

Variety Working Parlors

OPENED DECEMBER 6.

In the Rooms over the Maple City Restaurant
PAW, PAW, MICH.

Pressing, Cleaning, Repairing on Ladies' Gents' and Children's Garments. Dress Making Neatly done. Hair Weaving of Puffs and Switches. Dyeing of Wool Goods.

We Will Try and Please Our Customers

Your Patronage is Respectfully Solicited.

Mrs. Bertha B. Nichols

Paw Paw Roller Mills

After quite extensive repairs and improvements I would announce that this mill never was in as good condition to turn out a SUPERIOR GRADE OF FLOUR as at present. We have all the requirements for making good flour, viz:

A First-Class Mill
Good Wheat
Competent Miller

Grade for grade, STRONG'S FLOURS are equal to any outside flours and superior to most of them. Try them and you will be convinced of this truth.

Home Institutions make for the Prosperity of all!

STRONG'S FLOURS are on sale at the stores of Paw Paw and surrounding towns, also at the mill. Farmers, bring your wheat to this mill for your flour and I will prove to you that MICHIGAN WHEAT has no superior and will make as good flour as any other wheat.

We grind Feed, both fast and fine. You don't have to wait long.

BRAN, MIDDINGS, FEED and GRAIN.

ELI STRONG.

G.W. TYLER & CO

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Medicines, GROCERIES, Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils, Varnishes.

Agents for the well known Devoc Mixed Paints in all colors.

Goods Delivered anywhere in the Corporation.

Kalamazoo, Lake Shore & Chicago Ry.

"THE FRUIT BELT LINE"

Time Table - - Taking Effect Sep. 13, 1909

WEST BOUND Read Down					EAST BOUND—Read Up				
5	3	1	STATIONS		5	3	1	STATIONS	
Daily Ex. S.	Daily Ex. S.	Daily Ex. S.			Daily Ex. S.	Daily Ex. S.	Daily Ex. S.		
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		
6:00	8:00	7:55		KALAMAZOO	7:05	10:05	4:40		
6:35	8:35	8:25		MATTAWAN	6:32	10:37	4:08		
6:45	8:55	8:35		LAWTON	6:22	10:25	3:52		
7:00	4:10	8:50		PAW PAW	6:10	10:15	3:45		
	4:32	9:10		LAWRENCE		9:48	3:15		
	4:47	9:25		HARTFORD		9:33	3:09		
	5:25	10:15		SOUTH HAVEN		8:37	12:50		

NOTES—Connection with P. M. R. R. at Hartford, with M. C. R. B. at Lawton, with M. C., G. R. & L. S. & M. S. and C. K. & S. Rail Roads at Kalamazoo and boat line at So. Haven

Gen. Mgr.

H. D. SWAYZE, Gen. Sup.

WILDEY COMPARES SELLING PRICES

Of Paw Paw Fruit Growers' Union and So. Michigan Ass'n.

FIGURES FAVOR THE UNION

Mr. Wildey Shows Amount in Favor of Union for Days the Prices are Compared.

Below are the daily pooling prices of Concord grapes sold by the Fruit Growers' Union for the year 1909, commencing September 17th, and closing October 25th. Every car was sold f. o. b., loading station. Not a car was consigned, not a car or an account was lost. The last car went out on the 25th of October, and every grower had his money on October 30th, and his rebate on January 1st.

There was a part of a car of mixed varieties, and a part of a car of Jumbos consigned, for which the union made no charge for handling. Every car of Jumbos was sold f. o. b., loading station, at an average price of \$23.00, netting the growers \$22.00 per ton.

Sept. 17.....1275	Oct. 7.....11
" 18.....1275	" 8.....11
" 20.....1175	" 9.....1075
" 21.....1075	" 11.....1125
" 22.....10	" 12.....1075
" 23.....0975	" 13.....1160
" 24.....096	" 14.....115
" 25.....098	" 15.....116
" 27.....098	" 16.....1175
" 28.....099	" 18.....12
" 29.....1025	" 19.....12
" 30.....1065	" 20.....116
Oct. 1.....11	" 21.....11
" 2.....11	" 22.....109
" 4.....114	" 23.....109
" 5.....116	" 25.....1075
" 6.....112	

Daily average .1104.

