

GET BACK TO BUSINESS

Manufacturers and jobbers are peculiarly susceptible to every trade fluctuation by reason of their close association with the man behind the counter. They quickly note changing conditions, and more quickly note any falling of the industrial barometer. They are the sensitive tentacles of the commercial body, and equipped, as they of necessity must be, with much educated experience, judgment and caution, constitute the best trade jury and wisest council of the country, where trade is considered and deductions are made.

Get Back to Business

What do you think of the recent money squeeze and its probable effect on trade? The answer is best read in the order books. All have placed with the manufacturers, importing houses and jobbers satisfactory orders covering quantities practically the same as in previous years. Investigation shows that the cancellations received by manufacturers—fewer by far than generally supposed—carried explanations of the uncertainty of banking accommodations and a promise of an early new order. Collections were a little slow, but that was purely the reaction of financial nervousness, while selling organizations have not been reduced. The trading centers are, as ever, alert. Crops are large and profitable. Hundreds of millions will be spent by farmers alone. Everywhere there is an earnest desire to, by practical effort and persistency, make the average of sales equal, if not surpass, previous seasons. Advertising has been stimulated, the courage of merchants has been aroused, and the universal indication is buoyant confidence and assured knowledge that all is well with our commerce.

Get Back to Business

The slogan is GET BACK TO BUSINESS. Let the "frenzied financiers" groan and piteously yell for help—that's a matter more for police consideration than commercial wonderment. The mission of the merchant is to go ahead, to increase, to build up, to inspire with confidence, to stimulate by precept or advice—even to help if needed—all those with whom he transacts legitimate business. Every one working on these lines will spread the happy contagion. Its presence will annihilate pessimism and before many days the great commercial army, again contented and fully occupied, will be covering the country with profitable productive leaven.

Get Back to Business

Each has a manifest duty to perform, from the head of the establishment to the latest recruit—all must buckle down to business. That means all must be enthusiastic, all confident. The United States has the greatest absorptive capacity of any people on earth. Each individual spends annually for personal requirements infinitely more than any individual in any other country—and there's eighty odd millions of us. Some of this demand you must supply; how much depends in the greatest measure upon your work and your inspiration.

It's the happy, hopeful, encouraging example that carries conviction.

The merchants of this country should need no reminder of the fact.

Their field is too great, too rich, too mighty, to be halted in its great commercial development by discredited gamblers.

GET BACK TO BUSINESS

DO IT NOW

Investigate the

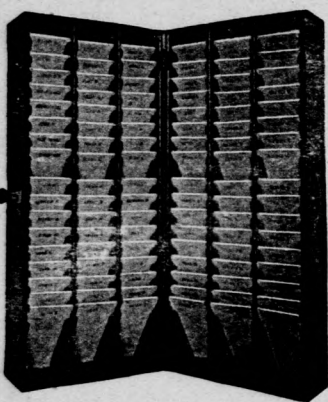
Kirkwood Short Credit System of Accounts

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

A. H. Morrill & Co.

105 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids, Michigan
Bell Phone 87 Citizens Phone 5087

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



Every Cake

of FLEISCHMANN'S

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

The Fleischmann Co.,

of Michigan

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

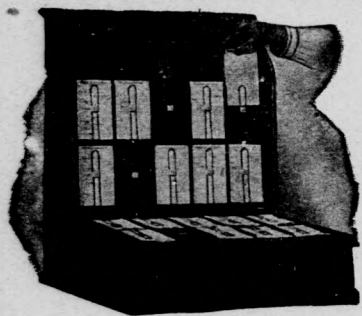


There's Money

Lots of It

To Be Saved

In the Handling of
Your Accounts



Just drop your way and try ours.

OUR way will dispense with at least TWO or THREE OPERATIONS.

No other way is JUST like OURS.

You can do on the McCASKEY with ONE operation all that is necessary:

Enter order, post account, and render total statement all on the customer's last slip. No copying.

Don't mind the SUBSTITUTER.

He may THINK he is right, perhaps, but the firm that employs him KNOWS BETTER.

When he says just as good, he doesn't realize how strongly he is endorsing the McCASKEY.

The McCASKEY has three strong endorsers: The company that manufactures it, the merchant who uses it and the SUBSTITUTER.

If you don't see McCASKEY on the front leaf it is not a McCASKEY.

Write for our 64-page FREE catalog.

THE McCASKEY REGISTER CO.

27 Rush St., Alliance, Ohio

Mfrs. of the Famous Multiplex Duplicate and Triplicate Pads;
also End Carbon, Side Carbon and Folded Pads.

Agencies in all Principal Cities

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

Pure Cider Vinegar

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

The Williams Bros. Co.

Manufacturers

Picklers and Preservers

Detroit, Mich.

Makes Clothes Whiter-Work Easier-Kitchen Cleaner.

SNOW BOY WASHING POWDER.

GOOD GOODS — GOOD PROFITS.

MICHIGAN TRADESMAN

Twenty-Fifth Year

GRAND RAPIDS, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1907

Number 1266

KENT COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

Corner Canal and Lyon Streets
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

OFFICERS

JOHN A. COVODE, President
HENRY IDEMA, Vice-President
J. A. S. VERDIER, Cashier
A. H. BRANDT, Ass't Cashier

DIRECTORS

JOHN A. COVODE FRED'K C. MILLER
T. J. O'BRIEN
LEWIS H. WITHEY EDWARD LOWE
T. STEWART WHITE
HENRY IDEMA J. A. S. VERDIER
A. W. HOMPE

Our prices for multigraphed imitation typewritten letters on your stationery:

100.....\$1.50	1000.....\$3.00
250.....2.00	2000.....5.00
500.....2.50	5000.....10.00

Write us or call.
Grand Rapids Typewriting & Addressing Co.
114 Mich. Trust Bldg., Ground Floor

GRAND RAPIDS FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY

THE McBAIN AGENCY

Grand Rapids, Mich. The Leading Agency

Commercial Credit Co., Ltd.

Credit Advances and Collections

MICHIGAN OFFICES
Murray Building, Grand Rapids
Majestic Building, Detroit

ELLIOT O. GROSVENOR

Late State Food Commissioner

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

2321 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

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

FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF

SAFES

Grand Rapids Safe Co.

Tradesman Building

SPECIAL FEATURES.

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MORE SCHOOL HOUSES.

Mr. George A. Davis, President of the Board of Education, in his annual report says, under the subhead of "Our School System," that our school buildings "average up well with those of other cities;" and in another part of his report he says: "Our buildings are in good condition, probably in better condition than they have been at any other time."

In general terms these claims may be correct because the new Sigsbee school, the Buchanan street school, the Jefferson school, the Wealthy avenue school, the Diamond street school, and so on, contribute largely toward the average; but the fact remains that the South Division street school, the Henry street school, the Fountain street school, the Congress street school and others—old fashioned and inadequate as to light, ventilation, heat and convenience—are not contributors to the average. And no penny-wise-pound-foolish remodelings or wing additions are going to put those structures in condition commensurate with what is deserved by the districts they represent.

This is no criticism of the Board of Education. The gentlemen constituting this body are planning as wisely, as generously and as promptly as is within their power with the resources and authority that are available. But the condition in this city, as in most other cities, emphasizes the wisdom or lack of wisdom there is in the system so generally in use of having school districts half a mile square or greater, each one provided with a large building with a basement and two or three stories.

Such structures are expensive as to first cost and their sites must be spacious and, so, costly; they are extravagant in their demands as to heat and maintenance, and when they contain three sets of stairways to climb they are a cruel imposition upon both pupils and teachers. They are not, as a rule, of good sanitary construction and as a rule they are invariably

over crowded and not convenient for at least 50 per cent. of the pupils in the district.

More than that, they are not necessary. Could they be supplanted by much smaller and more numerous school buildings so planned that they might be moved from place to place as needed, in this way an abundance of light, correctly distributed, would be assured; there would be no problems as to ventilation and general sanitation that would not be simple and inexpensive; the cost of maintenance would be larger than at present and the heating plans would also be simple and sure. Teachers would not, as now, be overloaded with pupils and no pupil would be compelled to travel from half a mile to a mile, perhaps, in order to reach his school or to return to his home.

The pupils in the graded schools, up to their admission to the grammar grade, need room, pure air and the most perfect light and sanitary conditions possible. The public schools—not including the high school, the grammar school, the central manual training school, the school for blind—accommodate about 25,000 pupils, or an average of 658 pupils per school. For this reason all classes are large—much too large—the teachers are overworked and the pupils are not so well taught as they would be were the classes smaller and the school houses more numerous.

Beware of the Monroe Cigar Co. MALE HELP WANTED.

Cigar Salesman wanted in your locality to represent us. Experience unnecessary; \$68 per mo. and expenses. Write for particulars. Monroe Cigar Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The above feasible, and even tempting advertisement, which appeared in the want column of one of the local papers on Saturday, December 7, might have separated several Adrian people, who were out of work at the time and desirous of doing something, from five dollars of their tainted stuff, but it remained for George Williams, of 14 Treat street, to play the part of detective and expose the scheme which, though an old timer, never fails to catch somebody.

Mr. Williams, who is unemployed at present, perused the tempting stickful of matter and thinking to share the work and profits with his son, Willis, answered the advertisement. He was instructed to send \$5 to 905 Jefferson street, Toledo, and receive his sample case. Instead of writing Mr. Williams went in person and found that the place was vacant and that the mail for the address had been ordered forwarded to Cleveland. Mr. Williams put the matter in the hands of the Toledo authorities, and returned to Adrian,

glad that he was not among the company who were stung, and mailed their V's to strangers.

When seen by a reporter this morning, he had this much to say about the matter.

"A short time after I read the advertisement I decided to accept it, and I wrote asking them for particulars. A week ago to-day I received the following reply:

Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 10, 1907.
Monroe Cigar Co.,
905 Jefferson St.

Mr. George Williams,
Adrian, Mich.

Dear Sir—You may assume the duties of the agent in any locality that you chose, although we would suggest that you canvas in your own, where you are known.

Fill out the accompanying contract enclosed with it the required \$5 for the sample case and cigars and they will be forwarded to you.

Very truly yours,
Monroe Cigar Co.

"Accompanying the letter was a typewritten contract drawn in exact legal form, setting forth the requirements and advantages. All of the offers were most satisfactory—10 per cent. commission, expenses, etc.—but there was the clause, which again demanded the advance of \$5 for the case and samples.

"In this contract, it was directed that all communications be sent to 905 Jefferson street, Toledo, I decided to go down in person and see what there was to the matter. I'm 60 years old, was in the civil war and have cut my wisdom teeth, and am too old to bite on any string until I found out whether or not the string would hold me. So, last Tuesday, I went to Toledo. I found the block all right, the same as had been printed at the top of their letter paper, but when I came to No. 905 I found it was vacant.

"I realized how near I had come to being sold, and went to the post-office to see if they had received any letters for 905 Jefferson street. They said they had, but that they had been previously ordered to forward all mail for that address to a certain place in Cleveland.

"Next I went to the police station and told the officers of the affair. They wanted me to swear out a complaint, but I told them that I had had trouble enough without having to come down to Toledo every other day to appear as a witness—at my own expense. I was glad enough to escape without being touched for more than my railroad fare to Toledo and more especially to lose the brand of being a 'sucker.'"—Adrian Times.

When a man loves a woman more than tongue can tell it's up to him to let his money do the talking.

Offer a woman an apology and the chances are she will offer an excuse for not accepting it.



Custom Shirt Makers Showing New Construction Features.

In a way 'tis sad and in a way 'tis to be glad that one week from yesterday and we shall be through with all the hurry-skurry that characterized the day, and has characterized many, many days preceding yesterday. Everything looks so dreary in the show windows "the morning of the day after," and we wearily ask ourselves the question, "Did it all pay?" varying the query with "Did it pay at all?"

Each year we all know just how much or how little we will be able to spend on Christmas presents, and each year we all have our usual list. We know perfectly our degree of consanguinity or friendship or acquaintance with each one on that list and how great or how small an amount we shall deem fit to spend on every one.

Each year, I say, we know all this, and yet, the really-true Christmas spirit doesn't take us in its grasp until about three weeks before the 25th of December, and some of us it doesn't enthuse until the last day before that date.

Take people with money galore and they little know of the pinching struggles that go on among thousands of those less blessed with this world's prosperity. Where every quarter must be carefully counted, every ten cent price, every nickel, yea, every penny, and with the total a pitiful amount to go among many, and Christmas buying resolves itself into an art—the art of economy.

Many feel "too poor to give anything this year," and Christmas this week will not bring the joyousness of former times, for, although we love to receive gifts if affection go with them, is not the pleasure of giving to others infinitely greater?

* * *

In their rush to do their buying people, as a general thing, have had little time to look at the backgrounds that have enhanced the beauty of the goods. But the windowman had to do his work in all parts of the window whether any one looked at it or not.

If, perchance, there were any saunterers among the hurrying, the skurrying ones last week they could but be touched by the silhouette picture presented in one of the Boston Store's mammoth windows—that of a train of man-carrying camels journeying towards the supposed Star in the East. The groundwork of this frieze was white. The camels and their human burdens were evidently cut out of black paper and pasted on. A small opening, shaped like a "star," had an electric light behind it, which gave it the appearance of a real one. It was stationed at some distance from the caravan. A most effective background, conveying a meaning aside from mere gift-giving—the

trust or hope that springs in the human breast.

* * *

What was labeled as a "Sunset Window" had three of the long generous-width neckties—the "flowing" kind—in red, pearl gray and blue, the gray above the red and the blue at one side, all being against a background of white sateen. Flung over the tops of these were wide four-in-hands in the same colors, the gray over the red, the red over the blue and the blue over the gray. At the right was repeated a bunch of three of the latter with the gray in the center. There was one collar with this last-mentioned gray four-in-hand and also one over at the left with the broad gray tie, properly knotted to show just how they are meant to be worn.

Below was a placard reading:

You'll Feel
as if
Wafted to the Sky
in a
Sunset Tie
* * *

A fancy hat band pleases many a boyish Christmas fancy. The Roman Bayadere ones are particularly striking. Coming in the rich Italian colors, as their name would imply, they are, indeed, "cheerful" to look at, if a trifle bizarre. But masculine youth is not discriminative and bright colors always "go" with "kids."

Then there are 23-ligne bands (two inches wide) in soberer colors, also 15-ligne bands. They come with hooks, so that they may be adjusted to any size-hat his boyship may fit.

* * *

Many parents this year pursued the entirely sensible course of purchasing necessary clothing for their children—killing two birds with one stone.

Numerous boys received, if not in their stocking, near enough to it, a smart fancy or a white pleated-bosom shirt as a gift.

Here is, substantially, what one authority has to say concerning handsome shirts for young men's wear:

There is not much field for diversity as to new features of construction, yet some of the newer garments are decidedly distinctive. For formal and evening wear almost the total output are pleated. I would speak especially of the pleats. One handsome sample has a very broad box pleat on each side and down the center, with an embroidered panel on each. Another style, not seen except in expensive goods, has figures appearing between the pleats and group hair-lines upon the latter. A white shirt, to accompany the evening jacket, has graduated pleats, of the overlapping sort, which are much less inclined to muss than any other.

A colored ground bosom and body has double white cuffs—a fad, by the way, that is gaining perceptibly—a white collar of course being worn with this combination.

A buff shirt has broad box pleats and a series of tucks alternating across the front.

The foregoing styles, it may be stated, depict the foremost creations of the shops that serve a discriminat-

ing clientele. There is a certain coterie of men who insist upon the double cuff, probably more because it is notably different than for any other reason. The fact that the garment must be discarded after a few trips to the tub is regarded by these men rather as a virtue than otherwise, as displaying a devil-may-care consideration of the pocketbook.

Hear also what this same author says, somewhat along the above line:

"How to capture the young man's patronage is coming to be a universal ambition. It is not so difficult a problem, after all. The enterprising and progressive youngsters in the trade are showing their elders of many years' experience a few new points in the game. Take, for instance; the firms that are now establishing a string of shops in the larger cities. They do not, for a moment, minimize the value of the younger set's favor. Really, their first aim is to court it. And many a retailer long in the business who has noted the strides these concerns are taking is just beginning to awaken to his own deficiencies. Too often the fear has been overmastering that putting the bolder stuffs to the forefront would scare off the more conservative trade. But the principle on which the new generation operates is sound in reason and successful in the test. It is this: Get the eyes of men upon you and keep them focused in your direction all the time. Where is the veteran who would not appear young—if he could do so without being led into absurdity? Having once gained the esteem of the younger men the merchant finds that he has drawn no age-limit about the patrons. He must exhibit the vivid cravat if only to make his trims adequately impressive. He must display the new collar shapes if only to prove that he's keeping pace with the manufacturers. He must present the uncommon patterns in shirts—the out-of-the-rut creations in every line—or have his stock look stale and insipid. There is no other way of viewing it."

Blaming It on the President.

Joseph Wharton, the Philadelphia financier, who is reported to be worth \$30,000,000 and who has controlled the fisheries stock since March 1, 1906, recently gave as the two biggest reasons President Roosevelt and dogfish. "The President destroyed the credit on which the concern depended and the dogfish destroyed the menhaden," he said.—New York Sun.

This is only one instance out of many. We present, therefore, some of the other cases in which President Roosevelt's responsibility can not be evaded:

Providence, R. I.—John J. Jones' blacksmith shop was burned last night, the loss being \$350. The police say the fire originated in a defective chimney, but Mr. Jones ascribes his misfortune to President Roosevelt's incendiary speeches.

Boston—Mr. Short-Arm Jackson, of New York, was thrown out of a Causeway street saloon to-day after drinking a glass of beer and telling the bartender to "hang it up." Mr.

Jackson attributes his misfortune to the President's speeches.

Chicago—Owing to the general impairment of credit due to Mr. Roosevelt's speeches and policies, the lodging houses on South Clark street are rigidly enforcing the rule that guests without baggage must pay in advance.

Baltimore—G. Bricke, one of the best known confidence operators of New York was arrested here to-day while trying to cash a check on a bank in which he had no funds. Mr. Bricke excoriated Mr. Roosevelt in an interview, and said the President's Nashville speech had destroyed confidence, which is the very foundation of business.

Deshler, Ohio—Weary Waggles, of St. Louis, was thrown off a B. & O. freight train here by the conductor and brakeman last night and painfully bruised. Mr. Waggles sharply criticises President Roosevelt and says that but for the general business reaction due to the Administration's policies the train crew would have been too busy to look for ho-boes on the bumpers.

Annie McGuire, of Worcester, Mass., died suddenly on Saturday, after taking two headache pills from a package left at the door of her home by a sample distributor. The coroner and physician who was called too late to be of any service say that the headache pills caused a depression on the young woman's heart which brought about oedema of the lungs, resulting in her quick death. The young woman went home suffering from a headache. She took two pills and retired. Soon she grew ill and died just before midnight. The town is much excited over her death because the pills were distributed broadcast and several of them have been used. The law requires that a person who prescribes for the sick must have a license showing that he or she has studied medicine and is competent to diagnose a case and determine the proper remedy. There is greater necessity for a law that will prohibit the distribution of medicine in the shape of samples, that are liable to be taken without any knowledge of their effect and often do much harm.

The broad thoroughfare to the poorhouse is paved with gold bricks.

There is no happiness in all this world if there is none in the heart.

Wanted
SECOND-HAND
SAFES

Grand Rapids Safe Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.



Special Features of the Grocery and Produce Trade.

Special Correspondence.

New York, Dec. 21.—The spot coffee market is assuming a most satisfactory condition. Jobbers report a good inflow of orders, and as soon as the days of taking inventory are over there is every reason to believe we shall have a more active trade than for many a day. There is decidedly a much better feeling in the "street" than prevailed a month ago, and on every hand this is making itself felt. At the close Rio No. 7 is quoted at 6½c. In store and afloat there are 3,759,001 bags, against 4,081,203 bags at the same time last year. Mild coffees have been in moderate request, but more and more enquiries are coming as to trade next month.

Orders for teas are mostly for low grades. Business has been very quiet this week, as is almost invariably the case, but enquiries as to the future have been numerous and sellers are hopeful as to the business after the turn of the year.

Meltings of sugar by refineries are comparatively light, but no great amount of stock is needed at this season of the year, as orders are small and all hands are waiting until the holiday season is over. Quotations are without change.

Rice is steady and prices show no appreciable change. Stocks are not overabundant, but there is enough to go around. Buyers are waiting for 1908 and sellers are everywhere of the belief that the new year will be a good one.

Grinders of spices are doing a hand-to-mouth business in the way of orders, but trade generally is moderate—especially in the way of invoice trading. Quotations are unchanged at former level.

Receipts of molasses have been moderate and so has the demand, although, of course, there is some call. Quotations are well sustained and the market closes in good shape. Syrups are quiet.

Canned goods do not appear an appropriate part of the holiday trading and this week they have had a mighty quiet time. Still it is about what we have every year. One thing is sure—buyers are not apt to pick up many "bargains." Prices on almost all lines are well sustained and within a few weeks holders believe there will be a good enquiry all around. Although it is thought that tomatoes will show a huge pack when returns are all in, quotations are well sustained. Offerings at 80s for 3's are few and far between. Some Jersey goods have sold at 90c. Desirable grades of peas are not in overabundant supply and buyers of inferior stock are—well, they are not buying. People do not want the goods and will not take them at any quotation. Corn is rather quiet at 97½c @ \$1 for New York State, Maine

style. Maryland, Maine style, about 75c here. Other goods are moving simply in an everyday manner.

Fancy butter shows quite a degree of firmness and 29½c is quoted as about the regular thing. Supplies are running rather light. Lower grades, however, are plentiful and the movement is not especially active. Extras, 29c; firsts, 26½@28c; seconds, 24@26c; process, steady, from 19@23c.

No change has taken place in cheese. Stocks are sufficient to meet all requirements and there is simply the usual call from day to day.

One would almost as soon look for a decrease in the value of the diamonds in Royalty's crown as in the price of what are known as fancy white selected near-by eggs from New York and Pennsylvania, but really the 50c mark has disappeared and now 42@45c is the going rate. Western are in fairly good supply and the market is about 32@33@34c. Firsts, 30@31c; seconds, 27@29c; held goods are working out at about 16@19c, the latter being top.

Happy New Year to the Michigan Tradesman from head to foot. May 1908 be the best year it has ever had.

Puzzle Solving.

Hoard's Dairyman is puzzled "why the United States Department of Agriculture should go to Albert Lea, Minn., to develop American Swiss cheesemaking when Southern Wisconsin is the greatest district on the continent for that product," and so am I, just as I was puzzled why the

Department experimented with Camembert cheese in Connecticut, instead of in New York, where there are several or at least two successful factories.

In the absence of any solution to the puzzle allow me to suggest the following:

Either it is because in Wisconsin they might meet men who knew more about it than anyone in the department.

Or is it because the Wisconsin makers "know it all" and are not willing to learn, whereas in Minnesota they are anxious to learn?

Or it may be simply the political sensitiveness of Secretary Wilson which impells him to divide the experiment work of the department among the various states.

Or it may be some mysterious "pull" somewhere; or—well, I give it up!

In return for these futile attempts to solve the Hoard's Dairyman puzzle perhaps the editors of that paper may help me in solving the following ones: "Why is it that the advocates of the dual-purpose cow (and the Secretary of Agriculture seems to belong to them) do not advocate the combining of a draft and a race horse?" And why are they—as a rule—seemingly afraid of pushing the cow test association idea?

The heart that burns with love is the only thing that overcomes hatred.

The dominance of one church will not cure the differences of the many.

Better Butter Through Better Color Means Better Profits

Every grocer knows that, while good butter poorly colored may be good to eat, it is bad to sell. It is the rich June shade in all seasons which commands the highest price.

Dandelion Brand Butter Color Purely Vegetable

yields that rich June shade all the year round.

None of it is ever lost through storage, since it never deteriorates.

It is the standard butter color of the world.

Write today to us or to your wholesaler for sizes, prices and advertising matter; and as soon as you receive them, your first order will be sure to follow promptly.

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



WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Burlington, Vt.



Movements of Merchants.

St. Joseph—Groff Bros., dry goods merchants, have sold their stock to C. J. Cudworth, of Detroit.

Lake Odessa—Roy E. Lamb, of Vermontville, has opened a new shoe store in the Colwell building.

Sturgis—Froh & Bates have sold their grocery stock on East Chicago street to Chas. J. Koss, of this city.

Pentwater—M. S. Lattin has opened a meat market in the building formerly occupied by the Weidensee meat market.

Saginaw—Morley Bros., wholesale and retail hardware dealers, have increased their capital stock from \$350,000 to \$500,000.

Hillsdale—Jas. W. Bates, proprietor of the Hub Clothing Store, is closing out his business. He has decided to go West.

Battle Creek—Zang & Frink, merchant tailors, have dissolved partnership. Mr. Frink will continue the business at the same place.

Bay City—George Mautz has purchased the store building and grocery stock of Braim & Co., corner of Eighteenth street and Garfield avenue.

Vermontville—Mull & Eckhart have purchased the Andrew Alderman meat market. Mr. Alderman will retire from business on account of ill health.

Holland—M. Bontakoe, who is engaged in the grocery, tea and coffee business, has sold his tea and coffee stock to the Enterprise Tea & Grocery Co.

Charlotte—Clarence White has purchased the Diana White property, corner of Forest and Amity streets, and is putting in a complete line of groceries.

Coldwater—Wayne Pellett has purchased the interest of Homer Wickes, of the firm of Wickes & Wickes, clothiers. The new firm will be known as Wickes & Pellett.

Holland—Derk F. Boonstra has purchased the City Grocery and Market, owned by Albert and John Rooks. Albert Rooks will continue in the store and John expects to leave for the West.

Coopersville—Kirschner & Gietzen, of Grand Rapids, have rented the store recently occupied by W. D. Reynolds for a term of five years and will put in an up-to-date stock of clothing, shoes and men's furnishing goods.

Cadillac—Gust Nelson and Joseph Widgren, under the firm name of Nelson & Widgren, will engage in the grocery business at 312 North Mitchell street in the building recently vacated by Andrew Lindstrom.

Maple City—Frank Bloom, of Ludington, has purchased the interest of David A. Clavette in the general store of Clavette & Bloom. The new firm will be known as Bloom Bros. Mr. Clavette will engage in the hotel business here.

Hamilton—J. K. Dangremond has sold his hardware stock to his son, Ed. Dangremond, and Harry Lamper, of this place, who will continue the business under the firm name of Dangremond & Lamper. They take possession January 1.

Flint—Will F. Tracy and Harry K. Tracy, formerly connected with the firm of Thorp, Hawley & Co., of Detroit, have purchased the James B. Lane wholesale ice cream and confectionery stock. Mr. Lane will engage in the real estate business.

Cadillac—Curtis & Allen, dealers in flour, feed and hay, have purchased the Nystrom & Begquist feed stock and will take possession the first of the year. Mr. Allen, of the first named firm, has sold his livery business on Mason street to George Troy.

Saginaw—Chas. H. Smith, for several years past credit man for the Wm. Barie Dry Goods Co., has formed a copartnership with his brother, Albert E. Smith, for twelve years manager of the Saginaw branch of the National Biscuit Co., and engaged in the collection business under the style of the Chas. H. Smith Collection Agency. Both partners are energetic and capable business men and will, undoubtedly, achieve signal success in their new undertaking.

Manufacturing Matters.

Jackson—The capital stock of the Steele Swallow Auto Co. has been increased from \$100,000 to \$140,000.

Stumpville—The Earle Lumber Co. has bought all the timber holdings of Mike White in that region.

Detroit—Frederick Stearns & Co., manufacturing pharmacists, have increased their capital stock from \$200,000 to \$900,000.

Ypsilanti—The capital stock of the J. E. Dillon Co., manufacturer of patent medicines, has been increased from \$5,000 to \$25,000.

Stratford—The Thayer Lumber Co. is running its camps with the usual full crew and will not reduce its wage scale this winter.

Saginaw—Yates & Smith have bought the timber on 1,700 acres of land southwest of Saginaw and have a crew of sixty men cutting the timber.

McIvor—Jordan & Sourwine will set up a portable sawmill at this place, where they will cut out about 300,000 feet of logs for Johnson & Nesbit.

Simmons—Louis Oleson is getting out a large number of ties this winter and is one of the few loggers who is having difficulty in securing enough men. Cedar makers seem to be scarce in his district.

Battle Creek—Samuel F. Dobbins, owner and manager of the Marshall Furnace Co., has purchased the Pittman & Coates hardware stock and will continue the business under the name of the Dobbins Hardware Co.

Menominee—The C. V. McMillan Co. is one of the few logging concerns which will not make any curtailment in logging or milling operations. It has a big stock of lumber in its yards and an occasional sale is being made.

Rexton—D. N. McLeod has temporarily suspended operations in the

woods and at the mill. He has several million feet of lumber in his yards and plenty of logs to keep his plant in operation, but thinks it advisable to go a little slow.

Detroit—The Atlas Cement Brick Machinery Co., which will manufacture machinery for the making of cement blocks, has been incorporated, with an authorized capital stock of \$10,000, all of which has been subscribed and paid in in property.

Caro—A corporation has been formed under the style of the Thumb Co-operative Creamery Co., which will conduct a general creamery business, with an authorized capital stock of \$6,560, all of which has been subscribed and \$4,380 paid in in property.

Detroit—The National Insulating & Manufacturing Co., which will manufacture pipe coverings, etc., has been incorporated, with an authorized capital stock of \$9,000 common and \$3,000 preferred, of which amounts \$6,550 has been subscribed and paid in in cash.

Cheboygan—The Duncan Bay Manufacturing Co. has erected a lath mill here to replace one burned during the summer. The company has added machinery for manufacturing box shooks and other lumber products. The mill will cut over 5,000,000 pieces of lath annually.

Berrien Center—A corporation has been formed under the style of the Berrien Center Elgin Creamery Co., which will engage in the creamery business. The new company has an authorized capital stock of \$5,000, of which amount \$4,500 has been subscribed and \$1,000 paid in in cash.

Flint—The Peninsular Milling Co. has been organized with a capital stock of \$8,000, of which \$4,000 is paid in. Cornelius DeRoo has one share; Sarah DeRoo, 398, and Margaret DeRoo, one share. The company will do business in the building on East Mill street known as the Genesee Mill.

Grand Haven—Charles Maurer, former superintendent of the Wiltshire Glove Co., has started a plant at 1003 Fulton avenue with twenty hands. Mr. Maurer came here from Chicago with Chas. Wiltshire several years ago and he then had the reputation of being the best glove manufacturer in Chicago.

Manistique—The Chicago Lumbering Co. is completing a fine retail lumber shed about 150 feet long. In addition an office building has been erected at one side. In the spring a new planing mill will be erected in connection with the shed, which is some distance from the old site of the company's plant. The old planing mill has been sold.

Munising—The factory of the Great Lakes Veneer Co. possesses a newly installed "barking" machine, the only contrivance of its kind in the United States. Only one other is in commission anywhere, at the plant of the Singer Sewing Machine Co., at St. Johns, Quebec. A Canadian is the inventor. The machine peels the bark from the logs before the timber goes into the vats, and is said to be a wonderful saver of time, steam and labor.

Newberry—A new concern, known as the Newberry Float Co., for the manufacture of wooden floats, is soon to be established at this place. The old hardwood factory will be utilized and other structures erected. Those interested in the new factory are H. L. Pipp, C. E. McMahon, W. W. Hills and C. Hoffman, of Kalkaska. The last two will have charge of the construction of the new plant, which will be ready for operation in sixty days.

Movements of Michigan Gideons.

Detroit, Dec. 23—On Dec. 15 a Gideon rally was held in the Baptist church at Flint. Consecration service was held in the morning. In the afternoon the principle address was by the pastor, Rev. C. E. Lapp, who recently visited the Holy Land and passed the battle field where Gideon and his three hundred put to flight the Midianites. Selections were rendered by a male quartet composed of Henry Zimmerman, J. Warren Gregory, B. E. Woolfit and John F. McKillop, Samuel P. Todd, of Bay City, State Chaplain, and State Field Secretary addressed the evening meeting in a clear and forceful way, making special mention of our beloved brother, Chas. Palmer, who has passed on before. Herbert W. Beels, State Secretary, was present and led the consecration service.

Brother C. T. Bower, National Field Secretary, has finished his first month's labor in the State of Ohio, having visited the cities of Columbus, Zanesville, Dayton and Cleveland. At the latter place services were held in the Eucluate avenue Baptist church, being John D. Rockefeller's church. Many Gideons were present, among them National President Charles M. Smith, of Detroit. The Toledo Gideon Quartet furnished excellent music. Twenty new members were secured for the organization.

Brother Edwin L. Jaquish gave the opening address at the Griswold House meeting last Sunday evening. Among those present were brothers Charles M. Smith, E. M. Webb, J. J. Kinsey, A. B. Gates and Gordon Z. Gage and wife. The Auxiliary will conduct a meeting at the Volunteers Dec. 28, and at the Griswold House on the evening of Dec. 29.

Aaron B. Gates.

Mrs. Frederick Nathan, a woman suffrage leader in New York, says there are 27,000 women in that city who support their husbands. That a woman can be a wage earner and at the same time care for her home, Mrs. Nathan says, is entirely possible. The two principal reasons that she gives why married women are wage earners are a left-handed tribute to the mental caliber and personal habits of New York men. She says: "Men waste so much money in smoking, gambling and drinking that they have none left for family expenses. Many women have minds superior to their husbands, and can earn more. In that case, it is the woman's plain duty—and should be her pleasure—to earn whatever her talents will bring."



The Produce Market.

Apples—The market is steady on the basis of \$2.75@3 per bbl. for acceptable winter varieties. There is a slight readjustment of prices on barrel apples, but no price changes worth mentioning. The demand is good in a small way, but buyers are very conservative and are always looking for concessions.

Beets—40c per bu.

Butter—The market has not yet been checked in its upward tendency. Fine fresh butter shows a further advance of 1c per lb. during the week. The receipts are very light, and only a few lots are grading extra. Fancy fresh butter is particularly scarce. The make of near-by creameries is very small. Fine held or storage creamery is higher and in better demand. Medium-grade creamery, lard-packed and dairy butter is quiet and unchanged. The trade look for a firm market from now until the first of the year. Creamery is now quoted at 30c for tubs and 31c for prints. Dairy commands 24c for No. 1 and 17c for packing stock.

Cabbage—\$10 per ton.

Carrots—25c per bu.

Celery—25c per bunch.

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—\$1.50 per doz. for hot house.

Dressed Hogs—150@175 lbs., 5¼c; 175@260 lbs., 5½c; stags and old sows, 4½c. These are the paying prices at this market.

Eggs—The market on fancy held eggs is steady and sales are active at present market prices. The prospects are, if the weather remains favorable, for a declining market from now on. Dealers pay 24c for case count, holding candled at 26c. Storage are weak 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 bulk of the supply of oranges in this market are California navels, although Floridas are being shipped to other markets. California navels have declined to \$2.25 per box for choice and \$2.75 for fancy. Redland, \$3@3.25. Floridas \$2.75.

Nuts—There is a decided weakness in California walnuts. It is nearing the end of the season when the bulk

of the buying should be over, and the volume of trade has by no means measured up to the usual figures. The market has a weak tone.

Parsley—50c per doz. bunches.

Parsnips—75c per bu.

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

Potatoes—Prices have shown no change for several weeks. Demand continues good in a small way, but the shipping demand from outside points is slow in getting started again. Local dealers pay 50c and sell in a small way at 60c.

Poultry—Local dealers pay 6½c for live hens and 8c for dressed; 7c for live spring chickens and 9c for dressed; 8c for live ducks and 10c for dressed; 13c for live turkeys and 18c for dressed.

Squash—1c per lb. for Hubbard.

Turkeys—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.

Contemplate Change In Name.

Battle Creek, Dec. 24—As the result of the movement that has been inaugurated to change the name of the Business Men's Association to one that will more nearly state the purposes of the organization, a committee has been appointed by President Frazer to investigate the matter and if possible bring about a change of name. The committee will hold a meeting in the near future and will formulate a report that will be at the annual business meeting which will occur on the evening of January 14. A strong sentiment is being expressed in favor of changing the name of the B. M. A., and any one who has any suggestions to make in reference to the matter can give them to the committee or to Secretary Gibson.

The Association has released the rooms it occupies in the Post building for another year from the Postum Cereal Co. At present the rooms are undergoing a strenuous course of house cleaning. The floors are being oiled and several changes being made which will result in a much improved appearance of the interior of the quarters.

For some weeks the Grand Rapids traveling men have been considering the idea of holding a "talkfest" at the Board of Trade rooms some evening during the holiday week, the idea being that such an arrangement will enable them to talk back at the jobbers and say some things to the representatives of the wholesale trade which it would be to the advantage of the wholesalers to know. The matter has been carefully canvassed during the past week and it was decided to hold the affair sometime the latter part of January, so as to secure the largest attendance possible. Every Grand Rapids traveling man is to be invited to this meeting and every Grand Rapids jobber is expected to be present and hear what the traveling men have to say.

The Grocery Market.

Sugar—European quotations have declined slightly during the week, and sales of Cuban sugar for early shipment also show a decline. There has been no change in refined sugar, and the demand is seasonably fair.

Tea—There has been no weakness in fact the contrary is rather the fact. The markets have closed on the other side, and the exact amount of tea which will now be available is known. Since the amount is small, the market has strengthened somewhat, and it seems reasonably certain that low grades will be higher after the turn of the year. Foochow Oolongs, among other grades, are likely to advance another cent.

Coffee—The receipts in Brazil continue to show a sharp deficiency as compared with last year, and are hardly equal to those of 1905. The coffee business in this country is going through the ordinary dullness as the year ends, and the general opinion is that an increased demand and higher prices will come shortly after the first of the year. Buyers are still buying from hand to mouth, as they have done for six months past, and this has made stocks in second hands less than normal. Mild coffees are steady and unchanged, and so are Java and Mocha.

Canned Goods—Tomatoes are featureless. Corn shows no improvement. Medium and low priced peas are getting mighty scarce. Other grades of peas are in fair supply, and prices of all peas are firm. Prices on all kinds of beans are firm. Mushrooms are strong. French peas are scarce. The rest of the canned vegetable list is steady. The demand is picking up for all kinds of canned fruits, and the increased demand after the first of the year may stiffen the market some. Gallon apples are steady. Statistically, the situation is strong, but slack demand makes the market at present weak.

