

W.A. RADFORD

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LETTER FROM THE STATE CAPITOL

FAMOUS DRUMMER BOY AT THE REUNION.

Comptroller Cunningham Says There Is No Danger of Repetition of Birmingham Factory Horror in Michigan.

D. A. R.'S NEW HOME

Franklin's Old Print Shop Made Permanent Quarters.

Annis Stockton Chapter Dedications Burlington, N. J., Headquarters With Most Elaborate Ceremonies—First in State.

The Outlooker

Bad News

Henry Howland

TO SERVE UNEXPECTED GUEST

Simple Refreshments That May Eakily Be Got Ready When Casual Visitors "Drop In."

THE ENTERPRISE

Published Thursdays

Vol. 47, No. 51

MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1913.

WHOLE NUMBER 2371

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Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

One seasonal occupation is going swimming.

Nobody envies a fat man in hot weather.

If you can't swim, any depth of water is too deep.

Even Boston has started a crusade against "animal dances."

An outing for a man usually means an outing for a mosquito.

Fishing must be good. Mighty few stories of wonderful catches.

A woman's face is her fortune, says an exchange. Yes; and money talks.

The most popular currency bill is one with a green back and a good figure.

Venus again shows signs of activity. As a rule such signs are unmisgiving.

Still, they managed to play ball before the word "jinx" entered the vocabulary.

It does no good to turn the thermometer to the wall. You can't turn it to heat.

No matter how many troubles a man has, he can forget them all when a fish grabs the bait.

Every time hot weather comes a man wishes he had the courage to dress comfortably.

The man who ate six dinners to win a bet of \$25 could have sold the food for twice as much.

Tongues can get a man into trouble more ways than one. A Philadelphia man choked on his.

A title doesn't seem to fit the man who wrote "Peter Pan," at least a "tailor-made" title doesn't.

There is not sufficient tension in the baseball situation at present to make the fans enjoyably maniacal.

Excursion rates make it almost as cheap to travel as to stay at home and not nearly so monotonous.

As potato cars are to be heated in winter, the earnest hobo will proceed to disguise himself as a potato.

Littis birds, that frolic in the woods and eat berries do not get as much stomach-ache as the picnickers do.

The Chicago husband who has to woo his wife all over again probably will not be so ardent as the first time.

There is an opportunity for some genius to bless mankind by thinking up a reasonable excuse for going fishing.

It is a mean business man who asks the college graduate that applies for work to translate his college diploma.

As Lady Constantine suggests, what's the use of acquiring a beautiful figure if you can't get rated accordingly?

In New York one might say, if one were sufficiently reckless, that the combination is "wine, women and Sing Sing."

To discover that last year's bathing suit has shrunk does not daunt the young woman who is as courageous as she is fair.

People who take poison by mistake may be careless, but what shall be said of those who leave the poison lying around?

A \$19-steer is said to cost the consumers \$99. Men are given steers occasionally that eventually cost them more than that.

Jacksonville, Fla., announces a movement in favor of more clothes for women, but nothing has been heard from Yuma, Ariz.

It is fortunate that all the best poetry of love and practically all the best romances were written before automobiles became a fad.

According to a decision recently made by the supreme court of Mississippi a razor is not a weapon. On the other hand it could hardly be called a toy.

Now that the navy has abolished "starboard" and "port" for "right" and "left," cannot somebody relieve the clash between "interstate" and "intra-state"?

A Chicago doctor says Americans are shortsighted. Still, that's not the real reason why they don't save money.

The San Francisco Dishwashers' union announced that it has 100 colored men as members. A blow to persons who claim that the college man is not practical.

Might be pleasant to take a trip with Count Zeppelin about now in one of his airships. The atmosphere is quite cold when a certain elevation above the earth's surface is reached.

The mongrel dog gets into the newspapers as a hero much more often than his fashionable contemporaries. The well-dressed men and the scrubs have more heroism as a rule than the dandies.

Queen Mary of England may be very strict in her views, but she is laxer in enforcing them. She keeps her son, the prince of Wales, from too gay and festive a career, not by threats, commands and punishments, but simply by restricting his money allowance. The rest is easy.

Policemen Assist Mother in Spanking a Bad Boy



NEW YORK—There's a grateful sting in the palm of Mrs. Margaret O'Hanlon's good right hand to remind her that she has at last achieved her ambition. She has spanked her four-year-old son John, of shameful neighborhood note as "Mrs. O'Hanlon's bad boy" and, though two brawny policemen assisted in the operation, she it was who struck every indignation blow.

mother was out earning the family's living, nor would he carry any more kindling wood in for domestic consumption.

Basket of Lively Crabs Cause Great Commotion

PHILADELPHIA—A basket of crabs which were tied to the seat of a motorcycle caused a commotion in the neighborhood of the Episcopal hospital the other day that will long be remembered. Incidentally, it wrecked the motorcycle and landed the rider in the hospital with a fractured skull.



Harold Wilson, twenty-three years old, of 177 Westmoreland street, left for Wildwood, N. J., the other morning to go "crabbing."

All the Average Plain Little Woman Has to Do

atoes and meat to make hash for breakfast and put a button on my husband's trousers, and set the table for breakfast, so as to save time in the morning, and laid the fire so I wouldn't have anything to do but light it in the morning.

"Then I sort of tidied up my kitchen and seeded some raisins for a cake I wanted to bake the next morning and emptied the water under the ice chest, and set the furnace all right for the night. I brought some apples up from the cellar and peeled them so as to have them ready for something I wanted to make the next morning. Then I wound up the clock and read the morning paper for a few minutes and did three or four little things a woman is apt to do before she goes to bed when she has a laundry to look after. But nothing to speak of after all."

Man With Pink Neck-Tickers Was Very Touchy

CHICAGO—A luxuriant set of bushy pink whiskers loomed in the doorway of Municipal Judge Robinson's courtroom the other day. Behind them was concealed a man who later developments indicated must have been a Republican.



