

WIFE BUILDS HOME

She Even Mixes the Mortar for Foundation—Finds Time for Her Other Work, Too.

Sandusky, Ohio.—Amos Sisson proud of his wife? You should hear him. "Proud" is too mild a word. And Amos has good reason to feel the way he does toward Elizabeth Sisson.

Sisson is a laborer at the State Soldiers' Home. By saving out of his meager earnings his wife got enough money to buy a small lot. Sisson did not have time and they could not afford to hire masons and carpenters and plasterers, so Mrs. Sisson set to work and built what all concede is the happiest four-room home in which there is home in Homerville.

Homerville is the little suburb just outlying the soldiers' home grounds. "She's some girl," said Sisson, as he paced Mrs. Sisson on the cheek. "She saved the money, bought the lot and built the house; even mixed the mortar that she used in laying the foundation; and besides, she found time to take care of our two little boys and look after her household work. And for housekeeping I'll stick her up against anybody, I don't care where it is."

"I knew Mrs. Sisson didn't have the time and that our little boys were little and I also knew that if I ever got a home it was up to me to build it," said Mrs. Sisson modestly, when asked about her achievement. "It wasn't such an awful job. Any woman can do the same thing if she just wants to. Of course I didn't go to the picture shows or to parties or things like that. In the first place, I didn't have the time and in the second place, we didn't have the money."

The Sisson house has four rooms. It was built out of timber that had been once used, purchased by Mrs. Sisson at a cost of \$50.

"The material would have cost at least \$200 if we had had to buy it new," Mrs. Sisson explained.

Mrs. Sisson does not believe in equal suffrage. She professes to explain to "let Amos do the voting." "It's all right if they want to, maybe, but you won't catch me out fighting for votes for women," Mrs. Sisson declared. "I've got too much work to do to money any time away on something like voting."

Sues for Torn Shirt

Austin, Texas.—J. H. Rockett, Jr., a university student, was fined \$15 cents in a justice of peace court here, when he sued a laundry because his shirt was torn. The cost charged to the laundry amounted to \$5.

Woodpecker Digs Man From Trap. Winsted, Conn.—A woodpecker showed remarkable intelligence by raving its mate from a trap. The bird, having its mate in its beak, landed on the bark of a tree and left an incision in which a male bird caught its leg. Its cries brought the mate, which immediately began digging at the tree and in ten hours' time drilled a hole releasing the leg of her mate.

"BLACKSNAKE" CALLS CHICKENS.

At Crack of Whip Fowls Run to Farmyard for Food.

Gentry, Mo.—Henderson Yeager, a farmer, who lives west of town and who lives west of town and who is a successful poultry raiser, has a unique method of calling and driving his large flock of chickens. For this purpose he uses an ordinary cattle whip. At the crack of the whip, all the hens come running from the remotest corner of the lot to be fed, caught or counted, as the case may be.

Cat Stays on Pole Two Days

New York.—When a valuable cat belonging to Mrs. Peter O'Toole climbed an electric light pole and refused to come down for two days, its mistress called the police, who sent a wire acrobat to rescue the feline. The cat apparently was afraid to try to climb down the pole.

BOUNCE EGG KILLS HEN

Rhode Island Red Product Is Shown to Doubters.

Alpine, Tex.—Probably the largest egg ever laid by a hen is being exhibited by P. W. Perry. The egg weighs exactly half a pound and has a circumference of 8 inches. The Rhode Island Red that laid the egg died after the achievement.

Rears Deer on Bottle.

Plymouth, Vt.—Mrs. Edwin E. Earle owns a pet deer which has been taught to stand on its hind legs and beg for food and to kiss its mistress. The deer was found when a helpless fawn and was reared on a bottle. It is 10 months old and weighs seventy-five pounds.

Hillside Sows Record Breakers.

Davis, Ill.—The Davies, on the Fred Drensky farm, near here, are boasting of four sows, which are the mothers of sixty-two little pigs, all living. This is said to be a record.

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The Irresistible Call

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By MCCORMICK WILLIAMS.

Mrs. Dearborn's desk was neatly arranged. The letters which she had just read were piled in the order of their answering on one side. The pamphlets and reports, which had been the chief classification behind the ink-bottles and paste-pots. The photograph of Preston Jones, the young reform lawyer, appropriately and severely framed in plain heavy silver, did not seem incongruous among its surroundings. It watched Mrs. Dearborn with eyes so lifelike in their earnestness, it smiled upon her with lips so natural in their unassuming curves that she often turned toward it with a sense of his trustworthy presence.