J. W. FREE, Treas.

J. B. SHOWERMAN, Sec'y.

The following are the daily pooling prices of the Southern Michigan of the same dates:

Sept. 17.....1236	Oct. 6.....1072
" 18.....1114	" 7.....1015
" 20.....104	" 8.....099
" 21.....104	" 9.....099
" 22.....1067	" 11.....1146
" 23.....1047	" 13.....1154
" 24.....1004	" 14.....1142
" 25.....098	" 15.....1142
" 27.....0963	" 16.....1142
" 28.....095	" 18.....1111
" 29.....095	" 19.....1114
" 30.....0973	" 20.....1154
Oct. 1.....1011	" 21.....1154
" 2.....109	" 22.....113
" 4.....1142	" 23.....1158
" 5.....1115	" 25.....10

Daily average .1067.

These prices were furnished me by M. H. Pugsley, F. P. Grimes, T. B. Jackson and A. G. Shepard.

I asked Mr. Dusham for their pooling prices and he referred me to the directors, as he had no authority to give them to me. I asked one of the directors and he referred me to German Prater.

Comparing these prices you will find there was only six days out of 33 that the Southern Michigan sold for more money than the Union.

The average of the Fruit Growers' Union for the 33 days was .1104; for the Southern Michigan it was 1067, a difference of .0037 per basket.

Figuring the 1160 cars shipped by the Southern Michigan to be all 8-lb. Concords, and all sold in the 33 days, beginning on September 17 and ending on October 25, had they been sold at the prices obtained by the Fruit Growers' Union instead of the prices obtained by the Southern Michigan would have been \$12,876.00 better off.

Mr. Prater made the statement at Lawrence that on one day the Southern Michigan shipped from Paw Paw five cars of number two grapes that were pooled off at from two to three cents below that day's pooling price.

If that was true of one town, what would it amount to from all the shipping stations during the season, and what would be the effect on the general average?

The Fruit Growers' Union loaded no number two grapes in 8-lb. baskets. Basket grapes are used almost exclusively for table use. Imagine a consumer's disgust on opening a basket of grapes that he has purchased for his table, and finds them fit only for wine.

A grower packing a number two grape in an 8-lb. basket not only injures himself but the entire grape belt.

Crutchfield and Woolfolk had a representative that made the circuit of the grape belt with Mr. Prater and their head salesman met with the advocates of one association idea at Lawton at their final meeting and advocated the centralization or the selling end and incidentally put in a word for his firm, and I was informed that had they succeeded in forming an association Crutchfield & Woolfolk were to do the selling.

Now I want to say a word to the growers that were in the one association movement and that is this: If you want Crutchfield & Woolfolk to sell your grapes or any other commission firm, I will load your grapes and do all the work at this end for \$3.00 per car. This will give you a chance to try the experiment for a season, or a part of a season, at small exp. use. But before consigning to any such commission company, think twice. It is a long way to Pittsburg and the Fruit Growers' Union is here in your own county.

W. C. WILDEY.

THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

The PLUSH HAT



There's lots of things I'd like to say about the women's fads to-day. About how they to-day are thin and on the morrow fat, But just when pungent phrase I form, Just when my thoughts are getting warm, It happens that I look upon my new plush hat.

The foolish things that women do I really ought to roast, that's true; They way they try to get to vote is funny, as to that. But just when I take up my pen to write about the sense of men, My eyes will wander till they see my new plush hat.

I know that women always wear a pile of artificial hair, In switch and coil and dainty puff and huge and monstrous rat, But as I turn a paragraph designed to make the reader laugh, Upon the hook before me looms my new plush hat.

A fuzzy-wuzzy thing, indeed; devised to meet my cranial need, But with the lack of beauty of a dripping, half-drowned cat; Before I think that I should try to pick the mole from sister's eye, I meditate a moment on my new plush hat.

An olive green—a dainty green—a cute and cunning tint, I wear, But whether are we drifting and what are we driving at? I give it up in sore despair; I'll jest no more of women's wear, Since I have been induced to don a new plush hat.



His Handicap.

"The greatest handmaster I ever knew," says the man with the ashes on his vest, "was a little, slim, bald-headed, smooth-faced fellow named John Smith. As a band leader he made all these famous ones look like hopeless amateurs."

"I never heard of him," argues the man with the reversible tie. "Of course you didn't. Nor did anybody else. Didn't I just say that he was a little, slim, bald-headed, smooth-faced fellow, and that his name was John Smith?"

