

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 39.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1914.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

C. SCHRADER WILL NOT RUN AGAIN

Nelson Schrader announces that he will not again run for village president. He says that while he appreciates the honor, he believes that whatever glory or burdens there are in connection with the office should be shared with others.

Mr. Schrader has made a splendid record and much of the village's business methods now being pursued, especially in the matter of water and electric light collections, and manner of bookkeeping, are those proposed by him.

In the matter of permanent street building, Mr. Schrader has accomplished much that will be lasting, and except for the unexpected happening in the dam going out and the consequent expense incident to the new construction, the finances of the village would have never been in better shape.

Mr. Schrader's appointments were commendable, and the whole community will regret that he will decline to again accept the office.

Just who will be the candidates is not yet assured. The many friends of Chas. Dolph are asking him to make the run, and Stewart Montgomery, Nelson Rogart and M. A. Porter have all been asked to allow their names to be presented.

MRS. DAVID GAGE DEAD.

The death of Mrs. David Gage at her home three miles west of Northville has caused widespread regret. Although she has been ill for some months, her friends had hoped almost against hope, that she might recover. Mrs. Gage, whose maiden name was Emmeline Clark, had passed her entire life in the vicinity and was universally beloved. In her quiet, unassuming way she had won for herself a place in the hearts of all who knew her, and she will be sadly missed in many places where her presence and help were always appreciated. No better words can be said of her than that she was a faithful wife, a devoted mother and a friend to the young or old, rich or poor.

She is survived by her husband, three sons, Clement and Stephen of Benjamin, Clayton of Charlotte, one daughter, Mrs. Frank Thompson of Northville, several grandchildren, three sisters and three brothers. The funeral services will take place at the home Saturday.

FRANK PHILLIPS DEAD.

Frank N. Phillips died at the home of his sister Mrs. John Martin, on North Center street, last Saturday. Mr. Phillips who was 50 years of age, was also a cousin of Wm. Phillips of this place. The body was taken by Undertaker Scarader to Milford on Wednesday, where the funeral and burial services were held.

AT THE ALSEIUM.

Thursday evening Feb. 26, is amateur night at the Alseium theatre here. Two prizes, \$2 and \$1 will be awarded for the best acts, which may be dancing, singing, instrumental numbers, elocution, plays, or any other form of entertainment. Anyone is eligible to enter the contest. The prizes will be awarded by the applause of the audience.

The same stunt will be pulled off at Plymouth on Wednesday evening, Feb. 25, for the talent of that city, to be conducted in the same way.

Then sometime the forepart of March, the three best acts from Plymouth will be staged at Northville and the three best ones of the two places, four cash prizes being the awards. This will be decided by two judges each from Northville and Plymouth, and one from a neutral city.

This is new to Northville patrons and will, no doubt, be taken up with great interest.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Registration for the Village of Northville, county of Wayne, Michigan, will meet in Murdock's Drug Store, in the Village of Northville, said county and State, on Saturday, March 7th, 1914, from 9.00 o'clock a. m. to 5.00 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of registering the electors of said Village. Women property owners who are eligible, may vote on the question of Gas Tax, by being registered at this time.

THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

Northville, Mich., February 20, 1914.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS



(Copyright.)

VILLAGE CAUCUSES SAME NIGHT

The Workmen's caucus will be held in the club at 7.30 p. m. next week, Friday night. The Citizens' caucus at the same hour in the village hall.

It should be borne in mind that every voter is a citizen and that the chief aim should be for what is the best interest for Northville and the welfare of its people.

A LOVE OF A BONNET

The following program will be given at the Presbyterian church Monday, Feb. 23, under the auspices of the C. E. Society.

A LOVE OF A BONNET

Characters: Mrs. Chippa widow, Myrtle Gorton Kirt, her daughter, Frances Yerkes Aunt Jerama Hopkins, a little inquisitive, Mrs. Chas. Blackburn Mrs. Hortensie, very grateful, Aletha Yerkes Dora, her daughter, Dorothy Dabear Katy Doolan, Irish help.

Admission adults, 20c; children 15c at 8.00 o'clock.

SUBSCRIBERS ATTENTION.

The attention of our subscribers is called to the following notice from the U. S. Postal Laws and Regulations:

Sec. 419, (4). Copies of Newspapers sent to persons after one year from date of expiration of their subscriptions will not be accepted at the pound rate.

This means that papers cannot be legally mailed after a year's credit has been extended, except by the affixing of a 1-cent stamp in each case.

NEAL PRINTING CO.

CARD OF THANKS.

We thank the King's Daughters, the Men of the Union Mfg. Co., F. of A. Auto and Paint and Trimming Girls of Pontiac, and the friends and neighbors for flowers and assistance rendered us during our sad bereavement.

MRS. W. R. HUTCHINGS AND FAMILY

CHIROPODIST AND FOOT SPECIALIST.

Wm. DeGaston, will be at the Exchange Hotel, Northville, every Monday, commencing Feb. 9.

Corns, bunions, ingrowing toe nails successfully treated. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices reasonable. Permanent address, 240 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

If you would like to know how to get your feet in good shape, write to me.

NEW AUTO FACTORY AT PLYMOUTH.

The After Motor Car Co. broke ground for the new factory last Friday morning, but owing to the severe snow storm which commenced soon after the men started work, they were obliged to discontinue their work until more favorable weather. The building, that is to be erected at the present time will only be used as a temporary factory building, and will later be used as a garage. This building will be 200 feet long and 40 feet wide. With favorable weather the company had hoped to have the building ready for occupancy in about two weeks. The first car manufactured by this company will be seen upon our streets by the time the building is ready. As a Lyon of this village has the credit of placing an order with the company for the first car turned out in its Plymouth plant. Contracts are being closed with agents for various types of cars and life prospects for a healthy year's business are very encouraging to the officers of the company. H. R. is hoping that the new company may meet with unlimited success - Plymouth Mail.

A CONTINUAL SUICIDER.

Mike Davis, of Northville who has attempted to end his life with chloroform no less than six times in the last few weeks, made another attempt yesterday afternoon. He was found unconscious from inhaling chloroform in the barn in the rear

AUCTION SALES.

Feb. 20 - Harry B. Clark will sell 50 head of high-grade Holstein cattle, consisting of 30 milk cows, 15 2-year-old heifers, and 5 high-grade bulls - ages from 8 months to 2 yrs old.

Seven head extra good general purpose horses, 1 high-class driving horse.

Also hogs, and sheep. All tools used on 300 acre farm.

Complete list on request. Frank Boyle and Harry C. Robinson, auctioneers. Three miles west of Northville on Base Line.

Feb. 21 - Fred Foss on the T. G. Richardson farm, north-end of Center St., Northville, horses, cows, hogs and tools. Rain or shine. Frank J. Boyle, auctioneer, 12 o'clock.

Feb. 25 - J. L. Greer, 3 1/2 miles west of North on Grand River road, 10 o'clock and hot lunch at noon. Cows, horses, hogs, sheep, hens, tools, etc. Frank Boyle, auctioneer.

Feb. 28 - John Broegman on the Robert Yerkes farm, 2 miles north of Yerkes' Cemetery, will sell a lot of cows, horses, farm implements, grain, etc. Sale commences at 10 o'clock, with lunch at noon. John Wedo, auctioneer.

McFARLAND-ROBYNS.

Miss Hazel Robyns of Detroit formerly of Plymouth, and Clifford McFarland of this place, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's sister in Detroit, Tuesday afternoon.

Their many friends wish them a long and happy life. Mr. and Mrs. McFarland leave soon for Saskatchewan, where the bride's parents live.

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Mrs. John Noodle is very ill with pneumonia.

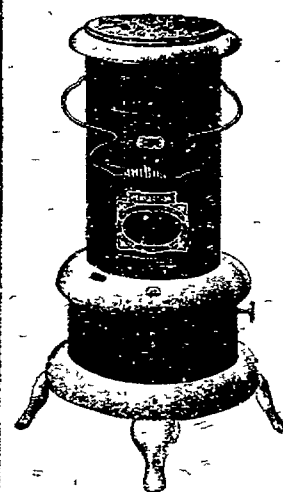
Mrs. Will Chaffy underwent a serious operation at Harper hospital last week.

Mrs. J. VanEpps, Sr., is very ill, her children having been called home by the seriousness of her illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buell entertained the Walkover club of Milford, at dinner, one day last week. There were about 35 guests present.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

The Farmington basket ball team were both defeated at Pontiac on last Thursday of last week. The girls lost the first game by forfeit, through a disagreement of Coach Finch with the Pontiac authorities. The Pontiac Methodists, won from the Farmington Scouts, 20 to 2 in



Perfection Oil Heaters

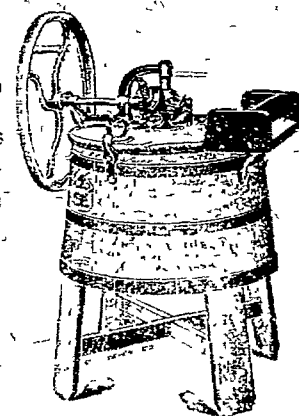
Buy one of these Oil Heaters and put in that cold room where you want heat. Heat when you want and where you want. No smoke no smell, no trouble.

This Perfection Heater, tin tank.....\$3.50

This Perfection Heater, brass tank.....\$4.50

This White Lily Washing Machine.....\$7.00

The White Lily Washer is one of the veterans of the Washing Machine business; there are many substitutes but no equals. Ask anyone who uses one. The White Lily Co. also make another style including power and electric machine. Ask about them.



JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



IMPRESS on the young man who is burning the candle at both ends and who is spending his big salary as fast as he makes it the VALUE OF A BANK ACCOUNT. Start him on the RIGHT ROAD today. If he is not hopeless he at once will see the error of his ways. The opening of a bank account has put a stop to many a youth's wild desire to be a HIGH FLIER.

DO YOUR BANKING WITH US WE PAY 3 PER CENT INTEREST.

Northville State Savings Bank.

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS, AT

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

J. M. DIXON, Prop'r. Both Phones

W. L. B. CLARK'S

MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream Furnished on Application.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.



THE HOME Of Quality Groceries

Not Until Our Goods Enter Your Homes Do We Relinquish

Our Careful Supervision Over Them IN ORDER THAT THEY May Reach You In the Best Condition.

TRADE AT RYDER'S

Exclusive Agent for Northville and vicinity for New Century Flour, Best Ever Milled

KISSING 'SQUIRE QUILTS.

Closes Office After Having Tied Knot for 1,000 Couples.

St. Charles, Mo.—Fritz Knoop, justice of the peace at St. Charles, who has kissed more than 1,000 brides out of the 1,000 he has married, has tied his last marriage knot and is "going out of business" as he expresses it. He has been in the "marrying business" nearly twenty years.

It was Justice Knoop's one ambition to marry 2,000 couples, but impaired health has caused him to close his office and take down the familiar little sign that hung over the door. Justice Knoop is 70 years old. During his career he has married couples of almost every age, between 14 and 55. Over half of them were St. Louisans.

For several years he was the only justice in St. Charles. During that period he did a thriving business. But two other justices have established themselves in St. Charles, and competition was keen. One of the justices found street car advertising an effective means of drawing candidates for matrimony. His "ad" in large red letters is conspicuously displayed in the St. Charles line cars.

Among Justice Knoop's clientele were many prominent St. Louisans who wished to get married "quietly." Many elopements have terminated in his office and at his home. On several occasions he was roused out of his slumber by an eloping couple. He began his career as a policeman, then became constable. He has married as many as seven couples in one day.

Profitable Hens.

Skowhegan, Maine.—O. D. Wells, of Skowhegan, is doing what no man in Somerset county has ever done. On three acres of land in the village and with 700 hens he is making an annual net profit of \$1,500.

Four years ago Mr. Wells started out to keep hens without any previous experience and but little money, but from the start he made a good sized profit. The first year it was \$900, the second a little more, and so on until last year he made \$1,500. Wells does this by no undue system, but simply by systematic work and good judgment. The entire care of the hens, raising of green crops for them and the marketing of the produce in all done by Wells himself with the assistance of only his wife.

Wells built his hen houses which consist of a hen house proper 200 feet long for housing 700 hens and a brooder house. He keeps three varieties of hens, Rhode Island Reds and Barred and White Plymouth Rocks.

Captures Husband; Sues for Reward

Chesterfield, Pa. Depositions were taken today in a suit brought by a Chesterfield woman, Mrs. Annie Keeler, against Chesterfield county to recover a reward of \$500 offered by the county commissioners for the capture of her husband, John O. Keeler, who more than a year ago shot and killed Joseph Roemer at the latter's brewery, where Keeler was employed, and then escaped to the hills. The murderer came to his home and, upon the advice of his wife gave himself up.

Keeler, who is sentenced to be hanged at the Chesterfield jail shows but little concern, but is anxious that his wife secure the \$500 reward, as there are several small children to be provided for.

Rewards Men Who Nursed Attache.

Paris.—In recognition of the care given to Captain D. von Winterfeldt, the military attache of the German embassy to France, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident last fall while following the French army maneuvers, the German emperor has sent an autograph portrait to Eugene Etienne, the French minister of war.

His majesty also bestowed decorations on a number of French officers, surgeons and civilian officials and on several women who aided in nursing Captain von Winterfeldt back to health. To the mayor of Grisolles the emperor sent \$1,200 to be distributed among the needy persons of the town.

Say Girl Robbed Mail.

Mullens, W. Va.—Eighteen-year-old Gladys G. Graham, a clerk in the postoffice here, has been arrested by postoffice inspectors on the charge of rifling parcel post mail of women's finery.

She was released on bail by the United States commissioner to appear for trial in the district court at Huntington, W. Va., in April.

The officers claim to have discovered several hundred dollars' worth of missing merchandise in the girl's room. Miss Graham came here from Hinton, W. Va.

No Divorce for Booze.

Trenton.—If a husband does not make some attempt to have his wife live with him, he cannot obtain a decree of divorce in the Court of Chancery, according to a decision by Vice Chancellor Backus, in refusing the application of Frank T. Booze.

Booze said he was deserted but on the stand he admitted that he made no overtures to his wife to return to him and Vice Chancellor Backus immediately dismissed the suit.

Grandmother's Mistake

Grandmother Peabody struggled ineffectually with the drowsiness that always overcame her in the afternoon, and at last, with a sigh of resignation, went comfortably to sleep. Her daughter-in-law, Eleanor, smiling lovingly, as she watched the gentle, motherly face, waited a moment to make sure the nap had begun, then she and Mrs. Gridley talked almost in whispers.

After a time the restraint was lessened somewhat, and as Grandmother Peabody's sleep became lighter, the conversation began to penetrate her consciousness, dimly at first, in a confused jumble, then gradually more distinct, until at last words reached her that nearly stopped the beating of her heart. After the first shock she doubted her own senses, but the subsequent utterances left little room for doubt.

"Old Ladies' Home!" There was no mistaking the significance of that "Old and Irritable!" A tear trickled down the old lady's cheek. "Interfering with the children!" Oh, that she had ever lived to hear her son's wife speak of her so. And yet, only the other day she had made a suggestion about the dressing of Donald, Eleanor's laughing but gentle reply that the suggestion would have been timely a decade ago, was now looked upon as indignant resentment.

"Yes," she heard Eleanor continue, "she is to go to-morrow. It does seem too bad, yet I'm sure it will be for the best. The life there will be more in harmony with the old lady's whims than it would be in daily contact with the children. Grandmother Peabody is—"

Grandmother Peabody heard no more. A dizzy feeling seized her, and the momentary feltness made her oblivious to all sound. When she recovered, Mrs. Gridley was making her adieu. After her visitor's departure, Eleanor went about her duties in another part of the house, leaving Grandmother Peabody to her reflections and a bitter indeed they were. All the remainder of the afternoon she sat and meditated, and by dinner time her mind was made up. She would go to her old friend Lucia Burbank, and with her help decide what to do in the future. At dinner her embittered state of mind distorted the loving deference of her son Ralph, and Eleanor, into a disgusting hypocrisy to which she had previously been blind.

The pair had gone out for an evening of social diversion. Out in the hall an odor of burning cloth was strong. With a sickening fear in her heart, Grandmother Peabody rushed to the children's room and opened the door. The lace curtain by the window was aflame. As the door was opened a burning fragment fell, a detached from the fire and rained down upon Donald's bed. In an instant, the coverlet was aflame with the sleeping child beneath it.

It did not occur to the fear-stricken woman to throw back the covering and snatch the child from the bed. She saw only a destroying demon that must be fought, and with a scream that brought the nurse and household hurrying up the stairs, she fell upon the flames, with her bare hands, beating them and smothering them, and when help had arrived and a serious conflagration averted, Grandmother Peabody lay on the floor unconscious, her hands and face scorched cruelly, her hair singed, and the lace at her throat all charred and blackened. When she recovered her senses Eleanor, with hat and coat thrown hastily aside, was applying a balm to her wounds and doing what she could before the arrival of the doctor.

"Oh, thank God!" Eleanor whispered when she saw the sufferer's eyes were open. "Do your burns pain you much, grandma?" she asked, solicitously.

Grandma shook her head. She was barely conscious of her external wounds. All other feelings seemed to be desensitized by the agonizing, suffocating pains that attended every attempt to breathe.

"Do you know, grandma, that you saved Donald's life?" continued Eleanor. "It hadn't been for you—Oh, grandma," she cried, impulsively, "what would we do without you?"

Grandmother Peabody smiled feebly in spite of her pain. "You won't," she whispered with difficulty, her wisest eyes on Eleanor's face. "Send me to the Old Ladies' Home—no?" "The Old Ladies' Home!" gasped Eleanor. "Oh Mother Peabody, is that what you thought? You must have heard me talking with Mrs. Gridley this afternoon about old Mrs. Jacobs. Who has become so cross of late. And you thought I meant you? Oh, you poor, poor darling, don't you know it—it just couldn't be so."

Grandmother Peabody's lips moved in a scarcely audible whisper. "Something in her eyes, and the painful irregularity of her breathing, caused Eleanor to start back in alarm."

"Ralph! Ralph!" she cried, and her husband sprang to her side. "See, Ralph, see, she's going from us. Oh mother! mother!" and sobbing bitterly she tottered into his arms.

Supporting his wife in his grief, Ralph Peabody leaned over his mother. Her eyes were closed. A tremor shook the slight frame and a last faint sigh fluttered on her flame-seared lips. Grandmother Peabody had gone to the home of the old and the young alike. Elizabeth W. Gay.

A BRITISH CENT.