In the dark recesses of the top drawer there were other photographs—changeable things, unframed, and strapped together with a thin parcel of letters. They were snapshots of a man very unlike Preston Jones in the face, friendly smiling, half-mocking regard of his deepest eyes. He was a man of another manner of life from the younger lawyer. One picture showed him, rough-chinned, with his arms outstretched, a trying-pain in his hand; in another he paddled a canoe beneath the overhanging greenery of some semitropical river; in a third from the back of a tiger's head, in a fourth he waved farewell to some invisible watcher. Only when a strong forgetful jerk pulled the top drawer far out did Mrs. Dearborn's eyes light upon these.

"This morning she was reasoning with Maggie, the waitress. 'Really, Maggie,' she said energetically, 'I don't see how you can be hostile. He has treated you shamefully.' 'Yes, that he has,' Maggie's voice was listless. She did not raise her glance to the young lady's face, but a quivering of her weak chin gave sufficient evidence of her mood without the further testimony of those appealing, pathetic eyes of hers. Mrs. Dearborn, watching her, allowed a straight line to mark the symmetry of her forehead. 'How can you be so weak, Maggie?' she demanded, impatient and scornful. 'Here is a man who doesn't support you, who makes no effort to support you—'

"Sometimes he does, miss." "He hasn't for months. He drinks he ill-treats you, he deserts you when he feels like it." "It comes on him, miss; he's told me how many times he's been drunk. When Mrs. Dearborn arose, straight and tall. She was very much in earnest. A ush spread to the roots of her well-brushed hair.

"Maggie, you almost make me ashamed that I am a woman! Have you no pride? Can you bear to be what you are—the merest whim for a man of no character, of no purpose, of no loyalty? You know, you must know that I'm not an advocate for divorce. I believe that people should abide by the responsibilities that they assume. But this—is this is dreadful! You may have to care for him. Dearborn's breath was quickly drawn for a second, and about her lips there was a whiteline—"but you do not have to let him ruin your life. It is your own. No human being but yourself can be allowed to spoil it."

"Yes, and that's another reason! You cannot bring up Rose properly while there is danger that he will hurt you, hurt her, perhaps! Alone you can work for her, educate her. You know, Maggie, there are not many households which would put up with a waitress responsible for a disturbed child as your husband made here last night! Merely he has no claim upon you. You must be legally free from him."

"Yes, I know, Oh, miss, you're right, and I know you mean kindly. I'll do it. If you'll only ask the young gentleman to go ahead—"

"You'll not be sorry by and by, Maggie," said Mrs. Dearborn, laying a kind hand upon the waitress' suddenly lowered head. "Indeed, it's the wisest thing we can do, and we'll all be as easy as we can for you."

Maggie's thanks were choked by a great sob as she hurried out of the room. And Alicia Dearborn, staring through the window, found herself saying slowly:

"It comes on him, the feeling to be up and away—"

She turned abruptly back to her desk, frowning down whatever ghost would have haunted her at the words. She plunged resolutely into a pile of untidies, as she had said; and the Training school for Wayward Girls was one of these.

Preston Jones took the case of Alicia's protest to heart, that he summoned, subpoenaed, and the like without with unwonted rapidity toward the day when Margaret Dearborn made her appearance in court to demand freedom from matrimony. Obligations toward her husband, Neal, Neal served with due announcements, gave no indication of any intention to defend the suit, and Alicia felt it her duty to bolster Margaret's fading resolutions by reference to the unworthy husband's evident indifference.

On the appointed morning the judge met Mrs. Dearborn and Maggie's lawyer for a few minutes in the judge's ante-room. With easy sighs they all

"May I come in?" I said, "I have some important news for Mr. Harter. I knew he was there, for I heard his voice."

"The door was opened reluctantly and I entered a bare little room—carpet, broken heating stove, and a smoking lamp on a rickety table."

"The man sat by the stove with his chin in his hands. 'I tried conversation, but the fellow was sullen and defiant. The wife sat by the table trying to sew, but for her nervousness, I know she still suspected me of being a bill collector in disguise.'"

"I could see she was well bred, but poverty and worry had lined her once pretty face."

"Mr. Harter, I began, 'I have a little money I want to put out at interest, and I thought maybe you would use some of it.'"

"Oh, the shack's already mortgaged for all it is worth," he said bitterly.

"But I don't want any mortgage," I replied, "your note will be sufficient."

"Good Lord, man," he exclaimed, sitting up straight, "are you crazy?"

"No, I think not," I said.

"Oh, you know whom you are talking to!"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Why, great heavens, man, my credit is not good for a pound of coffee."

"It is with me," I said.

"I owe every body within fifty miles who would trust me for anything. I owe for flour and meat, and clothes and medicine, and the Lord only knows what all."

"That is all right," I told him. "Take your pencil and figure how much you owe."

"The wife took the pencil and paper, her hands trembling now from wonder, and excitement. Harter named the list over."

"There was a long list. It took an hour to remember all of them, and they totalled seven hundred and sixty-three dollars."