Reports of a strong market in salmon continue to come from the west coast. Cannery report everything cleaning up fast. This includes nearly all grades. Jobbers say that demand for Alaska red is very good, and a much better demand than usual is developing for Alaska pink. Cohoe, a good medium grade fish, is coming in for its share of the business and prices may stiffen. Domestic sardines are in the same notch. Sardine packers are shouting to the jobbers to get on board before another advance comes, but the jobbers can't hear them. Lobster is steady. Cove oysters are firm in the midst of a statistically strong position.

Dried Fruits—Apricots are high, scarce and inactive. Currants are wanted at ruling prices. Raisins show even more weakness. Seeded goods have now declined to slightly below the opening prices. Loose raisins are unchanged. Citron is unchanged and in fair demand. Dates are wanted at ruling prices. Figs, by reason of large receipts, are easy. Prunes are unchanged on the coast, but Eastern markets seem to be weak, owing to certain holders' de-

sires to unload. Peaches are dull, but still very strong.

Syrups and Molasses—Sugar syrup is in fair demand at unchanged prices. Molasses is selling in a small way at prices unchanged from the last reported advance. Fine molasses has advanced 5c per gallon from the lowest point.

Spices—The market is weak and without feature.

Rice—The market is steady, although some cuts in prices are being offered from time to time.

Farinaceous Goods—Rolled oats are easier. Mills are able to supply goods in much better shape than some weeks ago. Sago, tapioca and pearl barley are steady. Cornmeal is firm. Beans and peas are in about the same position. Buckwheat flour is scarce and strong.

Cheese—The market continues firm. More buyers have come into the market and prices have advanced a fraction during the week. Fancy September cheese is firmly held and holders refuse to shade prices. Later made cheese is selling fairly at unchanged prices. Part skims are in fair demand at present prices. Prospects are very good on fine cheese and higher prices are looked for from now on.

Provisions—Smoked meats, hams of all grades, bellies and bacon are all about unchanged and in light demand. Lard, both pure and compound, is practically unchanged and in fair demand. Canned meats, dried beef and barrel pork are all unchanged and quiet.

Fish—Cod fish is firm and in good supply. Whitefish and trout are scarce and firm. Stockfish is selling well and prices are steady. Mackarel and blood red salmon continue scarce and firm. The fish list is becoming more complete with the addition of new arrivals in the market.

Holland Merchants To Touch Elbows.

Holland, Dec. 24—President Van Tongeren, of the Holland Merchants' Association, has appointed a committee which will make the arrangements for the annual banquet of the organization which takes place late in January or early in February. This will constitute an executive committee with power to appoint such other committees as are necessary to make the banquet a success. The executive committee will meet immediately after the holidays and lay their plans.

P. Steketee & Sons banqueted their traveling force at the Hotel Pantlind last Saturday evening. After the banquet a couple of hours were spent very pleasantly in reviewing the events of the past year and the possibilities and probabilities of the year to come. Those present were as follows: David Hoogerhyde, Thomas Broene, E. Keyes, John Vander Weyden, Daniel Steketee and Peter Steketee.

Engadine—The Engadine Lumber Co. has been reorganized and will do business on a larger scale than formerly.

MEN OF MARK.

Guy W. Rouse, Manager Worden Grocer Co.

American institutions and the American spirit, as typified by the real American, are unalterably opposed to both the establishment and the maintenance of a social aristocracy. Yet in this country—in any country where the human kind is not dormant—as long as man shall be a gregarious animal and influenced by commendable ambitions in the pursuit of improvement of mental, moral or material conditions, so long inevitably will a kind of aristocracy exist—the aristocracy of achievement. Men who accomplish something worth while in art, literature, politics, engineering feats, invention, merchandise or manufacture, by the very force of that accomplishment wittingly or unwittingly but inevitably will constitute an aristocracy, a conceded nobility of a healthful, virile kind.

Our American aristocracy resembles that of the Old World in that in a measure it is inherited; blood "tells" in cisatlantic manhood as well as in that on the other side of the ocean, and in the growth and maintenance of the transatlantic aristocracy, notably in the last three decades, the younger generation have exemplified these truths as never before. They have illustrated the advantages of inherent clean lives, clear minds, industry and ability as never has young manhood in earlier history. And they have supplemented their inheritance by an advanced training generally thought to be unattainable by those of their age of four generations ago.

The present day business world is filled with examples of the young man who is not afraid to handle large enterprises or to assume the management of large affairs. The time of youthful timidity in business life long has passed, at least in the United States. There was a time when the business world was prone to look upon the young man in business with lack of confidence, and this good old traditional theory was so general that it affected the young man himself, leading him almost to believe that the suspicion that he was incompetent because he was young was well founded. But the young man was bound to assert himself eventually. He may now be found holding positions of importance and trust and often at the head of great industrial enterprises; and, far from being less reliable or less desirable than older men, he has been found to be quicker in thought and action, more aggressive in policy, more original in ideas and more tactful and fair in disposition. But little of our present social unrest, if it may be called by that gentle term, is due to the acts and policies of the young man, for the young man is less autocratic, as a rule, than is his elder. The success of a business, therefore, is often promoted by the very qualities of youth—qualities the existence of which the self-sufficient older man is prone to deplore.

Guy Winchester Rouse was born in Grand Rapids, January 19, 1873.

His father was of Scotch-Irish descent. His mother was a native of Grand Rapids, her ancestors having lived for several generations in New Hampshire. She was a beautiful character, beloved by all who knew her. Mr. Rouse attended the public school, going as far as the tenth grade in the High School, when he relinquished his ambition for a higher education to take the position of messenger boy for the Grand Rapids Savings Bank. This was in 1888. He was subsequently promoted to the position of book-keeper, afterwards to that of a savings teller and still later to that of auditor, being employed by the Bank altogether a period of eleven years. Dec. 1, 1899, he became Secretary of the Worden Grocer Co., which position was

eight years he has demonstrated what can be accomplished by correct methods, properly carried into execution. The credit of the corporation has been restored. The office and traveling forces are thoroughly organized and are working together harmoniously and profitably. The stock is complete in every department. The customers have come to look upon the house with respect and commendation. As the result of patient and painstaking effort on the part of Mr. Rouse and his associates, the business is now on a paying basis and within the past week the capitalization has been increased to a point that will enable him to ultimately conduct the business without depending on the banks for loans.

Mr. Rouse is Vice-President of the



Guy W. Rouse

changed to that of Vice-President and General Manager Dec. 1, 1903. When he took the management of the business it was in a somewhat chaotic condition, owing to the suicide of the President and the defalcation of the Treasurer. It required the courage of a stout heart to step into the breach and undertake the rebuilding of a business which had been impaired by unbusinesslike methods. The credit of the corporation was seriously injured. The office and traveling forces were demoralized. The stock was in bad shape. The customers were permitted to do as they pleased and pay when they got ready. Mr. Rouse took the management of the establishment when it was at its lowest point and entered upon the work of rehabilitation. In

Chattanooga Gas Co., and a director of the Cadillac Gas Co., La Porte Gas Co., Mattoon Gas Co., Ft. Dodge Gas Co., Muscatine Gas Co. and Babcock Tissue Paper Co., Otsego. He is also a director of the Grand Rapids Board of Trade and a director of the Y. M. C. A. and one of the trustees of the Fountain Street Baptist church, of which he has been a member since he was 14 years of age.

Mr. Rouse has always believed in organization, not only in his own business, but in every branch of business with which he has been in any way affiliated or identified. He has been an active member of the Michigan Wholesale Grocers' Association for several years and at the last annual meeting he was honored by being elected President. He has dis-

charged the duties of this office with credit to himself and with profit to the organization.

Mr. Rouse resides in his own home at 26 South Union street, which he purchased about two years ago. If he has any hobby in the world, it is horseback riding, which he very greatly enjoys. He invariably casts his influence with every movement inaugurated for the moral or material improvement of the city, and as he becomes more prominent in civic affairs he will probably become first and foremost in work of this character.

Mr. Rouse is a good example of the modern young business men. He possesses, to an unusual degree, an inherited courteousness that has been developed by contact with the better things of the world and a devotion to literature. He is slimly built, for his nature never has permitted him to loll about and enjoy life and accumulate unnecessary tissue. He is unobtrusive to a degree which to some might appear as modesty. But the unobtrusiveness is due to his manner of considering well every condition before giving expression to an opinion that could be viewed lightly. He is modest in the sense that he seeks no praise for what he has accomplished, nor does he desire the plaudits or laurels commonly supposed to accompany success. He is just a softspoken, alert and ambitious young man. He is a young man, for he has several years to go before reaching the 40 mile post. He lives not alone for himself but for the whole country.

Mr. Rouse is a man of sterling character. If physiognomy and craniology count for anything as indicative of character, balance, harmony and sound judgment are his native traits. Evenness and poise are evident in the well proportioned head, and what we call "character" is indicated in the set of the countenance and the lines of the features. Anyone meeting Mr. Rouse face to face would know at once that he is an individual embodying all the elements of one whom in this country we term a "square" man—one in whom to have confidence, a dependable man in any relation and any emergency. His quietude of deportment, his easy dignity, his frankness and cordiality of address, with the total absence of anything sinister or anything to conceal, foretold a man who is ready to meet any obligation of life with the confidence and courage that come of conscious personal ability, right conception of things and an habitual regard for what is best in the exercise of human activities.

Starting out in life without any vaunting ambition to accomplish something especially great or famous, he followed the lead of his opportunities, doing as best he could anything that came to hand, seizing legitimate advantages as they arose. He never hesitated to take a forward step when the way was open. Although content with what he attained as he went along, he was always ready to make an advance. Fortunate in possessing ability and character that inspire

confidence in others, the simple weight of his character and ability has carried him into important relations with large interests.

Monroe Factories Have Had Profitable Year.

Monroe, Dec. 24—Notwithstanding the flurry in the money market and the consequent stagnation in many parts of the country, the manufactures of this place report the year just closing as a busy and profitable one.

The Monroe Binder Board Co. is again cramped for room, and will add to the finishing department another concrete building in the spring, 100x105 in dimensions, also an 18x24 office. This factory is still running on old orders in an endeavor to catch up and has business in sight insuring an increase in output for 1908.

The Weis Manufacturing Co., making office supplies, is working three hours overtime every night in the woodworking and finishing department, and even then it is unable to keep up with current business, while orders already booked for future delivery promise to soon demand an addition to the factory.

The Wilder-Strong Implement Co. has just shipped three carloads of agricultural implements to the Argentine Republic. The trade for 1907 has exceeded expectations, and orders for 1908 are in excess of the usual amount at this time of the year.

The Amendt Milling Co. reports an excellent year, and business has increased over \$50,000 over the previous year. Trade is continually on the gain, and they look forward to the coming year as the banner one in the history of the plant.

Not a factory in this place has been compelled to resort to the pay check system, but handed currency over counters regularly every pay day. Despite the flurry in the East all report that collections have been good and made with reasonable promptness. The history of the past year has been a very satisfactory one, and the prospects for 1908 indicate a healthy growth in every line represented.

The Best Policy.

Simon is unanimously accounted by his friends the most absolutely absent-minded man in town.

One day lately he lost his seventysixth umbrella. He had been making a tour of several stores and, concluding that his umbrella must have been left behind in one of them, he revisited the establishments in turn.

"Did I leave my umbrella here?" he asked an assistant at the first emporium. And when he was informed that the article had not been found, he proceeded to the second. Here a similar reply awaited him, and with a hopeless air he made his way to the third establishment.

Rapture unspeakable! Joy inexpressible! His property was here restored to him.

"A beautiful day, sir," murmured the merchant, as his customer departed.

"It is, indeed," said Simon. "And I may mention to you, my good man, that you are much more honest here than in those other stores."

THE CHURCH'S WORK.

Is It Neglecting a Wonderful Opportunity?

Traverse City, Dec. 23—I am so out of line in writing upon any subject and so very busy that I can not well give any detailed opinion upon your article, "The Great Fight Half Won." In last week's paper I read an article from Mr. Garfield. He is an able man and writes a good article. I greatly enjoyed it. I have no doubt that active work will be done in the State in the warfare against the saloon; Michigan certainly has an opportunity. I think the South, while she is not moving along religious lines to overcome the saloon, is doing a greater work than many of our Northern States under the guise of religious work. It seems that all good people may unite in this work regardless of church. Until they do the fight will not be won. I think the churches may well recognize any moral or political element and cooperate with them. So may the good people within the church recognize that they have strong help outside the church limits, and together the work can be accomplished. The lines are too sharply drawn many times. Not until the unexpected things happen can all good meaning people see along the same lines. I have thought this: Why do you not write personal letters to twenty-five clergymen in Michigan, selecting the right men, of course, from the different denominations, asking them to give their views through your paper on the subject? Send them your paper with a marked copy, giving the conservative and broad-minded men the preference. By so doing I think that you, a business man, a Grand Rapids editor of a trade paper, will astonish the clergy upon the effort that you are making, as the South has dumfounded the North in their advance line of thought on this liquor question. I have been meaning to talk with our clergyman, Rev. D. Cochlin, showing him your article. Frank Hamilton.

Traverse City, Dec. 23—In the main I agree with your editorial of December 4. The saloon problem, as I view it, is a double one. First, "get rid of the saloon," second, and of equal importance, "furnish a substitute for it without its evils."

Drinking and profanity are out of style. They are not tolerated by business men and corporations who take their position from a purely business standpoint. Why shouldn't they go a step further and assist, at least, in providing some substitute? It is fully as much their duty and opportunity as it is the church's. Why shouldn't the municipalities furnish a suitable place, warmed and lighted, where its citizens might congregate in winter, as well as provide parks for summer? The need in many ways is even greater, and is surrounded by no greater difficulties than is the park question.

It is not exactly the province of the church to engage in the restaurant or entertainment business, although unquestionably they can do much more than they are now doing

in social and educational lines. The churches certainly have a great opportunity and I hope they will appreciate it. I hope they will not expend all their energies in closing the saloon and then congratulate themselves that their work is done, when, in fact, it has only begun.

Your editorial will certainly do good. J. W. Milliken.

Most Prosperous Year in Sugar Industry.

Saginaw, Dec. 23—The plants of the Michigan Beet Sugar Co., including the one located here, will close the year's campaign the first week in January, a little earlier than was expected. The weighing scales throughout the country were closed Saturday night and the last of the beets to be transported to the factories have been loaded. The slicing will require another week and then the remainder of the refining will be disposed of in short order, probably about ten days.

The local plant has made a record run, having turned out 10,000,000 pounds of sugar in fifty days, or 200,000 pounds per day. The total output for the season is expected to be close to 15,000,000 pounds. If this should prove anything like an average output of the sixteen factories in the State the sugar yield this year should run close to, if not exceed 200,000,000 pounds, as against last year's record crop of 177,000,000 pounds. This would mean that the value of the yield this year will be approximately \$10,000,000, as against \$8,000,000 last year, of which the farmers will receive more than one-half.

Altogether, it is probably the most prosperous year yet enjoyed by the sugar interests, notwithstanding the sugar content has been a trifle below standard. New contracts are now being made and officers of the Michigan Sugar Co. here say the indications are that a much larger acreage will be grown next season than this, which was the record up to this time.

More Men Employed in Marshall Than Ever.

Marshall, Dec. 24—The year ending Dec. 31 will be the most notable in industrial circles in this city. It is the first time in at least thirty years that every available factory in this place has been running and the total number of men employed is at least 200 more than in previous years.

The opening of three new factories naturally added much to the indus-

trial activity, but all of the old ones are also running and the recent financial stringency has not affected any of them.

The new Process Steel Co. has just received an order from a Denver firm for fifteen tons of its product and this will keep the entire force of molders busy for a month. The automobile business is not as rushing as usual and this business which the New Process Co. has been doing exclusively has given way to a large and more profitable business. However, this company is still taking the business of seven automobile companies, who assert that the steel castings made here are the strongest made.

The development of the Dobbins Furnace Co. has continued steadily. A. B. Wagner, President of the company, has purchased a controlling interest in the company of George Barrett and L. A. Seeger. Mr. Wagner will enlarge the business during the coming year.

The C. F. Hardy Co., which has been sued by the Toasted Corn Flakes Co. because it is alleged that it has secured certain secrets of the plaintiff and used them to the plaintiff's disadvantage, is doing a land office business with its corn flakes in the South. This is the first company in the North that has induced successfully Southern people to eat flake breakfast food. Its agents are now working in the South and carloads of the corn flakes are being shipped there every week.

The intended removal of the Borough & Blood Buggy Co. to Huntington, Ind., has been forestalled and that company will remain in this city, with the probability that a large factory building will be erected next spring.

A King's Safe.

Iron safes being difficult to obtain and his subjects being in many cases adroit thieves, the King of Anam some time ago resorted to an ingenious method of safeguarding his treasures. In the interior of his palace the King caused a large tank to be constructed, which he kept constantly filled with water. Several teak logs were bored out and in the holes he packed his jewels and treasures. The holes were then closed and the logs put into the tank. A number of large crocodiles were placed in the tank and kept on short rations, so that any thief who attempted to get at the treasure would be a tempting meal.

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?



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E. A. STOWE, Editor.

Wednesday, December 25, 1907

LAW FOR THE LAWLESS.

"Might makes right" is the legacy of the ages, and the history of civilization is the account of humanity's struggle to expose the fallacy and to correct it. The Mosaic list of "shalt-nots" is the recorded result of bitter experience, made necessary by wrong, which early became a law unto himself, and whose exactions depended entirely upon the strength of his good right arm. There was then no Law for the Lawless and strength alone controlled man and beast alike, because they were alike. They are still; and just in proportion as might, be it of brain or muscle, has acknowledged the existence of law and respected it, in that same proportion has civilization advanced and the world improved.

What muscle-entrenched selfishness has done for mankind the Middle Ages has faithfully preserved in castle and dungeon and keep. England exults to-day over her triumph at Runny-mede—and we with her—and the sunset brightens no lovelier landscape than that of the castle-cragged, legend-haunted Rhine; but those strongholds are so many landmarks of the despotism which existed when might alone lived and moved and had its being. Ivy-clad Kenilworth, the scene of one of the brightest revels of the "Virgin Queen," still holds the dungeon where the Second Edward was a prisoner and where gentle Amy Robsart met her untimely death: Augsburg recalls with startling distinctness the humiliation of Henry IV. in the court-yard of Canossa Castle, where the Pope, the son of a carpenter, a law unto himself, taught manacled Christendom what to expect when the absolute power of the Church fell into the hands of a Vice-Regent who toiled for his own aggrandizement instead of that of his Master; so that turret and cathedral tower stand as so many witnesses of what mankind endured when there was no law for the lawless.

There came a time, however, for this condition of things to end. Magna Charta began to mean something. The fight between "John and his Barons" in time became a struggle between King and people and the

wonder of the world was that "John and his Barons" and "the King and his people" gave place to Equality, which in turn meant, and means, Law for the Lawless. It was regarded a joke at first; but for all that the serf was no longer bought and sold with the land he lived on; Justice, in the white wake of the Star in the East, began to gleam and then to glow; trial by jury displaced the "judicial combat," and the ax that cut off the head of the royal Charles, while grimly affirming that a joke may be carried too far, proclaimed the startling fact that the sessions of "Star Chamber" were over and that at last there was a Law for the Lawless.

From these instances it would be easy to infer that the truth, thus driven home, would be sufficiently convincing to put a stop to all such practices; but the record of a single day refutes the assertion. "Might makes right," the underlying principle of the lawless, is constantly asserting itself and the law of the land is kept busy proving the fallacy of the principle. "My money lifts me above the clutches of the law," says the believer in the Divine Right of the Rascal; "a senator, steeped in villainy, is above the reach of the courts," exclaims he with the disdained toga; and the thieving land-baron points his choicest pleasantries with references to barbed wire; but for all that, a cell with each rascal's name on the door declares in unmistakable terms that might is not necessarily right and that there is such a thing as Law for the Lawless.

It is a pleasant conclusion that the world, lawful and lawless, is beginning to believe that even-handed Justice still sits in the judgment seat. There is no denying the fact that villainy is still alive and is thriving. Selfishness still pockets his ill-gotten gains and with undaunted front proclaims his more than questionable methods and impudently asks what you are going to do about it; but after all the shadow of the scale-beam is upon him and although, his wrong-doing accomplished, he flees to the uttermost parts of the earth, even there his wickedness shall ferret him out, and he shall find to his sorrow that there is a God in Israel, that He lives and reigns and that there is a Law for the Lawless.

Somebody told a nice old lady that she was too old to keep up and a-going all the time as she did. Her house was as neat as a pin from top to bottom, but they thought she ought to let somebody else take care of it. "When I stop I am stopped!" was her quick answer, and no doubt she was right; for it is better for us all to do something as long as we can.

Perhaps if there was a woman in the moon instead of a man it wouldn't get full so often.

It sometimes happens that the girl who jilts a young man does him a favor.

There is no hiding from the subpoenas of the court of conscience.

INLAND WATERWAYS.

There are two prime reasons why the people of the United States, particularly the citizens of the North Central and the South Central States, must and at as early a date as possible give most serious and energetic consideration to the Inland Waterways Problem which President Roosevelt has so formally and unequivocally endorsed.

First, there is the tremendously growing demand for increased transportation facilities—a demand which the railways and those who build railways can not begin to satisfy.

Next is the well-demonstrated economy of generating electric power by means of water power, which means so much to hundreds of cities and villages already industrial centers and using every effort to enlarge their importance in this respect.

The genus "knocker," and that other nondescript best described as the indifferent man, may gibe and sneer at these things and may class those who become enthusiastic on the subjects as dreamers; but fortunately it has never happened that the knockers and the men who are unconcerned ever wield a general and lasting influence in any direction, and so it comes to pass that the dreamers, the men who evolve the initiative, invariably find a response on the part of those other men who fearlessly grapple this or that initiative and make good.

European governments and peoples are so ancient in their methods and habits that, for example, Germany has been one hundred years in expending a billion dollars to improve her inland waterways, while France has required nearly as many years for the improvement of her inland waterways, expending approximately six hundred million dollars in the process.

In the United States, a country fairly aburst with resources and the spirit of the twentieth century, the people are already alive with the international problems of transportation and industry. Already the Inland Waterways Problem is recognized as providing an opportunity which can not longer be neglected.

The millions going so freely into the Panama Canal are a mere bagatelle compared with those other millions which must be expended in consequence of that canal. As remarked by the eminent engineer, John Barrett: "Unless we improve our inland waterways our labor at Panama is in vain; in fact, most unwise, because without facilities for sending deep draft ships across our great continent from east to west, from north to south, we are only providing an instrument to promote the commerce of other nations."

One of the first delusions that the people of the United States must obliterate and annihilate is the complacent, almost lazy and completely selfish thought that the inland waterways are to be improved by the General Government unaided. This is a problem that is to be settled by most energetic and harmonious co-operation. The States having natural channels capable of being devel-

oped into 12 foot channels, 15 foot channels and 20 foot channels, no matter what the cost, must realize that if they expect to retain the importance they now enjoy as industrial centers, commercial centers and financial centers, they must join in the procession, and those states which temporize and dally longest over the situation will be first to discover, eighteen or twenty years hence, that they are no longer in it.

This condition will not develop within twenty years!

Listen. Along our eastern coast the cry already is: "Cape Cod to the Carolinas," meaning an inland waterway along the sounds, inlets and bays of that coast; in Buffalo, the slogan is "Niagara to the Sea;" in Rochester, it is "Irondequoit Bay to Pittsburgh;" Cleveland is in line with "Lake Erie to the Ohio;" Fort Wayne says, "The Wabash to the Ohio;" Chattanooga and Nashville are out with "Lookout Mountain to the Ohio;" while Omaha, St. Joseph and Kansas City are shouting, "Omaha to the Mississippi." And all of these take no account of Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, and their projects, "The Great Lakes to the Seaboard" and "The Great Lakes to the Gulf." The Trans Mississippi Association voiced the cry, "Fourteen feet through the Valley." Seventeen states were represented at a recent meeting which endorsed the "Barnstable to Miami" cry, a project for a seaboard waterway from the Massachusetts coast to Lower Florida. Another recent convention at Houston, Texas, set up the legend, "Off to the Rio Grande."

Dreams? Of course they are. But they are born of resources, opportunities and the hope of salvation—salvation of American industries and supremacy in our own land. The ball is rolling, and while it may halt, wobble a bit now and then and even fall backward occasionally, it is certain to gain force and presently there will be a momentum that will be irresistible with every state in the Union contributing its fair proportion, each as a separate entity, to add to the fifty millions per year which the General Government will appropriate for the grand revolution.

Michigan must fall into line. The canal route across the Lower Peninsula of our State is not the paramount question. The overwhelming interrogations at present are: Does Michigan wish to retain the high status she now possesses as a live commonwealth with great resources and greater possibilities, and does she expect to continue in her present proud position without making an effort to keep abreast of her sister states in the inland waterways reformation?

Our State has at last gained a start in the forestry reformation and the good roads revolt. Now let her face fairly and squarely and soon a situation which will develop more rapidly than has either of the other movements and which, from the purely material standpoint, will mean more to the Peninsular State than either of those predecessors.

THE FLOOD OF FOREIGNERS.

The vast influx of immigration from foreign countries into our country is creating a problem of intense importance.

According to an official report by United States Commissioner of Immigration Frank P. Sargent, the arrival of immigrants from abroad for the year ending June 30, 1907, was greater by large numbers than in any previous year in the history of the country. There were more than one million and a quarter of these comers. There were 1,285,349 of them.

These vast hordes of strangers, ignorant of our free institutions and laws and for the most part caring nothing for them, are drawn hither by the belief that here are offered them great opportunities to gain wealth. In their own countries, where they are under monarchical and in some cases despotic control, with such an overcrowding of population that wages of labor are necessarily low, and police surveillance and regulations are extremely strict, there are hundreds of thousands of these people who regard America as a "promised land" where everything is to be gained.

When in their own countries they see wealthy and ostentatious American travelers pouring out money and sowing it broadcast, the industrious masses see object lessons demonstrating to them that those travelers come from a country where riches are to be gained by their ordinary efforts, while the foreign criminals believe that it is a region where the laws are very laxly enforced, if, indeed, there be any laws; that therefore the harvest that is to be gathered in by their criminal arts and schemes is practically unlimited.

Our free institutions do not appeal to the masses of Southern Europe, because their idea of a free country is one in which there are no laws, but the ease with which wealth is to be gained, whether by honest labor or by criminal practices, is the grand attraction. The fact which appeals most to those who have not yet tried our shores but hope to do so is the great numbers of their countrymen who return with money. Of course, this is not possible to the criminals, the most of whom dare not return, but the money they send home proves that there is great opportunity for prosperity here for the robber and the rascal as well as for the honest laborer.

The ease and readiness with which these aliens, who are inured to poverty and privation, are able in a few years, by industry and economy, to accumulate property and amass wealth should teach a great and extremely important lesson to our native young men, but it does not, and the most lamentable fact growing out of these conditions is that the street loafers, the idlers and the tramps are almost exclusively natives of our country.

Returning to Commissioner Sargent's report, we find that the immigration for the year 1907 exceeded that for 1906 by 814,850, or an increase over the year 1906 of more

than 17 per cent. and over the year 1905 of more than 25 per cent. During the fiscal year 1906 12,432 aliens were rejected at our ports; during the past year 13,064, an increase of 632; hence the total number of those who have sought admission in 1907, viz., 1,298,413, exceeds the number who applied in 1906, viz., 1,113,167, by 185,246.

Of peculiar significance is the table which shows the number of immigrants from each foreign country, together with the increases or decreases, as compared with the previous year. Twenty-seven countries showed increases and eleven decreases. The tide of immigration from some of the countries is indicated by the following figures:

Austria-Hungary, 338,452; increase 73,314; Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro, 11,359; increase 6,693; France, 9,731; increase, 345; German Empire, 37,807; increase 243; Greece, 36,580; increase, 17,091; Italy, including Sicily and Sardinia, 285,731; increase, 12,611; Russian Empire and Finland, 258,943; increase, 43,278; Turkey, 20,767; increase, 11,257; England, 56,637; increase, 7,146; Ireland, 34,530; decrease, 465; Scotland 19,740; increase, 3,874; China, 961, decrease, 583; Japan, 30,226; increase, 16,391; British North America, 189,918; increase, 14,855; West Indies, 16,689; increase, 3,033.

Interest naturally attaches to the proportionately large immigration from Japan. While the exclusion laws have rendered practically nil the immigration from China, the immigration from Japan, while relatively not great, has trebled in the past year. This increase is significant, too, because it comes in the face of the regulations adopted by the American Government, with the assent of Japan, which, it was supposed, would curtail the immigration of Japanese to this country very materially.

Commissioner Sargent presents data from official reports made to his bureau by inspectors sent to Mexico and Canada to study the situation with special reference to the coming of Japanese to America through those countries. The reports show that thousands of Japanese landed in Mexico during the past year and ultimately gained admission, surreptitiously, into this country. Once in the United States, it was impossible to locate them, except in the rarest instances. While the regulations concerning Japanese immigration have tended to reduce the number of regularly admitted immigrants, hundreds, if not thousands of Japanese, are still coming into the country by stealth.

The ten years' increase of the population of the United States, as shown by the several censuses, has averaged about twenty-five per cent., or two and one-half per cent. per year. If we figure the population in 1910 at 90,000,000 souls, the increase per decade is 22,500,000, or 2,250,000 a year. According to the present vast influx of foreigners, more than half the total increase of population is made up of foreigners, while the native-born are in a very decided minority.

What effect this enormous and rap-

idly increasing foreign element will have upon our institutions and laws can not with definiteness be foretold, but if we seek light from the history of the past, we find it in vast armies of foreign enemies, but thrown and existence blotted out, not by mighty armies of foreign enemies, but by the enormous hordes of the barbarian strangers who had come in steady, but, for the most part, peaceable streams until they had overrun and overturned the ancient foundations and laws and institutions of the world's greatest Empire. Will we of the great American Republic learn wisdom from the past, or will we permit our great free nation to rush blindly forward to a like doom?

CHRISTMAS.

To-day the Christmas world keeps holiday in honor of the birth of the founder of the Christian faith, but the celebration of Christmas is older than Christianity and more widely spread. In pagan days men kept at this season the festival of the new birth of the sun. The days, which have been growing shorter for half a year now, begin to be prolonged, and all over the Northern Hemisphere there is a feeling of joy in the thought that the longest night is past and steadily brightening days are at hand with a distant certain prospect of returning warmth. The Yule log blazes, and in many parts of the world red fire and other illuminations link the observance of Christmas with the feast of light. In Christian lands those who are not Christians share in the spirit of rejoicing, and the greeting on all lips is "Merry Christmas."

Christmas giving plays a conspicuous part in the celebration of the day. Nothing can be finer than the thought which underlies the bestowal of Christmas gifts. Because a man rejoices he wishes others to share his joy, and sends gifts which he hopes will add to the receiver's happiness. Because it is the custom to remember the birthday of a loved one with offerings of love, the gifts which can not be delivered to one too high and far away to be reached by our hands are given to some one else he loves.

There is reason to fear that the practice whose origin was in these tender thoughts has in many instances degenerated into a burdensome formality in which the heart has little share. Gifts are made in the hope of receiving an equivalent, because of the feeling of obligation imposed by another's gifts, or in the case of gifts to children, with an idea of ridding one's self in one day of the claim which helplessness makes throughout the year upon strength. An expense hard to be borne is the chief thought of the day in many minds. There must be a return to a simpler, freer condition. The pleasure of giving, the love in the gift, must be the dominant note. Christmas must be Merry Christmas, not a sordid market day on which each one brings his wares for exchange to the best advantage. The true Christmas spirit, wherever it holds sway, rules for more than a day. It lightens heavy burdens, it brightens dark homes, it leads to cheeriness, helpfulness and pa-

tience. If Christmas is the greatest day in the calendar of the child it is not the only day on which to think of making children happy. The joy which the day brings must not vanish as the day departs.

New Niagara Found in Guiana.

A new Niagara has been found just as the world is growing fearful as to the permanence of the old. It was in British Guiana during the last week that the important discovery was made by one Dr. Bovallius, the managing director of a rubber company. On a branch of the River Ireng, close to the Brazilian boundary, Dr. Bovallius discovered a waterfall rivaling Niagara in height and worthy of ranking as one of the greatest scenic treasures of the world. The new falls has a sheer drop of 300 feet and is some 200 feet in width. The wall of the cliff over which the new fall rushes is slightly convex, showing red, highly polished jasper in some places. At the base there is an oval basin which empties about a hundred yards from the first fall over a second, some thirty feet in height. The comparison with Niagara holds good only with regard to the height, for the width of Niagara is 1,060 feet.

Coinage of the new St. Gaudens double eagles has been stopped by reason of the bankers' objection that on account of the sharp edges the gold would wear off rapidly. After issuing about 2,500 of the coins the treasury decided to stop their coinage until new dies could be made. As soon as the order to stop was issued, there was an active demand for double eagles and none could be had except at a handsome premium. Several of the coins sold in Boston as high as \$30 and in one case \$34 was paid, while in New York a premium of \$16 was offered. Of the entire amount only 500 were received at the Boston sub-treasury and these were all absorbed within forty-eight hours after their arrival. Although it was the intention to distribute the coins equitably among the banks of Boston and throughout the State only a few institutions succeeded in getting any of them.

Schenectady is to have an automobile school in connection with a garage in that city. It is opened to afford machine owners and persons desiring to become chauffeurs a practical course in the operation and care of automobiles. There will be two courses, the first one in the assembling of the parts, and the second the use and care of machines on the road. Competent instructors will be in attendance at all the classes and will superintend the work in all its details.

Mexican silver dollars may look like 30 cents in the near future. They are now quoted in New York at 45½ cents. There is more silver in them than in Uncle Sam's dollars, but they are not backed by the yellow metal, which makes a difference.

The 762 varieties of Arctic flowers have but two colors, white and yellow.

RECIPROCAL RELATIONS.

The Interdependence of Farmers and Country Merchants.*

When I was a boy, I read a fable written by an old Greek by the name of Aesop. The story ran something like this: The different parts of a man's body quarreled among themselves. The legs said that they were doing all the work, while the stomach did nothing but stuff itself with good things to eat and drink, and the stomach growled because it had to work nights. The arms said that they had to do all the lifting and carrying while the mouth did nothing but taste the good things that the man ate, and the mouth complained because it had to chew and break up the food and make words all the time. Finally they agreed to put it up to a wise ass to properly divide the work among them.

The ass told the stomach and the mouth to stop working for awhile, and gave the legs and arms a rest too. It didn't take long for the legs and arms to find out that the stomach and the mouth really did something to make them able to perform the work that they had been doing and this was what the ass told them the next time they appeared before him:

"You legs thought that you were doing all the work but you found out that somebody had to give you strength to do that work, and the same applies to all of you—if any one fails to do his share, the thing that he is specially fitted for, the whole body suffers and each individual part suffers."

Old Aesop in this fable preached the doctrine of reciprocity, and although many onslaughts have been made on that doctrine since that time, it stands to-day as one of the chief tenets of civilized and uncivilized humanity.

Politically, we are here in America coming to realize that it is not a good thing to say to the other nations: "We are too big to care anything for you—we will paddle our own canoe, and you will have to do the best you can. If you want to sell goods to us, you will have to pay whatever we please in duty before you can land any goods on our shores."

The other countries have showed us that two can play at that game and that if we want favors from them, we can't play a dog in the manger policy. In other words we are moving toward reciprocity in trade relations nationally.

Economically, Labor and Capital are coming to the point where each can see something good in the other. Labor does not claim to-day that it alone is right and that Capital must bow to every demand that some labor leader may make. Capital acknowledges that Labor has a right to demand the enforcement of certain rules in regard to time and wages or for the safety of the man who works in the mine or the shop.

Occasionally we see outbursts against the rule of reciprocity but they never last long and only serve to emphasize the more that man feels his dependence upon his fellow man.

*Address by Geo. A. Pederson, of Chicago, at Farmers' Institute at Sterling, Ill.

We are getting away from the theory of "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

These introductory remarks of necessity are general in their character, but I am going to give you specific instances taken from life as I have observed causes and effects, during the fifteen years that I have lived in this country working in various capacities ranging from the day laborer to the position I occupy to-day.

While I may have some criticisms to make they are uttered only to make us all feel more keenly (for I believe thoroughly that every man wants to be of as much use in this world as he can), that our individual failure to do certain things hurts the community in which and the people with which we live fully as much as ourselves.

Now for the particulars:

They tell me that most of the improved farm land around here is held at \$100.00 an acre and over. In North Dakota, it is an exception to pay more than \$35.00, and the average price is between \$20.00 and \$25.00. What causes this difference?

Is it because the land is any better?

Is it because the yield is larger here?

Is it because the farm improvements are better?

Is it because Illinois roads are better?

Some of the best land that I know of is along the Red River and it yields more in bushels to the acre with less work than any Illinois land. Some of the finest farm buildings that I have seen are in North Dakota and some of the poorest highways that I have traveled over are right here in Illinois.

What then makes the difference?

The reason is that down here, you have according to the last Federal census 4,821,500 people in Illinois, 315 towns have over 1,000 inhabitants and 42 over 5,000, while North Dakota has 319,146 people with 14 towns over 1,000 and 2 over 5,000.

It is the town that makes the difference because in the town you are able to dispose of your farm produce such as butter, eggs, chickens, garden truck, etc., and incidentally, your corn, wheat and cattle.

Take away your towns and your land will drop until it reaches the level of North Dakota.

Take away the men who make the town what it is, and you take away the town's capacity for consumption.

Take away the consumption and you take away part of the value of your farm.

Taking it for granted then that you realize the importance of having a good live town in your community within easy reach what can you do to make that town keep up with the procession?

And what can the people in the town do to make it what it ought to be for you?

You see it is really a case of reciprocity. Without you, the townspeople can not do much to increase their prosperity, and without the townspeople, you suffer at once through the

loss of a ready market for the products of your farms.

We will begin with what the townspeople should do, and with the townspeople, I mean the business men of the town.

First—They should see that all the approaches to town are put in such a condition that they are passable no matter what kind of weather.

Second—They should provide some means of caring for the people when they come to town—not make it necessary for the men to congregate in saloons, nor for the women to nurse their children exposed to the gaping of every idle loafer.