"If that isn't Senator J. Ham Lewis it certainly looks like him," exclaimed Judge Robinson sotto to his clerk. The clerk craned his neck to see the man sporting the rainbow-hued array.

May End Letter Writing

A French inventor is said to have perfected a device that threatens to do away with necessity for writing letters. One talks into a machine, which makes a record that can be transmitted to the person with whom it is desired to communicate, and all he has to do is to set his phonograph going and listen. Hereafter, young ladies in the business of stenography and typewriting who receive offers of marriage from eligible young men may feel it the part of prudence to accept.

Active Service

A rather remarkable instance of a woman's long-unbroken record comes from France, where Mme. Laforest, the oldest woman postal official, has just retired after 49 years of service without once having been absent from her post, except during the recognized holidays. Entering the postal service in 1863 at the age of sixteen, she attained her sixty-fifth year last month, when, very much against her will, she was placed on the superannuation list and forced to retire from active service.

MUCH ADVERTISING WASTED

Advertising Talks
GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR IN LONG RUN

Era of Honesty in Advertising Means Much to Those Who Buy.

Ideals are necessarily higher than achievements, else we'd become so good we'd be tiresome, and there would be no room left for improvement. But the ideals of honesty and scrupulous truth-telling which the advertising men of the country set up in their Baltimore convention are not mere bluffs. There is real progress that way.

FIRST ASTOR AN ADVERTISER

One of His Announcements Appeared in the New York Gazette 100 Years Ago.

Wise Fox

H. K. Adair, the western advertising expert, told a fable at an advertisement dinner in Denver.

Diverts Minds of People

To advertise in to advert or turn towards, and advertising is essentially the great force for turning the minds of men and women toward a given object.

Refuge for the Scholar

In the Classics, Writer Asserts, One May Commune With the High Thoughts of the Past.

Ancient Alphabet

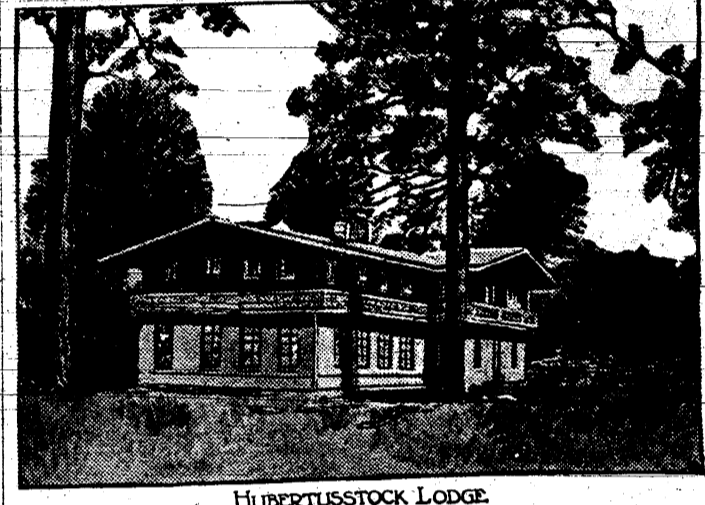
The ancient Arabic alphabet consisted of 24 letters, to which four more have since been added.

An Ideal Honeymoon Spot

FROM Berlin to the Schorfheide, from the most magnificent of the imperial palaces, filled with a company of unprecedented brilliancy and distinction, to the woodland stence and simplicity of Hubertusstock—no transition could be more complete.

Hubertusstock Lodge

It stands in a pleasant glade in the midst of a tract of oaks, which are by no means common in this part of Germany, for the sandy soil, as a rule, affords nourishment to nothing less hardy than Scottish fir and birches.



HUBERTUSSTOCK LODGE

Her Idea of Teeth

It was a couple of days before examination time in the schools and the teacher was drilling the youngsters in reviewing subjects preliminary to the tests. The subject under consideration was physiology.

Modest Wants of Sane Citizens

It is a remarkable fact that the vast majority of men look forward through the years of their greatest activity, not to a winter home in Florida or southern California, or at Cairo, Panama, or Mexico, or at a summer home in the Adirondacks.

Australia Still Unexplored

It is curious to realize that vast parts of the British empire have never been seen by British eyes or the eyes of any white man.

Light for Photography

Photographers now receive light very similar to that through the traditional studio skylight by vapor-tube electric lamps filled with carbon dioxide instead of mercury vapor.

Some Profit

A handful of raw pig iron, weighing about five pounds, is worth five cents. From it 60 table-knife blades can be made, of a value of \$15.

Felt-Away in Old-Age

A reversal of the rule that it is never too late to mend is found in the case of a centenarian of Hartford, Conn., who, according to the Watchman, lived up to the age of one hundred and since attaining that advanced climacteric has been exercised six times for selecting the advice law.

Inspiration of Bible Can Never Be Doubted by One Who Has Read It.

THE Bible was never so thoroughly studied as during the last half century, and it never had so many readers as today. The amount of writing that is being done on the Bible at this time is astonishing, and this fact is significant of the vitality of its teaching.

But there are writers that analyze the Bible as one might analyze a house—by taking it to pieces, and referring each several part to its origin. "These pine boards," they would say, "came from Oregon; this flooring is oak from Missouri; these nails are of wire, machine made, from Wisconsin; this plaster was made from Illinois limestone, and its surface coated with calcined gypsum from Iowa; this furniture is mahogany from the West Indies, originally freighted in American vessels; these are wool rugs, of European weave, and from Scotch sheep." Similarly they would analyze every piece of bric-a-brac, every personal ornament, and every token of affection.

The one important fact about a house, and the fact lost sight of in such analysis, is that it is a home. Here a young man brought his bride, and they began life together; here everything was consecrated by the sacredness of affection and is eloquent with devotion; here children were born and joy abounded; here the angel of death entered and tears of sorrow flowed; here hope burned, flickered, and revived; here faith was tried, fidelity proved, and love tested. The analysis of the house is comparatively unimportant. This was a home, and that is the significant fact.

