

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Be merry all, be merry all!
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball
To welcome merry Christmas.

W. R. Spencer.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Tennyson.

Heap on more wood! The wind is dull,
But let it whistle as it will—
We'll keep one Christmas merry still.

Sir Walter Scott.

This is the time when the very old man
Leaps back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes were no disguise,
But flush and beam with truth.
Oh, then is the time when the soul exults
And seems right heavenward turning;
When we love and bless the hand we press,
When the Christmas log is burning!

Cook.

We speak of a merry Christmas
And many a happy New Year,
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.

Longfellow.

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Tusser.

They who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

James Russell Lowell.

But I am sure I have always thought of
Christmas time when it has come around—
apart from the veneration due to its sacred
name and origin, if anything belonging to it
can be apart from that—as a good time, a kind,
forgiving, charitable, pleasant time.

Dickens.

It is a good thing to observe Christmas
day. The mere markings of times and seasons
when men agree to stop work and make merry
together is a wise and wholesome custom. It
helps one to feel the supremacy of the com-
mon life over the individual life. It reminds
a man to set his own little watch, now and
then, by the great clock of humanity.

Henry Van Dyke.

It was always said of him that he knew how
to keep Christmas well, if any man alive pos-
sessed the knowledge. May that be truly said
of us, and of all of us. And so, as Tiny Tim
observed, God bless us, every one.

Dickens.

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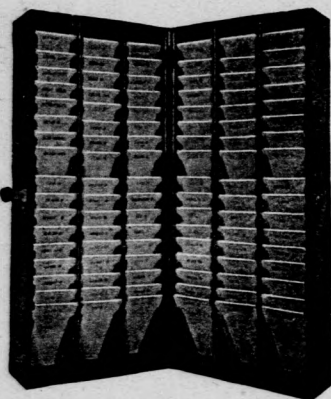
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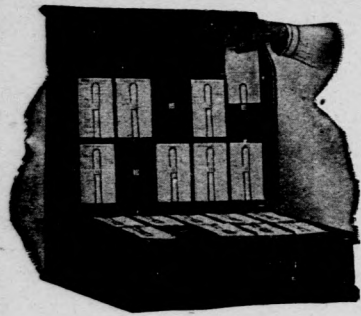
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SPECIAL FEATURES.

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CIVIC CENTER FACTOR.

Forty years ago the mansard roof was more popular than it was twenty years ago and to-day it is almost utterly tabooed. The projecting eaves two or three feet deep, with great muscular scroll brackets which were the thing many years ago, are forgotten and unused and the freakish Queen Anne concoctions of but a few years ago are laughed at and scorned to-day by those who build houses.

Who can tell what will become of the modern ten, twenty and thirty story architectural cliffs now building within the next half a hundred years? Steel trusses and reinforced concrete construction have made these things possible, and in the very large cities, where ground space is limited and population tremendous, they have become profitable. Beyond any question they are architectural monstrosities and impositions upon the general welfare in any city where business property or other downtown property is worth less than forty dollars a square foot or where the streets are less than 100 feet in width. Every taxpayer in such a city is entitled to a reasonable amount of sunshine and abundant light, blessings which it is impossible to enjoy in four rod streets or even eighty foot streets which are lined on either side with buildings from 100 to 150 feet in height.

Quite recently the Mayor of our city and the Common Council created a Commission and assigned to it the duty of obtaining a plan for making a civic center which shall be practical, artistic and a source of comfort, pride and joy for those who are to follow us during the centuries to come. This effort will cost a large amount of money and the valuable time and sincere labors of busy men who as citizens have been called upon to do the work.

About the first obstacle confronting them will be the sky-line question. In the beautiful cities of Europe the municipal governments control the matter of height of build-

ings and no structure is permitted whose height exceeds the width of the street in which it is located. Thus a uniform sky-line is preserved and, with that fact established, the architect gives all his skill to producing artistic individuality and at the same time harmonious personality to the building he is designing. Monotony is avoided in spite of the sky-line and, more than that, each portion of a street, symmetrical in itself, lends itself to the long and beautiful vista or the broad, effective grouping of the whole, as the case may be.

This result has cost centuries of study and millions of dollars in tearing away, rearranging and rebuilding, and the lessons are there for us to profit by at no cost whatever. Good citizenship in Grand Rapids demands that these things should be considered; that when a man contemplates putting up a new building he should consider the work of our Civic Center Commission. There is no hard and fast obligation compelling a citizen to put up a new office building on Monroe street, Canal street, Pearl street, Ottawa street, Ionia street or Division street. There are other desirable locations and there is no positive rule that a building shall be ten or twelve stories high.

The people of Grand Rapids do not care to become cliff dwellers, housed in dark and cavernous canyons, and there is sufficient land area in every direction to make such a calamity unnecessary. Moreover, our Civic Center Commission has, as a factor in its programme of duty, the prevention of any such mistake, and all good citizens will lend their influence toward assisting it in the performance of that duty.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

The growth of the rural free delivery has been very rapid since its inauguration in this country. Its beginnings are of comparatively recent date and yet according to the report of the department there are in 1907, 37,728 routes, with nearly an equal number of carriers. On all these save 689 the service is daily, and on these few it is three times a week. During the year 2,312 new routes were established and at the end of last June 1,404 petitions were pending before the department and since that date 552 petitions have been received. On the first of last October there were 502 routes favorably reported or awaiting final action. To pay the carriers very nearly \$34,000,000 will be required this year and it is estimated that for the next year nearly \$36,000,000 will be required. Comparatively few routes are discontinued, the only reason being that there are not sufficient people living along the line that can be traversed within the specified time. Incident to this great

increase and improved service over 3,000 postoffices have been discontinued and their patrons are better served by the rural carrier. No greater convenience nor comfort is afforded to the people of this country than this. It is everywhere highly esteemed and much appreciated. It will not be long before there will be no considerable section of the country where people are living which is not served with mail every weekday in the year.

CLEAN THE SNOW OFF.

When such a snow storm as visited Grand Rapids Saturday afternoon and night occurs the municipal authorities get out a lot of triangular scrapers, the several districts are traversed and the sidewalks are provided with various zigzag pathways with surfaces slanting this way and that and leaving hummocks to slip on every half rod or so. The job, even although half done, if thus far well done would be bearable and not very unsafe to those who are not young and surefooted.

At the same time there is a city ordinance relative to cleaning snow off the walks.

With such an example set by the city, it is not strange that, in the residence districts less than 50 per cent. of the free-holders pay any attention whatever to the ordinance. And the chief offenders in this respect are the owners of extensive frontages, corner lots, and so on; citizens who, able to own and maintain these valuable properties, are seemingly indifferent to the safety of the person of others and are certainly very inconsiderate as to what is due their numerous fellow citizens who see to it that their own sidewalks are cleared promptly and thoroughly.

The present Police and Fire Commissioners as a Board have earned the reputation of going ahead and doing, or causing to be done, that which in their judgment seems the right thing to do, without giving much heed to popular clamor or individual comment. And the Board of Public Works, through the efficiency of its general manager and the co-operation of the members of the Board, has gained the confidence of the people to a large extent by forging ahead and accomplishing results. Now if these two departments will get busy on the sidewalk-clearing habit and give the snow-plow men a few pointers and at the same time try their good offices on citizens well able to keep their walks clean but who fail to appreciate the need of such action in behalf of their fellow citizens.

Money has a mighty persuasive tongue but a sadly deficient hand when it comes to delivering the goods.

WINDOW TRIMMING

Portico Effect Introduced in Clothing Background.

Some of the window trimmers are making it a point to put in new backgrounds every time they put fresh goods in their windows, but many of them just now are contenting themselves with concentrating all their energies on the introduction of Christmas goods; they are "letting well enough alone," so far as the rear of the window is concerned.

Oh, but the windows are beautiful now! Surely all that heart could wish is appearing in them, and will be there from now until the last little jingle of the bells on Good Old Kris Kringle's reindeers is heard far in the distance.

There's everything to tempt a woman to extravagance and everything to tempt a man to extravagance, and that person were hard, indeed, to suit who could not be pleased with something from the present layout.

For the ladies there are all sorts of leathern bags, for instance, all the way from the tiniest affair for carfare up to the largest size necessary for traveling. All kinds of leather go into these—some new varieties not usually put to this use. The seal skin, like the poor, we have always with us. A nice seal skin isn't to be refused. It is good as long as the clasps hold together, and if one falls on evil days and, in falling, hangs on to her seal skin bag she has something to show for long years that tells the story of former opulence. Walrus skin—thick of texture and coarse of grain—makes an extremely substantial looking bag. Mounted in gun metal, it makes a handsome present for any one a little bit along in years, although it's a matter for wonder, sometimes, to see the enormous size and stout quality of the bags that the younger set carry around. When shopping they can stuff them as full as can any fat old dowager, too. Snake skin is seen, in bags, card cases, blank books for addresses, etc., as well as in an article more strictly for adornment of the person, the belt. It must require Spartan courage for a woman to overcome her natural repugnance for the animal that once wore it for full dress, as 'twere, and encircle her waist with a belt of this description, even although it be lined with the hide of some four-footed brother of his snakeship. Pig skin and goat skin bags are also on the market. I know nothing, personally, of the latter. It is claimed to wear "most excellently well," and, as to pig skin, any one familiar with the pig skin seat of old bicycle days will recall how it "wore like iron, no wear out to it." The dealers in supplies for the sport stoutly made the declaration and they told the truth. Toad skin looks like a frail leather. It is not used much except as a trimming on bags. It is cut with an irregular outline, conforming

closely to the shape of the toad if he were spread out, and makes an odd and attractive embellishment. One pretty plum-colored bag I noticed was in the shape and size of an ordinary envelope, with a long strap across the back for carrying it, and was partially covered with toad skin—a most acceptable gift for some one who likes the not-common—something she won't see everybody carrying. The price was moderate—only \$3.75. Leather as soft as glove kid, with embossed dragons in rainbow colors, is used for fashioning card holders. They come to us, it is claimed, from Japan, likewise Italy, the "Country of Origin." They are lined with silk of a contrasting color and are as light as a feather; said to be "strictly handmade," although the statement seems to be perilously near the borderland of prevarication, for the edges look most decidedly as if they had had an intimate acquaintance with a sewing machine of some type. But, when "all's said and done," there's really nothing to com-

identical bag—sells in Chicago for \$30.

* * *

The Houseman & Jones Clothing Co. has several windows that are attracting a deal of attention. This is particularly true of the one nearest the river. This is a large space to fill and it requires an expert to do so satisfactorily. The background this week simulates the entrance to a fine building. At the rear of the portico are genuine wooden paneling and a door, partly ajar and decorated with shining brass. Opposite this door is a portiere in pale sage green velour. In front, some four feet from the paneling, are too small graceful round pillars. On the floor in front of the portico, and extending beyond at either side, are all sorts of men's furnishing goods, pleasingly arranged.

The panels of the background are flanked with sash containing numerous openings and in each space is a spray of holly. There is some sort of stiff transparent white cloth between the sash and the holly to sim-

high as the high shoes—in price. The requisite spats bring the cost yet higher.

Elegant evening shoes are greatly in evidence and a woman values few presents more than a pair of these. As a gift much better ones are apt to be selected than she would think herself justified in purchasing, and for her to buy and lay shoes away merely for state functions generally seems a large outlay of mazuma, hence her delight over these when coming gratuitously.

Novel shoe trimmings are constantly coming to the fore. I noticed one bow in particular. It was of old-fashioned grosgrain ribbon, a trifle large. There were four loops—no ends. The loops in the back were a little wider than those in front and the top tips were turned over about a quarter of an inch, the lower loops being tacked over them to hold them in place. The front bow was slightly puckered, making a tiny fold up and down.

Just an oval mother-of-pearl buckle and a snip of ribbon cut on the bias constituted another fetching embellishment. The bias edges were, naturally, so placed as to have the wider part at the top, giving the appearance of the pert little ears of a fox terrier.

Gun metal leather in two square loops had a pointed oval mother-of-pearl buckle, while a diminutive round buckle of the same iridescent material held together a bow of two loops of leather rounded at the sides. This latter was neat but there was no jauntiness to its appearance.

A patent leather bow—just two loops—had a swastika in silver holding down the center.

* * *

Read what this authority has to say about new things:

Be Ready With New Things.

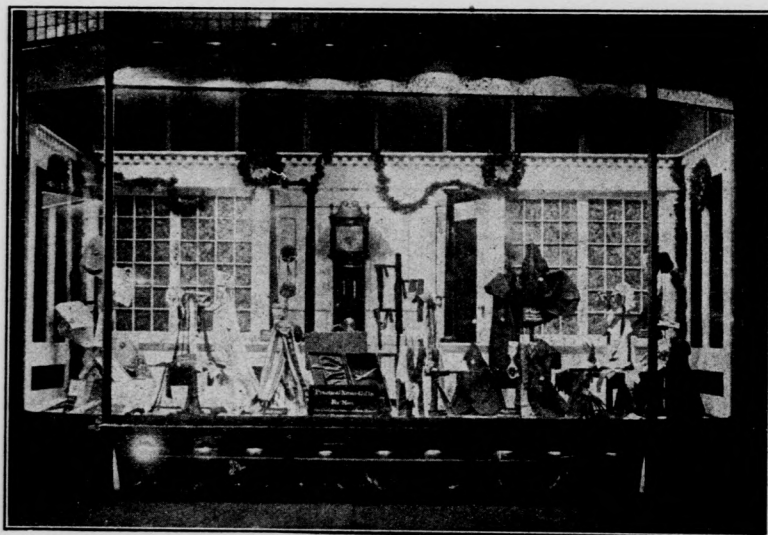
In these days trade does not come of itself. Each buyer must create trade by offering the right merchandise at the right time and at the right place. Manufacturers recognize this and are always getting out something new.

Be in a position to have all the new good things, and don't expect trade to come to you unless you have them. The fact that you have a large stock of what you think better shoes than the latest styles does not influence the consumer.

A Good Way To Gauge It.

You can always take it for granted that if the amount of your purchases exceeds the amount of your sales, except at certain times—for example when you are laying in a season's supply of goods—one of two things will happen: Either you will have to sacrifice part of your profits to move your stock or it will stay on your shelves, reduce your liquid capital and ultimately ruin you.

If you carry an excessive amount of dead stock over, your liquid capital thereby being decreased, you will have just so much less active stock to work with on the following season. And, as you make a good profit only on your active stock, the more goods you have to dispose of at sacrifice prices the less, consequently, of this good profit will remain.



pare for richness with the real alligator skin. 'Tis something to rave over; to make a person perfectly willing to live on a diet of bread and water for days, weeks and even months if such abstemiousness would guarantee possession to the one adopting this meager menu. The 'gator "horns" are more prominent this year than ever before, and the bag that is weighted down with the biggest and the most of them is the ne plus ultra of bagdom. Have you seen the new 'gator bags shown in one or two local windows where the real head and the real forelegs and feet and claws are attached to one side for ornamentation? No? Well, if that isn't outre I wouldn't want to see anything that was. To me the decoration seems uncanny. The clerks extol the style to the skies, but, to my idea, the bags with the large "horns," with clasps that spell s-e-c-u-r-i-t-y f-r-o-m t-h-e l-i-g-h-t f-i-n-g-e-r-e-d g-e-n-t-r-y, are in much better taste. I would think that a woman wouldn't care to give those monstrosities house-room, much less tote 'em around on the arm, with the continual consciousness of the close proximity of the spooky things. The clerk will inform you that their \$25 bag—the

ulate glass. Christmas ground pine is festooned near the top and Christmas wreaths of holly are hung at intervals. The false woodwork is repeated at the ends of the window. An ancient-looking grandfather's clock ticks away the time in the center of the exhibit.

This is a more elaborate window than has been recently attempted by this clothing firm, and the one who so cleverly executed it—Mr. J. Edwin White—deserves especial mention.

I am happy to be able to present a photograph of this excellent display.

* * *

Nosing around among shoe "emporiums" for ideas, I was struck with the great variety of shoes on the Oxford order. I had occasion not long ago to comment on the prevalence of the predilection among the young women to wear low shoes all winter long, supplementing their lack of height by spats for warmth. The liking for Oxfords for winter use arises from two causes: A disrelish in the fall to get into cold-weather togs any sooner than is absolutely necessary and love of the low shoes for house wear. Of course the price paid cuts no figure for the low shoes come as

WEALTH OF THE WORLD.

How Dollars Go Into the Scrap Heap.

When the United States Census Bureau some day takes up the subject of heedless, willful waste in all its application to the American people, the department will have some groups of dollar figures that will be astounding.

Waste is a word of broad interpretation. Its ethical bearing upon the everyday life of the people is something which should be considered as soberly as is the universal subject of how honestly to increase one's individual income. "Saving" is a word which to many liberal temperaments suggests meanness. Avoiding wastefulness is something involving quite another characteristic. The most liberal of men may avoid waste and have no doubt cast upon their liberality.

Looking at waste in one of its aspects, take a piece of hard coal which the coal man has allowed to drop outside a basement window where he has been making a delivery. That piece of coal has been a million years in the making, deep in the bowels of the earth. Even before the first move at mining it was made, money, time and effort were spent in prospecting. Thousands of dollars were spent in erecting the machinery and hoists and sidetracks which complete the structural equipment for the mine. Afterward a hundred or a thousand men, risking life and health, sunk shafts and drilled and tunneled and blasted for the hidden carbon.

Raised to the surface, another army of workers broke the coal, sorted it into sizes, picked the slate out of it, loaded it into cars and perhaps a thousand miles of shipment by rail was necessary to leave it ready for retailing from the dealer's yards.

Yet at this last move, just when the lump of fuel is at the door of stove or furnace, the carelessness of one man leaves it to the loss account of the consumer as wastage. Considering the evolution and processes of this lump of coal, can the householder square himself ethically and economically in passing it by to lie unused merely for lack of consideration to pick it up?

This question of waste of any substance or commodity must appeal most strongly to the thinking person when that waste is likely to occur after the fullest measure of time and effort has brought that thing to the threshold of its usefulness. Fortunes are made every year in the efforts at recovering a fractional part of substances and things that have been cast upon the national heap of waste. In the experience of the rags and iron man, much of the material by which he makes a living shows evidence of willful misuse and waste. If the person casting it off had taken reasonable care of the original it might have lasted months or years longer.

Tobacco smoking in pipes and cigarettes may not be wholly admirable, but tobacco is a recognized commodity and the tobacco consumption in the United States mounts into the

millions of dollars annually. But in the judgment of the tobacco dealer one-third of the tobacco prepared for the pipe and the cigarette falls wasted to the ground. The cigarette smoker who makes his cigarette ordinarily spills a full half of his tobacco between the pouring of it into the paper and the process of rolling it.

How strongly the habit of wastefulness appealed to an older generation which lived the simple life may be seen in an old backwoods story of the young man who loved two girls equally well and who sought some test of the virtues of the two in order that he might decide between them.

To this end the young man hurried into the home of one of them, saying that his horse out in the road was sick and asking for some of the dough scrapings from the bread tray in order to relieve the animal. This first girl to whom he appealed was sympathetic, but as the breadmaker of the house she brought out the tray, which had hardly a vestige of waste dough sticking to it. A similar emergency call at the home of the other girl brought out her sympathy and also a bread tray with several cups of bread dough sticking to its sides, which, of course, settled the choice of the suitor upon the other girl.

While the waste in the American household has been a subject of unending comment and philosophizing for household literature, this same subject of waste is of far greater possibilities in the business world.

Typewriting machines in hundreds of thousands are in use everywhere. Experts will tell you that comparatively few of these machines are worn out legitimately. The destruction of the rubber cover is one of the first wastes affecting the typewriter. Even if the machine be housed in a folding desk the dust from the room gets into the desk and into the machine, and the grit that is in this dust serves to cut the bearings and clog the working parts. If such a machine were kept absolutely free of dust it might last twice as long as it does under careless housing. Yet a standard typewriter represents an expenditure of \$100, under common treatment giving not more than \$50 worth of service.

A great deal of ingenuity has been spent in contrivances for ink wells and paste pots for office use. Not only is the cost of the ink and paste involved in the careless leaving open of airtight coverings, but the user of these office commodities loses valuable time in trying to make use of these materials injured by evaporation. But almost anywhere in the offices of the workers one may see these office necessities suffering from wasteful carelessness.

The electric light is an almost universal commodity in the cities. It is hard to conceive of a form of lighting that can be more easily controlled or more quickly turned on and off at the will of the user. Yet in many large establishments the disposition of employees to go away and leave an electric bulb burning idly at a desk has shouldered thousands

of dollars of needless expense upon the employer. Rubber bands, clips, pins, pens, paper, and the scores of small office necessities are subject to this waste, and the extent of it in dollars is enormous.

In the great factories using machinery of all kinds waste is one of the principal items on the wrong side of the ledger. Machinery must be oiled to be kept in condition. Ordinarily a piece of machinery is oiled with three to five times the quantity of oil necessary. This is a waste of the lubricant, but more than this the waste oil becomes a dirt catcher and results in the quicker wearing out of the machinery, perhaps clogging its movements, too, and enforcing a loss of time on the part of the workman.

Coal gives little enough of its energy through the firebox, even when fed to the flame in the best manner possible. But heaped and piled to half-smothering depth on the fire, entailing vast quantities of waste smoke, the fuel bill of an establishment may be a tax out of all proportion and which can be laid to carelessness only.

It is true that, even in the wastes that are made possible by carelessness and thoughtlessness, the economist may square the loss with the whole community. The manufacturer finds his market for the commodities that are to be wasted; the merchant sells his goods as readily for waste as for efficient consumption. There will be no radical reform in the methods of humanity in this respect.

Peter Cooper Smith.

We Are Aerial Sea Dwellers.

We are living at the bottom of an ocean of air 200 miles deep. The total weight of this ocean on the earth is over five trillions of tons, and at the sea level it exerts a pressure of nearly fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface. Every full grown man carries sixteen tons of this weight, yet we do not feel this pressure because it is exerted in all directions, upward and downward and also inward, exactly as in the case of the fish. However, should some inquisitive being from the heavens reach down into the ocean of air, trap one of us and lift him to the surface, the victim would feel exactly like a fish out of water.

Men who have climbed tall mountains have experienced symptoms showing that the air pressure within them is much greater than the pressure without. Nose bleeding sometimes occurs, and occasionally the pressure suffices to cause blood to ooze from the ears and pores of the skin. At the same time one is taken with nausea and vertigo, and experiences difficulty in breathing because the rarefied air does not contain as much oxygen as he is accustomed to inhaling. If one should climb a big mountain slowly he would experience no unpleasantness, because the pressure in the body would have had time to pass off and equalize the exterior pressure. Of course a point can be reached where there is not enough oxygen to support life.

Unwelcome Visitors.

Philanthropic rent collecting is the latest form of fashionable charity. The idea comes directly from England, where many benevolent women have undertaken the task of collecting rent from the poor in order that they may find out the exact conditions in which the poor live and help them when help is really needed.

Visitors from charitable institutions are not welcome to the homes of the self-respecting poor. Their questions are often offensive to sensitive sufferers, and they seldom find out the real conditions of distress. In other families, as soon as the self-appointed philanthropist comes in at the door wails of distress arise from every member of the family, including the cat. On the one hand, real poverty and distress are hidden through pride; on the other hand, money and aid are obtained under false pretenses through lack of it. Hence the rent collector. The woman who now wants to do sensible charity work stands in league with the landlord. She has his permission to collect the rents from the tenants, and, posing as the rent collector, in time again the confidence of the family, finds out their real needs and is in far better position to help them.

Certain forms of charity always remind me of the rich lady who took the poor little girl out driving and then brought her home to her own gorgeous mansion for afternoon tea. When conversation languished the child piped up:

"Do you take a bath once a week?"

"I take one every morning," said the astonished woman.

A pause. Suddenly the child exclaimed: "Do you brush your teeth every day?"

"Naturally," answered the rich woman, more and more shocked.

"Does your husband get drunk every day?" continued the child.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the woman. "Why do you ask such questions?"

"Well," said the child from the slums, "when ladies come to see us those are the questions they ask us, so that was what I supposed I ought to say when I went visiting."

The Influence of Environment.

"Parker hasn't been out of a large city in twenty-five years."

"His business must be awfully confining. What does he work at?"

"He's a writer of nature and garden books."

Wanted
SECOND-HAND
SAFES

Grand Rapids Safe Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

AROUND THE STATE

Movements of Merchants.

Bay City—Max Yahn has opened a new meat market at the corner of Thirty-second street and Broadway.

Vassar—Frank La Zelle has sold his hardware stock to Cole & Sweet and will leave for the West, where he has other business interests.

Charlevoix—Winthrop Vandercook, senior member of the grocery firm of W. Vandercook & Son, died recently, after an illness of five weeks, with cancer of the liver.

Addison—J. C. Lyon & Co., general dealers, have filed a petition in bankruptcy, alleging liabilities of \$6,870 and assets of \$2,500. Jacob Lyon, with a claim of \$1,500 for money alleged to have been loaned the store, is the principal creditor.

Bay City—Price & Thatcher, produce dealers at the corner of Washington avenue and Third street, have dissolved partnership. The surviving partner, Geo. A. Thatcher, has formed a copartnership with his son, Wm. R. Thatcher, under the style of Thatcher & Son, to continue the business at the same location.

Holland—Gradus, Frank and Henry Van Ark, who have conducted a retail house furnishing goods business under the style of the Van Ark Furniture Co., have merged their business into a stock company under the same style, with an authorized capital stock of \$25,000, of which amount \$15,000 has been subscribed and paid in in cash.

Trufant—Jens Hansen, the pioneer merchant of this place and senior member of the firm of Hansen & Sons, general merchants, retires from active business Jan. 1. Oscar Hansen will take charge of the elevator and feed mill, in addition to managing the cigar manufacturing institution conducted under his name and owned by himself and John Quigg. Martin Hansen will conduct the mercantile business under his own name.

Lansing—J. F. Lewis, general merchant, filed a petition in bankruptcy, alleging debts of \$29,457.26 without a single asset. Mr. Lewis is the principal creditor named in a petition filed to have the National Supply Co., of this city, adjudicated bankrupt, but does not include the sum owing as an asset in his own petition. Lewis claims \$2,658 from the National Supply Co., \$900 being for salary and the remainder money loaned to the company.

Manufacturing Matters.

Cheboygan—Quay & Son, who are operating on the north shore, have 40,000 pieces of cedar on the skids.

Seney—The Danaher Lumber Co. has completed its big logging camp near this place and has begun winter operations.

Zeeland—The Zeeland Cheese Co. has changed its style to the Zeeland Cheese & Butter Co. and has increased its capital stock from \$45,000 to \$50,000.

Ocqueoc—S. F. Derry started his sawmill Monday. The mill has a consignment of logs to start with and hauling is progressing, sleighing being good in this region.

Cheboygan—The Embury-Martin Lumber Co. has closed its mill for an overhauling and will resume the winter run late in February. The company has had a successful season.

Germfask—Hugh Shay, the lumberman, will not do much lumbering this winter, but will start early in the spring on his submarine logging on the Fox and Manistique Rivers and will rush this work until the end of the season.

Richmond—The Parker Plow Co., which manufactures farm implements, has merged its business into a new corporation, with an authorized capital stock of \$7,500, of which amount \$7,040 has been subscribed and paid in in property.

Onaway—The Lobdell & Churchill Manufacturing Co. has put into operation at Camp 12 a four line skidder reaching out a thousand feet from the four corners of the car and bringing in two trees at a time. It is a decided labor saver.

Pellston—The Pellston Electric Light Co. has merged its business into a new corporation under the style of the Pellston Light & Power Co., with an authorized capital stock of \$35,000, all of which amount has been subscribed and paid in in property.

Millington—The Millington Milling Co., which will conduct a general flour mill business, has been incorporated with an authorized capital stock of \$10,000, of which amount \$8,600 has been subscribed and \$7,800 paid in in cash and \$800 in property.

Detroit—The Detroit Pressed Cement Brick & Block Co., which will deal in cement products, has been incorporated, with an authorized capital stock of \$10,000, all of which amount has been subscribed, \$9,900 being paid in property and \$10 in cash.

St. Ignace—Richard Jones, of Bay City, who has been erecting a sawmill on the site of the plant of the old Mackinac Lumber Co., is enlarging his plans. He will put in a much larger engine and boiler and will add a lath and shingle mill. A large waste burner will also be erected.

Saginaw—Wickes Bros., manufacturers of marine, stationary and portable boilers, have merged their business into a stock company under the style of the Wickes Boiler Co., with an authorized capital stock of \$500,000, all of which has been subscribed and \$50,000 paid in in cash.

Breckenridge—A corporation has been formed under the style of the Sexton-Mortimer Creamery Co., which will conduct a general creamery business. The new company has an authorized capital stock of \$10,000, all of which has been subscribed, \$500 being paid in in cash and \$9,500 in property.

Thompson—McIntyre & Havel, who recently bought the timber on 600 acres of land five miles from this place and erected a mill, have put it into commission. The plant is cutting 15,000 feet of box boards, 70,000

pieces of lath and a quantity of hardwood crating daily. The plant will run the year through.

Detroit—A corporation has been formed under the style of the Rapid Addressing Platen Co., which will deal in attachments for typewriters. The new company has an authorized capital stock of \$15,000 common and \$5,000 preferred, of which amounts \$17,500 has been subscribed and \$2,500 paid in in cash and \$15,000 in property.

Baraga—The mill at Iron River, bought recently by the Nesters, of Detroit, and removed to this place, is being set up and will soon be ready for business. The company, however, will not lumber this winter in this vicinity, but will make an early start in the spring. It will put in a stock for the new mill set up at Thessalon the last season.

Menominee—Local lumbermen are preparing to operate their sawmills this winter and repairs are being rushed, while the hot water ponds are being put in condition for flooding the logs at the bottom of the millslides. Logs are coming in by rail from localities farther north and as soon as there is sufficient snow nearer this city the mills will be kept busy.

Bay City—Business is getting back on something like a normal basis, although along a little more conservative lines. A readjustment of the wage scale is being made among many industrial concerns and it is expected that all will get down to a lower level by the first of the new year. In the greater number of instances the men appear to take the matter philosophically, but there is some opposition.

Escanaba—The Chicago & North-Western Railway Co. is enlarging its tie preserving plant at this place, which is one of the few plants of the sort in this country. Additional equipment is being put in. The old plant used the simple creosote process and soft wood only, but a new process has been added which makes possible the treatment of maple, birch and other hardwoods. The experiment is being watched with much interest by railway men.

Menominee—Lumbering conditions in the Upper Peninsula are better than they were two or three weeks ago. Woodsmen who deserted their camps when a cut in their wages was announced are glad to return at the reduced scale. The recent drop in the prices of hay and oats also makes prospects more cheerful for the operator. Recent heavy rains have filled the swamps and there will be no danger of a scarcity of water for making ice roads. A good freeze-up is all that is necessary to make ideal logging.

Neebish—The large sawmill of the Woolworth Land & Lumber Co., of Sandusky, Ohio, located at this place, has closed down for the season. The mill has made a remarkable record in that it was built during the last season and cut 1,000,000 feet of lumber. About 112 men were employed and most of those will be employed in the company's nine or ten camps on the islands in the St. Mary's River and in Canada. A large stock of

timber will be cut, but this will all be put in before the mill is reopened. The stock will include 25,000 cords of boxwood lumber, which is cut into 8-foot lengths.

Increased Its Capital Stock.

At the annual meeting of the Worden Grocer Co., held at the office of the corporation last evening, the capital stock was increased to \$100,000 preferred and \$100,000 common. The common has been practically all subscribed by former stockholders of the company. The preferred is being subscribed in liberal amounts by permanent investors. The preferred bears a cumulative dividend of 7 per cent. The old Board of Directors was re-elected as follows: Guy W. Rouse, E. D. Winchester, N. Fred Avery, Chas. F. Rood, Geo. B. Daniels, Chas. W. Garfield, H. P. Winchester, H. A. Thornton, C. V. C. Ganson.

At a subsequent meeting of the stockholders officers were elected as follows:

President—N. Fred Avery.

Vice-President and General Manager—Guy W. Rouse.

Secretary—E. D. Winchester.

Treasurer—Chas. F. Rood.

A dividend equivalent to 5 per cent. of their annual wages was ordered paid the employees of the house.

How Caterpillars Build Houses.

Many clever caterpillars which dwell habitually in company build a common nest for the common benefit. Of these is the famous American tent caterpillar. The tents are really nests of silk spun among leaves and twigs. In them the caterpillars dwell when young and to them they resort for shelter in rainy weather even when larger grown. Allied species which pass through the winter in the caterpillar state construct winter sleeping places which the bookish folk call hibernaculums. These are often conspicuous among the branches during the cold months of the year. If torn open they reveal a surprising thickness of spun silk forming a dense nonconductive wall. At the center of the mass lie from thirty to fifty tightly packed caterpillars waiting for the return of the warm weather, when they will resume their feeding.

By the Almanac.

"Are you sure this is the right time, Uncle James?" asked the visiting niece, as she came in to tea and looked at the old clock, which had just finished striking 6. "It seems to me that clock is fast."

Uncle James shook his head. "The clock is just right," he declared, firmly. "I set it by the almanac every day. Nothing could be surer."

"By the almanac?"

Uncle James nodded. "The almanac says, 'Sun sets seven-ten.' Well, just the minute the sun sinks behind these beech trees, I step right in and regulate the clock."

The visiting niece knew the folly of argument, but sorrowfully reflected on the fact that she had been breakfasting at about 4 in the morning, dining in the vicinity of 10, and retiring to slumber before 7.



The Produce Market.

Apples—The market is steady on the basis of \$2.75@3 per bbl. for acceptable winter varieties.

Beets—40c per bu.

Butter—The market continues to advance. The receipts of fine, fresh butter are still very small, being hardly enough, in fact, to supply the demand. Fine prints are especially scarce and command a premium above the regular market. Held creameries are in good supply and good demand, on account of the short supply of fresh butter. Under grade fresh and held creameries are quiet and in ample supply. Ladle packed and dairy grades are in light supply and very little demand. The prospects are for an advancing market on fine fresh butter until the first of the year. Creamery is now quoted at 29c for tubs and 30c for prints. Dairy commands 25c for No. 1 and 17c for packing stock.

Cabbage—\$10 per ton.

Carrots—25c per bu.

Celery—25c per bunch.

Christmas Decorations—Eastern holly is scarce and high, commanding \$7 per case; Southern holly is not to be had in this market; holly wreaths, 50 per doz.; evergreen wreathing (20 yard coils), 90@95c per coil; needle pines, \$15 per 100.

Cocoanuts—\$4.50 per bag of 90.

Cranberries—Wisconsin Bell and Cherry and Howes fetch \$7.50@8 per bbl. Late Blacks from Cape Cod range around \$7.50 per bbl. The demand continues good. Supplies are adequate.

Cucumbers—\$1.25 per doz. for hot house.

Dressed Hogs—150@175 lbs., 6¼c; 175@260 lbs., 6½c; stags and old sows, 5½c. These are the paying prices at this market.

Eggs—Fresh eggs are still very scarce, and the demand is greater than the supply. A premium of 2@3c above the market is being paid for really fancy fresh stock. Most of the eggs coming in are under grades. Fancy spring packed storage eggs are in good demand at present market prices. Stocks of storage eggs continue large and holders are making every effort to move as many as possible before the first of the year. The prospects for fresh eggs are still unsettled, depending entirely on the weather. Dealers pay 24c for case count, holding candled at 28c. Storage are moving out on the basis of 20c.

Grapes—Malagas command \$3.50@4.50 per keg, according to weight.

Grape Fruit—Jamaica and Florida command \$4.50 for 80s and 90s and \$5.50 for 54s and 64s.

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

Lemons—California command \$3.50 per box and Messinas \$3.25 per box.

Lettuce—8@10c per lb. for hot house; 12c per lb. for Florida head.

Onions—Red and yellow Globe

command 60c per bu. Spanish are in moderate demand at \$1.25 per crate.

Oranges—The quality of the new California navels has improved very much since the opening of the season and they are now of good flavor and color, commanding \$2.50 per box for choice and \$2.75 for fancy. Floridas, \$3 per box.

Parsley—50c per doz. bunches.

Parsnips—75c per bu.

Pineapples—\$4.50@5 per crate for Florida Red Spanish.

Potatoes—The market is beginning to regain some of its firmness, and shipping demand from outside points is once more commencing to make itself felt. Prices are well maintained and there is a good demand for small lots for immediate consumption. Local dealers pay 50c and sell in a small way at 60c.

Poultry—Local dealers pay 7½c for live hens and 8½c for dressed; 7½c for live spring chickens and 9½c for dressed; 8c for live ducks and 10c for dressed; 13c for live turkeys and 18c for dressed.

Squash—1c per lb. for Hubbard.

Turnips—50c per bu.

Sweet Potatoes—\$4.50 per bbl. for Illinois kiln dried.

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.

The ninth annual banquet of the Grand Rapids Retail Grocers' Association will be given at Knights of Columbus Hall, Thursday evening, Jan. 9. Fred W. Fuller will officiate as toastmaster. Tickets will be sold at \$1 per plate. All details will be arranged by a special committee composed of John Lindemulder, Louis Kunst, John Rossink, Wm. Andre and Ralph Andre. The Grand Rapids grocers have never scored a failure in the banquet line yet, and it goes without saying that the ninth event of the kind will considerably exceed all preceeding banquets in point of attendance, interest and enjoyment.

Fred Taylor has engaged in the dry goods business at Grandville in a new brick building recently erected by himself. The Grand Rapids Dry Goods Co. furnished the stock.

A corporation has been formed under the style of the Felter Self-Measure Tank Co., which will manufacture a self-measure tank and do sheet metal work. The company has been capitalized at \$10,000, all of which has been subscribed and \$1,000 paid in in cash and \$9,000 in property.

An Omaha man, who was the plaintiff in a suit tried in the City Court, declined the suggestion of the judges to employ an attorney and tried his own case. He was given a verdict of one cent damages, and has the satisfaction of knowing he will not have to divide with a lawyer.

M. A. Lichtenstein, dealer in dry goods, clothing and shoes, at Central Lake, has been adjudicated a bankrupt. G. Adolph Krause has been appointed receiver. The merchandise liabilities are \$17,000; to friends and relatives, \$3,600; nominal assets, \$11,000.

The Grocery Market.

Sugar—The raw market is strong and excited, but the market on refined is quiet. No change in refined is expected soon.

Coffee—The receipts of Rio and Santos coffee in Brazil have fallen off greatly, whether naturally or as one of the syndicate plans is not certain. If the falling off is legitimate it indicates a current crop of Rio and Santos coffee of a little less than 10,000,000 bags, which is a decrease of about 9,000,000 from the last crop. There is a disposition among the conservative trade, however, to take everything that comes from Brazil with a grain of allowance. This much seems to be established, however, that the syndicate appears to be perfectly able to handle the inflation scheme successfully. If its success continues the trade may look for an advance in Rio and Santos as the season progresses.

Tea—Notwithstanding the light demand stocks appear to be in strong hands, and no concessions are being made in the price. The past week has brought no development in any department of the business.

Canned Goods—Both corn and tomatoes are steady, with a fair demand. Peas are cleaning up and medium and low grades are already getting scarce. Everything in beans is firm. Mushrooms continue strong and scarce. The same is true of French peas. Pumpkins, spinach, squash and succotash hold firm. Most California canners report themselves short on some lines of California canned fruits. The general feeling in this branch of the grocery list is firm. Eastern small fruits are scarce and firm. Peaches of all kinds are very firm. Gallon apples appear to be in strong position statistically, although the demand is indifferent. The West coast reports that stocks of all kinds of salmon are cleaning up fast. Alaska red has strengthened considerably and Alaska pink shows a stronger tendency. Cohoes, a medium grade fish which gives good satisfaction, and which has been the one item in the salmon list which did not advance strongly, is said to be getting scarce. Domestic sardines are in about the same position. The trust holds them firmly. Lobster is steady. Cove oysters show no new feature and continue in strong position.

Dried Fruits—Apricots are scarce, unchanged and dull. Currants are active and will continue so until after the holidays. Prices are unchanged. Raisins are still soft. Seeded raisins are easier. Loose raisins are still weak and unchanged in price. Citron is in fair demand and unchanged in price. Apples are weaker and in light demand. Prunes show no change in price, although the demand is somewhat better. Secondary markets are still about ¼c below the coast. Peaches are exceedingly dull, prices being unchanged.

Cheese—The market has advanced during the past week. Most of the trade are allowing their stocks to run low, and are now in the market for supplies. September cheese is especially fine and commands a high

price. Late-made cheese is still in large supply and has to be sold at concessions in order to move. Early-made cheese is in light supply and firm. It is selling very close to September prices. The trade look for a healthy market from now on until the opening of the new cheese season.

Spices—The demand is fair, with no prospect of any immediate change in prices.

Rice—There appears to be a fair demand for all grades. No break in prices has occurred, notwithstanding that spot stocks are accumulating at many big centers.

Syrups and Molasses—Compound syrup is in moderate demand at unchanged prices. Sugar syrup is not much wanted for home trade. New molasses is coming forward and is in some demand. Fine grades, which are scarce, advanced 2@3c per gallon during the week. Old crop molasses is dull and unchanged.

Farinaceous Goods—Prices remain in about the same position, with the exception that a spread of 30c is being made between barrels and bags, owing to the relatively high cost of barrels. Sago, tapioca and pearl barley are steady. Cornmeal is strong. Beans and peas show no new feature. Buckwheat flour is selling well and prices are steady.

Provisions—No change has occurred in regular or picnic hams, although picnic hams are very scarce. Pure lard shows no material change from last week, although some holders are quoting ¼c lower. Compound lard is unchanged. The demand for lard is good. Dried beef is unchanged; light demand. Barrel pork is unchanged and in fair demand. Canned meats are firmer, through scarcity, but the price is unchanged as yet. Bellies and bacon seem a trifle weaker.

