. Must sell on account of other business. Geo. Tucker, Fennville, Mich. 538

Special Attention—Drug stores and positions anywhere desired in United States or Canada. F. V. Kniest, Omaha, Neb. 951

HELP WANTED.

Wanted—An experienced shoe man who has six hundred dollars, or a shoe stock amounting to the same, to enter into co-partnership in the shoe business. Address No. 272, care Michigan Tradesman. 272

Large clothing factory wants managers for branch stores. Salary \$1,300. Investment \$1,200. Permanent position. Address Galbreath, Youngstown, Ohio. 210

Wanted—Young man with one or two years' experience in drug store. G. Van Arkel, Muskegon Heights, Mich. 266

Want Ads. continued on next page.

If you want to sell your business.

If you want to buy a business.

If you want a partner.

If you want a situation.

If you want a good clerk.

If you want a tenant for your empty store-room.

If you want to trade your stock for real estate.

If you want at any time to reach merchants, clerks, traveling salesmen, brokers, traders—business men generally—

Try a
Michigan
Tradesman
Business
Want Ad.

GRADUAL GROWTH.

Remarkable Career of the Hannah & Lay Mercantile Co.

Traverse City, Oct. 29—Under separate cover we are mailing you a paper giving an account of a produce show we recently held in our store.

From an advertising standpoint it was the biggest success ever made. The management are liberal users of newspaper advertising, but also resort to original methods for building up the public's confidence in them and their community.

This last effort (the produce show) was a regular fair held in the spacious aisles, which are 220 feet long and 14 feet wide. There are three of these on both the first and second floors.

Through the press everyone was invited to bring in fruits, grains, vegetables and all kinds of canned and preserved fruits. It was also advertised by two large box-kites carrying a large banner announcing the show. This floated over the city, more than a thousand feet high, for a week.

The show lasted for three days and was visited by about 15,000 people. Every farmer and fruit grower for miles around came to see an exhibition of over 1,500 fine specimens from their own region. It served the double purpose of advertising the region and store.

As an evidence of the success of such advertising and progressive management, the sales increased this month 65 per cent., and the whole year will show an increase of about 50 per cent.

This business is more than half a century old, being founded by the gentlemen whose names it bears. The business was very successful in its early years, and grew to be the largest mercantile house in Northern Michigan. In diversity of lines and completeness of stock it stands pre-eminent, for certainly there is not a need that this section has but this house can supply.

The house started in a log store-house and, when that became too small, a frame building was added. As trade grew other rooms were added to the side, until five store rooms stood beside each other.

In 1882 the owners erected the present structure, which is a fine modern brick building, three stories and basement, 220 feet long and 120 feet wide. As this was the largest brick building of its kind in Northern Michigan it was thought to be large enough to accommodate the growth of the business for all future time, but through wise management it grew so that it now occupies, in addition to the large main building, three warehouses and a barn for eighteen head of horses and delivery wagons used in the business.

The interests of the original partnership became so large and varied that they were incorporated in 1883 under three different styles, as follows:

Hannah & Lay Company, which controls large real estate interests, the Park Place Hotel and the grist mill.

Traverse City State Bank, which

owns the finest bank building in Northern Michigan and the bank in it.

Hannah & Lay Mercantile Co., which owns and operates the mercantile interests and docks.

A. Tracy Lay is President.

R. Floyd Clinch is Vice-President.

M. S. Sanders, Secretary and Treasurer, is resident representative of all the Traverse City interests.

J. E. Brown, formerly of the H. H. Griggs Co., Tiffin, Ohio, is superintendent of the Mercantile Co. and general merchandiser.

Through the combined management of Mr. Sanders and Mr. Brown the store has been remodeled and modernized. It now has over 300 feet of fine show windows, pneumatic cash system, rapid delivery service, rest rooms, toilet rooms, freight and passenger elevators, receiving and shipping rooms, private offices, private telephone exchange, bundle carriers and wrapping desks, check rooms, information bureau, soda fountain and every other con-



Interior of Grocery Department of the Hannah & Lay Mercantile Co.

venience for customers and employees.