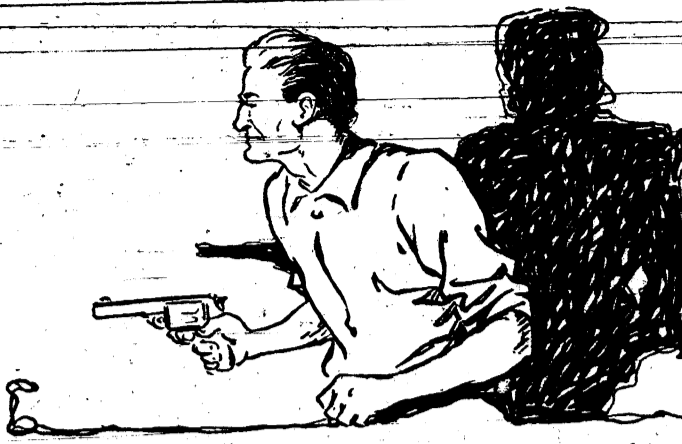
Bible a Spiritual Home. The Bible likewise is both a house and a home. Many writers themselves analyzing only the house, performing their work with such real zeal that onlookers are apt to overestimate its importance. The writers seem to forget, or fail to discern, that the Bible is a spiritual home, a place where hearts learn to love, where spiritual children are born, reared and trained to live as one family.

Volumes have been written about the inspiration of the Bible, but one need not spend a moment arguing that the Bible is inspired. Read it! Does not the voice of God speak to your soul through it? There can be no revelation to him who has not ears to hear. The very atmosphere may be vibrant with voices of God without revealing anything to deaf ears. I was walking one day with a friend who, as we walked, inquired about the song of a bird. I described the sound as best I could, and then asked: "Can you not hear it?" "No," he replied. "Where? The bird is not singing now, is it?" But the bird was singing near us in ecstatic strains. The revelation of God's voice comes, like the song of a bird, not by description or argument, but by hearing. Christ was ever saying to the multitude: "He that hears ears to hear, let him hear." Two men look at a painting of one of the great masters, or at a landscape when nature has on her garments of glory. One remains stolid and unmoved, while the other is thrilled and uplifted. Argument is unavailing for the stolid man. Great paintings or landscapes are not things to be argued about or even described. They must be seen. There is no revelation of beauty, except for the soul that can discern beauty.

Bible Ever Practical. It is alleged that the Bible is impractical. Those who find the Bible impractical are those who find it interfering with their selfish desires. If you put the Bible into the hand of the thief when he is caught with stolen goods, he will say: "It is an impractical book. If I follow this book I must restore the products of my theft and possibly go to prison." That is precisely the practical thing required if homes are to be safe and society secure. Put the Bible into the hands of those who have stolen and grafted from the government, and they will tell you that it is not practical, that if they follow this book they must disgorge millions. The people must disgorge millions. The one thing that such disgorging is the one thing that needs doing. Put the Bible into the hands of the great trusts, which control the necessities of life, and they will at once say that it is not practical, that if they follow this book they must stop exploiting the people, and squeeze the water out of dividend-bearing stocks. The people think that just these things must be done before society can come to a fair living basis, to say nothing of a condition of peace and contentment. The practical nature of the Bible lies in the fact that it requires men at the command of God to do precisely what must be done before the wronged and oppressed can come into their own, and every man receive a square deal from his fellows.—Craig S. Thomas, in The Standard.

Greatness of Little Sins. Whenever we think of any sin as a little sin, we have committed a great sin. For every sin is unacceptably abhorrent to God; and Satan brings us into a great defeat whenever he causes us to deny this. The smaller the sin seems, the more readily it can do its poisonous work, and therefore, the more it is to be feared. Microscopic disease germs are infinitely more dangerous than cannon balls. However, as has been well said, "nothing is little that is a hindrance in our life." And when we live in victory over the sin that we have called trifling, the so-called greater sins have no way of even approaching us.—Sunday School Times.

Do Right. Do right and God's recompense to you will be the power to do more right. Give up God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more; blessed spirit, for it is the spirit of God himself, whose life is the blessedness of giving. Love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love; for love is heaven; love is God within you.—Rev. Frederick W. Robertson.



INITIALS ONLY

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE"
"THE FILIGREE HALL" "THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES"
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHARLES W. ROSSER
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY STREET & SMITH
606 N. WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.



SYNOPSIS.
George Anderson and wife see a remarkable man come out of the Clermont hotel, look around nervously, wash his hands in the washbasin, and then enter the room. The man, who is the beautiful Miss Chaloner, has fallen in love with a man who is the beautiful Miss Chaloner. The man who is the beautiful Miss Chaloner, has fallen in love with a man who is the beautiful Miss Chaloner.

CHAPTER XVII.

In Which a Book Plays a Leading Part.
When Mr. Brotherson came in that night, he noticed that the door of the room adjoining his own stood open. He did not hesitate. Making immediately for it, he took a glance inside, then spoke up with a ringing intonation: "Halloo! coming to live in this hole?"

The occupant—a young man, evidently a workman and somewhat evidently if one could judge from his complexion—turned and looked at the intruder fairly, face to face. "Yes, this is to be my castle. Are you the owner of the buildings? If so—"

"I am not the owner. I live next door. Haven't I seen you before, young man?" "If you go up Henry street it's likely enough that you've seen me not once, but many times. I'm the fellow who works at the bench next the window in Schupper's repairing shop. Everybody knows me."