Fish—Codfish is selling moderately at unchanged prices. Domestic sardines are dull and unchanged, but some holders are predicting a rather sharp advance after the first of the year, owing to short supply. Foreign sardines are scarce and very high. Salmon is quiet and unchanged. There has been very little demand for mackerel during the week, and there will be very little until after the holiday season. Prices have shown no weakness during the week, and further advances in Norway and Irish fish seem to be expected after the first of the year. Shores are for the present cutting very little figure.

Joseph P. Visner leaves Sunday for New York. This will be the twentieth consecutive pilgrimage Joe has made to Gotham to attend the annual convention of the traveling salesmen of Edwin J. Gillies & Co.

W. Waalkes & Co. have opened a meat market at 673 Grandville avenue. Mr. Waalkes has been in the employ of the American Express Co. as cashier for about seven years.

J. H. Tulip, formerly on the road for the Vicksburg Clothing Co., is now handling the advertising department of the Grand Rapids Chronicle.

TWO TOWNS.

Mutual Relations of Grand Rapids and Grandville.*

In those free and good old precarious days when in our Kent county—which embraced the Grand River Valley from Grandville to Ionia—flour was from \$15 to \$20 a barrel and a barrel of pork cost \$50 (that is to say, in 1837-38), the village of Grandville was much more populous than was the hamlet of Grand Rapids. In those days the Winsor Brothers, Zenas and Jake, were transporting general freight by pole-boat back and forth from above the Rapids to Ionia and Lyons; and the Gilbert Brothers, Thomas and Francis, were getting out cordwood down the river, selling what they could to the steamboat, Gov. Mason, delivered on the river bank, and carrying the remainder by pole-boat to Grandville or Grand Haven, as the markets dictated.

Grandville was in those days the metropolis of Kent county and, better still, it was below the Rapids, was at the head of navigation and so was destined to remain the metropolis. Moreover, there were the South Woods—an inexhaustible store of lumber and shingle timber and cordwood to "supply a million of population for a million years," as one of the enthusiastic pioneers proclaimed.

At least, that was the estimate held by those sturdy pioneers, the Howletts, the Lincolns, Gordons, Tuckers, Brittons, Sawyers, Jenisons, Patchins, Rankins, Moodys, McCrays and others; and the few people at Grand Rapids were somewhat in doubt for a time, this doubt being emphasized by the comments of the pioneers at Lowell, Saranac, Ionia and Lyons, who, directing that their household goods and other merchandise transported from Buffalo around the Lakes should land at Grandville, thence by portage to a point above the Rapids, thence by pole-boat to their respective destinations, gave strong color to the claim that Grandville was at the head of navigation. Moreover, the Ferrys and the Whites, at Grand Haven, had selected Grandville as the most promising point and had made real estate investments here—indeed, if I am not in error, two of your streets are named for the brothers-in-law, the late Dominie Ferry and the late Capt. Thos. White.

In those days about all that was thought worth while was lumbering, sawmills and the concomitant industries, flouring mill, machine shop, foundry, ax factory, blacksmith shop and general store. Aside from logs, shingle bolts, stave bolts, peltries, a very few vegetables, a little corn, wheat and buckwheat, powder and lead, maple sugar and wild berries, the commerce of this section was extremely limited. And so the carpenter and joiner, the cabinetmaker, the stone and brick mason, the boot and shoemaker, and so on, were invariably all-round men in their respective callings and could go into the woods and do a little chopping or upon the cleared fields and do a little farming equally well.

*Address delivered by E. A. Stowe at annual banquet of the Grandville Business Men's Association.

The times were hard. They were the "wild-cat times." Charles H. Oakes was the first merchant to locate here; James McCray and George Ketchum established the first foundry; Nehemiah Hathaway established the first edge tool factory; the first tavern here was kept by a lawyer named Hiram Osgood and the first grist mill, run by Eli Cossit, was established in Ketchum's sawmill. The first church (Congregational) was organized in the house of Mr. Hathaway by the late Rev. James Ballard. Real par value currency was scarce and everybody, perforce, indulged in "dicker." Grand Rapids fared equally hard with Grandville and in neither location was there any sense as to the presence all around them of the wonderful gypsum deposits which are now so well developed.

The people of Grand Rapids staked their all upon the undeveloped water power at their doors, and then the late Lucius Lyon, Judge Almy and others conceived the idea of a canal with locks, which should not only push the head of navigation fifty miles farther toward the interior of the State but would furnish thousands of horsepower to turn the wheels of industry forever. For selfish reasons, perhaps, the settlers at points above Grand Rapids favored the canal idea. Then the State took hold of the matter and made an appropriation to push it along.

That was the final blow to the immediate hopes of Grandville. The late Julius C. Abel, who had dreamed of practicing law in Grandville and who did serve as Justice of the Peace here, at once packed up and moved seven miles up the river. Col. Hathaway sold out his interests and, moving to the banks of the new canal, started a factory with trip hammers, where mill-picks, ship carpenters' tools, coopers' tools, chopping axes and all kinds of edge tools for cabinetmakers and carpenters were made—the genesis of Grand Rapids' present widespread and excellent reputation as a center for the manufacture of wood working tools. All through the early lumbering history of West Michigan there was no single product of Grand Rapids better known or more highly prized than was the Hathaway axe.

The McCrays also moved to Grand Rapids, and established the first machine shop at that point and, from the inception of the canal, Grandville was forgotten from the industrial standpoint.

But the head of navigation was not taken beyond the Rapids. And so Lowell, Lyons, Portland, and so on, developed their own water powers; the country all along became more thickly settled, farms began to appear almost like magic, the river from its mouth to Lyons was lined with sawmills, logging camps, booms and lumber piles and from a small town of a few hundred people Grand Rapids rapidly grew to a town with thousands instead of hundreds of inhabitants, while your own pretty little town settled down to a determination to make the best of it.

And you have done this, but you

have had to wait patiently and work cheerfully. I have said that "farms began to appear almost like magic." But we know and the Jenisons, the Blakes, the Boyntons, the Godwins, the Rankins, the Brittons, the Haires and Harrises and many others know that the only magic has been good brain and brawn to make the clearings, break up the land, remove the stumps, build the roads, the barns, the homes, the school houses and the churches.

Nearly a century of tremendously hard physical labor—of most wise and careful mental effort, of self denial and, very often, of patient resignation to physical sufferings, deprivations of all kinds and disappointments without number—has been required to bring about the present comfortable, convenient and in every way favorable conditions of to-day.

—And I want to say to you that the Grandville of to-day is distinctly "in it." To begin with, your next door neighbors, Jenison and Grand Rapids, are good ones—valuable neighbors—and I am sure that you have no more sincere well wishers than are these two neighbors.

Next, you are to-day enjoying, with them, equal facilities as to rapid transit, abundant freight carrying resources, instantaneous communication facilities, electric lights and all other public utilities. On all sides you have loyal, industrious, thrifty, contented farmers, and right here within your own boundaries you have the well developed, busy and helpful gypsum mines.

Do you ever stop to consider as to the present day meaning of seven miles when looked at from the viewpoint of your own interests, the interests of Grand Rapids and the spirit of material and spiritual development?

Forty years ago the city of Detroit did not have, by over 30,000, a population equal to that enjoyed by Grand Rapids today. During those forty years the villages of Springwells, four miles away, Ecorse, seven miles away, and Wyandotte, twelve miles away, while still retaining their own individualities, are now cities of from 5,000 to 15,000 people and enjoy all privileges given to the people of Detroit. Look at the dozens of villages which, from the standpoint of business, are now distinct portions of the city of Chicago, whereas thirty years ago they were, comparatively speaking, isolated and struggling.

During the next twenty years Grand Rapids is going to develop in a ratio equal to the growth of Detroit during the past forty years. This is a fact because of increased facilities, greater demands and the growing spirit of enterprise of to-day. This means that twenty years hence you will have factories employing thousands of men and women located in your village; that the necessary increase in homes, school houses and mercantile establishments required for such additional laborers and wage earners will transform Grandville to a city with fire department, police department, public works organization, daily papers, public institutions,

theater, warehouses, parks, boulevard and all the rest.

Your location is ideal and the spirit I have felt throughout this evening's event assures me that my prediction is not visionary and that before many more years I shall find abundant pleasure in coming down here to enjoy the transformation.

Get Into the Custom of Exactness in Everything.

Written for the Tradesman.

Get into the habit of doing things right the first time of going over.

This advice may fall trite, but there are so many cases where it might be heeded with profit to the employer and improvement in the ways of the employed that I am tempted to toot the horn of admonition quite loudly for a moment.

Some hired help are so proverbially correct that their work could scarcely be bettered. A Grand Rapids stenographer of my acquaintance has so schooled herself in accuracy that her work is relied on absolutely by the man from whom she draws her salary. He often states that he would much sooner look for errors in his own tasks than in hers; that he has yet to find one in all the time she has been on his pay roll, and that is going on five years.

"Remarkable!" exclaim you.

Sounds so, doesn't it, and ye, were you to examine into her methods, you would see where lies their ease.

When this girl left the high school and went to business college she had it drilled into her to do a thing but once and that correctly, even if covering the ground less swiftly.

Sometimes you see members of a clerical force comparing and comparing and comparing, frittering away valuable time in the operation that should be put to advantage. By this I don't mean to slide over work in "any old way," never looking nor caring whether it be correct, but I do wish to emphasize this: Don't be so heedless, in the first time of going over a job, that you are never sure of your work. Cultivate the virtue, if you have it not, of punctiliousness the first time of doing anything.

Louise Lawson.

On the Other Hand.

"Of course, dearest," says the loving and tender wife, "I do not want, nor expect, you to give me something that you can't afford for Christmas. Why, it isn't the gift so much as it is the spirit in which it is given! Now, I should be just as happy if you gave me a simple little neck ribbon as if you gave me that diamond sunburst I showed you in the show window this afternoon, and I!"

Here she detects a peculiar glint in his eye, and hurriedly continues:

"But I just know it wouldn't make you half as happy to give me some little trinket as to give me something both lasting and beautiful. And I don't want you to consider my ideas at all, dear. Just consult your own wishes. I knew you would, so I had them put the sunburst aside until you let them know whether to send it or not."

It takes more than smooth words to smooth out life's rough places.

A Busy January

Your store should be as busy in January as in October---*and you can make it.*

Your business should yield a net profit in January---*and you can make it.*

Your stock should be down to its proper size at the end of January---*and you can get it there.*

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E. A. STOWE, Editor.

Wednesday, December 18, 1907

TYRANNY OF THE MAJORITY.

It is a very common thing for members of the law profession to inveigh against what is termed "judge-made" law.

Judge-made law is found in the manner and degree to which the judges on the bench in giving decisions interpret or strain and stretch the constitutional ordinances and the legislative enactments. This is the case chiefly in the States that follow the doctrines and spirit of the English Common Law. Where the French-Roman customs are followed there is an attempt by means of express and definite terms so to limit the meanings that they can not easily be departed from.

It would be of extreme value if the people, by reading the law, the readers being vested with ordinary intelligence, could know for themselves what permissions or prohibitions and what privileges and penalties it imposes or confers on them, but it is only in an indefinite sort of way they can get any idea of it, since there is no certainty as to what the law means until it shall have had its signification definitely fixed by the highest court, because the lower tribunals will give not a few differing decisions upon the same statute or other requirement.

When a judge shall have stored in his memory the judgments given by courts that have come and gone before his time, and has found how his predecessors have viewed such and such questions upon which issues have been joined, he feels that he has something authoritative on which to base his own deliverance, and his confidence is founded on the fact that judgments quoted as precedents have been prepared by experts, while statutory legislation is apt to be carelessly drawn and often lacking in certainty and definiteness.

Prof. Munroe Smith, of the Law Department of Columbia University, in Van Norden's Magazine for the current month, declares that the judges from the earliest times claimed that their business was to find and to proclaim the law. It was held that all the law found by the courts existed somewhere before they found it; and paradoxically enough, it is under cover of an inference drawn from

this theory that the judges have continuously substituted new law for old. If, as is assumed, all the law set forth in decided cases existed before the cases were decided, it is a logical inference that the forms of words in which the law has been stated have no binding authority. Such statements are not the law, they are only attempts to express the law. It is in this sense that case-law, although contained in printed reports, is said to be "unwritten." It follows, of course, that in the light of new cases the rules laid down in older cases may be narrowed or widened or wholly rephrased. This enables the courts not only to give to the rules of judge-made law an increasingly accurate formulation, but also to reshape the rules in such a manner as to follow the changing needs of a progressive society. It was in this way that the two great systems of law which rule the modern civilized world—the Roman and the English—were in the main built up. Says Prof. Smith:

Until a comparatively advanced period of legal development, legislation is largely confined to the field of politics in which the courts are regularly incompetent. Its tendency to encroach, at a later period, upon the field occupied by case-law is mainly due to two causes: As civilization becomes more complex, questions of public policy become increasingly numerous and important, not only in strictly political law, but also in the law which deals with non-political relations; and there is an increasing disinclination on the part of the people to allow public policies to be determined by the judges. Another cause for legislation is the desire for greater certainty in the law. There are many parts of the law in which certainty seems more important than the flexibility which characterizes judge-made law; and resort is had to legislation because it is believed, sometimes rightly and sometimes wrongly, that the written law will be more certain.

In some instances a part of the law in which public policy is dominant is also one in which certainty seems especially desirable. This is true, for example, of the law defining crimes and fixing punishments, and of the law of criminal procedure. In the law of the family also—in matters of marriage and divorce and in the relations of husband and wife and father and child—there is, according to the dominant modern view, a strong element of public policy, and there is also need of certainty. To make marriage a matter of public record; to determine the causes for which divorce shall be allowed; to break up the traditional solidarity of the household and to increase the rights of the wife and the children over against the husband and father—for these purposes much legislation has been necessary.

Legislation by any popular body is more or less liable to the defects of uncertainty, and if it should come about that law-making can only be accomplished after it shall have been proposed by popular initiative, the liability to crudeness and indefiniteness, not to speak of the possibilities of mob tyranny, would be vastly increased. There is to-day a growing disposition on the part of the people to regulate everybody and everything, and this is seen in the facility with which prohibition laws propose to regulate by the same standard what the people shall eat and drink and in what manner the affairs in their private homes shall be ordered and controlled.

If the inhabitants of a state or other civil division of the country shall be nearly equally divided upon some question involving matters that have hitherto been regarded as wholly within personal and natural rights, but it is found that a small majority is ranged on one side or the other, this majority is using its questionable power to tyrannize over the rights of the vast minority. This is the despotism of a majority, and when a great body of the people become imbued with the notion that they can control in matters of mere private interest a great but lesser body of their fellows, they do not hesitate to do it, in the light of what is occurring in various parts of the country.

Mob despotism is infinitely more dangerous to the liberty of the people than is anything that can result from judge-made law. But, like every popular notion, it is likely to be carried to its last extreme before returning regard for real civil liberty shall be allowed to resume its sway.

THE INDIFFERENT MAN.

There is a human quality termed self possession which is very valuable to the one who can utilize it in cases of emergency, and the person who does exercise it under such conditions is said to have behaved with coolness and composure.

Now, these latter two terms are given as synonyms of the word "indifference," a claim not always justifiable.

Too often your indifferent citizen, for example, is simply a person too lazy to exert himself, too shiftless to care what happens or too selfish to give of his strength, mental, physical or financial, in aid of any cause whatever.

It is not enough that a man should be industrious, energetic and law abiding, paying his State, county and school taxes and his debts, because when a man stops there he becomes solely a tiny force in the great machine of social and political economy and is simply performing the duties forced upon him as such. He moves and acts and achieves only just so much as the other factors in the machine compel him to move and act and achieve. Such a man, to put it mildly, is indifferent as to what goes on around him, so long as he fulfills the essentials required to entitle him to remain a small feature of the machine.

He is indifferent as to what men are nominated for political office, so long as he is not forced to attend ward meetings or primary elections; he is indifferent in regard to public improvements anywhere in his city, so long as it is not in his street; he is absolutely insensible and so indifferent as to any efforts making toward the providing of an armory for the State troops in his city; his indifference causes him to remain uninterested as to the welfare of churches, public library, scientific museum, benevolent and charitable enterprises; and so in regard to all public matters, inspired by a generous spirit of local loyalty and pride, he remains satisfied to permit others to make up the share of effort and influence he might bestow if so inclined.

The indifferent man not only fails to give assistance of any kind to the community to which he belongs, but he becomes, as an example, an obstacle to progress.

It was the men who were indifferent who caused the meager vote recently on the city's water supply problem; it is the indifferent citizens who criticize public officials without knowing whereof they speak; had it not been for indifference on the part of citizens all over our commonwealth the ruthless destruction of the pine and hardwood forests of Michigan would have been stopped twenty-five years ago, and we would have had good roads all over this State long ago had the indifferent citizens been less numerous.

It is an admitted fact that great auditorium buildings, capable of seating 5,000 or more people at one time, are expensive to build and very costly as to operation and maintenance; that very rarely, indeed, have they been made to pay any interest at all on the original investment. On the other hand, they are valuable adjuncts to a city of 100,000 or more population. Great conventions may, thereby, be attracted to a city; grand orchestral and other concerts may be given at a profit, annual meetings and banquets of large organizations have a home, chrysanthemum and other beautiful flowers may be exhibited on a big scale, and mass meetings and exhibitions of various kinds may be given under most favorable auspices, and all these things add to the advertising value of a city. They attract thousands of strangers. Thus the undertaking becomes a public convenience and a most valuable educator of public taste and opinion. No indifferent citizen cares for these things.

We have a Schubert Club in this city, an excellent but small male chorus, which should be at least as large again as it is, and would be were it not for a lot of indifferent young men who like to sing, who can sing, but who do not care to make the practice effort. So, too, as to the Grand Rapids Historical Society, the Choral Society and also several others. Each one of these organizations deserves twice as many members as it now has because of its respective purposes and the demonstrated value of the effort it is making.

"I am a man," said some old philosopher, no matter who, "and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me," he concluded. It is a glorious summary as to the duty of man to man and it exemplifies the bases upon which all over the country there have sprung up public welfare organizations like the Grand Rapids Board of Trade. Such associations are made up of men who are not indifferent. They are public spirited and generous and, while each member may not be able to give largely of his time, his mentality or his money, each member gives of his stores sincerely, with the sole purpose of helping along the general welfare and with no expectation of direct personal recompense.

END OF THE IRON AGE.

Some time ago there was circulated through the press a report, said to have been made by a Swedish geologist, to the effect that the quantity of iron ore in the world, as far as known, at the rate of consumption which has been going on for several years, and bids fair to increase constantly, can not last many years longer.

Since iron is indispensable to the growth and progress of civilization, as is now the rule, such a statement created much interest and no little concern among those who recognize the supreme importance of this most used of all metals, with nothing to take its place. The statement in question was as follows:

"It will surprise a great many to learn that we are likely to run short of iron inside of a single century if we keep up the present rate of consumption. As a matter of fact, we are more likely to increase the consumption than we are to reduce it. The world has only 10,000,000,000 tons of iron ore available. Of these, Germany has twice as many tons as the United States; Russia and France have each 400,000,000 tons more than this country."

Since, on an average, twenty tons of iron ore will not produce one ton of metallic iron, it is not difficult to figure out that ten billion tons of ore would not yield more than 500,000,000 tons of iron, so that the supply of the metal can not last more than a very few years longer.

It is not too much to say that the entire statement is nothing more than very rough guessing, based upon very little knowledge of the subject. In fact, the so-called science of geology is made up of a very interesting collection of largely disconnected facts and a vast body of theory, much of which is the wildest sort of imagined matter.

Edwin C. Eckel, recently chief of the iron-ore division of the United States Geological Survey, in an article in a recent issue of the Manufacturers' Record, brings facts and figures to show that the reserve supply of iron ore in the United States is greater than that allotted by the Swedish geologist to the whole world. Mr. Eckel, who has had opportunities for learning something about the ore beds in the United States, after summing up in detail the various iron districts he has examined, declares that in the United States alone there is iron ore to the amount of twenty billions, twice as much as was allowed for our entire globe. Says Mr. Eckel:

The Lake Superior district, at present the leading American producer, has been explored more thoroughly than any other ore field in the United States, but estimates as to total tonnage range within rather wide limits. At present the totals commonly quoted vary from 1,500,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 tons. This supply is being drawn on to meet a constantly increasing annual demand, and before 1915 the district will probably be called upon to ship over 50,000,000 tons of ore a year. It is obvious that at such a rate the Lake Superior ores can hardly be expected to last beyond the year 1950, and it is equally obvious that long before that date the

value of good workable deposits of iron ore, both there and elsewhere in the United States, will have increased immensely.

In the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States a few large iron-ore deposits are known, and many others are reported, but any attempt at an estimate of total tonnage would be, with only our present knowledge of the subject, merely the wildest sort of guessing.

A more promising field lies in the older Eastern States. It is probable that careful exploratory work will develop magnetic iron ores in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania in quantities far in excess of anything usually considered possible in those States. Here also close estimates are impossible.

With regard to the Southern ores the case is very different. Here the work which the Geological Survey has carried on during the last three years, and which was so planned as to obtain data on the quantity of ore available, gives a fairly secure basis for tonnage estimates. It is safe therefore, to submit the following figures as representing minimum values for the workable iron-ore reserves above the 1,000-foot level in certain Southern States, with the caution that further exploratory work in the South will probably greatly increase rather than decrease these estimates:

	Red ore. Long tons.	Brown ore. Long tons.
Alabama	1,000,000,000	75,000,000
Georgia	200,000,000	125,000,000
Tennessee	600,000,000	225,000,000
Virginia	50,000,000	300,000,000

Total 1,850,000,000 725,000,000
This gives a total estimated reserve for the red and brown ores of the four States noted of over 2,500,000,000 tons. If to this we add the ores occurring at deeper levels in the States named, and also the red and brown ores of Maryland, West Virginia and Kentucky, and the magnetic ores of the other Southern States, it is probably fair to assume that the total Southern ore reserve will amount to very nearly 10,000,000,000 tons, or five times that credited to the Lake Superior region. Much of this ore is, of course, unworkable at the present day, but all of it should be counted on in any estimate of total ore reserve.

Estimating, as Mr. Eckel does, that the demand for iron ore during the present century may range from 50,000,000 to 100,000,000 tons per year, the Lake Superior district would last for from twenty-five to fifty years more if it supplied the entire United States. But counting on the known reserves elsewhere in the United States, the ore will last for a much longer period; of course, it must necessarily show a gradual but steady increase in value and in cost of mining, along with an equally steady decrease in grade.

The exhaustion of the iron supply of the world would force upon its inhabitants strange conditions, not unlike those which existed in primitive times. There is no other metal that could take the place of iron and steel, and so in time there would be no more iron and steel ships, no more railways, no more ingenious labor-saving machinery, no more iron and steel implements of peace and weapons of war, and the question may well arise as to how great would be the relapse from modern civilization to the barbarism which existed in the bronze age before man had iron, and to the savagery that existed in the stone age.

JOY OF GIVING

Does Not End With Gifts To the Family.

Charity begins at home—at least Christmas charity. Not until the needs, the desires or the pleasures of the home circle are provided for do most of us begin to think seriously of the infinitely greater necessities, but the infinitely smaller hopes, or even desires, of the unfortunate multitude to whom the sound of the Christmas chimes is at the best but a reminder of happy days long past and to return no more forever. To some—perhaps to many—their peals do not bring back even happy memories. It is difficult to those of us who are accustomed even to the common comforts of good shelter, warmth, abundant food and cleanly, if homely, surroundings to realize the situation of those who possess none of these things. And so, in providing for our own, already in comfort, we forget and neglect our opportunities to convey ten times the pleasure for one-tenth of the money. Doubtless the greater enjoyment in life is in giving and happy are they who, without neglecting their own, can confer happiness on hundreds whom they never will see. Happily there are enough of these to carry some taste of Christmas joys to multitudes of homes where joy seldom enters, but the most of us bestow our Christmas money on the objects of our personal affection. It is natural. We cannot help it. We instinctively tuck away the daily appeals which reach us through the mails with the firm present intent to do something "as soon as Christmas is over." We can not deny ourselves any part of the pleasure of seeing with our own eyes the enjoyment conferred by our gifts. And when Christmas is past and the impulse of giving begins to pass off we forget all about those charitable purposes so firmly resolved upon a few days before. And so Christmas charity not only begins at home but too often ends there.

But there is still time between now and New Year's, and while the purse may be lean as compared with a month ago that makes little difference if we attack the problem in the right way. In no respect does modern civilization more excel the civilizations that have passed than in the organization of its charities. One's personal gifts may well be confined to one's personal acquaintances, at Christmas and all other times. Gifts to strangers are usually misdirected charity. The place to bestow gifts is with such organized bodies as the Rescue Mission, the Associated Charities, the charities approved by the Charities Endorsement Committee, churches which have effective distributing committees, established missions like the People's Place—in short, with any organized body of men and women who combine sense with sensibility and are equipped with a force competent to distinguish the worthy objects of charity from the worthless and depraved who willfully prey upon the benevolent. There are many of these societies—too many, some may think, as they receive their

cogent appeals, to most of which it is impossible to respond.

But what these societies need is not spasmodic contributions but a regular income. To their agents no less than to others it is painful to be brought into daily contact with distress which it is impossible to relieve. To a considerable extent these societies have such an income. The wealthy and the commercial element are thoroughly canvassed for monthly subscriptions. Nothing that is said here will greatly influence the larger givers, who have learned how to give wisely and to a great extent have determined the channels for their benefactions. The great problem is how to organize the giving of those who can not give largely. The aggregate of the small gifts to charity probably exceeds the volume of the larger givers, but its power for good would be largely increased if it were concentrated in experienced hands as the savings of the masses are concentrated in savings banks. To a great extent the small givers must organize themselves. Their names are not known and they are not easily found, but they can organize themselves for charity precisely as they organize themselves for lending their savings on mortgage—by selecting the institution which upon the whole they most desire to favor and concentrating their benevolence in its hands. To a family which can contribute not in excess of \$1 a month it is doubtless the best way to select some society and make that subscription, paying promptly in advance and in a manner to cause no expense for collection. Those who can give more can divide as they please. Gifts to any of the societies of the classes mentioned are gifts wisely placed. They can do more good with the money than the inexperienced giver. The great thing is certainty and regularity. And the best way to give is to go to the office of the society itself. Become familiar with its work. See for yourself what becomes of your money. It will add vastly to the pleasure of giving—and probably to the amount. There is no family able to give anything of which some member can not regularly carry the monthly gift to headquarters and so become familiar with and interested in the work. In that way society by its own spontaneous action can organize itself for charitable purposes.

And from now to New Year's is the time to select the object or objects of your benevolence. This is the giving time of the year. Act while still possessed by the spirit of giving—while the glow of holy, joyous Christmas is still in the soul. Set aside your January contribution to-day and to-morrow carry it to its destination. So shall you give something of yourself as well as your money to the poor whom we have always with us.

Expert scientists state that in 50,000,000 years this earth will be as dry as the moon is at the present time. Should the wave of temperance sentiment now in evidence continue the drouth may arrive a little earlier.

In war it takes a ton of bullets to kill one man.

THE COUNTRY LAD.

Why He Has the Best Chance for Success.

That young man or woman trained to salesmanship behind the counters of the country store in a town of 4,000 to 6,000 population probably can get a job easier in Chicago than any other representative of the workers, whose numbers run into the tens of thousands.

Group a bunch of these applicants from the country on one side of the employment office of the Chicago department store and stand the city applicants on the other side of the entrance. Then "tip it off" to the employment manager and—presuming that this division would be possible—there are stores where the country applicants in a bunch would be invited in for a first hearing. Why?

I asked the head of a big State street, Chicago, house this question. His reply was that in the experience of his house the country bred clerk was the better salesman. As to why he was a better salesman there were several reasons advanced from years of observation.

"It isn't so much that the country clerk has a wider knowledge of sales departments," said he. "He might have experience in only the one department of the country store and still be the better applicant. The fact is that we get a better class of people from the country town than we get from the city itself. In the country town a salesman in a good store may mix socially with some of the best people in that town. Always he will have opportunity to mingle with a good class of people, and he will be criticised in the small town if he doesn't do it. He can't hold a job in a good house and not keep himself away from bad influences in the small town.

"In the great city, however, the city salesman getting \$6 to \$10 and \$20 a week finds that he must make his opportunity to mix with the better element in that city. It takes time for him to get acquainted outside of his home environment, and sometimes this environment isn't good. The result too often is that the city clerk coming from a poor quarter of the city hasn't a single ambition above the cheap poolroom or the flashy dance hall where he finds amusement. Naturally a person of this type isn't desirable as a salesman dealing with customers far above him.

"But when the salesman or the saleswoman from the country comes to the city to find a place his home town knows of it. He feels that he isn't going to make a failure. He is a stranger in the city, and he is likely to stay pretty close to his boarding place at night, get his full sleep, and show up next morning prepared to exhibit results. He is ambitious and he is stimulated by the fact that he has shorter hours than he may have put in for the country store. Altogether he is a better proposition than the salesman who may have left the store across the street."

Once in the store and assigned as salesman in his special department at his special counter, the new employee

who may have passed inspection twenty minutes before must wait until his credentials are looked into. These are asked for by the employment manager, and if the person has come from a distance it may require several days for answer from his former employer. If this answer is satisfactory the salesman must look to his salesmanship and conduct to prove him still further.

He may not know just how minutely his work is to be measured in his new place. It might startle him to realize what an intricate and costly system has been introduced merely for the management to find out what the percentage of the salesman's salary is to the salesman's sales for any given month in the year.

There are two records which bear upon his individual work. For example, this new salesman is employed at a counter in store five of the great house. At the end of each month the total sales of that particular "store" are footed up, together with the total salaries of its employees, and the percentage of sales cost is figured for the department as a whole. There is a wide difference in departments as to the cost of selling goods. One department may pay 3 per cent. for this selling; another may have to pay 10 per cent., according to the goods sold and the percentage of profits.

But in this particular house this system has been working for years, and the general average of cost to each store is known. If for three or four years the salespeople have been paid an average of 6 per cent. of total sales, and the percentage some months jumps to 10 per cent. for that department, it means that there are too many salesmen in that store.

While the store percentages are watched in this manner, the record of the salesman according to his number is recorded in the same way. The new employee may be "No. 1,431," but his counter has been represented by other salesmen of the number, and the individual records show that "No. 1,431" for years has sold goods in the place at no more than 5 per cent. of the money paid him in salary.

Here is the mark for the new man. New as he is, he mustn't do much worse than this; he has a chance to do much better. And if he does much better, he's pretty safe in asking for more salary when the house has proven him at the end of the first month.

Here is his position: The store cost as a whole has been 5 per cent.; "No. 1,431" has drawn 5 per cent. of his total sales in salary for years; the new "No. 1,431" is showing that he can sell the same goods for only 3 per cent. If this new "No. 1,431" can keep it up another month or two he can be certain that the request for an increase in salary will be granted, for in this house the sentiment is that it would rather pay the salesman of the best type the maximum salary than to pay the slipshod, incompetent the minimum \$6 for his work. In fact, in some departments where the sales percentages have become fixed, men are hired on a percentage basis only. For years in these certain departments it has cost, say,

6 per cent. of sales totals to make the sales. The management tells this to employees and offers them, in lieu of salaries, a fixed commission of 6 per cent. Then the competent man gets a new incentive to show what he can do; the poor salesman drops out; and above all, the department becomes more self-regulating than is possible under salary pay.

What makes the competent, superior salesman is hard to answer. Everything that he is and does enters into it. Some callers won't buy anything from anybody; some will buy anything from anybody; after which comes that vast patronage in the aggregate which wants "to be shown." That person who can show them is the successful salesman.

"There's just one idea that has been dropped regarding the saleswoman since I came here," said this head of the house. "That is that the pretty woman ought to be a better investment than the plain woman of like intelligence. I didn't believe it, but experiments, I feel, have proven it. The pretty woman is likely to have a lot of callers who are her friends; male customers are likely to try to get into conversation with her and keep her eye from the purchaser coming up, and, above all, that purchaser approaching who isn't seen by the pretty girl, be it man or woman, is going to be doubly sore because it is a pretty girl who does not see.

"The plain and ugly saleswomen are also credited with reasons for talking to either man or woman, but the pretty saleswoman who doesn't have an eye for the approaching customer on the second is certain to offend. It isn't wholly certain that a good many women customers aren't prejudiced against a pretty saleswoman, anyhow."

Altogether, the applicant for a department store clerkship who can impress the employment manager favorably and command sufficient recommendations from former employers can be almost certain of a job as salesman or saleswoman in Chicago.

"I never let a convincing looking applicant leave the building," are the words of one of the old heads of the employment office in one of the oldest and largest houses in Chicago.

John Hamlin.

How Holland Weathered the Storm.

Holland, Dec. 17—The financial flurry seemingly did not hit this city as hard as it did many other places. At no time were the banks compelled to refuse payment. The factories were somewhat handicapped for a time in obtaining sufficient means to meet their business demands, and yet not one of the many industries here was obliged to shut down. However, on account of lack of orders several manufacturing plants are running only a few days a week, while others are running short hours.

The Holland Sugar Co. is turning out a big lot of sugar, and is surpassing all former records in the tonnage of beets sliced daily. The company expects to close this season's run about January 1. Freight service has been dealt a severe blow by the Graham & Morton Co. having been forced to discontinue their boat service to Chicago on account of the sand bars which have recently obstructed the entrance to this harbor.

The H. J. Heinz Co. is preparing to tear down one of its large salting houses and in its place erect a three-story cement block building for canning purposes.

The Holland Furnace Co. has just doubled the capacity of its plant, having built a large one-story brick building adjacent to its old building.

A new factory has just been added to this city's industries, and will turn out all kinds of high grade interior house furnishings.

Formula for a Red Colored Hair Oil.

Hair oils are best colored red by infusing them with alkanet contained in a thin cotton bag, occasionally squeezing out the coloring matter. No other substance gives so fine a red color to oil as this. The oils may be heated or macerated cold, but it requires longer if prepared cold. We herewith give the following formula for preparing a so-called macassar oil which has given great satisfaction to those who have used it:

Castor oil	16 ozs.
Alcohol	3 ozs.
Nutmeg oil	30 min.
Rosemary oil	10 min.
Sweet marjoram oil	10 min.
Neroli oil	10 min.
Rose oil	20 min.
Musk essence	1 dr.
Alkanet q. s.	

Mix.

Martin Neuss.

WORDEN GROCER COMPANY

Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Prompt Shippers

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Why Thief Was Permitted To Escape.

It was Christmas Eve, and, as usual, the street was thronged with a legion of people taking the last opportunity to secure the gifts to be presented on the morrow. The snow came down hard, and the whirling wind made the flakes dance in a fairy-like motion. Inside all was light and warmth; without men seemed frozen into figures of white.

I thrust my hands in my overcoat pockets, and watched the men and women cheerfully elbow their way through the open door into the huge department store. Little did I share the viewpoint of the merry-makers. Christmas to me meant the day when I would be bored exchanging tediously uninteresting greetings with my acquaintances.

But I made my bread and butter—not to mention other things—by writing, and who could tell that I might not get an idea for a new tale while looking on the moving mass of humanity inside?

Walking quickly I made my way through the door into the store, and pushed my way along the counters, piled high, so it would seem, with everything that bad taste could devise.

Around me was a throng of buyers; the lights with which the place was illuminated gleamed and sparkled with splendor, and the very atmosphere breathed the cherry spirit of the coming day.

The current of joy would have aroused the most despondent individual, but everything in this world is in the eye of the onlooker, and I gazed at the spectacle with the superior smile of a worldwise man. Presents were given from a sense of duty, or for the reason that more expensive ones were expected in return.

As I came to this cynical conclusion, which I deemed highly original, my keen gaze was met with a sight that aroused me from my thoughts. A man near me—I could tell by his movements—was about to steal something; awaiting the moment the girl behind the counter would look the other way.

My interest was aroused, and I noted the fellow was handsome, despite his down-and-out appearance. Then I changed my position to see his next move.

Some one attracted the attention of the saleswoman by inquiring the price of some article. The shoplifter's glance roamed around to see if the way was clear for a quick "get-away." Then, so suddenly that I could scarcely perceive the action, he snatched a bejeweled bit of bijouterie from the counter—thrust it in his pocket—and was swallowed up in the crowd drifting toward the end of the store.

I followed. It was not hard to keep the man in sight, and though the chase was rather fast for a while, the pacemaker finally came to a full stop. My first intention was to call a clerk at once, and divulge the fact that he had taken a somewhat valuable article without going through the altogether necessary proceeding of

paying for it. For a time, strangely, I did nothing.

As a matter of fact, I was in no hurry to bring the adventure to a close. Now that I could observe him closely, I was aware that the fellow's clothes were as shabby as those of any hobo who ever beat it on freights across the continent, but the monchalant expression on his face kept my attention.

So, with somewhat the same sensation experienced by one who plays with a fish about to be hooked, I waited, the while I imagined developments extraordinary.

All at once the shoplifter calmly took an envelope from his inside pocket, extracted a sheet of letter paper and began to peruse its contents.

What was the reason of such a strange proceeding? Did my man guess that he was being watched, and read the letter to disarm suspicion—or was he merely displaying the confidence of an experienced thief?

The last surmise seemed probable, and I was on the point of calling a floor walker, who idled near by, when I was aware that a house detective and a girl from the counter where the shoplifter had operated were making directly for the spot where the latter stood. The theft must have been discovered, and it was a sure bet that the man would be nabbed—either through the girl's aid or my own.

When least expecting it, we often find ourselves playing an entirely opposite part than the one we had expected to act.

It takes long to tell, but an instant after the coming of the two employees the saleswoman pointed out the person with the letter and the detective grabbed him firmly by the arm. The letter he was reading fell to the floor unheeded. Obeying the impulse of curiosity I stooped and picked it up; then quickly glanced through it.

"Dear Mother," it ran, "I'm sending you a little Christmas present, so that you will remember me, and know that I am succeeding in my work. Your loving son, GEORGE."

I realized that if this man was arrested, as doubtless he would be, his mother would hear nothing from him, and another heart would be plunged in gloom. I was not strong on the Christmas feeling, but here was a chance to help a mortal playing in hard luck.

A determination seized me to get my man out of this nasty scrape, and suddenly I was possessed of a rather brilliant idea. I acted upon the inspiration from my droll friend, Satan, without delay.

"Here," I exclaimed, attracting the attention of the house detective, "what are you doing here?"

The man turned to me with a broad grin on his face.

"This chap lifted something without paying for it a while ago, and as he had a hitch in his getaway we nabbed him."

"Some mistake here," I replied. "This man isn't a thief."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"A thorn by any other name."

I laughed, but quickly assumed a serious expression.

"No," I continued, "this fellow is

a kleptomaniac and a friend of mine to boot."

The detective looked at me closely. "And who are you?"

"A newspaper reporter. If you don't let this poor chap go it'll get in the papers and go hard with you."

I knew what would be the result. The man would take no chance of losing his position; besides, the stolen trinket had been recovered and that was the important thing.

The object of our conversation looked at me narrowly, as if not quite understanding the cause of my coming to his rescue.

"Well," from the detective, "I really don't see any reason why you should lie."

He released his grip on the prisoner's arm and turned to leave.

"Good thing you butted in just as you did, or your friend'd got three months on the island."

A few moments later we were standing there facing each other, while the dramatic possibilities of the scene flashed through my mind.

"I want to thank you for this, but, frankly, I don't see why you did it."

I smiled easily.

"Where do you come in?" he continued. "Why did you get me out of this hole? I don't see the point."

I passed the letter over to him. The man looked at it for a moment, while a frown of perplexity showed on his face.

"What has this got to do with it?"

"Everything," I said shortly.

"How's that?"

"I helped you out of this scrape

because of your mother," I replied, softly. "You can thank her."

An instant of silence and he broke into a low laugh.

"My lucky star certainly worked hard to-night. But I wish to thank you, anyway. This isn't my letter. I picked it up half an hour ago. Haven't any idea who it belongs to."

Bankrupt Stock Sold.

Union City, Dec. 17—Receiver L. S. Parsons has sold the Rupright & Lipe bankrupt dry goods stock to W. W. Snider, who will reopen the store and sell the stock at retail. Burnham, Stoepel & Co., the Detroit wholesale dry goods dealers, now have a suit on in the Circuit Court to recover \$4,500 worth of goods included in the stock.

Speculating is pardonable except on two occasions—first, when one can not afford to lose; and second, when one can.

Our idea of a good boss is one who can boss without bossing.

Dandelion Vegetable Butter Color

A perfectly Pure Vegetable Butter Color, and one that complies with the pure food laws of every State, and of the United States.

Manufactured by Wells & Richardson Co. Burlington, Vt.

Largest Exclusive Furniture Store in the World

When you're in town be sure and call. Illustrations and prices upon application.

Klingman's Sample Furniture Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ionian, Fountain and Division Sts. Opposite Morton House

1908

This is to remind you that the end of the year is close at hand and it is time you placed your order for your next year's calendars. You know our reputation as calendar makers, so send for our new line of samples.

Tradesman Company

Grand Rapids



Abundant Reward of a Shoe Clerk's Loyalty.

Richard Simeon Oskamp, the veteran shoe dealer of Stubbville, was beyond all controversy a just man. He paid his bills, and paid them promptly. If there were any discounts coming his way—and Richard Simeon Oskamp usually contrived to get some sort of a discount duly stipulated in the contract—R. S. saw to it that they didn't go by default. R. S. Oskamp, of Stubbville, was known far and near as a man of his word—prompt, scrupulous and exacting to the penny. Unquestionably, R. S. Oskamp stood for the square deal, interpreting that phrase to mean a strictly just deal, untempered by any feeling and utterly divorced from the notion of mercy.