The general divisions of the store are groceries, hardware, dry goods, shoes, men's clothing, books and stationery, drugs, millinery, ladies' ready-to-wear department, carpets and curtains, wall paper, house furnishings, furniture, buggies and implements, pianos, shingles, plumbing, feed, grain and coal yard. Each of these divisions has a head who works under the superintendent.

The firm does both jobbing and retailing. The business is outgrowing the present buildings and the management contemplate the erection of a large building for the jobbing department next year.

Hannah & Lay Mercantile Co.

J. E. Brown.

Men of business will be in the church when the church gives them some business there.

The ideal that is only a dream and never a deed is always a detriment to the character.

Late Business News from Wisconsin.

Wausau—The Wausau Box & Lumber Co., whose plant was destroyed by fire a few months ago and which began rebuilding almost immediately, will have its new mill in running order, larger and better in every way, about November 1.

Schofield—The Brooks & Ross Lumber Co. closed down on its night run October 20. During the last ten months the mill has cut about 41,500,000 feet of lumber. The company has shipped 35,000,000 feet since December 1, an increase of 2,500,000 over the same period a year ago.

Dunbar—The Girard Lumber Co.'s sawmill is cutting about 100,000 feet of hardwood every day. The total cut this year will be about 25,000,000 feet. The sawmill was recently remodeled and a large new planing mill added. The planing mill is some distance from the sawmill. It is 120 x 80 feet in size. The company has timber enough to last for many years. The Wisconsin & Michigan

finished the last of its pine cut. The next day the work of taking off and measuring the belts was begun and the mill will probably be dismantled and sold in sections or used in other mills. Only a few of the men who were with the company at the start have remained until the close. The closing of the big mill does not necessarily mean the immediate loss to the city of the Rice Lake Lumber Co. The company has a large planing mill in this city which may continue to operate during the winter if enough orders are received.

Tomahawk—Butcher & Co. have recently organized to engage in the general store business with an authorized capital of \$15,000.

Marinette—It is reported that the Marinette Iron Manufacturing Co. will enter the manufacture of automobiles next year. An Oshkosh man has secured patents on automobile parts and expects to make arrangements with the Marinette concern to manufacture a machine embodying same.

Kewaunee—The O. O. Starke Valve Co., with a capital stock of \$50,000, has been organized to engage in the manufacture of valves, tools, machinery, etc.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Beans, Peas and Potatoes at Buffalo.

Buffalo, Oct. 30—Creamery, fresh, 24@28½c; dairy, fresh, 22@26c; poor to common, 19@23c; rolls, 20@25c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, candled, 28@30c; cold storage, candled, 20@21c.

Live Poultry—Broilers, 9@11½c; fowls, 9@11c; ducks, 11@11½c; old cox, 7@8c.

Dressed Poultry—Iced springs, 11@13c; fowls, 10@11½c; old cox, 9c.

Beans—Marrow, hand picked, \$2.25@2.40; medium, hand picked, \$2.25@2.30.

Peas—Hand picked, \$2.25@2.35.

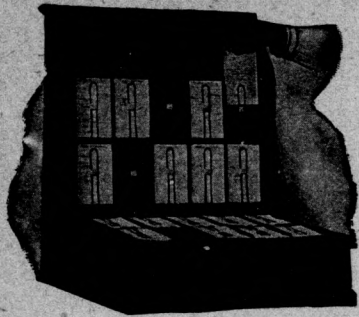
Potatoes—White, 55@65c per bu.; mixed, 50@55c. Rea & Witzig.