The London Spectator renews the suggestion of a British coin, to be called a "cent," and to form the unit in a decimal system of currency. It says: "Why should we not add to the existing coins 'a British cent'—a coin value one-hundredth part of a pound? Then we should have at once for anyone who cared to use it a decimal system of money. The pound sterling is ten shillings, the shilling a half a florin, or 50 British cents; a sixpence is 25 British cents. The British cents would seldom circulate, but they would be useful coins of account. The suggestion is, of course, not new, but we recommend it to the Master of the Mint and the Treasury for consideration." It will be noticed that the coin value of the new piece would be approximately one-half of that of the American cent. It would work out practically as follows: Sixpence equals 25 cents; a shilling, 50 cents; a florin, or two shillings, 100 cents; a pound, 1,000 cents. This is, in a sense, a decimal system, but not in the complete manner of our own, as the florin is not in such common use as the others in the ordinary series of coins—pounds, shillings and pence, crowns and half crowns. The utility of the new coin as a coin of account would therefore be limited.

CRITICISM ON HAMLET.

Clyde Fitch, at a dinner he gave in honor of a noted dramatic critic, read from his library of scrapbooks a Western criticism on "Hamlet." The criticism, which was dated 1872, ran: "There is too much chinning in this piece. The author is behind the times and seems to forget that what we want nowadays is hair-raising situations and detectives. In the hands of a skillful playwright a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet's uncle and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have lifted the audience out of their cowhides. The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet sasses his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation. Our advice to the author is more action, more love-making and plenty of specialities. The crazy girl scene should be cut out altogether and a rattling good song and dance substituted."—Kansas City Star.

ARGUMENT FOR PEACE.

No better argument for universal peace could be found than a perusal of the pension figures of this country. It appears that since its foundation the United States has paid out nearly four billion dollars to the pensioners of its various wars. The appropriation for 1911 will be about \$155,000,000, and there seems to be no appreciable decrease to be looked for in many years. The appalling total sum gives an average for the 125 years since the end of the Revolution of \$32,000,000 a year for pensions. These fabulous sums, coupled with the tribute paid by other countries, the result of war, ought to convert the most obdurate to the doctrine of permanent peace. New York American.

HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

The power of what hypnotists call suggestion is many ages older than the scientific knowledge of it. In the Middle Ages ordeal by the Host detected perjurers. He who swore was given a morsel of the consecrated wafer and bidden to pray that if he spoke falsely it might choke him. The truthful man swallowed it without harm; but the false-swearers' glottis underwent a spasm, which convicted him. To this day, in Burmah residents, robbed of any valuable send for a smooth-sayer, who harangues the assembled servants and gives to each a morsel of bread, duly subjected to incantation, averring that the thief cannot swallow it. And he cannot!—London Chronicle.

RECONCILING EAST AND WEST.

One of Sir Laurier's latest statements is that a great object of his present talking tour is to reconcile the East and West. The idea is grand. The one thing necessary to Canada's complete happiness is that the Westerners shall cease speaking of the men who live on the other side of the Rat Portage as cent beetlers, and that these practitioners of thrift shall in turn refrain from smiling when the man of expansive views from Winnipeg or westward unfolds his painted map and tries to sell them lots in prairie villages at metropolitan building site prices.

KING OF ANIMALS.

Little boys since Bible times have believed bears eat bad children, but bears do not eat people. In the wild state a bear will come nosing where a man is asleep and never awaken him. A "Pacific" grizzly may weigh a ton. It takes a mighty big horse or a steer to do that. King of animals, the grizzly can clean out a whole menagerie of lions, tigers and leopards. Just think of a bear measuring fourteen or fifteen feet from tip of nose to tip of tail, and neither end long, at that. Perhaps in the past half century not one hundred persons have been killed from Mexico to Alaska by grizzly bears.

WON BY COOKING.

An Illinois widow about to marry a hitherto woman-hating bachelor explains that she won him with hot custards and sugar cookies and gave the recipes. It is only one instance which is new. The name is legion of the woman who knows that the only true love platters the world has ever known have been concocted or baked days.

A fool may give a wise man counsel which proves he is a fool.

"LONESOME CITIES" SCORED BY KANSANS

Press and Pulpit Warn All That Centers of Population Are Like Deserts.

GIRL'S SUICIDE IS CITED

Residents of Metropolis Are Called Suspicious and Reserved—"Every City is Lonesome to the Stranger Within Its Gates," Writes Kansan.

Wichita, Kas.—Is the city that makes you feel lonesome losing its soul?

That question has been asked in many Kansas pulpits, and editors who have traveled much are discussing the phases of city life that burden the stranger, with utter loneliness.

It all is due to an Associated Press dispatch under a New York City date line, which simply quoted Hazel Deane, a pretty 16-year-old girl, as saying: "New York is the largest city in the country, but is the most lonesome place on earth. I was so tired and so lonesome I just gave up." She had taken poison to end her trouble.

Outside the country schoolhouses and churches roundabout this city, where the circuit riders and local preachers minister to their little flocks, Hazel Deane's sad experience in the nation's metropolis has been the theme of many sermons. The neighborly kindness of the country, the freedom from the slurs of the great centers, and the willingness to lift up and help the deserving all have been exploited.

It was an editorial written by Henry J. Allen, of this city, that caused the country preachers to talk about the statement of Hazel Deane. "If you're ever been a stranger in New York you know it's true," he said.

Let this city be lonesome to the stranger within its gates," Allen wrote. "The larger, the more people the more lonesome. Alone in the wilderness you have for companionship the trees, the birds, the stars and you feel safe. But in the desert of the city you are surrounded by human hyenas and you don't know what value to trust."

And then Mr. Allen, who led the Roosevelt forces in Kansas last year, told of the problem "the city folks must learn if they would retain the confidence of their country neighbors. 'In the city,' he said, 'the good and kindly people have their own homes and their own set, to which they spread when the toll of the day is ended. They are not used to the neighborly ways of the country or town. If you approach them they think you are forward, maybe criminal. They have lost the fine art of unreserved human fellowship. Their hearts are incrustated with suspicion or reserve."

How to thaw this reserve, how to get folks to know one another just as folks, is the problem which the city will have to learn, if it would have the finest human values."

Mr. Allen pointed out that the city conceives the idea that its only duty to the country folks who pass its gates is to sell entertainment and excitement. It has abundant markets for the sale of everything in the list of human needs "excepting this one great need of human fellowship, which cannot be sold; which must be given away, else it is spurious."

The desert of the great City of New York, and of all cities for that matter, needs life-saving oases, according to this Kansan. "Not places where you can be preached at, patronized, studied as an insect under a microscope, but centers of natural fellowship, centers of democracy."

Roses on Coffin of Pet Dog.

West Chester, Pa.—Bob, the dog mascot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, killed in an effort to jump off a moving train at Westtown station, was buried here with honors by employees of the railroad. The dog "lay in state" in the baggage room at the station for several hours, and was viewed by many. At 2 o'clock covered with flowers and a blanket, Bob was placed in a coffin and carried on a station truck to a grave near the station. There were several dogs at the grave also. Bob took up his lodgings at the station about four years ago. He traveled on trains at will, and was the friend of all the railroad men.

Doctor Foresees Fountain of Youth.

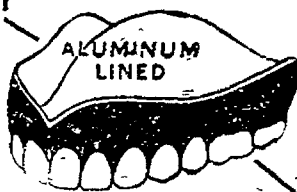
Unontown, Pa.—Science will produce a fountain of youth in which the aged can bathe and become young, according to Dr. Richard E. Lee in a speech to the Fayette county institute. He said:

"While scientists have been able to prolong the life of the lower animals they so far have been unable to discover a solution that will act on every part of the human body. There is a time coming when the solution will be presented by science. When this time comes old persons will take a bath in this solution and have the cells again rejuvenated, to youth."

Full Set of Teeth \$5

A full set of artificial teeth—perfectly made and matched—on our famous Aluminum Lined Plate. Why pay unreasonable prices for a set of teeth when we guarantee complete satisfaction with this set at only five dollars?

Free Extracting If You Bring this "Ad"



This ad is valuable to you. Clip it now and when you come to Detroit, bring it. If you order the plate at the time and present this ad, we will painlessly extract your teeth FREE.

Peerless Dentists

Corner Woodward and Jefferson Aves. DETROIT, MICH.

Drink Habit Cured

We have a treatment that is positive and effectual. If you are a drinking man—one of those unfortunates who cannot resist the temptation for strong drink—write to us, telephone us, or come and see us at your first opportunity. During our fourteen years of treating, ninety-nine out of every hundred who have taken the treatment have permanently stopped drinking and are doing their life's best work today. What we have done for others, we can do for you. Write for information.

GATLIN INSTITUTE

881 Woodward Ave. DETROIT, MICH.

100 Beautiful Silk Pieces for 25c

(Money returned if not satisfied) All kinds of silks by the yard at a saving of 20%.

NATIONAL SILK CO.

213 Woodward Ave. Detroit, Mich.

FREE Our New 1914 Catalog Is Ready. Write for it.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED AT FACTORY PRICES

Reduce the high cost of living by buying at factory prices from one of the most reliable mail order firms in the United States.

If you want to save from 15 to 30 cents on every dollar you spend for necessities, take advantage of our catalog and Order By Parcel Post everything you need.

Satisfaction is Guaranteed on everything you buy, or your money will be refunded. Write to-day without fail for our Big Free Catalog.

The F. B. ENSLEY CO.

Woodbridge St., west DETROIT, MICH.

Does \$150 A Month Look Good to You?

We want DISTRICT MANAGERS, GENERAL AGENTS, LOCAL AGENTS for Old Line Insurance Companies. Experience Unnecessary. Liberal contracts. The Life Insurance Employment Agency. BETTS AND BUTLER, 351 NICHOLAS BLDG., TOLEDO, O.



