

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs." They don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation, poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. It is perfectly "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness. Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Against Women's High Shoes.
There is a great cry in England against the high shoes of fashion, because of the leather they consume, and the necessity. One manufacturer announces publicly that although he is not in sympathy with the style he must make them because women insist upon having them.

CARE FOR YOUR SKIN

And Keep It Clear by Daily Use of Cuticura—Trial Free.

A hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment clears the skin or scalp in case of eczema, rashes and itching of children and adults. Make Cuticura your every-day toilet preparation and prevent such troubles.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere—Adv.

Fish Farming.

That fish can be raised as a profitable farm crop is the belief of the state College of Agriculture at Cornell. The college authorities are planning to add to their present fish hatchery a series of ponds in which the fish may be kept and reared to maturity under known conditions. Up to the present time, there has been no scientific fish raising, and most of the hatcheries are raising "fry" and turning them loose in the streams to shift for themselves. The only places where trout are raised to any extent are on commercial farms, and even there the process has not been standardized, nor has the problem received the study necessary to place fish raising on a practical basis. The question of the best fish foods and how to provide them, the selection of breeding stock and the best methods of fish pond management have been neglected. It is these questions that the college hopes to solve.

Substantial Token.

"I gave my anything on hand to make your engagement practical?" "Sure, pa. A diamond ring."

The fonder a man is of a woman the less he likes the bother of telling her so.

Most of these friends in need always seem to need us.

All may do what has by man been done.

A Pleasant Healthful Habit

A daily ration of Grape-Nuts and cream is a splendid food for those who want vigor and energy.

Grape-Nuts

is a concentrated health-food made from choice whole wheat and malted barley. It retains the vital mineral elements of the grain so essential to thorough nourishment of body and brain, but lacking in many other cereal foods.

Every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

No change in price, quality or size of package.

IMMORTAL LINCOLN

A tribute to the great war president's labors for the restoration of national unity from Col. Henry Watterson, last of the "old school" editors, distinguished publicist and Confederate veteran

"Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament today could speak from the grave in tones of rebuke to the 'old school' editors, publicists and Confederate veterans."

THE LINES of thought and feeling which led to the reclamation of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln and the penultimate scenes and unity of purpose that attend its transfer from the ownership of an association to the possession of the government of the United States

contrast, strangely with the passions which illumined the period in which his lot was cast, toward the breaking into a volcano of blood and flame, his tragic death unhappily not the end; for we now know that, while he was entertaining the most benevolent intentions toward the beaten rebels in the strife, his taking of care at once the signal and the protest for letting loose upon the conquered a swarm of evil spirits working his even worse than those of war itself.

For at least ten years, before the secession of the Southern states the two sectional extremes in and out of congress plucked like madmen, the raving ranging from the abolition orator's melodramatic "My country, my country, my country" to the roundabout of the Southern senator who would not be pacified until he could "hunt the master of his slaves beneath the hills of Mississippi."

As the sectional passions flamed in agitated politics before the advent of actual hostilities these conservative men who tried to avert the coming clash of arms were driven to the wall. Neither extreme would give ground. The interposition of the border states proved of doubtful restraint and was of short duration. During the war and after it was over these patriotic men found no better than the firebrands, the mass and body of the Southern people, confounded with the original secessionists. Even now the distinction that once existed is blurred, and the Southern people are devoted to the Union and at least a strong minority were opposed to slavery.

No one understood this better than Abraham Lincoln. He and all his tribe were Southerners. Although he left Kentucky when a child, he was an old child; he never was very young; nor did he go very far, growing to manhood in a Kentucky colony, for what is Illinois, what Chicago, but a Kentucky colony, swollen somewhat out of proportion? He was in no sense what we used to call "poor white." A Kentucky gentleman, the spirit of a free world that rugged casement; a fine far-reaching imagination behind those heavy brows; the courage of a lion beneath those patient, kindly aspects; and, long before he was of legal age, a leader among men. His first love was a Kentucky girl; his wife was a Todd.

Lincoln the poet.
We know that the poet, for he was not that immortal poem recited at Gettysburg [We know that he was a statesman, for has not time vindicated his conclusions? But the South did not for a long time know he was a friend—the one friend who had the power and the will to save it from its enemies and itself. The direct blow that could have saved it was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down.