Two Rochester women, each carrying a basket of grapes, called at the Police Court a few mornings since and wanted a warrant for an Irondequoit fruit grower on a charge of what they called "facing grapes." They took off the cover of a basket and showed a top layer of choice ripe fruit. Below the basket was filled with unripe and inferior quality of grapes, wholly unfit for table use. They did not claim that the man represented the grapes to be as good at the bottom as at the top, and for that reason the judge refused to issue a warrant, as there is no law or ordinance under which he could be convicted. It is a fraud often practiced by some fruit and vegetable growers, who do not appreciate the value of a reputation for honest dealing, and there should be a law that will make such practice a criminal offense.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

For Sale—Four station Baldwin's Flyer cash carrier system; good as new; \$75. Address Mills Dry Goods Co., Mason, Mich. 296

For Sale or Trade—160 acres fine improved Northern Wisconsin land, 1½ miles from town, two railroads. Make me best offer. M. M. Eichelberger, Almena, Kan. 297



McCaskey Account Registers

Are COMPLETE in EVERY DETAIL.

They are constructed on scientific principles and are FULLY PROTECTED BY PATENTS covering the different constructions in hinging.

First, the balanced spring hinge construction.

Second, the gravity hinge construction—one leaf hinged to another.

Third, the gravity hinge construction—where all leaves are hinged at a common axis.

Our patents also cover the visible index.

There are other concerns attempting to market registers similar in construction to the McCASKEY which, our attorneys advise, infringe on several valuable features of our register patents. We have begun suits against them in the U. S. courts and, until their rights to manufacture are established, will continue to prosecute all manufacturers as well as users of infringing registers. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

Our 64 page catalog is FREE. WRITE TO-DAY.

THE McCASKEY REGISTER CO.

27 Rush St., Alliance, Ohio

Mfrs. of the Famous Multiplex Duplicating and Triplicating Pads;
also End Carbon, Side Carbon and Folded Pads.

Agencies in all Principal Cities

Cut Down Expense

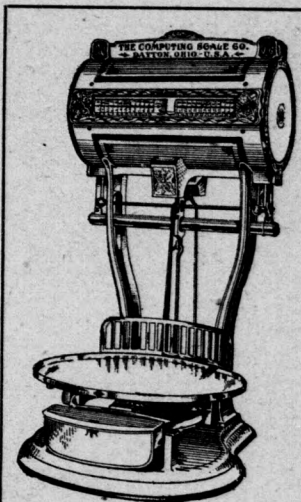
ELECTRIC CARS are cheaper to operate and give quicker and more satisfactory service than horse or cable cars. At a great cost the old equipment has been disposed of and the lines remodeled and brought up-to-date and are now run with the greatest efficiency and least expense.

CONTINUAL LOSS is endured by users of old style pound and ounce scales and a brief comparative test with a modern MONEY WEIGHT SCALE will convince you of this fact.

BLIND WEIGHING is the chief cause of downweight and overweight. It can and should be avoided. Use a scale which tells you at all times just how much more is needed to secure actual weight or money's worth.

MONEYWEIGHT SCALES are made for the express purpose of eliminating losses of all kinds and a brief examination is all that is necessary to show how they do it.

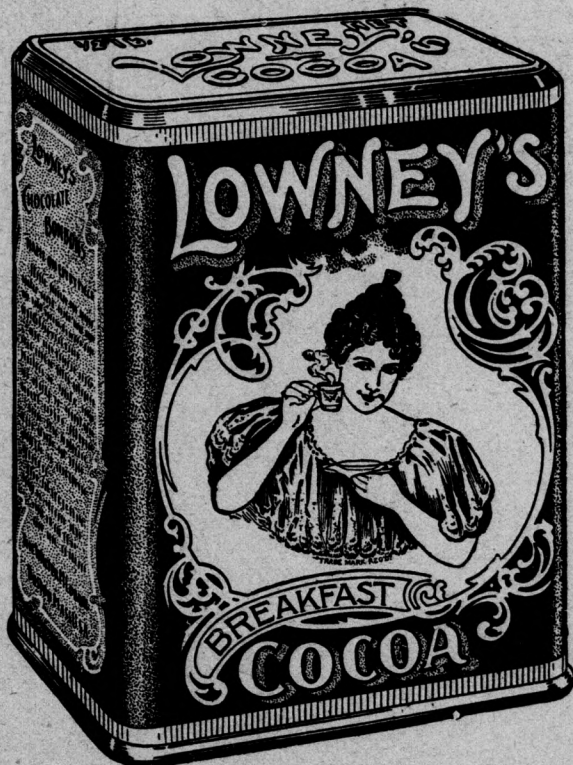
Send in your name and address and let us prove the statement.