I Sell 1000 House Dresses a week

There is a reason See what I have to show at

\$1.00, \$1.25 \$1.50

All Winter Coats

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ADLER'S SAMPLE SHOP

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SYNOPSIS OF CAPTAIN KETTLE.

CHAPTER I.—The British steamer *Norman Towers*, commanded by Captain Kettle, is wrecked on a rocky shore, the wreck of a cargo ship, the *Sargasso Sea*, with the crew on board, is wrecked on a rocky shore.

CHAPTER II.—The first mate, Owen Kettle, sets off in the lifeboat with a crew of rough-necked men, the hope of finding a ship that will part with a cargo of coal to enable the disabled steamer to reach Liverpool. He meets the steamer *Rhine*.

CHAPTER III.—But the *Rhine* refuses to stop. A woman on board, Miss Violet Chesterman, sees the dirty deed, and influences a fireman, McTord, to disable the engine.

CHAPTER IV.—Owen Kettle, then overtakes the *Rhine*, clatters up its side with his crew, forcibly assumes charge of the vessel, and navigates it to the point where the *Norman Towers* is drifting, and which he rescues.

CHAPTER V.—Arrival of the *Norman Towers* at Liverpool. Mate Kettle surprisingly drops out of the ship into the river Mersey in order to save his captain from a possible scandal because of the inadequacy of his coal supply and too much liquor supply. Two river pirates assault and rob Kettle and leave him badly injured. He is rescued and nursed back to health by Miss Dubbs, barmaid at the Mason's Arms.

CHAPTER VI.—Owen Kettle engages with Sir George Chesterman to go as captain of the *Wangaroo* and search the African coast for an abandoned ship laden with metal of great value.

CHAPTER VII.—In Liverpool, Captain Kettle meets McTord, the man who had disabled the engine of the *Rhine*, and signs him as one of the crew of the *Wangaroo*.

CHAPTER VIII.—In Las Palmas harbor, Miss Dubbs appears on board the *Wangaroo* a stowaway, ostensibly at the suggestion of Sir George, but really because she wishes to be near Captain Kettle, with whom she is in love and to whom she is engaged. Miss Violet Chesterman also becomes a passenger.

CHAPTER IX.—The *Wangaroo* cruises across the Atlantic, the East African seaboard, and Captain Kettle finally locates the missing treasure ship in an almost wholly hidden bay. She proves to be the old *Norman Towers*.

(Now go on with the story)

"I don't agree with you a bit, Remember I knew Fred as well or better than you did, and he hadn't a particle of imagination in the whole of his composition. He was the most literal, matter-of-fact sort of person that ever bungled a medical practice. Don't you agree with me, Captain?"

"Mien," said Captain Kettle, "I'm a man without imagination myself. Sir George showed me the letter, and I read it eight times over and saw nothing in it but plain, straightforward statement of facts. We may, through my want of skill and eye-sight, fail to find the spot he speaks about, or he may have gone badly astray in his longitude but I'll stake my ticket on it that he says what he says he saw."

Amusement flickered in Sir George's tired eyes. "You're quite an enthusiast, Skipper. Well, Violet, if you can stick it out for another week, I suppose I can, too. The skipper must try and make things as easy for us as he can manage it."

"I quite agree to the last proviso," said Miss Chesterman mischievously. "Mile by mile to the northward, the *Wangaroo* searched during the hours of daylight, lying to at night so as not to overrun her ground in the dark, and one blazing day succeeded another without tangible result. But in the cool of one evening, success arrived at last. A hail came from the crow's nest which was perched up higher under the fore truck. "The bridge there."

"Aye."

"Bye see a hummock broad on the starboard bow, sir—just on the edge of the coast? Seems to me two colors, sir—Mustard yellow and blue."

"That'll be the sunset, you fool!" said the elderly second mate from the bridge. "I can't see it myself. Wait till I get the glasses."

The lookout man in the crow's nest on the main-mast took up the tale, and the pair bawled down their news dinging—

"There's water in at the back of that land, sir."

"River mouth, sir."

"Looks to me a lagoon, sir."

"There's water on beyond again, sir. I just then got a glimpse of it as she rolled."

"There's an island off the coast, or a row of them."

"What you see is not the coast, sir—or, at any rate, there's a big river in at the back of it."

"There's a lagoon stretching right along. You can pick out points of it where the sun catches the water."

The old mate stared through his glasses but naturally could make out nothing, as the lower edge of the shore line was well below his horizon, and so in the end he contented himself with the curt "Aye aye," of acknowledgment.

He was a stupid man, and prided himself on his stupidity. He was hired (according to his theory) to act as second mate of a 750-ton steamer-boat, and not to make discoveries.

But Captain Kettle at the first note of news had walked briskly along the immaculate decks, had swung himself into the fore rigging, and had run nimbly aloft and presently, passing over the barrel which formed the crew's nest, stood on the upper edge of it with an arm round the masthead just beneath the truck.

Then, on deck, saw him there, a small, white-plaid figure, swaying backward and forward against the breeze, and peering dexterously through a long telescope at the shore.

and what-day beyond voices stopped. The *Wangaroo* slipped through the swells in silence, except for the dull internal rumble of her engines. All owned afterward to having felt a curious premonitory thrill.

To those who watched, Kettle seemed maddeningly slow. They watched his long telescope saw up and down in constant arc as the steamer rolled, they watched him pick up the invisible ground beyond their horizon and examine it, as it seemed, foot by foot, and then he swung back and commenced the search all over again.

Sir George tried to break the tension. "Well, Skipper," he hailed. "Is that the place?"

"Couldn't say, sir," came the chilly reply, and again the audience watched the telescope plod slowly over the coast-line. The sun in a ball of scarlet fire, was sinking in lavishly inches below the western horizon, and Captain Kettle's white drill uniform was tinted pink by the afterglow.

"But presently from the masthead came the hail, 'Mr. Forster!'"

"Sir?" said the fat old second mate.

"D'ye see that hummock lying about due east, with the stripes on it and a table top? Just take a bearing."

"The second mate peered at the mark and then squinted down at the binnacle. "East by south a quarter east, sir."

"Can you open out any land be hind it?"

The old fellow peered again. "No sir. The hummock's on my sky line with a clean edge to it."

"Very good. Then call away the surf-boat, and get water and some biscuit into her."

Captain Kettle came down from aloft as briskly as he had gone up, and it was typical of him that he did not make any pronouncement as to the success of his crew. Instead he went quickly to where Sir George sat with his sister, and gave the news to them.

"There's a regular fishing net of islands in at the back there. I can see no trace of our steamer but it's quite possible she's there. Many of the islands are a tidy size, and she might easily be tucked in at the back and out of sight. I can't take the steamer without a lot of sound ing, so I'm going off in the boat."

"Not yourself? Not by night?" It was Miss Chesterman who raised the objection.

"It will be cooler for the men for one thing, and in a couple of hours from now when the moon's up it will be just as easy to see as in daylight."

"You'd better go too, Violet, if you think the skipper needs chaperoning."

"I'd love to."

"The dew'll be very heavy, miss, drenching in fact. Besides, if we find what we are looking for, we shall have to do a lot of sounding, and I may be away a couple of days. I couldn't undertake to look after a lady all that time in an open boat."

"Oh, all right," said Miss Chesterman, and frowned at her brother, who had caught her eye behind Captain Kettle's back and winked. That officer had gone to the side to see if the boat's company and the rest of her equipment were to his taste and presently returned to his room for a revolver and a bottle of Horner's Perfect Cure, which he stowed in his outside pockets.

The drug's a guard against malaria, sir," he explained. "Sea chills just about twilight are very dangerous in this climate. I shall give all hands of my boat's crew a tot of Horner's presently, and you'll see they'll never turn a hair. Mr. Mate, I leave you in charge. I may be gone up to three days. Hang on there till then and if we don't turn up, send in another boat, well armed. It's just possible we may get split in the surf of stone on a reef, and need fetching off. Miss Chesterman and Sir George, I wish you good evening. With luck I hope to be back on board here again before breakfast."

A naked rope dangling down the *Wangaroo's* steep black side was the only approach to the boat, and Mr. Kettle went down it nimbly hand over hand, walking with his feet against the ship's plating. From bow and stern the guess warp was dropped, and boat-hooks thrust the boat out from the ship's side, oars rose and fell into the water and settled comfortably between their thole-pins; and at "Give way" the oars bit the surface as one machine, and the boat gathered way.

"Good luck," shouted Sir George from the rail, and Miss Chesterman, with moist eyes waved an atom of handkerchief, and the black retriever swung a thoughtful tail. Captain Kettle waved in return, and then his eyes sought a lower level, and ran over two or three of the round cabin port-holes. Apparently he saw what he sought for there, for he waved again, and lifting his nose fancied he scented in the air the faint trace of the transpiration which Miss Dubbs affected for her toilet.

The watchers followed the surf-boat with their eyes all night, snap-

ped down with tropical suddenness; and as at the same time the steamer's lights were kindled, and dazzled the eyes, the boat vanished into the gloom which had come down to cover the sea.

Violet Chesterman shivered. "I believe I'm afraid," she said. "Any way, it's quite a new feeling, and I can't think what else it can be."

The trade-wind freshened till it blew a gale, and the little *Wangaroo*, a small speck in that great turmoil of water, with her engines slowed down till they just held her in position, rolled, and bucked, and plunged, and pitched, till more than one expert thought that she would heave her masts overboard. Everything on board of her, from coals and shovels, to dinner plates and hair-brushes, kept up its own separate noisy dance, and even the most hardened of her human complement was nauseated with her dizzy lunging.

