

OUT TO "THE OPRY"

Bill Nye Relates an Incident in His Travels.

PEOPLE FROM A CHEESE TOWN

Who Mistook His Little Show for Something Greater and Bigger—The Girl Who Played on the Piano.

Last evening quite a party came by from a small cheese town twenty-five miles away to our unparalleled entertainment. They were disappointed in it. They said they thought it was an "opry." We carry quite a line of printing, and it is showy and beautiful. I must say. We have everything from little doggies in pale pink and blue up to



THE FANCY BILLBOARDS.

The three and ten sheet posters. The papers are kind to us, giving our agent desk room always while he writes the criticism of our performance, and so suburban and outlying towns at times get the impression from our air, and not from anything we state at all, that we carry thirty people and a stud of fine horses which we introduce at each performance.

So these young people residing at the cheese town had somehow got to thinking that we had an "opry." They came arm in arm from the train with bright, expectant faces to the opera house. Their eyes just danced with expectation. Our manager is to blame for this, for his bills are alive with pictorial action. He forgets that people who are not profound expect that the "attraction" is going to place himself in all these attitudes.

The young people put up at the hotel for tea and sat in the parlor and conversed till the meal was ready. "Play something, Madeline," said Grace, who was a large, powerful girl, with tight shoes and a slight stoop in the back, but one could see by her muscular frame that she stoops to conquer, for I thought when I saw her that she was the village blacksmith, who heath the spreading chestnut stands, with strong and brawny arms, God wot, and whisks on his hands.

"Play something, Madeline," again came the pleading, yet deep, rich, manly voice of Grace. "Oh, shut up!" exclaimed Madeline. "I'd rather talk or play some game till supper's ready. Give us a rest!" she added petulantly, for one could see that she was the spoiled darling of the cheese town and wore mauve suspenders over a dainty tay gamp.

"Oh, play something for me, Maddie," said a tall, lithe young man with a knob on his throat, which rose and fell like the price of wheat when he swallowed. "Play something for me," he said, swallowing something with a sound that reminded one strangely of the hanging of Mrs. Surrait. "Play 'Bonaparte's March,' Maddie."

There was a wistful look in his eye, and he leaned forward toward her till she could almost feel his hot Bermuda union breath on her cheek.

He was of a deep, chestnut nature, inclined to the sanguine bilious. His father owned the livery stable under whose auspices they had come.

"Play something for me, Maddie. Play 'Bonaparte's March,'" exclaimed the tall, young man, leaning still farther toward her and regarding her with a look of heart hunger in his eye that reminded one in spite of himself of one who had been searching for the open polar sea and boarding himself.

"Yes, do," said Grace, "play something for Leonard, even if you sour on us." She then rose and escorted Madeline to the piano as Sandrow would have escorted the child wonder to the door for a good spanking. Reluctantly Madeline went to the piano, and aside from the flutter of a tiny mother of pearl suspender button on the real Brussels carpet and his low bezz as it spun across the zinc under the baseboard, there was no sound. With Grace there was no monkey business.

Madeline looked up dreamily to the wall, trying to think of the piece. She then touched the keys with a technique that was like the heavy footfall of a wounded buffalo.

"My patience," she exclaimed, looking at her fingers suddenly, "this piano ain't been swept since Adam was a yerlin!" Merry laughter from the delegates of the remote village greeted this sally.

The piano was poor. It was not what it had once been, and it never was much. It had been taken out of four burning hotels within fifteen years by misgrated people who thought that a piano ought to be preserved. It may be as well perhaps right here for me to admit that I believe the time is coming when pianos will be sold as one sells a good horse, for whatever it will bring. There are generally two or three people in a century who can get inside out of a piano, as there is a man who can walk across

Siagara falls on a tight rope every hundred years, but there is a growing feeling among grownup men who own pianos, and who keep them in repair, and who get nothing in return but poor playing, perpetual practice and apologies, that they will some day unite and demand some other instrument. Some day the piano will follow the aquarium, with its sour crumbs on top and its gasping little goldfish dying of malnutrition at the bottom, and they will go hand in hand into the great starless night of oblivion.

With this statement I bid adieu to good society and become a great coarse outlaw; also glad of it and defiant.