Third—They should provide some place for the farmers to dispose of such articles as may have served their purpose for them but which might still be of use to somebody else.

Fourth—The merchants should keep their stocks in up to date shape and do business on up-to-date principles and with that I mean granting credit only to such people as have a good reputation and are in such financial circumstances as make them desirable credit customers.

I use the word "grant," because it is a favor to extend credit to any one, no matter how well fixed he is financially; no one has a right to demand credit—and credit should only be extended to such people as by their previous conduct have shown themselves to be reliable.

Fifth—The merchants must carry stocks of sufficient size and variety to fill all the wants of the community, and if occasionally a customer desires something not carried in stock they must be willing to procure that for him.

I want to say right here, that practically all the stores in Sterling are equipped to furnish any one with any kind of reliable goods that he may want at a reasonable price.

Having disposed of the townspeople, let us see what the man from the country must do to fulfill his part of the co-operation.

First—The farmer must take the proper care of his stock on the farm. Self interest will tell you this any way so I need not elaborate on this point.

Second—The roads must be built up and kept in good condition all the year round. This thing of going on a picnic once a year in May or June, road work some people call it—is the poorest possible excuse for filling that part of your obligation, and if you would only get down to brass tacks, you would realize that by leaving your roads full of holes and poorly ballasted, you actually rob yourselves of more dollars every year than you would have to pay in special taxes for keeping a force of men steadily at work on the road.

Some years ago, I lived in Southern Minnesota. The country was prosperous, well settled; the farms well kept, farmers had money to loan, but the roads were morasses in the spring and fall and when the frost came it was just like bumping the bumps to take a trip to town. One spring we took a four-horse team to pull a heifer to town in a lumber wag-

on and that same spring four horses had to be killed because of broken legs from being mired just outside of the city limits.

In spite of this, when we tried to get the county board to vote a bond issue for \$50,000 to be used for improving the roads, only two of the seven commissioners were willing to back the deal, but the same year they bonded the county for \$75,000 to pay for a new court house although the old one was in fairly good shape, and conditions are the same in practically any county you can think of.

And still, if you can not haul the hay to town while prices are high but on account of bad roads must wait until somebody out in Minnesota or Kansas has shipped a couple of carloads in to Sterling and thereby brought prices down \$1.00 a ton, haven't you lost that dollar as much as if somebody had stolen it out of your pocket?

And again—suppose that with the kind of roads you have now, you can haul sixty bushels of corn and make two trips a day to the elevator, and suppose you get the roads in proper shape, thus making it possible to put 80 bushels on each load, aren't you saving one trip out of every four during the hauling season, not to say anything about the time you save every other time you go to town nor the wear and tear on your wagon, horses and harness?

Third—You ought to buy all the goods you use in your home town. Not because the merchants are in business there, not because they pay taxes, not because they help to pay the preacher's salary, not because they carry you from April to August when money is scarce among some of you, but simply because it is to your own interest, and for that reason to the interest of the community in general.

This isn't just "hot-air"—the statement is based on solid facts and I am going to digress for a few moments to prove it.

I have here Catalogue No. 75 of Montgomery Ward & Co. On the front cover I read: "Purchase money and transportation charges refunded if goods are not satisfactory." On page 3 I also read: "In case of refusal of a C. O. D. Shipment the amount advanced will be applied to pay transportation charges both ways, and any balance will be refunded to the sender."

Do these two statements agree? Did Mr. Henderson here ever try to work that kind of a game on you?

On page 2 I notice: "Instead of putting our goods on counters for you to inspect, we describe and illustrate everything in this great catalogue."

Isn't that as much as saying: "Don't use your own judgment, your eyes and fingers are likely to deceive you if you see and feel the goods before you pay for them. Rely on us, we never make mistakes, but if we do and send you something that isn't what from our description you would naturally think it would be, you must stand the expense."

To give you a few instances of how well the Sterling merchants are

able to give you the best possible value for your money if you deal regularly with them, let me cite from page 780: their cheapest price on Men's Fleeced Underwear is 40c No. T 402 and 404. If any of the Sterling stores carry as cheap a class of underwear as that garment is they are selling it at 35c to 39c. T 408, "our special wool fleece" is sold every day in every store that I know of for 50c, but Montgomery Ward & Co. have to have 59c for it.

On page 872—Silks: "Our black taffeta silks from 2570 to 2588 are guaranteed to give reasonable wear for four months, except" (and there are about as many exceptions as you can think of). There are eight numbers covered by this flimsy guarantee, and they occupy a space of a little over two inches, but 2560 which is not covered by the guarantee gets an inch and a half and sells at \$1.37. Can you guess why?

On page 877—Staple gingham; "Loretta Apron Gingham, 27-in. wide, a cloth equal in quality to Lancaster or Amoskeag goods. We can not quote these brands on account of the limited quantity made," and then for two inches more, we hear all about the Loretta.

Why, if Montgomery Ward & Co. really buy dry goods in such large quantities that they can buy direct from mills, don't they purchase a brand that you know instead of one on which you only have their word? Can you guess why?

But enough of this—every page in this 1,220 page catalog pulls some extra money out of your pocket, and if you compare item for item with what the Sterling merchants offer you, you will acknowledge that my statement is true.

Just a case in point: Last summer while I was visiting in North Dakota, a man whom we will call Smith came into a store owned by a Mr. Nelson and asked the price of sugar by the sack. Nelson quoted him a price which gave him a profit of 25 cents on the 100 pounds. The next item was Manila rope and Smith wanted a full coil and Nelson gave him a price on that. Still another item was asked and quoted, when Nelson said to Smith: "If you have got an order made out, give me a list of what you want and I will make you a price on the whole bill."

Smith told him what he wanted and Nelson marked his price for each item, picking out the goods as he went down the list, showing Smith what he was going to give him, and also that he was not making special prices to him to fit his particular case.

The whole bill amounted to about \$95, which proved to be about \$1.50 more than the amount charged by the Catalogue House for which the order had been intended.

But there was this difference—the freight rate to Glenullin, N. Dak., is \$1.77 per hundred, thus making the freight charges over \$7.00 and giving Nelson an advantage of \$5.50 on the bill.

Of course Nelson got the order and Smith saw what he bought, knew

what it was, and had Nelson's guarantee for every article before he paid a cent.

Well, you say, that might happen in North Dakota, but it couldn't happen in Sterling because the freight rate to Sterling is only 35c on first class. But even admitting that and not allowing for the fact that North Dakota prices are considerably higher than Sterling prices, the best you could possibly have done would be to save from 8 to 9 cents on the \$95.00.

But again, you say, what difference does it make whether I send my money to Sears, Roebuck & Co. or let Mr. Henderson send his money to Farwell's for the rug that I want to buy? Doesn't the money go out of town in either case?

Just for argument's sake, let us suppose that you have set your mind on a certain rug that you can buy for \$35 from the Catalogue House, and that Mr. Henderson has or can get you the same rug for, say \$35. His profit on that rug we will suppose to be \$5. In that case, Mr. Henderson sends away only \$30 and the \$5 stays in town, and pays for the chickens and the potatoes and the butter and the eggs and other produce that he uses in his home; some of it goes to the washwoman, some to the shoemaker, some to the grocer, some to somebody else, and they spend what they get—making that profit pay over and over again for things that you want to sell, and in the bargain, Mr. Henderson doesn't have to pay the \$30 until 30 or 60 days after you get the rug, so that even the \$30 is used half a dozen times to pay for things and make a profit for half a dozen people before it finally goes out of town. That's where the difference comes in to you and your home town.

To sum it all up—in every action you take, in every move you make, in every transaction, be sure that what you do will redound to the benefit of the community in which you live.

The time has gone by when every man was king of his own domain. We are all inter-dependent. If it wasn't for the farmers, there wouldn't be any towns, and if it wasn't for the towns, the farmers would have a pretty hard time of making both ends meet—each man not for himself but for the good of everybody in the community, himself included.

Useful Any Time.

Jeweler—You say you want some name engraved on this ring?

Young Man—Yes; I want the words "George, to his dearest Alice," engraved on the inside of the ring.

"Is the young lady your sister?"

"No; she is the young lady to whom I am engaged."

"Well, if I were you I would not have 'George, to his dearest Alice,' engraved on the ring. If Alice changes her mind you can't use the ring again."

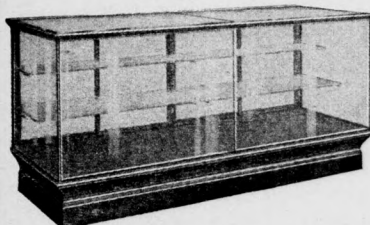
"What would you suggest?"

"I would suggest that the words be 'George, to his first and only love.' You see, with that inscription you can use the ring half a dozen times. I have had experience in such matters myself."

WORDEN GROCER COMPANY

Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Prompt Shippers



Our Crackerjack No. 25

Ten years of prosperity lies before us

Up-to-date Fixtures Spells Success

Write for our new catalogue "A" showing the latest ideas in modern store outfitting.

GRAND RAPIDS SHOW CASE CO.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The Largest Show Case Plant in the World



There's Never Any Signs of Tight Money

With Men Who Smoke Ben-Hurs

Here's a point which dealers should keep sharp in mind—Ben-Hurs untie the tightest purse strings and keep them loose.

There's too much pleasure and satisfaction connected with this smoke—there's too much real economy arising from their constant use for them to ever feel the effects of a little tightening of the times. It's worth while to always give this brand a show in your show case.

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

BEN-HUR CIGARS MADE ON HONOR
SOLD ON MERIT
WORDEN GROCER COMPANY
Wholesale Distributors for Western Michigan



Some Things the Shoe Clerk Should Do.

"Our meeting this evening," said Mr. Laster, as he called the members to order, "has for its subject of debate one which will appeal, I am sure, very strongly not only to our employing members but to those who are so fortunate as to get dividends from the business, without taking any risk. I mean the clerks.

"What Shall the Shoe Clerk Do to Make the Holiday Trade a Success?" is the subject, and it is a right good one. There are a good many things which the shoe clerk can do about holiday time for his employer more than mere attending to customers, keeping his stock in reachable shape and the routine business of the store. And, I tell you it is the clerk who does these things, keeps thinking all of the time what he would do if it were his business and then gives the result of his thinking to his salary payer, who soonest will get a business of his own. What these things are I hope will be brought out by the remarks of this evening, or, at least some of them. Who will open the ball?"

Mr. Ball (Not Hi): Now that you make it such a personal matter, Mr. Chairman, I suppose that I must make the opening address.

The Chairman: Then we know that the "ball" will be kept rolling.

Mr. Ball: I don't know about that. When your chairman and I were boys together in a shoe store, it was before the days when there were much competition and enterprise in the business. The clerk of to-day has ten times the chance to show what's in him that we had. The only ways that we knew in those "good old days" were the hustling, hard working ways of the old-time clerk. The clerk wasn't expected to furnish much head work in those days but to-day he is. The successful merchant thinks as much of his clerk's opinions and ideas almost as though they were partners. He profits thereby and the clerk advances himself more than we had a chance to in the "good old times" I have been referring to.

Willie Fitem: Mr. Chairman and fellow members, it seems particularly correct on this occasion that the youngest member should follow close behind the oldest member on this subject. I'm glad we're having this debate at just this time as it may sharpen our wits to show what we can do for our employers the coming holiday season. Now, I'll tell you what I believe is a good thing to do and that is to push the sale of shoes as holiday gifts. You'll laugh at that I know, for you'll say right off, that of course we'd do that, anyway, but I tell you, it can be done a good deal more if you keep it strictly on your mind. A man comes in for a pair of rubbers for himself. He may be in a tearing hurry or he may not. I don't believe much in trying

to detain a man who is in a hustle, but sometimes I've had my very best success with just that sort of men. Fit him carefully with his rubbers and while he is waiting for his change stop and think whom he has to buy for, perhaps his wife, and flip out a handsome kid shoe with a "There, Mr. Banker, is a new thing we have had made extra fine for our holiday trade. The ladies are crazy about 'em." If you get his attention you can vaccinate the Christmas present idea and it's a great winner with men. A man never knows what to get for anybody, and they are easy to steer. In our store we make quite a preparation for the Christmas trade. I mean the shoes-for-presents trade. We have reams of white and colored tissue to do up cartons when we know the shoes are for presents and spools of fancy ribbon to tie them with and our people think that it pays. We also have a presentation card handsomely engraved and a special carton with lace paper and all that which looks as dainty as a candy box which we use for presentation purchases. This plan doesn't work quite so well for the ladies, but I frequently try it by showing handsome party slippers where I know there are daughters, warm goods where there are old folks or anything new in men's slippers. Another scheme I worked last year was having some cards printed at the firm's expense which read like this:

Nothing makes a feller feel more like Christmas than knowing that some poor devil that needs 'em is wearing a good comfortable pair of shoes at his expense

Willie Fitem.

It wasn't much for language, that card, but I put one of them in every man's shoe carton I sent out and I passed them out in a good many other ways, too, and it brought in a lot of gift trade to me direct. You'd be surprised how many men will rise to a hint like that about Santa Claus time.

William Cobb: In the stores which do not employ a window trimmer regularly it seems to me that it is in the show window trims that the clerk can be of the greatest assistance about holiday time. There's a pretty sharp competition in windows about that time and a store has need of all the bright ideas it can get together to keep up with the procession, particularly a shoe store. There is no need of deceiving ourselves, the shoe business is very greatly handicapped in competing for the strictly holiday trade. The expenditures flow naturally toward the stores which sell gim-cracks. Really, about all we have to offer especially is slippers for men and women. I mean, for gifts, excepting, of course, Willie Fitem's sensible-present people. But in the window trim we can all take part. I have now, up my sleeve, two or three ideas for our holiday windows which I am working out all ready so that at the last moment we will not have to brush something together as we have had to, sometimes, with not a particle of originality in it. This is one of the ways in

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.

The Best Yet Our E-Z-Walk Shoe

Strictly Hand Welted

The Most Comfortable Shoe in the Market

A Shoe that Everybody Else
Doesn't Have

Get the Exclusive Agency in Your Town

Wayne Shoe Mfg. Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Our salesman will be pleased to show you.

which we can help things along and keep our store in the front of the procession.

Georgie Skiver: I was hoping that more of the employers would do some talking, so that we clerks could know what is expected of us. I have only had a few years' experience in the store, but I know that I have my hardest problems with the holiday trade. About all that I have been able to do was to try and keep people good natured during the rush hours.

Mr. Schumann: That's not an effort misplaced, Georgie. If every clerk would do that it would help a good deal. I confess, myself, that not only the shoe clerk but the shoe employer is up against one of his hardest propositions when he comes to try to make anything of the holiday trade—I mean anything more than the regular end of the early winter trade. More and more the holiday trade is drifting to what Mr. Cobb has pleased to call the "gim-crack" trade. We have no stuff of that sort to sell, so we are handicapped. I don't know of any store which can do less, outside of the immortal slippers for the minister, papa and brother and Uncle Will, than the shoe trade. It seems to me that the flour and feed man has a better chance.

Mr. Rustelle: Oh, I don't know. I think that there are just as many people making sensible gifts as ever there were and the ideas which have been advanced here of how the clerk can quietly suggest the high class goods to the high class people and the sensible goods to the middle class people and the "shop keepers" to the people who like to help those less fortunate, are mighty good ideas and give the clerk lots of chance to help. The holiday advertising is another chance in stores where no regular advertising man is employed, and the great proportion of them have no such man, I believe, and even where some special person has this work in charge there is no time when hints are more welcome in this line than during the holiday advertising.

Just at this moment there came a knock at the door and some waiters from the Home Kitchen appeared with eight large, smoking hot mince pies which they placed up and down on the directors' table, while Mr. Ball and Mr. Laster smiled in a knowing way and the debate of the evening was over.—Ike N. Fitem in Boot and Shoe Recorder.

Antwerp Cops Might Bite.

Pups police Antwerp. The city police have seven dogs which are trained to look upon men in uniform as their only friends, suspecting all others, and more particularly a man lying down. At night seven dogs are given to seven policemen, who conduct them by a strap only, letting them loose when wishing to pursue an evildoer discovered redhanded. It is owing to the docks and basins being in thickly populated sections of the city and to the further fact that work on the vessels goes on throughout the night that the dogs' usefulness is reduced to a minimum by restraining their activities.

The result of the experiment has been that police dogs, no matter how well trained, are of no practical use in thickly populated quarters, but their real value in such service has been shown in rural districts, where a night watchman, all alone and unaided, frequently has to patrol a territory covering miles of sparsely settled country. Such is the case of Ghent, where the same breed of dogs is used by the rural watchmen to great advantage. There the animals are unmuzzled and unrestrained.

The experience with training shows that while the dogs may be taught to be suspicious of every person not in uniform or of a man lying down or in a crouching position, it is impossible to make him distinguish between an honest man and a rogue. The Belgian shepherd dog is chosen for this work, for his keen scent, for the ease with which he is trained and for the faithfulness to his master which makes him practically a "one friend" dog and uncompromising foe to every other human being.

Glass Will Flow Away If You Wait.

All glass flows. Thus saith a wise man of the West. The idea is advanced that every substance capable of existing in the fluid state can also exist in the vitreous or glass state—that is to say, if cooled fast enough it will become practically a solid and yet retain the fluid state in the sense of being amorphous, or having no definite form, and of not having undergone the process of crystallization.

The interesting consequence of all this is that glass is only apparently a solid and that in reality it behaves like all viscous or sticky fluids. Minute but actual changes have been observed in large optical lenses when left for a long time under unfavorable positions.

It is also suggested that were it possible to observe a piece of glass for a long enough time, several lifetimes perhaps, unmistakable signs of flow or deformation would be found.

The Wrong Side of the Door.

A well-known Chicago merchant was once asked to talk to the boys of a business school. He prefaced his address by a few extempore remarks.

"Boys," said he, "as I approached the entrance to this school room I observed on the panel of the door a word most appropriate to an institution of this kind. That one word expresses the quality most useful to the average boy when he steps into the field of business. Can you tell me what it is?"

"Pull!" shouted several of the pupils, with a burst of laughter, while the horrified merchant recognized that he had taken the text from the wrong side of the door.

Ecclesiastical log rolling furnishes the Devil with plenty of fuel.

The less a man thinks of his virtues the greater their value.



No. 920 H. B. Hard Pan

8 inches high, bellows tongue, heavy outside back stay, ½ double sole. Channel Standard fastened. Carried in stock.

Folks Who Never Do More Than They Get Paid For

never get paid for more than they do, sure as two and two make four.

H. B. "Hard Pans" have increased in value out of all proportion to price. Couldn't crowd any more value into this line. So we put in, for extra good measure, prompt satisfactory service, goods right out of stock, shipped same day order is received. We are getting our pay in increased orders—new customers, too. A dozen new styles have been added to this line for this season, for men and boys. You never made a better investment than you have a chance to make now, if the line is not already placed in your town—good business to send a postal today and find out about the original H. B. Hard Pans.

Address the makers

**Herold-Bertsch
Shoe Co.**

Grand Rapids, Mich.



We Extend to You Our Wishes for a Prosperous and Successful Business Year

Of course you know us and the shoes we make.

If not, you will. We furnish the lines that bind the trade.

Rindge, Kalmbach, Logie & Co., Ltd.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

CLASS LAWS DANGEROUS.

Legislative Cuddling Not Needed by Thrifty Merchants.

Written for the Tradesman.

The intelligent business man is not sitting back on his haunches waiting for State or local law-makers to put him on the road to Easy street. All he wants is as good a show as his competitors have. In short, he is not in favor of class legislation of any kind, for he knows that if one class is favored by law other classes will demand the same protection, and that there would soon be no end of a bad business.

Tom Raynor, the salesman, had this fact pounded into his gray matter, one day last fall, in an unexpected manner and in an unexpected place. He had a new route that month, and was piking along from one blind siding to another in any old way. If there wasn't a passenger train, he took a freight; if there wasn't a freight, he took a livery rig or hiked the distance on the ties. There is plenty of good red blood in Tom Raynor.

One sunny morning he came to Jalapa, which is a town on an interurban line, on a rural route, and on a couple of hard country roads which cross each other in front of the main store. It might be added that the town is on a fishless river. Tom found out all about that. He approached the one store with fear and trembling, at least, that is the way he tells the story.

He expected to find a bald-headed merchant with tobacco juice on his chin and hayseed in his hair. He expected to find this relic sitting by a stove viewing dusty and empty shelves and cussing the United States Government for the rural mail system and the interurban people for carrying customers past his door. He had found a good many country dealers doing these things.

But the interior of the store was as clean and bright as a new tin whistle. The shelves were packed with goods, and three clerks were busy as beavers waiting on customers. The owner of the store was young, well-dressed, smiling and watchful. Tom looked out of the window for a greased pole, or a brass band, or a pumpkin display, or a race track, or something in the fair way to account for the lively business in that dull place. But there was nothing of the kind in sight. The merchant looked up courteously as Tom stepped to his desk and laid down his card.

"All right," he said. "I'm going to try your house. I've got a list of the things I need. Get out your book. Five off for cash? All right. Go ahead."

Tom got the order down quick for fear he would wake up before it was all in black and white. It was a large order. Tom looked out over the fields and back to a fringe of woods and wondered if stumps, and trees, and sheep, and wire fences were buying fine dress goods and high grade groceries. There seemed to be no one to sell the stuff to.

"That's the banner order of the week," he said, finally.

"Most of the dealers, about here have gone out of business," said the dealer, "and that, of course, leaves the trade to me."

"Gone out of business!" repeated Tom. "Why?"

The merchant smiled, looking about his busy store with a touch of pride.

"Oh, they got discouraged," he said.

"I'm still in the dark," said Tom.

"Well," said the merchant, "the merchants about here were mostly waiters."

"I know what you mean by that," said Tom.

"Of course. When the interurban line came through here they waited for the State, or the county, or the township board to do something that would prevent the road carrying freight at low rates, or something of the kind, so they could hold their old customers. They said the road was ruining the town, and that some one ought to step in and do something that would correct the evil."

"I've heard a lot of talk like that," said Tom, "but in other places the people gave bonuses to the interurban people."

"Then the merchants waited to see what the result of the new system would be. They saw people who had bought of them for years going to the city on the interurban for their goods, so they cut down their stocks, and waited for some one to do something that would deprive people of the right to buy where they could do the best. They are waiting yet, for the interurbans have come to stay."

"Then, when the rural free delivery system came on the merchants about here did a lot of promiscuous kicking. They waited again. This time they waited for the United States Government to see that it was ruining a lot of country storekeepers and call its country postmen off. The United States Government doesn't do things that way. Instead of calling the rural postmen off the Government shut up the small postoffices. Then the discouraged merchants waited for them to open again. They complained that if farmers didn't have to come to the villages to get their mail they wouldn't come at all. Again they cut down their stocks. They are still waiting for some one to do something which will put the country dealers on Easy street without much of an effort on their part."

"And they have all the time there is to wait in," suggested Tom.

"They surely have," was the reply. "The dealers around here were in favor of the tax-on-oleomargarine law. They said that the packing house by-products were destroying the usefulness of the mild-eyed cow. They joined with the farmer in the alleged protection of the bovine. They helped to put the ten-cent tax on oleomargarine in the hope that the farmers would get better prices for their dairy product and so have more money to spend with them. Always, you see, waiting for some law-maker to give them a boost in business to the detriment of their own customers."

"You don't look to me like a country merchant," said Tom. "Guess you

MAYER Honorbilt

Shoes Are Popular



DON'T FAIL
To send for catalog showing our line of

**PEANUT ROASTERS,
CORN POPPERS, &c.**

LIBERAL TERMS.

KINGERY MFG. CO., 106-108 E. Pearl St., Cincinnati, O.

Saves Oil, Time, Labor, Money

By using a

Bowser Self Measuring Oil Outfit

Full particulars free.
Ask for Catalogue "M"

S. F. Bowser & Co. Ft. Wayne, Ind.



Get our prices and try
our work when you need

**Rubber and
Steel Stamps
Seals, Etc.**

Send for Catalogue and see what
we offer.

Detroit Rubber Stamp Co.

99 Griswold St.

Detroit, Mich.



**The "Ideal" Girl in
Uniform Overalls**

All the Improvements

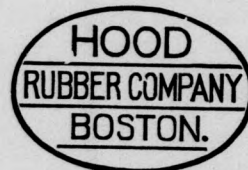
Write for Samples

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

We Wish You a

**Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year**

State



Agents

Begin the New Year right by selling Hood Rubbers

Nothing like a good start

Grand Rapids Shoe & Rubber Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

got your ideas where the wheels go round pretty fast."

"Then the law was passed," continued the merchant, with a smile, "and now a million or more of people are paying this ten-cent tax just to give the farmers a boost. A million! It would be nearer the truth to say fifty million! Such laws are against public policy. In this case the farmer is not benefited to any remarkable extent. Butter will always bring a high price if it is well made, and oleomargarine will always be used by the middle classes. It is class legislation, pure and simple, and merchants who know their business are not in need of any such boosting."

"Now, here is this parcels post proposition. They tell me that it will injure my trade if it is put through Congress. I don't believe it. The big mail order houses are welcome to all the trade that gets past me. I don't want any law passed which gives me custom which some one else ought to have. I don't want to see the millions of people in this country deprived of the right to the parcels post system just because a few merchants think the thing will injure their business. The people have a right to buy where they can do the best, and they know it."

"Suppose the parcels post law passes," said the salesman, "what course would you adopt? You know those big mail order houses have the advantage on prices because of the quantities of goods they handle."

"I shall do just what I did when the interurbans took the farmers by my door to the city. Just what I did when the rural routes enabled many of my customers to get their mail at their homes instead of at the postoffice next door. Here is the question I asked myself: Why do these farmers take a whole day to go to the city, and pay car fare in the bargain, when they can come to my store and trade and get home before noon? I asked many of them the question I was asking myself."

"They replied that in the city they had larger stocks to select from, that they saw things put in comparison with other things, and so learned more about goods and the resources of the market, and the styles, and that they got better rates in the city. 'All right,' says I. 'I'll go you at that!' I went to the city and sized up things there. I found out what my customers were buying and what they paid."

"Then I put in a whopper of a stock and fixed the prices right. I made up my mind that the country merchant had the first whack at the country buyer. I let the farmers know what I had in stock and invited them to call. When they came I showed them that they could do just as well at my store as they could at the larger places in the city, especially in the provision line, and that I could handle some of their butter and eggs to better advantage than they could. You see the result."

Again the merchant glanced proudly over his busy store.

"I hold," he said, "that ultimately the people will do their trading where

they can do it with the most satisfaction to themselves. I believe that they will not long pay for the protection of merchants or farmers when that protection is against themselves. Such class laws may be tolerated for a time, but in the end the common sense of the consumer will prevail. You can not legislate dollars into a country merchant's till."

"It looks like your theory had won out," said Tom.

"If you want to do business," said the dealer, "get the goods and let people within reach of your place of business know that you have them. I am nearer to the folks about here than the Chicago mail order houses, and if I can't catch their trade it is my own fault. I'm not one of the waiters."

The salesman left the store with a pretty poor idea of class legislation of any kind, taught a lesson by a resourceful country merchant.

Alfred B. Tozer.

Use Every Effort To Get Goods.
Written for the Tradesman.

If a patron calls for an article and you are out of it, or never had it in stock, or never even heard of it, don't acknowledge to her that you never kept it on sale, or don't even know what it is that she is talking about—don't own up to these things, but quietly inform her that you haven't it on hand just at present but that you will get it for her if she can wait a few days.

If a short delay is no object with her, as soon as she has taken her departure, you just begin to "raise Heaven and earth," as the saying is, to get what she wants. If you are not familiar with the goods hustle around and find out. Ask traveling men, ask wholesalers, no matter whom, but find out in some way. When you have got on track of the merchandise desired, use all due haste to acquire it. Even telegraph for it—lose all your profit on it if time is precious with the customer; she will be so delighted with your efforts in her behalf that she will trade with you oftener than before and in her added patronage you can easily win back all you are out by being accommodating.

Don't ever be afraid to be to extra pains to please the public. But when you have done this don't tell them about it in a bragging way, nor yet as if you had been to much trouble or bother. Inform in a the-pleasure-is-all-mine tone of voice and manner as to what you have been able to accomplish.

Again I say: This way pays, try it.
Jennie Alcott.

Carefully Compromised.
"Father is in a perfectly lovely mood," remarked Clarice. "Don't you think you had better ask him this evening?"

"Suppose you ask him," suggested Clarence.

"Oh, I can't," protested the girl, "I'm too shy."

"You ask him just this one time," pleaded Clarence. "I promise you that in the future I'll ask him, no matter how shy I am,"

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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.

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

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

ESTABLISHED 1872



Strangers Only Need to Be Told That

L. O. SNEDECOR & SON (Egg Receivers), New York

is a nice house to ship to. They candle for the retail trade so are in a position to judge accurately the value of your small shipments of fresh collections.

SING A SONG.

Why Music Makes Even the Slave Hustle.

The slowness with which the primitive man gets into swing with his work has no doubt been referred to times without number by slavekeepers when advocating their methods of treating natives. Sig. Salvado's description of his experiences with Australian natives as farm laborers is delightful.

"How often," he says, "have I not used their dancing songs in order to urge them on in their work? I have seen them not once but a thousand times lying on the ground with minds and bodies wearied by their labor; yet as soon as they heard me singing the Machielo-Machieli, which is one of their commonest and favorite dancing songs, they would yield to an irresistible impulse and rise and join me with their voices.

"They would even begin to dance joyfully and contentedly, especially when they saw me singing and dancing among them like any other savage. After a few moments of dancing I would seize the opportunity to cry out to them in a merry voice, Mingo! Mingo! a word meaning breast, which is also used in the same way as our word courage. After such an exhortation they would begin afresh with such good will and eagerness that it seemed as if the dance of Machielo had communicated to them new courage and new vigor."

In many parts of the world savages always raise a chant when compelled to overcome their natural laziness. It is also well known that workingmen everywhere stimulate themselves by special songs of exhortation. And when employed in prolonged and monotonous work they everywhere seem to know that they may be relieved by song. The majority of these work poems may perhaps be of no great practical or musical merit, but that does not affect their great evolutionary importance.

There is no doubt that some of the simplest and perhaps earliest specimens of poetry are to be found among the short ditties sung by laborers during their work. The stimulus which is provided by such songs is easily understood without any explanation. But their invigorating power will be perceived more clearly when we take into account that emotional susceptibility which has been remarked in so many primitive tribes. Besides these invigorating effects every musical accompaniment will also regulate the movements of work by virtue of its rhythmic elements. In that way it makes for the saving of labor.

When the words of the work song refer to the action itself the effect is strengthened. Many of the songs which are sung during the manufacture of weapons and utensils during boat building and the like are magical in their intention. But there is no doubt that the ideas of poetical magic are to a great extent derived from a psychological experience of the suggestive power of words. We can easily believe that in Polynesia as well as in ancient Finland canoes

were better built when the boat building song was properly recited by the builder.

Preliminary movements, even when undirected, always make the subsequent action more effective. Witness a golfer's flourish before driving. Their effect will be to develop that amount of animal heat which is necessary for every muscular contraction. When, moreover, they are fixed and differentiated in their form, the influence will of course be all the greater.

By every attempt to execute a special movement the idea of such a movement is made more and more distinct. And the final action is executed with greater ease and greater efficacy. The truth of this may easily be proven by experimental psychology.

Without any theoretical knowledge of these psychological facts the common man has always been able to avail himself of the beneficial effects which are to be derived from preliminary imitations of any difficult movement. That is the reason for the curious pantomimes of experimentation which we may always observe in the artisan who has to give a finishing touch to his work, or in the athlete who tries to perform a new and accustomed exercise.

All this makes it easy to understand that one gets a similar prompting influence by the actions of others. This is an experience which must have occurred to every one who has been coached in golf by a professional. When concentrating his attention upon each successive movement in the instructor's model performance, the beginner in sports and gymnastics receives with his whole body, so to speak, an impression of the exercise he has to go through. The representation thus gains in distinctness as well as in motor force, and the movement is then executed almost automatically.

Spencer has said that the incompetence of the Arab and Nubian boatmen on the Nile is chiefly a result of their inability to act together. As an Arab dragoman is reported to have remarked, a few Europeans, by virtue of their superior powers of co-operation, would do in a few minutes what now occupies hundreds of men.

Art, and particularly music, is a real factor in the struggle for existence. It has not only made work less repugnant, and in that way promoted useful exertions, but it has also rendered these exertions better and more effective.

John Clyde Shaw.

Robbers entered a Schenectady hotel recently and carried a 600 pound safe from the bar in the basement, up a flight of steps and 300 feet from the building. Then it was blown open and the thieves secured \$200 in gold and silver, two watches and a lot of jewelry. People sleeping in the hotel first learned of the visit when they came to breakfast.

The smaller a man's line the larger will be his Busy sign.

Trimming truth does not improve its appearance.

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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.

Get In Tune With the Town.

Get in tune with the distracting things and noises about you. A writer has said that there is rhythm in the alarms of the city, music in the aggregation of apparently discordant sounds that emanate from the rush of traffic, the hum of hurrying thousands, the crash of myriad wheels revolving in the perpetually moving machinery of a metropolis.

Into every office in Chicago go the notes of progress, and day by day the sound in any given spot remains almost the same. Have you changed your office location recently? Have you moved your household into a new locality? If so you know how different are the sounds that break upon your ears. Your work is interrupted by sounds less in volume than countless crashes that in the old place went unnoticed. Your changed bed may be quieter than you have known in months; but the sounds are strange and your rest is broken. You are not attuned to your new environs.

Within a month a man moved his office from a place where he had to shout to be heard, a place where visiting friends would have their nerves all unstrung by the terrible din in a short time and leave the worker to his task undisturbed. This man was not troubled with frequent callers. The place he left was on a level with a loop station of the elevated railroad at one of the city's busiest corners and in his office ticked half a dozen keys and repeaters on transcontinental telegraph wires and as many typewriters without ceasing for the whole day. In such a place the man did his work, laid and executed his plans, and fitted himself to advance with his fellow men. He was in tune with his surroundings.

This man moved to a place that compared to his old office, is pervaded with Sabbath stillness. The only sounds that penetrate to him are toned down by intervening space and walls of deadening stone and mortar. Within, the light tap, tap, tap of a buy typewriter at intervals is all there is to mar the solitude.

Yet this man starts at the ring of a bell as the typewriter completes a line, becomes alarmed at the crash of a heavy wagon passing in the alley far below, and starts involuntarily at the jangling ring of the telephone bell. In his old place all of these noises would have been lost or blended into the whole consonance. The man has not yet become attuned to the rest of the orchestra. As a musical instrument, he is off the key.

This man must get in tune. So must every man and woman in the universe. To say that conditions distract your attention from your work is no excuse for faulty performance. It is foolish to try and change conditions all at once; but you can change yourself to suit conditions and the conditions, if wrong, will gradually correct themselves. Rhythm and harmony and peace are not exiled to pastoral scenes. The symphony of commerce is as real as the concord of "The Messiah."

All in nature is harmony. Man is a natural being; therefore if he makes a discord he is working contrary to

natural laws. The roar and tumult of trade, the whirl of machinery, and the clanging sounds of traffic are not discords and the ensemble of their individual notes should inspire the man doing his work in the world to greater efforts as martial music inspires the soldier to deeds of valor. The man who succeeds in the advancing world of endeavor is the man who takes things as he finds them at hand and does the best there is in him.

Before any telling stroke can be made the worker must be in tune. He must be satisfied with things not of his making or watch the world go by him without a sign of recognition. If you wanted to go to Europe and found your ship longer than suited your fancy, would you stay at home? If you wanted to kill a burglar and found you only had a rifle when you wanted a shotgun, would you let the burglar kill you? No; you would get in tune with conditions as you found them, and go to Europe by the means at hand, or make one hole in the burglar, instead of perforating him like a sieve.

You can tell the man who is in tune as he walks along the street. In the greatest crowds, mid the wildest alarms, through the tightest blockades he walks along preserving his dignity, knocking no one aside and being trampled by none of the frantic mob. Undisturbed in the melee he treads his way in assurance, following his well defined course, seeing everything, missing nothing, hurrying ever, yet seeming to move slowly, and he comes to the end of his path unruffled and unfatigued.

You can pick him out among the thousands as a leader in the commercial orchestra. You know that the people rushing madly about him in disorder, dodging hither and thither

in aimless, wasteful haste are to him but minor instruments out of tune. They fret at his assurance and never stop to think the fault lies within themselves. When one of them stops, draws together the loose strings of his organism, studies himself and existing conditions, he gets in tune and moves along with the same assurance as the leader. Success and a symphonious place are accorded him.

So get in tune if you want to win. Let not the noises and things unpleasant distract you. They are the conditions with which you must deal. Close scrutiny and honest study will show that they are not discordant. They can not get in tune with you; you must get in tune with them.

Winfield W. Dudley.

Correct?

A teacher in a public school asked the children to define the word "advice."

"Advice," said a little girl, "is when other people want you to do the way they do."

Same Old Trick.

"My wife," he proudly said, "has made me what I am."

"That's the way with a man," replied Mrs. Strongmind. "Always blaming it on the woman."

"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 34x16x5½ inches.

The Wabash Limited—A safe, speedy, geared car—a 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.

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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.

TURNED THIEF.

Why the Inventor Stole Bulk of His Material.

"But for the stupidity of some men in business," quoth John Ford pompously, "business detectives would have to find other means of earning a livelihood."

"Modest man," said I. "Why don't you say what you think? If it were not that business detectives are so much wiser, so much shrewder, so much superior in every way to the men who employ them, what a poor chance the business man would have of making a living!"

"No," retorted Ford, undisturbed. "I was merely thinking of what a lot of work business men pay us for doing that they might do themselves if their eyes were not burdened with the scales of stupidity, and how lucky we were that this was so."

"Yes? Well, go on. I just happened to be thinking of a case in which—" I quoted his favorite method of beginning a yarn. "Go on. The patient is ready, nothing remains but for the tale to be told."

"Well, there was a case," he asserted.

"Of course there was."

"And it did remind me of this feature of detective work."

"Quite so. And now deliver the story without further introduction."

"Did you ever hear of the Melcher typewriter? I thought not. Unless you happened to be in the typewriter business the chances are that you hadn't. It isn't a standard machine. It isn't any kind of a machine now, but once upon a time it was a machine, a first class typewriting machine it was. In fact, it was one of the best typewriters ever made, up to date and a little beyond everything else in the matter of improvements, and it was well on the way to be established as one of the standard makes of the country. Probably it would have been if a certain other

typewriter manufacturer hadn't employed your unhumble servant to make several and sundry investigations regarding said Melcher machine.

