Very popular—
These "F. B. Q." Blue Serge Suits, because they are the coolest hot-weather clothing you can wear.
$20 Suits now $15.

Burt's Greater Stores,
Arthur Burt, 1343 F St.

EGG-O-SEE COMPANY'S CORN FLAKES

Avoid artificial flavoring in foods. Buy E. C. CORN Flakes, made by the original EGG-O-SEE process, which brings out the wholesome, natural flavor of the grain. Highest quality and largest package on the market for 10c.

All Grocers'—10c.

TO RESTORE HOLYROOD.

£40,000 Said to Have Been Guaranteed for the Purpose.

From the Rosary Magazine.

A sum of about $200,000 is said to have been guaranteed for the purpose of restoring the venerable pile of the Abbey Church of the Holy Rood, adjoining the royal palace of the same name, a little outside Edinburgh.

Holy Rood dates from the twelfth century. The exact year is uncertain, but 1128 is generally accepted as approximate.

According to the legend, King David I, who was hunting in the neighboring forest, was attacked by a stag, which had been brought to bay by the hunting party. He was thrown to the ground by the furious animal and was in imminent danger of death.

Suddenly a cross arose from the ground between the form of the beast and the monarch; and the stag, affrighted, fled. The cross remained on the spot. Its material substance was a mystery to those who examined it.

The occurrence was looked upon as miraculous. In gratitude to heaven the king ordained that a shrine should arise on the ground adjacent. He decreed that it be called the Church of the Holy Rood, and gave it in the care of the canons regular of St. Augustine.

What remains of the abbey is called the Chapel Royal. It is only a fragment of the old building, but is yet considerable. The portion formed the nave of the great abbey. Its walls are lofty, its windows tall and its western door of generous proportions. The carving is rich, though not florid.

The tombs within the abbey walls include those of King David I, King James II (of Scotland), King James V and his queen Magdalen, Henry, Lord Darnley, and many other members of the Scottish nobility. The grave of Riccio is not within the abbey inclosure, but in a passage leading to the quadrangle of the palace.

"Orchard Cities."

From the New York World.

Experiments made in cutting up farm land near London into small holdings for cultivation as orchard homes by townspeople have resulted so successfully as to suggest the profitable imitation of the idea near New York. Land in the county of Essex was chosen as being not too dear nor so remote from London as to prevent commutation. Plots of one and two acres were laid out, wells were dug, apple, pear, plum and cherry trees and currant bushes were planted, small glass houses were put up and filled with tomato plants, rose and flower beds were prepared and everything set in order for the purchaser to begin horticulture in a small but most attractive way immediately on taking possession.

Buyers were hampered with the fewest restrictions. They need not even build houses. The promoters supplied timber, seed or anything called for at wholesale prices. Generally speaking, the orchard sites when thus prepared were offered at $500 an acre. The result has been the springing up of miniature "orchard cities," possessing a picturesque individuality as contrasted with the conventional suburb, and populated by all sorts of city people—retired tradesmen, managing clerks, civil service employes. In addition to fruit culture, poultry raising has been followed with profit.

Captain Cook.

From the Sydney Herald.

It does us all good at times to cease awhile from thinking about ourselves and our troubles and triumphs and to pay our meed of thanks to those who have gone before us, and who have made life easier for us. Thus it is well that we should hold in reverence the memory of such men as Capt. Cook, the 137th anniversary of whose landing at Kurnell was adequately celebrated on Saturday.

William L. Cutright committed suicide at Weston, W. Va., recently. He was despondent over the death of his wife and the illness of two other members of his family, who are down with typhoid fever. Cutright kissed the dead body of his wife and, entering an adjoining room, shot himself.

INFANTS' SUMMER SICKNESS.

The following simple treatment will usually cure summer diarrhoea within 24 hours:

1. Stop feeding dairy milk.
2. Give (to about one year old) one grain of calomel, cut into three doses of two-hour intervals.
3. Feed for a few days on thick rice-water, finely strained, and sweetened, while yet hot, with some condensed milk. Keep mixture cool, heating bottle when needed.
4. When cured, gradually substitute scalded or pasteurized dairy milk.

SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF SICKNESS.

E. BERLINER, Secretary.

P. S.—A regular diet for children on condensed milk is inadvisable.

je9-8u,tf,46

MUSICAL MENTION.