Finally Madeline got started, with a monthful of popcorn, and played "Bonaparte's March." All looked around proudly to see if the other guests at the hotel were pausing, averted and elevated, in the halls and corridors of the hotel, but they were not. Only one "town lady" halted near the parlor and looked at Madeline with a steady gaze and said: "Hum! Oh, yes; she is one of the crowd from Smeat Kase. Come down to see the 'opry.'" And she passed by on the other side.

They were a gentle, simple, happy crowd, and you could see by the sly way they looked about the rough road and how "Herman had told Grace in the seat to keep her from falling out," and all those little jokes, that the "opry" was only an excuse for coming, and that it was a very small part of the entertainment.

I sometimes wish, looking on such fresh and beautiful, kindly joy and a digestion which only asks for employment, that I could be placed back there for a week to forget the glimpses of the sad and the bad of this world, which have been the reward of my curiosity. I would not care to go back to Smeat Kase and remain the balance of my life, but I could manage somehow for a week.

Oh, to shake this false and artificial society life that I lead, with its assumed gaiety; its rich apparel by day and pajamas at night; its rich victuals three times a day and the widening of our circle of acquaintance, thus giving one more people to be jealous of and to strive to imitate!

Sometimes I wish that I was back there at Smeat Kase, a hungry boy eating everything I could overtake, from a gallon of preserves to corn in the ear. But I would have ahead of me the whacks and stumbles and joys of maturing years! I would have to learn again to use tobacco! That makes me content to stay where I am. I would have to run again for the legislature. The elephant has to be seen, even if he step thoughtlessly on us while we are looking at him.

Vain was the man, and false as vain, who said "Vain was to live his long career of life again! He'd do as he had done."

I quote the above from Sanders' Fourth Reader. We would not do as we have done, and yet that is what we would have done. Each of us is placed here for a purpose. Weakly we wander on, not knowing what that purpose is any more than the carrier dove knows, when she speeds homeward in obedience to her own blind wish to be back in the cool shade of her home, that she bears with her a message of war or peace, of love or defiance, to break the hearts of millions or to thrill with joy a thousand souls. We are as ignorant of the great policy of heaven as the average voter is of the ultimate success of the tariff tinker.

And so I watch sadly from across the hall the playing of Madeline on the accursed old reworked feed cutter, the demon of unrest with the ghastly smile among its white and black keys looking out at you like the smile you see in a dentist's show window where teeth can be bought as low as four dollars per set.

Will she be a burton wife in Smeat Kase, following the customs of her neighborhood, spouting the golden butter and six or seven boys into shape? Or will she be the wife of a rich merchant or the leader of some great movement? I do not know what she will be. I only know what she will not be. She will not be a musician of any kind whatever.

By and by they all go to the "opry." It is not quite what they thought it was, being more quiet and subtle, and as I heard a man about town at Fortoria say, "the persimmons were a little too high for their pole."

THE CALENDARS.



MADIE PLAYS FOR LEONARD.

Hereafter we will sell "BOOKS OF THE OPRY," which will make it easy for those who wish to take our home treatment first, and thus be prepared for the "opry," which is just as classical as it can be, yet with a comic vein in it.

Bill Nye

THE CALENDARS.

From the most casual glance at a planisphere, or celestial globe, one is led to associate the noble and sublime science of astronomy with shepherd life. In the pastures of the newly-created world the first human beings were very little society, and all they saw from day to day was their flocks grazing and frisking about them. There were several signs, however, by means of which, if they were only observant, they could have roughly calculated the flight of time. Thus the departure of the birds in the autumn and the fall of the leaves warned them of the approach of winter, and fixed an epoch recurring with periodic regularity; but in their wanderings in search of new pastures, the necessity of an unerring guide became of paramount importance, and naturally the heavenly bodies came to be adopted as a great compass of woodrums directing and date-marking machine, fixing the regular periods of time. Thus the heliacal rising of one certain star her-

while the advent of the shearing season, and the appearance of the pleiades in the east preluded the seedtime; and thus two dates of the utmost importance came to be fixed. And as in this simple astronomy the shepherds traced the annals of the stars among their flocks and herds, so in like manner they traced the history of their flocks among the stars.

Thus the course of the sun came to be amid shepherds and their surroundings. At one time of the year the zodiacal constellation Taurus, the bull, the lord of the herd, marked where "the father of the day" was located. At another time the ram, the master of the fold, served to designate his position.