Night lagged through, and day came, and still the reinforced trade blew with unabated force, and the little steamer continued her dizzy dance. The wind blew hot now instead of chill, and presently (as the sun climbed higher) gave one the idea that it had been passed through a super-heating apparatus before it was let loose on the *Wangaroo*. It was laden, too, with a fine grit which lodged in all the steamer's crannies on deck and below, in the morning coffee, in the eyes, in the bearings of the machinery, in Miss Chesterman's black hair in the apple tart which the cook baked for luncheon, and (this, most emphatically) in the innermost mechanism of everybody's temper.

But when at last the blazing afternoon drew to a close, the wind eased and the sand storm dropped; and on the edge of the night the surf-boat was sighted putting out from behind a shoulder of the land.

It seemed to the women who watched, that no small boat could live in that run of sea, but she held steadily on, her oars like the legs of some unceasing insect, beating the water rhythmically. The faces of her people, when they came near enough to be seen, were wonderfully unconcerned, and when the acrobatic feat of getting her alongside, looking on and hauling her up to davits had to be performed, one might have taken it (from the looks of the actors) to be an ordinary concern of every day life.

Instead of one of the smartest pieces of sea-fighting on record.

"By God, Skipper," said Sir George, "you've given us all a bad time, but never thought you'd get on board again in one piece. The man who'll take the sea's a lot of it, sir, and don't, I suppose. My boat crew's pretty efficient. I will say that for them."

"Well," said Sir George rather piqued, "if we were sick with anxiety, I'd like to point out you don't look too much better. You look as if you'd been a ghost."

"If the worst such things I'd have seen are such, we've found your steamer, sir. You're here!" Her name.

"You've found him, have you?" Well now that's capital hearing and almost worth all we've gone through. Her name, do you say? Was it washed out or something? Her name? I suppose I must have come across it somewhere. I remember my schoolers dug it out for me. But I'm afraid I've forgotten it. I've a rotten memory for names. However, if it's of importance, we can easily turn it up."

"I can tell you her name, sir. She's the old *Norman Towers*. Her master, Captain Farnish, with his wife, brought me up from the time I was a little kid of two years old, and those two were about the best friends I had got in the world and better friends than most men ever had. Captain Farnish, I suppose is drowned, and seeing what's happened to his ship, that's the best thing that could occur to him. But as for ghosts, if there were such things, I should have seen his when I went on board. In the chart house there was a red velvet chair with a castor off that I've known for years, and the old lady's portrait, and his pipe—his frowsy old meerschaum pipe—I say his pipe—sir, I mean his pipe! If you'll excuse me, I'll go to my room. I feel I need a bit of sleep."

CHAPTER X

Disengagement.

"I dreadfully sorry," said Sir George next morning, "that I didn't think of telling you the steamer's name. It didn't seem to me important, and, in fact, as I've told you, I forgot it. I knew, of course, the details of my sister's escapade when she met you first, but the names of the boats never came into the tale, and until you returned aboard here off that ghastly surf-boat, and scared us all out of our wits last night, she never had the curiosity to inquire the name of the ship my unlucky cousin had interested us in. It all sounds perfectly impossible, of course."

"But as you know by this time," Miss Chesterman cut in, "what a dear old muddler my brother is over business matters, I'm sure you'll understand how it came about."

"Miss," said Captain Kettle, "and sir, I'm grateful for what you say. I was a good deal upset last night. But I don't see that even if I'd known that it was the poor old *Towers* we were after, it would have made any real difference. With the knowledge in my pocket, I couldn't have looked for her more keenly, nor would my duty to my owner have made me look

less hard, and there you are. I should have taken on the billet, just the same, and glad of it, even if you'd told me the old girl's name that first night at the Mason's Arms, back there in Boston. It's been a jar to find that my old sea-daddy's drowned, and me thinking him scolding the seas, with his false teeth in his chart-room drawer, as merry as ever; but I guess sailors are paid to drown when necessary, and there, if you please, we'll leave it. Question is now, taking this steamerboat in through those reefs. It's going to be a job and a half."

"Can't you manage it?"

"Sir, with respect, I can take any steamerboat that's built through any channel where there's water enough to float her. But when I'm put to being my own pilot, I've got to survey the channel first."

"But surely you know the way now, after being in and out?"

"There's a vast difference, miss, between dodging through in a rowboat that will float in two feet of water, and taking in a fine craft like this." Captain Kettle cast his eye proudly over his small command—"that d-aw's thirteen foot two. There must be a channel somewhere because, as you know, the old *Towers* blew in with out touching. But the whole place is a regular stone-yard, and I tell you freely, that how my surf-boat escaped getting smashed a good score of times beats all my experience."

"Is there such a thing as a tide here?"

"Water runs in places like a mill-race, sir. But my idea is there's a proper fairway, and there's nothing to do but take the ground, square by square, in that surf-boat and plot out the whole scheme of the banks and reefs with as many cross-bearings as one can get. Then, with some leading marks built ashore, and perhaps a buoy or two if the channels get very twisted, I'll be able, if the weather gives us a fair smooth sea to take her in."

"And how long will this entertainment take?"

"A week, sir, at the very lowest estimate, and perhaps two if it breezes up again. It comes to narrow soundings when he doesn't know if the sea's lifting him a couple of fathoms above the normal, or dropping him twelve feet beneath it."

"Good Lord, Skipper, you can't expect us to stay and be scorching here for another month!"

"I was going to say, sir, that we're low on coal and have made a big hole in the water and stores. It would be best if you'd take the *Wangaroo* back to the islands for bunkers and provisions. You'll be back here again before I'm ready. And you'll find Mr. Forster a perfectly competent navigator, and you'll not miss the six men I want to keep."

"And leave you here to grill in that company boat? My dear fellow, that comes inside the cruelty clause. We couldn't sleep for thinking of you. Don't you agree, Violet?"

"I shall take along a score of awning and a couple of spars to make a tent, and I marked down in my eye an island that's just the place for a camp. There didn't seem to be fuel, so we shall need a couple of bags of coal, but with those and rations we shall be comfortable enough till you return, and indeed sir, if you come to think the dustiness out, there's no other way for it."

So the scheme was agreed to, and Kettle fitted his boat, and went below to say good-by to Miss Dubbs before making his adieu to her employers on deck.

But that stately young person gave him a very chilly reception. She was vastly civil, one might almost say offensively so, but as far as a temperature of some eighty-three degrees Fahrenheit would permit, her conversation was ice.

A sentence or two passed before Captain Kettle observed this as has been recorded before, their mode of addressing one another was always elegantly formal, and at first he thought that the lady's remarks were built on this model, and not studiously designed to denote offense.

But presently she left him beyond possible doubt as to her meaning. "I would have you understand, Captain, that I am not your dear, or anything so familiar. To you, I am either 'Miss Dubbs' or 'stewardess' whichever you prefer."

"I told you in Las Palmas harbor how awkward it would be if we were serving together on the same ship and I was captain."

"You did, and it has been very awkward. I felt I intruded, though Miss Violet, to give her due, never let me see she thought so. However, when the pair of you got back to the *Norman Towers* you will be able to renew old scenes."

"I might have told you before about meeting her out West," said Kettle miserably, "but I thought that was all passed and done with, and never expected to see her again. As you know, it was a perfect surprise to me her coming to Grand Canary. You were a surprise, too, for that matter."

Miss Dubbs elaborately black hair seemed fairly to bristle. "Ah, now we get to the truth, Captain. I was a surprise to you, like. Plain, indeed it was you didn't expect to see me and you never disguised your disappointment. I was the little intruder, wasn't I? And you thought you were going to pick it up again, with Miss Violet where you'd left it off, and play her the 'Moonlight Sonata' on the accordion."

"I hadn't you better tell us exactly what you did find ashore?"

"That would be the best way, sir. Well, to begin with, what you see from here is not the coast, but a chain of small islands and reefs and sandbanks running along parallel to the edge of the mainland sometimes a hundred yards away from it, sometimes two miles. The space between where we are now and the

when Sir George was having his after-supper sleep? Oh, don't tell me. Haven't I seen you walking her out along the decks, and catching her by the elbow when she made believe she was losing her footing through the roll? Liver wing at dinner and a quartermaster, hung at deck chair for Miss Chesterman? That's all right. That's her due. That's what you're paid for. But when it comes to pipe-claying her white shoes with your own fingers, that's the limit. It's no use denying it. I saw you at 'em through your own port-hole. Even a stewardess must come on deck sometimes."

"I deny nothing that I have done. I pipe-clayed the shoes because the steward can't do it decently, and won't learn. I'll clean yours, too, if you'll let me."

"No one touches my shoes but my husband, which is what you'll never be. Here's your engagement ring."

"You'd better keep it."

"If you'd prefer, should give it to the other girl instead of to you, say so. Pah!" said Miss Dubbs, swelling out her chest, "you can't think how I despise you, Captain. No, don't try to stop me; I'm going to my room."

It was then, with the dismal knowledge that the matter of his engagement, had gone hopelessly awry, that Captain Kettle in a surf-boat laden with men, coal bags, meat tins, water beakers, biscuit sacks, rifles, rope, ammunition canvas, sounding leads, and other cargo put off from the *Wangaroo*, which forthwith turned her tail on him and steamed away to sea. Twelve very strenuous days passed over his head before he was able to rejoin her.

CHAPTER XI

A Channel of the Lagoon.

AFTER strenuous battling with seas, fogged by the trade, the *Wangaroo* steamed up once more to her station off the African coast, and halted impressively on her siren to announce arrival. That enormous siren, replacing one of the normal caliber for a seven hundred fifty-ton boat, was an extravagance which Captain Kettle almost could have whiddled out of the steamer's cannery owner before leaving the *Tyne*.