"This, now," said I, "suppose I lend you enough money to pay all these debts and a little to start on, and then arrange payments so you can pay them out of your own earnings—what do you do?"

"The richest man in Carthage turned away and wiped his eyes."

"I can't help it," he said, smiling apologetically. "I never recall the look of hope which passed between the wife and myself without having to use my handkerchief."

"Good Lord," said Harter, setting up and pacing the floor, "you are not fooling are you, man?"

"I convinced then I was in earnest. He walked the floor for some minutes swallowing hard."

"I got into bed while out of work four years ago," he explained, "when I got work they attached my wages and I lost my job. Ever since then, as fast as I get a job make debts ruin my reputation and make me lose it. We have been hounded by debt us and we were nearly ready to quit."

"But now," he roared no further, but came over and gripped my hand and cried as one does who nbe danger is past."

"Well, sir, I lent him the thousand dollars in my favor, and my me ten dollars a month with six per cent."

"You can imagine how quickly the debt settlement changed in his favor and how he went around and paid all his debts. In less than a week he had a good job, and he never missed a pay-ment on those notes."

"He is president of the First National Bank."

"So that is the way I started. I re-invested that thousand in another poor fellow, and that did so much good I added more to the capital and in a little while everything else."

"But my money has doubled up faster than I can find openings for it. I'm just starting my son in the business"—with a proud fatherly smile.

"He is certainly going to be a great success at it. We found ten last week that I had overlooked."

Free Now (From Judge)

Hewitt—Gret treats his wife pretty shabbily.

Jewett—And he used to be her slave. Hewitt—Evidently the marriage certificate was an emancipation proclamation.

The Star Attraction (From Judge)

Hostess—I am glad you children decided to come for dinner.

Little Josie—We didn't turn for dinner, we turn to hear Willie's grandpa eat his soup.

Could Not Use Them (From Judge)

"Please, ma'am, an old man, tired and poor; With wooden legs, is at the door." "Why, Bridget, we need none," said she. "What use for wooden legs have we?"

"HUMAN" MACHINE WARNS ENGINEER

Slows Down the Train When Track is Blocked.

WILL PROBABLY BE ADOPTED

Newly Invented Device Applies Air Brakes Automatically When Danger is Near.

Railroad officials and engineers have watched with great interest the testing of a newly invented automatic signal and train control, designed to take the place of block signals and other means of preventing accidents.

With almost human intelligence, this machine will slow down a train in low speed when approaching another train, a broken rail or any other known danger and will bring to a full stop before it comes near the obstruction. All this is done automatically, and no matter whether the engineer wants it or not, the train will obey the machine's behest.

On a passenger train going sixty miles an hour the engineer, besides attending to his engine has to lean out of his window and watch block signals. The new device will take the place of the engineer in this responsibility. Along the track at block intervals are pins that are raked by a bit of metal of the engine.

If the block is clear the information is conveyed to the engineer by means of a white light flashing; if he should be cautious, a green light flashes, and if there is danger, a red light flashes. But more than this, if the green light flashes, the speed of the train is reduced immediately.

If there is danger ahead, indicated by the red flash, the air brakes are automatically applied, and the train is halted. The inventors of the device declared that even if the engineer were dead, the train could not meet disaster, because of the automatic stop control exercised by the machine.

The invention was tested at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the Queen & Crescent Railroad, and is declared to have worked perfectly.

Popular Science.

Scientific study of the lumber industry of the United States has revealed the fact that lead pencil manufacture is consuming 75,000,000 feet of lumber each year, of which about one-half is estimated to be wasted in sharpening or throwing away short ends.

Through the work of the botany department of the Minnesota Agricultural College it will soon be possible for farmers to become familiar with the seeds of ninety-six varieties of weeds.

Investigations by the Government Geological Survey of the erosion of numerous drainage basins of the United States show that the average of the country is being worn away at a rate of about an inch in 760 years.

A submarine boat with wheels to enable it to run on the bed of an ocean has been added to the United States Navy.

Two eminent German physicians have reported that a child that has been kept in a dark room without a brain.

A University of Pennsylvania scientist asserts he has discovered a way to tell from crystals in a drop of blood the race of the man from whom the blood came.

The largest steel ingot ever cast was recently produced in England. It weighed 100 tons, was 23.12 feet long and 80 inches wide.

The pulse of a horse is a little more than half as rapid as that of man.

Telechronometer is the name that has been given a new device for measuring the time a telephone line uses.

FAN DRIVEN BY CHAIR.

A novel device to general cooling breezes in the home is the rocking chair fan. A little four-bladed fan is suspended over a rocking chair and is driven by a flexible shaft that connects with levers and cog wheels by the movement of the chair.

The inventor, A. J. Schroder of Donaldville, La., says he has another device by which the fan may be made to swing.