The lion, the terror of herdsmen, was also placed in the sky, together with the dreaded scorpion, and besides these concomitants of the life of a shepherd, he placed likewise above him still dearer associations, such as the children of his household, Gemini; the virgin, Virgo; the ear of corn, Spica Virgini; and his instruments of husbandry, the plow and the sickle.

The best possible proof of how far the stars had entered into the life of man may be found in the worship of the Sabians of antiquity, who adored the starry hosts as deities. But this epoch of mystery evidently preceded the dawn of observation, and the most important period in connection with the subject of time-measuring commenced when men began to turn the celestial sphere into a mighty rustic habitation, modeled on the basis of their own immediate surroundings.

Even the dog, the type of watchfulness, was translated to the heavens; the bright star Sirius, whose heliacal rising in the days of ancient Egypt pre-announced the overflowing of the Nile, a periodic event of the greatest national importance.

Thus, from the earliest times the heavenly bodies in their seasons have been regarded as grand time-measurers; but long before the stars had been observed for astronomical or other purposes the sun and moon, more intimately connected with man's existence, came to be regarded as time-marking machines; and it is on the motions of these two celestial bodies that all calendars have been based.

It would be reasonably expected that the sun, which is the great source and supporter of life upon the earth, and the regulator of the seasons, would be generally adopted as a measure of time, but men were also struck by the constant and regular return of the phases of the moon, and from this fact were led to use the moon as the basis for their calendar.

The Musliman year is purely lunar, and consists of the period embraced by twelve revolutions of the moon around the earth, or three hundred and fifty-four and one-third days. The Israelites adopted the solar year, not even when they lived so long in the land of Egypt; for we find them, so soon as they were settled in the promised land, using the lunar month and the lunar year. The ancient Jewish year had only three hundred and fifty-four days; twelve days were added sometimes at the end of the year, and sometimes a month of thirty days after the month Adar, in order to bring it into agreement with the solar year. But the Jewish calendar received a reform in the fourth century after the Christian era, and it is this improved calendar which is used by the Jews of our day for fixing their festivals and religious ceremonies. It is extremely ingenious, and is based on the course of the moon. The year is composed of twelve lunar months when common, and of thirteen lunar months when embolismic; and these years succeed each other in such a way that after a period of nineteen years the commencement of the Jewish year arrives at the same epoch as the solar year. The Jewish year is therefore a lunar-solar year, and the civil year of this remarkable people, in common with all Oriental nations, commences with the new moon of September, and the ecclesiastical year at the new moon in March.

The Egyptians, who reached a high state of civilization in the dim twilight of remote antiquity, calculated the year as consisting of three hundred and sixty days, or twelve months of thirty days. In the pursuit of astrology—that vain attempt to evolve the secret of the supposed mystic connection between the celestial bodies and the destiny of man—the Egyptians were unconsciously laying the groundwork of the sublime science of astronomy; and in a period of continued observation they found that the year of three hundred and sixty days fell short of a true solar year by five days. This new year came into force and commenced on the 29th of February, 747 B. C., and this day was the beginning of the era of Nabonassar. The year of three hundred and sixty-five days was followed for a period of seven hundred and twenty-three years; but in the year 525 B. C. a supplementary day was added every fourth year, and this year of three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth days became a fixed year, and was adopted by the Romans when they conquered Egypt. This year was also adopted by the Greeks, and the first year of the era of the martyrs commenced on the 28th of August, A. D. 88.

The Greeks, the most cultured of the nations of antiquity, were rather slow to turn their powers of observation to the sky. They employed at first—borrowing from the Egyptians and the Babylonians—the year of three hundred and sixty days, divided into twelve months of thirty days. Each month consisted of three decades; and this is the sole example in ancient history of a week of ten days. Meton, of Athens in 432 B. C., having observed the sunning of a certain star and a period of nineteen solar years contained two hundred and thirty-five lunations exactly, and that at the end of this period the sun and the moon returned to the same point in the heavens. This discovery was considered so important that an account of it was carved in letters of gold upon the temple of Minerva, and hence the origin of what is generally known as the golden number. For the purposes of chronology, the Greeks counted the years by means of olympiads; the first olympiad occurred 776 B. C., and the last in the year 460 of the Christian era.

