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### Holland City News, Volume 39, Number 52: December 29, 1910

Holland City News

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# HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

VOLUME 39

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1910

NUMBER 52

After the first of January let all put their shoulder to the wheel and show our neighbors their is nothing t ie matter with Holland

## VAN'S RESTAURANT

JOHN HOFFMAN, Prop. Citz. Phone 1252

Meal and Lunch tickets for steady board. We also do cooking and supplying.

Parties, Weddings and special cooking Prices are right

OPEN ALL NIGHT

## Every Ounce Counts

NO WASTE

## Little Wonder Flour

Does away with all guess work.

The BEST Flour for every baking purpose

It is the Highest Quality of Flour that can be produced

## Try one sack today

You will want more after you have given it a trial.

## Beach Milling Co.

Perfumes, Sachet Powders, Talcum Powders, Hairbrushes and Combs, Toilet Soaps etc.

**Magazines:** What is a better Christmas Gift than a years subscription for some good MAGAZINE.

Remember our Soda Fountain is open all winter

## SMITH, The Druggist

5 Hotel Block,

Holland, Michigan

## Are you seeking a Farm, Vacant Lot or Residence?

Think it over. Then decide about the kind you want, what location suits you best, about what you would like to pay and terms desired, next see

## ISAAC KOUW & CO.

WE CAN FIT YOU OUT

Like the progressive merchant who keeps on hand a large variety of wares to suit all tastes so we have listed properties of all sizes and descriptions.

AND IF ITS INSURANCE, WE HAVE THE COMPANIES

ISAAC KOUW & CO.,

96 West Eighth St., Holland, Mich.  
Citz. Phone 1186

## Always the Best

For Sale—Fine City Homes, large and small fertile Farms, also vacant lots, very cheap. In fact all classes of Real Estate, to suit the wants, style, condition and means of all the people.

Let us know your desires and chances are that we can suit you exactly.

## John Weersing

Real Estate and Insurance 196 River St



## To all our Patrons and Friends . . .

Accept our thanks for for favors shown us in the way of patronage this past year and our assurance of our very best treatment in the year before us.

Watch this space throughout the year

## B. STEKETEE

Next Interurban Office

## A Sterling Silver Wedding Gift

A lasting reminder of the giver. Whether it is a single spoon or a chest of silver you will find the best here. All the leading manufacturers are represented including Reed & Barton, Gorham, Towle and others.

The collection in our show window embraces the most up-to-date and artistic patterns in Sterling.

## HARDIE, The JEWELER

19 W. 8th Street

## A Bank Examiners Experience

For the next ten weeks the News will give each week a complete story written by O. Henry who before his death was one of the cleverest short story writer in the United States. The popular magazines have paid him as high as one thousand dollars for a single story. This week on page three will be found an intensely interesting story about a bank examiners experience in a western town. The story is not continued but complete in this issue, watch for the other nine stories.

## Boy Disappears

Ira King, a fourteen year old boy, living in the Ferry house on First street, Grand Haven, has disappeared from his home and has not been located. The sheriff's officers learned today that the youngsters bought a ticket for Grand Rapids at an Interurban ticket office yesterday. Both Grand Rapids and Muskegon officers have been notified to look out for the lad and to notify the sheriff in this city as soon as possible. The King boy has been developing pretty wild symptoms of lat that he entered J. C. Lehman a barber shop Monday morning and took a couple dollars which were in the cash drawer.

## Mail Carriers Wife is Mum

There is one lady at least who does not talk about her neighbors. The representative of the Allegan Gazette, in his canvass, called at the home of a mail carrier the other day, and after transacting his business asked the lady of the house who lived next door. She looked wise and replied, "I am a mail carrier's wife." When the carrier takes the oath of office he promises Uncle Sam to keep certain knowledge concerning his route to himself; but the reporter says this is the first time he has found it presumed, that the law includes all members of his family and all kinds of information both on and off the route. If the carrier is as discreet with his information as is his wife, you can bet he'll hold his job.

## Post Too Ill to Come

Sheriff Andre has received a telegram from Consul General Hanna in Mexico in which that official states he has been officially informed that President Diaz has granted extradition for bringing Richard H. Post back to Michigan for the purpose of arraigning him on the charge against him.

However, the consul general advised the sheriff not to come to Mexico for Post until he is notified by the official. The Holland man is very ill and is too weak as yet in the opinion of Mr. Hanna to make the trip.

## Making Exhibit Cars

The Van Motor Company of Grand Haven has practically completed its first car and is preparing to send it to Boston. The first car is a beauty and will surely attract attention anywhere. The car is a sample of the sort of machines which will hereafter be turned out by the Grand Haven plant. The Van company is also preparing a special exhibition car which will be sent to New York for the great automobile show in the Madison Square garden next month. This car will have many novel features and should be a winner for the company. The machine will be mounted on a mirror plate, which will show the driving machinery of the car and add to the attractiveness of the exhibit as well. The Van Company is gradually hitting its stride. More men are being put at work at the shop as their presence is required and the shop is busily preparing cars for the market. The Grand Haven Auto Body Company who makes the bodies for the Van cars is also kept busy.

## Diekema Honored

Congressman Diekema will have an opportunity to help with the Taft plan of simplifying and hastening litigation in the Federal courts. He has been made chairman of subcommittee No. 1 of the judiciary committee. This subcommittee has charge of legislation affecting procedure in the United States courts. Before it are now about 150 bills some of which relate directly to the proposed plan of simplifying court procedure. The vacancy in this subcommittee chairmanship arose through the death of Congressman Tirrel of Massachusetts.