Mr. Edwin Hughes, the well-known young pianist and composer, has returned from a short vacation spent in Hackensack, N. J., and in New York and Tarrytown. In the latter town he visited his former teacher and intimate friend, Raphael Joseffy, the eminent concert pianist. Mr. Hughes also placed his very good and promising compositions of the past several years with publishers.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, both well-known in music circles, the latter as Miss Emma Rosenbaum, who have spent the past two years in the Philippines, where Mr. Freeman was assigned to duty, are being congratulated on the birth of a son. They will return to America some time during next season. Theirs is one of the many marriages in the Rebew Orchestra, which is fast gaining a reputation as a matrimonial bureau.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Hazard, the former a flutist in the Rebew Amateur Orchestra, are spending their summer in their cottage at Washington Grove. They will not return to town until early in October.

Mr. Joseph O. Harrison, organist of the Ninth Street Christian Church, gave his annual pupils' recital in the church last Wednesday evening. A creditable program was given by the pupils with most gratifying results. Among those who were heard were Miss Roberta Weber, Mrs. G. P. Frey, Miss Mary Mason, Miss F. M. McMillan, Miss Lula Nichol, Miss Ruby M. Gaver, Mrs. Mabel Hart Test, Miss Doris Talbert and Mr. Walter McCurdy, pianists; Miss Stella I. Raymond, Mr. Carroll Gilbert, Mr. George Flemer, Mr. Edward Weber, Mr. George Ofenstein, Mr. Walter Silber and Mr. Ernest Taylor, violinists. Mr. W. J. Weber acted as accompanist.

The Sunday school orchestra of the Keller Memorial Church, numbering the instruments, will remain in their places during the summer. It has become quite a feature of the Sunday school services, and adding much to the interest taken by both young and old members.

Mrs. Henry Hunt McKee will be heard at the new organ in St. Michael's and All Angels' Church today, which will be the first time the new organ has been heard in the church. Mrs. McKee will play in her old place during July, at the morning services, the evening services having been discontinued. Mrs. McKee has resigned from the staff of the Washington College of Music, and has accepted the position of teacher of music in the Chevy Chase School for Young Ladies, beginning in the fall. Mrs. McKee is resting at the Chevy Chase Inn before taking up her new duties in September, but will probably make a short trip north next month.

Mr. Norman Daly left Washington last Monday for New York, where he will do some playing before going on to Cape May the last week in this month. He will remain in Cape May for the rest of the summer. Mrs. Josephine Esputa Daly will leave on Thursday for Cape May, where her son will join her. She will remain with him for some time. Just before leaving young Mr. Daly played an interesting program of piano music in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Adams, in Woodbridge, when the music club of Langdon was entertained. Mrs. Adams has a charming soprano voice, and sang a number of songs to Mr. Daly's accompaniment. The kindergarten organized by Mrs. Daly and her son, last winter, for advanced pupils, has proved a great success with the small students of music.

An interesting violinist, formerly well-known in Washington, Mrs. C. G. Hequembourg, formerly Florence Dillard, was heard at the Woman's Club in Richmond last Monday. As a musical inspiration to the city the Woman's Club has taken the place of the old Mozart Association. Mrs. Hequembourg is a gifted and charming violinist, and was heard with great pleasure and appreciation. She was accompanied by a young pianist of New York, Miss Mary Shelton, who is a guest of relatives in Richmond. Mrs. Hequembourg spent several winters in Washington, and made many friends.

Puccini, who gave us the beautiful "Madame Butterfly," is now engaged upon a new opera, which is being written around an American subject. He is just completing an opera on the life of Marie Antoinette.

Scores of his Washington friends will be interested in the recent marriage of Mr. William Knabe of Baltimore to Miss Margaret A. Mason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Mason of Cape May, N. J. The ceremony took place Saturday, the 6th of this month, in the Hotel Belmont in Cape May, by the Rev. H. M. Warner, pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Only two or three relatives of the bride and bridegroom were present, as the proposed wedding had been carefully kept a secret. Mr. Charles Keidel, jr., formerly of this city, now of Baltimore, his home, acted as best man for his cousin. A breakfast followed the ceremony, after which the bride and bridegroom left for an automobile tour through the Berkshire Hills. On their return they will go to Allenhurst, N. J., where the bridegroom has already leased a cottage. Mr. Knabe is well known in Washington, and comes over frequently for musical and social functions. He is now in charge of the Knabe house in New York, where he and his bride will make their home in the winters. Mr. Keidel was formerly in charge of the business in Washington, and has recently been transferred to Baltimore.

Miss Lydia Hughes is spending her summer at Brookfield, Conn., attending a summer school of music under the direction of Mr. H. W. Green of New York.