The Roman year, as instituted by Numa and regulated by the moon, consisted of three hundred and fifty-eight days, divided into twelve months of unequal length. But this year of three hundred and fifty-eight days did not correspond to the periodic return of the seasons, and in the time of Jul-

ius Cæsar the Roman calendar had fallen into great disorder. To correct this confusion, Cæsar sought the assistance of Sosigenes, a distinguished astronomer of Alexandria; and it was decided that the civil year should consist of three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours—in other words, that there should be three consecutive years of three hundred and sixty-five days, and that the fourth should contain three hundred and sixty-six days, the extra day being intercalated between the 23d and the 24th of February; and as the 24th was the sixth calendar—six days prior to the start of March inclusive—the additional day was called bis-sextus-octidies; hence the origin of our word bissextile. This change took place in the year 45 B. C.; and to correct the disorders in the calendar, it was necessary that the previous year should consist of four hundred and forty-five days. The Julian year is still actually followed by the Russians, Greeks, and some Oriental Christians.

The year as fixed by Julius Cæsar being fully eleven minutes longer than the true solar year, another change was made in the year 1582, when Pope Gregory XIII ordered that Thursday, the 4th of October, 1582, should be followed by Friday the 15th of October. This, as it has been called, the New Style, was not adopted in England till the year 1752. The quarter days are Christmas, Lady Day, Midsummer and Michaelmas; so, when the New Style came into operation, these days were advanced, so to speak, eleven days, and thus became the 8th of January, April and July, and the 10th of October—most important days in connection with stock and annuity business.—Chambers' Journal.

Wonderful Work of a Watch.

Have you any idea of the extraordinary amount of work performed by your watch during the short period of one year, 365 days? Let us figure a little. The balance gives 5 vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 147,650,000 during the year! At each vibration it rotates about 14 times, or, say, about 197,100,000 revolutions a year. In order to better understand the immense amount of labor performed by these delicate little wheels and springs let us go still further with our calculations. Take a locomotive with big 6-foot driver wheels as an illustration. Let the stupendous machine be run until its great wheels have made as many revolutions as the wheels of the watch make during the year and you will find that the engine has had to make 28 complete circuits of the earth before it has equaled the watch in point of wheel revolutions.—St. Louis Republic.

A Look Ahead.—Amy—"Does either of the young men to whom you become engaged during the summer live here?" Mable—"Oh, dear, no. I took care not to become engaged to anyone I'd be likely to meet at home."—Detroit Free Press.

American Plays.

Manager—Is your new play an American drama? Writer—Thoroughly American. Nearly all the characters talk with a brogue.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

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Dr. Edison's FAMOUS PILLS AND BANDS and OBESITY FRUIT SALT reduce your weight without dieting; cures the causes of obesity, such as dyspepsia, rheumatism, nervousness, catarrh, kidney troubles; keeps you healthy, and beautifies the complexion.

Chicago Letter of Thanks.

I again write you to say I have lost 14 pounds, making 50 pounds; lost in 10 weeks by using 4 bottles of Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and wearing his Obesity Band.

Very truly yours, CHARLES H. KENNEDY, Prof. Hale, Chicago University, writes to the Chicago Tribune, Nov. 13, 1922.

Curpulent men should pay some attention to reducing their weight. When a man is troubled with indigestion, dyspepsia, kidney trouble or nervousness the reducing of weight is slower until the Obesity Pills have cured the disease that causes obesity. The pills soften and beautify the skin of the face.

I am at liberty to cite a case in point. Under my advice Mr. Aronson used an Obesity Band and 3 bottles of Pills and lost 20 pounds in 6 weeks. Other patients have been equally successful.

Sold by Druggists.

Band measure at numbers 1, 2, 3. Price \$2.50 to 26 inches, and 20 cents extra for each additional inch.

Obesity Fruit Salt \$1.00 per bottle. It is a powerful laxative and acts directly on the bowels, and is not gripe.

Obesity Pills \$1.00 per bottle. It is a powerful laxative and acts directly on the bowels, and is not gripe.

Obesity Bands \$1.00 per pair. It is a powerful laxative and acts directly on the bowels, and is not gripe.

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MEN CURED FREE.

a big fire of steel shafts, which burn like resin, and raged up the tent again for the ladies, and by that time it was almost Christmas morning.