Off with the Old,  
on with the New

## Plan to Make Sheriffs Term Longer

Although two full years must elapse and Sheriff Cornelius Andre has a full term to serve before another election, aspirants for the office of sheriff for Ottawa county are already looming up in several quarters. It is not at all certain that friends of Andre will allow him to retire, providing certain legal restrictions relative to the third term are removed by the legislature. At a meeting of the Michigan Sheriff's association some time ago, resolutions were adopted asking that the legislature remove this restriction. At present, no matter how good the service, a sheriff cannot serve but two terms. The association was unanimous in its decision to have this law changed if possible. With this provision made, it is not at all certain that the present incumbent would be out of the race. Other candidates already spoken of are Mr. Wells, Wm. McConnell and H. Nyland of Grand Haven, Cornie Schaap of Zeeland, Frank Salisbury of Coopersville, Albert Hidding and Hans Dykhuis of Holland.

## Deck Hands on the Job

The Grand Haven laborers are no longer in favor at the Crosby line wharf. Those men who have for years depended upon the freight house in winter as a means of making a living, will most of them have to look elsewhere. Only comparatively few men are put on for the working of the cargoes of the Crosby line steamers, the bulk of the job is handled by deck hands shipped especially for the work. They are fed on board of the ship and given a place to sleep, receiving a dollar a day as wages. For this remuneration the deck hands must load and unload the steamers, the work requiring anywhere from 12 to 15 hours or more. Formerly these were the best paid men Grand Haven had and were always mentioned first when spoken of in connection with Grand Havens' industries. The editorial in last weeks News on selfishness applies here.

## Better Service

The copy of a bill which is expected to be passed upon at the coming session of Congress and which tends to promote the efficiency of the life-saving service has been forwarded to Chas. Taft, representative-elect from Mason counts. The bill has been up on several different occasions when efforts were exerted to have it become a law. Last year it came nearer success than at any time, having passed the senate June 25, 1910, but failed in the house. At the session this winter it is to be brought up when the promoters hope to see it pass.

The proposed bill, provides a retired list of superintendents of life-saving districts, keepers of stations and surfmen who after having served 30 years, reached the age of 64 or become disabled may upon application be retired from the service at 75 per cent of the compensation of their grade before their retirement.

The bill provides for the establishment of a lifesaving service retiring board to be composed of one superintendent of a lifesaving district, one assistant inspector in the service and one medical officer of the public health and marine hospital service for the purpose of examining and reporting upon the merits of the application. When the applicant is found to have become disabled from an accident in the service not due to his vicious habits, he will be placed on the retired list subject to the final approval of the secretary, of the treasury. In case the applicant has become disabled by reason of his vicious habits, he shall be dropped from the service. Officers and surfmen honorably retired may be detailed to such duties as they may be able to perform and receive full pay of their grade.

The bill also provides that all superintendents of lifesaving districts, keepers of stations and surfmen shall receive ten per cent increase in pay for every five years of service, such increase not to exceed 40 per cent of the pay of their rank or grade, provided that in computing

the length of service, of surfmen each and every active season as the stations which are not opened and manned during the year shall be considered a full year.

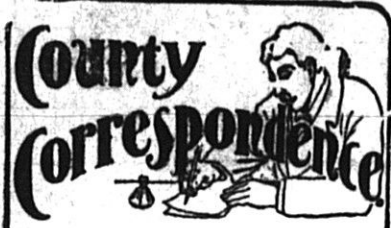
## Buy Building for Insane Asylum

The Cutler farm residence located 9 miles from Grand Rapids on the G. R. & I. R. R. has been purchased by the United Christian Reformed and Reformed churches of the United States as an asylum for their insane. The house was built a little over 18 years ago, by J. J. Cutler, the father of the present owner, and was constructed of good old Michigan stone, lumber made from trees adjacent to the site, with a brick veneering. It is two stories and a half in height, has a large attic and a basement extending under the entire house. The house contains twenty rooms. The lumber used in the interior, over 60,000 feet, was all taken from the farm, with the exception of the joists, which are almost clear stuff pine, almost as durable as time itself. The interior finishing is all done in butternut, oak and ash, and the material used, after being felled on the farm, was hauled to Grand Rapids, sawed, cut and hauled back again. The stones for the walls were gathered in the immediate vicinity, but the veneering brick, of which the house proper is constructed, were shipped in and hauled 9 miles over country roads.

## Days Getting Longer

The shortest day of the year was on December 21 the sun then crossing the line and from the second day after that the days started to get a little longer, and will continue to until the sun again crosses the line on the 21st of June. Winter was officially inaugurated on December 22. With the lengthening out of the days usually comes more severe winter weather. It is said by those who know that the thermometer drops to its lowest point usually about the time Old Sol is battling with the darkness in the early hours of the morning.





Holland Township

George H. Souter, who is spending the winter in Los Angeles, sent home fifty pounds of English walnuts to his children and grandchildren in this vicinity. The nuts were grown in the locality where Mr. Souter is stopping. He also sent a box of holly that he picked on Mt. Washington.

Imagining some one was seeking his life Cornelius Grevengeod, night watchman at the basket factory of C. L. King & Co., deserted his post at midnight, one night last week, and sprinted all the way to his home in Holland township, more than two miles distant.

Grevengeod had punched the time clock the last time at midnight and when Manager Haanchett arrived at the factory he found all the lights burning and at once summoned the police.