Direct Current.

"I understand," says the first Christian Scientist, "that your husband is suffering from mortal error."

"Something of the sort," replies the lady. "He says, however, that it is millions animal magnetism." "Is it possible? Whom does he suspect?"

"He had no suspicions. It is a certainty. He was kicked by a mule."

Revised By John D.

Let us then be up and struggling, With a heart for any fate, Knowing that a little juggling Will accomplish a rebate.

A Real Gain.

"Bless me!" exclaims the friend. "I never saw a man put on flesh as you have in the past six months. Why, they'll have to set a V in the back of your vest before long."

"Before long!" sighs the man who is taking on about a pound a day and can't stop it. "Why man, they've already set a W there!"

A Famine Faced.

"That hurricane in Cuba has wrecked the tobacco plantations," says the junior partner of the cigar firm. "This looks serious for us." "It is more serious than you think, Harold," replies the senior partner. "The sudden cold wave has frosted the cabbage plantations in Illinois."

The Ghostly Profesh.

"Have you signed for next season?" asks the shade of Copernicus of the wrath of Columbus.

"Yes. I am to do my table-tipping act on the Paladino circuit. And you?"

"Oh, I'm booked for a tambourine turn on the independent circuit."

Unfortunate.

"The worst feature of the campaign," said the eminent politician, "is the atrocious cartoons they make of me."

"And the worst feature of the cartoons," said a sympathetic listener, "is that they resemble you so much."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Memories of Old Man McNeal

By Caroline Lockhart

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"Bug-hunters and these spy-glass gents is terrible innocent folks," observed Old Man McNeal apropos of tenderfeet in general as he fried the bacon.

"Now there was a perffesser from a college back east wrote to Joe Kipp that he wanted him to pack him up on the top of some mountain there in Teton county, Montana, where he could take observations. Joe wrote him to git off at Blackfoot.

"The day he was coming Joe got on the train a piece up the road to meet him. There the perffesser was sittin' in his skull cap and slippers, and he'd plumb fergot about gittin' off. They had to hold the train in Blackfoot while he got his traps picked up. Joe says you never see such an outfit as he'd got together to take up on the mountain. The mountain was so steep 'twas hard climbin' fer a goat, and he'd brought a No. 9 Charter Oak cook stove. He had a tent that you could run a two-ring circus in, and hadn't brought enough beddin' to wad a shotgun. He had somethin' that looked like a coffin that he wore so particular about the boys was bettin' it wore his wife's corp.

"But it seems he was one of them there astronomers, and he wanted to git up on the mountain to take a look around with a telescope. Joe says he never tackled such a job as gittin' that telescope up to the summit. He didn't take the tent or the cook stove, though. You bet the old man had to sleep 'longside a camp fire while he was star-gazin' in the Rockies.

"Then there was a most amazin' female from Chicago hit the Swift Current country once. Her husband come out on a little huntin' trip and I was guidin' fer 'em. Now I ain't what you might call bashful, and I don't make no such claims, but when that lady from Chicago stepped out of her tent the morning after we got up in the mountains I reckon I blushed fer the first time in fifty years. What she was wearin' wasn't none of these divided skirts or bloomers, I never seen anything like 'em before. They was plaid and, I should judge, some tighter than her skin. They laced down around the ankles and they was layin' in pucker up around her waist.

I reckon I come as near runnin' that day as I ever did in my life. My cayuse, "Molly," that whies at nuthin', nearly bust her picket rope tryin' to git away. Yes, ma'am, she was a most uncommon curious looking tenderfoot. "Once there was a tenderfoot from North Carelly got off at Blackfoot. The snow was somewhere near a foot on the level, and he wore a linen duster. He got a horse from Joe Kipp and rode to Browning. I happened to be stopping at the Chink's hotel. He was a plumb interestin' figure when he rode through the snow into town in that duster.

"Some entertainin' tenderfeet used to come over from England to the ranch when I punched cattle down in the Musselshell country. The ranch was owned by an Englishman, and one time a lord came over. He made a break right away by orderin' one of the cow-punchers to saddle his horse. "Do it yourself," says the cow-puncher, and the lord didn't know what that was for. We made his life miserable after that. We'd git him out on the round-up and plague the life out of him about bein' a lord. We got him so he was ashamed of it, and if anybody came he tried to keep 'em from knowin' it. But he got to be a first-rate fellow; could bust bronchos and cut out a steer with the rest of 'em.