Much of a misleading kind has been written touching what did and did not happen at the time when Robert Lee, a man qua non of the one side, the recognition of the Confederacy the ultimatum of the other.

Neither, indeed, possessed the power to come to terms, for he was not right to dissolve the Confederacy and disband its armies, Mr. Lincoln none to commit his government to any definite treaty. It is a fact, however, that the federal president was pained by a plan then then there to end the war, which, could it have been adopted, would have saved two months' bloody fighting and spared the South the humiliation of the final collapse and surrender.

Though this has been denied, it admits of no dispute. The historic issue

Lincoln's Family.
There were four children—Robert Todd, born August 1, 1843; Edward Baker, born March 10, 1846, and dying in infancy; William Douglas, born December 21, 1850, and who died during his father's first year in the presidency; and Thomas, born April 4, 1853, and who died when he was nineteen years old.

His Personal Appearance.
As Virginia Carver writes Mr. Lincoln's presence: "Could this fantas-

rests upon two imperfect and apparently conflicting narratives—the official commission report of the Confederate and personal statement of Mr. Stephens. The disagreement, however, is easily explained, having, with its attendant controversy, arisen from what Mr. Stephens said was assumed to be an attack upon Mr. Davis. It was never so intended by Mr. Stephens, the aim being solely to throw light upon the character and purposes of Mr. Lincoln.

It should be borne in mind in this connection that Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Lincoln were personal friends—old Whig colleagues in congress—Lincoln apart from the rest. "Stephens," said Lincoln, as Mr. Stephens related the conversation to many of his friends, "you know I am a fair man and I know you to be one. Both of us understand the situation. Let me write 'Union' at the top of this page and you may write below it whatever else you please. I am sure you will write nothing which I cannot agree to."

Mr. Stephens related the conversation to the commissioners were limited to treating upon the basis of the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy. "Then, Stephens," Mr. Lincoln, "my hands are clean of every drop of blood spilled from this time onward."

In the general rather desultory and in the end, wholly abortive, talk between the three Confederates, Mr. Lincoln recurring to slavery and the Emancipation Proclamation, declared that he would be willing to be taxed to pay the Southern people a fair valuation for their slaves. If it is a matter of fact that he had already prepared a joint resolution to be recommended to the two houses of congress appropriating \$400,000,000 to this purpose, and also a recommendation to be issued by himself as president when this had been adopted.

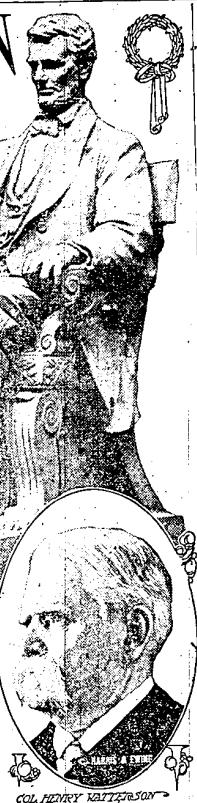
On his return to Washington he laid these two papers before the cabinet. Inevitably there was opposition. "Why," Mr. Lincoln was asked, "how long is the war going to last? It is not going to end in one hundred days, is it? It is costing us \$400,000,000 a day. You have the \$400,000,000, but not counting the lives of our soldiers and property. And I will say no more about it." Both parties still stand in his own handwriting.

The South's Two Friends.
The death of Lincoln removed from the death of affairs the best, if not the only, friend the Southern people had at court. There came in his stead an old-line Southern Democrat—veritable "poor white"—brilliantly destructive a constitutionalist of the school of Jefferson and as hostile to the Negro equality theories of the radical Republicans as the most ardent Champion of the North. Secession had failed; must it carry with it the failure also of institutional freedom? Liberating the black man, must it enslave the white? The plan to impose a new Johnson with little other than the name of Lincoln, the government. It came perilously near succeeding.

The Grand Army of the Republic

thly tall, stooping figure before her be that of the president of the United States? She stepped, as from the slippage, from the massive lines, all up and down, the unkempt hair, the beard, why, he was a hundred times more ridiculous than his caricatures. He might have stood for any of the poor white-trash farmers who had seen in Kentucky—crash from the black cloud.