"I've seen you. I've seen you somewhere else than in Schupper's shop. Do you remember me?" "No, sir, I'm sorry to be impertinent, but I don't remember you at all. Won't you sit down? It's not very cheerful, but I'm so glad to get out of the room I was in last night that this looks all right to me. Back there, other building," he whispered. "I didn't know, and took the room which had a window in it; but—"

"I saw you," said he. "You were standing in the window overlooking the court. You were no sleeping then. I suppose you know that a woman died in that room?" "Yes; they told me so this morning." "Was that the first you'd heard of it?" "Sure!" The word almost jumped at the questioner. "Do you suppose I'd have taken the room if—"

"I've come to see how you are," said Brotherson. "I noticed that you didn't look well last night. Won't you come in and share my pot of coffee?" "I—I can't eat," mumbled Sweetwater, for once in his life thrown completely off his balance. "You're very kind, but I'll manage all right. I'd rather. I'm not quite dressed, you see, and I must get to the shop." Then he thought—what an opportunity I'm losing. Have I any right to turn tail because he plays his game from the outset with such traps? No, I've a small trump somewhere about me to lay on this trick. It isn't an ace, but it'll show I'm not chicaner. And so smiling, though not with his usual cheerfulness, Sweetwater added, "Is the coffee all made? I might take a drop of that. But you mustn't ask me to eat—I just couldn't."

"Yes, the coffee is made and it isn't bad either. You'd better put on your coat; the hall's draughty." And waiting till Sweetwater did so, he led the way back to his own room. Brotherson's manner expressed perfect ease, Sweetwater's not. He knew himself changed in look, in bearing, in feeling, even; but was he changed enough to deceive this man on the very spot

where they had confronted each other a few days before in a keen moral struggle? "I'm going out myself today, so we'll have to hurry a bit," was Brotherson's first remark as they seated themselves at table. "Do you like your coffee plain or with milk in it?"

"Plain. Gosh! what pictures! Where do you get 'em? You must have a lot of coin." Sweetwater was staring at the row of photographs, mostly of a very high order, tacked along the wall separating the two rooms. They were unframed, but they were mostly copies of great pictures, and the effect was rather imposing in contrast to the shabby furniture and the otherwise homely fittings.

"Yes, I've enough for that kind of thing," was his host's reply. But the tone was reserved, and Sweetwater did not presume again along this line. Instead, he looked well at the books piled upon the shelves under these photographs, and wondered aloud at their number and at the man who could waste such a lot of time in reading them. But he made no more direct remarks.

Yet there was one cheerful moment. It was when he noticed the careless way in which those books were arranged upon their shelves. An idea had come to him. He hid his relief in his cup, as he drained the last drop of the coffee, which really tasted better than he expected. When he returned from work that afternoon it was with an anger under his coat and a conviction which led him to empty out the contents of a small phial which he took down from a shelf. He had told Mr. Gryce that he was eager for the business because of its difficulties, but that was when he was feeling fine and up to any game which might come his way. Now he felt weak and easily discouraged. This would not do. He must regain his health at all hazards, so he poured out the mixture which had given him such a sickly air. This done, he took up his supper, ate it, and took up his supper. He had heard Mr. Brotherson's step so by. But next minute he laid it down again in great haste and hung a newspaper over it. Mr. Brotherson was coming back, had stopped at his door, had knocked and must be let in.



This Proved That His Calculations Had Been Correct.

to catch the sound of an ash falling into the ash-pit. His next move was to test the depth of the partition by inserting his finger in the hole he made. He found it stopped by some obstacle before it had reached half its length, and anxious to satisfy himself of the nature of the obstacle, he gently moved the tip of his finger to and fro over what was certainly the edge of a book.

This proved that his calculations had been correct and that the opening so accessible on his side, was completely veiled on the other by the books he had seen packed on the shelves. He had even been careful to assure himself that all the volumes at this exact point stood far enough forward to afford room behind them for the chips and plaster he must necessarily push through with his finger, and also—important consideration—for the free passage of the sounds by which he hoped to profit.

But it was days before he could trust himself so far. Meanwhile their acquaintance ripened, though with no very satisfactory results. The detective found himself led into telling stories of his early home-life to keep back with the man who always had something of moment and solid interest to impart. This was undesirable, for instead of calling out a corresponding confidence from Brotherson, it only seemed to make his conversation more coldly impersonal.

In consequence, Sweetwater suddenly found himself quite well and one evening, when he was sure that his neighbor was at home, he slid softly into his closet and laid his ear to the opening he had made there. The result was unexpected. Mr. Brotherson was pacing the floor, and talking softly to himself. At first, the cadence and full music of the tones conveyed nothing to our far from literary detective. The victim of his secret machinations was expressing himself in words, words—that was the point which counted with him. But as he listened longer and gradually took in the sense of these words, his heart went down lower and lower till it reached his boots. His inscrutable and ever disapproving neighbor was not indulging in self-communings of any kind. He was reciting poetry, and what worse, poetry which he only half remembered, and was trying to recall—an incredible occupation for a man weighted with a criminal secret.

Sweetwater was disgusted, and was withdrawing in high indignation from his vantage-point when something of a startling enough nature to hold him where he was in almost breathless expectation. The hole which in the darkness of the closet was always faintly visible, even when the light was not very strong in the adjoining room, had suddenly become brighter and shining loudly with a suggestion of movement in the space beyond. The book which had hid this hole on Brotherson's side had been taken down—the one book in all those hundreds whose removal threatened Sweetwater's secret, if not himself.

Relieved for the moment, he left his post and, sitting down on the edge of his cot, gave himself up to thought. Suddenly he started upright. He would go meet his fate—he present in the room itself when the discovery was made which threatened to upset all his plans. He was not ashamed of his calling, and Brotherson would think twice before attacking him when once convinced that he had the department back of him.

"Excuse me, comrade," were the words with which he endeavored to account for his presence at Brotherson's door. "My lamp smells so, and I've made such a mess of my work today that I've just stepped in for a chat. If I'm not wanted, say so. I'd like a big room like this, and a lot of books, and—"

"Look at them, then. I like to see a man interested in books. Only, I thought if you knew how to handle wire, I would get you to hold this end while I work with the other."