"The meanest cuss I ever seen came out there to visit him. This cuss had a box of cigars, and he used to pack 'em around with him on horseback for the boys would take 'em. He never offered anybody one. The boys stole everything from him they could get their hands on. They stole his shirts and his neckties till all he had left was what he had on his back. He had half-a-dozen silk handkerchiefs that he'd got in India, and he was mighty choice of 'em. Made a kick every time he missed one. He hid 'em and did everything he could to keep 'em, but finally the boys got him down to the one he wore around his neck. They schemed for a long time to get this one, and at last one day they caught him asleep and they took it off his neck. He was sure mad when he missed it. Pretty soon after this he went back to England cussin' the country.

"Montana ain't no place fer a tight-chedged gent. If he ain't willin' to whack up he'd better git out," concluded Old Man McNeal as he laid the bacon tenderly on a chip and passed it around.

Alumni Day.

"Do you remember the night we put a cow in the Greek professor's room?" "Yes. And when we lamplighted the bust of Aeneas?" "Sure. And the cold winter evening we turned the bell upside down and filled it with water?" "Ah, those were great days! How's your boy getting along? Do you think the students of to-day are as studious and progressive as we used to be?"

"Then the gray-haired gentlemen began to discuss the moral influence of modern college life.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

New York's Modest Governor.

New York state has 15,000 uniformed and equipped citizen soldiers, yet Gov. Hughes manages to get along with a staff of 18 officers.

No Question as to the Superiority of

CALUMET Baking Powder
Received Highest Award
World's Pure Food Exposition
Chicago, 1907.

The Tell-Tale Hand.
A writer in an English weekly declares that if we want to know what the other person is thinking we must look at his or her hands. Even unpracticed lips can lie, as every one knows. Long practice in self-control will enable one to keep one's voice sweetly cordial when there is nothing but indifference or cold dislike behind it. The eye can be made to shoot glances which are not at all a register for the emotions. But the hands, it is asserted, are utterly beyond the control of those to whom they belong. Even people who hardly gesticulate at all—and to keep the hands still is considered by the Anglo-Saxon a most essential part of good breeding—even these people are, it seems, constantly revealing themselves in little movements of the hands. The immortal Mulvaney has put it on record that a woman's truth or untruth can be discerned by the action of her hands. Of course, it takes a practiced reader to interpret what the hands are saying. It is not a case of "he who runs may read."

The Tickle Child.
The idea is firmly in the minds of many good people that laughter means happiness. This accounts a great deal for the habit they have of tickling children. If they did but know it, the wild shrieks and peals of laughter often broken anything else but happiness. To hold a child so that it cannot get away and tickle it until it screams with laughter is a wretched form of amusement. It may work untold mischief upon the child's nervous system. It is quite possible to bring on an attack of hysteria in this way. More than that, it is bad for the child's temper. Several persons now grown up have confessed to a positive hatred for persons who thus tormented them. A little of it is no doubt harmless, but it should never be done to a child who is not perfectly free to escape, if he wishes.

Fashion instituted by...
Laces were originally made for men's wear.

Tax Notice.
Notice is hereby given that I will be at Almena Center, Fridays; Paw Paw, Saturdays and at my home Mondays for the collection of taxes for the township of Almena.
ARTHUR HERRON, Treasurer,
444 Almena Township.

NEVER THROW UP YOUR HANDS
If a man ever feels like throwing up his hands, it is when his bowels are all tied up and his liver fails to act. Mild-Tax, just one little harmless pleasant-to-the-taste tablet, will act like a charm on the bowels and in a few hours the world will look 100% better to you. "It serves you right." At your druggists.
For sale by Longwell Bros.

CITY
Cleaning Parlors
Dry Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing
Done on Ladies', Gents' and Children's Garments.
Work Called for and Delivered.
MRS. L. D. BRADLEY
Over Engel's Home Bakery
Paw Paw, Mich.

QUALITY IN MEDICINES IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

OUR STOCK
Of Remedies for the Little Folks is Complete. We Have

Castoria,
Quality Baby Syrup,
Quality Worm Syrup,
Quality Santonine Worm Lozenges.

We always recommend Quality Preparations because they are Quality—every atom Quality.

For sale by Longwell Bros.