"He could have done the investigating himself if he had only known—but the fact that he and his kind don't know is what makes it possible to make a living at this business. But he engaged me and paid me and I investigated, and the result was that the Melcher machine ceased to be—as the Melcher—and the improvements which so distinguished it and made it noteworthy are to-day to be found on the Marvel. Which machine, as you know, is one of the big ones of the day and a competitor for the writing machine business with machines that were old before it and its new type bar system were thought of.

"But this is getting ahead of the story a little bit. Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned the Marvel until later on, but the trick is done now. Just remember those two names as I go on—the Melcher, which was but is not, and the Marvel, which was and is now.

"I happen to be in a position to tell the story of the rise and fall of the Melcher, because Mr. Jonathan Merriweather, owner of the patents and manufacturer of the Marvel, happened to know that my business consists of acting as the Eyes of the Boss for bosses who have not good eyes of their own.

"Mr. Ford," said Mr. J. Merriweather, as I entered his private office in response to his special delivery letter, 'I have some work for you which I hardly think is up to the average importance of the cases which you handle, but which has given us so much trouble and which seems to be so involved in mystery that we are willing to pay you exactly on the scale commensurate with a case of more importance. So as you hear what the trouble is, don't worry

but that your charges, whatever they are, will be cheerfully paid for your services.'

"Thank you, Mr. Merriweather," I said. 'I have no regular scale of charges. Let me hear the details of the work I am expected to do, and I will be in a position to know my position in regard to you.'

"Yes," he said. 'Of course, you know we are not a great corporation with unlimited resources, but—'

'I couldn't help smiling as I labeled him again, this time with the double label of 'narrow and stingy.'

"But," he went on, 'we are willing to meet any reasonable expense in this matter. It isn't a great case at all. Simply this: Some one has been stealing parts from our stockroom. Typewriter parts, as you may know, are mainly small in size—and expensive. There probably is no machine in the manufacture of which small parts play such an important feature, and so you can see that a thief in the stockroom of a typewriter factory may be the cause of unlimited trouble and great expense without carrying on his thefts on a scale much larger than that of common, ordinary shoplifting.

"In the case of our trouble the thief has gone considerably beyond this scale in his operations. He has stolen from us systematically and extensively. He has troubled us for something like a month, beginning with the theft of half a dozen of our new oscillating type bar connectors and ending with a theft which we discovered yesterday, in which he got away with a dozen each of ten important parts of our machine—120 pieces all told. In the time between these two thefts we have lost a total of over a thousand pieces of parts, the last theft being by far the worst of them all.'

"I gave vent to a whistle of surprise as he ended. 'And you say the trouble is not a serious one?'

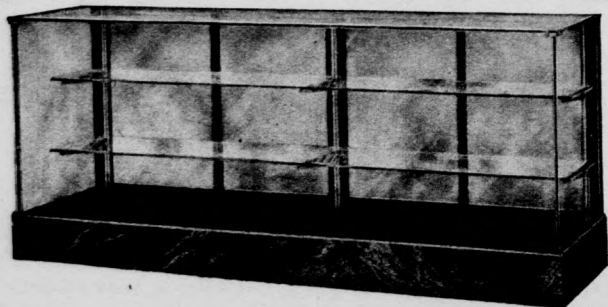
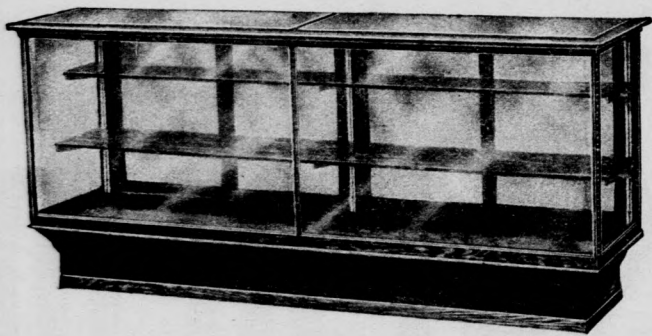
"No. I can't say that it is," he

said, carelessly. 'You see, the actual value of the stuff isn't important. I forgot to say that the parts are in the rough, simply the flat cut out steel, or the small casting—all unfinished, all practically the raw material, merely through the first crude process toward becoming the finished part.'

"I looked at him in amazement as he went on. 'I won't tell you what is the actual value of these parts that we've lost, because I don't propose to let anybody be in a position to gauge the actual manufacturing cost of the Marvel typewriter, but I will say this: It isn't enough to worry us. But here is the troublesome feature of the affair: Our factory every once in awhile finds itself hampered by lack of parts. For instance, the other day we started to make up a lot of 100 machines. When the parts were to be assembled we found that only sixty-eight alignment rods were in stock, the remainder—we always keep a good supply of these made up ahead—having been stolen. So this lot of 100 machines was delayed until the rough workshop could turn out a rush job of thirty-two alignment rods to make up the 100. You see how the thing may trouble us, although it isn't serious.'

"Yes, I see quite well," I replied. And I really was shocked. Here was a shrewd business man, one of the leaders in his line in the country, a man who had been acclaimed as one of the brightest lights of the American mercantile world, and yet he couldn't see anything more significant in the looting of his stock room—systematic looting, you'll notice—than the occasional slight hampering of his factory through lack of parts, couldn't look beyond his office floor and follow the parts in their possible journey to some other place.

"Yes," I repeated, 'I see you must be hampered in the fashion you describe. By the way, Mr. Merriweather, have you any idea of what the



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thief, whoever he is, does with the parts he takes?"

"Nothing definite, because we haven't been able to find the slightest trace of them. But you know how these things are, we've had stealing in the factory before. A hundred dollars worth of stuff sold to some junk dealer for \$5—that's the rule of these things. But that doesn't worry us at all. The question is: Who is he and how does he do it in a way that we can't catch him?"

"Have you tried to catch him?"

"Tried? Well, I should say so. There is one man detailed to do nothing but watch the stockroom. We examine every bundle that workmen take out of the place. We employ a watchman at night, and we've watched every man who might be liable to suspicion in a way that permitted no chance for him to escape had he been guilty. Tried? Well, I should say we have."

"Good!" I said. But Mr. Merriweather was too thick in the skull to notice what I meant. "Now, if you want me to wind this job up in a hurry you'd better give me a position in your stockroom, some place where I can watch it and everybody who has access to it."

"So, behold me next morning starting in to learn the manufacturing end of the typewriter business by taking a position as assistant stock clerk. I held this position for one whole day—count it, one!—before I had the situation by the horns, and it was only a question of getting a better grip on my evidence before I could throw it high up in the air. One whole day—that's why I opened the evening by commenting upon the nearsightedness of many employers, which makes it possible for somebody much like myself to make a good living acting as Eyes of the Boss."

"A tall, thin young man, 28 years old, who was on the pay roll under the name of Cherchill—note the spelling—was a stock clerk. A tall, thin old man, 56 years old, named Mellory, was foreman of the assembling room. Mellory held this position because it was he who virtually made the Marvel typewriter what it was. He had invented most of the improvements—and Mr. Merriweather had derived the benefits. But because he needed said Mellory in his business, Mr. Merriweather always managed to derive said benefits in a way that brought no conflict with Mellory. This was because Mellory was slow and crude, and Merriweather was like oiled glass. And the first hour of my employment as assistant stock clerk I had the opportunity of seeing Mellory and Cherchill stand side by side, and I saw what I saw."

"A few minutes later, going up behind Cherchill as he sat bent over his desk, I said casually: 'If your names weren't different, a fellow might mistake yourself and Mr. Mellory for father and son. You're a dead ringer for him.' I saw his shoulders start—that's why I came up behind him—and he swung around and gave me the suspicious look as he said: 'That's a knock for sure; I didn't think I was quite as homely as

that.' But his joshing didn't keep his eyes from being much worried."

"That night, as I sat down and summed up my work for the day, I first wrote this: Mellory, Cherchill—Father and son. Keep fact secret."

Of course they both were trusted employees—they always are, you know—and Mellory in particular was looked upon almost as one of the firm. So naturally I knew that I had my men, and all that remained was to get my proofs."

"Neither Mellory nor Cherchill, I reasoned, was so poverty stricken that the proceeds to be derived from selling the stolen crude parts as junk would be of sufficient importance to tempt them. Mellory was well off for a salaried man, and Cherchill, or his son, rather, was as prosperous as the average young man in his position. Both were clever, you couldn't look at their eyes, and I never saw two pair nearer to each other in resemblance without seeing it. Item No. 2: The parts weren't stolen to sell as junk."

"Item No. 3 already existed: Mellory was responsible for most of the improvements of the Marvel typewriter. Virtually the success of the machine was due to his inventiveness. And Merriweather had managed to reap the harvest; all that Mellory had out of the machine which he had made was a salaried position. Sequence: Mellory was sore."

"Then came the natural deduction: Mellory and his son, Cherchill, are stealing the parts to use—for what? For a typewriter which they are making, or which they are deeply interested in. Puzzle: Find this typewriter and I would find the guilty pair nearby and the proofs with them."

"Next morning I found that there were just six new typewriters which had been put on the market in a small way. Five of them carried a small advertisement in the trade papers. One of them did not. The name of this one was the Melcher. And even after I had the name in black and white before me it took me fully twenty minutes to see the connection. But somewhere back in my head the queer spelling of the name 'Mellory' and of 'Cherchill' had rooted itself firmly, and in time it made connections with the word before me, 'Melcher,' 'Cherchill,' 'Melcher,' 'Melcher!' Cute and cunning, and obvious after one knew the relationship of the assembling room foreman and the stock clerk."

"That evening I followed the manager of the little office where the Melcher machines were shipped from to a shop building in the machine district of the city, and there, after crawling over a roof and prying open a glass in an opaqued skylight, I saw Mr. Mellory, Mr. Churchill, and that office manager take off their coats and go to assembling Melcher machines. And Cherchill and the office manager were twins! It was a family affair, strictly."

"I came away after I had seen this, made some notes about the number of the building, a little description of the interior of the shop, particularly in relation to the little boxes containing parts which were stacked in an

orderly pile in the corner of the room, and turned the lot over to Merriweather with the rest of the story."

"It took some time to get the matter through his skull into his brain, and then he blurted out:

"Why, good heavens! Mellory and Cherchill are the men we selected to watch for the thief!"

"Of course," I said. "If you had thought the matter out you might have seen that if they had been honest—if they had done their duty toward you—the thefts would have been impossible, because they were the only ones who possibly could rob you without being known."

"Yes," he said, weakly. "I see now; it's ridiculously simple—after it's been explained. Nothing at all."

"But that didn't keep my charges down at all."

"The outcome? Well, Mellory showed Merriweather that he had made an improvement on his machine, the Melcher, which eventually would beat the Marvel to a frazzle. That stopped Merriweather midway in the process of getting a warrant. Instead he bought out the new improvement, so that the Marvel machine now is pretty close to what the Melcher would have been if the Mellors, father and sons, had had enough capital to start manufacturing without having to steal the bulk of their material." James Kells.

No Beer for Consumption.

"One of the first cases I had when I was prosecuting attorney," remarked Judge Strimple, of Common Pleas Court, in a reminiscent mood the other day, "was that against a number of young men who had broken into and robbed a saloon belonging to an Irish woman here in town."

"She was, of course, the prosecuting witness, and the attorneys for the defendants on cross examination sought in some way to discredit her testimony."

"That beer that was stolen was there for Sunday consumption, wasn't it?" he asked her.

"Beer for consumption?" she repeated, contemptuously. "Why, you ought to know people never take beer for consumption. They take whisky for consumption, but never beer—bah!"



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There are so-called Account Registers, and there is an Account Register. If you want a register that has the one writing system, is made of high class material, of high class finish, with a light, alarm and advertising features, it will have to be the AMERICAN. If you are looking for a bird, don't take a turtle simply because it lays eggs, for a turtle can't fly and a turtle can't sing.

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MEAD'S NEW LEAF.

He Decides That He Will Quit Being a Grouch.

Written for the Tradesman.

Mead wasn't noted for his genial disposition. The only place where he was genial was in the newspapers, when the reporters gave him an extended "personal" because of a box of cigars, or something like that.

He was a thin, straight man, with thin hair and thin, straight lips. He was a kindly soul when one got down to the real man, but there were walls of nerves and indigestion, and business and domestic worry to scale before one got down to the real man. He had a temper like a house a-fire, and more credits on his books than cash in his safe, which fact, after all, tells what sort of a man he was.

New Year's Eve, sitting at his desk, he turned to the head clerk with an anxious look on his face.

"Dan," he said, "don't you think I'm getting to be something of a grouch?"

The head clerk sparred for time. He wanted to tell the truth, because he thought the "old man" needed it, but he didn't want to lose his job just at that time of the year, when he might not get another right away.

"What makes you think so?" he finally muttered, answering the question by asking one, in true Yankee style.

Mead frowned and whirled about in his chair so as to face the head clerk.

"I didn't say that I thought so," he grumbled. "I merely asked for your opinion in the matter. I will repeat. Don't you think I'm getting to be something of a grouch?"

"Oh, you're nervous, and all that," was the reply, "but you're all right." "I don't know about being 'all right,'" said Mead. "I've lately caught myself saying and doing some rather spiteful things. I'm afraid customers are beginning to notice it."

Dan turned toward the wall, his knees a-tremble with the laugh that was denied the use of his face. Beginning to notice it! As if the customers didn't dodge the old man every time they came into the store! As if he wasn't known throughout the precinct as a cross-grained old chap who delighted in making people tremble in his presence!

"To-morrow is the first day of the new year," mused Mead, "and I think I'll turn over a new leaf."

"There'll be a lot of new leaves in evidence to-morrow," said Dan, by way of encouragement.

"Well," said Mead, "I know of one that will. I'm going to quit losing my temper when things go wrong. I'm going to quit saying sarcastic things to people. I'm going to quit roaring about the store. When there is something to swear over I'm going to laugh it off."

Dan turned to the wall again. The idea of the old man curbing his temper or seeking a quiet place to exercise it!

"Yes," continued Mead, "I'm going to be a better man. I'm going to begin right now. It's a shame the way I've been going on the past year!"

"Wish you all success!" said Dan.

Mead figured away at his books for a time, and then arose to go home for the night. He buttoned his overcoat and fastened on his fur muffler. He was a chilly sort of a man and the night was cold. He also drew on a pair of enormous fur gloves.

"See that everything is all right before you leave the store," he said to Dan as he opened the door and stepped out on the slippery sidewalk.

Dan said, "All right, sir," and busied himself with the big wood stove, for it was a country store that Mead operated.

"I hope the old man will stick to that new leaf," he muttered. "He has been going it pretty strong lately. What he needs is a new digestive apparatus and a new set of nerves. Now, what's the trouble outside?"

The trouble outside was not a silent trouble. It was loud and rattling, and thumpy, like a man falling all over himself on the icy sidewalk. In a second the front door was thrown open and Mead fell inside, striking his head on a basket of cut-price soap. The words used and the manner of their expression showed that the new leaf was getting a black eye right there.

Mead sat up on the snowy floor by the door and said a few things for a few minutes and then managed to get to his feet.

"What do you think!" he howled. "That boy has gone home without taking in the outside display! Nice lot of stuff we'll have out there in the morning. I stopped to look through the window and fell over a box of things."

"I'll go and get the stuff in," said Dan, soothingly, although he was full of laugh. "This has been a busy day, and I presume Sam forgot."

"Oh, yes!" howled Mead. "You'll go and get it in, after the stuff is frozen stiff, and after I've about broken my neck falling over it! All a fellow has to do to call your attention to your plain duty is to tumble over goods that ought to be in the store instead of out in the storm! You needn't mind getting it in. I'll do it myself, and then I'll know that it's done right!"

Mead made a rush for the walk and sat down on a box of codfish. As he landed his feet struck a case of oysters in cans and sent it toppling against the window, the cans rattling dully as they spilled out on the walk.

Dan did not wait to hear Mead laugh the thing off, as he had promised to do whenever he found his temper getting the best of him. He sprang for the walk and began prying his employer out of the codfish box.

"Never you mind me!" yelled Mead. "You put on your things and go home. I think I can run this little old walk display!"

He scrambled out of the box and began tossing the oyster cans through the half-open doorway. Some of them landed on the floor and some burst open and sloshed their contents over the goods by the stove.

Whenever a can broke open Mead hurled the next one with double

force. When they were all in the store, laying over things like sixes and sevens, the boss tackled the box of codfish. Dan stood by and watched him.

The box wasn't heavy, but the walk was slippery, and the fish and the grocer made a hot finish inside, with the grocer's fur muffler and golves under the wire first and rolling about in the oyster broth from the cans.

Mead got on his feet before the fish absorbed quite all the oyster broth and made a dive for the box. It eluded him for a second, but he caught it with his strong right hand and punted it for the back of the store. It was a light box, and Mead was reasonably strong in his arms, and so it sailed into upper air and landed on the stovepipe, where it



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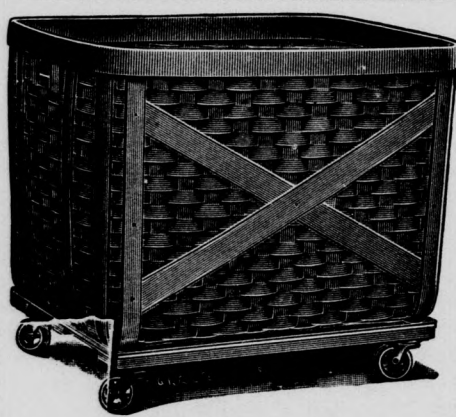
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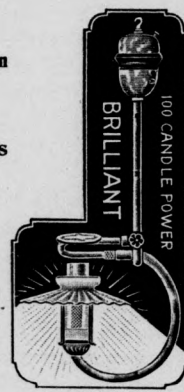
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EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF THESE GOODS

turned to go into the chimney. There it stuck, looking down on the enraged merchant calmly and reproachfully—if it is within the power of a box to look that way. Dan thought it smiled!

"I'll go and get a ladder," said Dan, trying hard to keep his face straight, "and get the box down."

Mead was in no mood to be baffled by a common codfish box! He had forgotten all about that new leaf. Indeed, if the new leaf had been there, it would have looked pretty much like oysters and fish. He suggested that Dan get an ax and chop down the stovepipe, and then took a long pole and began poking at the box, which nestled in the angle of the pipe quite comfortably.

Directly one of his short-arm punches caught the pipe head on, and the whole contraption came down on Mead's head. The box made a dent in his scalp, where soot and ashes had already pre-empted territory. Dan moved out to the back of the store. He was doing the laughing stunt Mead had promised to do when trouble came! Like Mark Tapley, he found it good to be jolly under difficulties. But, then, that is easy—when the difficulties are bumping some one else!

By the time the stovepipe got done falling, Mead sat in a puddle of water and oysters and fish. The fire, which had been dying down when the pipe fell, now flared up and filled the room with smoke and flame. Dan suggested calling the fire department, but the boss suggested in a sarcastic tone that it would be well to call an ice wagon, or to acquire a feather bed and smother the flames.

Dan brought a pail of water and doused it into the top of the stove. Instantly the stove looked like a young Vesuvius. It sent up ashes and smoke and steam, and the store was wrapped in clouds which smarted the eyes and stuck to the skin. When Dan got the doors and windows open, and part of the vapor out into the street, he turned to Mead, still on the floor, and leaning weakly against the counter.

There was actually a look of amused interest in the boss' eyes. He drew a limp cigar from his pocket and tried to light it with a damp match.

"Dan," he said, pulling away in the hopeless effort, "honest, now, don't you think that I'm becoming something of a grouch?"

Dan sat down on the one clean spot on the counter and roared.

"Anyway," he said, "it is better to smudge your new leaf the first day and turn over a new one, than to go limping along with a lot of New Year's lies in your life!"

And Mead declared that was right! Alfred B. Tozer.

In Luck.

Dennis—Hinnisy is the luckiest divil that iver walked.

Patrick—How's that?

Dennis—Faith, an' he promised to pay me the \$5 he borrowed next week—an' he up an' died yesterday.

Lightheartedness never comes from feeding on the froth of life.

He Was Evidently an Acquaintance.

A young lady entered an omnibus recently and her rich and elaborate toilet seemed to attract considerable attention. Drawing her skirts around her she gazed persistently out of the window of the bus. On the opposite side sat a neatly attired young man with very white hands and an air generally suggestive of the clergy.

He glanced at the fair vision in the corner from time to time in a respectful manner.

She looked furtively at him from beneath her lashes, and with a pretty puckering of the brow seemed trying to recall where she had met him.

That his face was familiar was evident, and finally deciding that he rightfully belonged to the army of captives that had laid their hearts at her feet she concluded to end his misery by recognizing him.

He was well dressed and apparently well bred, so, turning with a little start of recognition their eyes met, and she bowed stiffly.

He seemed delighted, and changing his seat to her side he said:

"You are very kind to remember me."

"Oh, no," she replied, with an air of polite reserve: "I recall perfectly the occasion on which we met."

A few commonplaces followed, and, emboldened at his success, the gentleman said gravely (as he produced a card):

"I hope you will permit me to call upon you again."

She glanced at the card, a wave of color swept over her face, and, the omnibus stopping, she drew down her veil and bounced out with the swiftness of a tennis ball. The address upon the card was: "J. Goldsmith, chiropodist. Corns and bunions extracted without pain."

Care of Horses' Feet.

It is scarcely a matter for wonder that so many horses go wrong in their feet, when the results of careless or incompetent shoeing and the amount of usage the hoofs experience are considered, says an exchange. Even horses which are driven slowly are subjected to almost as much risk from the effects of wear and tear as is the animal which moves faster; for, although the latter, and especially if he happens to be a high mover, places his feet down harder than the other, the slow mover puts his down much oftener.

It has been calculated that a horse working at a slow pace will move his feet up and down over 11,000,000 times in the course of a hard day, and about 8,000,000 times during a moderately hard one, whereas an animal worked at a trot puts down his feet some 7,000,000 times if he has a hard day out, and about half as many in the course of a moderately hard one. Assuming that these figures are worthy to be accepted—they are the work of an eminent veterinary authority—an idea will be derived from them of the risks of concussion to which horses are liable, with the possible result that some owners will devote more attention to the treatment of their animals' feet.

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
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Don't experiment
Sell the Coffees of Proven Qualities

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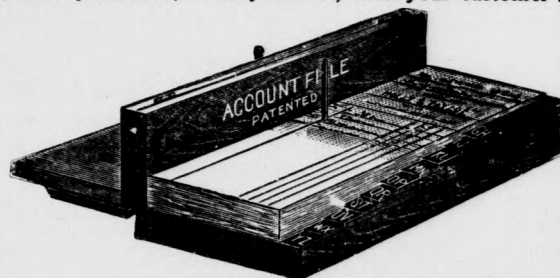
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A quick and easy method of keeping your accounts. Especially handy for keeping account of goods let out on approval, and for petty accounts with which one does not like to encumber the regular ledger. By using this file or ledger for charging accounts, 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

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Success for the Tired and Triumphant Wife.

The hero of this tale—or rather, the husband of the heroine, for there is no hero at all—was a traveling salesman, in the employ of a large shoe manufacturing house. His life on the road, the social and convivial side of it, had tended to pamper his gustatory sense, and had rendered him something of a gourmand. "The best that can be procured, and that the boss will stand for," was his motto, during the recreative hours between selling goods. This sort of epicurean life had naturally made him a rather unfit candidate for matrimony with a girl who was expected to fill the place of purveyor, without help, in the domestic culinary department.

William Vance was naturally a sensible young fellow, fairly well educated, and with a share of good moral traits, underlying a rather conceited exterior and selfish nature. He had been endowed by nature with many advantages, which if properly cultivated would have made him a quite lovable husband; but a tendency to fancy that he held the keys to most of the problems of life, in the masculine province, and, unfortunately, also to those matters out of his sphere, had hitherto sadly interfered with his prospects of success at times when such success had otherwise been easily obtainable. Seconded in these personal peculiarities by a fond and indulgent mother, he was near the ragged edge of domestic infelicity soon after becoming a benedict.

The initial chapter in the married life of William Vance and Ellen Gibbord does not open like the proverbial fairy tale. Already there is a cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" rising over their wedded horizon.

Ellen, like William, was the dear child of a widowed mother, whose love, although strong, was always tempered by wisdom.

It was a happy day for Ellen when she put her hand in William's, after the ceremony was over, and said:

"We shall always be happy together, if your love for me equals mine for you," and a kiss for answer satisfied her then.

But it must be recorded that William Vance had been so long in the dangerous rut of maternal indulgence he now found it quite difficult to pull out from it, and travel another road with one whom he had vowed to love and cherish.

It took his wife but a little while to discover that his ideas of the proprieties of that mystic art—to most men—of housekeeping had engrossed too much of his attention during the period of his bachelor life, and, forgetful of the amenities due to the gentler sex, whose province is the management of such affairs, he had gone out of the usual course prescribed for man, and had invaded that precinct sacred to woman by virtue of her intuitive knowledge and adaptability for its duties.

He was, in fact, a trespasser in the

culinary realm, and—if it must be confessed—a nuisance. When Ellen awoke to this appalling disclosure she opened wide her eyes in astonishment. But she was possessed of tact and good sense, as well as patience, and she resolved to turn these talents to good account and to reform him. She loved her husband, or else she would have become sullen and despondent at this discovery of his fretful and unreasonable disposition.

Chief and most offensive among William Vance's idiosyncrasies was the impression he had that no one on earth could cook just like his mother. This, to Ellen, was one of his most annoying foibles. He thrust this thorn of comparison into her sensitive nature until it became at last intolerable.

To a young housekeeper possessed of little or no skill in culinary affairs it would be humiliating to have her deficiencies paraded before her; but to Ellen, who knew her capabilities in this line to be of no mean order, it was doubly annoying and distasteful, although her husband's opinions, she knew, carried with them no critical value; for if she had one accomplishment upon which she prided herself more than another, it was that which she had learned under a skilled tutoress in the realm of the cuisine.

Frequent little tilts at the table began to disturb the peace of the household. On one occasion the master of the house remarked: "Ellen, I do wish you could cook a beefsteak properly."

"How do you like your steaks cooked?" said the wife, smiling to cover her disappointment.

"Why, broiled and rare, of course," said the man peevishly.

"Well, dear, it is broiled, and as to rare"—she was gazing intently at his plate, which was crimsoned by the blood from the underdone beef. He noticed this, and coloring a little he remarked:

"Ah! if you could only cook like!"

"Do you remember ever having told me that before?" said the young housekeeper, beginning to get nettled.

"Why, yes. I suppose I have," he retorted, "but mother could give you some valuable points in cooking, Ellen."

"I'm sure I should like to learn," she said, more meekly. "Will you take me over to Mother Vance's some day and give me the opportunity?" she added.

"Why, certainly; we'll go over tomorrow, if you like," assented the pleased husband.

And so it was arranged that on the morrow, which was Christmas day, the young housewife should go to Mrs. Vance, the elder's, in a little town a few miles away and there be initiated into the great art which makes or mars men and nations and which cements or dissolves the conjugal ties, according as it is used or abused.

But William Vance did not see the smile that wreathed his wife's pretty, youthful face, as he left the house, radiant in his imaginary triumph at having persuaded her at last to sit

at the feet of his mother, and to learn those delicate touches known only to the connoisseur. Her smile was one of prospective triumph, almost attained.

Neither did the elated husband hear the soliloquy in which his wife indulged:

"He is good to the core, if you can only get at it; but he is wrapped up in egotism. I hope to remove this, bit by bit, so that his true self can be seen."

Ellen never looked prettier than now, her face flushed with excitement, produced by the great plans she had already projected, and on which hung the destiny of two young lives. But in her restless eyes just now there was a look of determination that meant business of a serious kind; and yet there was no sign that her love was cooling under the chill of long-continued fretfulness and fault-finding.

It was the morning of Christmas day, clear, crisp and delightful, and everything was propitious for the visit. So the schedule time of the train was duly made known to Ellen, and it was decided that William was to come directly from his place in the city to meet her at Mother Vance's at evening.

As he kissed the little wife goodbye before leaving home he remarked encouragingly: "I hope you will try to profit all you can during your visit at mother's. Of course it can not be expected that you will become proficient in one lesson, but an apt pupil, like you, can make good progress."

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Our Cocoa and Chocolate preparations are ABSOLUTELY PURE—free from coloring matter, chemical solvents, or adulterants of any kind, and are therefore in full conformity to the requirements of all National and State Pure Food Laws.

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We know of no item in the retail grocer's stock that is more worthy of energetic promotion and persistent effort to introduce than
Dwinell-Wright Co.'s

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

We speak not because we happen to act as distributing agents for this superb and always dependable coffee, but as man to man—in perfect good faith, and as a pure matter of simple justice.

Judson Gro. Co. Grand Rapids

"Flattery goes a good way as an incentive to improvement," thought Ellen; but her mind was busy on her own schemes for the reformation of another, in a different way—and so she sat and planned her conquest until train time.

Now, Mother Vance was always glad to see her daughter-in-law, and, unlike William, she appreciated her at full value. The young wife, full of hope for her new plans, was cordially welcomed by the elder woman, and the latter entered heartily into the plans which Ellen disclosed to her.

The two women were soon engaged in animated conversation, and a bold conspiracy was formed that threatened to overthrow the deep-rooted prejudices of the son and husband. The turkey and other materials were on hand for the expected visitors, and soon after the plot had been matured in all of its details Ellen was duly installed in Mother Vance's kitchen, with a big check apron from neck to ankles, and her sleeves rolled up. She had perfect confidence in her ability and was not alarmed as to the result of the undertaking.

A peep into the kitchen would have astonished the husband, for the little wife was not "sitting at the feet of mother," as the husband had expected, learning the art of cooking. The old lady looked on with an encouraging smile, and a few words now and then as to places where things were kept, but without assisting or suggesting as to the mode of procedure. This was the agreement between the women.

Ellen was installed as chef, with full powers to proceed in her own way. She had on her staff only a small girl in Mrs. Vance's employ to execute her orders. Later in the day Mother Vance was detailed for picket duty, and was posted at the front to prevent any surprise by the enemy.

* * *

"Dinner is all ready to serve, William," said his mother, as the expectant husband came in on time.

"I shall be happy to join you," said he, "for I am sure to find a chef d'oeuvre of a meal here; something after my own heart—or stomach, rather."

A more inviting or appetizing meal never tempted a man whose god was his belly than the one now spread before him. His praise of the various dishes would have delighted Ellen if they had not been awarded, mistakenly, to another.

"The turkey is done to a charm; the biscuits are superb, and the pudding is a poem of culinary art. In fact, as the French say, it is 'comme il faut.'"

"But, of course, mother always was an exceptionally good cook; but, then, she had a long experience. Now, Ellen has the idea, and all it requires is to be developed. She will be mistress of the art some day, under proper tutelage."

"Yes," thought the mirth-convulsed wife, "it is that overweening confidence in your mother's talent for pampering your inner man, and a deep-seated prejudice against my abil-

ity that makes the gap we are now closing up by heroic measures." If William could have read aright the smiles on the faces of the two women he would have omitted these eulogies and his mistaken encouragement.

The Christmas dinner was a perfect success for the tired but triumphant little wife; but the husband was at present to remain in blissful ignorance of the author of the feast. Moreover, he was to be still further humiliated, for Mother Vance had arranged to make a return visit to the son's house, in a short time, and complete the conquest.

William, to his credit, be it said, on this second occasion, when the cooks were again transposed, refrained from disparaging comparisons between the two dinners.

Mother Vance came at the appointed time, and installed herself in Ellen's kitchen. As William would not be home until evening, no pickets were necessary to prevent surprises. Ellen acted as assistant to the proxy cook, but prepared no dish.

When dinner was announced that evening, if William Vance had given a searching glance at his wife's face, he must have noticed that its expression was not that of timidity or fear of an adverse decision from him on the meal which was now served for his delectation or abomination. But he refrained, from sheer pity, from scrutinizing his wife's face, lest by so doing he should add to her humiliation.

He did not go into ecstasies over the fraudulent meal, as he had over his mother's supposed accomplishment at the Christmas feast. Ellen was prepared for this, for she knew how strong were his prejudices; but by "holding the mirror up to nature," she hoped to uproot those of her husband.

His comments on the various dishes were not severe, but they were sufficient to convict him of false judgment. In the culinary department, as in that of literature, one may "damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer," in criticising an author.

But the denouement had to come, unpleasant as it might prove to all persons concerned, and to get over it as quickly as possible, Ellen volunteered to draw the curtain as gently as a loving but determined wife could.

William Vance, as he faced wife and mother, a self-convicted and humiliated censor, was not an enviable mortal. But as he was a fair-minded fellow, he collapsed gracefully and acknowledged the injustice he had done two devoted women. Ellen, too, was delighted to find that the heroic measures adopted had terminated without an outburst of anger from her husband. With his one ruling passion of conceit overthrown, he had exhausted his capability for evil and cried, "Peccavi!" He even promised to be henceforth a model husband, "on one condition," he pleaded.

"But," protested the happy wife, "you know the vanquished are not permitted to make conditions. It must be an unconditional surrender or nothing."

"True," he rejoined, "but you forget that I have not yet fully surrendered, and I insist upon one condition."

"Let us know the condition," interposed his mother, "for I, too, am interested in this domestic conflict."

"All I ask," said the man, with ill-attempted concealment of his pleasure, "is that the unknown cook whom I so warmly commended for her skill in producing the Christmas feast shall continue to contribute to the gustatory pleasures of this home."

"Your condition is too delightful to be refused," said the wife.

"What a head you have for planning, and what skill for executing," said William Vance, admiringly.

"And what a pleasure it is to a wife to find her work appreciated, as mine was on Christmas, at mother's, and—"

"Please let me off, although I own I deserve it," pleaded William.

"And how trying it is," put in the old lady, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, "for a mother to hear her cooking spoken so slightly of, as mine was here."

"Have a little pity," pleaded William. "I have been cured."

"But you must admit," said Ellen, "that the end justifies the means in this case, and we shall get along better for it."

"Yes," said the husband, "I am glad it happened; it has increased my love and respect for you and taught me wisdom."

"And now, my dear boy," said his mother, "I know you will profit by this lesson. Ellen took you for bet-

ter or for worse, and heretofore you have shown her too much of the 'worse.'"

It was thus that the blessedness of Christmastide came to the Vances in a novel and salutary manner. The wife had achieved a conquest by her tact and skill over a Christmas dinner; and the husband had been so overwhelmingly convinced of his error that it was not likely to be repeated.

And so, again, is the field of literature like the culinary province, for Ellen, under cover of a name of acknowledged ability—her mother-in-law's—had gained the praise of her critic; and the elder Mrs. Vance, under a pseudonym, had ignominiously failed of appreciation with the same critic.—E. A. Boyden in *Boot and Shoe Recorder*.

Every word of profanity is a prayer.

Love lasts long after pity is worn out.

Pure Buckwheat Flour

Car lots or less. Write for prices and sample.

Traverse City Milling Co.
Traverse City, Mich.

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Would you be interested in a plan and piano to be given away absolutely free that will increase your cash business anywhere from 20 per cent. to 75 per cent.?

Our plan and this high grade, standard piano unsurpassed for cash-bringing results.



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

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

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

AMERICAN JOBBING ASSOCIATION

Iowa City, Iowa

40 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

CHRISTMAS GHOSTS.

The Author's Story of the Blind Beggar.

I had just finished writing my Christmas story. Dropping my pen I rose from my desk and walked about the room.

It was night and a storm was raging outside. Strange sounds reached my ear like gentle whispers or sighs which proceeded from the street and seemed to penetrate through the walls of my little room, the larger portion of which was wrapped in the shadow of dense darkness. It must have been the snow which drove fiercely against the walls of the house and the window panes. Just then something misty and white flitted past the window, flitted past and vanished, leaving in my soul the cold breath of a vague fear.

I stepped to the window and peered out into the street, leaning my head that was aglow with the workings of my fancy against the window frame. The street was still and deserted. Now and again the wind stirred up transparent clouds of snow which flurried through the air like the shreds of some filmy white fabric. On the other side of the street, directly facing my window, the tiny flame of a lantern tremblingly struggled against the wall; the flickering streak of light rose into the air like a broad sword and the snow flakes driven against it from the roof of the house shone for an instant in the radiance like a spray of iridescent sparks. My heart was numb with sadness as I stood there watching the antics of the world. With a sudden resolve I hurriedly undressed, put out the light and retired to my bed.

When the light was out and the room was plunged into total darkness the sounds grew more distinct and the window loomed now like a large oval blur amid the shadows of the night. The restless ticking of the clock marked the passing of seconds. At times the rustling of the snow drowned the heedless noise of the clock, and then again I heard the gentle ticking of the seconds that passed into eternity. Now and then they sounded so distinct and with such precision as if the clock ticked somewhere within my head.

I lay on my bed thinking of the Christmas story which I had just written. Was the story a success?

I told therein of a poor couple, an old blind beggar and his wife, who eked out, meekly and quietly, an existence which had only fear and humiliation in store for them.

On the morning before Christmas they had left their little village in order to seek alms in the surrounding settlements, so that they might fittingly celebrate the birthday of the Redeemer on the following day.

They thought of visiting a few villages in the vicinity and intended to return in time for the midnight mass, with their bags filled with all kinds of food given them in the name of Christ.

Their hopes, so ran the story, failed to materialize. They received but few gifts, and it was quite late when the weary people decided to return

to their miserable cold clay hut. With a light load and a heavy heart they plodded over the snow-clad plain, the old woman always in the lead and the blind man trudging behind, holding on to her belt. The night was dark, a heavy mist obscured the sky and the old couple were still a long distance from home. Their feet sank in the deep snow and the wind drove the cold flakes into their faces. Shivering and silent they marched along. The cruel snow blinded the weary woman and she strayed from the main road. They were now tramping over the plain and across the fields.

"Will we soon get there? Don't let us miss the midnight mass," growled the old man, walking behind his wife.

She assured him that the house was not far off, but a dreadful fear chilled her heart. She realized that she had lost her way; but she did not want her husband to know it. Occasionally she fancied that she heard the barking of dogs in the distance, and she would turn in the direction from which the wind seemed to carry the sound, but soon again she would hear the barking of dogs from some other direction.