Officer Leonard later found Grevengeod at home. It is believed that Grevengeod has become unbalanced mentally since the tragic death of his son several years ago. Young Grevengeod with several companions were caught trespassing upon Henry Walcott's fruit farm near Waverly when the latter fired at young Grevengeod. His limp body was found hanging upon a wire fence. Walcott was held on the charge of murder, but later acquitted.

Friday morning early Peter Hamelink was kicked in the mouth by the horse used on his milk route while coming to the city from his north side dairy. The animal had become frightened by the steam whistle of the Ottawa Furniture Co. Hamelink tried to stop the horse and in so doing received the blow of the animal full against the mouth, breaking out most of the teeth. Dr. D. G. Cook the physician and M. J. Cook the dentist were both called.

The Sunday school of Town Hall held their Christmas entertainment last Thursday night. The program consisted of recitations and dialogues by the pupils, two recitations by Miss Cora Van Beek, a vocal solo by Miss Mabelle Van Beek and a few selections by the quartet. The room was decorated appropriately for the occasion, and the parents and friends of the pupils were present to listen to the carefully prepared numbers of the pupils. After the program was rendered Christmas remembrances were presented the pupils by the teachers. This is one of the Sunday schools conducted by the Hope college Y. M. C. A., and is in a very prosperous condition. After the entertainment the Sunday school teachers and their friends enjoyed refreshments at Bradford's cafe.

Crisp

Rev. and Mrs. H. Guikema were pleasantly surprised last Thursday evening by his catechism class when they were presented with a beautiful parlor suite. Refreshments were served and a pleasant time spent by all.

Next Saturday, being the last day of the year, services will be held at the Crisp church at 1:30 in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Coster of Holland spent Tuesday with relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Redder of Holland spent Sunday with their parents Mr. and Mrs. K. Redder.

Last Monday afternoon a Christmas entertainment was given at the Harlem church.

Last Friday evening a Christmas entertainment was given at the Olive Center school house.

Saugatuck

The Str. Ottawa, built here by Bird and Rogers in 1884 and known then as the A. B. Taylor was burned at Cape Vincent, N. Y., while laying at her dock. She formerly ran between Saugatuck, Holland and Chicago.

Frank Wade who is home on his vacation is figuring on the cost of an electric light plant for Saugatuck and will probably be able to present his figures at the next board meeting. There has been much talk about utilizing the water power of Goshorn Lake for generating electricity but Mr. Wade believes that not enough power could be procured by this plan. His figures will be on a steam plant.

Fennville

The Sanocide Spray company has been organized here by J. E. Hutchinson and Henry Lamb. The firm proposes to manufacture a

lime and sulphur composition for spraying purposes and expects to make a contract to supply the members of the Michigan State Horticulture society with the product. This will require about 5,000 barrels of the solution. The plant will have a capacity of 300 barrels per day.

Zeeland

A very pretty wedding took place Thursday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Van Wyle, in Zeeland when their daughter Cora, was united in marriage to Simon Ten Brink of Robinson. Many relatives and friends witnessed the ceremony which was performed by Rev. P. P. Cheff, pastor of the First Reformed church. They will make their future home in Robinson at the groom's farm.

John W. Bosman of Holland was in the city Friday visiting at the home of Rev. and Mrs. C. C. A. L. John on Centennial street.

G. Veenboer of Jamestown was in the city Friday visiting with friends and relatives.

Mrs. DeVries of Beaverdam was in the city Friday visiting friends.

Mrs. D. F. Boonstra was in Grand Rapids Friday visiting friends.

Maggie Tiesenga of Forest Grove was in the city Friday visiting with friends and relatives.

Thomas Keppel was in Holland Friday.

A public auction will be held on January 5 at J. W. Abel in Blendon Township 1 1/2 mile north and 1/2 mile west of the P. M. Station at Vriesland.

The young people of First Christian Reformed church gave Rev. and Mrs. William D. VanderWerp a surprise at the parsonage. H. Van Haitsma in behalf of the callers presented Rev. Mr. VanderWerp with a hall clock.

The Zeeland Poultry show is over after its first successful meeting. About one hundred and fifty birds were exhibited, besides some rabbits, doves and ducks which were also on exhibition. T. Prinson, William Glerum, William Vish, J. A. Hartgerink, M. Mookerke, G. Frederic, J. Schipper, J. Elenbaas, D. Elenbaas and R. Lamer were among the exhibitors.

The First Christian Reformed church of Zeeland has nominated a trio of pastors from which the congregation will call a successor to Rev. W. D. VanderWerp, who has accepted a call of the East Saugatuck Christian Reformed congregation. Rev. Henry Beets of the La-grave Street church and Rev. Lambertus Veltkamp of the Fifth Avenue church, both of Grand Rapids, and Rev. R. L. Haan of the Central Avenue church, Holland, are the nominees.

The first 1911 model automobile has made its appearance in a forty horse power Overland touring car sold by J. G. Kamps to Zeeland parties as a Christmas present.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ten Berens, a daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Smid, a daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Sterker, a son; to Rev. and Mrs. Kamps, a daughter.

Paul DeKruif of Ann Arbor is in the city to spend the holidays at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. DeKruif on Central avenue. John Van Vley, who is a student of the U. of M. at Ann Arbor, is spending his winter vacation at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Van Vley, on Church street. Jay DenHerder of Ann Arbor is in the city to spend his winter vacation at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. DenHerder, on Central avenue.

