

IF REDFORD SUITS YOU

take a chance on an investment in at least one piece of real estate. If the town doesn't suit you find a better one if you can. Property in and about the place is going up at a rapid pace. Are you getting anything out of it? Are you going to profit by the increase in values or let the other fellow have it.

See me and let's talk it over.

C. E. RAMSEY

REDFORD

FARMINGTON

ADVICE TO A HOMELESS DOG

Pick Out a Good Boy and Keep Him for a Master, and Always Be Kind to Him.

If you are a dog of any sense, you will pick out a pretty good sort of a boy and stick to him, says Don Marquis in the American Magazine. These dogs that are always adopting one boy after another get a bad name among the humans in the end. And you'd better keep in with the humans, especially the grown-up ones. Getting your scraps off a plate at the back door two or three times a day beats hunting rabbits and ground squirrels for a living.

What a dog wants is a boy anywhere from about nine to about sixteen years old. A boy under nine hasn't enough sense, as a rule, to be any company for an intelligent dog. And along about sixteen they begin to dress up and try to run with the girls, and carry on in a way to make a dog tired. There are exceptions, of course—one of the worst mistakes some dogs make is to suppose that all boys are alike. That isn't true; you'll find just as much individuality among boys as there is among dogs. If you're patient enough to look for it and have a knack for making friends with animals. But you must remember to be kind to a boy if you're going to teach him anything; and you must be careful not to frighten him.

FIND TIME'S CHANGE COSTLY

Frugal French Mind Disgruntled Over Extra Money That Must Be Spent for Electric Light.

Some months ago France changed its time meridian from that of Paris to that of Greenwich. Up to that time France alone had stood out against using the international system.

They are just finding out that this change is going to cost them something. It happens in this way:

The new time is ten minutes slower than the old. In a store, for instance, that closes at six o'clock it is now necessary to use the electric lights ten minutes longer after lighting up than before, since the lights are turned on when it is dark enough to need them, but the store is really kept open ten minutes longer than last year.

The frugal French mind figures, but that this extra expense will be one per cent.; that is not very much, but they count the pennies over carefully in France.

SUGAR FOR BRAIN WORKERS.

Even brain workers find it advantageous to add sugar to their diet. Many a doctor and professor, especially of the non-drinking class, is known to be excessively fond of candy, especially when doing hard or exhaustive brain work. The effect of eating sugar is felt in an hour or two, and it has ever been recommended that students before an evening of hard study should eat a few lumps of sugar, for lump sugar is generally pure cane sugar. Even the simple lunch, such as plain bread and butter, which may not attract a tired student, can be made refreshing and palatable by the addition of sugar sprinkled over it.—American Food Journal.

YOUTHFUL SUFFRAGIST.

Ethel's young lady aunt is an earnest suffragist, and Ethel, who adores auntie, tries to be like her in all things. Not long since a visitor, not a suffragist, asked Ethel's mother if she thought that women should exercise the franchise. The lady hesitated, unwilling to enter a discussion, but Ethel spoke up with a quaint imitation of auntie's best platform manner.

"I do," she said solemnly. "Every woman ought to be able to do her best thinking these days, and I don't believe any part of the body should be neglected."

HEARD OBSCURELY.

"What does Harold call his motor boat?" asked Maude.

"I can't say exactly," replied Maymie. "But I'm sure what he called it when he was trying to start the engine wasn't the name painted on the bow."

ORIGINAL POSE.

"Biggerly's taken on a new pose."

"Some odd fad in dress?"

"Nope. Goes up to the club reading room, and when all the other fellows are looking, picks up an English periodical and lays back and chuckles at the jokes."

USE THE SCIENTIFIC TERMS

Regularity Noticed in Old Soldiers When They Are Talking of Wounds Received in Battle.

Three veterans of the civil war sat on a bench of new, sweet-scented pine in a wood. The occasion was a Fourth of July picnic, and the veterans eating sandwiches and drinking lemonade, talked of war.

"Yes, this here," said the first veteran, twiddling with a flattened bullet that dangled from the end of his watch chain—"this here entered my tibia at Bull Run, fractured my fibia, and tore up my gastrocnemius quite some."

The second veteran displayed a flattened bullet that served, surrounded, with tiny diamonds, as a scarpin.

"This feller," said he, "went through my radius and ulna."

The third veteran, showing a flattened bullet that formed the central ornament of a massive gold ring, said:

"This ball, friends, was dug out of my deltoid."

The veterans munching their sandwiches calmly, and calmly drank their lemonade; and an army surgeon remarked to a bystander, with a wink:

"A queer thing about old soldiers the world over is that they preserve as ornaments the bullets that have wounded them. Another queer thing is that they always learn the scientific names of the bones and organs and muscles that have suffered."

"Radius and ulna, gastrocnemius and deltoid, tibia and fibia—you'll always hear such terms as those upon the white-bearded lips of an old soldier."

IN PRAISE OF ART SARTORIAL

Writer Claims Place in Ranks of Genius for the Designer and Cutter of Clothing.