Mr. Ernest T. Winchester, organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's Catholic Church, will play the organ at Calvary Baptist Church both morning and evening today, for Mr. Arthur D. Mayo, who has left town for the first vacation he has taken in over fourteen years. Mr. Winchester will later go to the Cathedral (Roman Catholic), in Cincinnati, to attend the course of lectures in Gregorian Chant, which are to be given there by authorities, gathered together from both this country and abroad, and which is under the direct patronage of the Archbishop of Cincinnati. From Cincinnati, Mr. Winchester will go to New York to take a post-graduate course in boy-choir training, all of which he is enabled to do through the kind generosity of a member of St. Paul's parish.

Katherine Goodson, the English pianist, writes to her American managers that she has secured some very interesting novelties by French and Russian composers which she will present for the first time during her next American tour. Her engagements in England and on the continent will afford her only a brief vacation before her return to this country next November.

NEWS OF INTEREST TO AUTOMOBILISTS

The recent opinion of Attorney General Bonaparte, the effect of which was that the officials of Glen Echo have no right to fine automobilists who speed along the Conduit road through the limits of Glen Echo, is stated to be immensely pleasing to the members of the Automobile Club of Washington. They are now determined to push the test case in the courts and recover the fines collected, which, it is stated, amount to about $900. In fact, a number of members are outling what they are going to do with the money when the time arrives to collect. Mayor Garrett, on the other hand, says it is easy to write opinions. In the meantime the lid at Glen Echo is on and the youthful chief executive has a comfortable seat on top.

During the past week the local automobile dealers say trade has been dull. It is generally supposed that when the weather is decidedly warm the general public turns to thoughts of the buzz car. This is probably true, it is stated, but the autoists who intend to buy machines generally fit out before the first streak of real warm weather arrives.

Darlington S. Rhodes of Denver, one of the leading road engineers of the country, has been interviewing motorists of Pennsylvania upon the proposed $25,000,000 state highway between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and declares that the proposition, though defeated in the last legislature, is not dead by any means.

When the contestants in the Peking to Paris race reached the monastery occupied by the Lama of Uurga, who is second only in importance to the Grand Lama of Thibet, the princely potentate had his attendants drag forth a motor car of his own, which proved to be cheap and worthless. Just who "stuck" the lama the Europeans were unable to discover.

While the English judges appear to be strongly prejudiced against motorists, English jurors, seemingly, desire to play fair. An autoist was sued recently at Bath because his machine frightened a cab horse. The jury held that the fright was caused by smoke emitted by the auto, which was just starting, but that it was not due to any negligence on the part of the motorist.

Touring motorists should beware the risks involved in buying lubricating oil for the motor of agents and dealers in out-of-the-way places, as the average gasoline engine is very sensitive to poor grades of oil. In case an emergency demands the use of some unknown and heavy compound it is well to mix a little kerosene with it before taking chances on dirty valves or gummed cylinders.

When the fretwork on the control pedals of a car becomes so worn as to render the foot liable to slide off, particularly in wet weather, it is a very good plan to wind the tread portion with tire tape, a sufficient number of layers being used to give good and certain "traction." It is a simple little expedient, but is well worth while when the risk incurred by a possible slip of the foot is taken into account.

A very good "mancheon" for covering a torn or cut outer tire casing may be improvised out of an old-fashioned leather boot leg. A strip three or four inches longer than the rupture in the tire casing should be cut from the softest part of the bootleg and should be worked rapidly between the hands to render it pliable. It should then be bound firmly in place, anything from a stout cord to a leather thong serving for the purpose, care being taken to "anchor" the lashing to one of the spokes so that it cannot creep.

Automobiles have been put to many unique uses at various times, such as running printing presses, hoisting material on construction work, and even turning threshing machines, but Walnut, Iowa, claims to have the original automobile washing machine. William Carstensen, city electrician, Monday morning gets out his car, jacks up the rig and attaches a belt from the rear wheel to the pulley of the automatic washing machine, which has been filled with soapy water and soiled linen. A turn of the crank and by the time the morning paper has been read the wash is ready to rinse and hang out on the line.

Two enthusiastic automobilists who spend a large part of their time in this city are Messrs. Samuel and Robert Dalzell of Pennsylvania. On their frequent trips about the city they use a large black Locomobile, which is handled in this city by the Pope Automobile Company. Both of the Dalzells are enthusiastic golfers and during the early part of the past spring were frequent participants in tournaments played at the Chevy Chase Club. They have always used a Locomobile, and during the summer they tour about the country. Last year they were in Canada and spent much time near Quebec. They have also toured extensively in the Adirondacks and about the Thousand Islands.