The firemen couldn't put out the hot blaze that made the chicken and oysters simmer at Heukelen's hall, notwithstanding the fact that they were all present with their better halves. At least 40 guests were present and an enjoyable evening of feasting and music occupied the evening until a late hour. The hall was decorated appropriately for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. A. La Huis with their children Ada, May and Chester and Mr. J. Den Herder visited in Holland Christmas at the home of Prof. and Mrs. M. Kolyn.

Dr. and Mrs. G. T. Huizinga, Mr. and Mrs. B. Neeken and family were in Holland Christmas visiting with relatives.

Mrs. J. M. Thomas was in Holland Monday visiting with friends.

Christmas exercises were held Monday afternoon at the North Street Christian Reformed church and a fine program was carried out. Appropriate exercises were also held in the Second Reformed church.

Rev. A. L. Pieters, missionary of Japan conducted the English services at the First Reformed church last Sunday evening.

Rev. Kamps conducted the even-

ing service at the North Street Christian Reformed church Sunday.

Student J. Van Dyke of the N. Brunswick Seminary is home to spend the holidays.

A. Northuis of Grand Rapids is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. C. Northuis on State street.

Nearly all the factories are closed in order to give their employees a week's vacation.

The report that smallpox had entered Zeeland is untrue. The child of a family in East Holland who had been visiting the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nykamp on Lincoln street is claimed as stricken with the disease, but the board of Health finds that it is not smallpox.

Rev. L. Veltkamp has been elected pastor of the First Christian Reformed church of this city to succeed Rev. William VanderWerp, who has accepted a call to East Saugatuck. The latter will deliver his farewell sermon in Zeeland Jan. 8.

Zeeland lays claim to the champion marathon toddler.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Postma of Vriesland aged two and one-half years, walked more than three and one-half miles in less than two hours. The boy had come here with his parents to purchase goods.

With his father he entered a barbershop. While his parent was in the chair the child walked out with a man other than his father. He thought he was following "papa." The two walked as far as Brandt's Crossing before "papa" discovered the child's mistake.

In the meantime the parents were searching for the boy. The police were notified and finally were advised of his whereabouts. On the next car the boy was returned to his anxious parents.

J. D. Jongh made a business trip to Grand Rapids Tuesday.

Mr. Vander Visse was in Grand Rapids yesterday visiting relatives.

Mr. John Ver Hage, sr., who suffered a stroke of apoplexy is slowly improving.

Gerrit DeJonge of Orange City, Ia., is spending the holidays in the city at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. D. P. DeJonge on Central ave.

Mrs. J. DeJonge was in Jamestown Tuesday visiting relatives.

Hamilton

While trying to throw some hay down for the horse Henry Oetman of this place fell from the hay mow and broke three ribs. A physician was called and he pronounced Mr. Oetman in a serious condition.

Beaverdam

C Heyboer sold his 40 acre farm to James Kloosterman of this city for \$2800, and the farm tools for \$500. Mr. Heyboer will move with his family to Holland. The deal was made through the agency of Jacob Poest of this city.

A LA HOLLAND.

One can hardly realize what can be raised on a small parcel of land until they try. This has been emphasized in good old-fashioned Holland style in a swamp that lays in the northwest part of the village of Conklin. Three years ago Frank Blodgett purchased this swampy tract containing seven or more acres, and by sheer persistence has converted it into a market garden that has been a delight to everyone passing either on train or along the street. Mr. Blodgett has this past season successfully grown 8,000 heads of cabbage, making nearly 20 tons; 435 bushels of onions; 115 bushels of carrots; 60 bushels of beets; 150 bushels of potatoes; 22 bushels of beans, besides all the early spring vegetables and \$55 worth of Celery. Tuesday of this week he shipped a car of the vegetables to Sterling, Ill., also going there himself Thursday, where he will contract for next season's crop.

Insurance on Wooden Boats

Insurance on the wooden boats of the lake fleet expired on November 15 at midnight, and as a result there was a hustle and rush at the various ports to get the wooden fellows away before midnight. By a special inter insurance policy issued by a Chicago firm, the boats in the lumber carrying fleet classing 90 or better, may operate until December 5, but few, if any of them will remain in commission that long.

A Dreadful Wound

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, fireworks or of any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Bucklen's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poison or gangrene. It's the quickest, surest healer for all such wounds as also for Burns, Boils, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Chapped Hands, Corns or Piles. 25c at Walsh Drug Co., H. R. Doesburg.

Dr. Bell's Cough and Cold

Do Every Morning

A Back Back is Always Worse in the morning. Holland People are Finding Relief.

A back that aches all day and causes discomfort at night is usually worse in the morning. Makes you feel as if you hadn't slept at all. Can't cure a bad back until you cure the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys—make you feel better, work better, rest better and sleep better.

Permanent cures in Holland prove the merit of Doan's

Mrs. E. Vanden Tak, 243 E. Eleventh St., Holland, Mich., says: "I have been so greatly benefited by Doan's Kidney Pills that I am pleased to recommend them. I suffered for a long time from dull, aching backaches and in the morning on arising, I was so stiff and sore that it was difficult for me to stoop or lift. I always felt tired and had but little strength or energy. When Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention, I procured a box from J. C. Doesburg's Drug Store and soon after I began their use they drove away my trouble. I can now rest well and I do not have those dull pains in my back."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Largest Apple in England

On Wednesday Garcia Jacobs & Co., the eminent fruit auctioneers of Covent Garden Market, offered the largest apple in England to an immense crowd of buyers anxious to secure the novelty. After some remarkably brisk bidding, it was knocked down to Messrs. Adams, the well known fruiterers of Bond street, London, for fourteen sovereigns. This, it is said, is the highest price ever paid for one apple. This wonderful apple, a Gloria Mundi, weighing 27 oz., with a circumference of 16 in., and with a height of 5 in., was grown by the King's Acre Nurseries of Hereford. —London Grocer's Review.