"I guess I know enough for that," was Sweetwater's gay rejoinder. But when he felt that communicating wire in his hand and experienced for the first time the full influence of the other's eye, it took all his hardihood to hide the hypnotic thrill it gave him. He found himself gazing long and earnestly at this man's hand, and wondering if death lay under it. It was a strong hand, a deft, clean-cut member, formed to respond to the slightest hint from the powerful brain controlling it. Had he said all this he had said this?

Fascinated by the question, Sweetwater died a hundred deaths in his awakened fancy, as he followed the sharp, short instructions which fell with cool precision from the other's lips. A hundred deaths, I say, but with no betrayal of his folly. The anxiety he showed was that of one eager to please, which may explain why on the conclusion of his task Mr. Brotherson gave him one of his infrequent smiles and remarked, as he buried the model under its cover, "You're handy and you're quiet at your job. Who knows but what I shall want you again. Will you come if I call you?"

"Won't I?" was the gay retort, as the detective, thus released, stooped for the book still lying on the floor. "Paolo and Francesca," he read, from the back, as he laid it on the table. "Poetry?" he queried. "Not," scornfully returned the other, as he moved to take down a bottle and some glasses from a cupboard set into another portion of the wall. Sweetwater, taking advantage of the moment that empty space still gaped where the tell-tale hole at the back had been, easily replaced the missing book before Mr. Brotherson turned. But the issue was no doubtful. He was dealing with no absent-minded fool, and it behooved him to avoid above all things calling attention to the book or to the place on the shelf where it belonged.

from his eyes as he prepared to re-use the glass which Brotherson now brought forward: "None of that!" said he. "You mustn't tempt me. The doctor has shut down on all kinds of spirits for two months more, at least. But don't let me hinder you. I can bear to smell the stuff. My turn will come again some day."

But Brotherson did not drink. Setting down the glass he carried, he took up the book lying near, weighed it in his hand and laid it down again, with an air of thoughtful inquiry. Then he suddenly pushed it towards Sweetwater. "Do you want it?" he asked.

Sweetwater was too taken back to answer immediately. This was a move he did not understand. What it he? What he wanted was to see it put back in its place on the shelf. Did Brotherson suspect this? The supposition was incredible; yet who could read a mind so mysterious?

Sweetwater, debating the subject, decided that the risk of adding to any such possible suspicion was less to be dreaded than the continued threat offered by that unoccupied space so near the hole which testified so unmistakably of the means he had taken to spy upon this suspected man's privacy. So, after a moment of awkward silence, not out of keeping with the character he had assumed, he calmly refused the present as he had the glass.

Unhappily he was not rewarded by seeing the despised volume restored to its shelf. It still lay where its owner had pushed it, when, with some awkwardly muttered thanks, the discomfited detective withdrew to his own room.

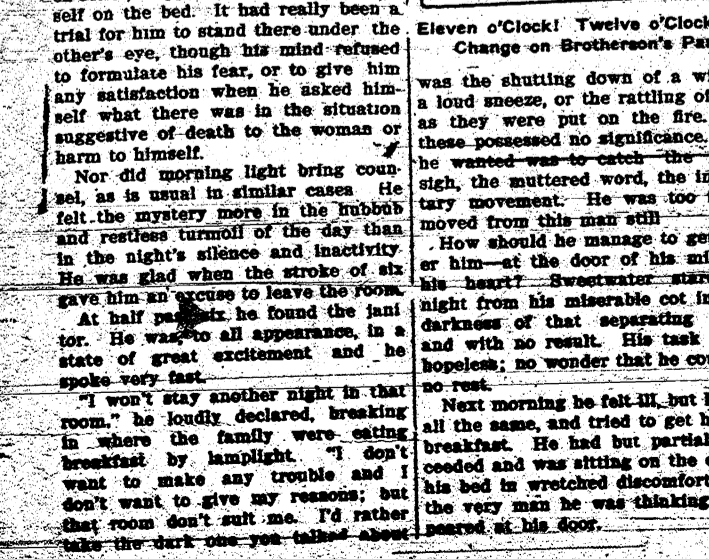
Uses of Papyrus. The Papyrus plant, which once flourished in large quantities in Egypt, but is now almost extinct there, still abounds in the Jordan Valley, as well as in the neighborhood of Jaffa and Sidon. It grows best in a marshy soil, easily attaining a height of eight to ten feet. The stems of the plant, which are hollow, like bamboo, are leafless, and as thick as a man's arm at the lower part, tapering away to a point. This wood, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, is used today in the east for a variety of purposes, both ornamental and useful. At Jaffa it is converted into sandals, boxes, various articles of furniture, and even into boats. In ancient times, particularly when the Pharaohs reigned in Egypt, the papyrus was cultivated and converted into paper, and many museums can boast of specimens of these ancient papyrus manuscripts.

Possibly the First Music

Bagpipes Have Been Known Since There Has Been Any Record Written in History. Bagpipes are the Bulgarian national instrument. Until lately the servants who waited on the Turkish grand vizier in Constantinople were mute, though not, as in former times, persons specially mutilated, but children born deaf and dumb. They use a language of signs, with a special gesture to describe the representative of each nation. To indicate the Bulgarian agent they imitate a man playing the bagpipes. It was not the Bulgarians who invented the pipes, however. They are among the oldest of musical instruments. An ancient gem shows Apollo with them, and two instruments in the book of Daniel are believed to have been bagpipes. The bagpipes range not only in time from Apollo and the Bible to the present day, but geographically from China to Spain and Great Britain. England is said to have given them to Scotland. One country, however, finally lost a peculiarly severe form of the instrument. This was the Sardinian "languedda," which had three pipes, all placed in the piper's mouth, and was played by rubbing strips of wax up and down over the holes. The work was so exhausting that nearly all the pipers died young. In 1845 George Bardett came across one who had survived to the age of 90. But he was the last of the languedda players, and when he died, the instrument was played no more.