Art, music and poetry have in all ages been considered the polite arts, but what is art without the proper portrayal of the dress of the age that it seeks to represent? What is music that does not bring inspiration from the masters of the past who were clothed in the power to give us glimpses of men and ideals of whom the only lasting impression can be gained by the form our imaginations

gave them; and our imagination clothes them in roles in which their creators sent them out on their errands of giving the world higher ideals. Then what is poetry but thought clothed in words? No matter from what side viewed, the figure of speech of clothing is the symbolic key that gives entrance to these higher realms, and therefore who should not clothes themselves with the hem of the garments of the arts with which they are so closely in touch?—American Tailor and Cutter.

DISCOURAGED POET.

Alfred Noyes, the British poet, though usually very successful in marketing his verse, suffered a slump on toward the end of his American visit, and naturally became low-spirited in consequence.

"Everything seems to be going wrong," he sighed one evening at the Franklin Inn in Philadelphia. "I'll have to change my luck somehow or other."

He laughed grimly and resumed: "I asked the maid at my lodgings this morning what had become of the paper that I'd left lying on my desk."

"Oh, sir," said she, "I thought it was waste paper, and I threw it in the waste-paper basket."

"No," said I, "it wasn't waste paper. I hadn't written anything on it yet."

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

Gibbs—Dr. Stuart says it requires lots of patience to run a motor car. Gibbs—No, he's got the patients.—Christian Science Monitor.

ONLY SAFE WAY.

Griegs—Can you keep a secret from your wife? Briggs—Not unless I keep secret the fact that I have one.

HANDLING CUBIST ART.

Knieker—Did you turn the picture to the wall? Boeker—It was a cubist affair, so we turned the wall to the picture.

ALWAYS WHAT HAPPENS.

"What happened to his business when he let it run down?" "The last I heard of it, the bankruptcy court was winding it up."

GEORGE ADE "VILLAGE SAGE"

Fred Kelly, Humorist, Most Cruelly Shatters the Story Teller's Bucolic Dream.

Fred Kelly, the Washington humorist, visited New York the other day. He fell in with a party of other literary lights. They began to discuss men and things. By and by the conversation turned on George Ade.

"He lives the ideal life," said one. "He has enough money to secure every luxury, he need not work except when inspiration comes and he is looked up to by every one in his community."

Those present nodded their heads solemnly.

"What one of us," demanded the speaker, passionately, "would not give up the bustle and hurry of this frantic city if in return we might be certain of the meditative quiet of a small and restful community. How beautiful are the days of the village sage!"

Silence for a time. Then Kelly drawled:

"Do you think there's such a h—l of a demand for sages?"

PHRASE PROVED AN OLD ONE

Sultan of Turkey Known as the "Sick Man of Europe" in the Seventeenth Century.

Now a collector of old prints comes forward with the proof that the expression, "the sick man of Europe," so persistently applied for years to Turkey, really dates back to the seventeenth century, when John Sobieski drove back the Turks from the gates of Vienna. He shows an old engraving with the Turk on his sick bed in the center and the doctors representing all the nations of Europe gathered about him. As has been the case ever since, they cannot agree as to the treatment. All want to make an end of the Turk; but the Spaniard wishes to apply a bomb, the Pole wishes to give him steel, the Prussian would stifle him with his cloak, etc. Change the names and costumes of the doctors, and this cartoon of nearly three centuries ago would answer for any of the numerous congresses that have since been attempted to settle the vexing eastern question.

FARMER PLANTING THISTLES.

While farmers elsewhere are working overtime to kill off and stamp out the Russian thistles, E. O. Stuart, a Grant county farmer, is planting them.

"I made a fair test of the thistle last winter along with kafir, cane and prairie hay, and I am strong for the thistle for cattle forage," declared Mr. Stuart. "The thistles are cut and fed before they get hard stickers on them, and the cattle like them and do well on them."

Mr. Stuart is preparing acres of land for thistle as a feed chop, disk and cross-harrowing and then sowing the thistle seed.—New York Sun.

JUST WHAT IS A "SNOB?"

There is probably no connection between a cobbler, sometimes called a snob, and the slang word "snob" used of a low fellow trying to put himself into the society of his betters. At the universities it used to be common to speak of a "nob," from nobilis filius, a young nobleman or sometimes a college man. The letter "s" having a negative, or private force, added to "nob," making the word "snob," would thus mean a disnoble, or ignoble mere townsman, as contrasted with the sons of colleges or gentlemen. Hence it crept into use as meaning anyone ignoble from birth or breeding.

HAD HIM THERE.

"You say we people who indulge in debate are slow," said Mr. Longwood, with a grin.

"That is my opinion."

"Well, you are wrong. The Panama canal itself won't be open till 1915. Debate on the subject of tolls has been wide open for some time."—Washington Sunday Star.

SOMETHING BETTER.

"Has your daughter a thesis ready for her graduation?" "No, I believe she's getting one of them slit hobble draped effects."

FORGET THE THERMOMETER.

If you find that the thermometer is gaining too strong an influence over you turn its face to the wall.