Dentists There

"Success in the law," said Joseph H. Choate at a dinner at the Lawyers' Club in New York, "often depends on the ability to meet every objection readily."

"A clergyman, however, once carried this ability a little too far. He was addressing a prayer meeting, and in his description of the doom of the wicked he said:

"And there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, Aye, gnashing of teeth."

"A very good woman spoke up in a quavering and senile voice:

"But I ain't got no teeth, pastor."

"Then, madam, they will be provided," was the answer.

BE CAREFUL OF KEROSENE.

State Oil Inspector Neal calls attention to the danger in using kerosene oil to start fires in cooking and heating stoves. "A number of deaths from this cause have resulted so far this year," he says. People do not seem to understand that kerosene, when heated to a temperature above 121 degrees, produces just as deadly and powerful an explosive vapor as gasoline. The only difference is that gasoline produces an explosive vapor at about 70 degrees of heat instead of about 121. Thrown in a hot stove, whether containing a fire or not, kerosene will almost immediately produce the explosive vapor. Kerosene should under no circumstances be poured into a stove from a can.

"If people must use kerosene for kindling or 'hurryup' of fires a small quantity should first be poured in a cup and thrown from that in the stove. If a blaze is then needed to ignite it, use long paper tapers and keep at a safe distance when touching it off. This process will procure the desired results and even then there is apt to be enough excitement for the average individual."

WILL RURAL CARRIERS HAVE AUTOS?

The rural delivery system is to undergo some changes. The post office department is investigating the plan of using light automobiles in the service, thus reducing the number of carriers, but not the service. Of course the pay of the carriers will not permit their purchasing their own automobiles, but it is Mr. Hitchcock's idea to have the government purchase the machines and by putting on each carrier more territory and reducing the number of carriers they will get better service at less expense. Postmasters all over the country are reporting that rural carriers in their offices are vying with each other to improve the service and that the rural service has reached high plane of efficiency.

Byron Centre.

The Reformed church has been granted \$1,000 with which to build a new parsonage, by the board of benevolence, at a special session. North Blendon church was granted \$500 for remodeling.

The Wrong House

A New Year's Story

By T. C. Harbaugh

Written for This Paper



HE well-to-do home of the Morleys was in a quiet street, and, as they were quiet people, they could not have been better suited. The house itself was not unlike its neighbors, and but for the number over the door, which was 333, one not acquainted with the street might have taken some other house for it if he were hunting the

Morleys. One winter day a tiny hand drew the heavy curtains aside and a face appeared at one of the front panes. Everybody knew Hester Morley, a prim little woman of pleasant ways, the busy president of a charitable circle, and withal a person to be admired. She looked at the snow which lay in the street and over the pavement, and for a moment watched one of her neighbors who swept the white covering into the gutter.

A boy who knew Hester's face hurried past and glanced at the window to receive a nod from her and to throw back as he passed "A happy New Year, Miss Hester."

The girl—she was scarcely a young-

woman yet—smiled at the boy and watched him out of sight.

In another moment the bell rang and she turned as the maid was heard to enter the hall.

"A stranger, ma'am," said the maid, looking into the parlor. "I am sure I don't quite like his looks, and—"

"What does he want, Ida?"

"I can't tell. He insists on seeing the lady of the house and I've said she wasn't in; but it does no good."

"Let him come in, then."

Hester walked over to an arm-chair and seating herself waited for her New Year's visitor. She was not kept waiting long, for Ida had admitted the caller, and she heard his step in the hallway.

She looked him over from head to foot as he entered the parlor, a tall, somewhat uncouth man in the thirties, with strange, shuffling ways, and, to her, out of place in the cozy room.

"Miss Wemyss, I believe?" he said, bowing to Hester.

"Miss Morley," was the correction. "This is not the Wemyss residence; but—"

The man looked confused. "It used to be, did it not?" he queried.

"Yes, sir. Father purchased it from Jacob Wemyss, the sugar merchant, three years ago, and changed it considerably."

"And the family?"

"I think they left the city soon afterward. The old gentleman died, he was a widower at the time, you may remember, and Miss Wemyss married—"

"Married? That's not very queer. Women do that, I know. Married, you say? I can't quite grasp it."

Hester looked pityingly at the man. He seemed to have received a blow.

"I haven't seen her for five years," said he. "I went away on New Year's day, and I came back on the same anniversary. So you're Miss Morley?"

Hester bowed again and studied the case before her. It was strong and handsome, despite the uncouthness of it.

"I don't look like city people yet, it's because of my life in the mines," he said with a smile. "It's not just the life that tends to keep one up-to-date, you see. My name is Sydney. You may have heard the Wemysses mention me."

"Begging your pardon, I did not know them personally. You say you have been living in the mines? I once had a friend who went west, took to mining, too, I believe. But never mind, Mr. Sydney, I trust you will find your friend, the once Miss Wemyss, and permit me to wish you a happy New Year."

"After this, miss?" smiled the man. "After coming back to the city after five years' absence and on New Year's day, too, getting into the wrong house and introducing myself to a strange young lady? It seems like a dream."

Hester was about to reply when the door bell rang sharply and Ida's voice was heard in the hall.

In another moment the servant was at the parlor door, her pretty face quite white and her voice in gasps.

"The police, Miss Hester!" cried the girl, and vanished.