close of each season in this country will be interested to learn that a considerable portion of such stock is disposed of in China, where the men are adopting the dress of their western neighbors. The rising generation of Chinese is particularly keen for headgear worn in America, but the styles seen there are always those that were in vogue in this country the year before. Much of the men's apparel that falls to find a market in this country finds its way to the far east in a walk through the streets of any Chinese city one sees derbies, fedoras and caps that bear an American label. Most of the caps are of British make because many of the tourists come from London, and in selecting a cap the native has no guide except the headgear he sees on foreigners. Getting Around French Law. It is against the law in France to make derogatory statements about a servant, even although those statements may happen to be true. An employer who refused to recommend a cook "by reason of her extravagance, impertinence, and predilection to drink" was prosecuted by said cook and fined for libel, the court informing her that the truth of the charges had nothing to do with the matter. Henceforth French housekeepers, eds. the New York Sun, in order to evade the responsibility placed upon them by the law have issued certificates of character in form something like the following: "This certifies that Miss Marie, late nurse of my son on a beach at the Jardin des Plantes and get away and forget her on October 15 last."

China Market for Hats. Men who have wondered what becomes of the large stocks of hats, caps and clothing that remain unsold at the



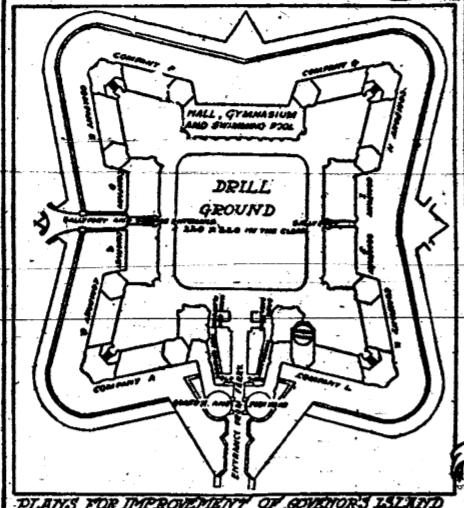
Eleven o'clock! Twelve o'clock! No Change on Brotherson's Part.

PLAN TO IMPROVE NATION'S MILITARY POST DE LUXE

GOVERNORS ISLAND," says one of its chroniclers, using the Indian name Paganok, lies like an emerald gem pendant on the green chain of Long Island. Certainly it never deserved such a picturesque description more than it does this spring.

It suggests among other things a fitting place for future peace conferences. It is true that there are warlike touches—Fort Jay, the one time Fort Columbus, and Castle William, the six acres on the north shore where is situated the arsenal of the ordnance corps, the commissary buildings, battered and gray as seasoned veterans, the green turf, marked off here and there with huge cannon balls, but the general atmosphere is so peaceful that if it were not for the skyline of minarets and towers, seen through a purplish smoke whenever you make a turn, you could not believe yourself near the noisiest city in the world.

Governors Island is the headquarters of the department of the east. On this small plot of ground, which one of the staff described as being "two miles



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He mentions, particularly among the active work of the post, the branch of the Y. M. C. A. conducted by Chaplain Edmund B. Smith, the classes for enlisted men and the drills supplemented now with the more picturesque music drills or silent manual.

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Chaplain Smith is about to publish a book on Governors Island, for with the exception of a monograph or two and some scientific articles on technical subjects, the place has practically been overlooked by chroniclers. The book is to be illustrated with several rare prints and engravings besides more modern work, and contains data that have never been printed in this country and represent years of the most untiring research on the part of the author.

Situated near what is considered today one of the most valuable pieces of real estate property in the world, Governors Island was purchased (1637) by that shrewd old barter, Wouter Van Twiller, director general of New Netherlands, for some axe heads, a string of beads and a few nails from two Indians whose names, Cakapetejo and Pehiwaw, would indicate a greater mentality than they seem to have possessed. Across Bitternalk channel, to the origin, naming and history of which Chaplain Smith devotes two chapters of his book, Sara, the first Christian child to be born in the Dutch colony, daughter of Joris Janson de Rapalpa, was taken in a tub at a very early age of her career and furnished the only thrilling narrative of the place for some time.

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Nutten Island (Governors) was made part of the city of New York by the Montgomery charter (1730) and an act of March 7, 1788, included it in the county. It was in 1755 that it first fulfilled its manifest destiny—a military post. From 1755 to 1773 there were several royal regiments of England living there. These were the Royal Americans, His Majesty's Sixty-first Regiment of Foot under Lord Loudoun, and His Majesty's Twenty-second and Forty-fourth Regiments of Foot. Details of their life were found by the historian referred to in the private library of Colonel Fitz-Claudian, Earl of Munster, who committed suicide (1842) and in the English army records 1754-1842. These regiments are in name existing today, and the leader of the band who played at the garden party of the Army Relief society is a lineal descendant of one of the officers.

In 1766 the first fortification was built, in 1778 a "Strong Castle" was erected. General Putnam writing at this time to the president of congress speaks of it "as a very important post." Washington wrote of "its strong works." The New York Gazette referred to the thousand Continental men stationed there; Lord Stirling considered it "better guarded than any other post." The brothers Howe stayed there until the evacuation of New York.

After the battle of Long Island and the British victory, August 27, 1776, the "Liberty" boys came back under cover of the darkness and right under the noses of the victorious enemy secured munitions and food.

Tradition says that Governor Clinton loaned the island once for a race course (1784-5).

In 1794 a ferry was established which took passengers at three pence a head. The one in use now averages 30,000 passengers a month.

That year congress appropriated \$3,727.52 for the island's defenses. In 1796 the works were dignified as forts, and about this date Knox reports "On Governors Island, one bastioned square, commanding two low batteries quite finished." Between 1794 and 1806 more than \$110,000 was expended on the works.