John A. Lutz, local agent of the Oldsmobile, is one of the autoists who "have it in" for Mayor Garrett of Glen Echo. He recently had a trial before the bar of justice presided over by the mayor and was "soaked" for a heavy fine. One of the residents of the municipality, it was alleged, caught a glimpse of Mr. Lutz speeding along the Conduit road, and after taking the number of the machine turned the same over to the marshal, who took him in custody several days later. According to Mr. Lutz, the several residents who testified were unable to correctly say just how fast he was going. Some said ten miles an hour, he declares, while others were positive he was making his Olds travel an "easy sixty." Anyhow, Mr. Lutz was fined and will probably make a test case.

The new army automobile invented by Dr. S. N. McLean of Cleveland will be given a test this month by the United States officers at Sandy Hook proving grounds. The car will follow floating targets, its rapid-fire gun peppering away at 160 rounds to the minute.

Experiments made by London hospitals show conclusively that daily spins in motor cars largely increase the red corpuscles in the blood as well as their haemoglobin contents. The experiments further show that automobiling is an excellent cure for insomnia.

When James B. Duke, head of the tobacco trust, sails for Europe tomorrow, where he will marry Mrs. William Inman of Atlanta, he will take with him an American-built car which cost $20,000, in which he and his bride will tour the continent.

One of the few cars to finish with a perfect score in the recent strenuous reliability contest of the Copenhagen Auto Club was an American two-cylinder machine. The distance was 300 kilometers over the hilliest roads in the vicinity of the Danish capital.

The members of the American emigration commission, who recently toured Italy in an automobile, were objects of great wonder to the residents of many remote sections of Sicily and Calabria, who for the first time saw a vehicle moving without horses.

Four autoists, two of them ladies, were recently stalled in a dense forest near Middletown, N. Y., while traveling from New York to Buffalo, and spent a hungry night in the woods. They could not sleep, and were in a miserable condition when found by a farmer at daylight.

Illustrative of the fad for brightly painted cars, the manager of an eastern automobile manufacturing concern recently received a bright purple lead pencil, about three inches long, from a customer, with the specification that the car ordered be finished in that particular tint.

Falling a victim to "motoritis," Alfred L. Langfield, a Philadelphia youth of twenty-four, sold his birthright to an estate of $50,000 for a loan of $3,800, with which to buy an automobile. Tiring of the machine he sold it for a mere song and has now begun suit to recover his right to the estate.

In vetoing a bill providing that no person should be permitted to operate any engine, irrespective of motor power, exceeding ten horsepower, unless the operator be a licensed steam engineer, Mayor McClellan of New York pointed out that it would apply to automobiles and hence was absurd.

In addition to its Lake Mahopac and Long Beach clubhouses, the City and Country Motor Club is making arrangements for another country home nearer New York city, to provide a rendezvous for the club members who wish to make short evening trips after business hours.

While F. C. Whitney, the American horseman, was in London recently, he had an urgent business call to Florence. He made the trip both ways in an automobile, covering 3,000 miles through France and Italy in less than seven days. Wherever possible he drove at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

A competition for devices which will prevent cars from being stolen is being organized by the French Association Generale Automobile. It is intended to develop apparatus calculated at once to prevent tampering with cars, left unattended on the street and also the clandestine use of cars left in garages by their trusting owners.

Worse troubles than those experienced in the Gobi Desert awaited the contestants in the Peking-Paris race between Urga and Kiahkta. Several cars became mired in deep morasses, the passengers being at the mercy of semi-savage Mongolians, who, however, were willing to help the motorists out when money was shown them.

A new record from Philadelphia to Pittsburg recently was made by Miss Elsie Janis, the young actress, who drove her car across Pennsylvania in forty-one hours.

Among members recently elected to the Royal Automobile Club of England is the wealthy, powerful Duke of Portland, who owns a fine "stud of motors," as the Britons style it.

January and February are the best months for racing on Ormond Beach, Fla., because the northeast storms of December leave the strand in excellent condition for speeding.

So many tourists are taking their American cars with them to Europe this year that one eastern builder has found it profitable to open an agency at Paris to supply spare parts.

California has adopted the convict system of road building so successfully employed by other states. The convicts work in gangs of twenty each, with an armed guard to each gang.

John D. Rockefeller, accoring to the tax assessor of Cleveland, rides in eight machines in that city, all valued at only $1,300. In sharp contrast Mayor "Tom" Johnson uses three machines worth $4,700.

In an endeavor to provide a dust-proof road, the municipal authorities of Garden City, L. I., will have a top layer of vitrified brick placed on a macadamized street much patronized by motorists.

Breaking away from a Pittsburg abattoir a wild bull wandered about the city for three days defying capture, until it was chased into a park and cornered by a squad of police in a touring car.

At the recent semi-annual meeting of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers $5,000 was appropriated to be used at the discretion of a good roads committee to be appointed later.