Richard Simeon Oskamp & Co. (although nobody in Stubbville ever did quite understand what the "and Company" represented) didn't bank much on mercy. Most of the business done by this firm was done upon a strictly cash basis. Gilt edge indeed must be the credentials of the young man who secured a pair of patent pumps from the house of Oskamp on credit; and woe betide that young man if he didn't remit promptly upon receipt of the first statement of his account. If R. S. Oskamp was prompt in meeting his bills, he was none the less punctual in collecting his accounts. Collect them, well, I should say so. There was no evading the issue, no procrastinating the payment. When the shrewd, calculating, penetrating, nerve-shaking eyes of R. S. Oskamp once got a focus on you, the only thing for you to do was to cough up. If you didn't have the wherewithal, 'twere better to borrow it than explain.

Richard Oskamp's eyes were gray, and it's a hard thing on general principles to explain an embarrassing situation to a man with eyes of that kind. Now, there may be soft gray eyes that are illuminated with the light of sympathy—I seem to have read somewhere about eyes of that color being conducive to confidences and strong affinities—but never when they had that cold, decisive, detached quality that stamped the eyes of R. S. Oskamp. With him no man associated sympathy. Nobody in Stubbville went to R. S. Oskamp with their troubles. Nobody sought his advice; nobody asked him to go on a picnic; nobody solicited a donation from him—at least they didn't solicit from him a second time.

Richard Simeon Oskamp was a spare built man. Some said he was too stingy to eat enough of the right sort of food to nourish his body. But this was slander. His table was well supplied. The truth is he was one of those tough, wiry, nervous creatures who could not be persuaded to get fat under any possible circumstances. He was five feet eight inches in

height, and weighed a hundred and thirty pounds winter and summer. At the time of this incident—indeed, I may not inappropriately speak of it as the turning point in his life—he was fifty-five years of age, smooth shaven, his black hair liberally sprinkled with gray. A sinewy, tough, virile man—a resourceful, determined and persistent man—Oskamp walked with head erect, shoulders back and jaws set. There was something military, something almost pugnacious, in the make-up of the man. Sometimes I used to think that it was one of Nature's misfits that Oskamp should have gotten into the business of retailing shoes; I fancied he ought to have been the superintendent of a factory or the commander of troops.

Oskamp's wife was a good little nonentity of a woman whose individuality had been sloughed off long ago. There were no children; and herein lies at least one of the fruitful secrets of Oskamp's hard, unyielding disposition. If the music of little voices, the patter of little feet and the light of little innocent eyes looking up wonderingly at him had been his to enjoy and profit by, perhaps Oskamp's life would have been different. Indeed, I am sure it would have been. In a marvelous way these dear little folk—sent to us out of the heart of the Great Unknown, with the questioning wonderment upon their chaste little lips and the light of subduing love in their little eyes—rub out the lines of disappointment and age, and counteract the corroding influences of a sordid and material life. But, as I said, there were no little Oskamps.

I have said that Oskamp's being in the mercantile business at all was something of an anomaly. But in spite of that fact the business prospered. It just had to prosper with an iron will like Oskamp's back of it. He was one of your men who do things thoroughly. The more difficulty he met with in the doing of them the more he enjoyed the completed work. Oskamp built up a big store as the years went by. Prominently located on the very best street in Stubbville, right opposite the Court House, it was ample and elegant and neat to a degree in all of its appointments. And the very name of Oskamp meant shoes in Stubbville, and good ones at that. No man visiting Oskamp's store, or wearing a pair of shoes from Oskamp's, could either suggest any improvement in the equipment of the shop or find any just complaint with the value of the wares.

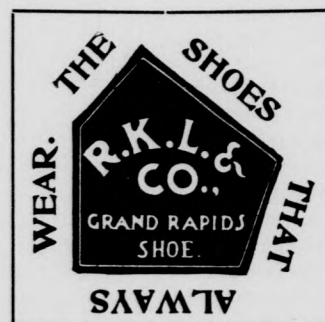
And the business was conducted in a systematic, thorough-going way at Oskamp's. Things were done decently and in order. The order was fixed by the stern little man back of the business, and brooked not the slightest deviation therefrom. When the office boy, errand boy and general utility boy began sprinkling damp sawdust on the floor in the morning he began in a certain corner of the room. He was instructed as to which corner to begin in. Everything had its place, and if a thing didn't occupy its place, there had to be a reason. Billy Watson,

Christmas Greetings

to

The Entire Shoe Fraternity

From the House That Makes



Rindge, Kalmbach,
Logie & Co., Ltd.

Grand Rapids, Michigan

When You C

a shoe backed up by our name or trade mark you can feel sure it is a shoe of merit.

In our line of Ladies' fine shoes we have three winners:

**WOLVERINE GIRL
NORTHERN BELLE
MICHIGAN LADY**

We also have warm, felt fleece lined shoes for men and women.

State
Selling
Agents for



Everything
in Rubber
Shoes

Grand Rapids Shoe & Rubber Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

first clerk, and Tony White, the junior clerk, were expected at the store promptly on the tick of the clock. They were more often a few minutes ahead of time than precisely on time; they didn't care to run any risks. Vacations were infrequent and never very extensive, while neither peril nor famine nor sword interfered with the daily routine at Oskamp's. On every business day of the calendar year business was done, but the store was shut up as tight as a drum on holidays.

Billy Watson lived in a little frame cottage on the outskirts of Stubbsville. Billy's street was an extension of the pike, and this pike, after the manner of pikes, followed the ridge. Consequently, it meandered more or less. But that wasn't a very remarkable circumstance inasmuch as most of the streets in Stubbsville had previously been pikes. A plat of the city looked not unlike a section from one of those old crazy quilts that our grandmothers used to make. Billy's rather extensive lot was out of all proportion to his tiny doll cottage, also it sloped somewhat abruptly to the little branch at the foot of it. Billy's cow browsed on the grass at the foot of the lot, and drew from the little branch that trickled along its pebbly way—except in real dry weather, when its throat got too dry to trickle.

Billy's wife was one of those dear little uncomplaining, economical, helpful women who always make the world better. She was a home-lover and a home-maker, and the wonderful things she did by way of beautifying that little home, and especially the wonderfully small expense at which she did them, are really worthy of being enlarged upon, but I will have to ask the reader to imagine all that. And the way Florence Watson loved Billy was enough to make any respectable man hold up his head and do his best. If Billy had needed any additional incentive—which he did not—it would have been forthcoming in the two little Watsons—Flossie and Billy, Jr. Flossie was five years old, Billy, Jr., one and a half. Flossie was one of those loquacious, sage little creatures whose capacity for absorbing information is a never-ending marvel. She used many-jointed words when she spoke—and she was usually speaking during her waking hours. Billy, Jr., to whom Flossie condescendingly referred as "little brother"—although Billy, Jr., was almost as large as Flossie—was a foxy little dear; and the pair of them, together with the brave-hearted little mother, filled Billy Watson's cup of joy quite to the brim.

Altogether, it was a happy little home. There were tranquility and good cheer and hilarity in the Watson home. But Billy had a hard time in keeping square with the world, for when one pays rent, taxes, insurance, grocery bills, meat bills, coal bills, doctor bills and a thousand and one other bills out of a salary of fifteen dollars a week, there isn't apt to be much surplus. In spite of Billy's frugality and the frugality of Billy's wife, there was sometimes a deficit that had to be car-

ried over for a while. And that worried Billy. Billy was one of those extremely conscientious, sensitive fellows that chafe under debt. And just at this time Billy's conscious hours were disturbed by the shadow of a doctor's bill, the exact dimensions of which he didn't know definitely as yet. Little Flossie had had a long siege of whooping cough, followed hard upon by pneumonia. For days and nights her little life hung in the balance. But thanks to careful nursing and the faithful attendance of the family doctor she had pulled through. Two weeks before Thanksgiving she was convalescing rapidly.

On Saturday night before Thanksgiving Billy came home rather later than usual. Florence thought he looked a trifle more weary and jaded, but she had too much sense to tell Billy so. The truth is business had been unusually heavy at Oskamp's. There had been some cold, nasty November rains, two or three flurries of snow and cold, biting frosts. This had the effect of putting people in a shoe-buying frame of mind. On Saturdays and Saturday nights the out-of-town trade was brisk. Billy had been on the hop-skip-and-jump all day. And Billy was not a fellow to shirk. Nobody ever accused Billy of failing to do his full duty—not even R. S. Oskamp. But that night he was tired, dog-tired, worn to a frazzle. In spite of it all, however, his honest blue eyes lighted up as he came into the cheerful little family room presided over

by its high priestess, Florence. As he walked over to the little white-enameled iron bed in which the little Watsons lay peacefully sleeping he forgot the worries of the day—and almost forgot the impending doctor's bill.

When Florence and Billy had finished their Saturday evening book-keeping—and that was a serio-comic performance, ordinarily, out of which they got a good deal of amusement, but not on this particular Saturday evening—they found they owed in all just \$37.50. The good old doctor had let them off with a bill for fifteen dollars—really less than they had dared expect; but other sundries had swelled the indebtedness to quite a formidable sum for Billy—and Thanksgiving was approaching.

"This means," said Florence, "that we shall have to cut the Thanksgiving turkey out."

"And that new overcoat I had thought of getting," said Billy.

Florence looked up with evident disapproval at that, for Billy did need a new overcoat shamefully bad. But she said nothing on that point, but what she did say was something to the effect that they would have to forego getting Flossie the little brown bearskin coat their hearts were set upon.

"No," said Billy, "Flossie must have that little coat. Let us hope that something good, something unexpected, may happen!"

For fifteen years Billy Watson had served Mr. Oskamp, and his was a faithful service. Billy was a capable

No. 894 H. B. Hard Pan

Imitation tip, Channel Standard fastened, made on a popular last for working men. Carried in stock.

The Customer You Sell

a pair of H. B. Hard Pans is a walking advertisement for your store—mighty good advertisement, too, when you stop to consider that this line makes you a good liberal profit.

But the value to you of H. B. Hard Pans comes in keeping your customer satisfied—the only advertisement that pays in the long run.

Be good enough to yourself to take a look at this line—costs but a postal to do it; drop it in the mail box today.

Address the makers of the original H. B. Hard Pans.

Herold-Bertsch Shoe Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.



The Best Yet

Our Hartt Brand Line Fine Dress Shoes

For Men and Boys

Made on new stylish lasts in Box Calf, Velour Calf, Gun Metal, Glazed Colt and Vici Kid.

Wayne Shoe Mfg. Co.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Our salesman will be pleased to show you.

man—an ambitious, energetic, optimistic fellow. Billy was now thirty-five years old, and a master of the art of selling shoes. He knew shoes—and loved them. He knew people, and understood the art of getting into their good graces. Billy could sell shoes anywhere, and the man who wouldn't buy from Billy must have been a lobster. But Billy's salary was only fifteen dollars a week, and the worst of it was there seemed to be no earthly prospect of a raise. And it was a shame, too. Billy was worth vastly more than that—and he knew it. Billy was worth vastly more than that—and old Oskamp was abundantly able to pay it. The business justified it. If old Oskamp only knew it, it was Billy more than himself and his shoes that brought customers to the store. Not that any fault could be found with the shoes; for, as I have said, they were just what they professed to be—good, honest, dependable wares—but Oskamp was not the sort of a man to win trade. He was too cold, calculating, formidable. People fought shy of him, but they took to Billy. Billy had an ever-growing host of friends. When they came in they called for Billy, sought Billy, and otherwise indicated their preference for Billy. Strange old Oskamp didn't see it. Maybe he did see it. But he was not the man to say anything about it if he did.

Tuesday night before Thanksgiving Richard Simeon Oskamp was going home with a good feeling in his bones. Business had been unusually good all fall. For the last two weeks things had gone with a rush. The demand for shoes by the out-of-town folk had been so heavy Oskamp had been induced to try an experiment. He had announced that his place would be open Tuesday and Wednesday nights to accommodate the public. All evening his store had been filled with customers. There was a sort of holiday spirit in the air. People spent their money freely. Cozy slippers, patent leather stuff for special occasions, and heavy shoes for winter service—all this had gone like hot cakes. No wonder old Oskamp felt good! No wonder he stepped with something more than his usual elasticity.

Almost before he was aware of it he was near enough to two young fellows who were sauntering leisurely along down the walk to overhear his name spoken by one of them. Now, old man Oskamp was not given to eavesdropping, and he never put out any feelers to ascertain in an indirect way what the public thought of him; but I submit that when one hears his own name wafted out on the clear evening breeze, it is almost impossible not to cock up one's ears and take notice. Intuitively, old Oskamp slackened his gait; intently he listened.

"Oh, I don't like him either," said one of the young fellows. (Old man Oskamp wondered who was the "him" referred to.) "In fact, I never trade with him; he's a lobster. I buy from Billy. D'you know Billy?" (The other said he knew Billy only slightly.) "Billy's a fine fellow. You

will like him once you get acquainted with him. And say, old Oskamp's shoes are good and right—you can gamble on that. They are away and beyond the swellest and best in town—but be sure you trade with Billy. All the young fellows do—they can't stand for the old man. He's straight and all right, but he's too durned crusty."

"Heigh-ho!" thought Oskamp within himself, "I have heard enough for one night," and he slackened up still more until he came to the next crossing, and then he cut across to the other side of the street like something shot out of a gun.

Reaching home Richard Simeon Oskamp went immediately to the library, where a cheerful fire burned in the grate, and donned his easy slippers. All was quiet save the noisy little clock on the mantle. Mrs. Oskamp had gone to her room hours ago. It was a good time to take a mental inventory. Mr. Oskamp lighted his pipe. The fleecy, fragrant films of tobacco smoke and the cheerful glow of the fire in the grate made it an opportune moment in which to dream dreams and see visions. Richard Simeon Oskamp saw a vision.

He saw a bright manly fellow just twenty years of age enter his store. The store was a little affair in those days. He looked in the frank, manly face of that young fellow, and heard him say as distinctly as if it had been fifteen minutes ago, instead of fifteen years:

"Mr. Oskamp, I want to learn the shoe business. I am willing to work

hard. I love to work. While I know absolutely nothing about shoes, I think I can learn everything about them that a salesman should know. All I ask, sir, is a fair trial. If I do not prove to have sufficient brains, energy and enthusiasm, you can discover that fact inside of a week or two. May I have an opportunity?"

And then old Oskamp saw a vision of fifteen years of service. He saw Billy Watson growing in favor with the trade. He saw him happily married. He saw—yes, he was almost sure he had seen once or twice—the little Watsons; anyhow he saw them now on the evanescent patterns of tobacco film. And, by George! they were foxy little devils. One of them—the least of them—was it a boy or girl?—the sex of very little tots always did puzzle a fellow like the very deuce—one of them seemed to be waving a tiny little hand at him in a good-natured way. "I wonder how it would feel," thought old man Oskamp, "to take that brat up in one's arms and squeeze a squawk out of him? I must ask Billy to bring them around some evening."

"And now as to the thing that young skipjack was saying—blame him!—he called me a 'lobster;' but

It pays to handle
MAYER SHOES

Have you ever tried the "Glove" Brand Rubbers

The best made rubber
The best fitting rubber
The best wearing rubber

Send us your sizing order and
give them a trial

Send for catalogue

HIRTH-KRAUSE CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich.



Our Sales Manager Says:

Tell the merchants about "The Bookkeeping with the bother left out." Tell them that our system eliminates night work, forgotten charges, posting, re-writing, disputed accounts, misunderstandings, unreasonable credits, slow collections, work, worry and trouble. Tell them that it saves money when it saves time, when it saves hitherto forgotten charges, when it stops unreasonable and unauthorized credits, when it inspires confidence, when it wins trade, when it does away with disputes, and, BY THE WAY, tell them that it makes money, actual, real money, laid right down in their fists, 20, 50, 80 or 120 per cent. per annum, just as they may elect; that it keeps right on making it year after year, without trouble or expense. Tell them this feature is unique, and is not possessed or even approached by any other Account Register in the world. Ask them if it isn't foolish to buy anything else when the American, the best one in every sense, pays for itself, lifts itself on their counters by its own boot straps, and stays there by virtue of its actual deeds.

Our Mechanical Engineer Says:

That it is built right; of the right material; on the correct principle; made to last; leaves of aluminum (almost as light as paper) which does not corrode or rust, pivoted at a common center by means of slideable bars, made of cold rolled steel, nickel plated (basic and intermediate patents owned only by us); that on these leaves are mounted torsion binders (not springs) that can not wear out and that automatically adjust themselves to any load (patented separately and in combination with the Account Register, and said patents owned by us and us only); that when the register is operated four things occur: First, the account is disclosed. Second, the alarm is sounded, showing that the register is operated, a check on the alarm on your Cash Register as well. Third, the light turns on. Fourth, your goods are advertised by moving signs, worked automatically, changed every time you make a credit sale. You are paid for displaying these signs, and, of course, make your profit besides on the goods which this display helps you to sell. These features protected by patents owned exclusively by us. He says that, by virtue of our patent arrangement, the bank holding the accounts can be instantly removed and placed in a safe, occupying but very little space. He says that all exposed metal parts are nickel plated to add to the appearance of the register, and to prevent the rusting of those parts, and he asks if anybody else does this. He says that it is built to win a reputation and that it is doing it.

Our Designer Says:

Don't forget the beauty part, because that will be a joy forever and must not be overlooked, and we presume that he is right. Anyway beauty the American has, and as "Beauty is as beauty does," beauty it will always have.

We all Say: See the American
and be convinced.

**The American Case
and Register Co.,**
Alliance, Ohio.

Cut off at this line and send to us.

Send additional information about the
American Account Register and System.

Name

Town

State

J. A. Plank, General Agent, Tradesman Bldg.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

McLeod Bros., No. 159 Jefferson Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

he said Billy is a 'fine fellow,' that the young fellows all trade with Billy; that they couldn't 'stand for the old man!' Honest, now, Richard Simeon Oskamp, just between us, isn't there more truth than fiction in this? Yes, darn it, it's true! I am a lobster, I am a crusty, grasping, stingy, dried-up old devil! I'm worse than a lobster." And the old man laid down his pipe, rose to his full height, and stretched out his arms as if to a little fleecy, ethereal Billy Watson. Jr., that smiled and cooed and waved to him in the most bewitching fashion.

It was late that night when Richard Simeon Oskamp retired, for he had thought out some important matters, and it was a habit with Oskamp to give important matters the most detailed and careful thought. But he arose none the less early the following morning, and Mrs. Oskamp made a mental note of it that he was in an extraordinarily happy frame of mind. She wondered, but said nothing.

Old man Oskamp didn't go direct to the store that morning, and you mustn't forget that it was Wednesday morning. No, he went out of his way. He had to go out of his way to get to the meat shop. And it was funny that he went to the meat shop, when he might have given his order by 'phone, as he usually did. But somehow he wanted to give an order in person on this bright, beautiful Wednesday morning. He seemed to feel that it would be a sort of desecration to give it over the 'phone. What he ordered was a turkey—his wife had ordered one the day before for the Oskamp household. The man reminded him of that fact, whereat old Oskamp smiled. The manner of the smile caused the man to look a second time to be sure he saw things aright.

"This one seems to be about the largest—send this one." And Mr. Oskamp pointed to a big, fat eighteen-pound bird.

"And where did you say I should send it?" enquired the man.

"Send it to Billy Watson out on Covert Run pike."

"I'll send it out this morning," said the man.

"And say" (it came to Mr. Oskamp as a sort of after-thought), "you might take out a ham, too. And make it a big one, please. Just charge it."

All that day Richard Simeon Oskamp was a different creature. There was a new tone in his voice, a new light in his eyes. Billy and Tony took note of it early in the day. As the day lengthened the wonder of it all grew upon them. Even the boy noticed it, and nobody ever accused the boy of brilliancy. Customers noticed it. It made things move off smoothly. It actually shortened the hours. It was as if some tension had been relieved. It was an event long to be remembered.

"May I speak to you a minute, Billy?" said Mr. Oskamp, as Billy pulled on his shiny overcoat that evening. They went back into the little office, for Tony and the boy were not expected to hear, and Mr.

Oskamp said simply, "Sit down, Billy."

Billy sat down, wondering what under the sun was coming next. This had been a calm and peaceful day. Was it an ominous calm before some mysterious, unannounced storm?

"Billy," began Mr. Oskamp (a slight tremor in his voice, and just the suggestion of mist in his eyes), "you have been with me a long time, haven't you?"

"Fifteen years," said Billy.

"Fifteen years is a long time, Billy. You've made good. You've been faithful. Five years ago you asked me for a raise. I am ashamed to think of the way I treated you then. I warned you never to ask me again. I am afraid I was devilishly brutal. Well, let bygones be bygones. I have learned to look at the matter in a new light now. Billy, darn you, you are worth more money to me than fifteen dollars a week. D'you hear me, Billy? I am going to give you twenty a week from now on, beginning this week. That's all, Billy—no, there's one thing more; bring Florence and the little Watsons around to see us some evening, won't you?"

That night when Billy stepped in (he always had supper at six when the store was to be kept open in the evening) Florence and Flossie and Billy, Jr., all started to speak at the same time. There were a veritable clatter and sundry allusions to turkey, ham, Thanksgiving. And then Billy was led out to view the great tempting bird, the embodiment of the Thanksgiving sentiment, the pride and joy of the Thanksgiving festivities.

"And where do you think it came from?" enquired Florence.

"Search me," replied Billy. "Mr. Oskamp didn't send it, did he?"

Florence nodded and smiled, her eyes half filling the while.

And then Billy told Florence of his interview with Mr. Oskamp and final request to see the little Watsons, whereupon Florence seized the chattering little Flossie and Billy made a grab for Billy, Jr.—Cid McKay in Boot and Shoe Recorder.

With the Brand of Cain.

A French scientist has made a remarkable proposal in regard to the punishment of murderers in France.

He is of opinion that neither guillotining nor life imprisonment is an adequate or suitable punishment for murder. The guillotine, he points out, inflicts absolutely no suffering on the criminal, who is probably a man who has passed his life in inflicting suffering on others. As to life imprisonment, it entails a heavy expense to the country and generally reduces the prisoner to insanity.

He suggests, therefore, that such criminals shall be branded on the face with a red-hot iron and then released. The branding, he thinks, should be done in public, the letter "M" signifying meurtrier, the French word for murderer, being stamped as an ineradicable mark on the forehead of the criminal. He would thus bear about to the end of his days the mark of his crime, and be a constant warning to his kind.

It is not what we say but what we do for you that counts, so send us your next shipment as we have the outlets for all grades.

L. O. SNEDECOR & SON, Egg Receivers, 36 Harrison St., New York

We handle dairy butter, ladles and packing stock.

OFFICERS—DIRECTORS RESIDE ANYWHERE

ARIZONA corporations can keep offices and do business anywhere. No franchise tax. Private property exempt. Complete incorporation \$50. RED BOOK of full information and annotated laws FREE. Valuable work on "Corporate Management" given each company.

THE INCORPORATING COMPANY OF ARIZONA Box 277-L Phoenix, Arizona

References—Valley Bank and Home Savings Bank.

"Mishoco" The New Specialty Welt Shoe for Men

We know that it is the best made shoe that can be bought to serve as a leader for \$3.00 and \$3.50.

Made in all leathers on new and saleable lasts.

A postal will bring you samples.

Michigan Shoe Co.

Detroit, Mich.

To Everybody A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

PUTNAM FACTORY, National Candy Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Jennings' Extracts

Are you supplying your customers with Jennings Flavoring Extracts?

These are guaranteed to comply with the food laws and to give satisfaction in their use.

Jennings Extract of Vanilla Jennings Terpeneless Lemon

None better, and they have proved themselves to be exactly as we claim.

Jennings Flavoring Extract Co.

C. W. Jennings, Mgr. Grand Rapids, Mich.

ESTABLISHED 1872



ONE DEBT PAID.

How Mother and Son Were Provided For.

"Hush! she is sleeping," and the man in the fur lined coat tread more carefully.

Sleeping she was. The aged form huddled under the ragged covers which concealed the unstable bedstead in the rough loft of the barn felt no cold. The iron gray hair fell in ripples over a well-shaped forehead upon which time, care and suffering had left their marks. There was a smile on the kind old face as, in blessed oblivion to her surroundings, she was carried back to the sunny past; back to the time when at the altar she took her husband for better or for worse. There was a movement of her hand, as in her dream she first entered the portals of their home, then before her mental vision came the advent of their son and the scenes of his childhood; after that the shadows began to darken; she saw again the deepening color on her husband's cheeks, heard the dry, hacking cough grow racking, and watched the grave closed over the wreck of manhood, brought to earth by the "great white plague." Memories of patient suffering and devoted love were left her which, with the sight of their only son, a frail youth hobbling about on crutches, with one limb wasting away, strengthened her for the ordeal to come.

The chain of events in the realms of fancy were broken here, nor did the following visions supply the links of back-breaking toil at the tub, the coming home at night with pains in her bones, but a glow in her heart, caused by the fact of the sight of the son who loved her, and who, with his shriveling limb, covered miles upon miles of the city's streets, going from house to house on his crutches, and presenting his stock of pins, needles, threads and shoelaces, in an endeavor to lighten his mother's burden. The pain and the pleasures of the past were blotted out as, half-waking, she dreamed of her boy who had been compelled to go over the line to the association with fortunates; men and poor house; to the ungentle mercies of those grown hard by constant as-women whose charity began at home, and that home well within their well fed, well clothed bodies.

She stirred uneasily, conscious of a presence unseen, then sat up in bed, gazing with startled feelings into a kindly face with brown eyes full of sympathy and respect.

"The doctor says you must have better care, Mrs. Crush," said Walton, "and we have come to transfer you to more comfortable quarters."

"Mr. Walton is right," added City Physician Ellerson, "and if you will kindly dress we will return in a few minutes."

"Not—not—to the poor house," exclaimed the woman, her eyes dilating.

"Oh, no!" responded Walton, with a smile, as he closed the door.

In dazed obedience, the aged woman dragged herself from the bed and hastily donned her clothes. Strange, she thought, that she felt no chill.

She glanced toward the stove so black and cold when she crawled beneath the covers; it was burning merrily, the coals glowing red, dispensing a heat which warmed her through and through. The sound of voices caused her to hurry with her toilet. The iron gray hair was neatly brushed back from the broad, low forehead; the dress she wore, while patched and threadbare, was scrupulously clean, the once broad badge of wedlock now worn to a narrow ring glistening on her finger as she clasped at her throat a brooch containing her husband's picture, the last of her prized possessions.

She trusted Dr. Ellerson, for it was owing to his kindness that she was alive, and she blindly followed where he led. Taking a lap robe he wound it around her thin form, and, steadying her, broke out into the storm—a spiteful storm, in which the snow, as fine as salt, drove along in swirling masses, searching out the cracks and filling the crannies with its powdered cold. The carriage lamps threw a glare across the steaming flanks of the horses, and lit up the alley for a few feet. Opening the door of the carriage, the physician helped his charge to enter. The door was slammed, the horses started and the bewildered woman sank back among the cushions. She had known only the harder side of life for so long that contact with luxury seemed a dream. Though never a recipient of charity, Mrs. Crush was now too worn and weak to question her companion and they rode on in silence.

"Where are we going?" she finally aroused herself sufficiently to ask.

"To a new home, a home earned by your son," replied the doctor. The bright smile accompanying the response was lost in the darkness.

"I do not understand," the woman exclaimed, "tell me—"

"You will know all about it, for here we are," interrupted the doctor.

As Mrs. Crush stepped from the carriage, she saw they had stopped before a cottage, from the windows of which streamed a hospitable light. The door opened and, blinded by the glare, it was difficult to distinguish the faces smiling upon her. As her vision cleared she saw her son—brought back over the line from the poor house. He attempted to rise, but had not time before his mother was on her knees beside him, her arms encompassing him and her eyes shining like stars through the mist of tears.

"Mother!" It was but one word, yet the tone spoke volumes. The doctor found his glasses grow dim, and the brown eyes of the man in the fur coat saw through a haze.

"Mother—Mr. Walton," exclaimed Frank, struggling up with his crutches. "He—he has done it all."

"No—no thanks are needed," protested Walton, waving his hand. "It is but the payment of a just debt. Sit down, Frank."

"Last summer," resumed Walton, laying his hand affectionately on the shoulder of the young man, whose face was alight with happiness, "Arthur, my boy, a little lad, broke away from his nurse and headed across the

street in front of a rapidly approaching car. Your son, crippled as he was, sprang forward on his crutches and caught Arthur when he was almost on the track. They fell, but through the presence of mind of Frank they fell away from instead of underneath the car. Mr. Crush disappeared in the crowd, and it was not until recently that I accidentally learned through my friend, Dr. Ellerson, who the preserver of my child was. A former tenant was about to leave the city. I acquired his furniture in the name of your son. It is his by right. Frank can tell you the rest. Good evening, and a Merry Christmas to you all.

The door closed behind him before the grateful mother could reply, and he and the doctor were whirled away to other scenes.

"It's all right, mother!" cried Frank, with bright eyes. "I am to have a position where I can sit while at work. It is all arranged, and—"

"Thank God! Thank God!" she fervently exclaimed. "But hark! there is the bell ringing midnight. Merry Christmas, Frank, and God bless our friends."

"Merry Christmas, mother!" The boy's arms encircled her neck and the tired head rested once more against her breast. The storm without abat-

ed, but the snow still fell, gently covering the earth with its spotless mantle, as if emphasizing the benediction:

"Peace on earth; good will to men."
Paul Leake.

ATLAS MASON JARS

Made from superior quality of glass, by special process which insures uniform thickness and strength.

BOOK OF PRESERVING RECIPES—FREE

to every woman who sends us the name of her grocer, stating if he sells Atlas Jars.

HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO., Wheeling, W. Va.

We Are Millers of

Buckwheat, Rye and Graham Flour. Our Stone Ground Graham Flour is made from a perfect mixture of white and red winter wheat. You get a rich flavor in Gems from this flour not found in the ordinary mixed or roller Graham. Give us a trial. Your orders for St. Car Feed, Meal, Gluten Feed, Cotton Seed Meal, Molasses Feed, etc., will have our prompt attention at all times.

Grand Rapids Grain & Milling Co.

L. Fred Peabody, Mgr.

Grand Rapids, Michigan



Santa Claus Whispers in Thousands of Ears "Give Ben-Hur Cigars"

For weeks our big factory has been driving ahead at its topmost capacity, taking care of Holiday orders.

More than a score of Christmasing seasons have found the Ben-Hur one of the most popular gifts for men, who recognize that a box of Ben-Hurs has a quality significance which makes the remembrance more appreciated.

Don't hesitate, Mr. Dealer, to stock Ben-Hurs if you wish to please your Christmas trade—all size packages of your jobber.

GUSTAV A. MOEBS & CO., Makers, Detroit, Michigan

BEN-HUR CIGARS MADE ON HONOR
SOLD ON MERIT

WORDEN GROCER COMPANY

Wholesale Distributors for Western Michigan

TOO MUCH SYSTEM.

Men Work Best Without Too Much Red Tape.

"The way we get the best results out of a worker here is to give him some latitude and constantly appeal to his intelligence," said the manager of one of the biggest organizations of its kind in the city. "We don't watch a man with our eyes full of suspicion, continually thinking he is trying to beat us in some underhanded way. We find it decidedly pays to adopt the policy of subtly appealing to a man's sense of honor and decency. In marked contrast to another big company, we do not send a man around four times a day to see just how much stuff a worker has turned out. That kind of thing puts a man's nerves on edge and makes him 'sore.'"

"The quickest way to find out cheats and shirkers is to be easy with them and give them plenty of rope. A man who is in earnest and worth while will not work any the less hard because he is not watched jealously; he will labor all the more strenuously. On the other hand, a bad egg sooner reveals its presence under our system than any other."

In this company there is a vast amount of "teamwork." When any important move is to be made the whole office helps to pass judgment. In this manner a question is looked at from every possible point of view. Strange things often occur through adopting this policy. Some time ago the founder of the concern and owner of the majority of the stock found himself overruled by three-fourths of his employees on a certain matter of big importance. He had set his heart strongly on adopting a certain plan, and it was only under the strenuous and almost imploring appeal of the greater part of his help that he gave way. Later he was glad he did. It turned out that his workers, with their combined experience and judgment, had seen further ahead than he.

Of course, the head of this concern is a big man all around. He has built up a huge success, largely through knowing how to use men's brains to the best advantage. His motto is said to be, "Get the best out of men—not the best of them."

In too many places a large percentage of the worker's efficiency is lost through issuing too many instructions, having too much red tape and not giving the worker a chance to assert his individuality. Most workers like to see their firm succeed and make money. Also they like to feel that they have a share in building up a business. The wise employer harnesses this tendency to solve the problems of his business. No employe likes to feel that he is not doing work which does not benefit the world. Some time ago a worker was asked whether he would sooner earn \$5 per day building up a business or \$10 per day carrying a brick to a certain place and carrying it back—much on the treadmill order. Like a flash the man replied that under no consideration would he take such a fool job as that of wasting his energy accomplishing nothing.

In getting results much also de-

pends on the way instructions are given. It was said the late Marshall Field could give a command the appearance of a suggestion better than almost any other employer in Chicago. The success of a large packing firm also is said to be greatly due to their "kid glove" methods of handling workers.

Undoubtedly, however, many men delight in cracking the whip of authority. Hundreds like to see the poor stenographer or book-keeper jump when they issue an order. There is too often a kind of threat implied that if certain work be not done by 5 o'clock there will be "something doing." A wise head of a department will give such a request a honey flavor. He will make some such remark as this: "Mr. Blinks, I noticed with pleasure the way you got that last lot of invoices out when under pressure. I know you will do all you can to finish up this 'bunch' by 5 o'clock. I am relying on your assistance and will feel obliged if you will do all you possibly can."

A remark like the foregoing puts the worker in a good humor. It soothes the mind and spurs the perhaps tired and jaded faculties to fresh exertion. Above all, it does not jar nor disorganize the powers of the mind. Some heads of departments give a man a headache with the instructions they impart. They can put him in such a flurry that full half an hour may be lost before the unfortunate worker is himself again.

Too many men who would no more think of hitting a typewriter with a brick than of jumping from the top of a ten story building needlessly will injure and jar the mind of the worker—an organism infinitely more deli-

cate than the finest piece of mechanism ever invented.

Of course it would be foolish to the last degree to abolish all discipline and rules. Even the best workers must be checked up occasionally. The great desideratum in everything is moderation. Too much system usually is more injurious than too little. In itself system creates nothing, evolves nothing, invents nothing. It must be mixed with humanity and intelligence and carefully watched in its operation, otherwise it will do much more harm than good.

In thousands of cases there can not be the slightest doubt that business would much improve if more consideration were given to getting the best out of the worker and the needless harshness of numerous rules relaxed.

George Brett.

Modern Version Of It.

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead?'" asked the Sunday school teacher.

Willie waived his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead.'"

"Fun for all—All the Year."

Wabash Wagons and Handcars

The Wabash Coaster Wagon—A strong, sensible little wagon for children; combining fun with usefulness, it is adapted for general use as well as coasting.

Large, roomy, removable box, hard wood gear and steel wheels (Wabash patent). Spokes are drawn tight so there is no bumping or pounding. Front wheels turn to the center, so wagon can turn completely on a narrow walk.

Wabash Farm Wagon—a real farm wagon on a small scale, with end boards, reach and fifth wheel and necessary braces—strongly built, oak gear. Wabash wheels; front, 11 in. in diameter—back wheels 15 inches. Box 34x16x5 1/4 inches.

The Wabash Limited—A safe, speedy, regular flyer. Built low down and well balanced so there is no danger of upsetting. 36 inch frame, with Wabash 11 inch steel wheels. Handsomely painted in red and green. Affords sport and exercise combined. Recommended by physicians.

Manufactured by
Wabash Manufacturing Company
Wabash, Indiana

Geo. C. Wetherbee & Company, Detroit, and
Morley Brothers Saginaw, Michigan, Selling
Agents.

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.

PROGRESSIVE DEALERS foresee that certain articles can be depended on as sellers. Fads in many lines may come and go, but **SAPOLIO** goes on steadily. That is why you should stock

HAND SAPOLIO

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.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

How Dorothy Dix Selects Her Holiday Presents.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," when the Christmas gift specter looms up on the horizon again, and we are lost in wonder as to whether it is more misery to give or to receive. Everywhere you go you meet pale and distraught women who are trembling on the brink of nervous prostration and who wildly clasp their aching brows as they murmur: "Something for Aunt Jane and Cousin Maria, and John and Billie, and Tom, and the preacher, and Mary and Mrs. Smith and the Browns, and the Thompsons." And by this token you know that the Christmas spirit is abroad in the land.

Traditionally, it is a time of light-hearted hilarity; practically it is a season of work and worry, and trouble and tribulation, when we go in debt to give people things they don't want and we can't afford, for no better reason than because it is a certain date on the calendar.

There is no other abuse on earth that cries so aloud for reform as the way we celebrate Christmas, and probably nothing else but the abolition of death and taxes would cause as widespread happiness as the total suppression of the Christmas gift. This, however, is not likely to take place in our time, and the next best thing we can do towards modifying the evil is to try to use a few grains of common sense and reasoning in selecting our presents.

It would seem to be a foregone conclusion that anybody who wanted to make you a present would be intimate enough to have some inkling at least, of your tastes and needs. Sad experience, on the contrary, indicates that your preferences have cut no figure in the matter. The presents are duty presents. There is no personal feeling in them, and that explains why none of us are really grateful for a Christmas gift, as we are for the simplest thing that comes to us at other times. You can't expect Aunt Susanna, who leads the W. C. T. U., to enthuse over a bottle of good Scotch whisky; or Uncle Tom, who has never smelt salt water, to properly value a yachting cap; or Cholly Addlepatte to sit up nights over even the handsomest bound volume of Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," yet every one of us every Christmas receive gifts that are approximately as caviare to our tastes.

Then there is the fool Christmas gift that invariably wants to make you go out and swat the giver over the head with it. Nothing in life is so exasperating as to have somebody present you with a celluloid monstrosity that goes to pieces while you look at it, or a Christmas card that costs \$3 or \$4, or a lot of lace or satin ribbon and tinsel flummery, whose very name and purpose are conundrums, when there are books you are dying to have, photographic copies of pictures that would be a joy forever and wouldn't cost a cent more, and handkerchiefs and gloves that are an ever-present necessity. Probably there is not one of us who

doesn't, after the holidays, gather up the trash that has been presented to us in the guise of Christmas gifts, and sit down and wonder whether the givers were idiots or whether they thought we were.

Just to go through the stores and see the utterly useless things offered for sale is enough to make one shed tears over the pathetic waste of good money.

The golden rule for making a Christmas present is to try to give a person something that will, in some way, add to the pleasure and the comfort of their lives. Unless we are willing to take the trouble to think that out, the gift really becomes an insult instead of a compliment, and is a token not of our love, but of our indifference.

I know a woman whose great heart gives her an intuition that amounts

and she'll think and talk and dream of it for the next six weeks.

"I am going to give a pretty shop girl one of the new rose taffeta boas that she has been selling to other girls, and coveting with all her heart, and I surmise that when the head book-keeper, who has been paying her attention, sees how pretty she looks in it, he will come to the point and pop the question, and she'll get two Christmas gifts instead of one. I am going to send a big box of the best candy to a childish old lady in the almshouse, and I have spent the morning picking out a lot of high-flown, romantic novels—the kind that make your nerves crisp—and I am going to present them to a lonely and hard-working little old maid I know up in the country. When night comes she will shut her door, and light her lamp, and for a while, at

than a plaster cast of the "Venus de Milo."

Christmas is pre-eminently the children's season, and the coldest heart on earth must warm to the little ones and long to make them happy; but after Santa Claus has been provided for, don't give yourself paresis trying to find something that the modern, over-supplied child hasn't already got, and would like. Children have the queerest fancies, and the most appreciated and successful present you can possibly make a child is the money. Then he has two pleasures. He has the fun of going and buying the article, and the certainty of getting what he wants.

Among rich people the buying of Christmas presents is, of course, a matter of comparative unimportance; but in families of moderate means, there are a few points that it is well to bear in mind:

1. That among grown people it is better to pool the money and buy a few things that all will enjoy, rather than a number of things that are valueless. One piece of furniture is better than many handkerchiefs and glove sachets, and imitation silver toilette articles.

2. That it is not generosity, but dishonesty, to give more than one can afford.

3. That the first of the month is only seven days later than Christmas, and that bills always come home to roost.

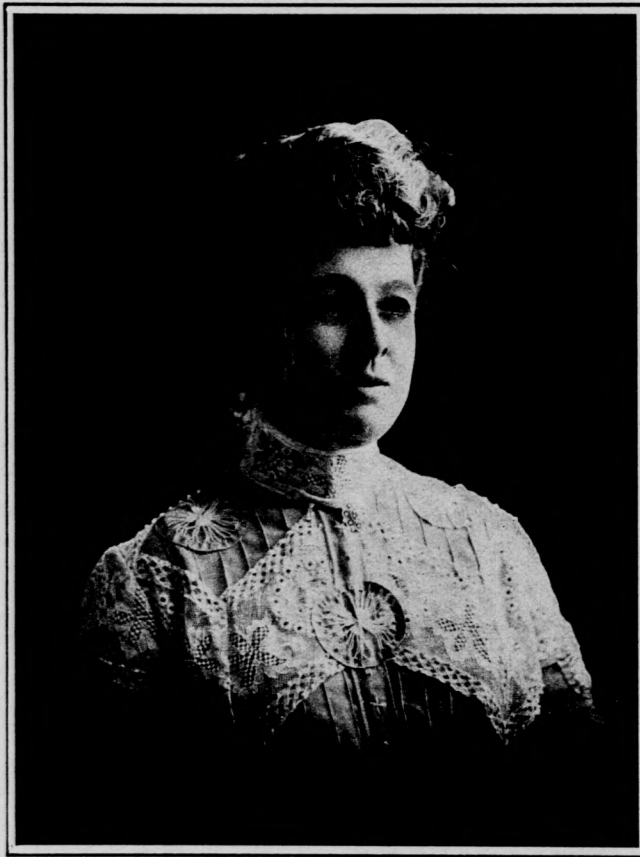
The Christmas don'ts are legion:

Don't give inappropriate presents.