The new low platform No.
140 Dayton Scale

Moneyweight Scale Co.

58 State St., Chicago



The purity of the Lowney products will never be questioned by Pure Food Officials. There are no preservatives, substitutes, adulterants or dyes in the Lowney goods. Dealers find safety, satisfaction and a fair profit in selling them.

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Of good printing? You can probably answer that in a minute when you compare good printing with poor. You know the satisfaction of sending out printed matter that is neat, ship-shape and up-to-date in appearance. You know how it impresses you when you receive it from some one else. It has the same effect on your customers. Let us show you what we can do by a judicious admixture of brains and type. Let us help you with your printing.

Tradesman Company

Grand Rapids

Sleighs and Coasters for the Holidays

Our lines for this season are exceptionally good, of excellent workmanship and finish, good to look at and made to successfully withstand the rough usage to which they are subjected. Prices quoted on application.

Buy Your Holiday Goods Here—Buy Now



No. 1—Length 30 inches; width 10 inches. Flat shoes. Two hand holes. Finished on the wood; ornamented top.
No. 2—Same as No. 1 except has round spring shoes.
No. 5—Length 36 inches; width 11 inches. Flat shoes. Four hand holes.
No. 7—As above except has oval shoes.



No. 10—Length 36 inches; width 11 inches. Round spring shoes, painted and decorated top. Four hand holes.
No. 12—Length 42 inches; width 12 inches. Otherwise as above.
No. 14—Length 48 inches; width 12 inches. Otherwise as above.



No. 15—Length 36 inches; width 11 inches. Round spring shoes, painted top. Landscape and flower decorations.
No. 16—Length 42 inches; width 12 inches. Otherwise same as above.
No. 17—Length 48 inches; width 12 inches. Otherwise same as above.



No. 18—Length 42 inches; width 12 inches. Round spring shoes, scrolled and tinned. Polished maple runners. Painted tops. Hand-painted landscapes, flowers, etc. Runners braced with four angle irons.
No. 20—Length 48 inches; width 12 inches. Otherwise same as No. 18.



No. 23—Length 45 inches; width 12 inches. Two-piece runner of selected bent hardwood. Three heavy cross-bars braced with four angle irons. Painted, decorated and striped. Round shoes, scrolled; tinned at heel and point.



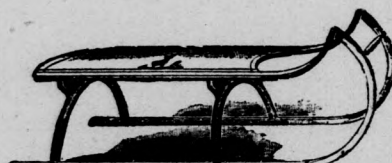
No. 27 "Birds" Assortment—Length 48 inches; width 12 inches. Finished in red, white, black and blue enamel, ornamented and with names: Black Bird, Blue Bird, etc., across top of respective colors. Round shoes. Four angle braces.



No. 85—Length 30 inches; width 11 inches. Two knees, framed, glued and mortised into runners at two angles with square tenons. Decorated and painted top. Flat shoes.
No. 86—Length 33 inches; width 12 inches. Otherwise as above.



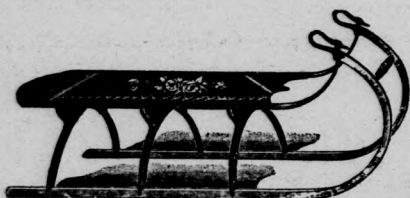
No. 87—Length 36 inches; width 12 inches. Three frame knees mortised into runners, set at two angles in square tenons. Painted and decorated top. Flat shoes.
No. 88—Same as No. 87 except with goose necks.