"But the little rebel is soon made to forget all that in the address of that



COL. HENRY WATTERSON

one of its annual encampments upon Southern soil, to be welcomed at least as universally and hospitably as ever it had been welcomed on Northern soil. And the Confederate veterans are to advance in what force remains to them upon Washington, with no other thought than that it is their capital, the mecca of the true American, the holy of holies of the freebirth's hope and home. A Confederate soldier, appointed by a Republican president, is chief justice of the United States. Two Confederate generals who honorably wore the blue have died on the retired list and payroll of the Army of the United States.

Verily the war of states and sections is over. The dream of Abraham Lincoln has been fulfilled. The mythic chorus of memory, stretching to every living heart and hearthstone, have swelled at last the chorus of the Union, touched not only by the angels of our better nature, but heard by the blood-breath of olden origins, principles and affections.

It did, indeed, seem a long time coming. As far back as 1869, speaking primarily for the soldiers of the Confederacy, I had proposed that the three war amendments to the Constitution be accepted and ratified as the treaty of peace between the North and the South. There followed a pretty virulent storm of abuse, especially those who had not been actually in the war—were unable to see or unwilling to admit that the head of the South was in the lion's mouth, and that, unless and until it could be extracted, nothing was very much worth while.

Sectionalism flourished space on either side of party lines. The Confederate brigadiers made a kind of campaign of the yachts of the bloody, both out, as it were, for game pieces. Thus, the politicians played comedy while the people suffered tragedy. Although the Greys' campaign in the long run perhaps shortened the distance across the sectional chasm, it did not show any immediate fruitage, and it remained for an apparently unimportant personal event to make the first serious impression upon the solid wall of misunderstanding and prejudice which divided the two warring parts of the half-restored Union. This was the death of Charles Sumner and the eulogy of Louis Lamoignon.

It was an epoch-making speech. The North recognized its fidelity and its truth, and warmed to it. Thereafterward the South could see its way ahead. Instead of sprinkling salt in distance, it began to be the fashion to pour oil; instead of twisting the lion's tail to pat his mane. Later came Grady with his wondrous power against the cogent reasoning and simple pathos of that big-brained, big-hearted, that immortal boy, pleading in the name of a new generation for a united country—Louisville Courier Journal.

His Trouble.

"For years I understood Fisk was been pursuing an upright course of life."

Perhaps he has, but he has never overtaken it."

JULIA CULP

—the Matchless

Lieder Singer

Sings at the Arcadia Auditorium, Detroit
TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 13th
A special feature of her program will be two numbers with harp
Tickets on Sale at Grinnell Bros.,
Call, write or phone (CHERRY 3600) immediately for reservation
JULIA CULP MAKES RECORDS ONLY FOR THE VICTOR CO.
They are on sale at GRINNELL BROS.,
243-244 Woodward Ave.
Complete list on request. Mail orders promptly filled.

AUTOS AND PARTS
Highest prices paid in cash for autos, run-down, wrecked. Lowest prices charged for parts of all cars. First-class, magneto and coils, batteries, radiators, lamps, etc., bought, sold and exchanged.
SULTAN AUTO-PARTS
Also scrap in large quantities bought.

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16-18 RANDOLPH STREET, DETROIT.
AUTO FENDERS, HOODS, TANKS
Body and fender repairing a specialty.
JOSEPH C. METH.

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STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION
Guaranteed work at prices you'll be glad to pay.
24-hour Out-of-Town Service
DETROIT MAGNETO EXCHANGE
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Journal Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
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Detroit Theatres

Julia Culp, the Matchless Lieder Singer.

By the matchless beauty of her art through a personality that reflects sincerity and nobleness, Julia Culp, the noted Dutch lieder singer, has won the profound regard of the discriminating musical audience. Consensuses of artistic feeling have declared that not since the days of Nellie Lehmann was there in her prime have they heard such beautiful and lofty songs as Madame Culp presents at her recitals. Julia Culp, who is a class by herself. Whether she sings the lullaby of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Wolf or Richard Strauss the exacting critic is dazzled where he attempts to analyze or compare which composer best suits the occasion. The Matchless Culp's appearance at the Arcadia Auditorium, Detroit, Tuesday evening, February 13th, will surely be hailed with delight by music-lovers. Julia Culp, who is a class by herself. Whether she sings the lullaby of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Wolf or Richard Strauss the exacting critic is dazzled where he attempts to analyze or compare which composer best suits the occasion. The Matchless Culp's appearance at the Arcadia Auditorium, Detroit, Tuesday evening, February 13th, will surely be hailed with delight by music-lovers.