A stained red ensign on the top of a pole which was probed on the crown of a striped sand dune blew out by way of answer, but the boat did not come out on that day or any of the three succeeding days. At intervals Miss Chesterman said she heard firing but her brother, who prided himself on knowing a gun-shot when he heard one, said that the noise was caused by the surf on the abounding reefs. The black-haired Miss Dubbs strained her eyes toward the shore till black shadows grew beneath them, but what opinions she had on the matter she kept to herself.

On the twelfth day the surf boat came out handled very dashingly, under sail and with much smartness, and, emitted a spruce and unaccustomed Captain Kettle.

After salutations had passed, a meeting was called in the privacy of the chart house.

"Miss," said the little sailor, "I'm free to own I'm sorry to see you. I've been hoping all these days you'd have stayed behind in Las Palmas. And now, sir, the best advice I can give is that we run back and leave Miss Violet where she ought to be."

"What's wrong with the *Norman Towers*?"

"Just this, sir. The Moors think she's their ship."

"And you're going to let it rest at that?"

"Captain Kettle, as far as the action of the sun on his complexion would allow, flushed. "I thought, sir, you knew me better. The *Norman Towers* is your ship, and you're going to have her to realize on as per contract, but there may possibly be a little trouble before we get her out, and I thought better that Miss Violet should be spared seeing it."

"Danger, Captain, do you mean?"

"No, miss. I prefer to call it trouble."

Well, if you're appealing to me, my answer is that I shan't go back. And if you're trying to influence my brother, he will tell you he's attempted ever since I was in shore to make me do as he liked and has invariably failed. So unless you've other and stronger arguments to bring to bear, I'm afraid you must still continue to put up with me as a member of your crew. Stewardess, aren't I, by the way the same as Du—on the same official footing, I mean, as Miss Dubbs?"

"I didn't see any other capacity under which to sign you on, miss. The Board of Trade is very strict in these matters, and if you don't conform in the proper way and put in the fool entries they want on the crew sheet, and can go to sleep over there's correspondence started that'll last a ship's master hair a lifetime."

"Haden't you better tell us exactly what you did find ashore?"

"That would be the best way, sir. Well, to begin with, what you see from here is not the coast, but a chain of small islands and reefs and sandbanks running along parallel to the edge of the mainland sometimes a hundred yards away from it, sometimes two miles. The space between where we are now and the

main opening is dotted with sand and lumps of stone just about as thick as the black squares on a draught-board, but not a bit regular. Now the old *Towers* blew in there without touching—oh, if she touched, without breaking up—is more than I can tell you. If I was an imaginative man I should say that the simplest explanation was that she grew wings and flew in over the top. As I'm not that, the only thing I can think of is, the Lord saw it was best for some one that she should get inside, and He sent a leading wind, and steered her in Himself. However, there she's got, and I must say that as far as the eye can tell she seems as sound as a bottle."

"But didn't you get on board to make a full examination?"

"I did not, miss, this time. The Moors had taken possession, and as there were at least six hundred of them on her decks when we hove in sight, and as I'd only six of a crew in the surf-boat, I concluded to leave them where they were for the time being."

"And they shot at you? There, George, I told you those were shots we heard."

"The *Norman Towers* has a couple of brass signal-guns, miss, and they must have brought some of their own powder on board, and used stone for shot. I suppose the noise and the powder smell pleased them, and the stones certainly didn't hurt us, all was well. If there'd been need, of course I should have gone on board, but as we were, so to speak, merely a reconnoitering expedition, and our job was to do a survey of the channel, I concluded to let them enjoy their war-dance in peace. All the same, I've got the idea there's a white man directing them."

"How's that?"

"They're showing more savvy than it's good for niggers to possess. And they're looking ahead, and that's a thing clear outside the ordinary colored man's contract. What do you suppose there would be on board that any Moor would care to loot? A few movables that would perhaps add up to five or six hundred pounds in value. And then when he'd got those, and started to break the port-hole glasses, and the cage glasses, and the few skylight glasses, and smash the door panels out of sheer light heartedness, and to throw overboard hatch covers and wheel gratings, and other trifles they didn't want, what would be the bill for damage to an old tramp like the *Norman Towers*? Call it another five hundred pounds. Well, and after that, and when they'd got tired of tramping mad off their spurs, torn into the saloon carpet, and had looked through the mirror, could bunker to make sure that wasn't the treasure room, what would be the next move? Go home with what they'd got, and squander about it round the kitchen fire? That would be the ordinary colored man's scheme of enjoyment. And if you asked him if he wouldn't take the steamer and her cargo along while he was there, he'd say he was much obliged but really he'd got no immediate use for her. Do you follow my argument?"

"Yes, that seems all right. But aren't they doing as you say?"

"They're not, sir. They're arranging to hold the *Norman Towers* for keeps, and I tell you straight we're going to have a tough job in getting her away from them."

"But in wonder's name, what do they want her for?"

"That's what's bothering me, sir. That's why I seem to smell out the white man with the head-piece at the back of this pack of darkies, though even what his game is I can't guess. I tell you I'd be a lot easier if I could, because then one could fix up a plan to upset it, whereas as it is he's getting in all his moves undisturbed."

Sir George squared his big shoulders. "Can you get this boat in moderately close alongside?"

"Right up against her plates, if you want her there."

"Well, what's wrong with talking your beauties with the rifles to pump lead into every one we see on the *Norman Towers*'s deck till those that are left get sick of it and clear off? Then we proceed to make fast a tow-rope and pull her out, and so across to Las Palmas, where we sell her, for cash down, to some enterprising jinguns who in need of an antique steamerboat and a cargo of copper concentrates, and live happily ever afterward on the proceeds. Sounds beautifully simple."

"Far too simple, sir," said the little sailor emphatically. "I'm just convinced that there's a bad snag waiting for us to run ourselves against it somewhere. And will you please tell me what's the meaning of this there squaring?"

(To be Continued)

Take in Theatricals.

Haverhill Herald: The only way taste can be improved is by educating the children. This has been done for years in Germany, where the children have been fed on the German classics, until now the whole nation has been educated to enjoy the best things in dramatic literature. So it is said that now in a single week in Germany may be seen more of the plays of Shakespeare than can be seen in the United States in a whole season. And just because large numbers of people enjoy the best and will pay for the best, it is possible for all to have the best at a very small cost.

SOLOMON NEEDED TO DETERMINE CASE

Judge Gives It Up, Woman Faints and Passaic Divides Over Ownership.

EVIDENCE ALL TANGLED

Judge, As Mere Citizen, Would Accept Testimony of the Dog, But as a Judge Was Unconvinced—Non-suit Entered.

Passaic, N. J.—It wasn't a baby but a dog, and the man on the bench wasn't a Solomon but just a district court judge, with human doubts born of long experience with human testimony. The dog was a white and brindle bull, valued at \$500 by the rival claimants, and the Solomon baby combination being broken the adjudication of his ownership recently threw the residents here into a fever, caused a woman to faint, made the judge throw up his hands in despair and divided the town into two opposing factions.

"I give it up," said Judge W. Carlington (Cable), of the District Court, after hearing the testimony "it would take a Solomon to decide the case. It's too much for me."

On the side of the plaintiff was the testimony of two physicians, a dog fancier and a reputable citizen, Joseph Tomer, of Rutherford, N. J., who said the dog was his. Arraigned against this testimony was the word of Theodore Berger, general manager of the Bonyon Worsted Mills, Passaic, who also claimed the dog, his wife, their neighbors, a servant, the family cat, a dog's kiss and a physician.

"As a mere citizen," said Judge Cable, "I would feel inclined to accept the testimony of the dog and give it to Mrs. Berger. As a judge, however, I am unconvinced. I will enter the case non-suit."

The court room was crowded with Passaic society, as Mrs. Berger who lives at 112 Lexington avenue is one of the leaders there.

"The dog is mine," said Mrs. Berger. "We bought the dog last January when it was only two months old. On September 8 the dog was ill and we sent it to a dog hospital in Passaic. Dr. John Hakelam said an operation was necessary. Then on September 20 Dr. Hakelam told us the dog had escaped. We advertised for it and a man told us he found it. We got the dog back."

"How do you know it was your dog?" asked Judge Cable.

"Oh, I know," answered Mrs. Berger. "Our cat at home is afraid of all dogs and is always fighting them. Well, when Puppy came home the cat purred and actually went up and kissed Puppy. The cat knew it was Puppy."

Then as additional evidence Mrs. Berger said:

"Kiss me, Puppy."

Puppy did.

Then Mrs. Berger's neighbors took the witness stand and said they were sure that the dog belonged to Mrs. Berger.

Mr. Tomer's case was less affectionate and more scientific. He called to the stand Dr. Hakelam and his assistant, Dr. Henry Compner. Both were certain that the dog in court was not the dog on which they had operated. Also Joseph Walkland of Newark, took the stand and testified that he had sold the dog to Mr. Tomer.

"Besides," Mr. Walkland added, "the dog before you is two years old. Mr. Tomer's dog was only a year old."

Undismayed, Mr. Berger brought forth an expert who testified that the dog in the room was not two years old.

The judge shook his head and said he could not decide the case.

After the case was dismissed Mrs. Tomer met Mrs. Berger outside the court room.

"You stole my dog," shouted Mrs. Tomer.

Mrs. Berger fainted.

435 YEARS FAMILY AGE TOTAL

Aggregate of Five Missourians Believed to Be a Record.