Of the chair, but sending a breeze about the room.

When rocking fast, the person in the chair can enjoy the sensation of a ride in an aeroplane without any of the attending danger.

One for Future Use.

Lovely weather, isn't it? A lady whom we know went to see the doctor yesterday.

"Well, how are you today?" said the physician, cheerfully.

"Well, Doctor," she replied, "the cold I caught Tuesday is a little better, thanks to your prescription. But the one I caught Thursday is much worse. The thing I called to see you for, however, is the severe cold I caught last night."

The doctor sat down and wrote a long line of biographies.

"Here," he said, "is something for the one you will catch this evening with that V-neck and those akirtie akirts. Good afternoon!"

SUN RUNS ENGINE OF INVENTOR

Had Many Other Power Devices in the Making, Some of Them Successful.

Fully Tested.

Out in the Arizona desert there is a big, glass-covered mass of machinery which for two years has been drawing its power from the heat of the sun. This is the famous solar engine designed by the late George Westinghouse, inventor of the railway air-brake. Many interesting experiments were made with it under the direction of Westinghouse and yet he regarded the sun-power problem as being only partly solved. The engine in the desert is still in charge of the men he sent there.

Far up on the black North Atlantic coast an experimental installation of Westinghouse's tidal motor has been operating for two years. On an inland stream, east of Pittsburgh, Pa., the great inventor had a summer installed a turbine-like apparatus to collect power from the sluggishly moving current. He intended to develop a principle of securing power from a peaceful, still-running body of water without the necessity of building a huge dam.

Mechanical engineers are wondering what effect the death of Westinghouse will have on the many discoveries "in the making." His laboratories are a marvelous collection of half-completed improvements and attachments and models for motors, engines, turbines and other power devices. Some of them have been tested in part, others are awaiting the touch of the master hand.

Hadn't Missed It.

An old negro was taken ill and called in a physician of his own race to prescribe for him; but the old man did not seem to improve and eventually a white physician was summoned. Soon after his arrival Dr. felt the old man's pulse for a moment and then examined his tongue.

"Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked.

"I don't know, boss," the sick man answered feebly. "I ain't missed anything but my watch as yet."

Shingles From Great Stumps.

The stumps of the great trees which have been cut in the northwest of the United States are now being utilized for shingles. Ten thousand shingles have been made from one stump.

A Lecture on "Fools."

Dr. P. S. Henson once delivered his lecture on "Fools" at the New York Chautauqua. In introducing him, Bishop Vincent said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now to listen to a lecture on 'Fools,' by one—the audience broke into a roar of laughter, and after it had died away Bishop Vincent added—"of the most brilliant men in America."

Dr. Henson rose and, with a genial smile, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not so great a fool as Bishop Vincent"—another roar of laughter, after which the speaker added—"would have you believe?"—Judge.

Pat Got Mixed.

Paddy one day became the proud father of twins. The christening ceremony arrangements were made, and Pat was instructed by his wife, Moya, that the babies' names were "Katie" and "Sidney."

Whilst making his way to the church, repeating the names, "Katie" and "Sidney," he was met by several friends, who wished to drink the babies' health. By the time all paid for a round Pat was a wee bit mixed. He arrived at the church in good time, but when the clergyman asked for the names of the children, Pat replied:

"Stead and Kidney."

MESSAGES BY PUFFS OF SMOKE

Novel Method of Signaling From Military Aeroplanes.

A simple and yet ingenious method of signaling from an aeroplane has just been invented and is being tested by military aviators. It is a system of telegraph, the dots and dashes of the code be written in the air by short and long puffs of smoke. The apparatus for the discharge of these puffs is a receptacle for black smoke, situated below the aviator's seat and projecting downward. It is closed at its lower end by a valve that can be opened and shut by a small lever. The smoke trails behind the aeroplane and can be read with a field glass at a distance of several miles.

GREAT SPOT FOUND ON SUN

Astronomers of Naval Observatory and High School Make Discovery.

A large spot on the sun, estimated to be 50,000 miles long, has been discovered by astronomers of the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington.

D. C. Dr. Benjamin M. Snyder, professor of astronomy at Central High School Philadelphia, has also observed a spot on the sun, but says it is visible only through a strong telescope.

WHAT "CANDLE POWER" MEANS

Standard Measurement Used for Electric Lights

There are many different sizes of candles and consequently some give off more light than others, but a standard is used in measuring electric lights, England and America having the same standard. It is made of pure spermaceti, an oil obtained from whales; is exactly round, seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, one-sixth of a pound, and with wick adjusted will burn 120 grains of spermaceti per hour.

BLAST CAUSES PANIC.

Colon.—The explosion of a large quantity of dynamite at Mindi about five miles from Colon, shook the entire district, causing something of a panic in the towns and villages. As far as can be learned only one man was killed.

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