British autoists are having their troubles with the oil trust. In response to repeated public demands, the embargo on petrol has been removed from ships passing through the Suez canal. Yet the price of oil keeps up.

A New York capitalist, who recently advertised in Pittsburg offering $10,000 for a man with a practical idea for a puncture-less tire, received 534 replies. One of the ideas he believes will prove feasible.

In spite of all pleadings, Gov. Hughes has virtually put an end to all hope for the Vanderbilt cup race on Long Island roads by steadfastly refusing to permit the use of state troops to protect the crowds from danger.

Active steps are being taken by the Royal Automobile Club og Great Britain to secure the co-operation of its own members, as well as of the members of affiliated clubs, on the suppression of sirens and exhaust cut-outs.

Philadelphia autoists who pass through fashionable Byrn Mawr, the pretty Pennsylvania college town, have been compelled within a few weeks to hand over a large sum in fines—levied because they failed to toot their horns at a certain crossing.

Probably the largest single order for electric vehicles was placed recently by a Brooklyn, N. Y., department store. It was for fifty one-ton delivery wagons, five two-ton delivery trucks and five one-ton wagons for special delivery purposes.

A recent count of vehicles passing through Fleet street, London, in twelve hours, resulted in a total of 10,272, of which 1,125 were motor driven. In 1881 a count showed only 5,309 vehicles passing through the great thoroughfare in twenty-four hours.

The original "gas buggy," built by Geo. W. Selden in 1877, still is serviceable, having been run on the Guttenberg, N. J., track recently to satisfy counsel in a suit over the Selden patent that it could be operated under its own power.

AROUND THE CITY

The driver of a beer wagon was walking his horses across the track near The Star building and a gang of colored laborers had halted work to let a car pass. They were exchanging confidences as to what would happen if they could get at a keg of beer. They chuckled with the joyousness of the idea, and one tremendous black fellow was bellowing out a guffaw that was so much rich, unstudied melody, when:

"You lazy scamp! Get back to your work there!"

The voice that gave the order belonged to a fat man in good clothes, who had the general appearance of owning the earth—and some over.

"That's a pretty business!" he went on to the ordinary man with him. "Here we are taxed to death to pay for these improvements, and this is the way the work goes on——"

The ordinary man must have loved the ways of peace, for he explained:

"They had to get out of the ditch to let the cars pass."

"Don't talk to me like that! Haven't I got eyes to see? I'm a public-spirited citizen, sir, and I have a right to protest against this waste of the people's money. Look at them, sir, gabbing and laughing and talking about beer——"

"I don't feel that way about it, old man. Why, I never look out in this street that I don't feel that these laborers can teach me a lesson in endurance and good nature. Think of their working, day after day, in steaming weather like this——"

"Nonsense. I work in hot weather, sir!"

The man who loved peace interrupted with a laugh that had a streak of derision in it.

"You work!—I don't blame those chaps for wanting a drink. Let's go in and get something cool ourselves."

The idea was promptly accepted and the two went in the big hotel at the corner.

It wasn't much of an incident but it gave a woman who was waiting for a green car the opportunity of noting how closely a public-spirited citizen can resemble an ill-natured man.

A spry, gray-haired little woman was scurrying along with a couple of brooms, which she carried as unconcernedly as if they had been—say, carnations.

As she reached a crossing another woman stopped her to give an order for a dust brush. When the transaction was over a third woman accosted the customer in the voice of one who is called on to bear the world's woes:

"Isn't it dreadful to see that poor creature having to work on the streets! Why don't they take her up and put her in some good institution?"

The dust brush woman showed the courage of her convictions:

"Because it would be a very outrageous proceeding. She's nobody's pauper. You ought to see the beautiful tombstone she's had set up for herself in blank cemetery. She's going to rest like a fine lady some day!"

"Bought a tombstone! Before she is dead!"

The woe-burdened lady gasped out her ejaculations as if it were quite the regular thing for people to make such purchases after death.

"Why didn't she save that money for sickness and old age? I never should have done a thing like that!"

"Maybe I wouldn't either, but you see she did. And freedom to do, and even to suffer, is a glorious thing. This would be a very monotonous world if we were all made in the same mold, like tallow dips."

"Oh, I don't agree with you. I don't approve of an exposed life for women. They should stay at home and let men do the outside work." It didn't seem to occur to her that the census has settled it for us that there are not men enough to go round.

"The streets are no place for women in these large, sinful cities. Think of the temptations——"

"You are right hard on our men, madam," laughed the dust-brush woman. "I'm sorry you don't know them better. Men are all right, God bless them, and so are the streets. I work out in them, so I know."