Stanberry, Mo.—There are not many families in the State of Missouri where the combined ages of the five living children aggregate 435 years.

(This is true of the members of the Sale family, which is one of the oldest families in the county, and all of the five are living in the same neighborhood, near here.)

The names and ages of this family are as follows:

James Sale, 94. Mrs. Sarah Gunter, 89. Mrs. Nancy McGuire, 87. Mrs. Lavinia Kier, 85. Frank Sale, 40.

Timeless Over Century Old.

Lebanon, Pa.—Herb Goss has a watch over 100 years old. It was given to his mother years ago by a man then 80 years old. The man carried it nearly all his life, and was presented to him when he was 10 years old. It is now 100 years old, and is still running.

EATING BARS OF JAIL

Indiana Man With Remarkable Appetite Will Win \$100 From Sheriff If He Gets Out.

Columbus, Ind.—George Schoonover, making a three months' stay at the county jail here, can eat anything. Even before he began to contend with the jail fare he had established a reputation as an eater of glass, tacks, tin cans with gaudy labels and no end of hardware, junk and bric-a-brac. He made a specialty of amazing spectators in barrooms about the city, and it was this association, together with the fact that he drank even more irritating substances than he ate, that made his jail address almost a certainty.

The element of doubt as to the length of his stay came after a snappy conversation which he had immediately upon his arrival with John W. Burns, the sheriff of Columbus county. He told Burns, after twenty minutes' experience on the wrong side of the bars, that he was thinking seriously of leaving because the place smothered him.

"This is a candy jail, my boy," answered the sheriff, smilingly.

"Yes, and I'm the kid who can eat his way out of it," answered George, and he didn't smile at all.

Burns said that he would take a chance on that and Schoonover told him that he asked nothing more.

"I'll be up bright and early," he said, "and my breakfast food will be that wide bar right in the middle. If you're a good little sheriff and mind your own business I'll be out in the open eating crockery with my friends."

Burns likes persistence and when the next morning he was awakened by a loud grating sound which came from the direction of Schoonover's cell he went down and leaned against the cell door and told him to go right on eating. Then he added that there was \$100 in it for him if he kept his appetite and ruined the side wall of the jail.

George, delicately munching a morsel of whipped rust, allowed that he was on.

CANINE TRAVELER IS KILLED.

"Bob," Beloved by Trainmen From Pittsburgh to New York, Dead.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Bob" is dead. He was only a dog, but all the trainmen in service on the Pennsylvania rail road from Pittsburgh to New York knew and loved this four-footed creature.

For years "Bob" has been a sort of traveling passenger agent. He would board a train and wagging his tail and giving a friendly bark or two, accept any blank or other edible the trainmen had at hand, and then contentedly curl himself for a nap while the train thundered on to its destination.

On checking of accounts for "Bob," no wear-and-tear detail of passengers carried tickets collected or fares passed. With canine sagacity he seemed to know when he had worn his welcome out. Then he would quit the train make himself scarce for a day or two and reappear with the same enticing tail wag and the same friendly bark.

They missed "Bob" when he didn't show up. They will miss him for ever now. For he is gone to the happy hunting grounds of caninehood who bark, but do not bite, and who wig-wag with their tails the barking for humans which their mute tongues cannot express.

As a passenger train was leaving West Chester, "Bob" essayed his usual attempt of boarding the baggage car. A new trainman who didn't know the dog pushed him off. He fell under the wheels.

CHEW UP THREE SHIPS

And Drink Down a Fleet of Two Hundred Every Year in U. S.

New York—"The \$30,000,000 spent yearly in the United States for chewing gum would pay for three dreadnoughts and the \$2,000,000,000 contributed to John B. Payson would pay for 200 battleships."

Hudson Maxim suggested this novel means of supplying a greater navy in an address delivered at the "Peace" services in the New York Theater. The only way to prevent war Maxim declared was to be ready for it. He declared that if Spain and the United States had been a little prepared they would have been no war in 1908. Modern weapons contributed to peace he said.

FORBIDS SALE OF RUM.

Woman Sends Warning to Saloons That Mineral Water Is Limit.

New York—Mrs. Nettie M. Pond, wife of an insurance broker, who lives in Brooklyn, has circulated among the saloonkeepers of the neighborhood a warning not to sell her husband anything more exhilarating than mineral water.

The Ponds live in a good neighborhood and have a comfortable home. Mrs. Pond said that if it wasn't for her husband's excessive drinking they would be happy.

There is only one trouble with Mrs. Pond's plan, and that is that none of the saloonkeepers of the neighborhood knows Pond by name, according to her, so she is thinking of getting out circulars, featuring the picture of her husband.

SCIENCE DETECTS FORGERIES IN ART

Dr. A. P. Laurie Reveals Fraudulent "Old Masters" by His Micro-Photography

HAS ALREADY PROVED FORGERIES

The Most Skillful Forgery Cannot Endure the Test of Comparison—Will Visit Amsterdam and Madrid in Pursuit of Records.

London—Dr. A. P. Laurie, president of the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, and professor of chemistry to the Royal Academy, is in London in connection with the researches he has been conducting into the authenticity of pictures by old masters by means of micro-photography.

His investigations into the history of pigments led him to the belief that forgeries of old masters might be detected by the identification of character in brush work, as revealed by the microscope.

He has designed a special camera called the microcamera, with which he has been to the principal galleries in London, Edinburgh, Amsterdam and The Hague, and has photographed portions of famous pictures magnified in size up to six diameters. He believes that just as the fraudulent signature on a check can be detected by magnifying and photographing it, so the brush work of a copyist of some great painting can be revealed in the same way.

The picture in the National Gallery called "The Old Grey Hunter," by Paul Potter, has recently had doubts cast upon it by Dr. Laurie, who is inclined to ascribe it to Verbeque. Dr. Laurie has photographed the horse's head in this picture and has compared the result with photographs he has taken of pictures by Paul Potter in Amsterdam and at The Hague, of which there is no doubt.

His conclusion is that the main part of "The Old Grey Hunter" is by Verbeque, but that the horse was put in by another artist copying Paul Potter.

"In order to be quite certain of the character of brush work," he says, "a very large number of micro photographs must be taken on one picture, covering various periods of his career. I have obtained records from the 'Spanish Admiral' and 'Philip of Spain,' in the National Gallery, and the unconscious character of the brush work in both cases leaves no doubt whatever that both are by Verbeque."

"I have photographed in the Edinburgh National Gallery the 'Pete Champe,' by Watteau, side by side with a splendid copy of the picture by a modern artist. Under the searching eye of the microcamera, the copy, which could scarcely be detected from the original by the naked eye, fell all to pieces and showed itself for what it was."

"Just as the forger of a cheque must build up a signature laboriously, so the copyist of a picture must proceed, and it is just the difference between the holding step of the plagiarist and the free movements of the master that the photographs reveal."

Dr. Laurie has obtained records of brush work from pictures by Mabuse, Titian, Vandyke, Hals, Rembrandt, Teniers, Watteau, Paul Potter, Crome, Constable, Valesquez (real or supposed) and many painters of the modern school of landscape-art.

"I have come to the conclusion," went on Dr. Laurie, "that the hand of a master puts in more than the eye can see. He puts in touches more accurately than he knows. The copyist cannot do this, and under the microscope he is exposed at once. I have photographed a set of eyes, the eyes painted by Rembrandt, Vandyke and Hals, and all reveal character—not merely small, insensible details—which could not be seen by the naked eye."

"Already the new method has been instrumental in proving a forgery of a Teniers and another of a Wouwerman, in a private collection. The professor intends visiting Amsterdam and Madrid shortly in pursuit of other records. Artists whose work is detailed and the draughtsmanship definite are the best subjects in micro-photographic methods of examination, and Dr. Laurie thinks that parts of the pictures which show casual touches are the best for exemplification of character."

A micro-photograph of the brush work of a picture of doubtful authenticity laid on a table with half a dozen others, of which no doubt exists, would Dr. Laurie thinks, be too great an ordeal for the most skillful forgery to endure.

Last Revolution Son Quits Harvard Chair.

Boston—The appointment of Professor F. H. Warren as Story Professor in the Harvard Law School recalls that the man he succeeds, Judge Jeremiah Smith, is the last actual son of the American Revolution living. Judge Smith offered his resignation as a member of the law school faculty in 1910, because of advancing age, but he still is seen in the college library daily.

SOME VIEWS ON DIETS.

The only trouble with the 20-cent-a-day fare, such as that laid out by the Boston expert as a solution of the cost of living problem, is that the human body is not a chemical test tube. If it were it might take its carbohydrates, proteins and the rest of the chemical material that science says it requires in the form of mush, oleomargarine, smoked herring and cocoa shells and milk, or of chopped hay and silage, for that matter, without any variation from day to day. But although it is common to speak of food as the fuel of the body, the body will not accept a certain chemically sufficient diet unvaried from day to day as a furnace will accept coal day in and day out.

A human being defies chemical analysis. The chemists have never been able to put together the various chemical elements that enter into a living organism in one of their reports and combine them so as to produce that organism or any other living thing. The synthesis is beyond them. In a similar way there is more to nutrition than the mere just proportion of chemical elements.

The only man who can thrive on model cheap meals, or on nuts and raw turnips is the food faddist and he finds in the very eccentricity of his diet the pleasure that the ordinary man gets from the flavor of a varied diet, from porterhouse steak and all the delicacies in season. The man who is proving by his practice that peanuts are the one perfect food has a mental space for his peanuts that the man cannot obtain who can afford to eat nothing but peanuts.