Don't, if you are a man, pick out a dress for your wife. You are just about as good a judge of color and material as she is of cigars.

Don't, if you are a woman, give your husband a present he has to pay for.

Dorothy Dix.



Dorothy Dix

almost to clairvoyance, who says she always gives poor people luxuries and rich ones necessities.

"It's rubbing things in," she says, "to give a housemaid another apron or a silver-handled dusting brush, or a cook a new set of saucepans, or to present a tired and worn little seamstress with a pair of scissors. They may need all of these things, but they will get them, and they aren't going to enjoy having their daily drudgery brought to their notice as a Christmas treat. I am going to give my cook a pair of long-wristed pale gray suede gloves, and my housemaid a silver manicure set because I have seen them looking longingly at mine, and I am going to send my little seamstress some theater tickets. She will go to the play and sit through a couple of hours' rapture,

least, I will have given her a pass key into Paradise.

"For my rich old friend, Mrs. Coupon, I am making a pincushion, a real pincushion you can stick pins in without using a sledgehammer, not the adamant kind you buy. It is years and years since anybody thought of making her anything with their own hands, and she will value it more than if I had added another to her big collection of diamonds, for she will know that in every stitch went a thought of love."

Some people have seen fit to deride the practical Christmas gift, but, as a matter of fact, most of us would rather have something that we can get some solid comfort out of than any amount of poetical and picturesque jimcrackery. There are plenty of times when a good kitchen chair would be a more acceptable gift

Uncle Sam's Goose Bone Costs Money.

Uncle Sam's weather bureau is bigger than any one's else, and he spends more money on it than do all the governments of Europe combined for their weather bureaus. It has a staff of many hundred skilled experts and observers who in all parts of the country are constantly on watch to see what the heavens will bring forth. Some insurance men are said to have computed that the people of the United States are spared from losses amounting to \$30,000,000 every year because of their weather service.

The sun holds the key to the weather. The weather bureau plans to search for this key and unlock the mysteries of cyclones, of droughts, of torrential floods, and thus foretell years of plenty and of famine. Congress recently gave the weather bureau a sum of money to found a meteorological solar observatory. The site chosen was an unnamed peak in the Blue Ridge, sixty-five miles from Washington. The weather chief has christened the peak Mount Weather.

Some men think they can put cash in one pocket and conscience in the other, and by keeping the left hand ignorant of the deeds of the right live happy ever after.



Judson Grocer Company

At the close of the Old Year and the beginning of the New Year, the Judson Grocer Company is pleased to present greetings to the Retail Grocers. As wholesalers we are indebted to the retailers for their co-operation, forbearance and many considerate evidences of good will. In expression, therefore, of the respect and cordiality existing between us, we wish at this time to extend the Compliments of the Holiday Season and a New Year's Greeting.

In the new year we will all strive to encourage individuality. We will all try to educate ourselves to become more fully constructive merchants. We will try in the future as we have in the past to deserve the retailer's confidence and good will, and may the New Year bring prosperity to all.

Judson Grocer Company, Grand Rapids

THE CORNER CLUB.

Prosperity Threatened By the Economy Shriekers.

Written for the Tradesman.

When the members of the Corner club assembled at the grocery, last Saturday night, after closing time, the mechanic looked like he had a bad attack of the Pessimistitis. The hardware merchant also looked like a picture of hard times, and the faces of those present were sober and thoughtful.

The delivery boy, who had a black eye because of a misunderstanding with the boy on the butcher's wagon, was not in evidence, his bag of beans by the alley door being occupied by the black and white cat. The teacher, as usual, was on his feet the instant the grocer landed in the chair. He presented the following preamble and resolutions:

"Whereas, There is a great lack of confidence in the business world; and,

"Whereas, The circulating medium of the country is being hoarded to the extent of \$200,000,000 by the government, and by banks and trust companies all over the land; and,

"Whereas, The people of the country are urged on all sides to let go of their money in the interest of prosperity; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That it is the sense of the Corner club that the people of the country do nothing of the kind; and, be it further

"Resolved, That the much-advised people of the country hang onto their currency and exercise the strictest economy in the expenditure thereof; and, be it further

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that in so doing the people will be merely following the example of the government of the United States, the governments of the various states of the federal union, and of the various banks and trust companies now doing business."

The hardware merchant and the mechanic were both on their feet in a second, but the chair rapped for order and proceeded to argue the question.

"When a man has his snout in the public trough up to his eyes," he said, "and knows that he will catch his monthly stipend as long as people pay their taxes, no matter what happens to the rest of the world, he is usually ready to fix things so that his money will double in value."

The teacher was on his feet again, shaking his fist at the chair.

"I should like to know," he shouted, "where, in my resolutions, the chair gets into his alleged brain the notion that I wish to increase the purchasing value of money. My object in presenting these resolutions is to show—"

"You needn't have done it," responded the chair, "for we all knew before you presented them what an ass you were. You needn't have done it. If you can't see that the following of your advice, as given in the resolutions, would make money scarce and nearly double its purchasing value, you are not fit to teach our young ideas how to get through high school

with the least possible mental effort."

"Well, if it would be wrong for the people to hoard their money and avoid all expenses not absolutely necessary, why is it not wrong for the government and the banks and trust companies? They are all hoarding money. They won't even return the money which has been temporarily deposited with them. Why should they bribe and coax the newspapers into urging the people to do something they won't do themselves?"

"If the delivery boy was here," observed the chair, glancing at the cat on the bean bag by the alley door. "I should insist on a cool batch for your head and spine, but in the absence of the water-carrier, I'll give you a little brain-cooling advice."

"All you need to be an old-maid sewing circle," roared the teacher, "is a willow basket full of baby shirts and a box of face powder. You're as full of gab as a caucus is of beer, and there is no use of continuing this meeting."

"The banks and trust companies," said the grocer, "are hoarding their money so that it can be used for payrolls and for the general needs of business. You propose to have the people hoard their money so that it could not be used at all. But the foolish proposition is that the people should stop spending money except for the barest necessities. This would tie up not only the spare money of the country, but the money needed every hour in the week, if there were no remedy."

"The carrying out of the idea would close every store in the country except the provision stores. Let me tell you right here, me son, that when people stop consuming the products of the country—products of all sorts and grades, I mean, from pins to threshing machines—the working forces of the country will be out of jobs. It is all right to talk economy as understood by using money to the best advantage, but the locking of money in safety deposit vaults is not economy. It spells ruin."

"I presume the fact that you have things to sell does not influence your opinion in the least?" sneered the teacher. "You give me a pain!"

"I am thankful if you have sense enough to experience a mental distress," said the chair. "As a usual thing it takes an ax to give a fellow like you a pain. You would have the people put their money in stockings and old coffee pots and quit buying, would you? That would be a fine thing—not! It would shut up the factories, all right, as any one can see."

"Over at my place," said the mechanic, "the boys are guessing who will be laid off first. I guess the people have quit buying already, following the advice of the wise ones who have been preaching economy."

"This is a currency flurry," observed the chair, "and not a panic. As a well-known authority says, the stage setting is not right for a panic in business. The shops are working overtime, with their warehouses empty and their output for the next year all contracted for. The farmers have

boom crops, and they are spending the money they make. The people who hoard their money are the ones who will lose out in the end, for if they take their cash from the channels of trade more will be put in its place, and when they are willing to release their coin they will find that its purchasing power has declined because of the large sums brought from Europe and issued by the government and the banks to take its place.

"Currency is like a man who goes on a strike. He gets into a huff over something or other and quits work. Perhaps he is so well fixed that he doesn't have to work for a year or more. Perhaps there are a score of his friends loafing with him. They don't like the way other people conduct their business, or something like



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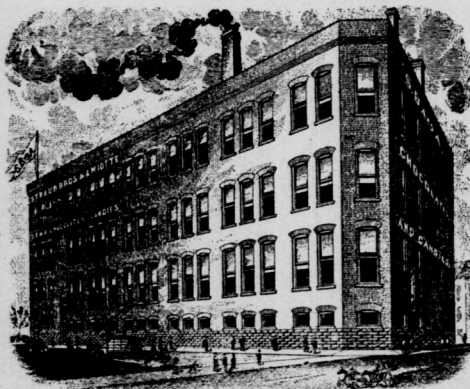
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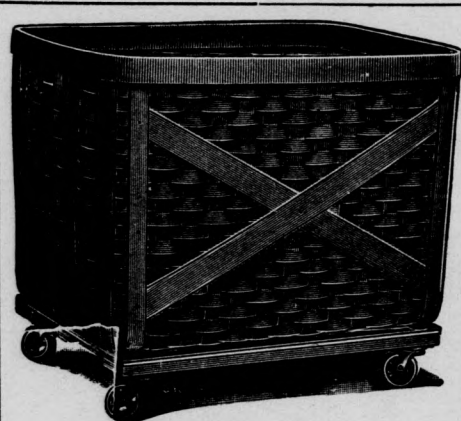
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a
Merry
Christmas

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X-strapped Truck Basket

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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.

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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.

that. They decide to quit work until their abilities are appreciated, so they hunt and fish and loaf for a year until things in industrial life change a bit, and they decide that they can go back to work with honor.

"All right. That is, it looks all right, but when they go back to work they are met by a condition they did not count on. They have won their point, the point they insisted on when they quit work—though few do win—but they now find that other men have taken their places, and that their arrival on the market tends to flush the supply of labor and reduce salaries.

"There you are. It will be the same with the money the people are hoarding. The bankers and business men of the country are not going to stop business because the people hoard their money until there is no currency in sight. They have the goods, and they will see that a medium of exchange is supplied, that pay-rolls are made and the expenses of living laid down on counters in hard cash. You can't fool these bankers and business men. They know what they want and how to get it. Therefore, with all this new currency in the field, the hoarders will find when they take their rolls from the stockings that a ten-dollar note won't buy as much as it would when it was put away.

"The thing to do right now is to spend money, and not hoard it. I know a cute little woman who solved the question, the other day. She came to me and asked about the banks. She was carrying some money of her own and some money entrusted to her keeping in one of the city banks. I told her that the banks were all right, but she turned up her nose and said they wouldn't give her the money she had on deposit. I warned her against hiding her money away, and she sat a moment with wrinkled brows, then she said:

"I know what I'll do: I have to buy some clothing just after the first of the year, and some provisions to stock up the house. I'll just get my money and buy everything I need right off. I can get bargains now, and the time may come when I can't. Besides, that will keep the currency in circulation," she added, with a smile.

"Now, that woman solved the problem. If you are afraid of the banks, just buy what you need with your money and the merchant will put the money back into the bank. He won't hide it in an old coffee pot. You bet your life he won't. Bargains can be had now, because merchants need currency. Instead of preaching economy and hoarding, ask your friends to go spend what money they have for things that they must have. They can't lose their coin in this way, and they are not injuring the business of the country, but assisting it. So much for your economy argument, teacher."

"If the chair has run out of hot air," said the teacher, "I'd like a minute's time to speak to my resolutions."

"Your resolutions were not supported," roared the chair, "and if any

one supports them he'll pay cash at this joint forever more. You are like the boy at the candy party. When the platter was passed there were only a few sticks in sight. He was told to touch it lightly, as it would be some time before more could be made. 'Oh,' he thought, 'if there is any doubt about the supply in the immediate future, I'll just take what I can get now and be on the safe side!' So he grabbed all there was on the tray and was thrown out of the house. This meeting is now adjourned, and the teacher will kindly keep his face closed until we get where we can run. His ideas of finance need fixing." Alfred B. Tozer.

An Unexpected Success.

A minister who had long been noted for the undue length of his sermons was on his way home after service one Sunday when he overtook one of the oldest members of his congregation and walked along with him. From discussing the text the conversation naturally drifted to the discourse itself.

"I must congratulate you, Doctor," said the old parishioner, "I think I have heard you deliver every sermon you ever preached in our church, and it's my opinion that your effort this morning was the best of them all."

"Why-er—" stammered the minister, who was plainly disconcerted—"your words surprise me greatly. I thought I had made a botch of my sermon. You see, my dear sir, I found my voice failing me and I had to cut it short before I was half through."

Oatmeal and Rats.

Dr. Watson suggests that a large measure of the food value of oatmeal is due to its capacity to stimulate the activity of the thyroid gland. After feeding a number of young rats for four to eight weeks on a diet of uncooked oatmeal and water an autopsy revealed in each instance considerable enlargement of the thyroid, together with evidences of increased glandular activity.

He approves of its use at breakfast in the form of porridge and milk, and advises that the meal shall be completed by a glass of milk and some bread and butter and shall not include bacon or any other form of meat. Rats, equally with children, display this same dietetic perversity—they will not eat oatmeal or bread when meat is available.

Got What He Asked For.

A distinguished professor of bacteriology, wishing to study infected meats, went into a butcher shop and asked the butcher if he had any measly pork.

"No, no, sir!" answered the indignant man. "All our meats are fresh—first class!"

"I'm sorry. Could—couldn't you in some way procure me some?"

"Why, yes, if that's the kind you want."

A few days later the professor stepped into the shop.

"I came in to see if you had secured that measly pork for me."

"Why, yes, sir. Didn't you get it? I had it sent up for your dinner last night."

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

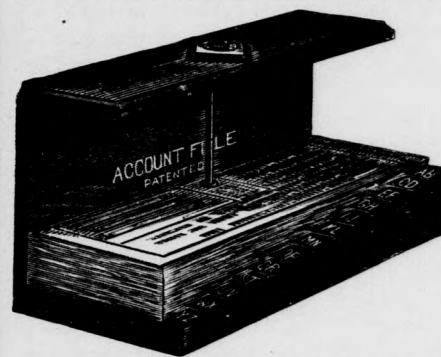
Don't experiment
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Sold by
Twelve thousand satisfied grocers

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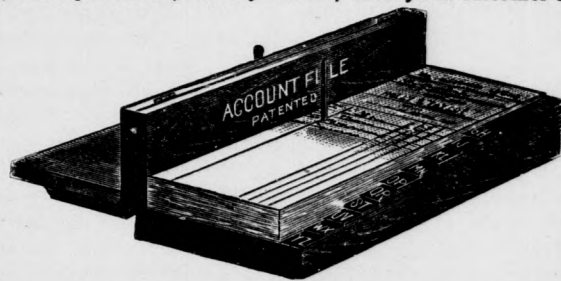
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Simple Account File



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

HIS CHRISTMAS BILLS.

What the Druggist Hoped To Find in His Stocking.

Written for the Tradesman.

"Am I going to hang up my stocking?" repeated the druggist, throwing his feet to the top of the slanting table. "Yes, I am going to hang up my stocking. I know what I'll get. It will be a brush, half a dozen handkerchiefs, a bright red necktie and a pair of bed slippers. Total value, \$1.25. I'll get up in the morning and look surprised and pleased. Later I'll come down to the store and charge myself with about \$97.39 worth of goods that I have been induced to present to my loving friends. Then I'll charge off about \$400 worth of merchandise that I've been stood off for. Great institution, this Christmas!"

"You're getting to be a crank," said the long insurance agent. "You're losing all your red blood. When a man gets so far down the foolish row that he can't appreciate Christmas, he ought to keep out of sight. Say, in just about one more week your face will be peeping up over the foot of the children's beds when they see things in the dark hours. Wake up!"

"I have a notion that Christmas time is the time when all the con-men come out of their holes," said the druggist. "When a man gets so down and out that he can't get a nickel's worth of tobacco on credit, he walks up and down the street at holiday time and talks about its being more blessed to give than to receive. He takes advantage of the sentimental side of the season to get credit. He talks about his little ones with a hitch in his voice and seems to have all the fatherly affection of a man who permits his wife to take in washing to buy his pork chops. I'm not making a kick on Christmas. I'm making a loud holler on the abuses which come in its train."

"Why don't you take something for it?" asked the long insurance agent. "You used to be a firm believer in all the things of Christmas."

"I'm tired of being worked," was the reply. "Last year a man who had owed me ten for a long time bought his daughter a \$50 coat as a present. I like the notion of making presents, but the thing is getting down to a con. game except in the few simple old homes that are left. Say, I'd like to get a stocking that would hold a bushel of bills—not bank bills, but bills payable. How would that look hanging up right there by the door, where all could see it?"

"You might have one made," suggested the insurance agent. "And you might hire a strong man to stand by it with a big stick and see that it was given proper attention. That might make a hit."

"Jere!" cried the druggist, after a moment's reflection. "I've got a notion at last!"

The insurance agent gazed longingly in the direction of the prescription case, but the man with the notion was looking the other way.

"I think I'll get a basket that will

hold a ton, one of the sort they use in laundries, for instance, and put it in the right of way there by the door. Then I'll make out bills against all the people who owe me. See? I'll put 'em in the big basket and set up a large red sign something like this:

"Are you back in the ruck in the matter of Christmas presents? If you want to make the druggist a present, look in the basket. You may find a valuable suggestion there. Do it now!" That ought to hold 'em, eh?"

"And you have it figured out that the man who finds a bill there will walk up and settle? Is that it?"

"Sure he'll settle. Do you imagine he will want his name on one of the bills in the basket, with all his friends and enemies pawing it over? No? Yes? Of course he'll walk up and settle."

"He'll be more likely to give you a bump on the cupola," said the insurance agent.

"And then," continued the druggist, "he'll go out into the highways and byways of the world and tell all the people he meets that there's something of interest for them in my basket, and then they'll come and settle and go out and tell their friends that there is something doing up here, and—"

"And in about two hours you'll have a mob of enraged citizens out in front asking the frightened clerks to dig you out of some hole in the cellar or the attic and toss you out to 'em."

"Well, if I can get a bunch of creditors up within reaching distance that ought to help some," said the druggist.

"And the next day," continued the other, "you will be looking over a large map of some distant state, hunting up a good location for a bruised and battered man to open a cash-on-the-spot drug store. You are next to a lot of things that look like conspiracies against human life."

"There ought to be some way for me to play even on this glad holiday time," said the druggist. "The Wil-lies who have been perfuming their best girls out of my bank account for a year or more ought to get tangled up in a settlement experience now and then."

"You'll be more likely to collect your bills after the first of the year," said the insurance man. "People like to start in even, you know."

"The first-of-the-year racket is a glittering fraud," was the reply. "If I could open up a Tom-and-Jerry department, and sell two cents' worth of chrome yellow stuff with a breath like a nutmeg for fifteen cents I might make some kind of a show for my share of the per capita. But I can't. The young men, I've been talking about will annex a livery barn and a jug and drive out in the country and cry out to the wild things in the woods and fields. About the only thing they have left after the first day of January is a thirst and a good resolution. The thirst lasts longer."

The real estate man looked at the prescription case and made a noise with his lips. The druggist fixed his eyes on the painter who stood at

the front door with his hands in his pockets.

"If you keep on in this line," he said to the druggist, "you'll be making a noise like a National calamity."

"Oh, I'm just figuring how to come out of the box on the right side," said the druggist. "I'm not sore on Christmas. I've been a loser so long that I'm getting used to it. I still think that the idea of putting statements of accounts in a basket and mooring it to the front door would be a good scheme."

"It would be new, at any rate," grinned the other.

"You don't think the folks would take offense?"

"They might."

"And they might come here and insist with violence that the idea was

Grand Rapids Notions & Crockery Co.

Importers and Jobbers of

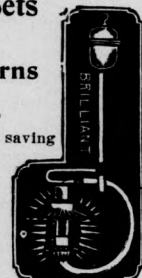
DRY GOODS NOTIONS

Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Hosiery, Gloves, Suspenders, Combs, Threads, Needles, Pins, Buttons, Thimbles, etc. Factory agents for knit goods. Write us for prices. 1 and 3 So. Ionia St.

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And No Other Light HALF SO GOOD OR CHEAP

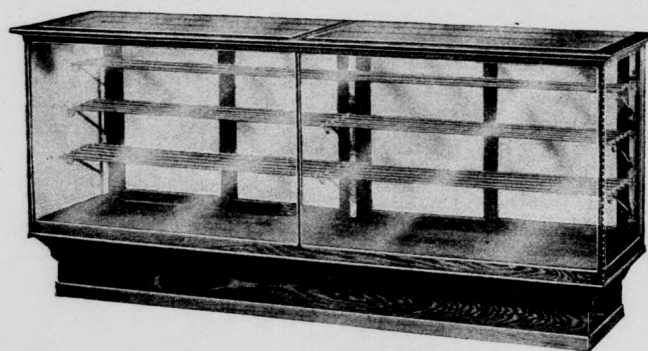
It's economy to use them—a saving of 50 to 75 per cent. over any other artificial light, which is demonstrated by the many thousands in use for the last nine years all over the world. Write for M. T. catalog, it tells all about them and our systems.



BRILLIANT GAS LAMP CO.

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The Case With A Conscience and Dependable Fixtures

Here's a word to the man who wants store equipment now.

We can make *spot deliveries* on any goods ordered.

Reasons:—*That new factory.*

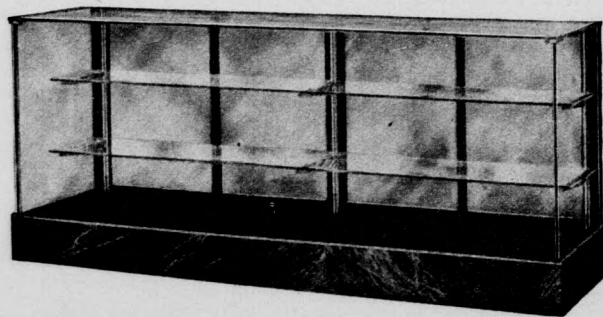
Same old *bottom prices, guaranteed quality and honest dealing.*

What say?

Grand Rapids Fixtures Co.

918 Jefferson Ave.

Grand Rapids, Mich.



not respectful and calculated to breed internecine war?"

"Yes, they might land on you—as many as could get within striking distance."

"Then I'll have to figure up another scheme."

Unable to endure the strain longer the insurance man walked behind the prescription case and made an acute angle of his right elbow. The druggist looked on with a patient light in his eyes. He was used to that, too.

"Say," he said, in a moment, "suppose I invest in a Christmas tree and invite all my debtors in to look at the midnight scenes through the bottom of a glass. They would come, eh?"

"Not."

"Why not?"

"Because they would smell a mice. Oh, you've got to cut out the notion that you can turn the glad Christmas spirit into a collection agency, and just dip in and have a time with the rest of the boys."

"All right," said the druggist. "I'll buy a barrel of seven-cent candy and a lot of two-for toys and annex a pair of white whiskers. That will be a good starter?"

"Sure."

"And I'll have a lot of fellows come in here on the morning of the 26th and roast the present givers, and make little of what they received, and tell what they gave away, and figure up how much they are out, and when some customer comes in they can put on Christmas faces again and tell what a blessed season it is. I guess that will make a really truly Christmas, eh?"

The insurance man walked toward the door.

"If you want a really truly Christmas," he said, "forget that you are in need of money and try to remember what other folks need."

"It seems to me," observed the druggist, "that I have heard something like that before."

When the insurance man closed the door the painter walked back to the stove.

"Do you believe he thinks that was on the square?" he asked.

"It looks like that to me," was the reply. "Now, help me make out that Christmas list." Alfred B. Tozer.

Christmas Makes Men Steal.

The indelible brand of "thief" burns itself into the life of an unfortunately large number of workers at this time of year. More of the young men employed in the great stores yield to the temptation of taking things not their own during the month or six weeks preceding Christmas than during all the other months of the year put together. At this time of year the long honor roll of employes in great establishments is displaced by a "dishonor roll," and when Christmas dawns many a young man is being held for the grand jury or already is under indictment.

The names on this dishonor roll usually are those of young men—some of them under 20 and few of them much over. While one or more of those, when gathered at the cul-

prit's bench, whence they will be taken to the lockup, show bravado, most sit with downcast eyes and are compelled to wipe away the constantly gathering tears.

Why have they brought this disgrace upon themselves, their families and friends? In nine cases out of ten they took what they took in order to give it to a girl. Furs, silk waists, silk petticoats—it is these and similar things that are stolen. Sometimes two young men work together. They have "girls" who are friends, and what one has the other has to have or there is jealousy.

While women are fertile in devices to hide valuable articles in their clothing in order to evade the customs, these young men, with far less facilities, accomplish wonders in carrying out on their persons furs, silk garments and other articles. No Christmas present seems to be more acceptable to a young woman than a muff and a scarf, and these clumsy things are concealed in some way and carried away for this purpose, or sometimes for the more extensive purposes of trade by means of which money is obtained on which to dissipate or marry.

In many places where few detectives are employed during the rest of the year a force comes in at this time. But in spite of the vigilance of these men and the watchful eye of the boss things disappear. Advantage always is taken of the holiday confusion and rush.

Where there are a great number of new employes there are sure to be some few who have come in for no other purpose than to steal. It seems unfair that the good name of the great body of employes should be besmirched by such as these, but, unfortunately, there are other names than theirs on the dishonor roll.

A fine young fellow in the line of promotion—in fact, next to the head in a big department—a man of good family and connections, came under suspicion by a strange circumstance two years ago and has since served a term at Joliet. He did not steal from his own department, but from another which he had to pass through several times a day, and the thing he took was silk petticoats.

An assistant in the department to which these belonged heard a young woman in the street cars remark that her cousin was to be married to the young man in question during Christmas week, and that in her wardrobe there were seventeen silk petticoats.

A week later the prospective bridegroom was in jail and a proud and high spirited young woman felt herself disgraced for life. A year's incarceration utterly transformed her lover, who now, it is supposed, is in South America trying to retrieve himself.

C. S. Maddocks.

It would be wrong to send some people to heaven; they would miss so much the chance to worry over the wildness of their neighbor's children.

As a matter of fact it isn't so much what your neighbor thinks of himself as what he thinks of you that counts.

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.

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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.

LITTLE JOE.

How He Bothered the Merchant at Doane's Crossing.

Written for the Tradesman.

Mr. Doane kept the store and post-office at Doane's Crossing. He had been there a number of years and, having had no competition, had prospered and acquired a large stock of goods, owned the building he occupied, and had built a fine dwelling. As his family consisted of but himself and wife, it was generally thought by the villagers that his life must be pleasant and happy, and he was in a position where he could take life easy if he chose to do so. And so he might if it hadn't been for one annoyance connected with the post-office. His store, in which the office was located, was situated where most of the children had to pass on their way to and from school, and in spite of all Mr. Doane could do to prevent it, they insisted on trooping into the store morning, noon and night under pretext of enquiring for their mail. Each member of the family had to go through the formality of enquiry, not only for himself but for each other's parent, brother or sister, although they knew—they had heard the same enquiry made not a moment before. Mr. Doane's patience was sorely tried, especially as during the five or ten minutes the infliction lasted a score of meddling hands were busy reaching for and handling everything within touch, while the bedlam of noise and the confusion were at times—and generally—something appalling.

The worst lot of all were the Bolton family. There were seven of them, but, unlike the brothers and sisters of the Little Maid of Wordsworth, these were all living. Daily or hourly as they came trooping into the office, together or separately, as the case might be, Mr. Doane felt the old sinking of spirit. In vain he racked his inventive powers for some plan or device whereby he might head them off—anything short of giving up the office. He had tried hiring or bribing, but this only seemed to make matters worse. The circumstance that no member of the Bolton family was ever known to get any mail except a yearly medical almanac, nor was ever likely to get any, tended not in the slightest degree to lessen the zeal and enthusiasm of their daily onslaughts on Mr. Doane's forbearance. He had vainly laid the matter before Bolton himself, but got no satisfaction or advice further than to "kick the little devils out," a process he found more exhaustive to himself than to the "little devils." The worst, the most mischievous and troublesome, the most tenacious of all the Bolton children was Joe, aged 5 years. The poverty and general neglect in the Bolton household had not affected injuriously Joe's body. He had grown up thus far with plump cheeks and legs, bright eyes and a general vigor that made his daily attack on the postoffice a serious matter. The only creed or learning he possessed was summed up in "Mustn't touch nossin'." To him everything in Mr.

Doane's great store was infinitely removed from every sense except that of sight. The showcase, banked high with cookies, and candy jars filled with the pretty striped sticks were all sealed to Joe; but, thanks to the great Postoffice Department, he was permitted to look at them, anyhow, if he didn't "touch nossin'."

A bleak December day was drawing its shortening hours to a close. Mr. Doane had had a busy day and now stood by the blazing fire talking with two or three neighboring customers. He had been more than usually annoyed by children, attracted by the Christmas gifts in front windows and on counters, but was beginning to recover his equanimity when his attention was attracted by the soft turning of the doorknob. He started forward to meet the newcomer, but not soon enough to catch the door before a violent gust of wind suddenly swung it wide open, revealing Joe hanging to the opposite handle. Loose papers on the counters and dust on the floors went before the gust in blinding confusion. Mr. Doane was in a rage, and before Joe could more than begin, "Is there nossin' in the postoffice?" he had slammed the door behind him, seized him by the ears and, almost pale with rage, jounced the boy up and down on the floor.

"No, there ain't 'nossin' for your pa, nor your ma, nor for John, nor for Tom, nor for Susan, nor Mike, nor Joe, nor your grandpa, nor grandma, never has been and never will be," screamed the storekeeper, his rage increasing, and still tumbling the luckless lad about on the floor, "and now if I ever catch you in here again I'll take the hide off from you."

With that he opened the door, and with a vigorous kick landed Joe head over heels outside the porch. He watched the boy a moment through the glass, saw him get up and start toward home, but not before he had noticed a spot of blood inside one of his hands. It had probably been cut by a nail or piece of glass as he fell, but Joe was wiping it off on his ragged pants as he passed down the desolate road toward the yet more desolate darkness of a wretched home.

"Whose kid is that?" enquired one of the men standing at the stove in the store.

"Oh, one of Bolton's; the greatest torment of the whole lot," replied Mr. Doane. "I am tempted sometimes to wring his neck if he don't keep out of here."

"Gosh! I think you did use him pretty rough as 'twas. Probably the little bundle of rags saw the fire in here and thought he could warm up a little before going home. I thought by the looks of Bolton's woodpile as I came by it must be cool enough down there."

"Well, I'll warm those young ones up if they don't quit coming here so much," said the merchant, but in a tone that showed he was beginning to be ashamed for giving away to such an exhibition of temper, especially before customers. The men also appeared disgusted; but, dismissing the incident as not properly

being any of their business, went to their homes.

As no more customers might be looked for until evening Mr. Doane closed the store, after lighting one or two lamps, and went home to his supper. Out in the cold and darkness the brutality of his conduct seemed to become more disquieting to himself. He could not get from his mind the mute, surprised, pained expression on Joe's little round face as it looked back at him through the glass, nor the rags, now more open than ever through his rough handling, and through which the sort, plump little legs, sometimes red and tanned, were now blue from cold. He tried hard to justify his conduct and recalled a long list of former provocations, but he realized sadly how differently he would be feeling now if he had dismissed Joe more humanely or even had permitted him to come for a few minutes to the warm stove and look at the bright labels on the cans and the boxes. He suppressed his feelings as best he might, but could not conceal from his wife that he was troubled. She knew, too, that it was of the heart, rather than of the mind. She made no enquiries at the time, but trusted that the longer hours at home after the store had closed for night would afford better opportunity for explanation, advice, comfort and sympathy, if, indeed, any of these were wanted. So her talk went on of the neighborly little happenings of the day; among others of how little Joe Bolton had strolled past the house

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Arbuckle Brothers
NEW YORK

she had determined to visit the family to-morrow and see if something just before night and stopped with his face to the palings to look at the painted vases on the porch. She had felt so sorry for him in his worn-out shoes and ragged clothes that couldn't be done for them, especially for Joe. Every word of her prattle had a significance to her husband. He knew that little Joe had wandered from that high iron fence, through which he had stolen a brief glance at warmth, comfort, luxury and love, and which shut him out so he "couldn't touch nossin'," down the frosty, cheerless walk to an inviting door, to meet the sudden vindictive wrath of the man who owned it all.

When Mr. Doane opened up his store for the evening he endeavored to divert his thoughts from their unpleasant channel, but it was a difficult task. If he momentarily succeeded while waiting on a customer some incident would occur that would bring to mind the painful subject. There were mottoes on the counters, ready for framing, that caught his eye or from which some prospective buyer was reading: "Suffer little children to come unto me," "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me," "I was cold and hungry, a stranger, and ye took me in." How strangely all these made Mr. Doane think of little Joe or of the utter variance of his own conduct with the words of Christ. And when some girls, looking over the pictorial Testaments, stopped to call each other's attention to the pierced hand of Jesus, how another smaller, bloody hand came to his mental vision, fading from his own door down a desolate road, with no balm or washing. His own life, so far one of uniform selfishness and indifference to the wants of others, seemed so like the lives of other men that he apparently had no solicitude; but now a little waif of a child changed that, and all these theories and pretensions became instinct with life; a history he thought to honor at these Christmastides was an up-to-day fact; a little hand that touches "nossin'" has reached his heart. Another motto that caught his glance just before closing the store for the night was "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." He groaned in spirit at these unequivocal words. What might they really mean? What did they mean in the light of his recent experience but that his eyes had been "holden" in the presence of Jesus?

"What ails you to-night?" enquired Mrs. Doane of her husband as they sat by their cheerful fireside after he returned from the store for the night. "You are so silent and abstracted that I am really getting alarmed, and Christmas so near, too."

"Susan, I am thinking of giving up the postoffice."

Mrs. Doane laughed. She had heard such intimations before. "Is it on account of the children again?" she jokingly asked.

"Yes, it is just that," he replied. "The matter with me is getting serious and I don't see any way out but

to give up the office. They get worse every week, and to-day if ever a man's patience was tried, mine has been."

"Why, what did they do?"

"Do? Everything but behave themselves. Noisy, boisterous, saucy, meddlesome, handling everything within reach. I can't stand it any longer."

"Which seem to be the worst?"

"Oh, those Bolton young ones, of course. Only yesterday I saw Joe with his face tight up against the cookey showcase licking the glass."

Mrs. Doane laughed again, but her husband felt that it was not altogether at the ludicrousness of the situation.

"What did you do then?" she enquired.

"Do? Why, I promptly put him out. What would anybody have done? What would you have done?"

"Why, I should have given him a cookey. The poor little fellow probably never had one in his life and the temptation was too much for him."

"Yes, and it wouldn't be an hour before half the young ones in town would be swarming there."

"Well, suppose they did. Wouldn't that give us a chance to express a little more kindly interest in them? How many things there are of no value to speak of that could be used as presents to gain their good will, and how many words of cheer and counsel could be dispensed if we only had more of the spirit of unselfishness within us. I thought today, as little Joe was peeking through the fence—cold, ragged, hungry, growing up in ignorance and neglect—a sense of responsibility, of guilt, that not a word or hand had ever been lifted by either of us for his rescue."

"And are we to be held responsible for Bolton's children? Why don't he go to work and see to them himself? They are nothing particular to us, are they?"

Mrs. Doane smiled. "Seems as though your question was a familiar one, coming down the ages; but, really, Edward, not wishing to lecture or preach, I feel that our unhappiness—that yours to-night—comes from something deeper than the annoyance of children. I hardly believe you have told me all. Isn't it a result of the selfish lives we have been unconsciously leading? Here we are, looked up to by most of the people of the village, with every opportunity to do good, and yet we sit wrapped up in worldly cares. Do we put ourselves out of the way the least bit to bring sunshine into the lives of others? Do we manifest, even to the slightest extent, the spirit of Him who went about doing good—who even called the little ones to come unto him? And to-day, as the ragged little form stopped at our closed gate and went sadly away, I almost felt that the Master himself had been shut out, and gone from our home sorrowing. I do hope that before our selfish way of living leads to hardness of heart, or to actual and specific deeds of cruelty, we may discern our way into a life more to be desired, more in accord with a con-

science void of offense toward God and man."

The merchant felt the force of his wife's words, and almost feared she guessed the outrageous conduct of which he had been guilty. What else could lead her to speak of specific acts of cruelty and to make frequent mention of that insignificant little being—the one who had awakened all this tumult in his own mind and heart? He dared not tell her of the incident, and he realized how distant from a solution of the matter he was in trying to justify his conduct by the flimsy excuse that the children "annoyed" him; and the strangest thing about it all was that these remorseful feelings in himself, and to which his wife had also confessed, had been excited from incidental contact with poor little Joe Bolton. The emotions and incidents recorded in connection with the life and presence of Christ on earth seemed strangely repeating themselves. He felt confused and guilty—almost as though he were conspiring or consenting to the death of the innocent.

In the midst of it all he remembered his usual nightly practice of going down to the store to see that all was safe before retiring. He was glad of an excuse to go out and when near the store became aware of a dim lantern light at the rear. Could it be burglars? He cautiously approached. A man was silently carrying things out through a back door that had been forced open. He waited until the robber had again gone inside, and stepping to the doorway

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stood face to face with—Tom Bolton!

For a moment the two men were mute. The first movement on the part of the storekeeper was to close the door behind him. As he did so a feeling of sudden triumphant joy came to him. The whole network of distress growing out of his brutal treatment of the boy seemed to be swept away and everything made even by this criminal assault on his property by one of the family. It seemed to him now that full atonement had been made, and he reflected how he might yet obtain still further advantage from the surroundings.

"Well, Tom," he finally began, "I never expected to find you in such a job. It is a clear case of burglary, as you must admit, and it is my duty to give you up to the officers of the law, but I hate to do it on account of your family. How did it happen?"

The poor man, speechless from fear and shame, remained silent a minute, during which he laid down a package and set down a pail of coal before he could speak.

"Mr. Doane," he began, "you won't believe me, I suppose, but I'll tell you just how it is. I never did such a thing before, and I know it is wrong, but to-night it just seemed I had to do it. We was all out of coal or anything to burn, with almost nothing in the house to eat, no light, and one of the children taken sudden awful sick. I went for the doctor, but he wouldn't come before morning 'cause I was owing him, I suppose, and it did seem we couldn't live through the night, 'specially the kid that's sick. So when I come past here on my way home I opened the door and picked up these things. I couldn't bear to go home without taking something it seemed we must have and mebbe save the boy's life. That is all there is of it. I know I am guilty and in your power, and if you see fit to have me arrested"—he did not finish the sentence.

The great relief Mr. Doane experienced from this adventure, and his urgent desire to hasten home to impart the solacing news to his wife inclined him to apparent leniency, and to shorten the embarrassing encounter. Like a cat with a newly-caught mouse, he really desired a longer play, but he thought the game would not be lost by letting it go for the night. He even made it a merit that he should be thus merciful and generous.

"Well, Bolton," he said, "we will let the matter rest at present, but remember, I shall not forget it. I shall keep it a secret—as, of course, you will—but only on condition that you never try to repeat the offense and that you keep your children from coming to the postoffice and store unless it is necessary. You can go now, and if your child is sick in the morning, come up and let me know. My wife will help you."

With these words he opened the door and stood to one side, holding a lamp, while the shame-faced culprit passed out empty-handed and slowly disappeared in the darkness. No word or thought of counsel, no

sympathy nor help had been expressed or felt by him; no emotion had been awakened except a joy born of selfishness that his brutal act of the afternoon had been atoned, that his conscience was clear, and that now he could go home and sleep the sleep of the just and merciful. Hastily seeing that everything was safe, he stopped a moment to look at the packages his burglar had dropped. There was a little bag of cookies, a little tea, a small can of kerosene kept in that department, a bucket of coal and a few other things he would examine in the morning.

No sooner had he entered the house than his wife noted his changed appearance. His dejection was gone and in its place was a look of triumph, of injured innocence, of magnanimity.

"Why, what has happened?" she enquired with some concern.

"Well, in the first place, you needn't distress yourself further about the Bolton family," he replied.

His wife began to have hopes that he had been out on a mission and that he had been relieving distress, beginning at Bolton's, but she was soon undeceived.

"They are a bad lot, the whole pack of them," he continued, "but, thank fortune, I have got a hold on them now that I believe will forever keep them from troubling me. I caught Tom Bolton to-night robbing the store. What do you think of that? Don't talk any more about their poverty."

"Robbing the store! Tom Bolton! You don't mean it, Edward. I can not believe it. It must have been some one else you found. Tell me about it."

"Oh, it's all straight, just as I'm telling you. It was Tom Bolton, all right. I had him cornered and talked with him."

"And what did he say?"

"Say! Said nothing, except that they were out of coal and had no light, and nothing in the house to eat. But I've got him pinned this time, sure, and shall use the chance I have to keep those young ones from bothering me hereafter."

His wife did not reply at once. Her look of surprise changed to one of pity, and she was silent a moment.

Then she asked, "Did he say that any of them were sick?"

"Oh, yes, of course, that is always a part of such stories," he responded. "One of the children, I believe. Said the doctor refused to come because he was owing him, which is probably true enough. But that is no excuse for robbing the store."

A look of anxiety came into his wife's eyes as she asked, "Which one of the children did he say it was?"

"He didn't say. I forgot to ask him. But that makes no difference."

"It does make a difference. How guilty and condemned I should feel if it should be little Joe! To think of that pitiable little form and face out in such weather as this coming so near to the relief I could so easily have afforded, and yet barred out to further exposure. I should feel responsible for any sickness it might have brought on."