The stranger started from the chair he had taken near the fire and threw a look of horror toward the door.

"I'm sorry, miss," he said. "This is marrying an otherwise happy New Year's day for you. They may be looking for me," and then he fastened his eyes upon the door which opened to admit an officer.

"I beg pardon, Miss Morley," said the policeman, glancing first at Hester. "It's a queer New Year's call, but it's duty, you see. I am under the necessity of taking charge of your caller the gentleman yonder."

The returned miner seemed to increase half an inch in stature as he

stared at the policeman, his equal in physical strength, and for a moment Hester heard the beating of her heart. "Who's the warrant for, officer?" he asked.

"Hiram Rowan."

"But, Mr. Gentry, the gentleman's name is Sydney," put in Hester. "He has just assured me of that."

"You ladies will ever believe man," was the policeman's answer.

The miner stood rigid in the middle of the room. He had none of the criminal about him, and in a little while he had enlisted Hester Morley's sympathy.

"You couldn't wait till he explains, Mr. Gentry?" she said, addressing the officer.

"Why, no, Miss Hester. You see, he's but a common—"

The man took a hasty step toward the policeman and his hand shut, but he checked himself.

"You represent the law, however often it murders," he said, stepping back. Hester stood like a statue of marble in the luxuriantly appointed parlor. Her face was very white, and the miner spoke their eyes met.

"Guilty? No. She turned to the officer.

"Is the charge upon which you have arrested this gentleman a serious one?" she asked.

"Quite so, miss."

"Is it a crime that is heinous under the laws?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then send for Hester Morley when he needs bail. I am worth enough in my own right, I suppose."

"My stars, yes," cried the policeman. "They'd take you for \$50,000."

Hester smiled.

Without the wind was shaking the leafless trees along the gutter, and into the room came the sound of bells.



What's the Warrant For, Officer?

n the nearest steeple. The clang of the heavy front door aroused Hester Morley, and she started forward.

"He didn't look like it, Miss Hester!" exclaimed Ida, whom she encountered in the corridor. "But, then, you can't always tell by one's looks. And today, too. Why, it's New Year's, and—"

"There, Ida," broke in Hester. "It's a terrible mistake, I feel it. He got into the wrong house; he was looking for Miss Wemyss that used to be."

"My old mistress?"

"Yes, I believe you told me once that you lived for a year with the family."

"Didn't I? She sent a young man off one time in a pet! I'll never forget it. It is New Year's night. She had a temper, Miss Wemyss had, but she was beautiful. I remember seeing him in this very hall under the chandelier and he told her that when he came back rich—as rich as she was—why, she'd be glad to see him."

Hester's breath seemed to go in gasps.

"You don't remember his name, Ida?" she cried.

"It was Jeffrey Sydney—I'll never forget the name."

Down over the great city came the flakes of aly white. Everywhere flung bells and resonant laughter was in every breeze. It was an auspicious opening of the New Year.

"That is Jeffrey Sydney," said Ida, with positiveness, as she looked at the prisoner at the police court bar.

There were a few questions, a story of life in the western mines and the ro-tund gentleman in the high-backed chair said:

"Discharged! I congratulate you, Mr. Sydney, and wish you happy New Year."

A little color came to Hester Morley's cheeks and she left the room with Ida.

"The wrong house proved his salvation, after all, Miss Hester," said the maid.

There was no answer, but the little lady who heard pressed her cheek near the carriage window and looked half dreamily into the street.

Perhaps she heard the bells, perhaps she heard the word "discharged," as it had just fallen from the lips of the police judge; at any rate at least she smiled.

It was a happy New Year's day for two persons. Jeffrey Sydney saw one form vanish from his memory and another took its place, and Hester Morley just a year later heard bells that chimed many glad wishes on her wedding day.



# Friends in San Rosario

By O. HENRY

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HE west-bound stopped at San Rosario on at 8:20 a. m. A man with a thick black leather wallet under his arm left the train and walked rapidly up the main street of the town. There were other passengers who also got off at San Rosario, but they either slouched limberly over to the railroad eating house or the Silver Dollar saloon, or joined the groups of idlers about the station.

Indecision had no part in the movements of the man with the wallet. He was short in stature, but strongly built, with very light, closely trimmed hair, smooth, determined face, and aggressive, gold-rimmed nose glasses. He was well dressed in the prevailing eastern style. His air denoted a quiet but conscious reserve force, if not actual authority.

After walking a distance of three squares he came to the center of the town's business area. Here another street of importance crossed the main one, forming the hub of San Rosario's life and commerce. Upon one corner stood the postoffice. Upon another Rubensky's clothing emporium. The other two diagonally opposing corners were occupied by the town's two banks, the First National and the Stockmen's National. Into the First National bank of San Rosario the newcomer walked never slowing his brisk step until he stood at the cashier's window. The bank opened for business at nine, and the working force was already assembled, each preparing his department for the day's business. The cashier was examining the mail when he noticed the stranger standing at his window.

"Bank doesn't open 'til nine," he remarked, curtly, but without feeling. He had had to make that statement so often to early birds since San Rosario adopted city banking hours.

"I am well aware of that," said the other man, in cool, brittle tones. "Will you kindly receive my card?"

The cashier drew the small, spotless, parallelogram inside the bars of his wicket, and read:

J. F. C. NETTELEWICK,

National Bank Examiner.

"Oh—er—will you walk around inside, Mr.—er—Nettlewick. Your first visit—didn't know your business, of course. Walk right around, please."