Finally her strength failed her and she said to the old man:

"Pardon me, little father, for Christ's sake, but I have strayed from the right road and I can go no farther. I must sit down and rest."

"You'll freeze to death," replied the husband.

"Just let me rest a little while. And

if I freeze to death, what then? Our life is, indeed, not a happy one."

The old beggar heaved a deep sigh and did as his wife desired. They sat down in the snow and supported one another with their backs. They looked now like two bundles of rags and the storm played merry pranks with them. The wind blew over them clouds of snow and covered them with sharp, needle-like crystals. Soon the old woman, although she was more lightly dressed than her husband, was all aglow with a strange feeling of warmth.

"Little mother," cried the blind man, shivering with the cold, "get up; we must be going."

But she had fallen asleep and could only mumble inarticulate sounds in reply.

He attempted to arouse her, but was unable to do so, for he was very feeble.

"You will freeze to death," he shouted. Then he called loudly for aid.

By this time she was feeling very fine, indeed. After working over her for some time the blind man sat down again in the snow and gave up his attempt in despair. He was now convinced that everything that was happening to him had been so ordained by God and that there was no escape from his fate. The wind now whirled all around them in a wild frolic, covering them playfully with the snow and having all sorts of games with the rags which enveloped their poor, shivering bodies, exhausted with many years of privations. And

now the old man felt warm and happy, too.

Suddenly the wind brought to his ear the solemn and sonorous sound of a church bell.

"Little mother," he shouted, starting up; "they're ringing the church bell. The midnight mass. Quick, let us go."

But she had already gone to a land from which there is no returning.

"Do you hear them? They're ringing, I tell you. Get up! We'll be late for the mass."

He struggled to get to his feet, but found himself unable to rise. Then he realized that his end was near and he commenced to pray inwardly.

"Lord, be gracious to the souls of thy servants. We are sinners, both of us. Pardon us, Lord, and have mercy upon us."

And then it seemed to him as if a brilliant temple of God came floating toward him across the field in a luminous cloud of snow. And what a curious looking temple it was, too! It was built of burning human hearts and it was shaped itself like a heart. In the center of the temple upon an elevation stood the Lord Christ himself. The old beggar arose and knelt at the threshold of the sanctuary. He had already regained his sight and gazed now adoringly upon his Savior and Redeemer; but the Lord spoke from his lofty place with a clear and sweet-sounding voice:

"Hearts that are aglow with pity are the foundations of my temple."



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Enter ye unto it, for ye did thirst for pity all through life, ye humble and wretched ones; enter ye into everlasting joy!"

"Oh, Lord," spoke the beggar who had been blind and was now made to see; "is it really thyself, oh Lord?"

And Christ looked on the old man and his helpmate with a kindly smile and the smile of the Savior gave them a new life.

Thus the two beggars froze to death out in the field.

Once again I recalled the incidents of my story and wondered if I had related them with sufficient simplicity and pathos to awaken the sympathy of my readers. I believed that I could answer the question in the affirmative.

The intended effect was bound to follow.

Happy in this belief I fell asleep. The clock kept ticking and ticking, and in my dream I still heard the howling of the storm wind, which seemed to grow ever fiercer. The lantern had gone out. The storm now produced new sounds—the shutters squeaked, the branches of a tree outside the door beat against the tin roof; sighing, groaning, howling, whistling and roaring filled the air, and all these noises blended into a melancholy tune which cast a sadness over my heart. Now and again the noises became subdued and sounded gentle and soft as a lullaby. It was as if the storm were telling a weirdly fascinating fairy tale, which enthralled the soul of the hearer.

Then suddenly, what was that? The opal window now glowed with a bluish phosphorescent light; it grew larger and larger until it seemed to reach to the ceiling. In this bluish light, which now filled the room, there presently appeared a dense white cloud, wherein countless bright sparks shone like so many eyes. As if lashed by the hurricane, the cloud now commenced to whirl about the room; then it began to melt and thaw, become more and more transparent, and finally fell apart with benumbing fear. Weird sounds, like groans or growls seemed to proceed from the fragments of the cloud. They soon grew more and more pronounced, and assumed shapes which seemed strangely familiar to me. There in the corner appeared a crowd of children, or, rather, ghosts of children; behind them an old man, followed by several female forms.

"Whence come these shadows? What do they want?" I wondered, regarding the strange apparition with a feeling of terror.

"Whence we come and who we are, do you ask?" a solemn voice gravely enquired. "Can it be that you do not know us? Just think a moment."

I shook my head in silence, for I did not know them. But they floated through the air with a rhythmical movement, as if dancing a ceremonious minuet to the music of the stormwind. Half-transparent, barely perceptible in their outlines, they moved about the room in silence. Suddenly I discerned in their midst a blind man who was holding fast to the belt of his wife. With bowed heads they limped past me and gazed

at me with looks of silent reproach.

"Do you recognize them now?" enquired the same solemn voice. I did not know whether it was the voice of the storm wind or of my own conscience, but there was something masterful in that voice, something that brooked no contradiction.

"Yes," the voice continued, "these are the sad heroes of your successful story. And all the others, too, are heroes of your Christmas stories, children, men and women whom you made freeze to death in order to entertain the public. See how many they are, how wretched they look—the offsprings of your fancy."

There was a commotion among the reeling shadows. Two children, a boy and a girl, appeared in the foreground. They looked like two large flowers fashioned of snow and moonbeams.

"These children," said the voice, "you suffered to freeze to death before the windows of your rich house, wherein the pretty Christmas tree was so brilliantly decorated. They were admiring the tree, you remember, and then they began to dream, and froze to death."

My poor little heroes sped voicelessly by and vanished as if melting into the luminous, bluish mist. In their place now appeared a woman with wan, sorrowful features.

"This is the mother who was on the way to her village with some cheap presents for her children. She, too, froze to death by your will."

Overcome with shame and remorse I regarded the shade of the poor woman. She, too, flitted past me, and new phantoms succeeded her. They were all silent, melancholy spectres, and moved slowly, with the expression of unutterable anguish in their sorrowing glance.

"Why did you write these stories? Is there not enough real, tangible and visible misery on earth? Must you invent more sorrow and wretchedness? Must you strain your imagination in order to describe all details right pathetically and vividly? Why? What do you expect to gain thereby? Do you wish to rob man entirely of his courage? To destroy his last vestige of faith in the power of that which is good by always picturing that which is evil. Why do you cause year by year children and grown-up people to freeze to death in your Christmas stories? What is your purpose?"

I was dumbfounded by this strange harangue. Why, everybody writes Christmas stories after the same recognized pattern. You take a poor boy or a poor girl, or something of the sort and let them freeze to death under some window, which is usually adorned by a brilliantly-lighted Christmas tree. Why, this is the recognized fashion, and I was merely following it.

And I replied as follows: "If I let my people freeze to death," I said, "I do it with the very best intention. By describing their death struggle I strive to awaken humane sentiments in the hearts of the people. I wish to touch the hearts of my readers, that's all."

A peculiar commotion now arose

in the ranks of the phantoms: It seemed as if they sneered and attempted to protest against my words.

"Do you see how you make them laugh?" spoke the mysterious voice.

"Why do they laugh?" I questioned, taken aback.

"Because you speak very foolishly. By picturing fictitious misery you strive to awaken noble sentiments in the hearts of the people, whose daily and common spectacle is real misery, real unhappiness and sorrow. Just think how long they have been striving to arouse noble sentiments in the hearts of the people; just bring to your mind the ingenious attempts of others before you to do the same thing, and then cast a glance at life as it really is, fool that you are! If reality, with all the cruel anguish, fails to touch the heart of man, if it fails to offend his sensibilities, with all its bitter wretchedness, how can you hope with the workings of your fancy to better them? Do you really mean to touch the heart of a single man by telling him a story of these creatures frozen to death? The sea of misery is beating against the dam of heartlessness, it surges and seethes all about it, and you mean to calm it by dropping peas into it?"

The phantoms accompanied this speech with voiceless mirth and the storm wind shrieked with cynical laughter, but the voice still spoke and spoke. Every word that it uttered pierced my brain like a nail. It became unbearable. I could bear it no longer.

"It's a lie. It's a lie!" I shouted,

furiously. Leaping from my bed, I rushed into the darkness. I was sinking swiftly into the yawning abyss which suddenly opened at my feet. Sounds of whistling, howling and shrieking laughter followed me and the spectres pursued me through the darkness, grinning into my face and mocking me.

In the morning I awoke with a violent headache and in a very bad humor. The first thing I did was to pick up the story of the blind beggar. I read it over again and tore it up.

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THE CORNER CLUB.

Elastic Currency Proposition Gets a Swift Jolt.

Written for the Tradesman.

When the members of the Corner Club assembled at the back of the corner grocery, last Saturday evening, at the close of business, the young doctor was instantly on his feet with the following preamble and resolutions:

"Whereas—The recent financial trouble was occasioned by a wrong currency system; and,

"Whereas—More trouble of a similar character will present itself if something is not done to avert it; therefore, be it

"Resolved—That an elastic currency is needed immediately; and be it further

"Resolved—That our representatives in Congress be requested to do all in their power to bring about the legislation needed for such a circulating medium as is here indicated."

"What's going to make this circulating medium elastic?" demanded the chair, with a frown in the direction of the alley door, where the delivery boy lay on his bag of beans, tying an empty tin pail to the tail of the watch dog.

"Why, it will be elastic because it can be pulled out and withdrawn at pleasure," explained the doctor. "Everybody, including the President of the United States, recommends elastic currency."

"Some years ago," stormed the chair, "some fool coined the term, and every man who thinks he is a money tinker has been using it ever since. I don't wish to be disrespectful toward the President, for I admire Roosevelt. I give him the benefit of the doubt. He probably used the term unthinkingly. Perhaps the doctor can tell me how we are going to profit by what he calls 'elastic' currency?"

"Of course I can, and in the words of the best authorities, too," said the doctor. "When there is too much money it will be withdrawn. When there is too little it will be sent out. That is easy enough. A child ought to know what elastic means."

"If you don't know any more about the human system than you do about the financial system," shouted the chair, angry at the comparison made by the doctor, "you would better haul down your shingle and get a job on a garbage wagon. The trouble with your class—the professional class—is that you think you can solve any old problem in a second. You doctors have been passing knowledge of medicine and surgery and the human anatomy from one to another for seven or eight thousand years, and you can't take a pimple off a man's nose yet. Ever since the flood, what one doctor has learned he has handed down to posterity, for a price, of course, and yet you fellows can't take a boil in its infancy and annihilate it. Now you come here and talk about the currency!"

The doctor, who had been a member only a couple of weeks, and was not familiar with the social amenities

of the organization, threw off his coat and made a jump for the chairman, resolved to settle the question right there, but the teacher caught him by the back of the neck and the slack of the trousers and held him back.

"Never mind what he says," declared the teacher, sitting down on the doctor to keep him from throwing eggs at the grocer. "He's crazy! He thinks he's the Czar of Russia, and we let him think so. He'll come to presently. Let him alone."

"Who's going to make this elastic currency?" demanded the chair, as the doctor cooled down a bit and the teacher went back to his soap box.

"The banks!" yelled the doctor. "The banks are going to issue it, and they are going to pull it back, or retire it, when there is too much money in the country. It may be that the Government will take a hand in it. I don't know that. I'm speaking in favor of such a currency. I'm not trying to outline the scheme for it. If you'll consent to an operation for paresis, I'll pay the bill! You look to me like an incurable!"

"The banks are going to issue a lot of script, are they?" demanded the chair. "If the corporation which issues this elastic currency fails, who is going to redeem it?"

"The banks are to put up collateral," said the doctor, scornfully. "You ask questions like a sausage. I guess the Government won't allow any unredeemable currency to get out!"

"Where are the banks to get this collateral?" asked the chair, sweetly. "Oh, you make me weary!" cried the teacher. "Banks are always broke for collateral, according to your notion. I reckon they've got the stuff to put up."

"My children," said the chair, "the banks have collateral, but it is all pledged to the depositors. The collateral they hold was mostly bought with money left in their savings departments—left by workmen, and women, and children. If they put up this collateral to secure circulation, what is behind the little bank books of the savings department? If this collateral should be used in the redemption of the elastic currency, who would pay the depositors? You fellows are bright enough, but you make me think of a tin kettle when you get to talking."

"I move the adoption of the resolutions!" said the mechanic.

"You just sit quiet a second," said the chair. "These resolutions will not be put to vote until the chair gives them another jolt. Now, Mr. Doctor, when is the bank to put out this elastic currency?" he asked.

"When it is needed, of course. If your yellow was a little more in view you'd make a fine Inquisitive Clarence."

"And when are they going to withdraw it?" continued the grocer, with a grin.

"When there is too much circulating medium in the country, you old hayseed!" roared the mechanic. "You need a little more brass in that cupola of yours."

"I see!" observed the chair. "Whenever a bank has loaned all its money

and has a call for more, this currency is issued! This elastic currency based on the collateral behind the deposits! Then, when too many banks do this, and the interest rate is not a profitable one, this bank redeems its elastic currency? Is that it?"

"That is just it!" said the doctor. "I'm glad to see that you're coming back to life again."

"Then the money will be elastic, eh? I should think so! You have the men who deal in money as a commodity, the men who are anxious

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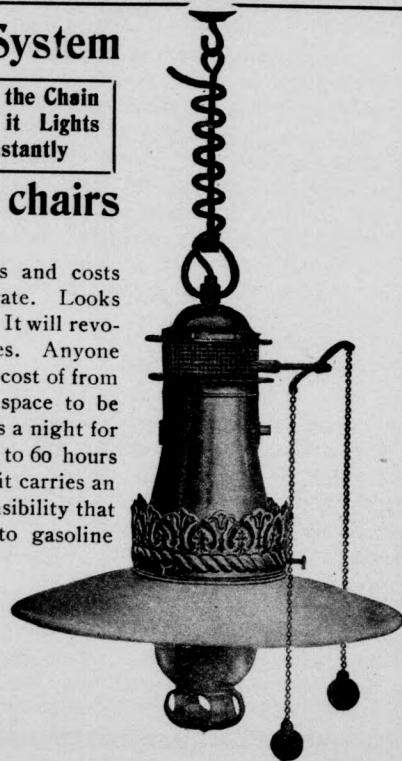
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to keep the supply of currency down to a point where it will produce a good interest for them, you have these men deciding just how much circulating medium there shall be in the land! That would make an elastic currency, all right! It would be so elastic that it would flop out of sight when the banks couldn't get 6 per cent. interest by the year and all sorts of rates on call. Under this system, the men handling this 'elastic' currency could bankrupt the country in a day, buy up what property there was for a song, and issue a lot of currency the next day so that it would be worth a lot of money! I don't know what sort of a notion Roosevelt has about the modus operandi of elastic currency, but you'd better not go abroad calling this one of his schemes. He'd send a man from Washington here to lock you in a padded room."

"I presume you think the banks want to ruin the country?" demanded the doctor. "You talk as if the capitalists of the nation were trying to ruin their own property."

"The banks have shown that they do not want to ruin the country," replied the chair. "They have done everything in their power to keep things going, but that is no reason why they should be given the power to dictate the amount of currency which shall be in the hands of the people. Another thing, Mr. Doctor, who is going to chase this elastic currency over the country and bring it back to the banks when they want to withdraw it from circulation in the interest of more profit in the handling of money?"

"Oh, it will come back, all right!" shouted the doctor, springing to his feet and waving his arms excitedly about his head. "If you think you are running this Club, why don't you meet alone and pass your own resolutions? If I could have my way for about three minutes there would be a vacancy in that chair."

The doctor again made for the grocer, but the mechanic caught him this time, and held him down on the floor while the delivery boy danced about the struggling forms.

In a second the watch dog, he with a tin pail tied to his tail, approached the scene of conflict and took a hand in the proceedings, taking a bite out of the shoulder of the mechanic's coat.

The delivery boy mounted a barrel and urged the dog on, and soon there were patches of clothing mixed with the eggs, potatoes, turnips and beets which were navigating the floor of the grocery. The hardware merchant, the butcher and Mr. Easy stood aside, hoping that the chair would get into the mix. Presently, after he thought the fighters had had sufficient exercise, the grocer took the dog by the collar and tossed him out into the alley, bouncing the delivery boy after him.

"The dog seems to be too numerous," said the grocer, resuming the chair, "and so I withdrew him from circulation. I guess he's about like the elastic currency you've been talking about. He comes out when he will be welcomed and is retired after

he has done his work! You want to look out, Mr. Doctor, that your elastic currency doesn't leave a muddle, just as the dog did. If this elastic currency should be withdrawn when the banks are full of commercial paper and mortgages, it might leave a scene about like this on the floor here. Now, if you—"

The teacher and the doctor made for the door, and in five seconds the store was deserted. Then the boy slid in from the alley and put out the lights. Alfred B. Tozer.

Santa Claus a Help To the Child.

The healthy child enjoys the play of Make-Believe. From the second until at least the ninth year children live, as it were, in two worlds, the world of realism and the world of Make-Believe. If fairy tales, myths and legends are ruled out because they are not absolutely and really true, the child is deprived of much food for its development. It is like clipping the wings of the mind.

"What about Santa Claus?" many mothers have said to me, and I have pointed out that if they decide against Santa Claus, to be logical they must also decide against the fairy tale, the myth and the fable, and to take these things out of the child's life is like taking sunshine out of day. The Santa Claus myth may be told to the children in the spirit of Make-Believe. There can be no deception. The position of the parent is this: The child must not be deceived, nor prematurely awakened from his natural world of Make-Believe.

You ask when should the world of Make-Believe end for the child. The later, the better, I would say. The time will come all too soon, perhaps, when the growing intellect will demand explanation, and then it must be given; but I would warn parents against arresting a child's imagination during the growing period—that is to say, from 2 to 9 or 10. Why should parents be so anxious to make their children little old men and women?

A question I am frequently asked is, "Is punishment necessary?" Punishment is necessary, but it is poor stuff at the best. It is necessary, like physic, but it should not be forgotten that after the doctor has done his work the convalescent patient is sent away to the seaside to be with nature. So it is with the child. Leave it to nature.

The child needs food for the mind as well as food for the body—food for his moral nature—and this must be supplied through the ideals given to the child. Most people, I fear, depend upon punishment to train the child. They might just as well feed the child on drugs instead of wholesome food.

Sometimes parents are worried about too imaginative children, children who appear to give rein to their imagination at the expense of truth. It is folly to punish such a child. By all means let him see that you understand that he is living in a world of fun and frolic. All too soon he will pass out of it.

The child should be encouraged to ask questions, and he ought to have

his questions answered. The child asks questions because he is curious; if not curious, he would be an idiot! Curiosity is one of the most precious gifts with which a child is endowed.

The girl-child learns more of the real duties in the home through her Make-Believe play with her dolls, tea sets, cooking stoves, etc., than she will learn in all the schools of domestic economy ever established.

The child through its toys, the dolls, wagons, drums, etc., has its thoughts turned in a certain direction. They play that they are mothers and fathers, or shopkeepers, or soldiers, and through their dramatic play they become interested more and more in those phases of life which they have imitated. I do not hesitate to say that play develops a reverence for law and order, and I am supported in this theory by an exceedingly interesting chart drawn up by Prof. E. P. St. John, of New York, who found that while from the age of 1 to 7 the young child occupies itself almost entirely with individual play—blocks, sand castles, running, shooting and machinery, etc.—the child of from 7 to 12 turns its attention to competitive group games, such as tag, hide-and-seek, marbles and ball. Then from 12 to 24 comes the later stage of development, when the growing child plays cricket, football, hockey, tennis, etc., games that induce co-operation and bring the child into right relations with his fellows. The co-operative spirit, it will be noticed, does not develop largely until after the twelfth year.

Toys are often thoughtlessly chosen. When purchasing them parents should aim to get those that will keep the child busy. Mechanical toys which only interest while the novelty remains should be avoided on this account.

Lengthen the childhood of the child and keep him in the world of play and Make-Believe.

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Resolutions Which Would Make the World a Paradise.

Probably there is nobody in the world whose imagination is so dull it is not thrilled by the coming and the going of a definite cycle of time. Of course, we all know, as I once heard a certain Mrs. Malaprop say, that "tempus figits fast," but it is never brought so vividly home to us as when we see that the last sands in the hour-glass are running low and that another year has gone to join the unnumbered centuries of the past. In it is all the tragedy of birth and death, of the beginning and the ending of things; the blackness of failure and despair and the glory of hope that rises like a star above the grave of every disappointment.

It is a time when we audit our accounts with life and take account of our successes and our failures, and when we are glad to believe that the old ledger, with all its sin-stained and tear-blotted pages, is closed, and that we may turn over a fresh leaf and take a new start. The very idea is so uplifting that we go about for a few days with a superior air of virtue, as if we had just taken a kind of spiritual Turkish bath, and then we slip back into the easy old grooves again, and the recording angel begins making the same old entries against us.

Unfortunately, there is something about the New Year's resolution that seems to bring out all the phariseism that is latent in those of us who are fairly decent people, as a hot poultice brings out the measles. We can see why the drunkard should swear off from liquor, why the gambler should resolve never to touch another card, why all the outbreaking sinners should reform; but those of us who stand well with the law and the church thank God that we are not as our neighbors are and that we have no reason to alter our habits or worry with resolves to be any better than we are.

Yet, have we not? What of the little faults of temper and tongue and nagging? What of the surly looks we reserve for our family? What of the nerves and irritability we keep for home consumption? What of the happiness that was intrusted to our hands, and that we do not even try to protect? Not all the criminals in this world are amenable to the law and wear stripes. Just as many homes have been broken up and just as much affection has been alienated by grumpiness and sharp retorts and domestic tyranny as ever have been by drunkenness and infidelity.

For my part, I should like to see more of those husbands who are good men, and who are perfectly sure they are a matrimonial prize that any woman ought to be down on her knees thanking heaven for having bestowed upon her, get off of their pedestals long enough to make a New Year's resolution. I should like to

see a few husbands make an iron-clad resolution:

To give the wife a regular allowance instead of doling out the market money to her a penny at a time. This will keep her from being glad when you are dead. Nothing ever really reconciles any human being to being financially dependent on another. Women loathe being beggars just as much as men do, and the insurance money consoles many a wife for the loss of a good husband.

To pay their wives as many compliments as they did their sweethearts. Being married does not destroy a woman's appetite for bonbons.

To tell their wives that they appreciate their services and their sacrifices. Wives are the only laborers on earth who work for their board and clothes, and even a servant deserves a tip now and then.

To do their parts towards making home happy. A home is a vehicle designed for a span to draw and one horse can not pull it out of the mud.

To remember that while home is a woman's sphere, it is not particularly exciting and exhilarating to be shut up in the house all day with a lot of little tyrants who are crying and fretting and bumping their noses and yelping "mother" every minute. There is no other such martyr as a mother and she needs to have brightness and change brought into her life. One Sunday afternoon nursing the baby will reduce an able-bodied man to the verge of nervous prostration. Think what seven days a week of it means, and when you go home at night do not bury yourself in the newspaper. Take your wife out to the theater as often as you can, and when you can not, talk to her. Entertain her. Tell her the bright things and the funny things you have seen and heard downtown.

Remember that the children are yours just as much as they are hers and do not shunt all the responsibility of raising them on her. Do not make your own hearthstone the dumping ground for all your troubles.

Do not forget to tell your wife every day of your life that you have her. If you make no other New Year's resolution, make this and keep it. Love is the coin that pays a woman for every other hardship and sacrifice in life. Give her that and she will ask for little else.

I should like to see some of the women who think their pictures ought to be in the papers as an illustration of a living model of all the virtues make a New Year's resolution to:

Use more tact in dealing with their husbands. Only a fool dashes herself to death against a stone wall when there is an easy path around it.

To have forbearance and discretion enough to refrain from introducing topics of conversation on which she knows she and her husband hold different opinions. Flaunting a red flag in front of a bull never did anything yet but stir up trouble.

To cut the arguing habit. Argument is death to love.

To remember that the daily spat ends in the divorce court.

To remember that matrimony does

not give one license to wear Mother Hubbards and eat onions. Do not throw away your bait because you have caught your fish. He might wriggle off of the hook.

To keep their little worries and aggravations to themselves. Husbands have troubles of their own and it can not be very comforting to a man who has wrestled all day with his own problems to be met at the front door with a jeremiad of domestic woes.

To remember that a prompt and pointed answer does not turn away wrath.

To remember that "he" pays the freight and is entitled to the very best that the house can give—the most comfortable chair, the things he likes to eat, the sweetest smiles and the tenderest love and consideration that his wife has in her repertoire.

To remember that a woman's part of the matrimonial bargain is making a comfortable home. If she fails in that she has defaulted on the contract and deserves to be sent to the penitentiary.

To remember that when she married she did it of her own free will and accord. She knew the risks and took them with her eyes open, and if there have been trials and anxieties she has no right to regard herself as a victim and blame her husband. She was just as anxious to marry him as he was to marry her.

Not to tell her domestic troubles to anybody, not even her mother. Until a woman gets ready to relate the

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story of a husband's misdeeds in the divorce court she owes it to her own dignity to keep silence.

To remember that a laugh is a lightning rod that will carry domestic atmospheric disturbance safely into the earth.

To remember that men like appreciation just as much as women do. The average American husband works like a dray horse from morning to night to support his family, and when he does not get even thanks for the sacrifice he makes he must wonder what ever made him fool enough to burden himself with a family.

Remember that tenderness, love, consideration, gentleness, patience and brightness are the qualities that best adorn a wife. They are old-fashioned virtues, but the world has never improved upon them. Use them every day of your life and the coming year we will see a falling off in the divorce business.

Suppose young girls would make a few New Year's resolutions:

To swear off on candy that ruins their digestion and silly novels that upset their minds.

To devote time and effort to entertaining their father as they do some addleheaded beau. Many a father must think the money he spent on raising and educating his daughter a pretty poor investment.

To try to learn to sew and cook, so they will not be a burden to the unfortunate man who marries them.

To stop talking so much nonsense to silly boys.

Not to drink wine and cocktails in public restaurants. Many a girl is falsely accused of drinking too much.

Stop thinking it is interesting to be ignorant and fetching to be whimsical.

Stop gushing over actors.

Stop criticising every other girl. Men always think it is envy and call you cats.

Stop wearing their hair in an untidy mop because certain actresses are photographed with their heads in a hurricane.

Stop thinking the man who sends them the most candy is the one who loves them best.

Stop writing sentimental letters to men and giving their photographs to Tom, Dick and Harry.

Suppose we all made New Year's resolutions to do the things we think our neighbors ought to do, wouldn't this world be a paradise?

Dorothy Dix.

How To Do It.

An Irishman out of work applied to the boss of a large shop in Detroit. When the Celt had stated his sundry and divers qualifications for a job, the superintendent began quizzing him a bit. Starting quite at random, he asked:

"Do you know anything about carpentry?"

"Shure!"

"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Shure!"

"How would you do it?"

"Shure, I'd poke me finger in his oye!"

Fully Prepared.

"Well," he said to the woodyard man as he looked around after giving an order, "are you fully prepared for the long, cold winter before us?"

"Never better," was the answer.

"But I don't notice any great increase of stock on hand."

"Oh, you don't have to. You see, my yard is in a neighborhood of colored people. For the last two winters about thirty families have kept warm on the wood taken from me at night. This year I am prepared for them."

"Got a watchman or a watch dog?"

"Not at all. You see that pile of pine blocks piled handy to the hole in the fence?"

"But they are a temptation."

"Certainly. Every block is soaked in creosote and will give out the fiercest heat you ever felt. My night customers began taking them the first of November. One block would twist every cover on the stove out of shape, while two would melt the whole top. Up to date I have heard of twenty-eight stoves being melted off their legs, five cabins burned down by red-hot stovepipes, and the hardware men have had to give rush orders for new covers. The blocks are free to all, but I haven't missed one for two weeks now. Oh, yes, I'm fully prepared for the winter, and if we don't get too many blizzards I'm sure I'll get through all right. The colored man is a progressive cuss, and the way he is finding out about creosote does the heart good."

He Was Willing To Walk.

In a certain provincial town in Ireland dwelt two Celts—Hennessy and O'Brien—who one day set out to seek their fortunes in a new country. In Dublin they became separated, and Hennessy, unable to find his comrade, embarked for America alone. Arrived in New York, he secured a position as a diver and was put to work near the docks.

Meanwhile O'Brien, after an arduous but vain search for his friend, took a ship bound for New York. As the ship was being docked, he saw a diver just emerging from the water; and as O'Brien had never seen a diver before he watched this one's every move with wonderment. But his delight and amazement knew no bounds when seeing the diver remove his helmet he recognized his one-time companion, Hennessy. Suddenly, however, a great light broke upon O'Brien's mind, and his countenance underwent a change. There was a world of reproach in his voice when he sang out:

"Oi say, Hinnisay, why the devil didn't yez tell me ye intinded to walk over? I'd have walked wid ye."

The Same Line.

"When I was a boy," said a doctor the other day, "I wanted to be a soldier, but my parents persuaded me to study medicine."

"Oh, well," replied the friend to whom he was talking, "it's often that way. Many a man who aims at a big wholesale business finds himself forced into the retail trade."



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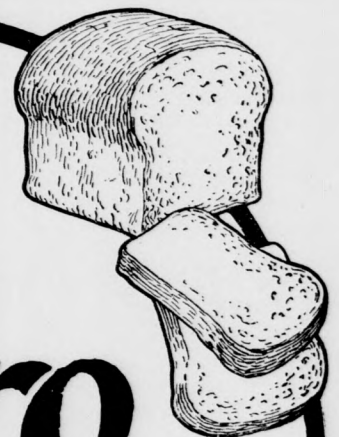
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CHOOSING A NEW YEAR.

An Attractive Assortment, But Many Come High.

Written for the Tradesman.

Kenneth, the head salesman at the big department store, was all worn out. It was the evening of the last day of the year, and customers had been numerous and hard to please.

Now the crowds were well out of the store, and the porters were straightening up a bit and getting ready to turn the premises over to the night watchman. Kenneth sat down on a little balcony which overlooked the main floor and watched the lights go out and the shadows settle over the counters and piles of stock.

Presently the porters were ready to leave, and Kenneth thought he would go, too, although he had prospects of a restaurant supper only. Just as he arose from his seat, however, he heard the light swish of draperies, and then an old man with a long white beard and a bald head came clambering up the steps which led to the balcony, carrying a box looking like a hand organ at his side.

"Hello!" said Kenneth, seeing that the man was not one of the employees of the store, "you are just a little late to do business here to-night. Sorry, but the place is closed. You'll have to come next year!"

Then the old man was at the top of the steps, and Kenneth saw that he wore a long robe, which fell to his feet, just as the long robes do in a play, and on his feet were sandals, like the sandals you see in pictures of the Holy Land. The old fellow's face was pinched and wrinkled until it looked like a shrunken potato in the spring, and his fingers were scrawny and snake-like.

"Oh, I'll be here next year, young man," said the old man. "I'll be here when you're down at the roots of the grass. I'll be here as long as the earth swings in space, and as long as other worlds take its place. I'm Time!"

"You look the part," said Kenneth. "What do you want here? Some of the other places must be shy of Time while you are loafing around here."

"Don't get gay," said the old gentleman. "I'm quite old, but I'm up-to-date, all the same. I came here to give you a chance to pick out a year that would suit you. I've heard a lot of your kicking lately, and I want to see if there is such a thing as pleasing you. You're getting to be the limit on knocking a fellow."

"Well," said Kenneth, half ashamed, "you have been dealing me a rotten hand for a few years. With any sort of a show I'd be manager here now, but you've kept me down. I shouldn't wonder if you had a rocky year picked out for me this minute."

"You can have any kind of a year you want," said the old man, "only you must pay the price. No one can have anything without paying the price. It makes no difference whether the thing you want is foolish pleasure or hard-to-get worldly advancement. You must pay the price. Now, I've got a few different kinds

of years in this box, and you can take your pick. What sort of a year would you like to look at first?"

Kenneth looked at the old man, who seemed human enough, all excepting his clothes, and at the familiar objects in the store. The old man seemed earnest enough in the proposition, and the store looked as usual, so the young man began to wonder if it wasn't about time for him to wake up.

"Oh, you've got your years in that box, have you?" he asked. "It seems to me that is a mighty small place to keep even one year, to say nothing of the score or more you claim to have brought as samples. You couldn't get a year of much frivolity in that thing, for there isn't room there for even an automobile."

"So that is the sort of a year you want, is it?" demanded the old man. "Now watch that square of linen over the aisle there. You'll see what sort of a year an automobile year is."

Then, on the square of linen came a picture which made the place look like a vaudeville. It showed a young man with a yacht and an automobile, and a pail of champagne, and a private car, and the young man was having the time of his life with beautiful women who flattered him and half tipsy men who wanted to play cards with him for money.

"I see you've got your moving picture machine with you," said Kenneth, after the lights died away from the square of linen. "What's the matter with my choosing a year like that one, eh? Seems to me that the young fellow is having about all there is coming to him."

"I'm here to give you your choice," said the old man. "You may have that sort of a year if you want it, and are willing to pay the price."

"The price! Oh, certainly, I remember now that you stated at the beginning that I would have to pay the price. Well, what is the price of a year like that one? It appears to me that it is about the correct thing in years. Now, old man, don't put up the price. I'm not very well heeled."

Father Time took out a book which looked like a mail-order catalogue and ran his eyes over a page.

"Here it is," he said. "This is an expensive year, but you don't need to take all of the good things shown. You can leave out the yacht, or the private car, or the automobile, or most anything, and a corresponding reduction will be made in the price. You see, we aim to please our customers. We don't want so much dissatisfaction. If you weren't such a kicker I wouldn't be here."

"You said that once before," declared Kenneth. "What I want to know now is the price of a year like the merry one you had on the screen. I don't think there's any use of going on with the show."

Father Time again referred to the catalogue.

"I've got more than a billion years in here," he said. "You can get anything you want out of this book. Let's see! Oh, yes, here it is. The price of this year is thirty years of life and poverty—grinding poverty—

Hot Buckwheat Cakes

With sausage and gravy. Isn't that compensation enough for crawling out of a warm bed on a cold morning?

Blessings on the head of the man who first discovered them—he knew what real breakfast food is.

Good old-fashioned buckwheat flour is again coming to the front and the breakfast food fad is dying—for the winter, anyway. This is the time of the year when the average man prefers good hot buckwheat cakes.

There's nothing like them for making a man feel warm, comfortable and well fed on a cold morning.

We have the buckwheat.

It has the real, genuine buckwheat flavor. It makes rich brown cakes—not the white livered pale pasty things which never saw real buckwheat but the brown-colored luscious kind that mother made when we were boys and girls.

Remember if it is our buckwheat it has our name on the sack and that means our guarantee that it is pure and wholesome.

It is put up in neat small sacks so you can get it often and have it fresh.

Buckwheat is the kind of health food our pioneer ancestors ate and they thrived on it.

It's the kind you ought to sell, because it's the kind you can sell.

Send your order early and be ready.

Valley City Milling Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

at the close. If you want it I'll put down the order."

"Hold on!" yelled Kenneth. "What do you mean by thirty years? Is it that that sort of an auto-yacht-private-car combination will take thirty years off my life? Oh, that is it, eh? Well, you may just pass that thing along. I'm not committing suicide—not that I know of."

"And yet it is a merry life," said the old man. "If you choose that one you'll have the world at your feet for a time. Then the wine and the excitement, and the other things will wear you to the bone, and your friends will go back on you, and your money will fade away, and you'll die in the gutter. So you don't want that one, eh?"

"Not just yet," laughed Kenneth. "I'm tolerably young yet—I've got youth, beauty, and a job, and I've no relish for the gutter, even if the way to it is paved with light and music and the smiles of women. Go on with your old moving picture machine."

Father Time swung a new series on the square of linen. There were a special train, and a platform, and a band, and girls in white with flowers in their hands and in their hair, and flags everywhere. Kenneth saw himself the center of attraction.

"That looks good to me," said Kenneth. "I presume I'm a governor, or a president, or something that calls for a cannon concert and a brass band when I approach a town. What is the price of a year like that?"

"Twenty years and a black eye in history," was the reply.

"It looks," said Kenneth, "as if you were sawing off all the bum years on me. I'm not particular about the black eye part, but I'm kicking on the loss of twenty years. Go on with the performance."

There was a lover walking down a rose lane with a sweet-faced girl in white, who had roses in her hands and in her hair.

"You may have this at a thousand a year alimony," said Time. "We're making a reduction after Christmas."

"Push it off the screen!" cried the young man.

Then came a picture of a big department store, with plenty of business and a host of clerks and employes.

"This goes for a defaulting partner and ten years' travel in quest of health," said the old man. "These things come high."

"I don't think I'd make a patient invalid," said Kenneth. "Rush the next act on."

"You are a fault-finder," said Time. "You want the best, but you won't pay the price. Now, look at this."

Ah! There was his own store, with Bertha, the blonde girl at the ribbon counter, and a young man who looked like Kenneth placing a gold band ring on the third finger of her left hand. Kenneth mused long over this, for Bertha was a sweet girl!

"The price of this," said Time, "is a home in a cottage and a flax-haired little chap with his mother's pretty eyes. There are no automobiles, no yachts, no brass bands, no

private cars. The price is excessive, but the demand is sharp just now."

"Price excessive!" cried Kenneth. "With Bertha in a cottage, and all that! You are a sour old chap! But how do you know that Bertha—"

Then one of the porters who was leaving for the night threw an apple at the young man and he awoke with a jump.

"Buying luxuries with years cut from my life doesn't look good to me," he said. "I wonder if Bertha—I'll ask her to-night!"

And Kenneth hastened to his restaurant and partook of a supper of cold things, the ice water being the only warm thing on the table. Still wondering whether he had really been asleep, he took a car out to Bertha's home, after the meal.

"I guess that old chap knew what he was about!" he mused, as he left the pretty blonde at a ridiculously late hour the next morning! "The coming year—or this year, now!—looks good to me without the autos and all the rest." Alfred B. Tozer.

Dust Necessary To Our Comfort.

The usefulness of dust is proclaimed by science despite all the housewives of all the ages. Dust is part of the machinery that produces cloud and rain. It is also a protection from the sun. Without it the sun's rays would be unbearable. The reason that sunburn is more easily acquired on the mountains than in the lowlands is said to be probably because of the comparatively dustless air of the mountainous regions.