"I guess it is not Joe," replied her husband, "the little torment was in the store just before night, and he looked well enough then."

"Did you let him get warm before sending him home?"

"Why, no. I don't allow him to stay there. I put him out, as usual, and noticed he started all right for home. No, it can't be Joe." And then the vision of Tom Bolton came to his mind's eye, and he thought, "I wish I had treated him differently. I can even now see that motto: 'Inas-

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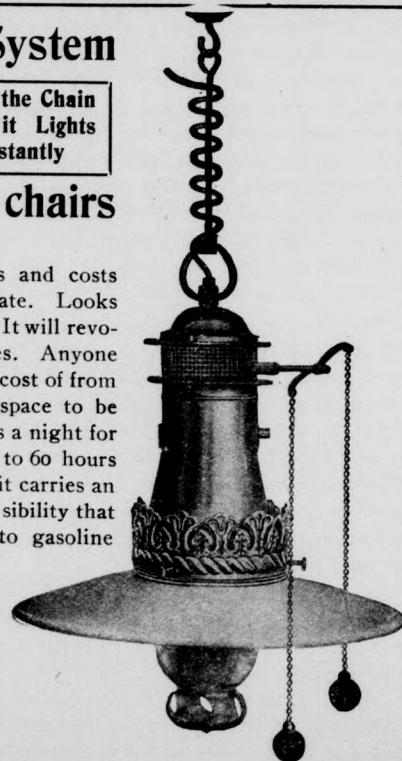
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much as ye did it not unto one of these, ye did it not unto me.' It seems as though God himself were speaking." He knew how the bruises on little Joe's body came there, and such a cowardly sense of shame and guilt came over him as he recalled his impetuous brutality that it was with difficulty he could restrain himself. He stood, to himself, convicted of murder. And as the word "bruises" came to his mind he felt and even wondered at the strangeness of it. The dreadful thought would not down that the real Christ was in it all; that for him alone the agony of Gethsemane and the Crucifixion were being repeated in the person of little Joe Bolton. It all seemed compatible with the new meaning he saw in the tragedy of those ancient days, and to which a life of selfishness had hitherto made him indifferent.

"I must go down to Bolton's this very night," at length remarked Mrs. Doane. "I can not sleep until I know how this will end. I have made all safe here and I want you to go with me. They must need help. We will carry a few things down from the store that may be needed."

Her husband felt some relief from this suggestion and they were soon at the wretched home. Little Joe lay on the one rough bed in the room. He was in a stupor, but roused enough to be aware that Mr. Doane was present. He tried to shrink farther away, and murmured, "I didn't touch nossin'." The storekeeper approached the bed—feeling like a criminal, whispering softly and at the same time putting a cookie into the tiny hand. The child revived a little and tried feebly to nibble at the tempting morsel.

"Eat it all," said Mr. Doane kindly, hoping that gentle care might yet expiate to some degree his guilt.

But it was in vain. A few bites and the little form was again motionless, the hand holding the sweetmeat before the half-closed eyes. Unconsciously Mr. Doane, in hopes of again reassuring the boy, broke a crumb and placed it to his mouth, at the same time recalling the words: "In the same night in which he was betrayed he took bread and brake it, and gave to his disciples," etc. He paused in awe. To him Christ was veritably present, repeating Calvary, crucified for him. The mysterious power of the Cross had reached him.

"I guess Joe has got away from us after all," said the doctor leaning over the dead boy, "but it is a strange case." An agonized sobbing from a few neighbor women and children's wailing alone broke the silence—alone except the mother's "Joe was such a good boy," in accents that might seem an echo of another mother's weal from the foot of the Cross.

* * *

A little white casket, followed by children to a grave, where a rich man gave it sepulchre, is surmounted by a little headstone inscribed:

Little Joe
Where Jesus Is
He Died for Me
Fred J. Root.

May Be Chance of Your Life.

What shall a man do when he is in the unenviable state of being "down and out?" Suppose it is impossible for him to get work at his former vocation; suppose that above all things he hates approaching people he knows well, for instance. What then?

A thousand and one things stand ready to break the grip of a man upon his fortune or position. A hundred subtle but strong influences may at any time cause a man to do some foolish thing which will, for a time at least, make him a member of the "down and out" class.

Under the imaginary ideal state of affairs, mostly existing in Sunday school stories and books for ambitious boys, it is proved in Euclid-like fashion that a man who works hard will rise year after year with the utmost steadiness. Men who have been "through the mill" know how nonsensical is all this talk.

The greatest curse of a confining vocation is the limited viewpoint of the worker. If he writes invoices or mends shoes he regards everything from that standpoint. No more invoices to write or no more shoes to mend seems to spell to him the end of things. The "down and out" absolutely must force himself to look not only more brightly but more rightly at things.

There is nothing more certain than this—the needs of this city in the help wanted line are vast beyond all computation. The one out of work, provided he can not get employment in his old profession, should make up his mind resolutely that there is something else for him to do profitably.

It not only makes a man utterly spiritless to be idle but it also costs more money to be unemployed than occupied. That is why it is usually better to work for \$1.50 or \$1.25 per day than to do nothing at all. Even half-day work is vastly better than being out of employment altogether.

One reason why many people will not do manual labor who have been clerking is because they imagine everyone is looking at them, thinking about them, and taking stock of what they do. It is needless to say these ideas are extremely foolish.

The world is far too busy for anything of this kind. Besides, clerical labor could not exist without manual labor. One is as honorable as the other. In point of fact it would seem bodily toil is more manly than mental labor.

A man never gets "next to himself" until he has been "down and out." Franklin said that the man who is cast upon his own resources is thrown into the lap of fortune. Therefore a worker should be extremely reluctant to believe that misfortune may not be excellent luck in disguise.

A hundred thwartings may have kept a man from trying out the line which his mother wit and instinct have perpetually been telling him he is best fitted for. When he is unable to get work in his old line then is the time to do the thing he imagines he can do best naturally. Often he will succeed.

Thousands of men earning big incomes in certain lines got into their present professions through being out of work and making a desperate attempt to be successful at something different from what they had been doing. Desperate luck often proves the gateway to independence and peace of mind.

If possible when you are "down and out" put up a "good front," and be "strong." Don't ask for work in a half-hearted manner. If there is the merest ghost of a place being available hurl yourself at the opening with all your weight. Don't mince, apologize, temporize, or state how bad you need work, but make out a strong case for yourself.

An actress narrating her woes in the Worker's Magazine some months ago showed how, when "down and out," the advertisement columns of some big Sunday paper proved her salvation. She successfully sold little articles for a downtown firm.

A glance at the salesmen and solicitors wanted column to-day will prove the same opportunity still exists in great measure.

Many people imagine selling to be far harder than it really is. There is more "bunk" spoken about the hardness of selling goods than almost anything else. Provided a man or woman sells something the community needs, there always will be a certain proportion willing to buy if the price is reasonable.

Nobody is going to shoot a man because he offers another something for sale. He will not have his head

cut off. If he regards it aright he will see that the whole business world exists on selling. Cut out selling and ninety-nine firms out of a hundred would go out of business. The lawyer sells his services, the restaurant man his eatables, the manufacturer his product—all sell, and the one who grumbles at another's mode of selling simply has a big beam in his eye.

George Brett.

When money talks nobody makes fun of its grammar.

Blankets and Fur Robes

This cold weather is just what is needed to move them. Send us your order to fill in before your stock is too low.

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A LUCKY CHRISTMAS.

Astonishing Results Produced by a Delivery Boy's Error.

Written for the Tradesman.

It was Christmas Eve, and the grocery was at last empty of buyers. The proprietor, the book-keeper and the clerks were cleaning up a bit and getting ready to go home, or to some other place where there weren't any customers to get fresh and impatient. When half the lights were out and most of the boys had their overcoats on the front door opened, letting in a whirl of wind and snow and an angry woman. The boys did not mind the snow-bearing wind. They dodged when the irate woman showed herself.

"Why didn't you lock that door?" one whispered to another.

"Go on an' see what she wants," suggested the boss, and Harley, the pale young clerk with the blue eyes and the passion for swell society, stepped forward as the woman laid a bag of coarse paper on the counter, a crinkled coarse bag, like a flour sack, which tried for a moment to stand upright and then tumbled over, while the movements of the things inside of it showed on the surface.

"You're a bright set!" began the woman. "I ordered oranges for my Christmas tree. See what you brought me!"

She took the bag by the bottom corners and turned its contents out on the counter.

Onions! They rolled this way and that, down the counter, and behind it and in front of it. The woman looked from the vegetables to the clerk.

"It's a shame to make me trot away over here to get what should have been sent early in the afternoon."

"Too bad!" acknowledged the clerk. "Why didn't you telephone? We'd have brought you the oranges. It's the fault of the delivery boy! Take this box of candy home to the kids and forget it!"

The blue-eyed clerk smiled, and the woman smiled, and then she went out with her oranges. The clerks laughed and began asking the boy if he had passed the oranges over to his sweetheart and filled the bag with onions.

"It's just my luck!" said the boy. "I've been up against it all the week."

"Give your undivided attention to whatever you are doing," said the boss, "and you will soon be talking about good luck instead of bad luck."

"Guess you don't believe in luck?" mumbled the boy.

"Hard work and close attention constitute good luck," replied the grocer.

"That's a very comforting notion."

The book-keeper, who was a privileged character, unbuttoned his overcoat and sat down on an up-ended soap box. The others scented a story and gathered around him.

"Talk about luck!" said the old man. "I've seen so many men put forward in the world by sheer good luck, and so many deserving ones

put into the discard by the caprices of fortune, that I begin to think there is little use in fighting against the sentence set down against us on the day of our birth. Now, there was the case of Tom Kelley. Fine lad was Tom, and a lucky one. He helped on the books over at the Catchon Department store when I was there.

"Tom wanted two things as bad as any person ever wanted anything in the world. He wanted pretty Nora Mahoney, and he wanted a little furnishing goods business of his own. He was just about as far from one as from the other, for he didn't dare go into the Mahoney yard for fear of the dog and old Mike Mahoney, and his salary was so small he couldn't save a cent.

"Now, it looked pretty much like nothing doing for Tom, didn't it? He thought so, and all the boys thought so, and if it hadn't been for a streak of luck that came to him like water out of a brick floor it would have been so. If it hadn't been for a reckless delivery boy old Mike Mahoney would have married Nora to the plumber, and Tom would have mused over the books at the Catchon until his eyes were as flat and as dim as mine are this minute."

"Couldn't 'a' been a delivery boy!" said the youngster who had been blamed for the onions. "Must 'a' been some one else. Delivery boys don't do no good to no one!"

"Never you mind, Teddy," said the old book-keeper. "You won't always be a delivery boy! Some day you'll own a store and have the bossing of a delivery boy! Well, it was on Christmas Eve that Tom Kelley came to the spot in his life where the streak of good luck connected with him. It was a snowy Christmas Eve, just like this one, and there was a rush on like sixteen to one.

"Tom didn't have much money that Christmas, but he could put a slip in and have the sum of any purchase he made at the store taken from his pay envelope, so he went to the florist and ordered a beauty of a bunch of American beauties sent to Nora. Tom always was liberal with his money where Nora was concerned. I hope he is yet! If it had been earlier in the day the flowers would have been delivered in the wagon running for the florist department, but it was awfully late, and there was a rush on, and the delivery boy for that district had a lot of goods for Bennett street, where Nora lived, and so the box of beauties was put over to him.

"It was dark, and cold, and windy when the boy got down to Bennett street, and he was late, and there was a big load on, so he just went at things with a rush and a scramble. When he got to No. 47 he stopped and took out a couple of boxes of breakfast food, and some oat meal crackers, and some beans and started with them into the little old house of little Margie Cowan, the rich old woman who lived alone and threw sticks and stones at the boys who ventured into her garden.

"With his arms full of the packages, the boy stopped a second to see if there wasn't something more for

that place. Yes, of course, there was the box of American beauties! Fate stood right there, looking over the wheel of the wagon, unloading them on the miserly old woman who wouldn't have spent a cent for flowers if the trick would have saved her life.

"The boy looked at the box. There was the number '47,' he thought. It was '49,' but it looked like '47,' as every one had to admit later on, and there was no name on the outside. That was in a cream-colored envelope under the knot of the cord that tied the cover on. So the lad put the box of flowers on top of the oat meal crackers, and the breakfast food, and the beans, and struggled up the path through the blizzard and knocked at miserly Margie Cowan's door.

"Margie was waiting for her goods, and she came to the door with a cane in her shriveled hand. Sometimes boys knocked and ran away, after sticking their tongues out at the enraged woman. And while the door was being opened, and the woman was seeing that no invading boys were there, the wind got a whisper from Fate and went and took the letter out from under the knot and whirled it over the fence into the front yard of 49, where Nora lived.

"You're out of your element keeping books," laughed the boss. "You ought to get a typewriter and pound out love-me-and-the-world-is-mine stories at so much a yard."

"The boy carried the packages through the hall and into the kitchen," continued the book-keeper, smiling.



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Encourage economy by pushing these brands
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The Great Western Cereal Co.
Chicago

ing at the interested faces around him, "and dumped them on the table. Fate followed him in and managed that the cover of the flower box came off and the American beauties illuminated the dull place with their color and sweetened it with a faint perfume.

"I presume the roses brought memories to the lonely old woman. Such things always do in stories, so we will say that they did, whether they did or not. Anyway, she took such care of them that they lasted for a long time. I don't think she cared much just for the flowers. It was because some one had thought of her and sent them. Did she never suspect that it was a mistake? She thought now and then that it might have been, but she hated to believe it, so she resolutely set her teeth and insisted to herself that Tom Kelley, whose name she found on a slip of paper among the roses, had heard of her being there, old and alone, and had taken pity on her.

"In a few days she dug up Tom—I can't get over the notion of using slang!—and once she went to the Catchon store to look at him. Fate had it all fixed for her reception, for Tom was smiling and pleasant to the wrinkled old woman who came to ask him something about some account he had in charge. She might have come there some day when the young Irishman would have snapped her head off, but she didn't. Fate looked out for that! In other words, it was Tom's good luck that she came when he was in good spirits.

"Now one piece of good luck is followed by another. It takes two or three nods from Fortune to put a man on the right road. The first nod was the delivery of Tom's roses to the miserly old woman. The second was the blowing of the envelope into Nora's front yard, where the girl found it the very next morning. The third was that Nora was a girl of good sense, which is, perhaps, the best luck of all, for he married her.

"When Nora found the letter from Tom she began to scent a mishap, although she didn't scent any American beauties just then. Anyway, she knew that Tom—the extravagant fellow!—had bought the roses and sent them to her. The first thing she did was to go to all the neighbors' houses and talk about Christmas presents. She knew that if they had received her American beauties they would have them somewhere in sight, trust vanity for that!

"But she found no flowers in the likely places, and then she went to Margie Cowan's, in which unlikely place the flowers occupied a prominent position in the kitchen, where old Margie set by the stove rubbing her lame limbs. Margie was quick to speak of the flowers, and the name of the giver on the slip, and Nora had the good sense to say that it was a beautiful present, and that she knew Tom Kelley well, and added that he was always doing some act of kindness like the sending of flowers to the lonely!

"Luck! Now, where are you going to find a combination like that in hard work and strict attention to

business? This was purely the work of the dear creature who hands out the good things of life! It was Fate that the flowers should go on the regular wagon, that 49 should look like 47 on the box, that the letter should blow away, that Nora should find it, and, best of all, that she should have sense enough to keep her pretty lips closed when she saw how pleased the old woman was! How are you going to account for such things? Why couldn't they have happened to me, or to you? But no; we are not lucky. If I was the only person in the world, Good Luck would go off and die for want of something to do. She wouldn't do a thing for me. You may bet on that!"

"I don't see any astonishing thing thus far," said the boss. "I fail to see where the delivery boy delivered any fine goods to Tom Kelley. On the contrary, he probably had to buy another dozen of roses for Nora. That wasn't luck!"

"Oh," said the book-keeper, "I forgot the fact that you are a member of the Guide-Board-in-Fiction Club. You accept nothing for granted. You want, 'This is the Point,' and 'This is the Hero,' stamped on the goods! Now, what could happen next? You ought to see that without a telescope! I don't know exactly how much money old Margie left Tom when she died the next month, but it was enough to set up a fine furnishing goods store and to blind the eyes of old Mahoney to the merits of the plumber and to open them to the excellencies of the young business man. And all because of the error of a delivery boy on a stormy Christmas Eve!"

"Jere!" cried the delivery lad, back by the radiator, "w'at did t'e boy git?"

"I don't know," replied the old book-keeper. "I'm not telling this story to pass out rewards to all the characters. I'm doing it to show that there are times when the good luck of a fellow doesn't depend on hard work. Tom Kelley's depended on his extravagance in buying those roses, which he couldn't afford. You fellows going home?"

Yes, they were, and they did, wondering if there really was anything in luck. And they are wondering yet—with the rest of the world of men!

Alfred B. Tozer.

Sulphites Not Pepper.

A butcher in Kansas City charged with using a preservative in hamburger steak sought to prove that he had used only Hungarian pepper in the meat to give it color and produced a certificate from the city chemist stating that the pepper, if pure, was harmless. An analysis submitted as evidence by the prosecution showed that the meat contained about 3½ grains of sulphites or sulphur dioxide to the pound, which gave the meat a bright red color and acted as a preservative.

The judge said he could not get around the analysis, which showed the presence of preservatives, however. He said he was not going to say how they got there, but fined the defendant \$500.

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Grand Rapids.



The Secret of Happiness Is in Forgetting.

The other day two or three of us had foregathered for a cup of afternoon tea, and one of the women was telling with great amusement of a diary her young son had started and which she had surreptitiously inspected.

"He took part of his Christmas money and bought him a great, big, fine leather-covered one," she said, "in which he intended to put down the complete record of his life. He told me he thought it would be interesting to be able to turn back and see just exactly what he had done every day and that it would also be a valuable mine of information to his future biographer in case he should become President or anything like that. I agreed with him, and he started out with immense energy and hope. The first page was devoted to a series of New Year's resolutions of such exalted character they would have turned him into an angel—started the pin feathers of his wings to growing in six weeks if he had carried them out. Then began the exciting chronicle of daily life. The first entries read:

Jan. 1—Got up. Ate breakfast. Went to school. Played in the afternoon. Had dinner. Studied lessons. Went to bed. Nothing happened.

Jan. 2—Got up. Ate breakfast. Went to school. Played in the afternoon. Had dinner. Went to bed. Nothing happened.

Jan. 3—Got up. Ate breakfast. Went to school. Played in the afternoon. Had dinner. Studied lessons. Went to bed. Nothing happened today, either.

Jan. 4—Got up. Ate breakfast. Didn't go to school because it was Saturday. Played. Went to bed. Don't believe keeping a diary pays unless you are on a desert island or shipwrecked or something.

We all laughed at the boyish experience of the universal fate at keeping a diary, and then the woman in the fur hat threw up her hands in a gesture of relief. "Thank heaven," she said, "that form of folly has

gone out of fashion, anyway. It used to be the regulation thing for a girl to go through an age of indiscretion in which she spread out her secret thoughts on paper and slopped all over the pages with sentimental gush that it would make her blush to meet face to face in subsequent life. Oh, I have been through it and I recall the time when I would sit up of nights to indite twaddle about being heart hungry and longing for a soul mate and wondering if I was not too finely attuned to be ever perfectly happy in this sordid world. The girls of this day are too healthy-minded for that. They get out and play golf and work, and when they get home they want to go to bed, instead of communing with a diary."

"And when you wrote what you really thought of people they always found it out somehow, didn't they?" asked another middle-aged woman. "Nobody looks at a diary, of course. It was safe from curious eyes, but honorable to pry into its secrets, but when you confided to its pages that you regretted to see that your dear friend Fannie was running after Jim Jones or that while dear Miranda was a very sweet girl, anybody could see that she did not have any real intelligence, and was frivolous and light-minded, your dear Fannie and Miranda always found it out. I lost two cherished friends that way before I learned that a diary could blab."

"It's the men who seem now to be taking up the diary habit," said the girl bachelor with the gold eyeglasses. "I notice in two recent divorce cases that the diaries kept by the husbands formed an important point in the evidence. In one the husband set down in his faithful diary every spat between himself and his wife. It was awfully interesting and suggestive. One entry said: 'Quarreled over breakfast. Steak cooked to a cinder.' Another: 'Differed about window shades in back room. If I express a preference for one shade she wants another.' And so on. There were dozens of 'em, for he had kept a complete tally of all their domestic differences."

"In the other divorce case the husband also confided his troubles to his diary—how his wife made him cook and sweep and make beds, while she went off to clubs and theosophical meetings. I have seldom been more

touched by reading anything. Just fancy the picture of the poor man, after having done his day's work, with the last dish washed up and the last tumble towel spread out to dry, seeking his apartment, there to pour out his soul to his diary while his wife takes her latch key and hies gaily forth to hear some club paper on 'How to Manage a Husband.' But I can tell you one thing, if the judge permits the introduction of the diary into a case as evidence, it portends no good to wives. Every husband will start a diary and no wife will have any assurance that she is safe in her job. Precious few wives, I can tell you, would like to face a record of all the family disturbances and their own extravagance, to say nothing of the mortification of knowing their husband's real opinion of them."

"Ah, that's just it," put in the woman in the fur hat, "we don't want to know what our domestic partners really think of us. It is soothing to every man's vanity to imagine that his wife esteems him the biggest and brightest and bravest creature in the world and that when she listens to him she is overawed by his wisdom. Every wife delights in picturing herself as her husband's ideal of feminine perfection, 'because,' she argues, 'he picked me out of all the world to be his wife.' How it would jar the man's self-love if he knew that his wife married him because she could not get some other man she preferred, and what a death blow it would be to her self-complacency if she could only guess that he asks himself, every time he looks at her, what on earth made him do it?"

"Neither one does know these home truths and they get along smoothly enough, but if either one contracts the diary habit and goes to setting down their secret thoughts, the matrimonial fat is in the fire. Another thing, too, is, that the secret of happiness is in forgetting. You never know how much money you are spending unless you take to setting down every penny, which is the reason I never keep an account, and am poor and happy, and it is the same way with domestic spats and troubles. It is when you get to adding them together that you find you have accumulated such a lot of grievances that you are bankrupted. My word for it, the diary is an inven-

tion of the evil one, and women do well to shun it as they would the plague."

"Oh, I don't know," remarked a demure little creature with a jeweled lorgnette chain; "I know where one diary helped a woman to a good husband. There was a pretty young girl, you know, and she was very poor, but a kindly aunt had invited her to spend a month with her in town. There she met a charming man—rich, well-born, intelligent—all that was desirable, but he was stupid, you know, about girls, and love and—er—things like that. He paid the girl lots of attention, but he talked to her about the higher life and platonic companionship and things like that, and the girl did not know just where she stood. Sometimes, you know, man means love by those kind of things, and sometimes he does not."

"Well, the time came for the girl to go home. She cared for the man, but she knew he would not propose unless he was helped a little, so she wrote a lot in her diary. Just the innocent outpourings of a young girl's heart and that kind of thing, and then when he was coming to say good-bye she accidentally(?) left it lying open on the desk. When she came down in the room he rushed up and threw his arms around her."

"My darling," he said, "I know I ought not to have read your innocent diary, but only think if it had not been for this blessed book, what a terrible mistake we should have made, for I should never have dreamed you could care for an old fellow like me. How beautiful this all is! How artless! And to think it was never intended for me to see!"

"And—and," wound up the demure little woman with a blush, "they were married and lived happily ever after."

The bachelor girl arose and began to button on her automobile coat.

"Where are you going?" we asked.

"To buy a diary," she replied.

Dorothy Dix.

Instead of trying to see how much trouble you can stir up, get busy and help those who are in trouble and see how much you will enjoy the change.

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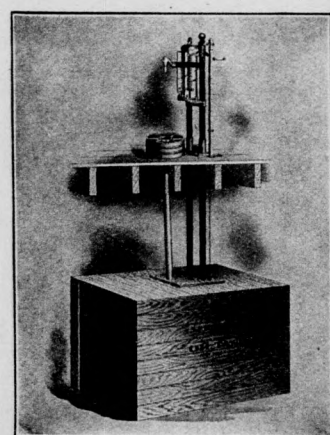
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Cut 1—Cellar Outfit

Rush To Wait on Customers During Busy Season.

Written for the Tradesman.

That's a poor stick of a clerk that can wait on but one person at a time, and yet his name is Legion.

I have seen a woman wait fully twenty minutes before a proprietor or clerk would acknowledge her presence in the slightest degree, and have seen that same woman take herself off in high dudgeon for this cause. And it's a plenty to make a woman madder'n a wet hen to be obliged to stand around in this manner, just as if she were some sort of an underling that wasn't worthy of any more notice than a yellow dog—nor as much, for the yellow dog would at least be told to "get out;" the animal would anyway know that the man of the store knew he was there.

If the girl clerk has a "rush" on, let her try the "jolly" on her waiting customers. She can be showing goods the while they are standing or sitting, longing for their turn. It's the worst thing in the world to let a customer get grouchy, but a much worse one to let 'em stay grouchy and go away grouchy. The grouchiness is bound to last until they would naturally come to your store for something else and—then they won't come. Then, more likely than not, when the patron goes with his left-over grouch to another store he won't feel at all inclined to come back to you. Then where do you stand? That patron is, in all probability, going to talk mean about you—throw rocks at your back, as 'twere. You won't like that a little bit. And the difficulty will go on and on and, first thing you know, that disgruntled customer has done you a world of harm.

There's a dark-eyed little lady in a certain store—we will say this side of California—who handles her trade simply to perfection. Her fellow clerks say they "never saw anything like it."

She keeps her customers feeling in a good humor all the time that they are waiting their turn to receive clerking attention to their wants or needs—same thing with a woman! She's quicker'n chain lightning anyway, in her movements, and so manages that half of those lately-dispirited standing ones think they are being waited upon when they are not, for she keeps up a pleasant little running fire of conversation with them and so makes them forget, for the time being, that they have a grievance.

She asks each one, in the order in which they appeared before her, what is desired and says, in a cheery way all her own, that she will wait on them in just a moment; and, even while she's saying it, she is getting down from the shelf two or three bolts of about what she thinks will suit and, deftly unrolling them, spreads them out for inspection. This gives the customers something else to think of than their annoyance at having to stop a while. As fast as this smiling clerk finishes with one customer she bids her a jolly good-day and says as if she meant it, "Come again! Won't you?"

Of course, she wouldn't be the excellent clerk she is if she did not modulate that jolly good-day to accord with the evident personality of the various patrons. It is always jolly, but not too jolly when the one addressed is a dignified white-haired matron of advanced years. That would never do. The jollity is here toned down to the proper degree. With a rollicking, frolicking school girl 'tis very different; no toning down is required—toning up, rather, to coin a phrase. Then there are the numerous medium shades to fit the numerous medium temperaments in between these two pronounced types of the Eternal Feminine, and this adroit clerk is easily conversant with them all.

It takes a deal of acumen and considerable experience for a clerk to be able so to adjust herself to hundreds of dispositions as to please all. She really comes into the convenient possession of a sixth sense in dealing with the store's clientele. She learns to be as subtle as is a wise wife in the management of a husband; that is, she controls her customers without their knowing it. She contrives to find out their likes and dislikes, in a quiet fashion, without their cognizance of the fact. A word here and a word there and she is getting on the "inside track." She finally comes to know—and then remembers—and makes use of many of their peculiarities in taste and thus is she able to make a personal matter of each business transaction. In not so very long a time her patrons become friendly and rely on her judgment and statements regarding merchandise.

This nice young woman I have been talking about never lies to shoppers. She tells exactly what she thinks about goods as to quality, etc. She doesn't always "tell all she knows" about them, but she never wilfully makes misstatements. This characteristic is a factor that gains her the confidence of many, many people. It's a great thing, I tell you—a glorious thing—to have one's word relied upon implicitly, and this fine clerk fairly basks in that reliance. B. B.

Keene's Tight Money Story.

A Kentucky dorky negotiated a loan of \$10 from a local banker, pledging his mule and cart as security.

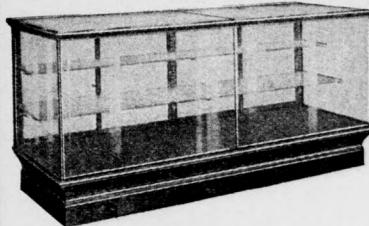
"Money is pretty tight," explained the banker, "and I shall have to charge you \$2.50 now for the use of the ten for a month."

The dorky consented, signed the papers, and half an hour later was found by a friend standing in the road scratching his wool with one hand and looking ruefully at the \$7.50 in his other.

"What's de matter, Sam," asked his friend.

"Oh, dere ain't nothin' de matter, 'cept I knows I'se right. Dat bank man he done charge me \$2.50 fo' \$10 fo' a month. I'se right, suh. Fo' if I had a ast fo' de ten to' foah months I wouldn't a got nothin'."

Straining after applause is poor training for it.



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Tradesman Company

Grand Rapids, Mich.

EARLY DAY SPORTS.

Champion Wrestler on the Muskegon River.

Written for the Tradesman.

The amusements of an early day, however rough and primitive, were usually of a healthy and exhilarating nature. Wrestling matches were often in evidence. Then there were the old-fashioned ball games; rude dances, known as "hoedowns," and the like. Sometimes a canoe race on lake or river aroused enthusiasm, particularly when the contestants were white versus red.

One of the famous wrestlers of Western Michigan was Andy Brande, a colored man. He was a middle weight, yet wiry and athletic. He was a blacksmith in the employ of one of the leading lumbermen. Wrestling with Andy was a recreation, which he enjoyed after his strenuous toil at the forest forge.

There were many athletic men in the woods, men of stalwart frames and muscles of steel. The humble colored blacksmith was often sneered at and refused recognition because of his color, prejudice against his race being strong in those old slavery days. It is not a marvel that there were strong men among the pines and some very capable wrestlers and pugilists, since the lumber camps were cosmopolitan to the last degree, almost every nation under the sun being represented.

Andy's fame as a wrestler spread throughout the lumber country. The color line could not be strictly drawn and the black man of the forge found himself famous after a time. His employer was wont to brag about the feats of his blacksmith.

Once, at a noted roadside tavern, Daniel Hedgeman, in whose employ Andy was, declared that his man of the forge was the champion wrestler in the State. This bold announcement met with instant challenge. The room was well filled with teamsters and men of the camps.

"If your man wasn't a blamed nigger I'd show yeh 'at he was no good," instantly challenged a big logger from the Upper Muskegon.

"I don't think I'd let color spoil honest sport," retorted the lumberman. "Andy Brande's a blamed sight whiter than most men, if his skin is a trifle dark. He's a man, every inch of him. He can throw down or lick any other man, white, black or red, in the State. That's my challenge, so, Sam Tawney, put up or shut up."

Tawney was smoking, crouched in a chair by the window. He was a big, square-jawed fellow, with a savage eye and thews of steel, his hair and beard red and bristling. He got up slowly and came to the side of Hedgeman. Leaning close to the lumberman, the big logger drawled:

"Hedge, I've got a man down ter Grand Haven can lick the daylights out of yer nigger. Maybe he won't do it, though, 'cause he hain't itchin' ter soil his hands with Injins or niggers. I'm goin' down to the Haven in a day or so. I'll see what Boody says."

"That's right, Tawney, fetch your man; only it's to be a wrestle and

not a fight," returned the lumberman.

"Oh, that's all right," chuckled the other. "If there's any punching done it's me'll do it. Now, see here, why not make the thing wuth while and put up money on it? Jest let it be known and a big crowd will turn out any old time to see a white man do up a blamed nigger."

Hedgeman smiled and assured the big logger that he was agreeable to anything in the line of bets or advertising to draw a crowd.

Two weeks later one of the biggest crowds ever seen on the river assembled in Hedgeman's large barn to witness a wrestling match between "Nigger Andy" and Nick Boody, the white champion of Grand Haven and the southern part of the State.

A heavy rain storm came up, but this did not serve to dampen the ardor of the various partisans. Andy had many friends; in fact, the bulk of the crowd were betting even money on the colored champion.

The writer, as a boy, climbed to the hay-mow with half a dozen others and witnessed the famous battle of the giants. It was a great struggle, ending in the complete defeat of the white man. Cheers and shouts shook the rafters of the big barn. Considerable money changed hands. Big Tawney felt the defeat as a personal one. He attempted to pick a quarrel with the champion wrestler, and might have succeeded had not several of his own crew interfered.

"It was a fair and square wrestle and Andy won like a gent," declared the foreman of Tawney's crew. "You lay a hand on that man and you'll have me to deal with."

The disappointed man muttered something about "the blamed nigger," but offered no further demonstration.

"I was quite willing to see the big logger take a turn with Andy," said Hedgeman afterward. "I happen to know that the colored chap is as clever with his hands as with his feet. Mighty few men want any truck with the blacksmith."

Andy Brande lived for many years the champion wrestler of his time. He was a man of rather light weight, yet did not meet his match until, when long past 50, he lost his first battle to a lusty young heavy weight of half his years, after which the colored wrestler retired from the arena and went to live on a farm, where he died a few years ago, highly respected by his white neighbors.

In canoeing and log-rolling the Indian was no match for the white. Even although born to the forest, the redmen, when brought in competition with woods-trained whites, usually met with defeat.

The Indians are supposed to be expert hunters. There were white men on the Muskegon in an early day who could outshoot, outfoot and outclass the Indian on his native heath. The Anglo-Saxon as a race has no equal. Savage men and wild beasts acknowledge and bow to the superiority of the white man. This being the case it may seem strange that a negro should for many years

hold the palm as the best athlete in the North woods. There are exceptions to the rule and this was one of them.

Doubtless the later wrestlers like McLaughlin, of the abundant avoirdupois, Dwyer, and the like, might have outclassed Andy Brande had they lived in his day, but there is nothing sure about it, for Andy was a natural athlete, quick as a cat, and as wily and shifty as the veriest pugilist in the ring to-day. He was an honest working man, however, and made no pretense of a sporting nature.

Old Timer.

He Had 198 Chances.

Governor Stuart of Pennsylvania said recently in Harrisburg of a bill that he opposed:

"This bill, at first glance, is full of promises and enthusiasm and hope, but it is naive. It is like the young man of Kensington who proposed for the hand of the millionaire's daughter.

"Well," said the millionaire, frowning thoughtfully, 'what are your prospects? Is there any chance of promotion in your business?'

"Any chance?" cried the young man. 'Well, I should say so. Why, we employ 200 men, and my job is next to the lowest in the establishment.'

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MANY FIND A GRAND RAPIDS BANK ACCOUNT VERY CONVENIENT

MAIL ORDER TEETH.

They Ruined a Customer for the Catalogue House.

Written for the Tradesman.

A farmer, prejudiced against mail order business and with good reasons, too, as one side of his face bore a livid scar where the breech pin of a "mail order" shot gun had torn away a part of his cheek, told the following story while waiting for his load of apples to be ground at the cider mill last week. It is the narrative of "Ham Parsons' Mail Order Teeth," and although the name is fictitious, the story is true:

"I hain't got much use for mail order houses or any other concerns that sells goods to you when you can't look 'em over. It's poor policy and a lot of people are a findin' it out. I'm one of them, and Ham Parsons he's another to discover the fact that its foolish to make a deal 'unsight and unseen.'

"You see. Ham he was a mail order crank. He was always kicking on the price he got from the grocery store for his eggs and butter, and although he was a fast rate good Republican he never reciprocated and never bought nothing of them that bought of him. Every time he was in need of anything he gits out his old catalogue, wastes his stamps and envelopes and then pays the freight.

"Short time ago he commenced suffering with tooth ache. He got up two nights, paced the floor and wasted language on the air that should have been used on the Legislature. He carried his head around in hot salt bags, doped himself with laudanum and cider and kicked dents in the mopboard with his stocking feet.

"After about two nights of it he got up his spunk and, contrary to all rules, spent some money with a dentist, who yanked out the whole mouthful, good uns, bad uns and all.

"It was bean pulling time or I suppose he'd have sent his face to Chicago and had a mail order house do his tooth pulling instead of a regulation dentist.

"While his jaws was in the process of healing up Ham gits a new catalogue from his favorite mail order house in Chicago. It cost forty-eight cents to mail it, and it had everything pictured out made for man or beast. After looking over the horse collar and felt boot engravings Ham comes to the illustrations of artificial limbs and a newly added line of false teeth. Here he stopped, being in the market for about one set.

"The teeth was guaranteed to be solid ivory, hand hewed, right from the tusks of the roaring, property-destroying elephants of the Darkest Africy jungles. The ivory was imported at a terrific expense and the teeth made from it was warranted for ten years, if only three meals a day was eaten. Also against heat or cold, acids or cuss words and nothing short of cracking hickory nuts would even 'nick' 'em. In fact, they was recommended for gnawing open sardine cans and was 50 per

cent. cheaper than any dentist could possibly turn 'em out.

"Just how Ham took the measure for his teeth I dunno. Maybe he used a carpenter's square to git a pattern of his mouth or maybe he took the impression of the hole in his head with a lemon pie. Anyhow he sent fer an outfit and got them in course of time already set up.

"They was nice teeth and more becoming to Ham than his old ones, which looked like a pine stump fence, the two upper middle ones forming a wind break for his lower lip. Them teeth that come with him wasn't handsome, but Ham was the quickest man on a cob of green corn that I about ever see manipulating. It was too bad he had them front ones excavated as it will always make him unhandy with corn the rest of his life.

"Ham's new mail order teeth was powerful ornamental and went well with nose glasses fer Sunday 'dress-up,' but he had to keep his spine stiff and single foot when he walked in order to keep them in his head.

"The mail order house Ham bought his teeth of didn't guarantee them to eat and they didn't. Oh, they'd work all right on tender squash or warmed over soup, but when it come to gouging out man's victuals, like hot bread or salt beef, the blamed teeth would 'turn turtle' on Ham. Sometimes they'd trap his tongue or fall into his tensils and when they done that I've seen Ham go to the door and cough the upper desk of them factory made teeth clean out to the barn.

"He took very little comfort with his new teeth. No man could when it was a question at times whether he was chewing his grub or his teeth. So finally he writ the Chicago house where he bought his oscillating grinders, giving his weight, age and occupation and 'lowed that they must be some mistake in their freight department, as the teeth he got, invoice 6,253,964, was built fer a man with a number nine hat and was about two sizes too large for the hole in his head and, furthermore, that they was hard to git into his head and when once in could only be removed by coughing.

"While waiting for a reply from the dealers in hand-me-down mixers Ham's teeth was destroyed by fire. You see, he left them on the kemode under some pink fly netting and that inquisitive boy they adopted last winter was snouping around while the folks was gone to town and found them. Whatever possessed the imp to touch a match to his adopted pa's teeth, I dunno, but I guess he was sot up to it by the hired man, who wanted to see if they was real ivory er jist celluloid teeth. Anyhow they blazed up and was very soon cremated.

"Now every time Ham gits one of them mail order catalogues that looks like the proceedings of a Standard Oil inquest he whittles out a handle on a barrel stave, ketches the boy, and after that which just has been administered he throws stones at the hens for awhile.

"Of course, it is hard on the boy

and some hard on the poultry, but Chicago is a long ways off and an active imagination is sometimes just as good as cuss words to relieve your aching feeling." Earle Ralph Pitt.

How's Your Opsonic Index This Morning?

Sir A. E. Wright is the inventor of the word opsonins. It comes from a classic verb for catering or preparing food. The idea is that epsonic substances cook the microbes of disease, or at any rate reduce them to a condition when they fall a ready prey to the white corpuscles of the blood. Prof. Wright and Dr. Douglas first separated the blood corpuscles from the blood fluid or serum, and placed the white corpuscles in a fluid by themselves. After that a colony of disease producing microbes was cultivated. This colony was let loose on the white corpuscles in their neutral fluid. The corpuscles remained inactive. It was as if two contending armies had been brought face to face awaiting attack, but restrained by their commanders.

As soon as the blood fluid or serum was poured on them the corpuscles began their normal work of microbe devouring. Clearly the blood fluid supplied a condition needed for the activity of the corpuscles. Also it possessed something either stimulating to the white corpuscles or damaging to the microbes. This something Prof. Wright called opsonins. The opsonins are carried by the blood stream everywhere; or, perhaps, as Prof. Metchnikoff avers, they are in the corpuscles and produced on stimulus of the serum. The measure of a man's germ killing power in so far as opsonins are concerned is called his opsonic index. The way to keep well is to increase your opsonic index.

Three Railroads To Cross Andes.

The prophets predict that before many years have passed there will be at least three railroads across the Andes, one of them transcontinental, the others connecting with steamers on the Amazon or its tributaries. The line which now runs from Valparaiso to Juncal is to be extended through a long tunnel, which in five or ten years will be finished, and it will connect with an Argentine road at Mendoza.

The remarkable Central Peruvian road, which rises 6,000 feet in fifty miles from its terminus and crosses the eastern range at an elevation of 15,665 feet, will in no great time be ready to carry passengers to the Ucayali River. Thence there is an eight hundred mile river journey before the traveler reaches the head of navigation for ocean going vessels. And that place is 2,000 miles from

the Atlantic. Another road farther to the north will greatly shorten the journey.

The menometer is a new machine to measure the will power.

Danger!

The red light has no more significance to the railroader than the absence of a telephone in the isolated home.

"Use the Bell"

IT
PAYS

CALL
MAIN
330



The "Ideal" Girl in Uniform Overalls

All the Improvements
Write for Samples

THE IDEAL CLOTHING CO.
TWO FACTORIES.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

We carry a complete line of

Square and Stable Blankets Plush and Fur Robes and Fur Coats

Write for our prices

SHERWOOD HALL CO., LTD.

Grand Rapids, Mich.



Observations of a Gotham Egg Man.