Then the dust-brush customer broke up the dialogue by going off without owning up to her line of work and the other woman looked after her with scandalized eyes.

A white embroidered woman from Spotless Town was waylaid by a microbe of a boy. He wanted her to buy shoestrings.

A student of fashion could have seen by her dress that she wasn't the sort of woman to tolerate cotton shoe laces, but perhaps the microbe possessed the instinct that makes a street Arab know his friends. Anyhow, he asked her to buy shoestrings, and while she looked him over he rammed his knuckles in his eyes.

He was very small, even for a microbe, and the dirt that grimed him from bare head to bare toes was of a character that Mr. Venus would have classified as "warius."

"You poor, dirty little boy," gasped the woman from Spotless Town. "Why don't you wash yourself? If I give you a nickel will you buy a cake of soap?"

"Nome. I won't buy no soap."

She must have recognized the honesty of a microbe who could easily have deceived her, for she put her hand on his head.

"Of course, child, the soap money would have been extra. Here, this is for the laces. Now tell me why you won't buy soap."

"Cause I'm goin' to take my little kid sister a car ridin' to Chivvy Chase. We kin go on one ticket. She's sick and she's always wantin' lemons an' car rides——"

The white embroidered woman didn't wait to verify statements. She went in her trifle of a silver-meshed purse, took out the coins in it and handed them over to the microbe.

"Thanky, lady. I'm goin' to buy a cake of soap. 'Deed I am, honest!"

It was a sensational promise, but the woman went off with a smiling conviction that he would keep his word.

An old colored man who sells matches was stationed at a corner while a scrap of a brown boy acted as "barker" for the trade.

A white man in passing had ignored the boxes thrust at him by the irrepressible youngster, but stopped to ask the senior member of the firm how he sold his matches.

"Three boxes for a nickel, sir, same as in the stores."

"Make much out of the business?"

"My profit, sir, is 7 cents on every gross. Sometimes I sell five gross a day and then again I'm not so lucky. The rainy spell about ruined me, but business has been pretty tidy since the summer spell set in."

"Hard lines, being blind, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I find it right hard to get along, sir."

"I should think so. Too bad."

And the white man, having found out all he wanted to know about the blind one, went his way down the avenue.

Without buying a match!

He was a clean-cut, fresh-faced young Englishman, and after months of work for his business house in Washington was going home with impressions.

Some foreigners refuse to see America's good points, but this one made a record for honest comparisons. He had studied conditions and formed impartial judgments, and was so manly and straightforward about his views that his fellow-boarders felt that he spoke from his heart and would stand by his statement, when he told them that, in one respect, America is superior to Great Britain.

It was a tremendous assertion and the four boarders who represented his audience recognized the courage it took to make it.

As he stood erect on the porch with the moon for a spotlight, the woman on the bottom step thought so Sir Galahad would have looked—if he had worn an English mixture suit and carried an English cane.

Another person in the doorway, who seemingly expected an open confession as to the shortcomings of the monarchical system asked persuasively for details. She got them:

"We have only glow worms. You have firefliies."

And when he was swinging down the pavement the woman on the bottom step called up to the one in the doorway:

"Do you reckon he meant to make light of us?"

It had rained all morning, but the afternoon was sunny and the sky a cloudless blue.

Two women and their flock of children were out in the suburbs lunching from shoe boxes, and while the youngsters stuffed and squabbled the mothers discussed affairs.

"Yes, I just had to let Rachel go," said the one with a black pompadour; "she got so careless about the children. She was a fine cook and all that, but my Johnny says she would get cutting up with the other nurses and any kidnaper could have come along and stolen the baby in his go-cart. I got so I couldn't rest when the children were out of my sight for fear of some harm happening to them."

"Me, too. You just can't trust a nurse these days," added the one in the blue jumper. "I tell my husband I can't help it how the housekeeping goes, I've just got to keep my eye on Edith. She's outgrowing her strength and the doctor says I can't be too careful of her."

And the spinster who was meandering by wondered why two such careful mothers should allow their offspring to sit on the damp grass.

But, Lor', what does a spinster know about chi'dren!

Two men were turning a corner, when the chunky one in a checked suit, tan shoes and straw hat a trifle on one side said to the other:

"Yes, sir, that medium is great! Told me I was the reincarnation of Julius Caesar. Don't know how she got her information, but she had me down to a do: —"

Then the noblest Roman of them all and his companion went in a place that had a shutter door.

"Hold on, Bob, I want to see these prints."