A dustless atmosphere during rain would mean a much greater degree of discomfort than rain ever brings. Trees and buildings would be dripping with moisture; our clothing and the exposed parts of our bodies would be constantly wet; umbrellas would be classed as useless curios and instead of trying to conquer the dust in the house we should have to face a much greater enemy in wet floors and dripping walls. In every drop of rain and in every particle of cloud there is a particle of dust. A sample of air may be taken anywhere and the number of its dust particles accurately determined. Dust, too, produces the glorious sunset effects in the evening sky, thus causing the faint obscurity we call twilight.

The twilight is always a reflected glory. The light comes from the sun, which has in the meanwhile sunk below the horizon. The reflector is an upper layer of dust. Were the air perfectly dustless there would be no twilight. Darkness would immediately follow the sunset.

He Apologized To Hello Girl.

One of the most distinguished surgeons of Detroit is very gruff and quick of speech, but at heart entirely kind and considerate.

Dr. Blank was trying to get somebody on the 'phone; the telephone girl's answers did not please him. He spoke to her sharply; she answered curtly.

"Oh, keep your shirt on," cried the exasperated doctor, and he hung up the receiver.

Naturally the girl complained very

bitterly to the manager of "central," who went to the doctor, his friend, and told him he really should apologize to the young lady.

"So I will," said Dr. Blank, and he got the girl on the 'phone.

"I am told I hurt your feelings, Miss."

"So you did; you were brutal."

"What did I say to you?"

"You told me to keep my shirt on."

"Well, well; did I say that? Never mind. Take it off, if you choose," and the doctor hung up the receiver.

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It's in the comb; in the popular 1 lb. section. Gathered by the bees, owned by the most extensive honey producer in Michigan. Sold direct to the groceryman at from 15c to 20c a pound, f. o. b. Write the producer,

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Tradesman Company

Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE OLD TIME JOKER.

He Threw a Rattle Snake Once Too Often.

Written for the Tradesman.

The Michigan lumber camps of an early day had no farming country from which to draw supplies for men and teams. Food for the men was drawn many miles, Muskegon being the storage point for provisions for a large tract of country.

Hay for the animals was procured from marshes, of which the pine woods held many, some of which were of considerable extent. These sunken bits of ground were, indeed, sources of a food supply that seemed indispensable to those who were engaged in early lumbering operations. Without these pieces of wild grass lands, one can hardly see how the early log-cutters could have made headway against the forests.

Crews of men cut the grass in mid-summer, cured and stacked it near the center of the marsh. Fall rains usually rendered the low grass lands untenable, and not until the winter freeze were the haymakers able to secure the crop. Seldom did the springy nature of the soil permit of ice forming sufficiently thick to bear up team and sleigh.

It was the custom to draw the hay to solid ground by means of small sleds made from forest saplings, the motive power being the hands of men. The hay thus obtained was not of the best quality, yet it served its purpose in combination with a liberal supply of grain.

The men of the woods were a jolly set. The haymaking time was given over to jollity and genuine good fellowship. John Paige, a burly Penobscoter, was a whole team in himself. Some of the smaller marshes were infested with rattlesnakes, the presence of which served to take the edge off the amusements of the hour.

The giant from Maine was absolutely fearless. Nothing delighted him more than to seize a rattler by the tail, swing it about his head and shoot it flying into the midst of the busy haymakers. Dangerous sport? To be sure it was, but old John Paige, who had driven the streams of Maine from source to mouth time out of mind, thought it jolly fun to do things other men shrank from in dismay if not actual fear. He would snatch a rattler from the grass and toss it toward a haycutter with the same coolness that he swung a snarling wolf by the tail which he had caught in a trap.

Some of the Penobscoters sport was too dangerous to be funny. At any rate so thought little Ben Peters when a writhing rattler came swish about his snath from the direction of big John Paige. The little man sprang back with a yell, while Paige guffawed with pure delight.

"Don't do that again, old man," cried Peters, white and trembling.

"Sho!" snorted Paige. "Don't be a calf, Benny. Can't you take a joke?"

"Not one like that."

Ben Peters walked aside and sat down on a haycock, his face white, his whole form trembling. Indeed it had been no joke to the little man. One of his companions managed to

kill the rattler with a pitchfork.

"Now don't do that again," said the killer of the snake, turning toward big John Paige.

"Why, I do believe you are scared, too, Jake Forbush," laughed the Penobscoter. "Great thunder, I've sniped off the heads of hundreds of rattlers down in old Maine and never got hurt. You fellows—"

"Won't stand any more nonsense, old man."

Paige walked aside chuckling. He seemed to enjoy the sensation he had created. The great strength of the Penobscot man was well known. An ordinary man was as a child in his hands. It was this physical superiority that made it safe for him to do things another less blessed would never have dared attempt. Safe in his bigness Paige went about with a satisfied smile.

The veriest worm will sometimes turn, however.

Not that day but the next brought denouement and finale to the silly fun-making of burly John Paige. Another opportunity offered. He pinned the head of a rattler to the turf with the butt of his scythe and reached carefully down for the serpent's wriggling tail.

Out of the corner of his eye the giant glanced furtively over to where little Ben Peters was raking the cured grass. A grim smile chased across his face. Everybody seemed busily engaged. With a quick movement straightened up, jerked the rattler free, and with one of his characteristic whoops sent the serpent flying through the air.

At this moment Ben Peters faced about and leaned on his rake. The rattler swished across the little man's face. A mad yell from Peters. His rake fell and he staggered backward. Nearby stood a fork. The hand of the frightened man grasped this. The snake, writhing and hissing on the ground, had no further terrors for Peters. He was white with rage as well as fear. He gathered himself, his teeth ground together, his hands clinching the fork handle. There was an insane glance in his mild blue eyes as he started toward Paige.

"I'll kill you for that!"

And Ben Peters raised the fork and lunged at his tormentor.

The big man dodged. Peters started after him, lunging furiously. Then the race began. There was a look on the face of Ben Peters that alarmed the joke-loving big Penobscoter—something in the glance of the eyes that warned him of danger.

Paige turned and ran, holtly pursued by the other, his gleaming fork upraised ready to transfix his tormentor. With a wild whoop the big joker went through the tall grass like a Kansas cyclone. His toe became entangled and he fell. He turned and struggled to rise, but was too late. The enraged Peters stood over him, lunging downward with his fork.

"Take that, and that, you blanked scoundrel!"

And then the little man whirled away, brandishing his fork aloft from the tines of which dripped a tiny bit of gore. "I've killed him as I said I would!" hoarsely cried Peters. Then he reeled and sank to the ground.

Startled hay-cutters rushed to the side of the fallen giant expecting to find him dead or dying. Paige sat up, wiping the blood from his face. In the madness of his fury Peters had simply grazed the big fellow's cheek, drawing blood without inflicting a bad wound.

It took little Peters longer than it did Paige, to recover his equanimity. That was, however, the last of the Penobscoter's snake jokes. Thereafter the two men became firm friends.

One on the Fish.

"Doin' any good?" asked the curious individual on the bridge.

"Any good?" answered the fisherman in the creek below. "Why, I caught forty bass out o' here yesterday."

"Say, do you know who I am?" asked the man on the bridge.

The fisherman replied that he did not.

"Well, I am the county fish and game warden."

The angler, after a moment's thought, exclaimed, "Say, do you know who I am?"

"No," the officer replied.

"Well, I'm the biggest liar in Eastern Indiana," said the crafty angler, with a grin.

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TRUSTY HELP WANTED.

People Who Obey Orders Can Always Get Positions.

Written for the Tradesman.

When Gilman bought the Red Front Provision Store everybody he talked with on the subject tried to impress on his mind the notion that he had the best lot of clerks on the street.

"Walton, the old boss, worked along a good many years before he got a working force to suit him," one of the customers said, "and he was tickled to death to get the boys he left for you. You'll find them all right."

Gilman discovered afterwards that the speaker was brother-in-law to one of the clerks and cousin to another one. At the time, however, he believed all that was told him, and thought himself fortunate in finding such a choice set of employees. But in a few days he discovered that the old clerks were patronizing him, carrying themselves as if they felt the necessity of correcting his ideas concerning the provision business and keeping him out of tangles with customers.

One morning Gilman came down early and made a trip through the basement, where all sorts of things were tucked away. It looked like a rubbish room in a second hand store, and the grocer went up stairs full of a desire for reformation there.

There isn't much doing this morning," he said to the thin clerk who had chosen himself manager of the store, "so you'd better take a man with you and clean up that cellar. It smells like an automobile shed."

"Oh, we always clean that up on Thursday, and take turns at it," replied the thin clerk.

"It is in a bad mess," said the grocer.

He said no more, but he kept watch of the doings of the thin clerk. He waited on a couple of customers and then stood in front looking out into the street for an hour, while the other clerks did the work. He made no move toward the basement. Gilman called him to the back of the store.

"Have you cleaned the basement?" he asked.

"That is Thursday work, and I had the job the last time," was the reply.

"All right," said Gilman, "you needn't trouble yourself with it now, then. Just put on your coat and hat and get out of the store."

The thin clerk turned red and then white. He turned away, but came back before taking a dozen steps.

"I had a contract with Walton," he said. "I suppose you took it off his hands. I'm going to stay until the first of the year."

"I'd look fine keeping a man who wouldn't obey orders, wouldn't I?" asked Gilman. "You get out! If you've got any grievance take it to court. I don't want you hanging about the store."

The thin clerk went out with a bang, and the other clerks stopped waiting on the trade long enough to tell what they would have done in his place.

The next day Gilman saw one of the clerks unloading a lot of damaged

tinned goods on the keeper of a restaurant. After the customer had gone out, he asked:

"Did you tell the customer that the goods had been in stock a long time and might not be in good shape?"

The clerk grinned and assumed a wise-guy look.

"You bet I didn't," he replied. "I've been laying for that fellow, besides, I wanted to get those shelves clear of the stuff."

"You have probably cost the store the man's custom," said the grocer. "People won't deal where there are little frauds practised on them. Hereafter, never sell a thing that is not just right without telling the buyer all about it."

The clerk went away with a frown and whispered to a companion that "the old man" was going nutty. Gilman watched the fellow for several days and saw that he was obeying orders too well. He was burlesquing the command of the boss. If there was the slightest thing wrong with anything he made much of it to the prospective buyer and lost a good many sales.

Gilman said nothing, but kept on trying to break the force into his way of doing things without firing a man every week. One morning he saw a clerk unloading a loaf of stale bread on a child who had been sent to do the morning trading. He substituted a fresh loaf, and, after the child was gone, said:

"When children come here to trade, you be sure and give them better goods than you deal out to adults. That is the sort of trade I want. There are over eighty million people to feed in this country, and more than half of them never see the inside of a store. The grocer who can be trusted to do the fair thing by children, or when orders come in by telephone, by mail, or by any old way is the man who will get the trade. Now, you remember this."

All went well for a few days, and then Gilman observed that the shelves were filthy, and that the space back of the counters was not kept clean.

"Look here," he said to his clerks, "you get some brooms, and mops, and scrub brushes and rags and clean up this store. If you have to remain after closing time in order to do it right, do so, and I'll pay you for the time. This shop isn't in a back township, with a bull and a flock of sheep in a swamp in front. It is right here in the city, where customers can see what shape it is kept in. Get busy."

The clerk snickered and moved off to the back of the store, where he informed the delivery boy that "the old man" was trying to make a doll house out of a grocery.

And so things went on for some weeks. Gilman wasn't exactly pleased with his clerks, but he didn't know where he could better himself, so he put up with a lot of advice which was impertinent as well as misleading. He was inculcating ideas which had not been entertained by the old boss, and the clerks were bucking at the proposed changes.

This is not a good way to operate a store. Gilman knew it, and realized

that he ought to fire every last man on the force, but he didn't.

One afternoon a business man came in with a rush and handed out a written order.

"Send it up quick," he said.

"But, you see," began the clerk.

"I forgot it this morning," said the customer. "Hurry it up to the house, or I'll get my head combed with a piano stool when I go home."

"Yes," said the clerk, "but—"

"But nothing!" yelled the customer. "Send it up now!"

"We don't deliver on that street in the afternoon," said the clerk.

"Oh, you don't eh? I suppose you run this store for your own convenience?"

The business man knew that he could not hold trade by treating customers as he was being treated, and was becoming angry.

"Sorry," said the clerk.

Gilman heard the talk and went up to the customer.

"Give me that order," he said.

"I'll see if I have influence enough with the monarch of the delivery wagon to get the goods up to your place. My clerks figure on their own convenience first and on the good of the store next. I'm going to get a little red wagon for each of them. Here, you get your pay and get out!" he added, turning to the clerk. "You are too keen a man for me!"

"I was just obeying orders," whined the clerk.

"Your orders are to please customers in every way," was the reply. "That is what you are here for. You

know too much for the grocery business. Get a mule and a rope harness somewhere and set up a dray."

The business man laughed and took the grocer by the arm as they walked toward the door.

"I'm up against the same game myself," he said. "I can't get good clerks."

"What is the principal fault?"

"They simply will not do as they are told."

"That's it," said the grocer. "Mine won't. They seem to think that they are bigger than the firm. They know more about things than any one else, and yet they are working for wages."

"One must expect children to play pranks and delight in disobedience when the old folks are away," said the other, "but one would suppose that grown men—men with families to support—would do the things they are hired to do. I've got a couple of openings for men who will stand without hitching."

"I've got three," said the grocer.

And Gilman worried over the problem until he got new clerks, one at a time, who would carry out the policy of the store without comment or trying to inject some personal ideas into the daily business.

This is the experience of only one man. There are hundreds who have to quarrel with their employees every day if they get their orders obeyed. People who will do exactly as they are told are scarce, and there are jobs in the world for every one of them, and good jobs at that.

Alfred B. Tozer.

Straub Bros. & Amiotte

Wish You All

A Happy and Prosperous

New Year



Holland Rusk

is here to stay. It has benefited many a grocer because it sells readily the year around and every buyer "tells another." Thus the grocer is advertised. The sales show a steady increase. Ask your jobber or write us.

HOLLAND RUSK CO., Holland, Mich.

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Observations of a Gotham Egg Man.

The market for fresh gathered eggs has come to a very critical period, at which prices would be extremely sensitive of any material increase in supply. A mild December usually results in quite a perceptible increase of production in Southerly and South-western sections, and up to this writing there has been no sufficient cold or snowy weather in those sections to interfere with the normal increase. Already some of the reports from the Ohio Valley, also Missouri and Kansas, have indicated a little increase in the supply coming in to primary points. There has not been enough of this as yet to detract from the firmness of our market resulting from present shortage, especially because it is felt that the occurrence of wintry weather in those sections might, at any moment, put a stop to any reasonable expectation of larger supplies for some time to come. But should the weather continue open for a couple of weeks longer it is altogether probable that there would be enough fresh stock coming forward to break the market down. If the market goes off at all it is likely to go off a good bit and shippers are advised to watch their receipts pretty closely; upon the first appearance of any material increase they should put down their paying prices enough that their purchases could be sold here at a considerable reduction from present current values. In fact, if there should be no interference by bad weather with the normal increase of production during the next two weeks it would probably be safest to anticipate a drop of 6@8c a dozen in fresh gathered stock by the turn of the year or shortly thereafter.

Of course we might have a considerable decline in the market for fresh gathered eggs without very seriously affecting the market for storage stock, although it is altogether probable, in view of the quantity remaining to be marketed, that the latter would be unfavorably affected by a continuance of generally open weather for two weeks longer. The movement from local storage has lately been lighter than it was during the first week of December; it is still large for the season, but there are indications of some further increase in the quantity coming here from the interior and with the quieter trading usually incident to the holiday season, we can hardly expect the month's output here to exceed about 185,000 cases, which would leave us with about 150,000 cases to carry over. This would not be such a dangerous quantity were it not for the evidence that interior holdings—especially at Chicago—are relatively considerably more excessive.

In my daily tour through the egg market I still hear many complaints of eggs arriving more or less damaged by breakage. There is a great deal of storage stock coming out that

shows damage from this source, the cracked and broken eggs being covered with mold which, besides the actual loss in eggs, tends to impart a bad flavor to the entire case. And the loss of only a few fresh gathered eggs at present prices is enough to pay the difference between good packing and bad—often more, too. It seems singular that shippers of so fragile and relatively valuable a commodity should, for the sake of saving a few cents on a case, risk the use of poor, weak, flimsy fillers. Nothing short of a good substantial No. 2 filler ought ever to be used and for storage eggs it is probably cheaper in the long run to use No. 1 fillers throughout.—N. Y. Produce Review.

Baby Called Him "Papa."

A young man and woman were seated together in the waiting room at the Union depot. They had never met before, but were getting along famously when a child about 3 years old emerged from the crowd. At first the child looked lost and bewildered, but seeing the young man her face brightened. She ran toward him, and threw herself in his lap and called him "papa." The young woman grew indignant.

"You told me you were not—"

"But I insist I never saw this child before," the young man interrupted.

"You need not tell me," said the young woman, with all the dignity and hauteur possible. "You are just a common masher. I thought I liked you, and that you would be pleasant company on my trip, but I hate you, so now."

It was useless for the young man to attempt to further explain. The child had its arms around his neck and was calling him "papa."

"I guess I will take this child to the information bureau," the young man announced for the benefit of the young woman.

"That story doesn't go here," said the "ask me" man.

"That kid is probably yours, and I have all the kids I want."

While the argument was waxing warm a woman rushed frantically to the information window.

"I have lost my baby!" she shouted. Then seeing the child in the arms of a strange man she snatched it to her.

"I found papa," the child said.

Then the woman took a second look at the embarrassed young man.

"Well, you do look something like my husband," she said. "You see, my husband is a traveling man, and it has been a long time since 'Baby' saw him. I left her in a seat a few minutes ago and when I returned she was gone. She mistook you for my husband."

"Say, there is a young woman—a very angry young woman here in the depot that I want you to explain this affair to," the young man said. But the young woman could not be found.

A Baltimore jury has awarded a citizen of that city one cent damages for the loss of his wife's affections. The market value of "affections" is somewhat uncertain, but the jury's

quotation indicates that they were not worth going to court for in this case.

Before you jump at conclusions it is safest to know that they are there.

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I am billing out fancy hothouse Leaf Lettuce

in barrel lots of 100 pounds at 4½c per lb. Less than barrel lots 5½c per lb. I ship by express unless otherwise ordered.

Butter and eggs wanted.

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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 24c.

We also want your Butter, Cheese and Poultry.

Money right back

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are wanted by dairy-men and stockfeeders because of their milk producing value. We make these a specialty:

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(See quotations on page 44 of this paper)

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WYKES & CO.
FEED MILLERS

Wealthy Ave. and Ionia St.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH

Some Perils and Rewards of the Clerk.

When millions have assembled in the great city the question arises how to get into their hands the wealth made by the producers and the manufacturers. The problem is how to get the goods and the man together. There are grapes and oranges in California, and they must be gotten into your house on the avenue and street; flour and corn are in Minneapolis, and they must be conveyed to your pantry; cotton and wool are in the towns of New England, but the goods must be placed in your hands; tables and chairs are in Grand Rapids, books and magazines are coming from yonder press—how shall the wealth and the man be made acquainted?

Once a peddler carried the goods from house to house. Later his pack became so heavy that he could not carry it, so the people came to him.

A modern department store is a big peddler's pack dumped down on the side of the street. In the interest of saving time and strength the establishment has developed into a department store. To these two advantages the large store adds the larger variety to choose from, the greater economy in handling, the swifter service, and for these five reasons there would seem to be but little hope for the smaller merchants of the next generation. We may prefer many outstanding men, heads of smaller stores, but the drift seems inevitable.

The keeping of the books, the handling of the goods make up two departments of distribution. And, fulfilling these various offices, there are hundreds of thousands of young men and women for merchant clerks, some toiling in offices, some in factories, some in stores, and some in general distribution.

What is the force that has drawn and draws and holds these young people in this commercial army? We know that gravity holds us to our earth, that gravity in Jupiter is stronger and would make it impossible for us to walk there because a foot wearing a No. 8 or 9 shoe would weigh a ton, while in a little satellite of Jupiter gravity is so gentle that a football player could kick the disk twenty miles high and vault over a pole lifted ten miles into the air.

Some powerful force like gravity must be active upon our youth. Many of these young people have not analyzed their motives, but they are fully conscious something is working. First of all, there is the passion to be in a great world movement.

In time of war, when the regiment goes by with fife and drum, boys will run away from home to follow the army. Not otherwise boys leave school, college, fling themselves into the regiment of workers. Then comes the culture incident to being a part of the great business. In the nature of the case a bright boy breathes in knowledge at every pore. Why, the goods he handles represent the pages of an open book. The conversation of the men about him, buying and

selling, offers knowledge and spreads the daily feast.

The crises that overtake business men also bring heated mental moods. It is this fact that explains the mental growth of young men in the business world. Again and again we have seen young men who had dropped out of school at 16 and 17 marrying young women who are college graduates. The cultured woman seemed far and away the mental superior, and the young man hopelessly distanced. But when ten years have passed by often the position is reversed; the explanation is in the fact that the business life has been a school of culture without a college. Why, for men with their eyes open a great store is a kind of university for the higher education. Our stores are not surpassed in the world. Today it is the custom for the head of a department to drill his clerks. Recently one of these head men took all the young people in his department through a course of study in silk, beginning with photographs of the mulberry trees, then the silk worm, the cocoons, the winding of raw silk, the factories of Japan, the looms in France, then the mills in our own country, the strength of silk. Start from any point in the world and it is the center of the universe, and the clerk can begin anywhere and by study become a universal scholar.

Consider the dangers of the clerk and the perils to character he must meet and master! If you will go into one of these great stores these dangers will be written on the walls about you. And first of all there is the peril incident to the loss of individuality. Young people come to feel that they are mere cogs in a wheel, drops in a river, blades of grass in an infinite furrow. They are overlooked.

This is particularly true in the factories and in offices. If you will go into one of these factories where they make pins you will find one man making the heads, another man the points, and a girl sticking the pins into the paper. It is all interesting for an hour to one who looks on. But think of sticking pins in a paper nine hours a day for forty years. One thing is worse than being a pincushion, and that is to stick pins forever and forever.

Monotony is dangerous. Convicts are punished by picking oakum or working on a sand pile. Variety and contrast are intellectual and physical necessities in order to happiness and growth. When a clerk begins to think that he is working on a sand pile and feels like a convict picking oakum there is peril for him. The division of labor in modern industry threatens the individuality that characterized our fathers.

In old New England the farmer worked in the field in the morning; in the afternoon looked after his herds, made molasses, or ground corn, while in the evening he taught his boys how to make shoes, or sew harness, or to repair the spinning wheel for one daughter or the loom for his wife. Later on, at 9 o'clock, going to the meeting of selectmen, ending the day by contradicting the

theology of his pastor and berating the justice of the peace for his last judicial decision—under those conditions men had an all round growth.

Then there is the peril to health. Doing one thing is apt to develop one set of muscles in the body while starving the others. Then comes the danger of loneliness and isolation. The youth who stood in the center of a group of friends in a village finds himself lost in a crowd. There is a solitude in the desert, but there is a loneliness in the city. Alas for the boy struggling with his first fit of homesickness and feeling that "no man cares for my soul," while the horses in the streets have friends who remember and regard them.

In the nature of the case the boarding house life differs from the rich,

racy, highly spiced life of a happy home, where love makes up a golden circle, and the old affections warm the heart like a winter's fire. If you will go to the hall bedroom with one clerk, walk the street with a second, linger in the great department store with a third, go through the shop or factory with a fourth, talk with these grocery clerks, begin work at daylight, end it at midnight—you will return from your observations and enquiries with the conviction that these young people walk through an atmosphere charged with danger as a thunder storm is full of electric darts.

Newell Dwight Hillis.

Leave your widow as much as you can. Her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a copper.

ESTABLISHED 1876

WE BUY BEANS

All varieties. Mail us large sample with quantity to offer.

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in gallon jugs or barrels. To jobbers only. Fresh eggs and dairy butter wanted. Write for prices to

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Sherwood Hall Co., Ltd.

Iron and Steel

Horseshoers' and Blacksmiths' supplies at lowest market prices

26 North Ionia St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE RED AUTOMOBILE.

Result of the Chauffeur Turning Clerk.

Written for the Tradesman.

"Honk! Honk!"

With a toot of warning a big red touring car shot around a bend in the Middleburg turnpike. A team of bays, attached to a democrat wagon containing an old man and a girl, danced nervously. As the big machine drew closer, finally tearing past with a whirr, the animals broke from the control of the driver and shied suddenly to the side of the road. The occupants were dumped unceremoniously into the shallow ditch, while the horses, with the bits in their teeth, dashed madly up the road.

Painfully the old man dragged himself from the slime and mud of the ditch in time to see a cloud of dust vanish from sight up the turnpike. The girl lay silent in the ditch, blood flowing from a cut in her white forehead where a jagged stone had torn the flesh.

The old man, although uninjured, had not escaped entirely. His clothes were bedraggled, his hat was gone and his face and hands showed the effects of his mud bath. He wasted a second to shake his fist in the direction taken by the departed automobile. Then he turned to his companion.

The girl stirred slightly and then opened her eyes. They were large expressive black eyes and they seemed to smile, despite the accident that had befallen their owner.

"Hurt much, Hettie?" asked the old man.

"Not much," answered the girl, "but how did it happen?"

"Oh, Bess ain't been broke to stand automobiles, an' when she shied Nancy got skeered an' then th' both on 'em decided t' scrape up the road with th' democrat. I guess they're goin' yet. Guess we might ez well walk th' rest o' th' way home."

The pair started slowly in the direction taken by the frightened horses. They halted suddenly, however, and the old man dragged his companion quickly to the side of the road, for a faint "honk" from behind told of the approach of another automobile.

"Ain't goin' t' take no more chances," muttered the old man, as he crowded his companion closer to the rail fence.

The machine stopped as it reached the vicinity and a young man, clad in the leather cap, goggles and long dust coat of the automobilist, alighted.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter 'nough," growled the old man. "Just look here an' see what one o' your pesky machines hez done. My buggy and th' horses are gone. Look at these clothes."

Then he glanced at the automobile.

"Thet looks like th' machine thet skeered th' team," he said, half inquisitively.

"Well, it's not," replied the young man angrily.

"Well, who might you be, anyhow?" persisted the old man.

The young man unbuttoned his dust

coat with an angry jerk and extracted a leather card case from his pocket.

"Pshaw, I haven't a card with me," he exclaimed angrily. "My name is—"

Just then his attention was called to the machine by a succession of short sharp explosions. He sprang for the throttle and shut off the power. Then he turned to the old man:

"We must waste no time," he said. "Which way did the auto go?"

"That way," the old man pointed.

Without a word Jack Norris, stockbroker, and one of the richest young men in New York, cranked up the machine, sprang into the car and was off in the direction designated by the old man. He glared upon the road ahead.

With a jerk he came back to earth. His hand sought the emergency brake.

It was too late.

The plank bridge over the little creek had collapsed. The big car described an arc in the air and landed in the ditch. Norris shot head-first in the gravel of the roadway.

When he awoke it was in a strange room. Stranger still, he was lying in a bed, while racking pains shot through his body. He attempted to rise, but fell back with a groan. Then he remembered the accident. But what sort of a place was this? He was certainly not an inmate of a hospital, for the room in no way resembled a ward. Family portraits covered the walls and a bright green and red rag carpet was on the floor. Besides, there were no hospitals along the Middleburg turnpike.

He brushed his hand across his aching forehead and then almost started from the bed, for the fingers felt like those of a skeleton. He felt of his other hand. The result was the same.

"I must be losing flesh rapidly," he muttered. "Only yesterday I tipped the beam at 148 and now I could get a position as a living skeleton in a dime museum. I wish someone would tell me what this is all about."

It seemed as though his wish had been heard, for the next moment the door was opened and a kind-seeming, motherly-looking woman appeared. She was hardly inside the door before Norris was hurling questions at her in a stream.

"Sh-h-h," she whispered, placing her finger to her lips. "You mustn't excite yourself, you know—doctor's orders. I will tell you a little and then you must be content until tomorrow."

"Where am I?" asked Norris eagerly.

"You are at the home of Enos Beverly, a mile south of Dexter," she said. "But you mustn't ask questions."

Norris sank back into the pillows with a sigh of resignation. Later he learned the whole story from the lips of Mrs. Beverly:

"After the accident," said Mrs. Beverly, drawing an old fashioned rocker to the bedside, "Enos, who wasn't badly hurt, came home and got another horse and wagon and they brought you here. The runaway hors-

es were caught by a neighbor. Your automobile, however, caught fire after it fell into the ditch and was burned up. That was three days ago and you've been out of your head ever since.

"Three days ago!"

Norris half sprang from the bed, but was prevented from falling to the floor by the restraining arm of Mrs. Beverly.

"Yes, three days ago the doctor said you had some sort of brain trouble and were lucky to escape without breaking your neck. You've been raving all the time. Doctor said if you recovered consciousness you might get well, but that you must not be excited. Now stop worrying and take this medicine."

He meekly accepted the vile tasting draught from the spoon which she held toward him and then watched her dreamily as she tiptoed from the room.

The moment the door was closed, however, he sat up in bed and groaned in misery.

"Three days ago," he said aloud. Here he had been in bed three days and his wedding to Helen Langdon had been set for the day after the accident. Not that he regretted having missed the wedding, for the marriage had been set by the parents of the two and neither was in love with the other. He knew Helen wouldn't be sorry if the wedding were never pulled off, but both hated to disappoint the hopes of their parents. He thought, however, how he would be termed a cad and scoundrel for failing to appear at the altar.

"What will they think of me?" he almost sobbed. "Jack Norris, a man who never broke his word, failing to appear at the altar on his wedding day! I know I made some remarks about hating to be married off like a child, but I would have taken Helen for my wife. Oh, this is too horrible!"

He tossed restlessly.

Then the door was again opened. This time, instead of Mrs. Beverly, the girl of the accident entered the room. A breath of outdoors swept in with her. Norris ceased his tossing and gazed hungrily at her. A vision of a slight girlish figure, clad in dark grey, her hair coiled neatly on her shapely head and her cheeks glowing with health, met his eyes.

"You are worrying," she said simply. "You must take this medicine."

He saw a spoon in her delicate white hand and remembered the decoction which had been administered by Mrs. Beverly. He reached eagerly for the draught, however.

The potion must have been an opiate, for he sank back in sleep, his last remembrance being a fading of the vision which had entered the room but a moment before.

The next day when he awoke he called for writing materials and wrote a long explanatory letter to Helen. When this had been given to Enos to mail at Dexter he felt better. He was also allowed to talk some. The girl gave him his medicine regularly. In the afternoon she came and sat in the big rocker and talked to him. He learned that she was Hettie Beverly.

"Tell me, who are you?" she asked him simply.

"My name is Jack Norris," he said, "and I live in New York."

Just then Hettie was called from the room by her mother and the conversation was left unfinished.

"If Helen were only like her," thought Norris as she left the room.

Several days passed and Norris began to think that there was no one like Hettie. She came every afternoon to talk to him, but never bothered him about his identity, seemingly being content to know him only as Jack. Norris had not heard from Helen and, in fact, was wishing he could forget her, for Hettie was fast taking up his entire thoughts.

As the days of convalescence came he was able to sit up in the rocker and finally to walk about the yard. Hettie was his constant companion. He still kept Helen in his mind for he believed that his marriage to her would finally occur when she had recovered from the slight thrust upon her by his absence on the wedding day. He seemed loth, however, to leave the little paradise on the Middleburg turnpike.

As the days passed he grew more and more reluctant to sever his relations with the Beverlys. He finally felt, however, that he was trespassing upon their hospitality, but he knew, from his knowledge of Enos, who ran the general store at Dexter, that it would never do to offer him money. He puzzled his brains for a plan through which he might remain, or one through which, at least, he might be near Hettie.

One evening it suddenly struck him. Enos had mentioned the fact that he was without a clerk. Norris sprang at the chance, daring although it was.

"It will be a queer experience, anyway," he thought, "but I can at least be near Hettie until I hear from Helen. It may be that some way can be found to postpone my marriage to her forever."

At the supper table that evening he surprised Enos by asking for the position. He knew that his business in New York could be transacted by his partner for a year if necessary.

Enos heard his request with amazement.

"What?" he asked. "You a clerk? Why, you don't need t' work, do ye?"

"Sure," lied Norris. "You see I was only a chauffeur and I must make enough money to pay for that machine. Of course, I can't save much, but I guess I can fix it with the garage. My position there will be gone now and it's a wonder that detectives haven't been seeking me before this."

"Wall, of course, if ye need the work," said Enos slowly, "I guess we can fix it."

He mentioned a salary which was about equivalent to the sum Norris had been accustomed to spend for cigars in a week.

Norris, however, quickly accepted.

In a few days he started work. Norris had never done such work in his life, but he was cheered by the thought that he could call upon Hettie at least three times a week.

Things went along for a month and Norris was at his wits' end as to what he should do. He knew that things couldn't go on like that forever.

One day his troubles were ended. It came about through a New York paper which a commercial traveler had left at the store on one of his visits. The paper was an old one and had been used to wrap up a package.

Norris picked it up in one of his leisure moments and glanced carelessly at the headlines. Then his eyes protruded. The very first column interested him so that he was lost to the world. There in the first column in big black letters was the following:

FORSAKEN AT THE ALTAR.

Deserted Bride Retaliates by Marrying Best Man.

Jack Norris Missing.

Helen Langdon, Undaunted by His Absence, Weds Secret Love.

Undaunted by the fact that Jack Norris, her fiance, failed to appear at the Park church yesterday, the date set for their wedding, Miss Helen Langdon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langdon, whose father is President of the N. Y. and St. L. Railway, swallowed the insult thrust upon her and was married to Francis M. Harding, who was to have been best man at the wedding.

Norris left New York day before yesterday for a short automobile run up the State, but since that time nothing has been heard from him. It is said that he was not anxious to wed Miss Langdon and was doing it because of the wishes of their parents.

When Norris failed to appear at the church Miss Langdon sought the consent of her parents and a new license was secured, the wedding following. Mr. and Mrs. Harding left this morning for a tour of the continent.

Norris stopped to read no more. The remainder of the article was a scathing denouncement of himself and was illustrated by photographs of the three participants in the affair. The fact that he was free overshadowed everything else.

He went about his work for the remainder of the afternoon with a lighter heart than he had carried for some time. That evening he sought the Beverly homestead with a radiant face. As he and Hettie wandered through the orchard in the brilliant moonlight he told her all.

"Hettie," he asked when he had finished, "can you forgive me enough to be my wife, even although I am only a stock broker and not a poor grocery clerk?"

Without even glancing about to see if anyone were looking she threw herself into his arms.

"Wait," he said, "I had meant to conceal the fact, but that was my automobile that frightened your horses and caused you to be injured. I was trying to create a wrong impression when I attempted to chase the supposed miscreant."

"I knew it all the time," said Hettie, "for you must remember that you were raving for three days."

Charles R. Angell.

Love is the first word and the last in the lexicon of religion.