Following the publication of estimates of cold storage holdings of eggs in the principal cities, as given last week, I received a letter from a Philadelphia firm stating that the estimate of 120,000 cases for that city was too high as the Philadelphia houses had only 89,000 cases on the date named. As the storage houses strictly within the limits of Philadelphia had only about the latter amount it is necessary to explain that our estimate of 120,000 cases includes also the holdings at Linfield and other houses close to Philadelphia, whose outlet is chiefly in that city, and includes also some stock held in private storage.

Later reports from Chicago give further estimates of the stock held in that city, some of which are below and some above the figures of last week, but all agree that the movement out of Chicago is now much larger than it was prior to this month, the estimates of output ranging from about 75,000 to 90,000 cases a week.

The report of egg holdings on December 1 as made by the Associated Warehouses shows a total of 945,000 cases in the houses reporting, against 1,473,468 cases on November 1, 1907, and 689,000 cases on December 1, 1906. The houses reporting include some of those in the large cities and some at interior points. The November output as indicated by these figures appears to have been 36 per cent. of the stock on hand November 1, while the percentage of reduction in the four leading cities, as indicated by the figures presented last week, was about 31½ per cent.

This is not a great difference to be shown by independent reports and estimates of storage holdings, but there is a much greater difference in the percentage of increase compared with last year on December 1. Our reports for the four leading markets indicate 67 per cent. more eggs in storage December 1 this year than last, while the Associated Warehouses figures (for a different set of houses) indicate only 37 per cent. more.

Now from the figures published last week it will be seen that the excess in Boston, New York and Philadelphia on December 1 was only 33 per cent. greater than last year, so that the discrepancy above noted must arise either from an overestimate of Chicago holdings or from the fact that the Associated Warehouses report includes a smaller proportion of the holdings in Chicago than in the Eastern houses where the reduction has been greatest. Personally I incline to the latter belief.

It is to be noted that Boston put out 14,475 cases from storage during the first week in December, at which rate, if continued, the stock there would last about seven weeks or until about the end of January. And we estimate the output at New York

during the first week of December at about 55,000 cases, which is a very encouraging rate of reduction.

It is usual for egg trade to fall off somewhat during the holidays, however, and most operators anticipate that the movement during the last half of this month will be less than during the first half. At the same time we do not often have as low a range of values for good storage eggs in December as we have now, and if the large retailers continue to put the goods out as cheaply as they are now doing the movement should continue relatively free even if it suffers some reduction.

Of course the rate of reduction of storage eggs in this city and immediate vicinity hereafter will depend largely upon the quantity sent here from interior points and upon the scale of fresh production. It is quite possible that a moderate increase in receipts of fresh eggs—enough to reduce prices at retail by a few cents a dozen—might really be favorable to the output of storage stock because even in the class of trade paying high retail prices storage eggs are mixed in to a considerable extent and a decline might increase the demand more than the quantity of fresh necessary to cause it. Any large increase in production would, of course, tend to bear the whole market downward, but most of the winter market lies before us and this outcome is not to be feared more than it always is at this season. At this writing there are reports of larger shipments of storage eggs to this market than have lately been made, and the tone of prices here would be sensitive to any considerable increase of these receipts.

As the season advances the average quality of the storage stock naturally falls more and more and buyers have to do more hunting among samples to get what suits them. This fastidious selection is, of course, more marked when stock is so plenty and so freely offered as it now is, and when fresh eggs are so scarce and high that any storage eggs that are the most suitable for substitution or for mixing with fresh afford dealers a large profit. There are buyers who would pay comparatively full prices for storage stock so fine that they could use it to mix with fresh without serious danger to their trade, and there are, in fact, a very few marks that are taken for this purpose above the general market quotations, occasional lots of such selling as high as 20¢@20½¢. But few receivers report any wholesale business above a range of, say, 18½¢@19½¢, and the great bulk of the supply is not salable above a range of 16½¢@18¢.

The daily newspapers get some strange and remarkable stories about eggs from time to time. One of our local dailies recently had an item stating that eggs were selling at retail at 75¢ a dozen and that there were millions of eggs being held off the market in cold storage in order to realize exorbitant prices for them. Now comes the Indianapolis Sunday Star with a long dispatch dated New York, November 30, saying

that a steamer has arrived at New York with nearly half a million English eggs and making all sorts of comments that might be appropriate if the fact was as stated. This whole story originated in the recent arrival in this city of some 1,300 cases of States eggs from England, the goods having been sent over there from this country some time ago and returned to the shipper, evidently because they could not be sold to any advantage on the other side.—N. Y. Produce Review.

Ancient Egg Test.

Eggs preserved four years in water glass were recently examined by an expert of the U. S. Agricultural Department and found to have an unpleasant taste or smell and the white coagulated in cooking. At this age there is a slight taste like soda and the white is pink in color and very liquid. Eggs kept in water glass about six months tasted and smelled like well-kept eggs a few days old. Changes in preserved eggs take place very gradually and at one year old are hardly noticeable. Out of 384 dozen eggs put up between April and June and sold between October and December, only five dozen, or 1.3 per cent., were bad, and these were cracked and broken.

**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.**

It is not what we say but what we do for you that counts, so send us your next shipment as we have the outlets for all grades.

L. O. SNEDECOR & SON, Egg Receivers, 36 Harrison St., New York
We handle dairy butter, ladles and packing stock.

I am billing out fancy hothouse **Leaf Lettuce**

in barrel lots of 100 pounds at 4½¢ per lb. Less than barrel lots 5½¢ per lb. I ship by express unless otherwise ordered.
Butter and eggs wanted.

F. E. STROUP, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Yuille=Miller Co.

**Commission Merchants
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN**

We buy and sell all kinds of Fruit and Produce.
Keep in touch with us—It will pay you.

Highest Price Paid for Eggs

We buy them **case count**, f. o. b. your station.
Today we are paying 24¢.

We also want your Butter, Cheese and Poultry.
Money right back

Bradford=Burns Co. 7 N. Ionia Street
Grand Rapids, Michigan



Dairy Feeds

are wanted by dairy-men and stockfeeders because of their milk producing value. We make these a specialty:

**Cotton Seed Meal
O. P. Linseed Meal
Gluten Feed
Dried Brewers' Grains
Malt Sprouts Molasses Feed
Dried Beet Pulp**
(See quotations on page 44 of this paper)

Straight car loads;
mixed cars with flour
and feed, or local
shipments. Samples
if you want them.

Don't forget
We Are Quick Shippers

Established 1883

WYKES & CO.
FEED MILLERS

Wealthy Ave. and Ionia St.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH



Special Features of the Grocery and Produce Trade.

Special Correspondence.

New York, Dec. 14—Of course most attention just now is given to holiday trading and there is something of a feeling of languor in the wholesale districts. The holiday trade this year may show some falling off when the actual figures are in, but if one can judge by the number of people bent on making purchases the year will make a total unprecedented.

Stocks of coffee are said to be well reduced in the hands of dealers in the interior and orders are beginning to come in in a satisfactory way from many points. Rio No. 7 closes at 6½¢ and seems rather firmer than last week. In store and afloat there are 3,809,831 bags, against 4,091,264 bags at the same time last year. The crop movement at primary points Rio and Santos from July 1 to Dec. 12 indicate a huge decrease, being but 6,939,000 bags, against 10,698,000 bags last year. If such figures are maintained for a year there is going to be "something doing" in the way of advancing quotations. Mild grades are selling in small lots, and less activity seems to be shown than hitherto. Quotations show no variation.

Granulated sugar has been advanced by most of the refineries to 4.70 less 1 per cent. cash. Trade has been quite satisfactory—for this time of year. Notice of the advance naturally stimulated business from those who desired to obtain the old rate, and from now on there will probably be a lull.

Little, if any, business has been done in the tea market in the way of invoice sales, purchases being simply of a nature to replenish broken assortments. Most interest continues to be shown for low grade Pingsueys, Congous and Formosas and quotations thereon are well sustained.

Rice has been in pretty good request. Stocks here are seemingly ample, however, to meet the demand and quotations are steady and unchanged. Prime to choice, 5½¢@6½¢.

Spices have been in light request. Individually buyers take the least possible quantities they can get along with and sales in an invoice way are not looked for for some time. The most important sale has been one of forty tons of Singapore black pepper for future delivery. Supplies are sufficiently large in all lines to meet requirements and prices are unchanged.

Molasses is firm. Supplies are light and the demand is steady. Good to prime Centrifugal, 22¢@30¢; open-kettle, 34¢@42¢. Syrups are quiet. There have been light offerings owing to the closing of refineries.

Canned goods have moved along in just about the same channel they have occupied for some time. Tomatoes have shown a rather firmer undertone, however, and while the or-

ders have not been sufficiently large to "clear the deck" the supply is being reduced in quite a satisfactory manner and sellers are firmly maintaining their rates. Some goods can be found at 80¢; but it seems evident that holders are fast reaching the conclusion the goods are worth 85¢. Peas are mostly called for in the cheaper grades—say something at 90¢@92½¢; but there is difficulty in finding anything that is of fair quality for less than 95¢. Corn is almost entirely uncalled for, but prices are about unchanged.

Arrivals of butter have been rather light and the market is not especially active, although quotations are not any lower. One firm has issued statistics showing the quantity of butter in store in the large cities, and they demonstrate that the withdrawals in November from warehouses were even less than in November, 1906. The general tone of the circular is bearish and holders will derive little comfort from it. Creamery specials are worth 29½¢ and extras 28½¢@29¢; held stock ranges from 24¢ for firsts to 27½¢@28¢ for special; Western factory firsts, 19¢@20¢; seconds, 17½¢@18½¢; process, 19¢@23¢.

Cheese is doing better and some advance may possibly occur within a week. Stocks in the State and here are said to be decidedly smaller than a year ago, and by the time new cheese arrives next year the market is going to be of decided interest. Full cream, 15¾¢.

Fresh eggs are worth 50¢ straight. Enough said. Fancy mixed stock, 40¢. These are for near-by goods. Fresh gathered extras, 35¢@36¢; extra firsts, 34¢; firsts, 31¢@33¢; seconds, 28¢@30¢. Held stock varies largely and fancy stock is worth 18½¢@19¢ and down through every fraction to 14¢@15¢@16¢.

Will Creosote Posts Free of Charge.

East Lansing, Dec. 17—The supply of timber durable enough for good fence post stock is fast becoming scarce. The Department of Forestry at the Michigan Agricultural College is taking up the study of the means and methods of wood preservation with special reference to the treating of fence posts, and through the experiment station desires to co-operate with the farmers of the State in taking up this work.

Many farmers throughout the State have low lands and slashings in which grow willows, green ash, box elder, poplar, soft maple and basswood, all of them very rapid growing trees. It is the purpose of the Department to increase the durability of these fast-growing species of timber by treating with a preparation of creosote. Willow, for instance, requires but a few years to attain the desired size for fence post stock. The average life of a fence post is about six years, but by treating with creosote, which prevents decay, its usefulness is prolonged two to three times its natural life.

A great many railroads, telephone and trolley line companies are treating their ties and poles in an endeavor to conserve the timber supply and to economize financially.

It is the purpose of the Forestry Department at the Michigan Agricultural College to evolve a treating plant which shall be efficient, light and durable at a minimum cost, thus making it possible for farmers to own and operate plants on their farms, and with those farmers who wish to try the experiment the Experiment Station draws up this agreement:

"The Experiment Station agrees to pay the freight one way on posts of any of the above species, in lots of sixty or more, treat the posts and load them on board the cars. The farmers agree to furnish good, sound, peeled posts, pay the freight one way and haul them to and from their railroad station. They further agree to set them within reasonable length of time for actual fence purposes and to inform the Department of Forestry the date and manner of setting; the character of the soil and drainage in which the posts are placed. The Experiment Station retains the privilege of keeping ten posts from each lot for a check test on the Experiment Station grounds. The Department should be notified in plenty of

time before shipments of posts are made."

The Department of Forestry hopes to achieve a number of things through these experiments, the data of which will be published later.

J. Fred Baker,
Professor of Forestry.

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.

ESTABLISHED 1876

WE BUY BEANS

All varieties. Mail us large sample with quantity to offer.

MOSELEY BROS., WHOLESALE DEALERS AND SHIPPERS

Office and Warehouse Second Ave. and Railroad.

BOTH PHONES 1217

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

W. C. Rea

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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

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

Gallon Apples

In car lots or less. Write, phone or wire.

C. D. CRITTENDEN CO.

41-43 S. Market St. Both Phones 1300. Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE NEW CLERK.

He Unloaded a Stock of Washing Powder.

Written for the Tradesman.

Merchant Higgins was arm's length into the brown sugar barrel when Jimmie Jones went into his store to ask for a job. Higgins was weighing out a quarter's worth of sugar for the Widow Brown and he withdrew his head from the barrel long enough to see who had opened the door, then dove in again.

Jimmie walked down the store and stood by the counter in front of the sugar barrel.

"Do you want any help, Mr. Higgins?" he said.

"Now, don't get fresh," said the grocer, as he straightened up, red faced from scraping the bottom of the barrel.

"I mean, do you want to hire a clerk?" said the boy.

"Hire a clerk?" the merchant repeated, sizing up the boy's slender frame. "How old are you?"

"Fifteen years."

"Can you roll a barrel of sugar in here to take the place of this one?"

"I don't know, but I can make those shelves look better," replied the lad, pointing to an indiscriminate mixture of extract bottles, washing soda, laundry soaps, baking powders and canned goods.

"Does look kind of bad, don't it?" said the merchant, adjusting his glasses and looking over the assortment. "All right. Go ahead and see what you can do."

Jimmie pulled off his coat, hung it in the cellarway, found a step ladder and a feather duster and began his self-chosen task.

Higgins' store was a typical rural emporium. He sold everything from kerosene oil to silk shirt waists and from patent medicines to washing machines and lawn swings. The business was all conducted in one big room, the surplus stock being stored in a warehouse back of the store. The result, as is often the case in such establishments, especially when conducted by men who have built up their business from the handling of a few groceries and school supplies to the pretensions of Higgins' place, was kaleidoscopic.

Jimmie cleared a place on the counter, carefully brushed and deposited each package and can and, after he had wiped off the shelf, replaced them, the soaps and washing powder at the end of the shelf farthest from the canned goods and extracts, and each brand of goods grouped by itself. Higgins came back from the front of the store, where he had been wrestling with the problem of the best manner in which to display some new lines of dinner ware, just as Jimmie had stepped around the counter to review his work.

"Does look better," he exclaimed with a critical glance. "See anything else that you can improve around here?"

"Might hang those oil cans back here by the tinware and then you wouldn't be breaking any dishes when you try to take them down."

"That's right, too. I broke a platter there last week. Pesky can slip off the hook and fell on a shelf. I guess you'll do."

Between times the remainder of the afternoon was spent in mastering the mysteries of the price mark, learning to operate the computing scales and replenishing supplies from the warehouse.

"Here's a key," said Higgins, as Jimmie was leaving the store at night.

"You might come down and sweep out in the morning. Thompson, the last clerk to come to work, has been doing it, but Thompson's sick this week. We generally open up about six. Oh, by the way, how much have I got to pay you?"

"I'll leave it to you, Mr. Higgins."

"Well, how's four dollars a week to start off?"

"All right."

"Four dollars it is then. Good night."

"Good night."

When Higgins got down to the store next morning at 7:30 the floor was cleanly swept, the oil cans had been moved as suggested and Jimmie was dusting vigorously.

There was an air of good cheer that somehow brought smiles to the face of the careworn Higgins and he responded to the greeting of Jimmie as he had never responded to that of a clerk before. He even took pains to go around by the ribbon and dry goods counter to ask the girl in charge, the only other clerk in the store, how her mother was.

The girl was donning her sleeves for the day's work and concealed her wonder at such an expression of interest by tugging strenuously at an obstinate button.

Some other innovations were introduced by Jimmie during the day, two or three stools at the dry goods counters were repaired with some screws from the hardware department, and some crocks which were scattered all over the floor at the back of the store were sorted and carefully piled in a corner where they were out of the way. Jimmie also moved the washstand from the farther side of the room to a point near the cellarway and the oil pumps, where it was most often needed.

All these changes met the approval of Higgins, and by the time Jimmie had been in the store a week he could do most anything he wanted to with the stock.

One day Higgins came in from the wareroom and remarked ruefully, "I got stuck on that bunch of Delight washing powder. The fellow that sold me that caught me for an easy one and unloaded enough on me to supply Chicago for a week, I guess. I've advertised it in the Sun for 19 cents, but everyone in this town uses Dobetter soap and it won't sell."

Jimmie heard the remark in silence. He was deep in thought for a few minutes, walked back to the door of the wareroom, peered into the cellarway, then walked to the show window and back by way of the patent medicine shelves to where Higgins was checking in an invoice of goods.

"Let me sell that washing powder for you, Mr. Higgins," he said.

"How you going to do it, Jimmie?"

"Let me fix up the south window with it, and put a little advertisement in the paper again this week."

Higgins gave his consent and Jimmie went to work with a will. He removed the goods in the window and covered the floor with some strips of linoleum. Over against the dead wall at the end of the window he set a small gasoline stove and on it a wash boiler.

At the rear he placed a washing machine and at the end next the entrance a bench wringer and tubs. From beneath the counter in front of the patent medicine shelves he secured a large cardboard figure of a summer girl, life size, advertising some well known proprietary remedy. In its brightly painted short sleeved blue summer gown the figure was made to stand beside one of the tubs, near which a basket of clothes was setting. On the edge of the bench was a half emptied box of Delight washing powder and the background of the window he made of a wall of Delight washing powder, piled so as to give the appearance of lattice work.

The original pose of the summer girl was probably intended to show elation at having captured another heart in the summer's campaign, but Jimmie hung over her head a placard which read in big stenciled capitals, "Nine o'clock and the washing is ready for the line. This Delight washing powder is great." The picture was made even more complete by the placing of a kitchen clock, with the hands pointing at the hour of 9, on a portable shelf in the window. A card on the floor at the front of the window read:

Special Sale of
Delight Washing Powder.
19c a Package.

Delight washing powder is used by the best laundries in the land.

It never yellows the clothes nor leaves them spotted. Grease or ink stains will not "set" if Delight is used in washing. It is put up to retail at 25 cents, but we bought a half carload to make it a leader and offer it to the housewives for 19 cents a package.

Jimmie took the word of the manufacturers as printed in small type on the label of the box for what the powder would do.

About every fifth box in the pile at the back of the window bore a card marked "19 cents."

The advertisement of the Higgins store in the Sun the next day led off with the announcement of the sale on washing powder as set forth in Jimmie's window card.

Jimmie worked all the afternoon getting his window ready and he had half the children in the town watching him from the outside, for Higgins had no canvas with which to cover his windows while they were being trimmed. When the work was finished it was growing dark and Jimmie lighted the gasoline lamp in the window, then asked Higgins to come outside and take a look in.

Absorbed in his work in the office Higgins had forgotten what Jimmie was doing and his surprise at the result of his efforts was great.

"Well, I swan!" he declared.

"Where did you get that idea?"

"I saw some windows in the city when I was visiting there last summer, and I wondered why you never tried to fix yours that way, so when you spoke about the washing powder to-day I wanted to see what I could do. I kind of thought some of it out as I went along."

There was a good sale on Delight washing powder the following day, which was Saturday.

"I never tried that powder you're advertising so big," customers would exclaim. "It must be all right or you wouldn't get so much of it. Guess I'll take along a package while the sale is on and try it Monday."

In the afternoon Jimmie was stationed at a table near the window, piled high with the packages, and did nothing but sell washing powder.

The window was left unchanged until the following Wednesday, and by that time the stock of powder had been materially reduced and a trade had been established.

Jimmie's window drew the attention of a traveling man to Jimmie. The drummer was interested in a city department store and he offered the boy, who was at once delegated the care of the windows, a good many pointers. A year later Jimmie was given a position in the city store as assistant to the window trimmer and advertising man. He bids fair to soon hold the position which will give him full charge of the window displays.

But the point is here: With the material which was at hand in a country store, he made an attractive window that sold a big stock of apparently unsalable goods. Similar advantages are offered in any country store and the windows are not one whit less attractive and effective than those of the big stores in the cities with their multi-shaded electric lights and their wax figures and power driven toys.

Lewis W. Bailey.

Making Success Sure.

There is a simple way of making sure that your retailing is fully successful.

That way is nothing more or less than to make every day pay its own way.

You have fixed store expense that must be met day in and day out.

Trade may be good or the reverse—the fixed store expense goes on.

Until your sales are brought to the point where they yield profits that equal this fixed store expense you have lost, not made, money.

For weeks to come the problem of selling will be easy. But next January it will be hard again.

Then the temptation will be to use some of the profits of the holiday season in paying the fixed store expense of January.

There lies your danger.

Not only make every day pay its own way, but also decline to let any day have its way paid by the profits of yesterday.

Make every day pay its own way and thus be sure of success.

Policemen, trying doors at night, find one in every 400 unlocked.

Suggestions from the New Boarder.

When the new boarder went into the dining room and sat down there was only one other person at the table.

The new boarder had a kind heart and thought he would be affable.

"I suppose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man.

"Yes."

"How is it? Any good?"

"Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaint to make."

"Landlady treat you decent?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to—" and then he hesitated.

"Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder; "that's all right. I'm on! But, say! mebbe you never tried chucking her under the chin once in a while? That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me at yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. Call 'em sister, and give 'em soft, sweet, soothin' talk about their looks; that's the way to fetch 'em! I'll bet I can live here for a month right now without being asked for a cent. Watch me nudge her when she comes in. Before this time to-morrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! she looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably got tied up to some old John Henry who was about man enough to shoo chickens, and that's all. My name's Hudson. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?"

"No—no, I believe not; but it doesn't matter, I'm just the landlady's husband!"

Buy Her Black Roses for Christmas Gift.

"Send her black roses," said the florist.

"Have you any?" the young man asked.

"Sure."

And the florist brought from his refrigerator a bunch of roses of a velvety blue-black hue, such as certain dark pansies possess.

"These black roses are called Fetisoffs," he said, "in honor of their creator, Piotr Fetisoff, a Russian of Veronezh. Fetisoff, a poor man originally, is growing rich from his black roses. He sells slips at a tremendous price to florists and nurserymen all over the world.

"Some people think that black roses are simply red roses dyed. It is a great mistake. They are the real thing."

The Way To the Station.

A party of automobilists were touring through Virginia. An accident to the car forced them to take a train home. As they walked down the road, seeking some one from whom they could enquire their way, they met an old darky.

"Will you kindly direct us to the railroad station?" one of the party asked.

"Cert'nly, sir," he responded. "Keep a-goin' right down dis road till yo' gets to where two mo' roads branches out. Den yo' take de lef' one an' keep on a-goin' till yo' gets to where de ole postoffice uster be."

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.			
New Rival—For Shotguns.			
No. Powder	Shot	Gauge	Per
120	4	1 1/2	10
129	4	1 1/2	9
128	4	1 1/2	8
126	4	1 1/2	6
135	4 1/4	1 1/2	5
154	4 1/2	1 1/2	4
200	3	1	10
208	3	1	8
236	3 1/4	1 1/2	6
265	3 1/2	1 1/2	5
264	3 1/2	1 1/2	4
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. 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. 3/4 in. 1/2 in.			
Common	7 1/4 c.	6 1/4 c.	5 3/4 c.
BB.	8 1/2 c.	7 1/2 c.	6 1/2 c.
BBB.	9 c.	8 c.	7 1/2 c.
CROWBARS			
Cast Steel, per pound	5		
CHISELS			
Socket Firmer	70		
Socket Framing	70		
Socket Corner	70		
Socket Slicks	70		
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		2 25 rate	3 00 rate
Bar Iron			
Light Band			
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	8 1/2		
Per pound	9		
MISCELLANEOUS			
Bird Cages	40		
Pumps, Cistern	75		
Screws, New list	87 1/2		
Castors, 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 1/4 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	09		
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 71		
Nos. 18 to 21	3 91		
Nos. 22 to 24	3 06		
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		
Onaida Community, Newhouse's	40 & 10		
Onaida 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, Nicked	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.	7 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, ball, per doz.	86	
1 gal. fireproof, ball, per doz.	1 10	
Jugs		
1/2 gal. per doz.	68	
1/4 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		
Pints	Per gross 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	</

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Appropriateness Should Be Carefully Considered.

Written for the Tradesman.

Now you haven't yet bought or made all the presents you are intending to, and if you have made mistakes on some presents for former Christmases—and on some for the coming one—don't, for goodness' sake, get rattled over the rest of your list.

In the very first place, you should each year make a memorandum of every single gift you contribute on this most auspicious occasion. If the amount expended for a person was but the bagatelle of five cents that should be jotted down along with all the rest. This excellent rule obviates the embarrassment of discovering, when it is too late to mend the oversight, twice or thrice the presentation of the same object to one party.

Go about the selection of Christmas gifts with method and calmness withal. Otherwise you will get worn to a frazzle on your shopping tours. Consider, a couple of months beforehand, just what would be "nice" for the different relatives and friends whom you are in the habit of "remembering" on this joyous yearly festival time. You will be obliged to revise this list many more times than once. I assure you, as you see fit, for one reason or another, to change your mind regarding your former say-so. Don't be afraid to do this; mature reflection will give you a light on the subject which you can not expect to have at first.

Ponder well, before setting down a gift opposite a single name, on the exact condition of your resources. Having decided on the amount of money you can afford to dispense, write down all the names of those who are to be—let us hope—"favored" with your bounty. Next to the names set down what, according to your best opinion, would be a suitable gift. If you fabricate your presents with your own precious fingers let the remembrance be in the nature of something useful—something that shall be a comfort to the one who is the receiver thereof. Don't commit the error of contemplating giving one person (or several) such a costly present that you will have nothing or but little left for the purchase of the other gifts. Remember that you must "string out" your money to cover the cost of many other articles.

In executing this list let fairness dominate your deliberations. Never make it out with the thought: "Now, I really must give to So-and-So. It is expected of me and I mustn't seem stingy." Harbor not such an idea. It is beneath your notice. Give because you have a kindly feeling for a person; because it pleases you to bestow a gift—but never with the hope of reward in kind. Don't ever give, as I say, unless you care for the one to whom the gift is to go. Such bestowals are a mere travesty on affection.

Pay much heed, in your choosings, to the circumstances of the ones who are to have a present from

you. Don't try to "keep up" with some one else who is abundantly able to spend money—in whose house it is "just like water." That would be the height of folly; they would think none the more of you for such extravagance. Rather pick out for such something which they themselves would overlook; some useful object that will be a great convenience. A lady who is well off but who often does her own work told me that one of the gifts she valued very highly was a new kind of handy toaster. She could buy seventy-five or a hundred of them if she wanted to, but had always used a fork for the simple reason that she had nothing else in the house to toast bread with. She told me herself that she had so many other things to attend to that she never thought to see about getting a toaster when she was down town and so had always worried along without one. This toaster, therefore, came as a very opportune present and is greatly appreciated. How much better than if the donor had attempted to give something way beyond her means and utterly impracticable.

If a lady is in mourning don't give her personal belongings that she will find utterly impossible to wear. She can not like such, as they can be only for her to look at. She can not give them away for two reasons: it is not nice to give away a present and if she did you might find it out and then there would be the dickens to pay.

Don't give a plain old gentleman or lady fussy little doodaddy things—rather something substantial, in keeping with their sturdy individuality.

Contrariwise, select dainty objects for the dainty-lover.

Don't buy a chiffon scarf for a girl who has not a second pair of stockings to her name. Take the dollar and a half and invest it in three pair of good-wearing hosiery.

But, take the opposite instance of the young lady who has "everything under the sun" and don't think to satisfy her esthetic tastes with anything on the common order. In picking up something for her try and find out if there isn't some oddity, some novelty that she hasn't run across and get that. Such an one is hard to please and it's a great task to tell what to find for her.

For the staid people it's not so difficult. Innumerable sensible things come good to them and it's really with a feeling of relief that we make our purchases for this class. When we come to their names on our "list" we breathe a great sigh of relief and anticipate a pleasure.

Above all things don't "carry coals to New Castle." In other words, don't present people with things with which they are surfeited. Rack your brains until you discover the name of something of which they have no ensampler.

Think this, ever in your Christmas selections: "Put yourself in his place." Cogitate seriously on what you would want if you were standing in the recipient's shoes and then govern yourself accordingly.

J. Jodelle.

Burnham, Stoepel & Co.

Wholesale Dry Goods

Detroit

WE take pleasure in informing the Dry Goods trade of Western Michigan that we have leased Rooms 207, 208, 209 and 210 Ashton Building (formerly Pythian Temple), where we will carry a complete sample line of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Carpets and Men's and Women's Furnishing Goods. We have placed this department in charge of Mr. Edward Formsma, who will be at the command of the trade at all times. Visiting merchants are cordially invited to call and inspect our line and make our Rooms their headquarters while in the city. Telephone, 1474.

Handkerchiefs



Past experience has proven this item to be a ready seller for holiday trade, and we are of the opinion that a good display always increases the sale of same. Look over our line while it is complete and secure some of the choice numbers.

We Also Carry

an assortment of Dolls, Harmonicas, Perfumery and 10 cent Story Books. Ask our salesman or send order by mail.

Grand Rapids Dry Goods Co. Exclusively Wholesale Grand Rapids, Mich.

Best Thing in the World for the Megrim.

Written for the Tradesman.

It's just as Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:

"Cachinate and this mundane sphere giggles with you—cry and you snivel all by yourself on the back stairs," or something to that effect.

I know a man who is one of the hustling, bustling, rollicking kind. Up every day at 5 a. m., he spends an hour in spading and weeding his back garden, and such a garden! All the work of his own hands, even to the laying of the sod, for he thinks he's a crackerjack on knowledge of sod and the laying thereof, and if once you saw his back yard you would agree with me and everybody else who has seen it that his opinion of his grassing powers is correct.

He studied up horticulture—dived into it early and late, and the delving brought results that are a joy to himself and family and an unbought delight to his neighbors.

Ask the average man the name of a very ordinary shrub or even familiar tree and, outside a maple or an oak or a pine, he is in deep water at once. By the way, however, the coming generation in Grand Rapids and its environments, may, in the near future, by close observation and the exercise of the God-given faculty of memory, know the name of every tree, vine and shrub that grows along our beautiful Riverside Boulevard. Speed the day when the promised signs appear. Then men and women, as well as the children will be only too glad to adopt this means of supplementing a very meager education concerning Nature's handiwork.

This man I speak of who digs in his back yard can't be floored on the nomenclature of very many species of our indigenous trees, shrubbery, etc. It's a real treat to hear him talk about these when he's in the mood for it—and he's never out of it long at a time, so we, his neighbors and other friends, enjoy many a charming dissertation concerning them.

Besides the good exercise made necessary by the maintaining of a thrifty, well-looked-after lawn and garden, the man of whom I'm speaking gets a plenty of wholesome fresh air into his lungs, and that has a tendency to put any one into a fine physical and mental condition. Take a man who stoops over his desk all day in a position his Mother Nature never intended him habitually to assume, cramping his lungs and twisting his digestive organs out of their bent, and he's not likely to look upon the world with the eyes of optimism. Of course, he may counteract this physical disarrangement by healthful exercises before he sits down to the daily grind and after he leaves it at night. But will he? In the morning he generally wants to sleep and at night he's too tired, and there you are. It's not his fault, particularly, that matters are as they are, and what's a fellow going to do about it?

Well, there isn't any way that I know of that will compensate him for the situation induced by sedentary

hours like the hard personal application of his hands to the shovel and the hoe! If he tackles these with a will to "do or die," the attempt will more than reward the effort put forth. When things begin to grow under his spading and hoeing exertions he is going to grow, too—bodily and spiritually. A good hearty laugh will be heard oftener from his throat and his digestive apparatus will better perform its functions. Then will good cheer shine all over his ruddy countenance and the world "laugh with him" as Ella says 't will.

H.

Several New Buildings Under Way.

Kalamazoo, Dec. 17—This city's industries, which were temporarily closed because of the stringency in the money market, are rapidly resuming full operation again. There were but two or three factories that closed entirely. Most of the factories were on half or two-thirds time. The Kalamazoo Stove Works is the only plant which is closed entirely just now, and at the office it was said the close-down was for the purpose of making repairs.

The Shutts Plating Co. is a new industry for this city. The company was recently organized with B. L. Shutts as President and is just now ready for operation. Machinery has been installed for all kinds of plating work. Twenty-five men will be employed at the start. Mr. Shutts is preparing to employ 100 men before the end of the first year.

Articles of incorporation were filed this week for the Foss Gasoline Engine Co., with a capital stock of \$10,000. The business of this company, which started in a small way in a barn at the rear of the home of L. P. Foss about two years ago, has grown rapidly and for some time Mr. Foss has been arranging to branch out. It is the intention to make material improvements and erect a factory building in the spring.

The Quinn Plumbing Co., which moved to this city from Muskegon two years ago, has had an increasing business and three times has expanded. Preparations are now being made for the erection of another storage building. The company recently increased its capital stock from \$25,000 to \$75,000.

The new buildings that are being erected by the Standard Paper Co. to take care of the transfer of the Hopper Co., of Benton Harbor, recently consolidated with the Standard Co., are nearing completion. The capacity of the plant will be doubled when in full operation again and in the neighborhood of 200 people employed.

The Two Cent Rate Is Profitable.

Railroads which have been hoping that time would furnish an argument against decreased passenger rates must avoid certain states in their search for material to back them up.

The figures as to Ohio would seem conclusive. Earnings from the passenger business for the year ending August 1, 1906, during five months of which the lower rates were operative, are reported at two and nine-tenths per cent. in excess of those

for the year ending on the same date of 1905. The net increase in earnings from this source for the year ending August 1, 1907, during which entire year the low rates were in force, exceeded \$1,500,000. The increase in the number of passengers was 3,366,000 and the average earnings per train mile were \$1.05 against \$1.02 last year.

This showing is in face of the fact that during the freshets of last spring traffic was much interfered with.

Michigan and Minnesota also add to the statement of facts showing that the results from lower rates are beneficial alike to the public and the railroads.—Detroit Free Press.

Blind men outnumber blind women two to one.

HATS At Wholesale

For Ladies, Misses and Children
Corl, Knott & Co., Ltd.

20, 22, 24, 26 N. Div. St., Grand Rapids.

20 Second Hand Automobiles

For sale at bargain prices. Now is the right time to buy. Send for our latest second hand list.

ADAMS & HART, 47-49 No. Division St. Grand Rapids



A Good Investment

PEANUT ROASTERS
and CORN POPPERS.

Great Variety, \$8.50 to \$350.00

EASY TERMS.

Catalog Free.

KINGERY MFG. CO., 106-108 E. Pearl St., Cincinnati, O.

Express Orders

promptly filled on

HOLIDAY GOODS

of all kinds within a few hours after receiving the order.

P. Steketee & Sons

Wholesale Dry Goods

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sleepy Hollow Blankets

We have in stock for immediate delivery all numbers in the famous Sleepy Hollow Blankets.

Each pair is separately papered.

Borders are either pink or blue.

Woven and finished like
Look like the finest
Wear like the best

} Wool Blankets

Goods in stock as follows:

Marken grey - - - \$1.50 per pair

Leyden white - - - 1.50 per pair

Tilburg grey - - - 1.75 per pair

Voorne white - - - 1.75 per pair

Netherland grey - - 2.00 per pair

Tholen white - - - 2.00 per pair

Terms, 2% 10 days, usual dating.

To facilitate the sale of these goods we will send with orders a beautiful Sleepy Hollow poster. This is of artistic design and represents a scene from Washington Irving's classic story:

"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"

We are sole selling agents for these goods and control the American copyrights to the poster and the tickets.

EDSON, MOORE & CO., Detroit, Mich.



G. J. Heinzelman, Representing the A. A. Barber Company.

Man judges his fellows by results. It is a marked trait of human nature that it acclaims its members not for motives or efforts, but for their culmination. To employ a popular colloquialism, the man who ranks well in public estimation is he who "delivers the goods," not he who, perhaps exercising even greater effort, has failed to reach the goal he sought. Of the class who deliver the goods, in a literal as well as a figurative sense, pre-eminent examples are those purveyors of manufactured products who keep the manufacturing plants busy, the loom and forge and mill in action, freight trains and water craft continually moving—the salesmen, the men who, more than all others, pave the way for the activities of commerce, whose initiative keeps these activities in constant movement.

In his way, and that way by no means a small fragment of a great quantity, the salesman is a pioneer, not alone in the spread of commerce, but in that more literal sense of one who blazes the way into beaten paths in the settlement of a new country. Where geographical exploration has led, commerce follows fast on its heels, and commerce itself must be and is preceded by the pioneers who lay the trail for the civilization to come after. The pioneering of the successful salesman has, perhaps, no more forceful exemplification in this country than in the story of John Jacob Astor and the epoch making history of the settlement of the Far Northwest.

The salesman is credited, and justly, with the initiative of conclusions of mighty portent. In addition, he is responsible for and should be credited with their successful development and maintenance. His invasion of new territory, commercial as well as geographical, is followed by its cultivation to an extent that even those who make a study of such subjects realize but little. The man who sells originates, and largely he controls the ultimate outcome of the mighty movement which he has started. Upon him depends, in a manner reflected by perhaps no other class, the turning of the wheels of commerce.

The salesman is made as well as born, in the light of practical experience more largely the former. What the successful salesman lacks inherently he acquires through persistent study and the acumen that results from hard knocks. Among the primary essentials of his equipment are a practical knowledge of human nature, inexhaustible patience, familiarity with his wares, a general (more often specific) intimacy with current and prospective commercial conditions, and adaptability—perhaps not in that order, but comprehending the

whole. Possessed of that quintet of qualifications, the efforts of the salesman are practically assured of success. When is added a combination of Teutonic shrewdness and versatility the result is a force irresistible. This is the story of one in whom this enviable fusion of the prime essentials of success is marked—a salesman head and shoulders above the average of his calling; for over two decades a giant in number and size of his sales; not a sales manager but a seller in the harness.

George J. Heinzelman was born in Grand Rapids, March 24, 1863. His young appearance would not suggest that he has lived so many years, but the natural vein of humor in his makeup, his characteristically buoyant manner and overflowing

Bridge street until 14 years of age, when he spent two years in the public schools. At the age of 16 he went to work in the wagon factory of his father, where he served a three years apprenticeship in learning the trade of carriage painter. One year was subsequently spent in Chicago, perfecting himself in the business. Not liking the carriage painting trade as an occupation, he entered the employ of Rindge, Bertsch & Co. as packer, spending two years in the shipping room. He was then offered a position on the road and for the next two years covered the trade of the house in Southern Michigan. At the end of this time Mr. Wm. Logie retired from the road to take up active work in the house, when Mr. Heinzelman was assigned the trade

agents for the Grand Rapids Bookcase Co., Barber Bros. Chair Co., Capitol Table Co. and Hastings Table Co. Mr. Heinzelman will cover the trade of the Central States, seeing his customers twice a year, and having much more leisure time than he had under the old arrangement. Mr. Heinzelman is a director and officer of the Grand Rapids Bookcase Co. and Barber Bros. Chair Co., with which institutions he has been identified for several years. He was one of the incorporators of the Grand Rapids Paper Co. and has held the position of President of the corporation for several years.

Mr. Heinzelman was married June 28, 1888, to Miss Pauline Carstens. They reside in their own home at 75 Livingston street and have two children, a boy of 17, who is a student at the Howe Military School of Lima, Indiana, and a daughter of 12, named Pauline, who is a student in the public school.

Mr. Heinzelman is a member of St. Mark's church and a director of the Western Traveling Men's Association. He is also identified with the Knights of the Grip. He is active in every movement having for its object the elevation of the fraternity with which he has so long been identified.

Some people regard salesmanship as an acquired art, pure and simple, whereas it is second nature to men of the abilities and tendencies of the subject of this sketch to accomplish much in trade. He is approachable and knows how to approach others and gain their confidence. He is considerate of other people's interests, while not forgetting those of his own, and with a ready wit and accumulation of good stories at command, being a historian as well as a close observer of the trend of the times, he can engage one's attention with interest and hold it at all times. He is as forceful as he is fair, and keen and bright as he is eager to learn, and industrious in the pursuit of his business. He is in vigorous health and the infectious sunshine of his disposition is so wholesome that wherever he goes and whatever he does seems to be agreeable to those with whom he comes in contact.



George J. Heinzelman

cheerfulness have restricted the number of crows' feet in his face and assisted in retaining for him a youthful vigor which characterizes his every move and all his methods. He has a winning smile, a friendly manner, is loyal to his friends, and his acquaintances tie to him. That he came from good stock would naturally be the conclusion of one who knows the subject of this sketch. He bears the marks of a strong ancestry. Both of his parents were born in Wurtemberg, Germany. His father was a man of much strength of character and industrious traits and he demonstrated this fact in a variety of ways, although of thoroughly modest manner and always practicing self-abnegation. He attended the German Lutheran school on East

of Northern Michigan, which he has covered ever since. He was the first man who ever worked the trade of the Upper Peninsula and Northern Wisconsin for that house, and prepared the way for some one else to take it up regularly thereafter. He also opened up the trade of Eastern Michigan and the Thumb country, which he continued to visit until other men were placed on that territory, after which he devoted his entire attention to the Northern trade.

Mr. Heinzelman completed his twenty-fifth year with Rindge, Kalmbach, Logie & Co., Ltd., this week and retired to ally himself with the A. A. Barber Co., a co-partnership composed of A. A. Barber, Geo. J. Heinzelman, H. A. Winters and Geo. Dyer. This firm acts as selling

The Herkimer Hotel

Grand Rapids, Michigan

130 rooms, steam heated, electric lighted, finely furnished. Hot and cold running water and telephone in every room.
Rates, 50c and up per day

"There was an inn whose
Landlord had a smile
For every traveler; bade
Them stay a while.
And he who ever dined at
This famed inn
Had plenty smiles without
And food within.
(Old Ballade.)