WILL U. S. BECOME LATINIZED?

No comment on race surges as applied to Americans could be more striking than the figures recently published by the Italian Department of Immigration. Col. Roosevelt's warning to American mothers is accentuated by the amazing revelations made by the bureau.

The figures show that during the past year there were only 21 children born to every 1,000 American mothers, 175 to every 1,000 Italian, and 123 to every thousand Spanish mothers.

There were according to the census of 1900 about three-quarters of a million Italians in this country, and at the present time it is calculated there are a million more. Moreover, it is in this State that the greatest population of Italians is found. They now number more than 500,000, an increase of 400,000 in the last ten years.

Only one conclusion can be reached from these figures. Aside of a tiny tiny, at the present rate, the United States will be Latinized.

Of all the races, the Americans come last in the number of children born. Even the French are a big lot. In 1900 the English 92 and the Germans 96.

The American father and mother may well consider these things.

CHINA'S PORK IN LONDON.

Cargoes of Chinese pork are still going to London. A few shiploads have recently been condemned by health officers as unfit for consumption and may not be removed except to send to other countries. The Chinese pig is the worst in the world. China raises no rice to feed to pigs. England let in Chinese pork so as to favor China and keep Irish farmers' hams and bacon, the finest in the world, from coming in and taking London gold back to Ireland. Bacon and hams are too high now to let the Irish have a good thing.

PUNISHMENT THAT FRIGHTENS.

Murderers are primitive men. Only primitive punishment can frighten such. The aim of murder law ought to be, first, to prevent the murderer murdering somebody else, second, to prevent others from committing murder. Reform of murderers is no aim of sound law. Murder, like blood runs in families. And such breeds should be ended as soon as possible. Hanging is most merciful, because it saves most innocent lives, and makes executions fewer and fewer.

FINDS THREE CAUSES.

Present conditions are the result of several causes, chief of these are the tariff, the trusts and the increased production of gold, which in ten years has about doubled, but since the world's need of gold grows apace also its purchasing power has not been diminished so much by the increased production as one at first impulse might be disposed to think.

THE VALUE OF KIN.

Other people may talk behind your back and smile to your face, but kin always have the courage of their convictions. They'll tell you frankly what they think of you.

AN ALWAYS READY TOPIC.

Whenever it happens that there is no great question demanding immediate solution it is always possible to renew the discussion as to the existence of canals on Mars.

LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE.

About all experience seems to teach some people is the fool notion that they can do it again without getting hurt.

As one travels and meets people of many kinds, the wonder grows as to where all the good men and women come from. They are found in every town and city.

If you show that you are always willing to keep your nose to the grindstone the other fellow will soon be wanting you to turn the wheel as well.

SHIPS NOW BUILT "LONGITUDINALLY"

Lloyd's Register Shows Striking Departure in Construction on Isherwood-System

A STRIKING NEW INVENTION

Not Confined to Oil Carriers Only But Embrace All Classes of Ship, Including Many of Large Tonnage—Interesting Items From Lloyd's Shipping Register.

London—Considerable prominence is given in the annual report of Lloyd's Shipping Register to "a remarkable increase in the amount of tonnage classed by the society in respect to vessels intended for carrying oil in bulk," but there are other matters to which Lloyd's pay special attention, and as ship owners and ship builders look to Lloyd's for "a sign of the times," it is possible to form a fair indication of the things that count among the mazes of new inventions.

From the point of view of the tonnage involved and the advantages offered to ship owners, irrespective of the nature of the propulsive power, comes that most striking departure in systems of ship construction known as the Isherwood system. Using the actual words of Lloyd's report, "the number of vessels built and building, upon the Isherwood system of longitudinal framing, has largely increased during the last twelve months."

"Up to the end of June, 1913, 116 such vessels, representing 552,846 tons, had been assigned the society's classification, and there are now in course of construction under the inspection of the society's surveyors 85 of these vessels, registering 451,344 tons—altogether a total of 1,004,190 tons."

These vessels are by no means confined to the class of oil carriers, as many persons believe. They embrace all classes of ship, and include many of large tonnage. From the point of view of ship construction the progress made by the Isherwood system appears to be the outstanding feature of the year.

A rumor that Diesel internal combustion engines are unsatisfactory are entirely dispelled by the report which, after referring to the explanation given by the boats in service from one foreign yard, states that "with further experience on these engines, increased economy has been effected, and the improvements have been such that they have also been applied to the older vessels."

The confidence which has been obtained as a result of the successful working of the earlier vessels has led the builders to reduce the number of cylinders in the later designs from eight to six per shaft, and at the same time to make the cylinders of such larger dimensions that a considerably higher power will be developed upon each shaft.

The question of the rules dealing with the burning and carrying of oil fuel is also discussed. After pointing to the revision of the rules dealing with the flash-point of which does not fall below 150 degrees Fahrenheit, the report points out that "the use of oil fuel with a flash below 150 degrees Fahrenheit has not yet become sufficiently general to warrant detailed rules on the subject being formulated by the society. The committee, however, give careful consideration to proposed arrangements in any case in which it is desired to use low-flash oil fuel, and they have, in fact, already approved several installations of this kind."

BUILDING TRADES MEN GET RAISE.

N. Y. Bricklayers and Stone Setters to Be Paid \$6 a Day, a Record Rate.

New York—More than 23,000 building mechanics in this city have gained substantial increases in wages, according to announcement made by the Building Trades Employers' Association.

About 12,000 bricklayers will receive an advance from \$5.60 to \$6 a day. About 5,500 stone setters will have their wages advanced to the same figure. 3,000 composition roofers will receive an increase from \$3.25 to \$3.50 a day, about 3,000 electrical workers will get an advance from \$4.50 to \$4.80 a day.

The \$6 a day to be paid to the bricklayers and stone setters is the highest rate ever paid to journeymen in these trades in New York, and probably in the United States.

SLEEPS UNDER COPS' NOSES.

Sleeps in Same Building With Police Station While Search Goes On Harrisburg, Pa.—George Timberley, 51 years old, a puddler, was found sound asleep in the board of trade office, in the same building with the police station, after the police had spent hours searching for him with a warrant for non-support.

The secretary and his assistant discovered Timberley asleep in the board office and laid in all attempts to awaken him. Then a policeman was called. He recognized Timberley as the man wanted in Harrisburg and he was taken to jail.

Would Get Better Men For Mayors.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch: Dayton's City Board of Directors votes the city's general manager a salary of \$12,500 a year and guarantees him a free hand to direct the municipal business, free from political interference. Mayor Mitchell moves to meet Col. Goethal's stipulation for a like freedom as a condition to his accepting command of the New York police force. American cities begin to get hold of the idea that if they want competent management of municipal business they must pay the market price for it, and must adopt proven business methods in place of spoils politics in their city halls.

Women Prisoners To Farm.

As a result of action of the Kansas City, Mo., council, women prisoners will be permitted to work on a municipal farm and engage in poultry raising, butter making, gardening and other farm pursuits. The plan was suggested by the Council of Women's Clubs.

High Cost of Farm Products

Washington Star: "Farm products cost more than they used to." "Yes," replied Mr. Corns. "When a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raising and the zoological name of the insect that eats it, and the chemical name of what will kill it, somebody's got to pay."

Anti-Japanese Men Defeated

After a heated debate the house defeated the efforts of the anti-Japanese forces to adopt a clause in the immigration laws to exclude Asiatics. Representative Baker of California championed the anti-Japanese section, which excluded Mongolians, Malays and negroes. The defeat of the Baker forces was decisive.

Wheel Ruins Home

The wheel of a large automobile, said to have been going a mile a minute, went through the pantry window of Mrs. Isabelle Seymour's home at South Norwalk, Conn., sending dishes in all directions. Then it entered the kitchen, knocked the stove to pieces and set the house on fire. Next it hit the other side of the house, which stopped it.

The wheel, which weighed more than 100 pounds, was broken from the front of William Wacker of New York, as it was coming down steep Anthony Hill. The wheel gained momentum for 100 feet or so, knocked over a fence at the side of the road and went down a precipitous incline to Mrs. Seymour's house.

Literary Test Adopted

After a bitter debate the house, by a vote of 241 to 126, passed the Burnett immigration bill containing a literary test. The bill provides that every immigrant admitted to the United States must be able to read "The English language or some other language or dialect, including Hebrew or Yiddish." A similar bill was passed by the last congress, but was vetoed by President Taft. President Wilson does not approve the literary test.

To Fly Across Atlantic

According to A. R. Hawley of New York, president of the Aero Club of America, Rodman Wanamaker has let the contract for the building of a "flying boat" which is to cross the Atlantic in fifteen hours. Mr. Wanamaker says such a boat would be an argument in favor of world's peace. Lieutenant John H. Tower, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Porte, a well known English flyer, are mentioned as possible pilots.

Town Where Average of Auto's is Highest

In the town of Pretty Prairie, Reno county, Kansas, there are sixty-six families and sixty-six automobiles. Not all the farmers own cars, but some own two or three, and the average is one car for each family in the town. Pretty Prairie, by the way, is a pretty name, and, with Reno, makes a pretty combination.

Japan to Make Exhibit

It is officially announced by the ministry of commerce of Japan that Japan will participate in the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco in 1915. Last May parliament appropriated \$600,000 for such an exhibit.

Pictures to be Sent by Cable

Within a year, according to Professor Von Glazee of Berlin, it may be possible by the selenium method of Professor Alfred Korn of Munich, to transmit pictures across the Atlantic. Professor Korn has already sent pictures 100 miles by wire.