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.	Drs.	oz.	Size	Per
Powder			Shot	100
120	4	1 1/2	10	\$2 90
129	4	1 1/2	9	2 90
128	4	1 1/2	8	2 90
126	4	1 1/2	6	2 90
135	4 1/2	1 1/2	5	2 95
154	4 1/2	1 1/2	4	3 00
200	3	1	10	2 50
208	3	1	8	2 50
236	3 1/2	1 1/2	6	2 65
265	3 1/2	1 1/2	5	2 70
264	3 1/2	1 1/2	4	2 70
Discount, one-third and five per cent.				
Paper Shells—Not Loaded.				
No. 10, pasteboard boxes 100, per 100	72			
No. 12, pasteboard boxes 100, per 100	64			
Gunpowder.				
Kegs, 25 lbs., per keg	4 75			
1/2 Kegs, 12 1/2 lbs., per 1/2 keg	2 75			
1/4 Kegs, 6 1/4 lbs., per 1/4 keg	1 50			
Shot.				
In sacks containing 25 lbs.				
Drop, all sizes smaller than B	2 10			
AUGERS AND BITS				
Snell's	60			
Jennings' genuine	25			
Jennings' imitation	50			
AXES				
First Quality, S. B. Bronze	6 00			
First Quality, D. B. Bronze	9 00			
First Quality, S. B. 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				
Common	7 1/4 c.	5-16 in. 3/4 in. 1/2 in.		
BB.	8 1/2 c.	7/16 in. 1/2 in. 3/4 in.		
BBB.	9 c.	1 in. 1 1/4 in. 1 1/2 in.		
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	30 c 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		rate
Bar Iron	2 25	rate
Light Band	3 00	rate
KNOBS—NEW LIST		
Door, mineral, Jap. trimmings	75	
Door, Porcelain, Jap. trimmings	85	
LEVELS		
Stanley Rule and Level Co.'s	dis. 50	
METALS—ZINC		
600 pound casks	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		
Stebbins' Pattern	60 & 10	
Enterprise, self-measuring	30	
PANS		
Fry, Acme	50	
Common, polished	70 & 10	
PATENT PLANISHED IRON		
"A" Wood's pat. plan'd, No. 24-27	10 80	
"B" Wood's pat. plan'd, No. 25-27	9 80	
Broken packages 1/2 c per lb. extra.		
PLANES		
Ohio Tool Co.'s fancy	40	
Sciota Bench	50	
Sandusky Tool Co.'s fancy	40	
Bench, first quality	45	
NAILS		
Advance over base, on both Steel & Wire		
Steel nails, base	3 00	
Wire nails, base	2 40	
20 to 60 advance	Base	
10 to 16 advance	5	
8 advance	10	
6 advance	20	
4 advance	30	
3 advance	45	
2 advance	70	
Fine 3 advance	50	
Casing 10 advance	15	
Casing 8 advance	25	
Casing 6 advance	35	
Finish 10 advance	25	
Finish 8 advance	35	
Finish 6 advance	45	
Barrell 7/8 advance	35	
RIVETS		
Iron and tinned	50	
Copper Rivets and Burs	30	
ROOFING PLATES		
14x20 IC, Charcoal, Dean	7 50	
14x20 IX, Charcoal, Dean	9 00	
20x28 IC, Charcoal, Dean	15 00	
14x20, IC, Charcoal, Allaway Grade	7 50	
14x20, IX, Charcoal, Allaway Grade	9 00	
20x28, IC, Charcoal, Allaway Grade	15 00	
20x28, IX, Charcoal, Allaway Grade	18 00	
ROPES		
Sisal, 1/2 inch and larger	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 91	
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	
Onelda Community, Newhouse's	40 & 10	
Onelda 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, bail, per doz.	86
1 gal. fireproof, bail, 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	4.85
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
Best Lead Glass.	
Lead Flint Glass in Cartons	
No. 0, Crimp top	3.30
No. 1, Crimp top	4.00
No. 2, Crimp top	5.00
Pearl Top—1 doz. in Cor. Carton	
Per doz.	
No. 1, wrapped and labeled	75
No. 2, wrapped and labeled	85
Rochester in Cartons	
No. 2 Fine Flint, 10 in. (85c doz.)	4.60
No. 2 Fine Flint, 12 in. (\$1.35 doz.)	7.50
No. 2 Lead Flint, 10 in. (95c doz.)	5.50
No. 2 Lead Flint, 12 in. (\$1.65 doz.)	8.75
Electric in Cartons	
No. 2 Lime (75c doz.)	4.20
No. 2 Fine Flint, (85c doz.)	4.60
No. 2 Lead Flint, (95c doz.)	5.50
LaBastie, 1 doz. in Carton	
No. 1 Sun Plain Top, (\$1 doz.)	1.00
No. 2 Sun Plain Top, (\$1.25 doz.)	1.25
2 Opal globes	1.20
Case lots 3 of each	1.10
565 Air Hole Chimneys	1.20
Case lots, 3 of each	1.10
OIL CANS	
1 gal. tin cans with spout, per doz.	1.20
1 gal. galv. iron with spout, per doz.	1.60
2 gal. galv. iron with spout, per doz.	2.50
3 gal. galv. iron with spout, per doz.	3.50
5 gal. galv. iron with spout, per doz.	4.50
3 gal. galv. iron with faucet, per doz.	4.50
5 gal. galv. iron with faucet, per doz.	5.25
5 gal. Tilting cans	7.00
5 gal. galv. iron Nacefas	9.00
LANTERNS	
No. 0 Tubular, side lift	4.60
No. 2 B Tubular	6.75
No. 15 Tubular, dash	7.00
No. 2 Cold Blast Lantern	8.25
No. 12 Tubular, side lamp	12.00
No. 3 Street lamp, each	3.50
LANTERN GLOBES	
No. 0 Tub., cases 1 doz. each	55
No. 0 Tub., cases 2 doz. each	55
No. 0 Tub Ruby	2.00
No. 0 Tub, Green	2.00
No. 0 Tub., bbls., 5 doz. each, per bbl.	2.25
No. 0 Tub., Bull's eye, cases 1 dz. e.	1.25
BEST WHITE COTTON WICKS	
Roll contains 32 yards in one piece.	
No. 0 3/4 in. wide, per gross or roll.	28
No. 1 1/2 in. wide, per gross or roll.	38
No. 2 1 in. wide, per gross or roll.	60
No. 3 1 1/2 in. wide, per gross or roll.	90
COUPON BOOKS	
50 books, any denomination	1.50
100 books, any denomination	2.50
500 books, any denomination	11.50
1000 books, any denomination	20.00
Above quotations are for either Tradesman, Superior, Economic or Universal grades. Where 1,000 books are ordered at a time customers receive specially printed cover without extra charge.	
COUPON PASS BOOKS	
Can be made to represent any denomination from \$10 down.	
50 books	1.50
100 books	2.50
500 books	11.50
1000 books	20.00
CREDIT CHECKS	
500, any one denomination	2.00
1000, any one denomination	3.00
2000, any one denomination	5.00
Steel punch	1.00

DRY GOODS

Weekly Market Review of the Principal Staples.

Domestics—The announcement that Parkhill & Lancaster gingham, as well as the line of Parkhill madras shirtings, are sold up for the spring and fall seasons of 1908 was also received with surprised pleasure by the trade. The demand for these fabrics is enormous, it being stated that the largest manufacturer referred to can not fill more than 50 per cent. of the orders received. It is conspicuous, as referred to before, that cancellations have been notably few in gingham as a whole, therefore, it is proven that their situation is as strong as, if not stronger than, any department of the market. The outlook for napped goods is therefore apparent. If a larger percentage of looms is turned from gingham to the latter, it means a decrease of production in the latter, accentuating the shortage of the latter, which reached a maximum last season, when there was a matter of 10,000 less looms available for their output than has been the case at any previous time heretofore. This action, however, is only natural, in view of the fact that the profit is much greater in gingham than is that of napped goods. As for the remainder of the market for domestics, it remains practically unchanged. Some business is done from day to day, but it is decidedly small. Anything other than this is not to be expected at this time of the year.

Prints—Although comparatively inactive at the moment, the print market is in a position of decided strength. Prices will prevail for the spring on the present basis without a doubt. Sellers of these goods point out that the larger part of their trade has not covered for spring and they know for a fact that stocks among jobbers are at a minimum, there being nothing available in this line except goods being shown by retailers. That buyers will be in the market immediately after stock-taking is generally expected, but that there can be no lowering of prices on the basis of the cost of gray goods is apparent and with the results of the curtailing in force the future is comparatively clear. The cost of gray goods was not as high as it was last year and there is no possibility of a change. While printers have borne the brunt of the disfavor consequent on high prices, it is nevertheless a fact that there has been much less profit for them than was the case in former times when the cost of gray goods was not as high as it is at the present. As prints sell quite as easily at present prices as they did formerly, it is only natural to assume that strenuous efforts will be made to sustain prices in vogue. The close relationship existing between the latter fabric and gingham also warrants the belief that the strength exhibited by

the latter will be a considerable factor in sustaining their position.

Bleached Goods—Nothing of importance develops in the bleached goods market and a considerable change is not anticipated by sellers until a change is brought about in the status of affairs generally. New business is the result of actual need only and is of the smallest possible character. Goods are being charged up as heretofore and this action completes the doings in that part of the market.

Dress Goods—There is but little of an encouraging nature at the moment to sellers of dress goods, although in some respects business is more or less satisfactory. As far as the spring is concerned, there is a small volume of trading on the way with cloak and suit houses, although this could easily be improved upon. Reports are conflicting as to volume, but that it is meager is generally understood to be the case. Spot business is at a standstill. Buyers seem inclined to put off further purchases until after the stock-taking period, which extends until considerably after the holiday season is over. The making of such a date is in no way definite as pointing to a resumption of general activity, as it will depend largely on what comes forward from the consumer how the policy will be laid out for the coming spring season.

Foreign Goods—Feel the effects of the times more perhaps than do domestics, as their lines come in more direct touch with the retailer, and, consequently, every new turn of the situation is felt by them. New business with them is a thing not to be considered, as buyers are intent on closing out stocks now on hand. The fact that goods being shipped by them stick, however, is looked upon as a favorable sign, indicating, perhaps, a slight turn for the better.

Hosiery—Conditions in this market do not change greatly, as a rule, at this time of the year, and the present is no exception. Some business is being done by certain sellers, but on the whole it is quiet. Committing for the future is being indulged in, in rare instances only, and then only under specific conditions which make trading advisable. Spot business is almost entirely absent, traders buying only such goods as are absolutely needed, nor is there any indication of improvement until after the stock taking period has passed. For a week or so immediately preceding the holidays there is never any real enthusiasm to speak of, as buyers are busy looking after the extra volume of business which usually comes in at this time.

Underwear—New business is a thing not to be considered unless it is a case where goods have been sold and the supply has disappeared. The situation, as far as being able to sell goods is concerned, is variously described by sellers as being "the worst ever," "nothing like it in our experience," etc. It remains, as described heretofore, a situation in which a buyer would rather pay 25 per cent. more than its value for an article wanted than to pay 50 per

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.

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.

cent. of its value for an article not wanted for some immediate purpose. Spot business in wool goods of medium weight comes forward from time to time in comparatively small quantities, but aside from this there is very little doing. Preparations for the coming season are well-nigh completed; in fact, in many cases, have long been completed, and merely await the appointed time for showing goods.

The World's Most Heroic Figure.

Some biographies of heroes are long, and yet they leave the central figure a vague and shadowy form. The memorabilia of Jesus are short, and yet we know him as we know a familiar friend of yesterday. From his features not one line is lacking. His flower like childhood, the purity of his youth, the majesty and beauty of his increasing manhood, the atmosphere of character that he carried—all, all are fully known. Standing on the hilltop, we look down upon a populous valley holding in its lap shining towns and cities, and from the Mount we look down across the career of Jesus, bright with parables, sparkling with deeds of mercy, glorious with wonder words and works. Once none so little but that Jesus was less in honor; now, none so exalted, as singer, scientist, reformer, artist, poet, but that he seeks to borrow new fame by linking his name with one whose star has climbed zenithward into a solitary pre-eminence.

In the republic every citizen is one eighty-millionth of a king. In the civilization of to-day every leader who has conquered the love of the generation he has served is one fraction of the Christ life, and has borrowed his inspiration and ideal from the Carpenter's Son. More wonderful than all else is his unfolding perfection. In general perfection means the purgation of imperfections. Slowly some Thorwaldsen rubs off a speck of marble dust here and sandpapers the minute roughness there. Slowly, with here a stroke and there a stroke, the artist carries his canvas toward ideal beauty. With infinite erasures and interlineations the poet polishes his perfect verse. Success is the residuum left after a thousand artistic failures.

With God it is otherwise. All his sweetbriar has to do is to unroll. So it was with Jesus. He unfolded each faculty as a rose its petals. Lo, there was nothing to be added, and nothing to be taken away. And yet he grew in wisdom. By experience, by work, by travel, and conversation he gathered knowledge about the fields, the woods, the sea, the sky, about men, tools, and events. Also, what we never would have dared to say the Word of God says. His memorabilia declare—he "grew in favor with God." God's confidence and love were increasing events, marching steadily toward the day when the voice was heard whispering, "Thou art my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And this message falling on the inner ear was the bliss of his solitude and the reward of his work.

If we can trust our analysis of the Magnificat of Mary, his mother was the most gifted intellect of her time. No spring rises higher than its source, and Mary the singer explains the sweetness of the song. In that far off era the Sabbath with its hours whitened by prayer and perfumed with aspiration, lent richness to his mind and heart.

Often it is said that his handicraft was against Jesus. Not so. His needs were few. His work was in the open air. Bending over the plow, Cincinnatus meditated his laws. Tending his flocks, David wrought out his songs. Moving along the furrow Burns found his music. In all ages the crook and the plow have united work and health with reflection and genius.

Nor must we forget the influence upon Jesus of the semi-annual processions to Jerusalem. Never was there such a college of mortals as the two weeks in Jerusalem, where the greatest teachers and singers and dreamers out of all the world were assembled. It is easy for the flower to bloom and the fruit to ripen when the air of the hothouse is made fervent. And ripeness for the intellect and growth for the heart were natural and spontaneous in that hour when the air was quick with spiritual life. Sitting in the open window, when the first star came out, while holding his mother Monica's hand, Augustine had his first vision of the City of God, and entered upon his career as a world teacher. When Christ first was quickened, when the vision became a hope, and the hope a faith, and the faith a purpose, and the purpose a plan to achieve the Messiahship, we do not know. That sacred hour is like the throne of God, girt about with silence, clouds, and mystery. Newell Dwight Hillis.

Queen Wasp's Jaws Make Colony's Nest.

Wasps readily succumb before the increasing cold of autumn. The few that escape the merciless scourge of mortality are the queens of next season. They pass the winter in some warm cranny, and when the spring arrives each comes forth from its hiding place and sees a suitable place for the nest that is to be. This found the queen repairs to a fence or tree trunk and with her jaw rasps off a bundle of wood fiber which, when moistened with saliva and kneaded, forms the paper like substance of which the nest is entirely constructed.

Just as bees have invented a peculiar nest building material in wax so wasps have prepared a special durable paper for the same purpose. The queen mother lays the foundations of the city with her own jaws. She attaches a sort of stalk of wood paper to a chosen support. This may be the branch of a tree, a root in a cavity below ground, or a beam in a garden shed. The stalk prepared, the queen builds a few shallow cells in each of which she lays an egg. As these mature, hatch and develop into worker wasps, the labor of the little colony is turned over to them, and thus a vast nest with thousands of cells is evolved.

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REACHING THE TOP.

How Sylvester Landed His Coveted Position.

Next to betting on the races the most uncertain thing in the world is the predicting the futures of brilliant young men. With a dull young man it is different; the range of possibilities is smaller and the chance for a prediction coming comparatively true correspondingly greater. But when the young man is brilliant, when nothing seems impossible to him, then the practice of predicting what his future may hold forth for him enters into the category of long chance gambling, and it is a wise predictor who keeps his mouth shut and waits for the other fellow to butt in and err. For it is highly probable that he will err, brilliant young men being what they are, and careers being what they often are not.

For instance, there was the case of Sylvester, and never was there a brilliant young man with such a brilliant future apparently before him. There had been other brilliant young men in the general offices of Going & Co. You take any establishment where 600 men figure on the payroll, and the brilliant exceptions are sure to creep in, despite the assertions of carping old department heads to the contrary. So there had been other brilliant young men in the office, young men of promise, young men for whom great things were foretold; but never had there been one like Sylvester, never had any of the others been so fortunate—in the predictions.

For while the others had attracted attention to their brilliance after a year or two in the establishment, here was Mr. Sylvester shining like a large and luminous star at the end of the second month of his employment by Going & Co. As some of the clerks said, this was going some, but that is another story; and people began to watch Sylvester—big people, high people, mighty people, whose watching of any young man portended great things for him in the time to come.

It wasn't merely that his brilliance was as obvious as the light of a luminous star or that he failed to keep the bushel on to hide it, but he did things. Did things! Ah, there's the phrase for you. Get them to say that you are the man who does things, who did things in your previous position, and there is no limit to the road which you may go until they find you out. Did things! Let them see evidences of your existence.

Let them see that you are not as the post upon which hangeth the gate that leadeth to the private office, not as the top of the highly polished desk, but rather like unto the electric fan in the corner which buzzeth and buzzeth so that all men, and the stenographers, may know that it is

present, and the great arc light in the center of the office which sheds its persistent rays into the innermost corners of the room, so that no one may be therein without knowing when you are turned on and none fail to observe when you go out. Get them to realize that you are.

Make 'em understand that wherever you go things move and happen, and if you are not coarse or heavy fingered as to your methods you may accomplish it, although you are leagues and ages away, away from being the real, genuine thing.

Nobody with eyes that see and ears that hear what is going on about him in the place where he labors or merely draws a salary will doubt or dispute this for an instant. For the signs are all over and lettered in red. The man at the head of your department, the manager of the office, the sales manager, even the Boss himself, may owe their successes to the fact that they did things, did things, did things, regardless of what they meant or profited.

So the trick of the Great Game is to do things. And such was the philosophy of Sylvester, and accordingly he proceeded to live, breathe and have his being along the lines of doing.

They had put Sylvester on as an extra stenographer during one of the rush seasons, and in due course of time, had he been like unto other extra stenographers, he would have been called up to the head's desk and pushed off the pay roll like the others. But Sylvester had cast eyes around the office of Going & Co. and had decided that this was a place which held advantages for a man of parts; this was a house where the opportunities crowded each other for breaking space; this was the place where he, Sylvester, should have employment permanently.

Once this decision had been reached by the young man he looked about him for the opportunity to make it effective. He knew what he had to do. Simply he had to do something. Then the attention of the house would be called to him, and lo! when the names of those to be fired were called his name would not be among them.

But what to do? Sylvester kept looking and soon he saw that the stenographers in the order department, when writing an order, could, simply by inserting a bill form behind a carbon, make the invoice at the same time. He tried it on one of the order men's machines and it worked like a charm.

Then he went to the Head. Modestly, diffidently, even apologetically, he explained what he had done. The Head looked and saw.

"Do you think you could put that system into successful operation, young man?" he asked.

"I do," said Mr. Sylvester.

"Then go ahead," said the Head. And Sylvester went ahead.

They gave him a position as chief of one small section of the order department after that, and the men who were thrown out of work in the invoice department cursed him impotently, and the various department heads congratulated the order chief

upon the innovation, and the chief pointed to Sylvester and said: "He did it."

Two weeks later Sylvester was to the fore with another doing. He had discovered a way in which all the checking in the order department could be done by the stenographers as they copied the salesmen's sheets. This involved the acquisition of another stenographer and did away with two checkers, and again the office looked at Sylvester as the man who had turned the trick.

This won him a place as confidential clerk to the assistant of the head of the order department, and Sylvester smiled.

"I knew that I'd land some time sooner or later," he said. "I knew I had it in me. It was only a question of finding the place where I fit in. And now I've found it, and now I'm going to make my hit!"

Carefully he sized up the order department and saw that it was well to be in it. The opportunities for a man who could do things existed in that department as nowhere else in the whole office. It as an important department; it was big, it was a troublesome one for any man to handle, and the head always was willing and eager to listen to any suggestions tending to the improvement of its efficiency.

Sylvester asked for nothing more.

"I've got all the chance in the world," he mused, "and I've got the ability to take advantage of it."

And take advantage of it he did, and the record of the brilliant things that he did in a few short months was a long and striking one.

"You're certainly making a name for yourself, Sylvester," said an old friend in another department. "You've made an impression. Stick to it, and there's no telling where you will land."

"Well, to tell the truth," said Sylvester, "I intend to land in the position of confidential man to the head of this department. No, I know there is no such position in existence now, but that's no reason why I can not create it and fill it. There's a chance there, and I'm going after it."

And now the talk about his brilliance grew so loud in the office that it came to Sylvester's own ears. "The hit of the year," somebody had called him, and somehow or other he heard about it. He began to swell immediately, but the swelling did not go to his head. It went into his activity. He began to do more things than ever, and presently he had done so many things in the order department that the head himself acknowledged that he was seriously indebted to his new find.

"Well, what shall we do with him?" growled old Going. Do you want him for an assistant?"

"I suppose I'd better have him."

And that was how Sylvester landed his coveted position; he became confidential man to the head of the order department. There was nothing to stop him now, apparently. He was in a position where his brilliance would shine with far greater effect than when he was one of the common herd; he was one of the officers

of the firm, one of those who ever stood in the spotlight of the Old Man's attention, and certainly he would soon attract notice which would be important and favorable to him. The number of people who predicted a great future for him was exactly the same as the number of those who had observed his meteoric rise from nothing to something. Everybody knew he was a born winner. Even old Going was fooled a little.

Fooled? Exactly. For Sylvester never got beyond the position of confidential man to the head of the order department. He is there yet, and all this happened some time ago. When they gave him his advance, a year after his first big promotion, and made him assistant to the sales manager, the exact amount of ability possessed by Sylvester became apparent, and the bubble was pricked. He made an awful failure of his attempt in the sales department. He made a few brilliant moves, did a few things, and the head of the department was down on him like unto a storm of wrath and anger.

For the things which he did were not the right things, and it was back to his old job with Sylvester. The trouble was, the sales department was just one grade higher than the order department and Sylvester couldn't make the climb.

That was all, but it was enough. He'd reached his limit when he reached the good position in the order department; he couldn't go beyond that any more than the commonest dub that ever was.

"You never can tell about 'em," said old Going, considering his case. "They often look so good when they start that it doesn't seem possible that they aren't capable of making the whole run. But you never can tell the strength of a horse until he's been pulled to the limit. He may shine on the light loads and be a cripple on the heavy ones."

"I see that that's what this young man was. After all, there's only one way to tell that a man's going to reach the top, and that's to wait and see him do it." Allan Wilson.

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Monkeys and Medicine.

Dutch colonial papers report a remarkable case of animal instinct. The people in the village of Legowo, in the Javanese province of Salatiga, suffered ravages from hordes of gray monkeys which destroyed their plantations. The Dutch sub-governor recommended that they try strychnine to get rid of the pests.

The favorite fruits of the monkeys were accordingly collected in large quantities, heavily dosed with strychnine and deposited in the woods. The monkeys ate freely and many of them became violently ill, but none died. It was then discovered that the monkeys when they felt the effects of the poison went in search of and ate temblekan leaves, a certain weed which grows profusely on the archipelago.

It was found that when the animals were too ill to seek the weed themselves they had it brought to them by other monkeys which were not so ill. The Batavian authorities are now conducting a series of experiments with a view to ascertaining the true curative qualities of the temblekan leaf.

The Modern Druggist.

How different is the modern druggist compared with one of ye olden times! High science and skill have long since left his insulted and outraged ranks. He is now a mere commission agent for the sale of patent medicines. What respect has the world for the great globes of ruby, emerald green and blue which at nightfall are seen afar through the midst of lowering atmosphere? The precious drops which were once regarded as the Elixir of Life are now so much strychnine and creosote which you take with fear and foreboding. Seldom now does the average drug clerk take the opportunity of stealing into the laboratory to watch intently all the curious proceedings, learning the names of the various ingredients, the gases, the minerals, the salts and the essences, but with awesome fear our forefathers stepped softly into the apothecary shop—softly, lest they disturb the wonderful compounding of medicines. They spoke only in whispers, and gazed with awe at the dragons and star-fishes, leech jars and skele-

ton heads—and now! Would that they could step into the drug store of to-day and see the gorgeous fountain sparkling with brilliant lights, magazines, shoeblackening, rat biscuit signs, razor strops; the motley crowd lounging at the fountain, and hear the clatter of soda chips, the clang of the cash register, and the loud discussion of the plays of the day. Would they not pinch themselves to see if they were really awake?

Bottled Lemonade.

People often want something nice in the way of a bottle drink and there is the chance for the enterprising druggist to do something to supply the demand. Secure a quantity of patent stoppered bottles similar to those used for bottling beer or citrate of magnesia that will hold a pint. Pour into the bottle after it is thoroughly cleansed two (2) ounces of simple syrup and the juice of 1½ lemons. Now draw slowly into the bottle enough carbonated water to nearly fill the bottle, and close immediately. Shake once or twice and the drink is ready. You should find a market for this at 10 cents a bottle. You can make a profit on it at 5 cents, but I advise the 10 cent price if you can possibly secure it. Put these drinks on ice and they will keep in good shape for a week; but, as they are so easily prepared, you need only make enough to last for each day's uses. If you run short it is easy to prepare more.

Various Vegetarians.

At a recent congress of vegetarians in London the great number belonged to the "Vems." These use milk and eggs as well as vegetables, and are regarded by their fellows as being too liberal in their ideas. The "Vegs" abhor butter and milk and will not countenance indulgence in eggs, while the "Edenics" go a step farther and declare that cooked foods of any sort should be avoided since nature clearly intended that fruits should be eaten raw. Wallacites conduct a campaign against the use of salt in any form, and while eating cooked food refuse bread made from yeast, and the Allisonians substitute a cereal product for tea and coffee. The Addisonians class peas and beans with the abhorred meats and confine their diet to cereals and fruits.

The Drug Market.

Opium—Dull and lower.
 Morphine—Is unchanged.
 Quinine—Is dull.
 Elm Bark—Is scarce and has advanced.
 German Quince Seed—Is scarce and higher.
 American Saffron—Tending lower.
 The article heretofore sold as Chinese cantharides will now be marketed as Chinese beetles.

A Georgian has grown a sweet potato that measures 40 inches round, weighs 23½ pounds and nearly fills a half bushel measure. Reports of big things in the South are quite frequent of late, but this ought to be the limit in potatoes.

Tears over to-day's broken toys blind us to to-morrow's treasures.

The Legend of the Cigar Indian.

Written for the Tradesman.

Alone he stood midst a noisy hurrying throng. His eyes were fixed in a sightless gaze toward the setting sun. His head was made of wood and his feathers were of painted tin. In one hand he carried a bundle of wooden cigars, while the wooden fingers of the other hand grasped a formidable looking tomahawk.

A traveler stopped to gaze.

"Why, it's nothing but a wooden Indian," he said.

"Who gave you that steer?" asked the chief.

The traveler's hair stood up.

"Why, it's alive," he said, "and it speaks good English."

"That's me," said the chief. "I might have talked Indian dialect, but it's so hard to think up, since I have heard so much English as it is murdered by the rising generation, that I might as well talk to you so you will understand."

"But how came you here?" asked the traveler?

"It's quite a story," said the wooden chief, "but I'll tell it to you. If I don't, someone else will think it up and put it into musical comedy. It's a sad tale."

A sawdust tear trickled slowly down the weather beaten face.

"Come on with the tale," said the traveler, as he took a seat on the wooden base of the cigar sign.

"It was this way," began the chief: "Once I was a real live human being just like yourself. I played with the other papposes and had a high old time. You read of Hiawatha, didn't you?"

The stranger admitted it.

"That's me," said the chief proudly. The traveler stared.

"Yes," continued the chief, "I used to love Minnehaha and I tell you I was the candy boy for awhile, but Longfellow didn't finish the tale he started to write about me."

"It was all on account of Pau-Puk-Keewis—Pauk we used to call him for short."

"One day Pauk-Pauk was a kind of wizard—was smoking a big pipe full of tobacco. He laid down the pipe and fell asleep. I took the pipe and filled it full of buffalo hair. Then Pauk smoked it. He didn't smoke it long. He quit."

"That's rotten tobacco," said Pauk. "I'm going to quit smoking."

"He quit smoking and it was a long time before he found out that I had filled the pipe with buffalo hair. By that time he had been cured. He longed for tobacco, but his stomach wouldn't stand for it. Then he said: 'If I can't smoke no one else shall.'"

"He worked the medicine gag and turned me into wood. The changing of my anatomy was a slow process and in some way the malady spread among the Indians, with the result that half of them were changed to wood. Then along came a lot of pale faces. Just before they took us away Pauk came around and said: 'You fellows will be a warning to others.'"

"Pauk's idea didn't seem to work

very well, however, and now we're going out of date. The only hope I see is in reforestation."

"But what became of Pauk?" asked the traveler.

The Indian did not answer.

Chas. R. Angell.

Buy Her Radium Pin for Christmas.

Radium making is a new and successful industry. About three grams or forty-six grains of radium were made recently in the university laboratory at Vienna. This is the greatest quantity yet produced, and to obtain it ten tons of uranium pitchblende had to be employed. This material was given by the Austrian government to the Academy of Science. It was procured from the government mines at Joachimthal, Bohemia, which up to the present are the only source of this costly material, and was taken to Vienna. The process of obtaining the radium cost nearly \$10,000.

Important experiments will now be started at the Vienna laboratory to ascertain whether the theory of Sir William Ramsay that radium and radium emanations can be converted into other elements, especially helium and lithium, be correct or not. The Vienna Academy of Science, in recognition of the vast services rendered by the great English scientist in connection with radium discoveries, will lend him a fraction of a gram of the valuable stuff for purposes of experiment. On the same basis as the figures quoted above, a pound of radium, avoirdupois, would cost about a million dollars, and necessitate the use of some 1,700 tons of pitchblende for its extraction.

Morals to many mean only a chance to meddle in other people's affairs.

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Hydrochlor	3@ 5	Gossippii Sem gal	70@ 75	Aloes	50	Morphia, SP&W	3 25@3 50	Sapo, G	20@ 22	Linseed pure raw	45@ 48
Nitrosum	8@ 10	Hedeoma	3 00@3 50	Aloes & Myrrh	50	Morphia, SNYQ	3 25@3 50	Seidlitz Mixture	20@ 22	Linseed, boiled	46@ 49
Oxalicum	14@ 15	Junipera	40@1 20	Asafoetida	50	Morphia, Mal.	3 25@3 50	Sinapis	20@ 22	Neat's-foot, w str	65@ 70
Phosphorium, dil.	14@ 15	Lavendula	30@3 60	Aurantia Belladonna	50	Moschus Canton.	2 40	Sinapis, opt	18	Spts. Turpentine	Market
Salicylicum	44@ 47	Limons	2 00@2 15	Aurantii Cortex	50	Myristica, No. 1.	25@ 30	Sinapis, opt	30	Paints	
Sulphuricum	13@ 15	Mentha Piper	1 80@2 00	Benzoin Co.	50	Nux Vomica po 15	25@ 30	Snuff, Maccaboy,	51	Red Venetian	1 1/2 2 @3
Tannicum	75@ 85	Menta Verid.	3 25@3 35	Benzoin Co.	50	Os Sepia	35@ 40	Snuff, S'h DeVos	51	Ochre, yel Mars	1 1/2 2 @4
Tartaricum	38@ 40	Morrhuae gal	1 60@1 85	Barosma	50	Pepsin Saac, H &	1 00	Soda, Boras, po	7 1/2@ 10	Putty, commerl	2 1/2 2 1/2 @3
Ammonia		Myrica	3 00@3 00	Cantharides	50	P D Co	1 00	Soda et Pot's Tart	25@ 28	Putty, strictly pr	2 1/2 2 1/2 @3
Aqua, 18 deg.	4@ 6	Olive	1 00@3 00	Capicum	50	P D Co	1 00	Soda, Carb.	1 1/2 2 @5	Vermilion, Prime	13@ 15
Aqua, 20 deg.	6@ 8	Picis Liquida	10@ 12	Cardamon	50	P D Co	1 00	Soda, Bi-Carb	3@ 5	American	13@ 15
Carbonas	13@ 15	Picis Liquida gal.	10@ 12	Cardamon Co.	50	P D Co	1 00	Soda, Ash	3 1/2@ 4	Vermilion, Eng.	75@ 80
Chloridum	12@ 14	Ricina	1 06@1 10	Castor	50	P D Co	1 00	Soda, Sulphas	3 1/2@ 4	Green, Paris	29 1/2@33 1/2
Aniline		Rosae oz.	6 50@7 00	Catechu	50	P D Co	1 00	Spts. Cologne	2 60	Green, Peninsular	13@ 16
Black	2 00@2 25	Succini	40@ 45	Cinchona	50	P D Co	1 00	Spts, Ether Co.	50@ 55	Lead, red	7 1/2 8 @8
Brown	80@1 00	Sabina	90@1 00	Cinchona Co.	50	P D Co	1 00	Spts, Myrcia Dom	2 00	Lead, white	7 1/2 8 @8
Red	45@ 50	Santal	4@ 50	Columba	50	P D Co	1 00	Spts, Vini Rect bbl	4	Whiting, white S'n	9@ 9c
Yellow	2 50@3 00	Sassafras	90@ 95	Cubebae	50	P D Co	1 00	Spts, Vini Rect 1/2 b	4	Whiting, Gliders'	9@ 9c
Bacca		Sinapis, ess, oz.	1 10@1 20	Cassia Acutifol	50	P D Co	1 00	Spts, Vi'l R't 10 gl	4	White, Paris Am'r	1 25
Cubebae	28@ 33	Tigili	1 10@1 20	Cassia Acutifol Co	50	P D Co	1 00	Spts, Vi'l R't 5 gal	4	Whiff Paris Eng.	1 40
Juniperus	8@ 10	Thyme	40@ 50	Digitalis	50	P D Co	1 00	Strychnia, Cryst'l 10	1 30	cliff	@1 40
Xanthoxylum	30@ 35	Thyme, opt	1 60@1 80	Ergot	50	P D Co	1 00	Sulphur Subl.	2 1/2@ 3 1/2	Shaker Prep'd	1 25@1 35
Balsamum		Theobromas	15@ 20	Ferri Chloridum	50	P D Co	1 00	Tamarinds	8@ 10	Varnishes	
Copaiba	70@ 80	Potassium		Gentian	50	P D Co	1 00	Terebenth Venice	23@ 30	No. 1 Turp Coach	1 10 1 20
Peru	75@2 85	Bi-Carb	15@ 18	Gentian Co	50	P D Co	1 00	Thebromae	55@ 60	Extra Turp	1 60@1 70
Terabin, Canada	65@ 70	Bichromate	13@ 15	Gulaca	50	P D Co	1 00				
Tolutan	40@ 45	Bromide	20@ 25	Gulaca ammon	50	P D Co	1 00				
Cortex		Carb	12@ 15	Hyoscyamus	50	P D Co	1 00				
Abies, Canadian.	18	Chlorate	12@ 14	Iodine	75	P D Co	1 00				
Cassiae	20	Cyanide	30@ 40	Iodine, colorless	75	P D Co	1 00				
Cinchona Flava.	18	Iodide	2 50@2 60	Kino	50	P D Co	1 00				
Buonymus atro.	60	Potassa, Bitart pr	30@ 32	Lobelia	50	P D Co	1 00				
Myrica Cerifera.	20	Potass Nitras opt	7@ 10	Myrrh	50	P D Co	1 00				
Prunus Virgini.	15	Potass Nitras	6@ 8	Nux Vomica	50	P D Co	1 00				
Quillaia, gr'd	12	Prussiate	23@ 26	Opil	1 25	P D Co	1 00				
Sassafras, po 25	24	Sulphate po	15@18	Opil, camphorated	1 00	P D Co	1 00				
Ulmus	20	Radix		Opil, deodorized	2 00	P D Co	1 00				
Extractum		Aconitum	20@ 25	Quassia	50	P D Co	1 00				
Glycyrrhiza Gla.	24@ 30	Aithae	30@ 35	Rhatany	50	P D Co	1 00				
Glycyrrhiza, po.	28@ 30	Anchusa	10@ 12	Rhel	50	P D Co	1 00				
Haematox	11@ 12	Arum po	10@ 12	Sanguinaria	50	P D Co	1 00				
Haematox, 1s.	13@ 14	Calamus	20@ 40	Serpentaria	50	P D Co	1 00				
Haematox, 1/2s	14@ 15	Gentiana po 15	12@ 15	Stromonium	60	P D Co	1 00				
Haematox, 1/4s	16@ 17	Glycyrrhiza pv 15	16@ 18	Tolutan	50	P D Co	1 00				
Ferru		Hydrastis, Canaga	2 50	Valerian	50	P D Co	1 00				
Carbonate Precip.	15	Hydrastis, Can. po	2 60	Veratrum Verde	50	P D Co	1 00				
Citrate and Quina	2 00	Hellebore, Alba.	12@ 15	Zingiber	60	P D Co	1 00				
Citrate Soluble.	55	Inula, po	18@ 22	Miscellaneous		P D Co	1 00				
Ferrocyanidum S	40	Ipecac, po	2 00@2 10	Aether, Spts Nit 3f	30@ 35	P D Co	1 00				
Solut. Chloride	15	Iris plox	35@ 40	Aether, Spts Nit 4f	34@ 38	P D Co	1 00				
Sulphate, com'l	2	Jalapa, pr	25@ 30	Alumen, grd po 7	3@ 4	P D Co	1 00				
Sulphate, com'l, by	70	Maranta, 1/4s	25@ 30	Annatto	40@50	P D Co	1 00				
Sulphate, pure	7	Podophyllum po.	15@ 18	Antimoni, po	4@ 5	P D Co	1 00				
Flora		Rhel	75@1 00	Antimoni et po T	40@ 50	P D Co	1 00				
Arnica	20@ 25	Rhel, cut	1 00@1 25	Antipyrin	25	P D Co	1 00				
Anthemis	50@ 60	Rhel, pv.	75@1 00	Antifebrin	20	P D Co	1 00				
Matricaria	30@ 35	Spigella	1 45@1 50	Argentii Nitras oz	53	P D Co	1 00				
Folia		Sanguinari, po 18	5@ 15	Arsenicum	10@ 12	P D Co	1 00				
Barosma	40@ 45	Serpentaria	50@ 55	Balm Gilead buds	60@ 65	P D Co	1 00				
Cassia Acutifol.	15@ 21	Senega	85@ 90	Bismuth S N	2 10@2 25	P D Co	1 00				
Tinnevely	25@ 30	Smilax, off's H.	4@ 48	Calcium Chlor. 1s	9	P D Co	1 00				
Cassia, Acutifol.	25@ 30	Smilax, M	20@ 25	Calcium Chlor. 1/2s	10	P D Co	1 00				
Salvia officinalis.	13@ 20	Scilla po 45	20@ 25	Calcium Chlor. 1/4s	12	P D Co	1 00				
1/4s and 1/2s	18@ 20	Symplocarpus	25@ 30	Cantharides, Rus.	20	P D Co	1 00				
Uva Ursi	8@ 10	Valeriana, Eng.	15@ 20	Capsici Fruct's af	22	P D Co	1 00				
Gummi		Valeriana, Ger.	15@ 20	Capsici Fruct's po	15	P D Co	1 00				
Acacia, 1st pkd.	65	Zingiber a	12@ 16	Cap'i Fruct's B po	20@ 22	P D Co	1 00				
Acacia, 2nd pkd.	45	Zingiber j	25@ 28	Carphyllus	20@ 22	P D Co	1 00				
Acacia, 3rd pkd.	18	Semen		Carmin, No. 40	4@ 25	P D Co	1 00				
Acacia, sifted sts.	45@ 65	Anisum po 20	15	Cera Alba	50@ 55	P D Co	1 00				
Acacia, po.	22@ 25	Apium (gravel's)	13@ 15	Cera Flava	40@ 42	P D Co	1 00				
Aloe Barb	25	Bird, 1s	4@ 6	Crocus	45@ 50	P D Co	1 00				
Aloe, Cape	25	Carui po 15	14@ 15	Cassia Fructus	35	P D Co	1 00				
Aloe, Socotri	45	Cardamon	70@ 90	Centraria	10	P D Co	1 00				
Ammoniac	55@ 60	Coriandrum	12@ 14	Cataceum	35	P D Co	1 00				
Asafoetida	35@ 40	Cannabis Sativa	7@ 8	Chloroform	34@ 54	P D Co	1 00				
Benzoinum	50@ 55	Cydonium	75@1 00	Chloro'm Squibbs	90	P D Co	1 00				
Catechu, 1s	13	Chenopodium	25@ 30	Chloral Hyd Crss 1	35@1 60	P D Co	1 00				
Catechu, 1/2s	14	Dipterix Odorate.	80@1 00	Chondrus	20@ 25	P D Co	1 00				
Catechu, 1/4s	16	Foeniculum	18	Cinchonidine P-W	38@ 48	P D Co	1 00				
Comphorae	92@1 05	Foenugreek, po.	7@ 9	Cinchonid'e Germ	38@ 48	P D Co	1 00				
Euphorbium	40	Lini, grd. bbl. 2%	3@ 6	Cocaine	2 70@2 95	P D Co	1 00				
Galbanum	21@ 30	Lobelia	75@ 80	Corks list, less 75%	45	P D Co	1 00				
Gamboge	25@1 35	Pharlaris Cana'n	9@ 10	Creosotum	45	P D Co	1 00				
Gaulacum	35	Rapa	5@ 6	Creta	75	P D Co	1 00				
Kino	45	Sinapis Alba	8	Creta, prep.	9@ 11	P D Co	1 00				
Mastic	45	Sinapis Nigra	9@ 10	Creta, precip.	9@ 11	P D Co	1 00				
Myrrh	45	Spiritus		Creta, Rubra	8	P D Co	1 00				
Opium	5 75@6 00	Frumenti W D. 2	00@2 50	Cudbear	24	P D Co	1 00				
Shellac	45@ 55	Frumenti	1 25@1 50	Cupri Sulph	8 1/2@ 12	P D Co	1 00				
Shellac, bleached	60@ 65	Juniperis Co O T 1	65@2 00	Dextrine	7@ 10	P D Co	1 00				
Tragacanth	70@1 00	Juniperis Co.	1 75@3 50	Emery, all Nos.	8	P D Co	1 00				
Herba		Saccharum N E 1	90@2 10	Emery, po	8	P D Co	1 00				
Absinthium	45@ 60	Spt Vini Galli	1 75@6 50	Ergota	65 60@ 65	P D Co	1 00				
Eupatorium oz pk	20	Vini Oporto	1 25@2 00	Ether Sulph	35@ 40	P D Co	1 00				
Lobelia oz pk	25	Vini Alba	1 25@2 00	Flake White	12@ 15	P D Co	1 00				
Majorium oz pk	25	Sponges		Galla	30	P D Co	1 00				
Mentha Pip. oz pk	23	Florida sheeps' wool	3 00@3 50	Gambler	8@ 9	P D Co	1 00				
Mentha Ver. oz pk	25	Nassau sheeps' wool	3 50@3 75	Gelatin, Cooper.	60	P D Co	1 00				
Rue oz pk	39	carriage	@2 00	Gelatin, French.	35@ 60	P D Co	1 00				
Tanacetum, V.	22	wool, carriage	@2 00	Glassware, fit boo 75%	75%	P D Co	1 00				
Thymus V. oz pk	25	Extra yellow sheeps'	@1 25	Less than box 70%	70%	P D Co	1 00				
Magnesia		Grass sheeps' wool,	@1 25	Glue, brown	11@ 13	P D Co	1 00				
Calcined, Pat.	55@ 60	carriage	@1 00	Glue white	15@ 25	P D Co	1 00				
Carbonate, Pat	18@ 20	Hard, slate use.	@1 00	Glycerina	18@ 25	P D Co	1 00				
Carbonate, K-M.	18@ 20	Yellow Reef, for	@1 40	Grana Paradisi.	25	P D Co	1 00				
Carbonate	18@ 20	slate use	@1 40	Humulus	35@ 60	P D Co	1 00				
Oleum		Syrups		Hydrarg Ch...Mt	90	P D Co	1 00				
Absinthium	4 90@5 00	Acacia	50	Hydrarg Ch Cor.	90	P D Co	1 00				
Amygdalae Dulc.	75@ 85	Aurantii Cortex.	50	Hydrarg Ox Ru'm	1 00	P D Co	1 00				
Amygdalae, Ama	8 00@8 25	Zingiber	50	Hydrarg Ammo'l	15	P D Co	1 00				
Anisi	1 90@2										