The young man interested in photographs entered the passageway at the foot of a steep flight of steps, bumped into a woman, apologized, and when she had scuttled out to the pavement remarked:

"Don't know whether you've ever noticed it or not, but I never stop at one of these picture cases that I don't run into a woman stooping over to tie her shoestrings."

STATION AGENTS' TROUBLES.

Urgent Calls for Help Along the Line of the Uganda Railway.

From the Colonizer.

The Uganda railway has always impressed us as being one which, to do it full justice, should be dealt with in comic opera. Named after a colony through which it does not run, starting from a terminus carefully placed as far away as possible from the port it serves, though reaching the island on which that port is situated by a bridge built at great expense, running for a long extent through natural game preserves, with the result that its trains are held up from time to time by objecting animals, every mile on the line has a more or less humorous tale attached to it.

In the early days, while construction was still proceeding and while only a part of the line was open for traffic—in fact, until quite recently—life on the line must always have been interesting and occasionally very exciting. In August, 1905, for instance, the traffic manager at Mombasa received from the Babu stationmaster at Simba the following telegram, marked urgent: "Lion is on the platform. Please instruct guard and driver to proceed carefully and without signal in yard. Guard to advise passengers not to get out here, and be careful when coming into booking office."

The touching piece of advice included seems somewhat superfluous. However, one bold sportsman did get out, and, ascending a convenient tree, managed to "get" a lioness and a lion within a few minutes. He further wounded another lion, the one waiting on the platform. However, the latter after being wounded disappeared and could not be found, so the sportsman went along the siding to look for him. He found him—suddenly—but owing to his swiftness in getting in a blow from the shoulder on the lion's jaw after an exciting rough and tumble he found himself on top when the lion bolted into the bush.

A little later in the day the traffic manager received a further wire from the stationmaster, who appeared to be somewhat recovering confidence, as it was not marked urgent: "One African again injured by a lion. Please send cartridges by next train certain." The same afternoon this was followed by a second touching telegram: "Pointsman is surrounded by two lions while returning from distant signal, and then pointsman went on top of telegraph post near water tanks. Train to stop there and take him on train and then proceed. Please arrange necessary steps."

It is not "big game" alone, however, that causes annoyance, for from a station close to Nairobi about five years ago the following report was received: "Rats running about like h——, eating holes in the ceiling and biting off pointsman's toes. Send rat traps."

On Removing Warts.

From the Philadelphia Record.

"Why so many people go through life with these unsightly spots on face, neck and hand is surprising, when they can be so easily and safely removed," said Edwin Zinn of Germantown after he had removed two warts from the hand of a school boy. "These parts," continued Zinn, "are simply an overgrowth of flesh covered with a hardened skin of two varieties, hard and soft. For home treatment there is a safe remedy, a simple one within the reach of all. It is this: Several times a day moisten the spots with water and rub them with a piece of washing soda. This removes them and no scar remains—that is, to stay. Frequently a little white spot appears after the wart is gone, but that will soon wear away. A home treatment does very well to remove warts on the hands and face when they are small, but the larger ones should be removed by electricity, particularly those that appear near the ears, on the throat and under the chin. These are glandular, and under no circumstances should they be treated save by a specialist."

Our National Apple.

From the Atlantic.

Emerson calls the apple our "national fruit" and it has good title to the name both as a wilding and as a tamed and chosen companion of man. From north to south and from east to west it spreads its roots and rears its trunk. The pioneer when he selects his newly chosen home plants seeds from the old home orchard around the newly reared walls of his cabin; the great landowner beautifies his acres and enhances their value with rare and choice selections of trees, and each tree has a family receipt for flavor which it implicitly follows; each species keeping inviolate the virtue of mixture. We can imagine a gossipy Seek-no-further trying to extract from a youthful Spitzenberg the secret of its spicy acid, but it would remain forever untold. Each one gathers its own store of flavors and mixes them with unvarying skill and always with the same result.

"It Pays to Deal Where Satisfaction Is Guaranteed."

Mayer & Co

409-417 Seventh St.

GRAND-RAPIDS-SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

STEARNS & FOSTER FELT MATTRESSES

"We Will Trust You."

It's Economy to Buy Here Now

Bargains such as these will richly repay you for your trip to this store, and you will find the quality of every article to be the best—up to date, attractive and durable.

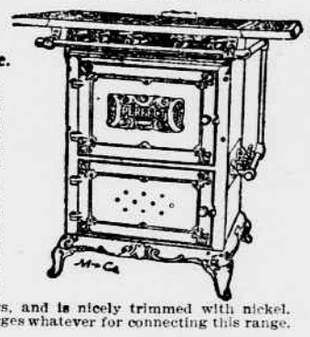
You'll find every article marked in plain figures—you'll find prices on the most seasonable furniture greatly reduced, and we'll ask no additional charges for the conveniences of credit.