The examiner was quickly inside the sacred precincts of the bank, where he was pompously introduced to each employee in turn by Mr. Edlinger, the cashier—a middle-aged gentleman of deliberation, discretion and method.

"I was kind of expecting Sam Turner round again, pretty soon," said Mr. Edlinger. "Sam's been examining us now, for about four years. I guess you'll find us all right, though, considering the tightness in business. Not overly much money on hand, but able to stand the storm, sir, stand the storm."

"Mr. Turner and I have been ordered by the comptroller to exchange districts," said the examiner, in his decisive, formal tones. "He is covering my old territory in southern Illinois and Indiana. I will take the cash first, please."

Perry Dorsey, the teller, was already arranging his cash on the counter for the examiner's inspection. He knew it was right to a cent, and he had nothing to fear, but he was nervous and flustered. So was every man in the bank. There was something so icy and swift, so impersonal and uncompromising about this man that his very presence seemed an accusation. He looked to be a man who would never make nor overlook an error.

Mr. Nettlewick first seized the currency, and with a rapid, almost juggling motion counted it by packages. Then he spun the sponge cup toward him and verified the count by bills. His thin, white fingers flew like some expert musician's upon the keys of a piano. He dumped the gold upon the counter with a crash, and the coins whined and sang as they skimmed across the marble slab from the tips of his nimble digits. The air was full of fractional currency when he came to the halves and quarters. He counted the last nickel and dime. He had the scales brought, and he weighed every sack of silver in the vault. He questioned Dorsey concerning each of the cash memoranda—certain checks, charge slips, etc., carried over from the previous day's work—with unimpeachable courtesy, yet with something so mysteriously momentous in his frigid manner that the teller was reduced to pink cheeks and a stammering tongue.

This newly imported examiner was so different from Sam Turner. It had been Sam's way to enter the bank with a shout, pass the cigars and tell the latest stories he had picked up on his rounds. His customary greeting to Dorsey had been, "Hello, Perry! Haven't skipped out with the boodle yet, I see." Turner's way of counting the cash had been different, too. He would finger the packages of bills in a tired kind of way, and then go into the vault and kick over a few sacks of silver, and the thing was done. Halves

and quarters and dimes? Not for Sam Turner. "No chicken feed for me," he would say when they were set before him. "I'm not in the agricultural department." But, then, Turner was a Texan, an old friend of the bank's president, and had known Dorsey since he was a baby.

While the examiner was counting the cash, Maj. Thomas B. Kingman—known to every one as "Major Tom"—the president of the First National, drove up to the side door with his old gun horse and buggy, and came inside. He saw the examiner busy with the money, and, going into the "pony corral," as he called it, in which his desk was called off, he began to look over his letters.

Earlier, a little incident had occurred that even the sharp eyes of the examiner had failed to notice. When he had begun his work at the cash counter, Mr. Edlinger had winked significantly at Roy Wilson, the youthful bank messenger, and nodded his head slightly toward the front door. Roy understood, took his hat and walked leisurely out, with his collector's book under his arm. Once outside, he made a bee-line for the Stockmen's National. That bank was also getting ready to open. No customers had, as yet, presented themselves.

"Say, you people!" cried Roy, with the familiarity of youth and long acquaintance, "you want to get a move on you. There's a new bank examiner over at the First, and he's a stem-winder. He's counting nickels on Perry, and he's got the whole outfit fluffed. Mr. Edlinger gave me the tip to let you know."

Mr. Buckley, president of the Stockmen's National—a stout, elderly man, looking like a farmer dressed for Sunday—heard Roy from his private office in the rear, and called him.

"Has Major Kingman come down to the bank yet?" he asked the boy.

"Yes, sir, he was just driving up as I left," said Roy.

"I want you to take him a note. Put it into his own hands as soon as you get back."

Mr. Buckley sat down and began to write.

Roy returned and handed to Major Kingman the envelope containing the note. The major read it, folded it, and slipped it into his vest pocket. He leaned back in his chair for a few moments as if he were meditating deeply, and then rose and went into the vault. He came out with the bulky, old-fashioned leather note case stamped on the back in gilt letters, "Bills Discounted." In this were the notes due the bank with their attached securities, and the major, in his rough way dumped the lot upon his desk and began to sort them over.

By this time Nettlewick had finished his count of the cash. His pencil fluttered like a swallow over the sheet of paper on which he had set his figures. He opened his black wallet, which seemed to be also a kind of secret memorandum book, made a few rapid figures in it, wheeled and transfixed Dorsey with the glare of his spectacles. That look seemed to say: "You're safe this time, but—"

"Cash all correct," snapped the examiner. He made a dash for the individual bookkeeper, and, for a few minutes there was a fluttering of ledger leaves and a sailing of balance sheets through the air.

"How often do you balance your passbooks?" he demanded, suddenly.

"Er—once a month," faltered the individual bookkeeper, wondering how many years they would give him.

"All right," said the examiner, turning and charging upon the general bookkeeper, who had the statements of his foreign banks and their reconciliation memoranda ready. Everything there was found to be all right. Then the stub book of the certificates of deposit. Flutter—flutter—zip—zip—check! All right. List of overdrafts, please. Thanks. H'm-m. Unsigned bills of the bank, next. All right.

Then came the cashier's turn, and easy-going Mr. Edlinger rubbed his nose and polished his glasses nervously under the quick fire of questions concerning the circulation, undivided profits, bank real estate, and stock ownership.

Presently Nettlewick was aware of a big man towering above him at his elbow—a man of sixty years of age, rugged and hale, with a rough, grizzled beard, a mass of gray hair, and a pair of penetrating blue eyes that confronted the formidable glasses of the examiner without a flicker.