Hotel Livingston

Grand Rapids

TOLD BY TESSIE.

Story of Girl Behind the Bargain Counter.

"Say, honest," began Tessie, with an extrajudicial roll of her greatly bepluffed young head, "some of us salesgirls want to get next to ourselves before it's too late. It looks to me as if a lot of us was gettin' too wise for our own good. We need to be took down plenty, somethin' like I was last week.

"You know I started in this store as a 'cash' and worked up to be in charge of the remnants. I was always friendly with everybody and never had no trouble to speak of. But all of a sudden I got to thinkin' there was a plot agin me here in the store.

"It started like this: One mornin' when I came hurryin' in to work I caught the hull bunch of girlies and fellers whisperin' and gigglin' together. But the moment I stepped in they stopped and looked as cheap as two-cent lawn. It looked to me as if they began givin' me the quiet smile. Now, it was only the day before that I had told them it was goin' to be my birthday in two weeks and that I was goin' to give the party of my life and they was all invited. To get this from them after that was a little too much for me.

"To make sure that I was right about it I kept a close eye on 'em all mornin'. Well, I heard some of 'em speak my name and then look at me secret-like and giggle and grin until, honest to goodness, me that's always hungry didn't have no more appetite than a sick goldfish when me lunch-time came.

"Just to kill time I went up to the cuffay, thinkin' to have a talk with me best friend, Mag Finnerty, who has been transferred to that department and is now second in charge. When I goes in what do I see but Mag and two of the bunch from my department talkin' together to beat all! But as I came up they stopped as if they were electrofired and made believe they didn't see me. But actually I had heard Mag speak my name.

"Say, honest to goodness, I was that mad I fell all over my own feet. I grabbed a chair at a table where Mag was helpin' durin' the rush hour and set down lookin' hard at her. She could scarcely bring herself to look me in the eye, that guilty was she. I just looked a hole in her and as if I had never seen her before.

"Then I says, awful stagy and leadin'-lady-like: 'Girl, will you wait on me?'

"'Sure,' says she. 'Wat's it yer after wantin', Tess?'

"'Girl,' says I, 'my name is Murphy and as I ain't married yet, Miss Murphy is the way I'm to be spoke to.'

"'For the land sake!' says Mag, wrinkl'n her forrid. 'What in the dev—'

"Payin' no attention to her, I takes up the bill of fare and I says: 'I'll have two rare pork chops very well done, three hard-biled eggs fried soft, turned over on one side, scrambled medium with the sunny side up, and,

if you please, girl, enough bread.' Honest, I can be the sarcastikest thing when I get started.

"'I don't know what you mean, Miss Murphy,' says Mag, grandly.

"'Well, thank goodness, Miss Finnerty,' I says, 'there's somethin' been found at last you don't know. Honest, I ain't been so glad to hear anythin' in a long time.'

"'I'd like to know what I've done to you, Tess,' says Mag, 'to be talked to like this. You've got me a guessin'.'

"'Well, there was no guessin' about it when I came in here a minute ago and caught you and them two girlies talkin' about me.' I says, 'You can't deny it, for I heard my name and seen the sneaky way you all acted. Why, you couldn't none of you look me in the face, and I'll tell you this, Mag Finnerty, me and you are done forever.'

"'Oh, says she, turnin' her back on me and kind of chokin' up, 'that's it, is it?'

"She kept her back turned a bit, then she faced around, lookin' madder than ever, as it seemed to me, and says: 'Oh, indeed, Miss Murphy! But, allowin' I was talkin' about you, couldn't I be sayin' somethin' good?'

"'If you were why didn't you look me in the face when I came along, huh?'

"'Tess,' says Mag, layin' her hand on my shoulder, 'you're so touchy nobody can speak to you. Somethin's wrong. I believe your system needs lookin' to.'

"'Is that right?' says I, flouncin' up from the table. 'Ain't you goin' to tell me that! You'd ort to put your sign out for dpectorin' folks—' 'Miss M. Finnerty, horse and girl doctor, specializin' along the line of talkin' about her best friends behind their backs.' Good mornin', says I, stalkin' out like a star actress.

"From that time on anybody could see there was somethin' doin' about me that I wasn't in on. I got so nervous and peevish, because I wasn't used to no such thing, that I couldn't see my way to stand it any longer. I began buyin' the papers and readin' 'girls wanted,' and I told the manager I'd been offered a job across the street, and it was true.

"On the mornin' of me birthday I came to work lookin' the best I can look, intendin' to go over at noon and see about me other job. Well, so help me, if a human bein' ever got the laugh I got it. Why, it was so plain I had to see it, and I got such a smotherin' on the chest I couldn't speak. But not for long, not me. For I was soon as good as ever and says I:

"'Is me new white silk waist me mother give me for me birthday too much for youse all? And me new skirt, also a present? And these combs of real turquoise shell? Because if they are, wear smoked glasses, please.'

"One of the girlies asked me kind of queer like: 'Did you get any other presents, Tess, like a bracelet or a ring?'

"'No,' says I, 'to tell the truth, I didn't.'

"With that I seen Mag Finnerty

standin' behind my stack of remnants. I hadn't been speakin' with her since that day in the cuffay, but I braces along and I says: 'Lady, you're out of your own department. Take a transfer.'

"Mag turned to me at bilin' point, as it seemed to me, and says she: 'I'll bet that you take something before I do, Tess Murphy!'

"'Oh, will I?' says I. 'Why, my dear Miss Finnerty, I wonder if I will.'

"'Yes, I think you will, Tess, and you'll take it from me, too.'

"'Nay, nay, lady,' says I. 'Not little old Tess.'

"'If you had any sense, Tess, I'd like to tell you one thing and that ain't two—'

"'Well, if it ain't two perhaps it's two and a half,' says I, queenlike, and throwin' more leading lady into it every minute.

"Mag wheeled around quick and snatched a box from under the counter. 'No, Tess,' says she, 'it ain't two and it ain't two and a half. It's two seventy-five wholesale and all the discounts off and every one of us has been chasin' fer two weeks all over the town to get the best we could for the money and one we was sure you would like, because you said you would love to have one, but wouldn't wear a cheap one. And then we've all been frettin' ourselves sick for fear some of your folks would give you one after we had it picked out and all paid for and hid under the counter. The clasp is pure solid gold and has your monogram on it.'

"And she lays about me throat the elegantest blue forget-me-not necklace I ever had seen or ever expect to see!

"Well, honest to goodness, you could have knocked me down with a feather. I just thought I'd die and I dunno what I did do. I went all foolish, and so did the rest of them.

"But the best part of the hull thing was that me mother had the party all made and waitin' for us that evenin'."

The Pullman Company, it is announced, will soon declare an extra dividend of \$30,000,000 out of the accumulated surplus. This is in addition to the regular annual dividend of 8 per cent. on a capitalization of \$74,000,000, which means \$5,920,000 a year. This company was organized with a capital of \$36,000,000, on which it paid 8 per cent., and in a few years added \$18,000,000 surplus to the capi-

tal stock. In 1899 the Wagner Car Co. was absorbed and \$20,000,000 more added. On this capital of \$74,000,000 it has since paid 8 per cent. dividends and accumulated a surplus of \$3,000,000 a year. All this time sleeping car rates remain as originally established. The same old charge and the same old service still prevail. The company pays its porters \$30 a month, and they take \$30 to \$100 more in tips out of the patrons. That \$30,000,000 surplus would pay the money the public now pays for brushing clothes, or it would make up the difference for a year between the wages paid by the company to its porters and the wages that they now have to make up in part from the public through tips.

People looking for holiday bargains will do well to visit Washington this week while Uncle Sam conducts an auction sale of odds and ends that have accumulated in the dead letter office during the year. There are nearly 6,000 packages and a dozen times that number of individual articles—ranging from hypodermic needles to automobile carbureters. The articles are sorted in packages and no attempt is made to separate masculine articles from trinkets and goods that are distinctly feminine. No. 3,986, for instance, contains five men's handkerchiefs, a silk handkerchief, two pairs of hose, two neckties, woman's linen handkerchief, veil, lace collar, three yards of lavender ribbon, two pairs of hose, two neckties, woman's and child's gingham dress. No. 4,287 is a stomach pump; No. 394, four clergymen's black silk rabbits. Among other articles are telescopes, chewing tobacco, dice, playing cards, Panama hats, feathers, flutes, bicycle tires, corsets, more than 2,000 pieces of jewelry and several thousand books.

Not every member of Cadillac Council, U. C. T., can take a trip to Europe during vacation, with all expenses paid, but that luck befell John Hopkins, who travels out of Detroit for the Natural Food Co. He sailed with his sister on the Celtic December 12 for Londonderry, Ireland. Hopkins has a rich uncle in the famous Irish city who had heard great things of what his nephew was doing with the funny looking food product and a short time ago he sent a check for £200, with the request that he go to Ireland for his next outing. Hopkins will add London and Paris to his itinerary.

What more appropriate, bright and helpful Christmas Gift could you give a friend or customer this year, than a three-year subscription to the Michigan Tradesman at a cost of only \$5?



Michigan Board of Pharmacy.
 President—Henry H. Helm, 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.

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Souvenir Post Cards in Pharmacies.

Away back in the early 80's, when price cutting began, the pharmacist soon saw his profits decreasing, and while he had to meet the cuts made by his competitors, he realized that ere long he must find something to add to his stock-in-trade if he wanted to maintain his standing in the business world.

Gradually, as the years rolled on, he found profits slowly but surely being reduced, and he began to seek some side lines that would enable him to make good his losses, and at the same time would not detract from the dignity of the pharmacy.

Various lines were adopted. Candies proved profitable to some, while others took up writing paper and stationery. Many, with an idea of originality, added stocks of cutlery, leather goods, china, bric-a-brac and fancy goods of various kinds, until the pharmacy lost much of its old-time identity and began to look more like a general store, with its array of novelties pushed to the front and its drugs and medicines relegated to the rear.

Price-cutting began this difficulty and competition increased it until at the present time it is almost an impossibility for a man with a strictly drug and medical stock to pay his expenses. All over the land this applies and especially in the large cities one realizes that little is left of the old-time ethical pharmacy of our forefathers. Instead, we have the modern department drug store of various degrees and grades, some partaking more of this appearance, while others only have the suggestion of it.

Soda water, cigars, and souvenirs all paid better profits, consequently a business man felt that he was repaid for his time and effort, whereas the accommodation of handling the various proprietary articles brought him little or no recompense.

The souvenir picture post card, which had captivated all Europe, now appeared, and immediately its attractive features appealed to the pharmacist on the lookout for some relief from the strain of his endeavors to do business with little or no profit compensate him. The post card seemed a little thing, and yet it was just the thing to attract the public as a novelty and its adoption into the

pharmacy has helped many a pharmacist over the hard places wrought the cutting of prices and sale of the profitless articles of the proprietary world.

Gradually it came to be recognized as a legitimate part of the druggist's stock, and soon, where it had been criticized and scorned, it was accepted as being quite proper. When the pharmacist realized that here was a side line which brought direct profit and indirectly added to his patronage, it was taken up generally by the pharmacists all over the country. It has done much to save the pharmacy as a business place; it is an education, and has brought pleasure and enjoyment wherever it is found. If this age goes down into history as the Pictorial Age, the picture post card will have done much to make it so. Pharmacists who have been alert and energetic and up to date have derived profit from its sale and few regret its importation as a fad from Europe.

As to whether it may be detrimental to the professional side of the pharmacy, all of us admit that the sale of anything outside of drugs and medicines detracts from the ethical standard of a pharmacy, and yet, in these days of commercialism, one must either forget ethics or close up and retire from the business.

As a business bringer the post card is one of the best we have ever had and it bids fair to continue until it passes, as most things of such a nature pass with us Americans, who are ever looking for something new, strange and startling. There are post cards and post cards. There are those of a high class, which have an educating and refining influence, the sale of which adds to the tone and dignity of any establishment in which they are found. There are others much less so, yet still attractive and interesting, and also the cheaper, common ones that are crude, coarse and often vulgar. These naturally prove a disadvantage, but it is good to know that few pharmacists have taken them up.

The pharmacist prefers better cards, and, so long as he does so, he will most surely derive profit and pleasure, even though his ethical sensibilities are shocked. However, he has his defense that he must live, and if the sale of souvenirs and post cards is creditable, and makes him more comfortable than some other side lines, it should console him for any injury to his feelings in the matter.

W. G. Greenawalt.

How To Put a Faucet In a Barrel

It is no easy task to place a barrel in position after the faucet has been inserted. The following simple expedient will make it easier: First stand the barrel on end. Bore the hole for the faucet in the usual way and then plug it with a cork. Shave the cork off close to the barrel. Having placed the cask in position, put the end of the faucet squarely and firmly on the cork. Drive it into the barrel, forcing the cork ahead. A turn or so of the faucet makes it tight.

Cheerfulness is a virtue hard to practice when you are indulging in late suppers and manufactured "happiness."

Cleaner and Lubricator for Shot Guns.

First wipe the barrels out with a rag wetted with water of ammonia, and continue this wiping as long as there are any traces of burned powder left. When the barrels are cleaned rinse them with hot water or heat them slightly and anoint them, inside and outside, with the following:

Mercurial ointment 1 part
 Suet 1 part
 Lard 1 part

Mix and melt together. Keep in a closed tin or (better) earthenware vessel. Apply with a woolen rag.

Mr. Berdy recommends for the final dressing or lubricant the following:

Nitric ether 4 parts
 Iron sulphate 3 parts
 Antimony chloride 3 parts
 Copper, sulphate 20 parts
 Distilled or rain water 128 parts

Clean with cleaning-brush to get rid of the grosser particles of refuse (burned powder), then finish the process with above preparation. As a lubricant, use equal parts of vaselin, mercurial ointment and suet.

The Drug Market.

Opium—Has declined 25c per pound.

Morphine—Is unchanged.

Quinine—Is unchanged.

Bromides of Potassium, Ammonia and Soda—Have all declined on account of competition.

Sulphuric Ether—All kinds have declined 1c per opund.

Nitrate Silver—Shows a fractional decline on account of lower price for bullion.

Oil Lemon—Has declined and is tending lower.

Oil Anise—Is weak.

Oil Cloves—Is easy on account of lower price for spice.

Oil Citronella—Is in better supply and lower.

Gum Camphor—Is steady.

Quince Seed—Is very firm and advancing on account of scarcity.

Danger of Fire in Formaldehyde Disinfection.

The increased efficiency of formaldehyde disinfection as applied at the present time by means of the formalin-permanganate method of evolving the gas has brought with it a new danger, uncertain yet none the less real, in consequence of the fact

that upon several occasions at least the mixture has been known to take fire spontaneously.

Dr. Courtland Y. White, in connection with some disinfection work which he was doing for the Department of Health of the State of Pennsylvania recently, observed upon three occasions that the mixture caught fire after the combination of the constituents had begun and the room had been closed. It was fortunate that the fact was discovered on one of these occasions, as the flame was so high as to endanger neighboring articles in the room.

The Danger Signal.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew, as a retail and wholesale dealer in anecdotes of all varieties, has reformed. Somebody asked the Senator about it not long since, and Mr. Depew replied: "My reformation is only partial. I used to relate a joke in the face of all protest. Now, however, I have learned a little wisdom; when I am telling a man's story I stop short if I see a certain particular gleam in his eye." "The gleam that means he's heard it before?" enquired the curious one. "No," replied the Senator; "the gleam that means he's busy thinking of one he means to tell me."



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 ...without...
 Chloroform, Knife or Pain
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Booklet free on application

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Order Freely, the Demand Will Be Big

Mail orders, enclosing draft or money order will be shipped prepaid.

No. 4.—Beautiful Embossed Xmas Post Cards, 26 new designs, per 100, \$1.50.

No. 5.—Fine Embossed New Years Post Cards, 25 new designs, per 100, \$1.50.

Special price in lots of 500 and 1,000.

Large Assortment Gold Embossed and Tinselled Xmas Post Cards (5c value), per 100, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

Fine Assortment Novelty and Satin Xmas and New Years Post Cards in many designs, retail at 5c to 15c, at \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$7.50 per 100.

FRED BRUNDAGE

32 and 34 Western Ave.

Muskegon, Mich.

WHOLESALE DRUG PRICE CURRENT

Aceticum	60	8	Acidum	60	8	Scilla Co.	100	12	Salacin	50	4	50	4	75	Oils	bbl. gal.			
Benzolcum, Ger.	70	75	Benzoicum, Ger.	70	75	Cubebae	2	15	25	Magnesia, Sulph.	1	3	5	Sanguis Drac's	40	50	Whale, winter	70	70
Boric	26	29	Erigeron	2	395	Erigeron	2	395	2	Mannia, S. F.	45	50	Sapo, W	13 1/2	16	Lard, extra	85	90	
Carbolicum	62	65	Evechthitos	1	00	Gaultheria	2	50	4	Sapo, M	10	12	Sapo, G	10	12	Lard, No. 1	60	65	
Citricum	8	10	Gaultheria	2	50	Geranium	70	75	Menthol	2	65	2	85	Seidlitz Mixture	20	22	Linseed pure raw	45	48
Hydrochlor	3	5	Geranium	70	75	Gossippi Sem gal	70	75	Morphia, SP&W	3	25	3	50	Sinapis	10	12	Linseed, boiled	46	49
Nitrosum	8	10	Hedeoma	3	00	Hedeoma	3	00	Morphia, SNYQ	3	25	3	50	Sinapis, opt	18	30	Neat's-foot, w str	65	70
Oxalicum	14	15	Junipera	40	1	Junipera	40	1	Morphia, Mal.	3	25	3	50	Snuff, Maccaboy	51	51	Spts. Turpentine	Market	
Phosphorium, dil.	44	47	Limons	2	00	Lavendula	90	60	Moschus Canton.	40	40	40	40	DeVos	51	51	Red Venetian	1 1/2	2
Salicylicum	44	47	Mentha Piper	1	80	Limons	2	00	Myristica, No. 1	25	25	25	25	Snuff, S'h DeVos	51	51	Ochre, yel Mars	1 1/2	2
Sulphuricum	13	15	Mentha Verid.	3	25	Mentha Piper	1	80	Nux Vomica po 15	10	10	10	10	Soda, Boras	8 1/2	10	Ocre, yel Ber	1 1/2	2
Tannicum	75	85	Morruhae gal	1	60	Mentha Verid.	3	25	Ox Sepia	35	40	40	40	Soda, Boras, po	7 1/2	10	Putty, commer'l	2 1/2	3
Tartaricum	38	40	Myrica	3	00	Morruhae gal	1	60	Pepsin Saac, H &	1	00	1	00	Soda et Pot's Tart	25	28	Putty, strictly pr	2 1/2	3
Aqua, 18 deg.	4	6	Olive	1	00	Myrica	3	00	P D Co	1	00	1	00	Soda, Carb.	1 1/2	2	Vermillion, Prime		
Aqua, 20 deg.	6	8	Picis Liquida	10	12	Olive	1	00	Picis Liq N N 1/2	2	00	2	00	Soda, Carb.	1 1/2	2	American	13	15
Carbonas	13	15	Picis Liquida gal.	40	40	Picis Liquida	10	12	Picis Liq qts	1	00	1	00	Soda, Bi-Carb	3	5	Vermillion, Eng.	75	80
Chloridum	12	14	Ricina	1	06	Picis Liquida gal.	40	40	Picis Liq pints.	1	00	1	00	Soda, Ash	3 1/2	4	Green, Paris	29 1/2	33 1/2
Black	2	00	Rosmarini	1	06	Ricina	1	06	Pil Hydrarg po 80	1	00	1	00	Soda, Sulphas	2	2	Green, Peninsular	13	16
Brown	2	00	Rosmarini	1	06	Rosmarini	1	06	Piper Nigra po 22	18	18	18	18	Spts. Cologne	2	2	Lead, red	7 1/2	8
Red	45	50	Rosae oz.	6	50	Rosmarini	1	06	Piper Alba po 35	30	30	30	30	Spts. Ether Co.	50	55	Lead, White	7 1/2	8
Yellow	2	50	Rosae oz.	6	50	Rosae oz.	6	50	Pix Burgum	8	8	8	8	Spts. Myrcia Dom	2	2	Whiting, white S'n	@	90
Cubebae	28	33	Succini	40	45	Succini	40	45	Plumbi Acet	12	15	15	15	Spts. Vini Rect bbl	@	@	Whiting, Gilders	@	95
Juniperus	8	10	Sabina	90	1	Sabina	90	1	Pulvis Ip'cet Opil 1	30	1	50	1	Spts. Vini Rect 1/2 b	@	@	White, Paris Am'r	@	1 25
Xanthoxylum	30	35	Santal	4	50	Sabina	90	1	Pyrethrum, bxs H	75	75	75	75	Spts. Vini R't 10 gl	@	@	Whit's Paris Eng.	@	1 40
Abies, Canadian	18	18	Sassafras	90	95	Santal	4	50	Pyrethrum, pv.	20	25	25	25	Strychnia, Cryst'll	1	10	Shaker Prep'd	1	25
Cassiae	20	20	Sinapis, ess. oz.	1	10	Sassafras	90	95	Quassia	8	10	10	10	Sulphur, Roll	2 1/2	3 1/2	No. 1 Turp Coach	1	10
Cinchona Flava	18	18	Tigil	10	10	Sinapis, ess. oz.	1	10	Quina, S P & W.	18	20	20	20	Tamarinds	8	10	Extra Turp	1	60
Buonymus atro	60	60	Thyme	40	50	Tigil	10	10	Quina, S Ger.	18	28	28	28	Terebenth Venice	28	30			
Myrica Cerifera	20	20	Thyme, opt	@	1 60	Thyme	40	50	Quina, N. Y.	18	28	28	28	Thebromae	55	60			
Prunus Virgini	15	15	Theobromas	15	20	Thyme, opt	@	1 60											
Quillaja, gr'd	12	12				Theobromas	15	20											
Sassafras, po 25	24	24																	
Ulmus	20	20																	
							</												

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

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Spices	1
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W	
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Woodenware	1
Wrapping Paper	1
Y	
Yeast Cake	1

1		2	
ARCTIC AMMONIA		OYSTERS	
12 oz. ovals 2 doz. box	75	Cove, 1lb.	@ 1 10
AXLE GREASE		Cove, 2lb.	@ 1 85
Frazer's		Cove, 1lb. Oval	@ 1 25
1lb. wood boxes, 4 dz.	3 00	Plums	1 45 @ 2 50
1lb. tin boxes, 3 doz.	2 35	Peas	
3 1/2 lb. tin boxes, 2 dz.	4 25	Marrowfat	1 00 @ 1 3
10lb. pails, per doz.	6 00	Early June	1 00 @ 1 00
15lb. pails, per doz.	7 20	Early June Sifted	1 25 @ 1 80
25lb. pails, per doz.	12 00	Peaches	
BAKED BEANS		Pie	
1lb. can, per doz.	90	Yellow	2 25 @ 2 75
2lb. can, per doz.	1 40	Pineapple	@ 2 50
3lb. can, per doz.	1 80	Sliced	@ 2 40
BATH BRICK		Pumpkin	
American	75	Fair	85
English	85	Good	90
BLUING		Fancy	1 00
Arctic		Gallon	2 75
6 oz. ovals 3 doz. box	40	Raspberries	@
16 oz. round 2 doz. box	75	Russian Caviar	
Sawyer's Pepper Box		1/4 lb. cans	3 75
Per Gross		1/2 lb. cans	7 00
No. 3, 3 doz. wood bxs	4 00	1lb. cans	12 00
No. 5, 3 doz. wood bxs	7 00	Salmon	
BROOMS		Col'a River, talls	1 95 @ 2 0
No. 1 Carpet, 4 sew.	2 75	Col'a River, flats	2 25 @ 2
No. 2 Carpet, 4 sew.	2 40	Red Alaska	1 35 @ 1 45
No. 3 Carpet, 3 sew.	2 25	Pink Alaska	1 00 @ 1 10
No. 4 Carpet, 3 sew.	2 10	Sardines	
Parlor Gem	2 20	Domestic, 1/4s	3 3/4 @ 4
Common Gem	2 30	Domestic, 1/2s	@ 5
Fancy Whisk	1 25	Domestic, Must'd	6 1/2 @ 9
Warehouse	3 00	California, 1/4s	11 @ 14
BRUSHES		California, 1/2s	17 @ 24
Solid Back 8 in.	75	French, 1/4s	7 @ 14
Solid Back, 11 in.	95	French, 1/2s	18 @ 28
Pointed Ends	85	Shrimps	
STOVE		Standard	1 20 @ 1 40
No. 3	90	Succotash	
No. 2	1 25	Fair	85
No. 1	1 75	Good	1 00
SHOE		Fancy	1 25 @ 1 40
No. 8	1 00	Strawberries	1 60
No. 7	1 30	Fancy	@ 2 50
No. 4	1 70	Tomatoes	
No. 3	1 90	Fair	@ 1 05
BUTTER COLOR		Good	@ 1 10
W. R. & Co.'s, 25c size	2 00	Fancy	@ 1 40
W. R. & Co.'s, 50c size	4 00	Gallons	@ 3 60
CANDLES		CARBON OILS	
Paraffine, 6s	10	Perfection	@ 10 1
Paraffine, 12s	10	Water White	@ 10
Wickling	20	D. S. Gasoline	@ 17
CANNED GOODS		Gas Machine	@ 24
Apples		Deodor'd Nap'a	@ 14
3lb. Standards	1 35	Cylinder	29 @ 34 1/2
Gallon	3 75	Engine	16 @ 22
Blackberries		Black, winter	8 1/2 @ 10
2lb.	1 25 @ 1 75	CEREALS	
Standards gallons	6 5	Breakfast Foods	
Beans		Bordeaux Flakes, 36 lb.	2 50
Baked	80 @ 1 30	Cream of Wheat, 36 lb.	4 50
Red Kidney	85 @ 95	Egg-O-See, 36 pkgs.	2 85
String	70 @ 1 15	Excella Flakes, 36 lb.	4 50
Wax	75 @ 1 25	Excella, large pkgs.	4 50
Blueberries		Force, 36 2 lb.	4 50
Standard	1 25	Grape Nuts, 2 doz.	2 70
Gallon	7 00	Malta Ceres, 24 lb.	2 40
Brook Trout		Malta Vita, 36 lb.	2 85
2lb. cans, spiced	1 90	Mapl-Flake, 36 lb.	4 05
Clams		Pillsbury's Vitos, 3 doz.	4 25
Little Neck, 1 lb.	1 00 @ 1 25	Ralston, 36 2 lb.	4 50
Little Neck, 2lb.	@ 1 50	Sunlight Flakes, 36 lb.	2 85
Clam Bouillon		Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	4 00
Burnham's 1/2 pt.	1 90	Vigor, 36 pkgs.	2 75
Burnham's pts	3 60	Voigt Cream Flakes	4 50
Burnham's qts.	7 20	Zest, 20 2lb.	4 10
Cherries		Zest, 36 small pkgs.	2 75
Red Standards	@ 1 40	Crescent Flakes	
White	@ 1 40	One case	2 50
Corn		Five cases	2 40
Fair	80 @ 85	One case free with ten	
Good	1 00 @ 1 10	cases.	
Fancy	1 45	One-half case free with	
French Peas		5 1/2 cases.	
Sur Extra Fine	22	One-fourth case free with	
Extra Fine	19	2 1/2 cases.	
Fine	15	Freight allowed.	
Moyen	11	Rolled Oats	
Gooseberries		Standard	1 75
Standard	1 75	Rollad Avenna bbl.	7 7
Hominy		Steel Cut, 100 lb. sks.	3 90
Standard	85	Monarch, bbl.	7 00
Lobster		Monarch, 90 lb. sacks	3 40
1/2 lb.	2 25	Quaker, 18-2	1 60
1 lb.	4 25	Quaker, 20-5	4 85
Picnic Tails	2 75	Cracked Wheat	
Mackerel		Bulk	3 3/4
Mustard, 1lb.	1 80	24 2 lb. packages	2 50
Mustard, 2lb.	2 80	CATSUP	
Soused, 1 1/2 lb.	1 80	Columbia, 25 pts.	4 15
Soused, 2lb.	2 75	Snider's pints	2 25
Tomato, 1lb.	1 50	Snider's 1/2 pints	1 35
Tomato, 2lb.	2 80	CHEESE	
Mushrooms		Acme	@ 14 1/2
Hotels	@ 24	Climax	@ 16 1/2
Buttons	@ 28	Else	@ 16

3

4

5

Emblem	@ 15
Gem	@ 15 1/2
Ideal	@ 16
Jersey	@ 15
Riverside	@ 15
Springdale	@ 16 1/2
Warner's	@ 15
Brick	@ 18
Leiden	@ 15
Limburger	@ 18
Pineapple	40 @ 60
Sap Sago	@ 22
Swiss, domestic	@ 16
Swiss, Imported	@ 20

CHEWING GUM	
American Flag Spruce	55
Beeman's Pepsin	55
Adams Pepsin	55
Best Pepsin	45
Best Pepsin, 5 boxes	2 00
Black Jack	55
Largest Gum Made	55
Sen Sen	55
Sen Sen Breath Perf	1 00
Long Tom	55
Yucatan	55

CHICORY	
Bulk	
Red	
Eagle	5
Frank's	7
Schener's	6

CHOCOLATE	
Walter Baker & Co.'s	
German Sweet	26
Premium	38
Caracas	31
Walter M. Lowney Co.	
Premium, 1/4s	36
Premium, 1/2s	36

COCOA	
Baker's	35
Cleveland	41
Colonial, 1/4s	35
Colonial, 1/2s	33
Epps	42
Huxley	45
Lowney, 1/4s	40
Lowney, 1/2s	39
Lowney, 1s	38
Van Houten, 1/4s	40
Van Houten, 1/2s	40
Van Houten, 1s	40
Webb	35
Wilbur, 1/4s	39
Wilbur, 1/2s	40

COCOA BUTTER	
Dunham's 1/4s & 1/2s	26 1/2
Dunham's 1/4s	27
Dunham's 1/2s	28
Bulk	12

COCOA SHELLS	
20lb. bags	4
Less quantity	4
Pound packages	4

COFFEE	
Rio	
Common	13 1/2
Fair	14 1/2
Choice	16 1/2
Fancy	20

Santos	
Common	13 1/2
Fair	14 1/2
Choice	16 1/2
Fancy	19
Peaberry	

Maracaibo	
Fair	16
Choice	19

Mexican	
Choice	16 1/2
Fancy	19

Guatemala	
Choice	15

Java	
African	12
Fancy African	17
O. G.	25
P. G.	31

Mocha	
Arabian	21

Package	
New York Basis	
Arbuckle	16 00
Dilworth	14 75
Jersey	15 00
Lion	14 50

McLaughlin's XXXX	
McLaughlin's XXXX sold to retailers only. Mail all orders direct to W. F. McLaughlin & Co., Chicago.	

Extract	
Holland, 1/2 gro boxes	95
Felix, 1/2 gro	1 15
Hummel's foil, 1/2 gro.	85
Hummel's tin, 1/2 gro.	1 43

CRACKERS	
National Biscuit Company	
Brand	
Butter	
Seymour, Round	6
N. B. C., Square	6
Soda	
N. B. C. Soda	6
Select Soda	8
Saratoga Flakes	13
Zephyrette	13

Oyster	
N. B. C., Round	6
Gem	06
Faust, Shell	7 1/2

Sweet Goods.	
Boxes and cans	
Animals	10
Atlantic, Assorted	10
Brittle	11
Cartwheels	8
Current Fruit Biscuit	10

Cracknels	
Coffee Cake, 1 lb. or 10c	13
Cocoanut Taffy	12
Cocoanut Bar	10
Cocoanut Drops	12
Cocoanut Honey Cake	12
Cocoanut Hon. Fingers	12
Cocoanut Macaroons	18
Dandelion	10
Dixie Cookie	9
Frosted Cream	8
Frosted Honey Cake	12
Fluted Cocoanut	10
Fruit Tarts	12
Ginger Gems	8
Graham Crackers	8
Ginger Nuts	10
Ginger Snaps, N. B. C.	7
Hippodrome	10
Honey Cake, N. B. C.	12
Honey Fingers, As. Ice	12
Honey Jumbles	12
Household Cookies	8
Household Cookies Iced	8
Iced Honey Crumpets	10
Imperial	8
Iced Honey Flake	12 1/2
Iced Honey Jumbles	12
Island Picnic	11
Jersey Lunch	8
Kream Klips	20
Lem Yem	11
Lemon Gems	10
Lemon Biscuit, Square	8
Lemon Wafer	16
Lemon Cookie	8
Mary Ann	8
Marshmallow Walnuts	16
Mariner	11
Molasses Cakes	8
Mohican	11
Mixed Picnic	11 1/2
Nabob Jumble	14
Newton	12
Nic Nacs	8
Oatmeal Crackers	8
Orange Gems	8
Oval Sugar Cakes	8
Penny Cakes, Assorted	8
Pretzels, Hand Md.	8
Pretzettes, Hand Md.	8
Pretzettes, Mac. Md.	7 1/2
Raisin Cookies	8
Revere, Assorted	14
Rube	8
Scotch Style Cookies	10
Snow Creams	16
Sugar Fingers	12
Sugar Gems	08
Sultana Fruit Biscuit	16
Spiced Gingers	9
Spiced Gingers Iced	10
Sugar Cakes	8
Sugar Squares, large or	8
small	8
Superba	8
Sponge Lady Fingers	25
Sugar Crimp	8
Vanilla Wafers	16
Waverly	8
Zanzibar	9

In-er Seal Goods

Per doz.	
Albert Biscuit	1 00
Animals	1 00
Butter Thin Biscuit	1 00
Butter Wafers	1 00
Cheese Sandwich	1 00
Cocoanut Dainties	1 00
Faust Oyster	1 00
Fig Newton	1 00
Five O'clock Tea	1 00
Frotana	1 00
Ginger Snaps, N. B. C.	1 00
Graham Crackers	1 00
Lemon Snap	50
Oatmeal Crackers	1 00
Oysterettes	50
Old Time Sugar Cook.	1 00
Pretzettes, Hd Md.	1 00
Royal Toast	1 00
Saltine	1 00
Saratoga Flakes	1 50
Social Tea Biscuit	1 00
Soda, N. B. C.	1 00
Soda, Select	1 00
Sultana Fruit Biscuit	1 50
Unedea Biscuit	50
Unedea Jinker Wayfer	1 00
Unedea Milk Biscuit	50
Vanilla Wafers	1 00
Wafer Thin	1 00
Zu Zu Ginger Snaps	50
Zwieback	1 00

Holland Rusk	
36 packages	2 90
40 packages	3 20
60 packages	4 75

CREAM TARTAR	
Barrels or drums	29
Boxes	30
Square	32
Fancy caddies	35

DRIED FRUITS

Apples	
Sundried	
Evaporated	@ 11
California	22 @ 24
California Prunes	
100-125 25lb. boxes.	
90-100 25lb. boxes.	@ 6
80-90 25lb. boxes.	@ 6 1/2
70-80 25lb. boxes.	@ 7
60-70 25lb. boxes.	@ 7 1/2
50-60 25lb. boxes.	@ 8
40-50 25lb. boxes.	@ 8 1/2
30-40 25lb. boxes.	@ 10
1/2 c less in 50lb. cases	
Citron	
Corsican	@ 22
Currants	
Imp'd 1 lb. pkg.	@ 9
Imported bulk	@ 8 1/2
Peel	
Lemon American	15
Orange American	14

Raisins	
London Layers, 1 lb.	3
London Layers, 4 lb.	25
Cluster, 5 crown	3 25
Loose Muscatels, 2 lb.	8 1/2
Loose Muscatels, 3 cr.	8 1/2
Loose Muscatels, 4 cr.	9
L. M. Seeded 1 lb	9 1/2 @ 11
Sultanas, bulk	
Sultanas, package	

FARINACEOUS GOODS

Beans	
Dried Lima	7
Med. Hd. Pk'd	2 45
Brown Holland	

Farina	
24 1lb. packages	1 75
Bulk, per 100 lbs.	3 00

Hominy	
Flake, 50lb. sack	1 00
Pearl, 200lb. sack	4 00
Pearl, 100lb. sack	2 00
Macaroni and Vermicelli	
Domestic, 10lb. box	60
Imported, 25lb. box	2 50

Pearl Barley	
Common	4 40
Chester	4 50
Empire	5 00

Peas	
Green, Wisconsin, bu.	2 15
Green, Scotch, bu.	2 25
Split, lb.	04

Sago	
East India	6 1/4
German, sacks	7
German, broken pkg.	

Tapioca	
Flake, 110 lb. sacks	7
Pearl, 130 lb. sacks	6 1/4
Pearl, 24 lb. pkgs.	7 1/2

FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Foote & Jenks	
Coleman brand Van. Lem.	
2 oz.	1 20 75
4 oz.	2 00 1 75
8 oz.	4 00 3 00

Jaxon brand Van. Lem.	
2 oz.	2 00 1 25
4 oz.	4 00 2 40
8 oz.	8 00 4 50

Jennings D. C. Brand	
Terpeness Ext. Lemon	
No. 2 Panel	Doz. 75
No. 4 Panel	1 50
No. 6 Panel	2 00

Toper Panel	
2 oz. Full Meas.	1 20
4 oz. Full Meas.	2 25

Jennings D C Brand	
Extract Vanilla	
No. 2 Panel	Doz. 1 20
No. 4 Panel	2 00

No. 6 Panel	
No. 6 Panel	3 00
Taper Panel	2 00
1 oz. Full Meas.	85
2 oz. Full Meas.	1 60
4 oz. Full Meas.	3 00

No. 2 Assorted Flavors	
No. 2 Assorted Flavors	1 00

GRAIN BAGS	
Amoskeag, 100 in bale	19
Amoskeag, less than bl	19 1/2

GRAIN AND FLOUR	
Wheat	
New No. 1 White	95
New No. 2 Red	95

Winter Wheat Flour	
Local Brands	
Patents	5 60
Second Patents	5 40
Straight	5 10
Second Straight	4 75
Clear	4 10

Subject to usual cash discount.	
Flour in barrels, 25c per barrel additional.	

Worden Grocer Co.'s Brand	
Quaker, paper	5 00
Quaker, cloth	5 20

Wykes & Co.	
Eclipse	4 80
Kansas Hard Wheat Flour	
Judson Grocer Co.	