In 1798 the faculty and students of Columbia college, repeating their patriotic work in Harlem, came down to Governors Island with pickaxes and shovels to help erect breastworks when one of the French war sears aroused local fears and inspired the call for harbor defense. In 1830 it was ceded by the State of New York to the United States, and in 1821 the Federal military headquarters were transferred there.

and larger in winter," is transected the principal business for the military territory extending along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Texas and west to the Mississippi, exclusive of the mid-western states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan.

One battalion of the 29th Infantry is now stationed at Governors Island under the command of Gen. Thomas H. Barry, who came there from West Point last September, succeeding the late Gen. Frederick Dent Grant.

Several years ago congress appropriated \$1,100,000 for the reconstruction of Governors Island and 103 acres have finally been reclaimed from the bay. Further improvements were suggested, and in 1908 ex-President Taft approved plans for a regimental post, but nothing has been done since then to carry them out. It was intended to make of the island the finest military post in the world. All the old buildings were to be razed, Fort Jay, South Battery and Castle William alone to remain. The first was to be the center of a park with a castellated tower, its most, draw bridge, fine old gateway and sallyport to be uninterfered with. The barracks were to be of the latest model, with every appliance for comfort and use and to house a full regiment of 1,200 men. Magnificent parade and athletic grounds, libraries, piers for passengers and freight and rows of commodious dwellings for the officers were included in the plans.

Following this a firm of architects presented an even more elaborate design. This latest plan has been approved by several prominent men and representative societies.

To the casual glance at present every house on Governors Island would be bettered by a coat of paint. But complaints are rarely heard, notwithstanding the dictum that an army officer who doesn't complain has something the matter with him. This military station is one of the postes de luxe; it is hard to get there, and one has to pry an incumbent away. So when the authorities at Washington spell "economy" out loud the officers at the post are obediently silent.

General Barry's house, an old time dwelling, is a three-minute walk from the landing, and directions to reach it are given by a trio of guards summing themselves under a large placard bearing the inscription "Do Not Loiter." With this example of military obedience in mind you cross the warder's post with another sign saying "Keep Off the Grass," step up some cracked steps through which tender blades of grass are springing and turning a corner face the parade ground on which many of the houses, including General Barry's, front. Like the majority, his is a two-story-and-a-half structure and has an additional wing or two to distinguish it.

The architecture of these old houses is that of the late colonial period. The color is a saffron, dulled to a brownish tint, the trimmings white and the blinds green. The latticed porch and balustrades recall the gingerbread work of the Dutch housewives preparing some special form of ornate cakes.

Along Colonel's Row, as one of the residential streets is called, the names are printed in black letters on the rise of the veranda steps. Prize tables and young papayas fructify the parade ground. There is no profusion of flowers, but here and there are pansy beds kept trimly within wooden frames. A great snowball bush blooms riotously in front of General Barry's door and the perfume of honeysuckle is in the air. Most of the gardening attention is devoted to the lawns and park, and the general effect is that of cleanliness, order and discipline.

The Dutch name for the island was Nutting, Nutting, Nuten or Nut. It was so called, obviously, for the splendid orchards of nut trees, but with the exception of the chestnuts—horse, not edible—there is no trace at present of them.

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But for the breath of suspicion, gossip would soon die a natural death.

into the new tunnel which will carry the city's supply from the Catskill mountains. The water tunnel, which runs under New York, ranks next to the Panama canal among the tremendous engineering projects of the world.

At a depth of from 56 to 400 feet it carries its river equal in size to the Licking at its ordinary stage, confined under very considerable pressure. At several points the water tunnel approaches closely to the subway. The theory of the new alarmist is that an

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Irritating Skin Troubles.
so prevalent in summer, such as hives, poison oak, chafing, sunburn, eczema, etc., are quickly relieved when Tyree's Antiseptic Powder is used. 25c. at druggists or sample sent free by J. S. Tyree, Washington, D. C.—Adv.

It Puzzled Him.
Newedd—Did you spend so much money as this before, I married you?
Mrs. Newedd—Why, yes.
Newedd—Then I can't understand why your father went on so when I took you away from him.

Not Any Use There.
"There are some things," said the man with the high brow, "that money won't buy." "I s'pose there are," replied the other with the overlapping chin, "but there's no use tryin' to use em to get an extension of your credit."

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Easy to Tell What He Thought.
Little Jerome, aged five, heard his mother read from the beauty columns of the paper that eating raw carrots would make one beautiful. A short time ago he was called into the room to view his baby sister for the first time. His mother asked him what he thought of her. Taking a good look at her, he answered in a disgusted tone, "Let's give her a carrot."—Chicago Tribune.

Puritans Fond of Lace.
In Puritan times, though the bobbing were carved with texts warning the workers against the pomps and errors of this wicked world, lace was still worn to a great extent, the family of Oliver Cromwell in particular having a decided penchant for the more costly varieties, and after his death his body was clothed in a garment more richly trimmed with lace and ermine than that of any king before him.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Sounded Very Alarming.
Simmons had returned from his vacation. "I certainly enjoyed the husking-bees," he said to a young woman. "Were you ever in the country during the season of husking-bees?" "Husking-bees," exclaimed the girl, "why, of course not! How do you husk a bee, anyway, Mr. Simmons?"

Monuments.
A quarrelsome couple, having exhausted many subjects, came to discussing tombstones, and the husband asked: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone," was the reply.

Desires Women Drink More.
A S. Shoemaker, attorney for the Anti-Saloon league, whose home is in Washington, says the women of the present day drink more intoxicating drinks each year.

"Invisible" Telephone.
Both transmitter and receiver of a new French loud-speaking telephone can be concealed in a vase of flowers, a table ornament or any other inconspicuous object in a room.

Rudely Frank.
Sapsmith: "I wonder how it comes that Miss Swift is always out when I call."
Grimshaw: "Oh, I guess it's just her luck."—Puck.

New vs. More.
"Why are you in such a hurry for the new currency?"
"The little supply that I had of the old is almost exhausted."—Buffalo Express.