No. 90—Length 30 inches; width 11 inches. Two bent knees, flat shoes, painted and decorated top.
No. 102—Length 33 inches; width 12 inches. Oval shoes. Otherwise as above.



No. 95—Length 30 inches; width 11 inches. Two bent knees; flat shoes. Goose necks and decorated top.
No. 104—Length 33 inches; width 12 inches. Oval shoes. Otherwise same as above.



No. 125—Length 36 inches; width 12 inches. Three bent knees, oval shoes and goose necks. Six full length braces. Painted and hand-decorated top.
No. 120—Flat shoes. Otherwise same as No. 125.



No. 105—Length 36 inches; width 12 inches. Three bent knees braced with six braces. Flat shoes, decorated top.
No. 106—Oval shoes. Otherwise as No. 105.



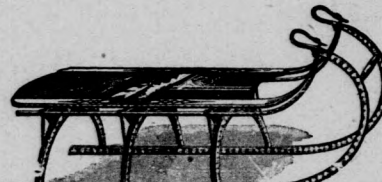
No. 110—Length 36 inches; width 12 inches. Three bent knees, six full length braces extending from runner to cross beam. Flat shoes and goose necks.
No. 115—Oval shoes. Otherwise like No. 110.



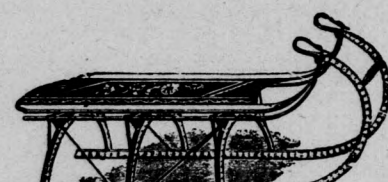
No. 330—Length 33 inches; width 11 inches. Made of second growth stock, six tinned knee braces and four runner braces. Tops decorated on the natural.



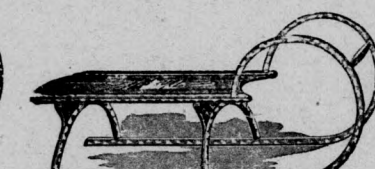
No. 250 with fender. Length 36 inches; width 13 1/2 inches. Three bent knees. Six tinned braces extending from runners and over the fenders. Oval shoes.



No. 260 with fender. Length 36 inches; width 13 1/2 inches. Decorated tops, oval shoes, six tinned braces and swan necks. Three bent knees.



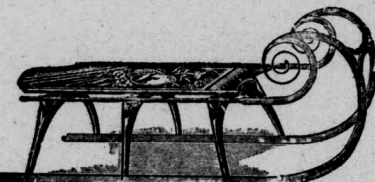
No. 270—Oak fender sleigh. Length 36 inches; width 13 1/2 inches. Six tinned knee braces and four runner braces. Oval shoes and swan necks.



No. 200—Length 33 inches; width 12 inches. Four full length tin braces. Decorated top, oval shoes.
No. 210—Length 36 inches; width 12 inches. Six tinned knee braces, three bent knees.



No. 350—Length 36 inches; width 12 inches. Polished oak, decorated top, scroll tip. Oval shoes tinned in front. Three bent knees.
No. 360—Six heavy tinned knee braces and six round tinned runner braces; otherwise as above.



No. 400 as illustrated. Length 36 inches; width 23 inches. Bent wood brace between tips. Six tinned braces from runners over fenders. Oval shoes.
No. 410—Length 40 in.; width 12 in. Six tinned knee braces and six runner braces.

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**Sleighs, Coasters and
Children's Cutters**

Quoted on Application

A Splendid Line of **FUR ROBES** At Low Prices

Leonard Crockery Co.

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Half your railroad fare refunded under the perpetual excursion plan of the Grand Rapids Board of Trade. Ask for "Purchaser's Certificate" showing amount of your purchase.

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**No Charge For
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House-Furnishings**