Russian Ballet Comes to Detroit February 9-10.

The splendid Ballet Russe, with its array of elaborate spectacles, its barbaric ballets, its dances of oriental origin, will come to the Lyceum this week, February 9-10, for its second engagement. The program for the evening will be given by the Russian Ballet. The program for the evening will be given by the Russian Ballet.

Mme. Galli-Curci Comes to Detroit Arcadia.

To hear this song bird, Mme. Galli-Curci, of the Chicago Opera Co., sing the "Maid of the Mountains" at the Arcadia Auditorium, Detroit, Tuesday evening, February 13th, will be the supreme experience of the season. The program for the evening will be given by the Russian Ballet.

Detroit Opera House.

There are no morbid problems offered in the dramatic comedy, "The Girl of the Year," which will be given at the Detroit Opera House, Tuesday evening, February 13th, by the Russian Ballet.

Garrick Theatre.

Robert H. Mantell, the only actor on the American stage who is not a native-born American, will be given at the Garrick Theatre, Detroit, Tuesday evening, February 13th, by the Russian Ballet.

Washington Theatre.

Commenting this week the management of the Washington Theatre, Detroit, on its attraction, "The Universal Film Company's 'The Girl of the Year,' which will be given at the Washington Theatre, Tuesday evening, February 13th, by the Russian Ballet.

Gaiety Theatre.

The "11,000 Girls" show comes to the Gaiety Theatre, Detroit, Tuesday evening, February 13th, by the Russian Ballet.

Women, Be Independent

Learn a trade or profession worth while; beauty culture is easy to learn, short time required; big returns. Madame Tuller Toilet Art School enables the ambitious to qualify; diploma; position for the vict kind of work. 211 Broadway Market building, Detroit.

Helpfulness.
You cannot help any one very much unless you can inspire him with the ambition to help himself, and that is why a good example is worth more than any other kind of assistance. Make right-doing so attractive in your own life that it will inspire the onlookers to do right.

Promises of Bright Future.
"Mercy" exclaimed Mrs. Diggs. "The baby is chewing on your pocket edition of Epictetus." "Indeed," replied Professor Diggs with a proud happy look. "Let the child alone. It is a solemn thing that a mere infant shows such a pronounced taste for the classics."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

No More Bank Account.

Mother—"You and John should start right by opening a little bank account." Newly Married Daughter—"No; John used to have one, but I guess it is an awful bother and the bank doesn't appreciate it anyway. He said it was continually after him to put in more money."—Puck.

With Slight Reservations.

"Lord," prayed the old deacon, "keep us from growing at the weather Providence sends; make us pleased to hot and cold, storm and sunshine; but it's not asking too much, please send us more reasonable weather 'till about campmeeting' time, for as it is now, it's almost hot enough to set the river on fire!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Fire Extinguisher.

A alphon of water should be always kept in the nursery, as it is a good fire extinguisher.

Optimistic Thought.

He overcomes a stout enemy that overcomes his own anger.

Daily Thought.

He is the most powerful who has himself in power. Scenes.

Fish's Distinguishable Stomach.

Of the deep-sea fish which swallow other fish much bigger than themselves, no better known example can be given than the black swallower. It is a most voracious fish and has been provided by an accommodation to the fisherman with a distinguishable and a distinguishable stomach.

Use for Silver Knife.

Always keep a silver knife in the kitchen. It is best to use one of this kind for peeling fruit. It does not darken so quickly.

Must Have the Robe.

In Australia swimming races the regulations prohibit a girl contestant going to the park for a race unless she has a robe on and an attendant with her. The robe is not allowed to be taken off until the start of the race, when the attendant stands behind the swimmer, holding the robe, and the robe practically dives out of the water.

There Should Be a Limit Somewhere.

"Belle" contended "you lot," said Uncle Eben, "ain't no excuse for not hustlin' to get a mortgage off'n it."—Washington Star.

Manhood's Work.

Each man has his appointed day; short and irreparable is the brief life of him; but to extend our fame by our deeds, this is manhood's work.—Virgil.

She Knew.

Er (explaining about stocks): "You know what margin is, don't you?" She—"Oh, yes. That's the money you put up and lose."—Boston Transcript.

Money.

Money doesn't go as far as it did, but you have to go about as far as ever to get it.—Philadelphia Press.