In the gray dawn I came upon the Old Man and one of the Austin fellows, talking. The Austin man was going to ride on to the next catch below us and send back their ambulance for Miss Belle, and then further to a little town beyond, to have some things in readiness which the Old Man wanted there.

"I would like," said the Old Man, in the husky, hoarse voice of one discussing the gunpowder plot, "to see you and get there, and don't forget the license and the preacher."

He turned explanatorily to me: "I'll send a man back from Mason's to take my place here," he said. "She isn't fit to travel alone, as she is now, and nobody can take care of her as I can."

"I wish," said Corb, discontentedly, as the Old Man disappeared, carrying Miss Belle's breakfast, "that some nice girl was as stuck on me as all that."

"Plenty of 'em are, Corb," said I, cheerfully; but I knew in my heart that Corb would never know the glory and delight that comes from so deep, so strong and so self-abnegating a love as the Old Man's. Such a feeling is its own reward.

Inside the tent I heard him: "Dearest," he said, with such a wealth of tenderness in his voice that every word was a caress. "I've got you up such a breakfast as I could, and I want you to try to eat a bit of it. It won't do to be sick to-day, for, you know, it's Christmas, and our wedding-day."

Blows and Curses.

Dawn was about to break, cold and gray. A bearded pedestrian was the first in all probability to hear the sound of sickening blows emanating from the rear of the brownstone mansion on the corner.

Presently there mingled with the horrifying noise of a high degree of blasphemy and scolding with passion.

The noise fell like rain. The cat's howl was no less copiously.

They could remain transfixed with horror no longer. They burst open the door. "What's wrong?"

The woman who turned upon them like a wild beast held a jagged club in her hand, and her eyes had a baleful glare in them.

Presently they overpowered and disarmed her.

"What do you mean?"

Her discourse was distinguished by a singular ferocity.

Several bearded pedestrians held her while others searched the premises.

After a time the latter returned. Softly they whispered in the ears of the former. Then they gently released the woman, who, after they were gone, again fell to pounding the steak for breakfast.—Detroit Tribune.

Sound Reasoning.

The difference between common sense and mathematics was illustrated in a remark which Tommy Jones—who is not exceptionally bright, but just a common, natural boy—made in his class at school the other day.

It was the class in mental arithmetic. The teacher asked Willie Smith:

"Which would you rather have, Willie, half an apple or eight-sixteenths of an apple?"

"Wouldn't make any difference," said Willie.

"Why not?"

"Eight-sixteenths and one-half are all the same."

At this reply Tommy Jones, who was several steps farther down the class, sniffed scornfully. The teacher heard him.

"Well, Tommy," said she, "don't you agree with Willie?"

"No'm," said Tommy. "I'd a good deal rather have one-half an apple."

"And why, please?"

"More juice. Cut up half an apple into eight-sixteenths and you'd lose half the juice doing it?—You're a Comedian."

"Is he such an unlucky man?" asked Mrs. Muggs.

"Unlucky? Why that man has toothache in his false teeth."—Buffalo Express.

Love's Perplexity.

They grew in beauty like two flowers—One as a lily fair The other radiant as the rose That breathes the summer air.

Maria was the staid older form, Blanche the younger face. Maria wore a quietly air, And Blanche a simple grace.

Although Maria's shape surpassed All forms I ever had seen, Her stature Blanche at times possessed The more bewitching mien.

Maria's eyes were lustrous black, But Blanche's eyes of blue Reflected in their liquid depths The stars of heaven's own hue.

And then Maria's voice excelled That of a prima donna; In her own art, such gifts of song Had nature lavished on her.

While Blanche's skillful touch displayed Such marvellous command, You thought the keyboard felt the thrill Of Fodor's hand.

I fairly worshipped Blanche—but then I equally adored Maria—to which one of these Should I my choice accord?

Such passages of excellence I could but sigh and say, "How happy could I be with one Were the other but away!"

Embrace me in violence instead, With either for a bride! Strive as I would, I still remained Unable to decide.

But while I pondered, sore distressed In this perplexity, and plight To kindly aid me free,

A fair proposition came to each A more decided love— An English lord bore off the one, A German count the other.

—T. R. Harbison in New England Magazine.

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The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Alumina, No Arsenic. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.