Fanchon, 1/2 cloth	
Fanchon, 1/2 cloth	5 90
Grand Rapids Grain & Milling Co. Brands.	
Wizard, assorted	4 70
Graham	4 50
Buckwheat	5 50
Rye	4 90

Spring Wheat Flour	
Roy Baker's Brand	
Golden Horn, family	5 75
Golden Horn, baker's	5 65
Wisconsin Rye	5 00

Judson Grocer Co.'s Brand	
Ceresota, 1/2s	6 4
Ceresota, 1/4s	6
Ceresota, 1/2s	6 2

Lemon & Wheeler's Brand	
Wingold, 1/2s	6 10
Wingold, 1/4s	6 00
Wingold, 1/2s	5 9

Pillsbury's Brand	
Best, 1/2s cloth	6 40
Best, 1/4s cloth	6 30
Best, 1/2s cloth	6 20
Best, 1/4s paper	6 20
Best, 1/2s paper	6 20
Best, wood	6 40

Worden Grocer Co.'s Brand	
Laurel, 1/2s cloth	6 00
Laurel, 1/4s cloth	5 90
Laurel, 1/2s & 1/4s paper	5 80
Laurel, 1/4s	5 70

Wykes & Co.	
Sleepy Eye, 1/2s cloth	6 00
Sleepy Eye, 1/4s cloth	5 90
Sleepy Eye, 1/2s cloth	5 80
Sleepy Eye, 1/4s paper	5 80
Sleepy Eye, 1/2s paper	5 80

6	7	8	9	10	11
Meal Bolted 3 40 Golden Granulated 3 50 St. Car Feed screened 26 50 No. 1 Corn and Oats 26 50 Corn, cracked 25 50 Corn Meal, coarse 25 50 Winter Wheat Bran 26 00 Cow Feed 25 50 Middlings 26 50 Gluten Feed 28 00 Dairy Feeds Wykes & Co. O P Linseed Meal 31 60 Cottonseed Meal 29 50 Gluten Feed 28 00 Malt Sprouts 24 00 Brewers Grains 28 00 Molasses Feed 26 00 Hammond Dairy Feed 25 00 Oats Michigan, carlots 50 Less than carlots 50 Corn Carlots 50 Less than carlots 50 Hay No. 1 timothy car lots 15 00 No. 1 timothy ton lots 16 00 HERBS Sage 15 Hops 10 Laurel Leaves 15 Senna Leaves 25 HORSE RADISH Per doz. 90 JELLY 5 lb. pails, per doz. 2 35 15 lb. pails, per pail 50 30 lb. pails, per pail 95 LICORICE Pure 30 Calabria 25 Sicily 14 Root 11 MATCHES C. D. Crittenden Co. Noiseless Tip .4 50 @ 4 70 MEAT EXTRACTS Armour's, 2 oz. 45 Armour's, 4 oz. 80 Liebig's Chicago, 2 oz. 2 25 Liebig's Chicago, 4 oz. 4 50 Liebig's Imported, 2 oz. 4 50 Liebig's Imported, 4 oz. 8 50 MOLASSES New Orleans Fancy Open Kettle 40 Choice 35 Fair 26 Good 22 Half barrels 2c extra MINCE MEAT Per case 2 90 MUSTARD 1/4 lb., 6 lb. box 18 OLIVES Bulk, 1 gal. kegs 1 65 Bulk, 2 gal. kegs 1 50 Bulk, 5 gal. kegs 1 50 Manzanilla, 3 oz. 90 Queen, pints 2 50 Queen, 19 oz. 4 00 Queen, 28 oz. 7 00 Stuffed, 5 oz. 1 40 Stuffed, 3 oz. 1 40 Stuffed, 10 oz. 2 40 PIPES Clay, No. 216 per box 1 25 Clay, T. D., full count 60 Cob 90 PICKLES Medium Barrels, 1,200 count 4 75 Half bbls., 600 count 4 75 Small No. 90 Steamboat 85 No. 15, Rival, assorted 1 25 No. 20 Rover enameled 1 50 No. 572, Special 1 75 No. 98 Golf, satin finish 2 00 No. 808 Bicycle 2 00 No. 632 Tourn't whist. 2 25 POTASH 48 cans in case 4 00 Babbitt's 4 00 PROVISIONS Barreled Pork Mess 17 50 Clear Back 17 50 Short Cut 16 75 Short Cut Clear 16 75 Bean 14 50 Brisket, Clear 18 00 Pig 20 00 Clear Family 15 00 Dry Salt Meats S. P. Bellies 10 1/4 Bellies 10 Extra Shorts 9 Smoked Meats Hams, 12 lb. average 10 1/2 Hams, 14 lb. average 10 1/2 Hams, 16 lb. average 10 1/2 Hams, 18 lb. average 10 1/2 Skinned Hams 10 1/2 Ham, dried beef sets 15 California Hams 8 1/4 Picnic Boiled Hams 13 1/2 Boiled Ham 17 1/2 Berlin Ham, pressed 10 Mince Ham 10 Bacon 12 1/2 @ 14 Lard Compound 7 1/2 Pure in tierces 10 80 lb. tubs, advance 1/4 60 lb. tubs, advance 1/4 50 lb. tins, advance 1/4 20 lb. pails, advance 1/4 10 lb. pails, advance 1/4 5 lb. pails, advance 1/4 8 lb. pails, advance 1/4	Sausages Bologna 7 Liver 9 Frankfort 7 Pork 9 Veal 7 Tongue 7 Headcheese 7 Beef Extra Mess 9 75 Boneless 13 50 Rump, new 14 00 Pig's Feet 1/4 bbls. 1 25 1/4 bbls., 40 lbs. 2 25 1/4 bbls. 3 25 1 bbl. 7 75 Tripe Kits, 15 lbs. 70 1/4 bbls., 40 lbs. 1 50 1/2 bbls., 80 lbs. 3 00 Casings Hogs, per lb. 28 Beef, rounds, set 16 Beef middles, set 40 Sheep, per bundle 70 Uncolored Butterine Solid dairy 10 @ 12 Country Rolls 10 1/2 @ 16 1/2 Canned Meats Corned beef, 2 lb. 2 40 Corned beef, 1 lb. 1 35 Roast beef, 2 lb. 2 40 Roast beef, 1 lb. 1 30 Potted ham, 1/4 s 45 Potted ham, 1/2 s 85 Deviled ham, 1/4 s 45 Deviled ham, 1/2 s 85 Potted tongue, 1/4 s 45 Potted tongue, 1/2 s 85 RICE Fancy 7 @ 7 1/2 Japan 5 1/2 @ 6 1/2 Broken 4 SALAD DRESSING Columbia, 1/2 pint 2 25 Columbia, 1 pint 4 00 Durkee's, large, 1 doz. 4 50 Durkee's, small, 2 doz. 5 25 Snider's, large, 1 doz. 2 35 Snider's, small, 2 doz. 1 35 SALERATUS Packed 60 lbs. in box. Arm and Hammer 3 15 Deland's 3 00 Dwight's Cow 3 15 Emblem 2 10 L. P. 3 00 Wyandotte, 100 1/4 s 3 00 SAL SODA Granulated, bbls. 85 Granulated, 100lb. cs. 1 00 Lump, bbls. 80 Lump, 145lb. kegs 95 SALT Common Grades 100 3 lb. sacks 2 10 60 5 lb. sacks 2 00 28 10 1/2 lb. sacks 1 90 28 10 1/2 lb. sacks 1 90 56 lb. sacks 30 28 lb. sacks 15 Warsaw 56 lb. dairy in drill bags 40 28 lb. dairy in drill bags 20 Solar Rock 56 lb. sacks 24 Common Granulated, fine 80 Medium, fine 85 SALT FISH Cod Large whole @ 7 Small whole @ 6 1/2 Strips or bricks 7 1/2 @ 10 1/2 Pollock @ 5 Halibut Strips 13 Chunks 13 Holland Herring White Hoop, bbls. 11 00 White Hoop, 1/2 bbls. 6 00 White Hoop, keg 65 @ 75 White Hoop mchs. 85 Norwegian Round, 100 lbs. 3 75 Round, 40 lbs. 1 75 Scaled 12 Trout No. 1, 100lbs. 7 50 No. 1, 40lbs. 3 25 No. 1, 10lbs. 90 No. 1, 8lbs. 75 Mackerel Mess, 100lbs. 15 00 Mess, 40lbs. 6 20 Mess, 10lbs. 1 65 Mess, 8lbs. 1 35 No. 1, 100lbs. 14 00 No. 1, 40lbs. 5 60 No. 1, 10lbs. 1 65 No. 1, 8lbs. 1 36 Whitefish 100lb. 9 75 4 50 50lb. 5 25 2 40 10lb. 1 12 8lb. 92 50 SEEDS Anise 10 Canary, Smyrna 4 1/2 Caraway 10 Cardamom, Malabar 1 00 Celery 15 Hemp, Russian 4 1/2 Mixed Bird 4 Mustard, white 10 Poppy 9 Rape 6 SHOE BLACKING Handy Box, large, 3 dz 50 Handy Box, small 1 25 Bixby's Royal Polish 85 Miller's Crown Polish.. 85	SNUFF Scotch, in bladders 37 Maccaboy, in jars 35 French Rappie in jars. 43 SOAP J. S. Kirk & Co. American Family 4 00 Dusky Diamond, 50 8 oz 2 80 Dusky D'nd, 100 6 oz. 3 80 Jap Rose, 50 bars 3 75 Savon Imperial 3 50 White Russian 3 50 Dome, oval bars 3 50 Satinet, oval 2 15 Snowberry, 100 cakes 4 00 Proctor & Gamble Co. Lenox 3 50 Ivory, 6 oz. 4 00 Ivory, 10 oz. 6 75 Star 3 50 LAUTZ BROS. & CO. Acme, 70 bars 3 60 Acme, 30 bars 4 00 Acme, 25 bars 4 00 Acme, 100 cakes 3 50 Big Master, 100 bars 4 25 Marseilles, 100 cakes 6 00 Marseilles, 100 cakes 5c 4 00 Marseilles, 100 ck toilet 4 00 A. B. Whisley Good Cheer 4 00 Old Country 3 40 Soap Powders Lautz Bros. & Co. Snow Boy 4 00 Gold Dust, 24 large 4 50 Gold Dust, 100-5c 4 00 Kirkoline, 24 4lb. 3 80 Pearline 3 75 Soapine 4 10 Babbitt's 1776 3 75 Roseine 3 50 Armour's 3 70 Wisdom 3 80 Soap Compounds Johnson's Fine 5 10 Johnson's XXX 4 25 Nine O'clock 3 35 Rub-No-More 3 75 Scouring Enoch Morgan's Sons. Sapolio, gross lots 9 00 Sapolio, half gro lots 4 50 Sapolio, single boxes. 2 25 Sapolio, hand 2 25 Scourine Manufacturing Co Scourine, 50 cakes 1 80 Scourine, 100 cakes 3 50 SODA Boxes 5 1/2 Kegs, English 4 1/2 SOUPS Columbia 3 00 Red Letter 90 SPICES Whole Spices Allspice 12 Cassia, China in mats. 12 Cassia, Canton 16 Cassia, Batavia, bund. 28 Cassia, Saigon, broken. 40 Cassia, Saigon, in rolls. 55 Cloves, Amboyina 25 Cloves, Zanzibar 20 Mace 55 Nutmegs, 75-80 35 Nutmegs, 105-10 25 Nutmegs, 115-20 20 Pepper, Singapore, blk. 15 Pepper, Singap. white. 25 Pepper, shot 17 Pure Ground in Bulk Allspice 16 Cassia, Batavia 28 Cassia, Saigon 28 Cloves, Zanzibar 18 Ginger, African 18 Ginger, Coch 18 Ginger, Jamaica 25 Mace 25 Mustard 18 Pepper, Singapore, blk. 17 Pepper, Singap. white. 28 Pepper, Cayenne 20 Sage 20 STARCH Common Gloss 1lb. packages 4 1/2 @ 5 3lb. packages @ 6lb. packages @ 5 1/2 40 and 50lb. boxes 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4 Barrels @ 3 1/2 Common Corn 20lb. packages 4 1/2 @ 7 40lb. packages 4 1/2 @ 7 SYRUPS Corn Half Barrels 29 20lb. cans 1/4 dz. in cs 2 00 10lb. cans 1/2 dz. in cs 1 95 5lb. cans 2 dz. in cs. 2 00 2 1/2 lb. cans 2 dz. in cs. 2 10 Pure Cane Fair 16 Good 20 Choice 25 TEA Japan Sundried, medium 24 Sundried, choice 32 Sundried, fancy 36 Regular, medium 24 Regular, choice 32 Regular, fancy 36 Basket-fired, medium 31 Basket-fired, choice 38 Basket-fired, fancy 43 Nibs 22 @ 24 Siftings 9 @ 11 Fannings 13 @ 14	Gunpowder Moyune, medium 30 Moyune, choice 32 Moyune, fancy 40 Pingsuey, medium 30 Pingsuey, choice 30 Pingsuey, fancy 40 Young Hyson Choice 30 Fancy 36 Oolong Formosa, fancy 42 Amoy, medium 25 Amoy, choice 32 English Breakfast Medium 20 Choice 30 Fancy 40 India Ceylon, choice 32 Fancy 42 TOBACCO Fine Cut Cadillac 54 Sweet Loma 54 Hiawatha, 5lb. pails. 55 Telegram 30 Pay Car 30 Prairie Rose 49 Protection 40 Sweet Burley 44 Tiger 40 Plug Red Cross 31 Palo 35 Hiawatha 41 Kyro 35 Battle Ax 37 American Eagle 33 Standard Navy 37 Spear Head, 7 oz. 47 Spear Head, 14 1/2 oz. 44 Nobby Twist 55 Jolly Tar 39 Old Honesty 43 Toddy 34 J. T. 38 Piper Heidsieck 66 Boot Jack 80 Honey Dip Twist 40 Black Standard 40 Cadillac 40 Forge 34 Nickel Twist 52 Mill 32 Great Navy 36 Smoking Sweet Core 34 Flat Car 32 Warpath 26 Bamboo, 16 oz. 25 I X L, 5lb. 27 I X L, 16 oz. pails. 31 Honey Dew 40 Gold Block 40 Flagman 40 Chips 33 Kiln Dried 21 Duke's Mixture 40 Duke's Cameo 43 Myrtle Navy 44 Yum Yum, 1 1/2 oz. 39 Yum Yum, 1lb. pails. 40 Cream 38 Corn Cake, 2 1/2 oz. 25 Corn Cake, 1lb. 22 Plover Boy, 1 1/2 oz. 39 Plover Boy, 3 1/2 oz. 39 Peerless, 3 1/2 oz. 35 Peerless, 1 1/2 oz. 35 Air Brake 36 Cant Hook 30 Country Club 32-34 Forex-XXXX 30 Good Indian 25 Self Binder, 16oz. 8oz. 20-22 Silver Foam 24 Sweet Marie 32 Royal Smoke 42 TWINE Cotton, 3 ply 26 Cotton, 4 ply 26 Jute, 2 ply 14 Hemp, 6 ply 13 Flax, medium N 24 Wool, 1 lb. balls 10 VINEGAR Malt White, Wine, 40 gr 9 Malt White, Wine 80 gr 12 1/2 Pure Cider, B & B 15 Pure Cider, Robinson 15 Pure Cider, Silver 15 WICKING No. 0 per gross 30 No. 1 per gross 40 No. 2 per gross 50 No. 3 per gross 75 WOODENWARE Baskets Bushels 1 00 Bushels, wide band 1 25 Market 40 Splint, large 3 50 Splint, medium 3 00 Splint, small 2 75 Willow, Clothes, large 8 25 Willow, Clothes, me'm 7 25 Willow, Clothes, small 6 25 Bradley Butter Boxes 2lb. size, 24 in case 72 3lb. size, 16 in case 63 5lb. size, 12 in case 63 10lb. size, 6 in case 60 Butter Plates No. 1 Oval, 250 in crate 35 No. 2 Oval, 250 in crate 40 No. 3 Oval, 250 in crate 45 No. 5 Oval, 250 in crate 60 Churns Barrel, 5 gal., each 2 40 Barrel, 10 gal., each 2 55 Barrel, 15 gal., each 3 70	Clothes Pins Round head, 5 gross bx 55 Round head, cartons. 70 Egg Crates and Fillers. Humpty Dumpty, 12 doz. 20 No. 1 complete 40 No. 2 complete 28 Case No. 2 fillers 15 sets 1 35 Case, mediums, 12 sets 1 15 Faucets Cork lined, 8 in 70 Cork lined, 9 in 80 Cork lined, 10 in 90 Mop Sticks Trojan spring 90 Eclipse patent spring. 85 No. 1 common 80 No. 2 pat. brush holder 85 12lb. cotton mop heads 1 40 Ideal No. 7 85 Pails 2-hoop Standard 2 15 3-hoop Standard 2 35 2-wire, Cable 2 25 3-wire, Cable 2 45 Cedar, all red, brass 1 25 Paper, Eureka 2 25 Fibre 2 70 Toothpicks Hardwood 2 50 Softwood 2 75 Banquet 1 50 Ideal 1 50 Traps Mouse, wood, 2 holes. 22 Mouse, wood, 4 holes. 45 Mouse, wood, 6 holes. 70 Mouse, tin, 5 holes 65 Rat, wood 75 Rat, spring 75 Tubs 20-in. Standard, No. 1 8 75 18-in. Standard, No. 2 7 75 16-in. Standard, No. 3 6 75 20-in. Cable No. 1 9 25 18-in. Cable, No. 2 8 25 16-in. Cable No. 3 7 25 No. 1 Fibre 11 75 No. 2 Fibre 10 25 No. 3 Fibre 9 50 Wash Boards Bronze Globe 2 50 Dewey 1 75 Double Acme 2 75 Single Acme 2 25 Double Peerless 4 25 Single Peerless 3 60 Northern Queen 3 50 Double Duplex 3 00 Good Luck 2 75 Universal 65 Window Cleaners 12 in. 1 65 14 in. 1 85 16 in. 2 30 Wood Bowls 13 in. Butter 1 25 15 in. Butter 2 25 17 in. Butter 3 75 19 in. Butter 5 00 Assorted, 13-15-17 2 30 Assorted, 15-17-19 3 25 WRAPPING PAPER Common straw 1 1/4 Fibre Manila, white. 2 1/4 Fibre Manila, colored. 4 No. 1 Manila 4 Cream Manila 3 Butcher's Manila 2 Wax Butter, short c't. 13 Wax Butter, full count 20 Wax Butter, rolls 15 YEAST CAKE Magic, 3 doz. 1 15 Sunlight, 3 doz. 1 00 Sunlight, 1 1/2 doz. 50 Yeast Foam, 3 doz. 1 15 Yeast Foam, 3 doz. 1 00 Yeast Foam, 1 1/2 doz. 58 FRESH FISH Per lb. Whitefish, Jumbo 20 Whitefish, No. 1 15 Trout 12 Halibut 12 Ciscos or Herring 8 Bluefish 15 Live Lobster 32 Boiled Lobster 34 Cod 12 Haddock 8 Pickrel 12 1/2 Eike 9 Perch, dressed 8 1/2 Smoked, White 12 1/2 Red Snapper 11 1/2 Chinook Salmon 16 Mackerel 22 Finnan Haddie 13 HIDES AND PELTS Hides Green No. 1 5 Green No. 2 4 Cured No. 1 6 Cured No. 2 5 Calfskin, green, No. 1 9 Calfskin, green, No. 2 7 1/2 Calfskin, cured, No. 1 10 Calfskin, cured No. 2 8 1/2 Pelts Old Wood @ 20 Lambs 50 @ 80 Shearlings 40 @ 80 Tallow No. 1 @ 4 No. 2 @ 3 Wool Unwashed, med. @ 18 Unwashed, fine @ 14	CONFECTIONS Stick Candy Pails Standard 8 1/2 Standard H H 8 1/2 Standard Twist 9 Cases Jumbo, 32 lb. 8 1/2 Extra H H 10 Boston Cream 12 Big stick, 30 lb. case. 8 1/2 Mixed Candy Grocers 6 1/2 Competition 7 Special 8 Conserve 8 Royal 8 1/2 Ribbon 10 Broken 8 1/2 Cut Loaf 9 Leader 8 1/2 Kindergarten 11 Bon Ton Cream 9 1/2 French Cream 9 1/2 Star 11 Hand Made Cream 17 Premio Cream mixed 14 O F Horehound Drop 11 Fancy-In Pails Gypsy Hearts 14 Coco Bon Bons 13 Fudge Squares 13 Peanut Squares 10 Sugared Peanuts 12 Salted Peanuts 13 Starlight Kisses 11 San Blas Goodies 13 Lozenges, plain 10 Lozenges, printed 11 Champion Chocolate 14 Eclipse Chocolates 15 Eureka Chocolates 16 Quintette Chocolates 17 Champion Gum Drops 9 Moss Drops 10 Lemon Sours 11 Imperial 11 Ital Cream Opera 12 Ital Cream Bon Bons 12 Golden Waffles 13 Red Rose Gum Drops 10 Fancy-In 5lb. Boxes Old Fashioned Molass- es Kisses, 10lb. box 1 30 Orange Jellies 50 Lemon Sours 60 Old Fashioned Hore- hound drops 60 Peppermint Drops 60 Chocolate Drops 75 H. M. Choc. Drops 1 10 H. M. Choc. Lt. and Dark No. 12 1 10 Bitter Sweets, as'd 1 25 Brilliant Gums, Crys. 60 A. A. Licorice Drops 90 Lozenges, plain 60 Imperial, printed 65 Mottoes 60 Cream Bar 60 G. M. Peanut Bar 60 Hand Made Cr'ms 80 @ 90 Cream Wafers 65 String Rock 60 Wintergreen Berries 60 Old Time Assorted 2 75 Buster Brown Goodies 3 50 Up-to-date Asstmt. 3 75 Ten Strike No. 1 6 50 Ten Strike No. 2 6 00 Ten Strike, Summer as- sортment 6 75 Scientific Ass't. 18 00 Pop Corn Cracker Jack 3 25 Checkers, 5c pkg case 3 50 Pop Corn Balls, 200s 1 35 Azulikit 100s 3 00 Oh My 100s 3 50 Cough Drops Putnam Menthol 1 00 Smith Bros. 1 25 NUTS-Whole Almonds, Tarragona 18 Almonds, Avica Almonds, California sft. shell 14 @ 15 Brazil 13 Filberts 13 Cal. No. 1 15 Walnuts, soft shelled 18 @ 19 Walnuts, Chilli 15 Table nuts, fancy 13 @ 16 Pecans, Med. 13 Pecans, ex. large 14 Pecans, Jumbos 16 Hickory Nuts per bu. Ohio new Cocoanuts Chestnuts, New York State, per bu. Shelled Spanish Peanuts 8 @ 9 Pecan Halves @ 65 Walnut Halves @ 35 Filbert Meats @ 27 Alcantre Almonds @ 42 Jordan Almonds @ 47 Peanuts Fancy H. P. Suns @ 6 1/2 Fancy, H. P. Suns, Roasted 7 1/2 @ 8 Choice, H. P. Jumbo Choice, H. P. Jumbo Roasted

Special Price Current

AXLE GREASE



Mica, tin boxes... 75 9 00
Paragon 55 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 quantity 31
El Portana 33
Evening Press 32
Exemplar 32
Worden Grocer Co. brand
Ben Har 35
Perfection 35
Perfection Extras 35
Londres 35
Londres Grand 35
Standard 35
Puritinos 35
Panatellas, Finas 35
Panatellas, Bock 35
Jockey Club 35

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

Carcass 5 @ 8 1/2
Hindquarters 7 1/2 @ 10
Loins 8 @ 14
Rounds 5 1/2 @ 7
Chucks 5 @ 6 1/2
Plates 5 @ 5
Livers 5 @ 5

Pork

Loins @ 10 1/2
Dressed @ 6 1/2
Boston Butts @ 9 1/2
Shoulders @ 8 1/2
Leaf Lard @ 9 1/2
Trimnings @ 7 1/2

Mutton

Carcass @ 9 1/2
Lambs @ 10 1/2
Spring Lambs @ 10 1/2
Veal
Carcass 6 @ 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, 1 lb.
White House, 2 lb.
Excelsior, M & J, 1 lb.
Excelsior, M & J, 2 lb.
Tip Top, M & J, 1 lb.
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; Fielbach Co.,
Toledo.

Peerless Evap'd Cream 4 00

FISHING TACKLE

1/4 to 1 in. 6
1 1/4 to 2 in. 7
1 1/2 to 3 in. 9
1 3/4 to 4 in. 11
2 in. 15
3 in. 20

Cotton Lines

No. 1, 10 feet 6
No. 2, 15 feet 7
No. 3, 15 feet 9
No. 4, 15 feet 10
No. 5, 15 feet 11
No. 6, 15 feet 12
No. 7, 15 feet 15
No. 8, 15 feet 18
No. 9, 15 feet 20

Linen Lines

Small 20
Medium 25
Large 34

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's 1 50
Knox's Acidu'd, doz. 1 20
Oxford 75
Plymouth Rock 1 25

SAFES



Full line of fire and burg-
lar 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, large 3 75
Halford, small 2 25

Use

Tradesman

Coupon

Books

Made by

Tradesman Company

Grand Rapids, Mich.

FINE CALENDAR



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 thought-
fulness of the giver.

We manufacture every-
thing in the calendar line
at prices consistent with
first-class quality and
workmanship. Tell us
what kind you want and
we will send you sam-
ples 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.

Drug Stock For Sale—A desirable drug stock, consisting of drugs, medicines, paints, oils, wall paper and druggist's sundries, with furniture all first-class, safe, roll top desk, cash register and four counter show cases with other cases as stock needs. Stock new and fresh. Is located at Crystal, Mich., and has had a trade of one hundred dollars per week cash. Will sell on time with good approved paper at 6 per cent. Will invoice about \$2,000. Will rent store building at reasonable rental. For particulars enquire of George W. Cadwell, Carson City, Mich. 373

For Sale—Fee simple to 3,000 acres of pine and 2,000 acres of hardwood timber land near railroad, estimated 10,000 feet per acre; also 2,000 acres fine fruit and truck land. Price very low. Will double in value in one year. Address No. 372, care Michigan Tradesman, Grand Rapids, Mich. 372

One-half interest in one of the best paying hardware stores in Michigan, for sale. This is a snap for some hustling hardware man. Address Hardware, care Michigan Tradesman, Grand Rapids, Mich. 370

For Sale—One nearly new Burroughs adding and listing machine. Cheap. Box 82, Grand Rapids. 369

For Sale—Two Dayton No. 38 even balance computing scales. Capacity of each 28 lbs.; good as new and cheap to a quick buyer. H. G. Camp, Salem, Ohio. 368

For Sale—A 45-room hotel, modern in every respect, \$2 per day; good trade; beautiful location. Call or write E. M. Worden, Ladysmith, Wis. 3

For Sale—On account of sickness, a good paying stock of general merchandise. Located in small town in good farming community in Northern Michigan. Will inventory about \$3,000. Post Office and telephone in connection. Will sell or rent building. Address No. 374, care Tradesman. 374

160 acres of land in the famous Pecos valley fruit belt to trade for stock, o. merchandise or city property. Price \$2 per acre. J. C. Fillingim, Dayton, New Mexico. 375

A bargain or for sale, small stock of jewelry and musical instruments. Just right for a jeweler to start with in small place. C. W. Slayton, Hart, Mich. 376

Wanted—Partner, established growing clothing business. \$3,000 necessary. Fred Felix, Peru, Ind. 377

For Sale—My stock of shoes, hats, furnishings and working clothing. Will invoice about \$4,000. Stock all new this fall. No old or out of date goods at all. If taken at once will discount 20 per cent. No trades considered. Spot cash only. Reason for selling, am going to remodel store building. It will pay you to investigate this. Call on or address Clyde H. Harris, Galien, Mich. 378

For Sale—Clean up-to-date grocery stock and drug sundries. Sales \$25,000 a year. Present invoice \$4,800. Located in fine brick block, county seat, two railroads, factory and surrounded by the best grain and stock land in Southern Michigan. For particulars address Box 83, Cassopolis, Mich. 365

Exchange—Good 81 acres, Indiana good improvements, fine farm for general farming, poultry and gardening 1½ miles from Kewanee, 75 miles from Chicago. Price \$75 acre. Will take Indiana country stock of merchandise or city equity up to \$5,000. J. H. Spindler, Lowell, Ind. 363

To Exchange—The finest 160 acre improved farm in Michigan, 15 acres beach and maple timber, clay loam soil. Fine buildings and within 5 miles of this town. Will exchange for merchandise, hardware preferred. Price \$100 per acre. Evans & Holt, Fremont, Mich. 357

For Sale or Exchange—Stock of dry goods and ladies' furnishings. Invoice about \$4,000. One of Michigan's best towns, population about 3,000. Farming and manufacturing. Address No. 362, care Michigan Tradesman. 362

New general hardware stock, invoicing \$1,500. Will sell stock and building cheap or stock and rent building. Located in best stock and grain market town in Southern Michigan. Population 400. Reason, sickness. Address 360, care Tradesman. 360

For Sale—One No. 54½ National Cash Register, only used four weeks. Cost \$300. Guaranteed perfect. If taken at once, price \$225. Address Clyde H. Harris, Galien, Mich. 355

For Sale—Clean stock of groceries, inventorying about \$1,300. Established trade. Must sell on account of ill health. G. A. Smedley, St. Johns, Mich. 353

To Exchange—Wholesale hardware store in Northern Michigan, invoicing \$40,000, for farms or good income property free and clear in Grand Rapids or Detroit, Mich. Address Michigan Store & Office Fixture Co., 519 No. Ottawa St., Grand Rapids, Mich. 351

For Sale or Trade—15 H. P. Ohio gasoline engine, good as new. A bargain taken soon. J. C. Springer, White Cloud, Mich. 349

National Cash Register, detail adder, keyed from 1c to \$20. Good condition, bright nickel case. F. O. B. here for \$50 cash. L. B. 66, Berrien Springs, Mich. 348

For Sale—I wish to sell my shoe stock. Will invoice about \$2,100. Address P. W. Holland, Ovid, Mich. 341

No difference where you live, if you are plaintiff or defendant in a lawsuit or need the advice of a lawyer, we can render you valuable assistance. For particulars address P. O. Box 128, Niagara Falls, N. Y. 340

Farm lands within and around Duluth, Minn., for sale at wholesale prices. L. A. Larsen Co., 215 Providence Bldg., Duluth, Minn. 333

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

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, \$3,640. Good reasons for selling. Address No. 386, care Michigan Tradesman. 386

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

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

HELP WANTED.

Wanted—A first-class meat cutter, neat, quick and accurate in figures. Correct in character and habits. References required. State wages wanted. J. A. Shattuck & Co., Newberry, Mich. 371

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Wanted—At once, position by assistant registered pharmacist of three years' experience, who is desirous of good drug store experience and steady employment. Address No. 358, care Michigan Tradesman. 358

Want Ads. continued on next page.

COUPON BOOKS

SUPERCEDE
BOOK-KEEPING
DISPUTED ACCOUNTS
BAD DEBTS

ACCURACY
PROFIT
CONTENTMENT

We make four grades of book
in the different denominations.

CIRCULARS
SAMPLES ON INQUIRY

TRADESMAN COMPANY.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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.**

MODERN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

If the most urgent duty demanded of the medical profession is the relief of the sufferings of those who are ill from bodily disorders, it is certain that next in importance are the investigation and discovery of the causes of diseases.

While much progress is being made in that direction, what has been learned, however valuable, only emphasizes the great need of still further research until the problems and mysteries that have so long defied solution shall be unraveled and made to give up their secrets.

It will not be uninteresting to the unprofessional, plain people to be told that despite the studies and investigations by medical men for thousands of years, although every organ of the human body, however small and apparently unimportant, has been located and given a name, there are not a few whose character and uses are so absolutely unknown that medical men have assumed to declare that they are not only useless, but are clogs, encumbrances, hindrances to the proper working of the bodily functions and economy, and ought to be extirpated at the first opportunity.

One of these is the vermiform appendix, commonly known as the "appendix," a small blind tube opening into the lower rightside fold of the large intestine. For many centuries it played so little part as a disturber of the human health that no attention was paid to it, but in recent years inflammation of the appendix, known as appendicitis, has come to be one of the very commonest as well as one of the most dangerous diseases known, and in such cases the rule is to cut out the appendix as promptly as possible.

Notwithstanding the appendix, by its disturbance to the bodily health, has come into more evil prominence in the attention of medical scientists than almost any other organ, its purposes of existence are to-day wholly unknown, and if there are any important problems involved in its presence they are absolute mysteries.

Among these mysterious organs in the human body ascending from below to other regions are the venal capsules, two small glands adhering, one each, to the kidneys. Whatever may be their functions, they are so little known that they are only conjectured.

Then there is the spleen, or milt, a "process" much resembling in color and form the tongue of some small animal, such as a dog, but it is of a uniform thickness, and of the same shape at each end. It is found attached to the intestines near the stomach, and while the ancients associated it with outbreaks of anger or of melancholy, its real office in the animal organism, for it is possessed by many of the vertebrates or creatures having backbones, is a mere matter of theory. Nothing is known of its real use.

Then there is the pituitary body in the base of the brain, and apparently connecting that great organ with the spinal marrow, which is held to be a continuation of the brain matter

through the backbone to its extreme lower end. This is another one of the supreme mysteries of the human organization, and to discover their uses and meaning is to read the riddle of the Sphinx.

Several modern investigators have been giving attention to these obscure subjects, and it is claimed that they are finding some correlation with other organs that promise to lead to interesting results. They find in the thyroid gland, a little-known body in the throat, a secretion which has greatly promoted the health and intelligence of idiotic children, besides stimulating other functional operations, while a substance extracted from the pancreas is claimed to possess remedial power in cases of cancer.

Among the scientists who have in recent years engaged most actively in the study of these obscure and little known organs of the human body is Dr. Charles Sajous, of Philadelphia. It is claimed for him that he is demonstrating not only the existence of a self-existent curative power, "Vis medicatrix Naturae," in the human body, but that in these long neglected and supposed useless organs the very fountains of the health-giving auto or self-supporting antitoxines are being uncovered.

Doubtless, more or less of what is claimed concerning the investigations in the direction mentioned is theory employed to bridge over the gaps between ascertained facts, but it seems to be progress in the right direction and may eventually throw a flood of light upon what has been for thousands of years enveloped in apparent hopeless shadow or darkness.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Beans and Potatoes at Buffalo.

Buffalo, Dec. 18—Creamery, fresh, 25@29c; dairy, fresh, 20@24c; poor to common, 18@20c; rolls, 20@24c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, candled, 30@32c; choice, 28c; cold storage, candled, 18½@19c.

Live Poultry — Springs, 8@11c; fowls, 8@10c; ducks, 12@12½c; geese, 11@12c; old cox, 8@9c.

Dressed Poultry — Springs, 10@12½c; fowls, 10@12c; old cox, 9@10c; ducks, 12@12½c; geese, 11@12c; turkeys, 16@18c.

Beans—Marrow, hand-picked, \$2.25@2.40; medium, hand-picked, \$2.25; peas, hand-picked, \$2.25@2.35; red kidney, hand-picked, \$2.25@2.30; white kidney, hand-picked, \$2.25@2.50.

Potatoes—White, 55@60c per bu.; mixed, 50c. Rea & Witzig.

Women Won't Believe It.

Economy is the science of buying a \$2 hat for \$3.75 when a good one may be had for \$4. It is a harmless and fascinating pursuit for those who can afford it, but a poor man has no business to fritter away his time and substance on such extravagances. Women are particularly addicted to it, and often become so skillful that they are able to get through January without encroaching on their April allowance.—Life.

THE LYING HABIT.

It Certainly Never Pays in the Long Run.

Written for the Tradesman.

"What is the use of lying?" Of course you have heard the question—probably heard it a great many times. Did you ever hear it answered? I mean, did you ever hear anyone give a good reason for lying? Have you ever thought of the various circumstances under which this question has been asked? Perhaps it was at school with your playmates. Someone denied doing a certain thing; someone had disobeyed the rules; someone had been meddling with that which did not belong to them; someone proposed to tell a lie and all the rest stick to it, so that it never could be found out who had been into mischief; someone was "yarning it," just to show how big a story he could tell; someone was bragging of certain feats of skill or strength, and right in the midst of it all there came from some honorable, sensible boy or girl in indignant tones the plain, forceful, pointed question: "What is the use of lying?" There was no answer. The offender was rebuked and some who were almost persuaded to follow the suggestions or applaud the boastful speaker were brought to their senses in the matter. The courageous conduct of one truth-loving person was a great power for good.

Would it not be better for everyone if there were more such people in all the walks of life to promptly frown down every suggestion of falsifying and deception? A thousand times in society or business is heard that which we can not believe. It is none of our affair and we pass on and forget it.

Again, in business transactions we meet those who make statements in regard to the merits of the merchandise or article under consideration which are so utterly without foundation that we are tempted to exclaim: "What is the use of lying?" But we do not wish to provoke animosity; we have no time to spare in discussion with those who have so little sense as to resort to such methods to sell goods, and we leave them without an intimation that we have discerned their attempts to deceive. With some to speak at all at such moments is but to open the vials of their wrath, to use up their nervous strength in angry invective or discussion, to distract their mind from imperative business, and so it is best to keep silent.

"What is the use of lying?" Sometimes it is an expression of incredulity. It is a sharp, savage thrust at one who may be earnest and truthful in what he is saying. But whether among playmates at school or elsewhere, whether in heated controversy in social or business life, whether pondered as an abstract question by the student, whether contemplated as an expedient by the schemer after wealth or whether regarded as the only hope of escape by one who is endeavoring to avoid the consequences of his own foolish or criminal acts, there is but one satisfactory answer: There is no use of lying.

"What is the use of lying?" Can we answer the question from our own experience? In childhood, in youth or at any other period in our lives have we been afraid to tell the truth when questioned? If we resorted to a lie, did it help matters any? Have we been afraid to remain silent when we had a right to do so, and palmed off on our friends some plausible excuse which followed and condemned us until we acknowledged our wrong doing?

Gathered in the parlor of a winter's evening or on a stormy Sunday afternoon a group of boarders, each of whom may be engaged in a different occupation from the others, find mutual benefit as well as amusement in recounting the experiences of business life. Quite frequently a question of moral responsibility arises. "Can an honest man succeed in business?" "Can a person transact business with all classes of people without using deception?" "Is it wrong to lie to a burglar to prevent loss of property?" "Is a soldier justified in lying to the enemy to save his own life or the lives of others?" These and similar questions are very earnestly debated, pro and con. And what does it all amount to? Simply this: Some are trying to find out if anyone can advance a reason which they can use to justify themselves in their practice of resorting to falsehood and deception in business. The suppositious cases are out of the ordinary experience of everyday life, and no one can foretell what he would do in certain emergencies. He who determines to do right in all things need not be anxious lest adherence to truth cost him his life. History records many who have given their lives rather than yield to dishonor. What a comparison to those who constantly lie in expectation of gaining a few cents.

Leaving aside the false and exaggerated advertisements, if some men expended as much brain power in trying to adapt themselves pleasantly, gracefully and withal truthfully to exacting or offended customers as they do to invent lying excuses and deceptive schemes they would secure trade instead of driving it away; they would have better financial success and they would derive much more satisfaction from their business.

E. E. Whitney.

Something in That.

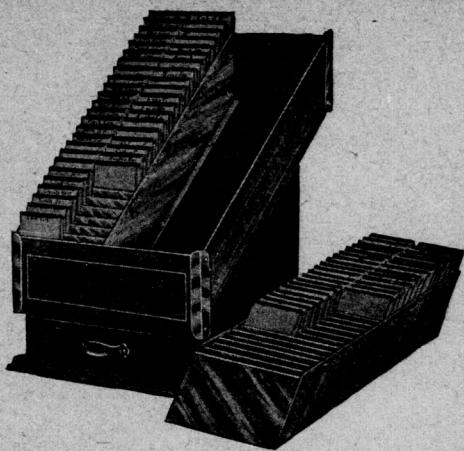
A young man of Boston who had failed to pay his laundry bill endeavored to turn his Chinaman aside from enquiry by an attack upon the Celestial's manner of speech. "Why do you say 'Fliday,' John?" he asked. "Say Fliday because mean Fliday," replied John, stoutly. "No say Fliday and mean maybe week after nex', like Melican man."

BUSINESS CHANCES.

For Sale—Bakery, restaurant and confectionery in college town of 10,000. Excellent opportunity for right party. No. 3 Middleby oven. Will bear investigation. For further information address J. M. Boule, Valparaiso, Ind. 380

Retiring from business. For sale at discount, whole or part interest in my stock of general merchandise, to a man who can take full management of same. Business established for 20 years. Is a money-maker. Address A. J. Prindle, Howell, Mich. 379

Of
Course
You
Know,
Mr.
Merchant,



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

If you are losing money—
In charges that have been forgotten,
In loose slips that have been torn up or entirely lost,
In bills that have grown too large for debtor's responsibility,
In concessions to customers on disputed accounts, etc.—
If you're spending valuable time posting accounts and making out statements—
If you are carrying more money on your customers' shelves than on your own—
You may not know how to remedy the matter. We do. So let us discuss it with you.
We have had many years of experience in manufacturing different systems of accounting suitable for the many different kinds of business and are, therefore, familiar with the needs of merchants in this respect.
The Keith System has been conceived and promoted especially for the use of Grocers, Butchers and General Merchants, although it is applicable to many other kinds of business.
This system does your book-keeping with ONE WRITING and is a soothing balm for all business ills.
Our illustrated catalog is free.

The Simple Account Salesbook Co.

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

A Balloon Race

has recently been held in which all records for distance have been eclipsed. By careful and systematic handling they were kept near enough to the ground to accomplish the purpose of the test. They were under perfect control at all times, except for direction.

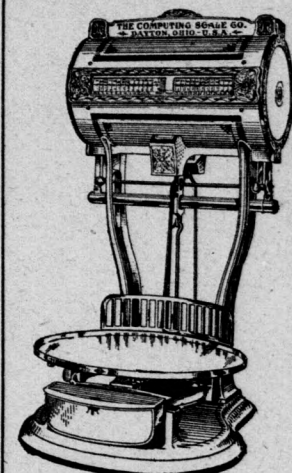
Think of the perfection of the bag which retained the gas sufficient to carry the weight.

A SMALL LEAK would have made these results impossible; the gas would escape and the balloon come down.

THE SUCCESS of your business depends upon the degree of protection secured in handling your goods. A small loss on each weighing will surely and steadily decrease your profits. You must avoid it.

MONEYWEIGHT SCALES are proven to be the only scales which will handle your goods without loss. The immense number of successful merchants using them is proof of our claim.

A short demonstration of our scale will convince you that it will save you money. Will you let us prove it?



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.

The WALTER M. LOWNEY COMPANY, 447 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

What Is the Good

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

We Are Selling Agents for Homer Laughlin's Dinner Wares

White Granite or Ironstone China
Plain White and Decorated Semi-Porcelain

The Homer Laughlin China Co. enjoys a most enviable position in the pottery world as the producer of the highest grade of dinner and toilet wares obtainable. Its products stand in a class by themselves and the ever increasing demand is evidence of their superiority and popularity. You need this ware

To Build Up Your Crockery Trade

It will please the better class of your customers that are satisfied only with a class of dinner ware that retains its original purity of color and brilliant lustre because it does not craze or discolor and is at the same time of light weight, of pleasing design and shape and very durable. Homer Laughlin wares meet every one of these requirements. Don't be satisfied with anything called "just as good." Handle the best.

Ask us for
**Special
Price**
on the
"Imperial"
Rotary
**Washing
Machine**

The "Imperial" is a high grade washer with stave legs which are bolted on. It runs as easy as a sewing machine with high speed and little effort.



"BELLEVUE A" Pink and Green Border Design
One of the latest and most popular decorations in

Ask us for
**Lowest
Prices**
on
**Sleighs and
Coasters**
also
Baby Cutters

Our line is made by one of the foremost manufacturers of the country and excels in workmanship and finish. Prices quoted on application.

Johnson Bros.' English Semi-Porcelain

The "Bellevue A" Pattern, "Elite Shape," illustrated above, is a dainty border design in crimson and green that cannot fail to please the most exacting taste. It is only one of the many beautiful dinner ware patterns we carry in

Plain White and Decorated Semi-Porcelain

This famous ware is beyond question the very best English dinner ware produced and is superior in texture, beauty of design, purity of color, lightness of weight, etc., to any other make.

We Will Give You the Agency for Your Town

for one of Johnson Bros.' Semi-Porcelain open stock patterns if you so desire. The desirability of such agency is apparent as it will enable you to control the sale of such a pattern for your town and vicinity.

Write us about it, or ask our traveler when he calls on you.

We Make
**No Charge For
Package and Cartage**

Leonard Crockery Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

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.

**Crockery, Glassware
and
House-Furnishings**