Peaches.
"He says he is in love with daisies."
"Well, he told no lie."
"Ox-eyed daisies?"
"No, peroxide daisies."

Some men seem to have outlived their usefulness when, as a matter of fact, they never had any.

North, South, East, West
men and women are subject to the numerous ailments caused by defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion and elimination. Headaches, lazy feelings, depression of spirits are first consequences, and then worse sickness follows if the trouble is not removed. But thousands have discovered that

Beecham's Pills
(The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World)
are the most reliable corrective, and the best preventive of these common ailments. Better digestion, more restful sleep, greater strength, brighter spirits, clearer complexions are given to those who use occasionally this time-tested home remedy. Beecham's Pills will no doubt help you—it is to your interest to try them—for all over the world they

Are Pronounced Best
Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.
The directions with every box are very valuable, especially to women.

DAISY FLY KILLER
placed anywhere, attracts and kills all the pest flies, mosquitoes, gnats, etc., etc. Made of natural, vegetable oils, and is not only safe for anything, but also kills all the pests. Guaranteed safe. All dealers or direct agents paid for \$1.00.

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DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA
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ABSORBINE
Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Puff Swellings, Boils, Swellings, Stomach Lacerations and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Bumps, etc. It is an ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE (NON-POISONOUS)

Does not blister or remove the hair on face can be worked. Pleasant to use. \$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book A. K. from ABSORBINE, JR., and give latest for mailed to: Geo. E. B. Smith, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Cost. Concentrated only a few drops required at an application. Price \$1 per bottle at dealers or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Fixture.
"But the team has to go away so much,"
"That's right. What we need in baseball is a permanent stock company."

Novelist Misquoted Scripture.
Novelists do not seem to be very strong in their knowledge of the scriptures somehow, and Sir Walter Scott in "The Heart of Midlothian" attempts to point a moral with the words: "Our simple and unpretending heroine had the merit of those peacemakers to whom it is promised as a benediction that they shall inherit the earth." The fact is that the peacemakers did not receive any such promise, but it is said that "the meek shall inherit the earth."

She Showed It.
Senator Lodge said of a lobbyist whose lobby had failed:
"He tried to accept defeat with urbanity, but consciously he showed his chagrin. Poor chap, he resembled Mrs. Smythe."
"Mrs. Smythe called on a friend, expecting to be asked to stay for luncheon. But the friend didn't ask her, and so Mrs. Smythe, secretly much disappointed and put out, rose to go."
"She didn't intend in the least to show her regret, but involuntarily, as she put out her hand, she said:
"Well, good-by, dear Mrs. Luncheon."

Wanted to Be a Puppy.
Margaret, as usual, wanted to leave the table with her hands full of bread and jam.
"Margaret," said her mother, "puppy you remember, that your grandfather said that you reminded him of a little puppy taking his bone out to chev?"
Margaret slipped from the table with her bread.
Pansy watched her sister silently, and then fixed herself a small piece of bread and jam, then turning to her mother her big brown eyes she said meekly: "Mamma, may I be a little puppy too?"—Judge.

Summer Hearts.
The sea was blue and sparkling. The white sand glittered in the sunshine. A great wind, moist and cool and redolent of salt, blew steadily.
Stirred, doubtless, by the same and tonic beauty of the scene, all the young people at Atlantic City seemed to be sweethearts. Bathing, they bathed hand-in-hand. Seated on the sand, their shoulders touched. They walked arm-in-arm upon the broad, wind-swept promenade.
All this proximity caused Nat Willis, the actor, to say with a smile:
"Distance lends enchantment, but the average summer girl and summer man prefer to borrow at another bank."

Daring Aeronaut Shy of Horse.
A Rockwood farmer thinks these balloonist fellows are queer. He is still scratching his head over a strange remark by Capt. Honeywell. As the balloon was packed and ready for shipment to St. Louis, a farmer standing near, offered his team to transport the balloon and the men to Rockwood. Honeywell demanded to know if the horse was a safe one.
"Yes," said the farmer, "but a bit afraid of automobiles." "Nothing doing then," said Honeywell. "I wouldn't care to risk my life behind a scary horse." And Honeywell had ridden a balloon from Kansas City, feeling before a storm the whole way!—Toledo Blade.

Love Isn't Fatal.
"So your friend Jasper has been jalled?"
"Yes."
"How does he take it?"
"He says he feels as if he had been kicked by a mule."
"Oh, I guess it isn't as bad as all that. People sometimes die from being kicked by a mule."

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"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

NEW TERROR FOR NEW YORK
Should Water Tunnel Burst Thousands Would Inevitably Be Stranded in Subway.

Probably the story is based merely upon the hysterical imagination of one of those newspaper writers who have no new terror in store for the city, but it is now told most credulently and it will be a possibility as the water has been turned

into the new tunnel which will carry the city's supply from the Catskill mountains. The water tunnel, which runs under New York, ranks next to the Panama canal among the tremendous engineering projects of the world.

At a depth of from 56 to 400 feet it carries its river equal in size to the Licking at its ordinary stage, confined under very considerable pressure. At several points the water tunnel approaches closely to the subway. The theory of the new alarmist is that an

explosion, a slight earthquake shock, or some other unforeseen cause impossible to guard against, might shatter the dividing wall between the submerged river and the subway, in which event crowded subway trains would be submerged before the passengers could have the slightest chance to escape. I don't think this report will lessen travel on the subway. It's pretty hard to scare New York. Some years ago most of the newspapers shrieked for a week that the Brooklyn bridge was about to fall

down, and travel over it was not diminished in the least, except for three hours at the beginning of the scare, during which the police fought back thousands of persons who were trying to cross. However, a noted engineer to whom the theory of the possibility of a subway flood from the water tunnel was submitted, would say only: "Such a thing is highly improbable. It is not at all impossible."

But for the breath of suspicion, gossip would soon die a natural death.