GAS RANGES.

This 5-burner Perfect Gas Range,

$18.48

Iron Pipe Connection Free.



A fine, large, five-burner perfect gas range, just like this picture, connected to your gas pipe, all ready for use, for $18.48. Has five removable top burners, consisting of a large double burner, three single burners and a simmering burner, removable top gratings, extension shelves, large oven, separate broiling oven, two oven burners and pilot-lighter, swing doors, and is nicely trimmed with nickel. We make no extra charges whatever for connecting this range.

GO-CARTS.

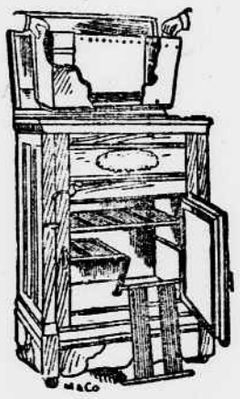
This $7.48 Collapsible Go-Cart,

$4.95

Just like the picture here shown. Is one of the new style patterns that may be folded into so small a space that they can be packed into a suit case. Has fine steel folding frame, enameled black, rubber tires, and is upholstered in black Chases leather.

GREATLY CUT PRICES

On Bowen, New Progress and Lenox Refrigerators.



We've too many of certain patterns of Bowen, New Progress and Lenox Refrigerators, and have resorted to extreme price-cutting to make them move quickly. You'll find these refrigerators on our floor marked at their regular price in plain figures and you can make the reductions yourself. Every refrigerator sold is guaranteed to be absolutely perfect in every respect.

Don't miss a chance like this to get a genuine Bowen, New Progress or Lenox Refrigerator at a fraction of its cost.

$8.48 Lenox Refrigerators $6.75
Ice Capacity 37 lbs.

Guaranteed Lenox Refrigerators of the size that we have been selling regularly for $8.48. They are made of Wisconsin ash, perfectly insulated, have removable and adjustable metal shelves, are lined entirely with zinc and perfectly sanitary in every respect. These refrigerators have an ice capacity of 37 lbs.

Large $19.00 Refrigerators . . . $14.75
Ice Capacity 110 lbs.

Extra Large Lenox Refrigerators—have two adjustable metal shelves, are lined entirely with metal and have absolutely no wood exposed in the interior. These refrigerators are 47 inches high, 32 inches wide, and will hold 110 lbs. of ice.

Large $80 Grocers' Refrigerator $58.75
Capacity 520 lbs. Ice.

Finely made Grocers' Refrigerator, Bowen make, constructed of best Wisconsin ash, golden oak finish, stands 6 ft. ½ inch high, is 59 inches wide and 31½ inches deep. This refrigerator is insulated with mineral wool and double sheathings of charcoal, has three adjustable sliding shelves in right-hand provision chamber, improved sliding shelf that will contain 60-lb. butter tub, which is fitted with rear door to close the chamber while tub is drawn out. The ice chamber is removable, may be easily cleaned, and will contain 520 lbs. of ice. Special price, $58.75.

Guaranteed Perfect or Money Promptly Refunded. Drip Pans Free.

WHITE SEWING MACHINES.

Any sewing machine that is worth buying should last a lifetime. And to be sure to get one that will give lifelong, satisfactory service you should buy a White. There's not another sewing machine made that can compare with the White, at any price.

THE WHITE IS BALL BEARING.

That's what makes it run so swiftly, so easily and so nearly noiselessly. It runs just like a finely made bicycle, and requires no effort at all to operate it.

White Sewing Machines are made with both

ROTARY AND VIBRATING SHUTTLES.

We have them in both styles. The New Rotary Shuttle White is the fastest sewing machine made. With this shuttle the needle dips but once in making a stitch, enabling the operator to do double the amount of work that could be done on any other machine, where the needle dips twice to make one stitch.

These Rotary White Sewing Machines are fitted to do either

LOCK STITCH OR CHAIN STITCH.

The same machine will make both stitches, and it requires but a slight shuttle adjustment to change from one stitch to the other.

If you are looking for the sewing machine that will do the finest work, do it the quickest, last longest, and the one that is the best appearing, BUY THE WHITE.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY. INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN FREE.

High-grade Drop-head "Colonial" Sewing Machines $18.50

Finely made, guaranteed drop-head sewing machines, "Colonial" make, have three drawers, drop head, swell front, nickeled hand wheel, and a complete set of the latest steel attachments. This machine is guaranteed perfect in every respect, and is a very good bargain at the price of $18.50.

OTHER STANDARD MAKES ON SALE.