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		3	4	5
Index to Markets		1	2			
By Columns						
A		ARCTIC AMMONIA	Oysters	Emblem	Cracknels	Raisins
Ammonia	1	12 oz. ovals 2 doz. box	Cove, 1lb.	Gem	Coffee Cake, pl. or iced	London Layers, 3 or
Axle Grease	1	1lb. wood boxes, 4 dz.	Cove, 2lb.	Ideal	Cocoanut Taffy	London Layers, 4 or
B		AXLE GREASE	Cove, 1lb. Oval	Jersey	Cocoanut Bar	Cluster, 5 crown
Baked Beans	1	Frazer's	Plums	Riverside	Cocoanut Drops	Loose Muscatels, 3 or
Bath Brick	1	1lb. tin boxes, 2 dz.	Peas	Springdale	Cocoanut Honey Cake	Loose Muscatels, 3 cr. 8 1/2
Bluing	1	3 1/2 lb. tin boxes, 2 dz.	Marrowfat	Warner's	Cocoanut Hon. Fingers	Loose Muscatels, 4 cr. 9
Brooms	1	10 lb. pails, per doz.	Early June	Brick	Cocoanut Macaroons	L. M. Seeded 1 lb 9 1/2 @ 11
Brushes	1	15 lb. pails, per doz.	Early June Sifted	Leiden	Dandelion	Sultanas, bulk
Butter Color	1	25 lb. pails, per doz.	Peaches	Limburger	Dixie Cookie	Sultanas, package
C		BAKED BEANS	Pineapple	Pineapple	Frosted Cream	FARINACEOUS GOODS
Candles	1	1lb. can, per doz.	Sliced	Swiss, domestic	Frosted Honey Cake	Beans
Canned Goods	1	2lb. can, per doz.	Pumpkin	Swiss, imported	Fluted Cocoanut	Dried Lima
Carbon Oils	1	English	Fair	CHEWING GUM	Fruit Tarts	Med. Hd. Pk'd
Catsup	1	BLUING	Good	American Flag Spruce	Ginger Gems	Brown Holland
Cereals	1	Arctic	Fancy	Beeman's Pepsin	Ginger Nuts	Farina
Cheese	1	6 oz. ovals 3 doz. box	Gallon	Adams Pepsin	Hippodrome	24 1lb. packages
Chewing Gum	1	16 oz. round 2 doz. box	Raspberries	Best Pepsin	Honey Cake, N. B. C.	Bulk, per 100 lbs.
Chicoory	1	Sawyer's Pepper Box	Russian Caviar	Best Pepsin, 5 boxes	Honey Fingers, As. Ice	Hominy
Chocolate	1	Per Gross.	1/4 lb. cans	Black Jack	Household Cookies	Flake, 50lb. sack
Clothes Lines	1	No. 3, 3 doz. wood bxs	1/2 lb. cans	Largest Gum Made	Household Cookies Iced	Pearl, 200lb. sack
Cocoa	1	No. 5, 3 doz. wood bxs	1lb. cans	Sen Sen	Household Cookies Iced	Pearl, 100lb. sack
Cocoanut	1	BROOMS	Standard	Sen Sen Breath Perf	Iced Honey Crumpets	Maccaroni and Vermicelli
Cocoa Shells	1	No. 1 Carpet, 4 sew.	1/4 lb. cans	Long Tom	Imperial	Domestic, 10lb. box
Coffee	1	No. 2 Carpet, 4 sew.	1/2 lb. cans	Yucatan	Iced Honey Flake	Imported, 25lb. box
Confections	11	No. 3 Carpet, 3 sew.	Col'a River, talls	CHICORY	Iced Honey Jumbles	Pearl Barley
Crackers	1	No. 4 Carpet, 3 sew.	Col'a River, flats	Bulk	Island Picnic	Common
Cream Tartar	4	Parlor Gem	Red Alaska	Red	Jersey Lunch	Chester
D		Common Whisk	Pink Alaska	Eagle	Kream Klips	Empire
Dried Fruits	4	Fancy Whisk	Sardines	Franck's	Lem Yem	Peas
Farinaceous Goods	6	Warehouse	Domestic, 1/4 s	Schener's	Lemon Gems	Green, Wisconsin, bu.
Fish and Oysters	10	BRUSHES	Domestic, 1/2 s	Walter Baker & Co's	Lemon Biscuit, Square	Green, Scotch, bu.
Flavoring Extracts	5	Scrub	Domestic, Must'd	German Sweet	Lemon Cookie	Split, lb.
Fresh Meats	5	Solid Back, 8 in.	California, 1/4 s	Premium	Mary Ann	Sago
G		Solid Back, 11 in.	California, 1/2 s	Caracas	Marshmallow Walnuts	East India
Gelatin	1	Pointed Ends	French, 1/4 s	Walter M. Lowney Co.	Mariner	German, sacks
Grain Bags	5	Stove	French, 1/2 s	Premium, 1/4 s	Molasses Cakes	German, broken pkg.
Grains and Flour	5	No. 3	Shrimps	Premium, 1/2 s	Mohican	Taploca
Herbs	6	No. 1	Standard	Baker's	Mixed Picnic	Flake, 110 lb. sacks
Hides and Pelts	10	No. 2	Fair	Cleveland	Nabob Jumble	Pearl, 130 lb. sacks
I		No. 3	Good	Colonial, 1/4 s	Newton	Pearl, 100 lb. pkgs.
Jelly	6	No. 4	Fancy	Colonial, 1/2 s	Nic Nacs	FLAVORING EXTRACTS
L		No. 5	Strawberries	Epss	Oatmeal Crackers	Foot & Jenks
Licorice	6	No. 6	Tomatoes	Huyler	Orange Gems	Coleman brand Van. Lem.
Matches	6	No. 7	Fair	Lowney, 1/4 s	Oval Sugar Cakes	2 oz. 1 20 75
Meat Extracts	6	No. 8	Good	Lowney, 1/2 s	Penny Cakes, Assorted	4 oz. 2 00 1 75
Mince Meat	6	No. 9	Fancy	Lowney, 1/4 s	Pretzels, Hand Md.	8 oz. 4 00 3 00
Molasses	6	No. 10	Gallons	Lowney, 1/2 s	Pretzettes, Hand Md.	Jaxon brand Van. Lem.
Mustard	6	No. 11	CARBON OILS	Lowney, 1/4 s	Pretzettes, Mac. Md.	2 oz. 2 00 1 25
N		No. 12	Perfection	Lowney, 1/2 s	Raisin Cookies	4 oz. 4 00 2 40
Nuts	11	No. 13	Water White	Webb	Revere, Assorted	8 oz. 8 00 4 50
O		No. 14	D. S. Gasoline	Wilbur, 1/4 s	Rube	Jennings D. C. Brand
Olives	6	No. 15	Gas Machine	Wilbur, 1/2 s	Scotch Style Cookies	Terpeness Ext. Lemon
P		No. 16	Deodor'd Nap'a	Wilbur, 1/4 s	Snow Creams	No. 2 Panel
Pickles	6	No. 17	Engine	Wilbur, 1/2 s	Sugar Fingers	No. 4 Panel
Playing Cards	6	No. 18	Black, winter	COCOANUT	Sugar Gems	No. 6 Panel
Potash	6	No. 19	CEREALS	Dunham's 1/4 s & 1/2 s	Sultana Fruit Biscuit	Taper Panel
Provisions	6	No. 20	Breakfast Foods	Dunham's 1/2 s	Spiced Gingers	1 oz. Full Meas.
R		No. 21	Bordeau Flakes, 36 lb.	Bulk	Spiced Gingers Iced	2 oz. Full Meas.
Salad Dressing	7	No. 22	Cream of Wheat, 36 lb.	COCOA SHELLS	Sugar Cakes	4 oz. Full Meas.
Saleratus	7	No. 23	Egg-O-See, 36 pkgs.	20lb. bags	Sugar Squares, large or	Jennings D C Brand
Salt Soda	7	No. 24	Excella Flakes, 36 lb.	Less quantity	small	Extract Vanilla
Salt	7	No. 25	Excella, large pkgs.	Pound packages	Superba	No. 2 Panel
Salt Fish	7	No. 26	Force, 36 2 lb.	COFFEE	Sponge Lady Fingers	No. 4 Panel
Seeds	7	No. 27	Grape Nuts, 2 doz.	Common	Sugar Crimp	No. 6 Panel
Shoe Blacking	7	No. 28	Malta Ceres, 24 lb.	Fair	Vanilla Wafers	Taper Panel
Snuff	7	No. 29	Malta Vita, 36 lb.	Choice	Waverly	1 oz. Full Meas.
Soap	7	No. 30	Mapl-Flake, 36 lb.	Fancy	Zanzibar	2 oz. Full Meas.
Soda	7	No. 31	Pillsbury's Vitos, 3 doz.	Peaberry	In-er Seal Goods	4 oz. Full Meas.
Soups	7	No. 32	Ralston, 36 2 lb.	Maracaibo	Albert Biscuit	No. 2 Assorted Flavors
Spices	7	No. 33	Sunlight Flakes, 36 lb.	Choice	Animals	GRAIN BAGS
Starch	7	No. 34	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Common	Butter Thin Biscuit	Amoskeag, 100 in bale
Syrups	7	No. 35	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Fair	Butter Wafers	Amoskeag, less than 19 1/2
T		No. 36	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Choice	Cheese Sandwich	GRAIN AND FLOUR
Tea	8	No. 37	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Peaberry	Cocoanut Dainties	Wheat
Tobacco	8	No. 38	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Maracaibo	Faust Oyster	New No. 1 White
Twine	8	No. 39	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Choice	Fig Newton	New No. 2 Red
V		No. 40	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Guatemala	Five O'clock Tea	Winter Wheat Flour
Vinegar	8	No. 41	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Java	Frotana	Local Brands
W		No. 42	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	African	Ginger Snaps, N. B. C.	Patents
Wickling	8	No. 43	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Fancy African	Graham Crackers	Second Patents
Woodenware	8	No. 44	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	O. G.	Lemon Snap	Straight
Wrapping Paper	8	No. 45	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	P. G.	Oatmeal Crackers	Second Straight
Yeast Cake	8	No. 46	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Arabian	Oysterettes	Clear
		No. 47	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Package	Old Time Sugar Cook	Subject to usual cash dis-
		No. 48	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	New York Basis	Pretzettes, Hd Md.	count.
		No. 49	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Arbuckle	Royal Toast	Flour in barrels, 25c per
		No. 50	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Dilworth	Saltine	barrel additional.
		No. 51	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Jersey	Saratoga Flakes	Worden Grocer Co's Brand
		No. 52	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Lion	Social Tea Biscuit	Quaker, paper
		No. 53	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	McLaughlin's XXXX	Soda, N. B. C.	Quaker, cloth
		No. 54	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	McLaughlin's XXXX sold	Soda, Select	Wykes & Co.
		No. 55	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	to retailers only. Mail all	Sultana Fruit Biscuit	Eclipse
		No. 56	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	orders direct to W. F.	Uneda Biscuit	Kansas Hard Wheat Flour
		No. 57	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	McLaughlin & Co., Chicag-	Uneda Jinjer Wayfer	Judson Grocer Co.
		No. 58	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	go.	Uneda Milk Biscuit	Fanchon, 1/4 s cloth
		No. 59	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Extract	Vanilla Wafers	Grand Rapids Grain & Mill-
		No. 60	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Holland, 1/2 gro boxes	Water Thin	ing Co. Brands.
		No. 61	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Felix, 1/2 gross	Zu Zu Ginger Snaps	Wizard, assorted
		No. 62	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Hummel's foil, 1/2 gro.	Zwieback	Graham
		No. 63	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Hummel's tin, 1/2 gro.	Holland Rusk	Buckwheat
		No. 64	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	National Biscuit Company	36 packages	Rye
		No. 65	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Brand	40 packages	Spring Wheat Flour
		No. 66	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Butter	60 packages	Roy Baker's Brand
		No. 67	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Seymour, Round	CREAM TARTAR	Golden Horn, family
		No. 68	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	N. B. C., Square	Barrels or drums	Golden Horn, baker's
		No. 69	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Soda	Boxes	Wisconsin Rye
		No. 70	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Select Soda	Square cans	Judson Grocer Co's Brand
		No. 71	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Saratoga Flakes	Fancy caddies	Ceresota, 1/4 s
		No. 72	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs	Zephyrette	DRIED FRUITS	Ceresota, 1/2 s
		No. 73	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		Apples	Ceresota, 1/4 s
		No. 74	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		Evaporated	Ceresota, 1/2 s
		No. 75	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		Apricots	Lemon & Wheeler's Brand
		No. 76	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		California Prunes	Wingold, 1/4 s
		No. 77	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		100-125 25lb. boxes	Wingold, 1/2 s
		No. 78	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		90-100 25lb. boxes	Wingold, 1/4 s
		No. 79	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		80-90 25lb. boxes	Pillsbury's Brand
		No. 80	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		70-80 25lb. boxes	Best, 1/4 s cloth
		No. 81	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		60-70 25lb. boxes	Best, 1/4 s cloth
		No. 82	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		50-60 25lb. boxes	Best, 1/4 s cloth
		No. 83	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		40-50 25lb. boxes	Best, 1/4 s paper
		No. 84	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		30-40 25lb. boxes	Best, 1/4 s paper
		No. 85	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		1/4 c less in 50lb. cases	Best, wood
		No. 86	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		Corsican	Worden Grocer Co's Brand
		No. 87	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		Imp'd 1 lb. pkg.	Laurel, 1/4 s cloth
		No. 88	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		Imported bulk	Laurel, 1/4 s cloth
		No. 89	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		Peel	Laurel, 1/4 s & 1/2 s paper
		No. 90	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		Lemon American	Wykes & Co.
		No. 91	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs		Orange American	Sleepy Eye 1/4 s cloth
		No. 92	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs			Sleepy Eye, 1/4 s cloth
		No. 93	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs			Sleepy Eye, 1/4 s cloth
		No. 94	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs			Sleepy Eye, 1/4 s paper
		No. 95	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs			Sleepy Eye, 1/4 s paper
		No. 96	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs			Sleepy Eye, 1/4 s paper
		No. 97	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs			Sleepy Eye, 1/4 s paper
		No. 98	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs			Sleepy Eye, 1/4 s paper
		No. 99	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs			Sleepy Eye, 1/4 s paper
		No. 100	Sunlight Flakes, 20 lbs			Sleepy Eye, 1/4 s paper

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 55 Less than carlots 6 Corn Carlots Less than carlots Hay No. 1 timothy car lots 15 00 No. 1 timothy ton lots 16 00 HERBS Sage 15 Hops 15 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. 98 LICORICE Pure 30 Calabria 23 Sicily 14 Koot 11 MATCHES C. D. Crittenden Co. Noiseless Tip 4 50 @ 4 70 MEAT EXTRACTS Armour's, 2 oz. 4 45 Armour's, 4 oz. 8 20 Liebig's Chicago, 2 oz. 2 25 Liebig's Chicago, 4 oz. 5 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 60 Bulk, 5 gal. kegs 1 55 Manzanilla, 3 oz. 90 Queen, pints 2 50 Queen, 19 oz. 4 50 Queen, 28 oz. 7 00 Stuffed, 5 oz. 1 40 Stuffed, 3 oz. 1 45 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. 9 00 Half bbls., 600 count. 5 00 Small Half bbls., 1,200 count 5 70 PLAYING CARDS No. 90 Steamboat 85 No. 15, Rival, assorted 1 25 No. 20 Rover enameled 1 50 No. 672, Special 1 75 No. 98 Golf, satin finish 2 00 No. 808 Bicycle 2 00 No. 632 Tourist whist. 2 25 POTASH 48 cans in case 4 00 Babbitt's 4 00 PROVISIONS Barreled Pork Mess Clear Back 17 50 Short Cut 17 00 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 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 1/2 60 lb. tubs. advance 1/2 50 lb. tubs. advance 1/2 20 lb. pails. advance 1/2 10 lb. pails. advance 1/2 5 lb. pails. advance 1/2 1 lb. pails. advance 1	Sausages Bologna Liver 7 Frankfort 9 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 1/2 bbls., 40 lbs. 2 25 1/2 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 35 Deviled ham, 1/2 s 45 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, 100 lb. cs. 1 00 Lump, bbls. 80 Lump, 145 lb. 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, 100 lbs. 7 50 No. 1, 40 lbs. 3 25 No. 1, 10 lbs. 90 No. 1, 8 lbs. 75 Mackerel Mess, 100 lbs. 15 00 Mess, 40 lbs. 6 20 Mess, 10 lbs. 1 65 Mess, 8 lbs. 1 35 No. 1, 100 lbs. 14 00 No. 1, 40 lbs. 5 60 No. 1, 10 lbs. 1 65 No. 1, 8 lbs. 1 36 Whitefish No. 1, No. 2 Fam 100 lb. 9 75 4 50 50 lb. 5 25 2 40 10 lb. 1 12 60 8 lb. 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 9 @ 11 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. Wrisley 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 Kirkline, 24 1/2 lb. 3 80 Pearline 3 80 Sapline 4 10 Babbitt's 1776 4 10 Roseine 3 75 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 1/4 SOUPS Columbia 3 00 Red Letter 90 SPICES Whole Spices Allspice 12 Cassia, China in mats. 12 Cassia, Canton 12 Cassia, Batavia, bund. 16 Cassia, Saigon, broken. 28 Cassia, Saigon, in rolls. 55 Cloves, Amboyana 25 Cloves, Zanzibar 20 Mace 55 Nutmegs, 75-80 25 Nutmegs, 105-10 25 Nutmegs, 115-20 25 Pepper, Singapore, blk. 15 Pepper, Singap. white. 25 Pepper, shot 17 Pure Ground in Bulk Allspice 16 Cassia, Batavia 28 Cassia, Saigon 55 Cloves, Zanzibar 24 Ginger, African 15 Ginger, Cochon 18 Ginger, Jamaica 25 Mace 65 Mustard 65 Pepper, Singapore, blk. 17 Pepper, Singap. white. 28 Pepper, Cayenne 20 Sage 20 STARCH Common Gloss 1 lb. packages 4 @ 5 3 lb. packages @ 5 1/2 6 lb. packages @ 5 1/2 40 and 50 lb. boxes 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4 Barrels @ 3 3/4 Common Corn 20 lb. packages 5 40 lb. packages 4 @ 7 SYRUPS Corn Barrels 29 Half Barrels 31 20 lb. cans 1/4 dz. in cs 2 00 10 lb. cans 1/4 dz. in cs. 1 95 5 lb. 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 Sndried, medium 24 Sundried, choice 32 Sundried, fine 36 Regular, choice 32 Regular, fancy 32 Basket-fired, medium 31 Basket-fired, choice 33 Nibs 22 @ 24 Siftings 9 @ 11 Fannings 13 @ 14	Gunpowder Moyune, medium 30 Moyune, choice 32 Moyune, fancy 40 Pingsuey, medium 50 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 34 Hiawatha, 5 lb. pails. 55 Telegram 30 Pay Car 23 Prairie Rose 49 Protection 40 Sweet Burley 44 Tiger 40 Plug Red Cross 31 Palo 35 Hiawatha 41 Kyo 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 Heidsick 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, 5 lb. 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 40 Myrtle Navy 44 Yum Yum, 1 1/2 oz. 39 Yum Yum, 1 lb. pails. 40 Cream 38 Corn Cake, 2 1/2 oz. 22 Corn Cake, 1 lb. 22 Plover Boy, 1 1/2 oz. 39 Plover Boy, 3 1/2 oz. 35 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, 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 2 lb. size, 24 in case. 72 3 lb. size, 16 in case. 68 5 lb. size, 12 in case. 63 10 lb. 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. 80 Mop Sticks Trojan Spring 90 Eclipse patent spring. 85 No. 1 common 80 No. 2 pat. brush holder 85 12 lb. 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, air 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 80 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 3 65 Window Cleaners 12 in. 1 60 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 40 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 1/4 Wax Butter, short c't. 13 Wax Butter, full count 20 Wax Butter, rolls 16 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 Cream, 3 doz. 1 00 Yeast Foam, 1 1/2 doz. 58 FRESH FISH Per lb. Whitefish, Jumbo 20 Whitefish, No. 1 15 Trout 14 Halibut 13 Ciscos or Herring 8 Bluefish 15 Live Lobster 32 Boiled Lobster 34 Cod 12 Haddock 8 Pickerel 12 1/2 Pike 9 Perch, dressed 8 1/2 Smoked, White 12 1/2 Red Snapper 11 1/2 Chinook Salmon 16 Mackerel 22 Finnan Haddie 13 1/2 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 17 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 5 lb. Boxes Old Fashioned Molass- es Kisses, 10 lb. 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 10 H. M. Choc. Lt. and Dark No. 12 10 Bitter Sweets, as'td 1 25 Brilliant Gums, Crys. 60 A. A. Licorice Drops. 90 Lozenges, plain 60 Lozenges, printed 65 Imperial 60 Mottoes 65 Cream Bar 60 G. M. Peanut Bar 60 Hand Made Crms 80 @ 94 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- sortment 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 Brazil 14 @ 15 Filberts @ 13 Cal. No. 1 Walnuts, soft shelled 18 @ 19 Walnuts, Chili @ 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 Alicante Almonds @ 42 Jordan Almonds @ 47 Peanuts Fancy H. P. Suns @ 6 1/2 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
Paragon55 6 00

BAKING POWDER

Royal



10c size 90
1/4 lb. cans 1 35
6oz. cans 1 90
1/2 lb. cans 2 50
3/4 lb. cans 3 75
1 lb. cans 4 80
3 lb. cans 13 00
5 lb. cans 21 50

BLUING



S. P. Bluing

Doz
Small size, 1 doz. box...40
Large size, 1 doz. box...75

CIGARS

G. J. Johnson Cigar Co.'s bd.



Any quantity31
El Portana33
Evening Press32
Exemplar32

Worden Grocer Co. brand
Ben Har

Perfection35
Perfection Extras35
Londres35
Londres Grand35
Standard35
Puritans35
Panatellas, Finas35
Panatellas, Bock35
Jockey Club35

COCOANUT

Baker's Brazil Shredded



70 1/4 lb. pkg. per case 2 60
35 1/4 lb. pkg. per case 2 60
38 1/4 lb. pkg. per case 2 60
18 1/4 lb. pkg. per case 2 60

FRESH MEATS

Beef

Carcass5 @ 8%
Hindquarters7 1/2 @ 10
Loins8 @ 14
Rounds5 1/2 @ 7
Chucks5 @ 6 1/2
Plates5 @ 5
Livers5 @ 5

Pork

Loins@ 10 1/2
Dressed@ 6 1/2
Boston Butts@ 9
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
Carcass6 @ 8%

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

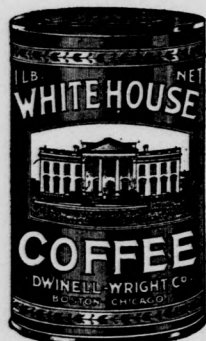
Galvanized Wire

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 2 in.9
1 3/4 to 2 in.11
2 in.15
3 in.20

Cotton Lines

No. 1, 10 feet5
No. 2, 15 feet7
No. 3, 15 feet9
No. 4, 15 feet10
No. 5, 15 feet11
No. 6, 15 feet12
No. 7, 15 feet15
No. 8, 15 feet18
No. 9, 15 feet20

Linen Lines

Small20
Medium38
Large84

Poles

Bamboo, 14 ft., per doz. 55
Bamboo, 16 ft., per doz. 60
Bamboo, 18 ft., per doz. 60

GELATINE

Cox's, 1 doz.1 80
Knox's Sparkling, doz. 1 20
Knox's Sparkling, gro. 14 00
Nelson's1 50
Knox's Acidu'd. doz. 1 20
Oxford75
Plymouth Rock1 95

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, large3 75
Halford, small2 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.

For Sale—One-half interest in thriving hardware and implement business in good live town; best of farming country. Located at Manito, Illinois. Good reason for selling. Address George Knollhoff, Manito, Ill. 383

For Sale—General stock, first-class, corner location, easy rent. First-class town, surrounded by the finest country in state. 90 per cent. cash business. My lease expires March 1. Reason for selling, other business to look after. This is a rare opportunity for someone. If interested write F. H. Ballinger, Shepherd, Mich. 382

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

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

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—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

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

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—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—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 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

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

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.

Druggist wants situation in country store at once. Capable. References. Drugs, Box 187, Howard City, Mich. 381

Want Ads. continued on next page.

TRADESMAN ITEMIZED LEDGERS

SIZE—8 1/2 x 14.
THREE COLUMNS.

2 Quires, 160 pages...	\$2 00
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80 double pages, registers 2,880 invoices.....\$2 00

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.

PAID HIS BILLS.

The Kind of Religion That Always Counts.

Every time I get a letter from the house these days it begins like this: "We must insist that you give more attention to your collections. The financial situation, etc., etc." I have had enough letters in the last month, telling me to get busy after the money to blue paper a whole flock of hotels. I would rather go into the scavenger business than collect bills anyway.

Well, the other day, I dropped in to a town on the Kite. As usual there was a letter waiting for me which began: "The financial situation makes it necessary, etc., etc." Attached to the letter was a statement with a billboard, "Please Remit," stamped across the face of it, against a hard old nut in that town.

I knew what I would get when I presented it to him. Same old story. "Bad collections, everybody hedging. Will try and have something for you next time you come around."

The past due statement was for \$225.50. I shoved it over the show-case at him and was getting ready to say, "The financial situation makes it necessary for us to, etc., etc.," when he disappeared into the cashier's booth with the statement in his hand. He looked over his file of invoices, jotted down a little stuff, deducted \$4 for drayage and grabbed his check book.

"Just receipt it," he said sweetly.

"What?" I said in a husky voice. I knew there was something wrong, but I couldn't figure it out. I pinched myself five or six times and thought every minute that I would hear the bell boy beating the varnish off my bedroom door and hollering that I had just forty minutes to catch the 8:05 train. But I was awake all right. His name was Johnson, and I knew him pretty well. "What," I said, "are you afraid your bank is going to bust or is it closed up already, and do you want to make me feel good for a day or two until the check comes back?"

He came back at me strong. "I'll give you the real stuff if you want it," and he opened up his safe and pulled a drawer out of the strong box which sounded heavy. He picked up a handful of yellow boys and began to count.

"Johnson," I said, "I never did put much confidence in you, but I didn't think you'd go into the counterfeit business."

He picked one of those big, healthy, twenty-dollar boys—the kind that are better for the eyes than a painful of Murine—and let it drop on the plate in the cashier's window. The ring it made took me back to the good old days when I used to carry those things in my pocket before the banks decided that the only way to make money plentiful was to lock it up in their vaults.

"That's real money, all right, Johnson," I said, "but I won't take it. You stole it somewhere, and I'm not going to take any chances on getting juggled for disposing of your swag. That is no good for bail money at

the city jail, so I'm going to be on the safe side."

"Do you read your Bible?" he said. "The Eighth Commandment says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Well, I'll be—" was all that I could manage to say.

He came back at me again. "The Second Commandment reads, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the —' and I want you to understand that I will tolerate no more profanity in this store."

That was my last guess. Johnson, of all men! The way he used to swear at his clerks. And now he was quoting Scripture as though he had read the Bible. It was too much for me.

"What has happened, anyway?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I don't mind telling you. You've known me a long enough time to know that I haven't carried any overstock of religion, but, for business purposes, I always have put up my share to support the town churches 'grudgingly and of necessity' (more Scripture). Well, about a month ago the town ministers touched me for \$10 to pay for a revivalist for a three weeks' effort at rescuing the backsliders and getting some new recruits. I came through all right and they put up the tent. The man was a great talker and the whole town, good and bad, was there every night.

"At the end of the first week old Dick Bridges, who always was the best Methodist and the worst pay in town—he's worth about \$40,000—came in and said, 'Brother Johnson, how much do I owe you?' I never like to be 'brothered' because it generally leads up to a touch, but I told him how much he owed me, and I'll be d—, excuse me. I almost said a swear word then. It's funny how the devil's habits hang onto a man even after he has been regenerated. Well, anyway, Dick Bridges paid me in full. The next day two more of my worst pay customers paid their bank accounts. Others have been coming in ever since, and I've collected more money since the evangelist struck town than I ever did before. I couldn't understand it. I tackled the next poor-pay man that came in to square his account. 'How does it all happen, anyway?' I asked him.

"We've got the right kind of religion—that's the reason," he said. "We've been regenerated. I've been a churchman for years, but I've just begun to be a Christian. The difference between stealing and not paying your bills when you have the money doesn't exist. Being a deadbeat is being a cowardly thief."

"That settled me," Johnson continued. "You know I have always been a pretty hard nut, but I have enough Missouri blood in my veins to know when I'm shown. So I went to the tent that night and I don't mind telling you that night before last I was elected to the Board of Trustees of the Methodist church. You are getting this money simply because this evangelist put this town on the square."

That's the kind of religion that counts. Johnson tried to get me to

go to the tent that night, but I kicked out. I was afraid to. I owe too much money.—Gripster in Commercial Bulletin.

New Rebate System For Attracting Trade.

Written for the Tradesman.

A rebate system for attracting trade has been adopted by the merchants of Battle Creek and went into effect Dec. 12. Battle Creek has the distinction of being the first Michigan city to adopt the plan, and is also the smallest town in the United States to form a rebate association, according to the statement of J. S. Cresswell, the outside expert, who has organized 166 of these associations in the past nine years. Fort Wayne is the nearest town that is working under the rebate system.

The plan in brief is as follows: Visiting shoppers may on request obtain from any merchant member of the Association a rebate book in which the amount of his purchases at different stores is entered. On completing his trading he presents his book to any one of the four banks of the city and is paid an amount never exceeding his actual outlay for round trip transportation, and never exceeding 5 per cent. of his total trade.

The percentage rule on which fares are refunded, expressed in another way, would be as follows:

On purchases of \$8 or more, fare refunded 10 miles, round trip.

On purchases of \$12 or more, fare refunded 15 miles, round trip.

On purchases of \$16 or more, fare refunded 20 miles, round trip.

On purchases of \$20 or more, fare refunded 25 miles, round trip.

This plan gives free transportation to and from Battle Creek, when purchases reach the following amounts: from Albion \$14.80; Galesburg \$8; Kalamazoo \$12; Chicago \$131.20; Buffalo \$346, and so on.

Fares are refunded by any of the banks during banking hours. The Merchants Savings Bank is the clearing house of the Association and the executive committee in charge of the work the first year is composed of Lewis M. Schroder, Sol Rosenfield and Chas. Harbeck.

The initial dues collected from each of the merchants who are members of the Association were \$15.

It is claimed for the rebate system that it will centralize in any live city from 25 to 35 per cent. of the retail trade within a radius of thirty miles and that there is no city in the United States where the plan has been in operation two years that can not boast of having at least 20 per cent. of the trade within this radius.

It is also claimed that the mail order business has increased more than 60 per cent. in all non-rebate territory in the past three years, while there has been absolutely no increase in any rebate territory.

The rebate fund is maintained by the merchants each paying in exact proportion to the trade received by the plan. He pays for what he gets, but gets it first. Similar to the figures of life insurance actuaries the

rebate system is based on probabilities, and while it is impossible to tell what any one visiting shopper will spend, it is known that a thousand and shoppers from outside will spend \$26.80 on an average, and that it costs the Association an average of 72 cents and a fraction to transport them.

No limits are placed as to distance in refunding fares. There are eighty-four merchants in the Battle Creek Association and the success of the system will be watched with interest in other cities of the State.

Almond Griffen.

Bound To Be Polite.

A Kalamazoo woman was not long ago watching a workman as he put up new window fixtures in her home.

"Don't you think that you have placed these fixtures too high?" asked she, having reference to the curtain rolls last put in place.

The workman, a stolid German, made no reply, but continued to adjust the fixtures.

"Don't you hear my question?" demanded the lady of the house. "How dare you be so rude!"

Whereupon the German gulped convulsively, and then replied in the gentlest of voices:

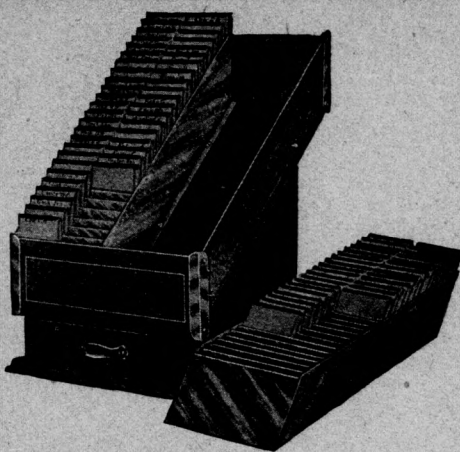
"I haf my mouth full of sphrews, und I could not spreak till I sval-low some!"

A Flint correspondent writes as follows: The commercial travelers of Flint as a fraternity will participate in the movement which has been inaugurated in the direction of having the fraternal societies of the city furnish the single rooms in the new Hurley hospital. At a largely attended meeting of Flint Council, No. 29, United Commercial Travelers, held at the Dresden Hotel on Saturday evening a suggestion to this effect was promptly and unanimously approved, and it was decided to give all the commercial travelers of this city, irrespective of membership in the local Council, an opportunity to contribute to the fund necessary to the furnishing of a room in the hospital. This makes the fourth organization in the city to engage in the movement, and there is every indication that by the time the hospital building is completed early next summer the furnishing of all the rooms will have been provided for through action on the part of other local fraternal societies. It is stated that the cost of furnishing each of the single rooms will be approximately between \$50 and \$60. At the meeting on Saturday evening the matter of securing permanent quarters for club rooms and a meeting place came up for consideration, and after some discussion was referred to a committee with instructions to look up available locations and make a report at a subsequent meeting of the Council.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

For Rent—A millinery floor, second floor including some fixtures, size 25x100 feet. Location of store best in city. In renting this space you are not asked to buy any old stock or fixtures. Entrance through store, which is used for cloak and suit room. Beautiful new elevator. Room is heated by steam. For particulars write to Meyer Desenberg, Jr., 214 West Dutton St., Kalamazoo, Mich. 384

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For
Yourself



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

We furnish complete information to all about our Keith System regardless of cost

We do this because it pays, and you ought to know.

It will pay you, Mr. Merchant, to know just what our system will accomplish for you.

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The Simple Account Salesbook Co.

Sole Manufacturers, also Manufacturers of Counter Pads for Store Use
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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.

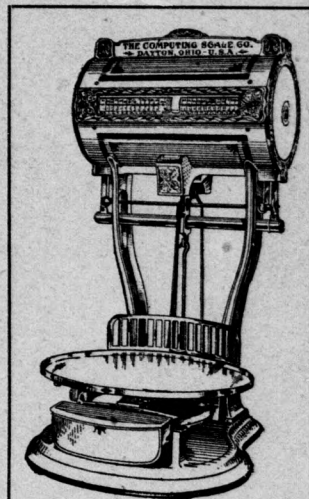
Think of the perfection of the bag which retained the gas sufficient to carry the weight.

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.

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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

**To All Our Friends and Patrons
We Wish**

**A Merry
Christmas**

and a

**Prosperous
New Year**



Leonard Crockery Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.