"Er—Major Kingman, our president—er—Mr. Nettlewick," said the cashier.

Two men of very different types shook hands. One was a finished product of the world of straight lines, conventional methods and formal affairs. The other was something freer, wider and nearer to nature. Major Kingman had not been out to any pattern. He had been mule-driver, cowboy, ranger, soldier, sheriff, prospector and cattleman. Now, when he was bank president his old comrades from the prairies, of the saddle, tent and trail found no change in him. He had made his fortune when Texas cattle were at the high tide of value, and had organized the First National bank of San Rosario. In spite of his largeness of heart and sometimes unwise generosity toward his old friends, the bank had prospered, for Maj. Tom Kingman knew men as well as he

knew cattle. Of late years the cat-bus had gone to pieces, and the major's bank was one of the few whose losses had not been great.

"And now," said the examiner, briskly, pulling out his watch, "the last thing is the loans. We will take them up now, if you please."

He had gone through the First National at almost record-breaking speed—but thoroughly, as he did everything. The running order of the bank was smooth and clean, and that had facilitated his work. There was but one other bank in the town. He received from the government a fee of \$25 for each bank that he examined. He should be able to go over those loans and discounts in half an hour. If so, he could examine the other bank immediately afterward, and catch the 11:45, the only other train that day in the direction he was working. Otherwise, he would have to spend the night and Sunday in this uninteresting western town. That is why Mr. Nettlewick was rushing matters.

"Come with me, sir," said Major Kingman, in his deep voice, that united the southern drawl with the rhythmic twang of the west; "we will go over them together. Nobody in the bank knows those notes as I do. Some of 'em are little wobbly on their legs, and some are Mavericks without extra many brands on their backs, but they'll most all pay out at the round-up."

The two sat down at the president's desk. First, the examiner went through the notes at lightning speed, and added up their total, finding it to agree with the amount of loans carried on the book of daily balances. Next, he took up the larger loans, inquiring scrupulously into the condition of their indorsers or securities. The new examiner's mind seemed to course and turn and make unexpected dashes hither and thither like a bloodhound seeking a trail. Finally he pushed aside all the notes except a few, which he arranged in a neat pile before him, and began a dry, formal little speech.

"I find, sir, the condition of your bank to be very good, considering the poor crops and the depression in the cattle interests of your state. The clerical work seems to be done accurately and punctually. Your past-due paper is moderate in amount, and promises only a small loss. I would recommend the calling in of your large loans, and the making of only sixty or ninety-day or call loans until general business revives. And now,

Nettlewick settled himself in his chair. There would be no leaving San Rosario for him that day. He would have to telegraph to the comptroller of the currency; he would have to swear out a warrant before the United States commissioner for the arrest of Major Kingman; perhaps he would be ordered to close the bank on account of the loss of the securities. It was not the first crime the examiner had unearthed. Once or twice the terrible upheaval of human emotions that his investigations had loosed had almost caused a ripple in his official calm. He had seen bank men kneel and plead and cry like women for a chance—an hour's time—the overlooking of a single error. One cashier had shot himself at his desk before him. None of them had taken it with the dignity and coolness of this stern old westerner. Nettlewick felt that he owed it to him at least to listen if he wished to talk. With his elbow on the arm of his chair, and his square chin resting upon the fingers of his right hand, the bank examiner waited to hear the confession of the president of the First National bank of San Rosario.

"When a man's your friend," began Major Tom, somewhat didactically, "for forty years, and tried by water, fire, earth and cyclones, when you can do him a little favor you feel like doing it."

"(Embezzle for him \$70,000 worth of securities," thought the examiner.)

"We were cowboys together, Bob, and I," continued the major, speaking slowly and deliberately, and musingly, as if his thoughts were rather of the past than the critical present, "and we prospected together for gold and silver over Arizona, New Mexico and a good part of California. We were both in the war of 'sixty-one, but in different commands. We've fought Indians and horse thieves side by side; we've starved for weeks in a cabin in the Arizona mountains, buried twenty feet deep in snow; we've ridden herd together when the wind blew so hard the lightning couldn't strike—Well, Bob and I have been through some rough spells since the first time we met in the branding camp of the old Anchor-Bar ranch. And during that time we've found it necessary more than once to help each other out of tight places. In those days it was expected of a man to stick to his friend, and he didn't ask any credit for it. Probably next day you'd need him to get at your back and help stand off a band of Apaches, or put a

"I had been overworked that week, and was about sick, anyway. My nerves were out of order and my sleep at night didn't seem to rest me. The doctor had some scientific name for it, and I was taking medicine. And so, added to the rest, I went to bed at night with that money on my mind. Not that there was much need of being worried, for the safe was a good one, and nobody but Bob and I knew the combination. On Friday night there was about \$6,500 in cash in the bag. On Saturday morning I went to the office as usual. The safe was locked and Bob was writing at his desk. I opened the safe and the money was gone. I called Bob, and roused everybody in the courthouse to announce the robbery. It struck me that Bob took it pretty quiet, considering how much it reflected upon both him and me."

"Two days went by, and we never got a clue. It couldn't have been burglars, for the safe had been opened by the combination in the proper way. People must have begun to talk, for one afternoon in comes Alice—that's my wife—and the boy and girl, and Alice stamps her foot, and her eyes flash, and she cries out: 'The lying wretches—Tom, Tom! I catch her in a faint, and bring her 'round little by little, and she lays her head down and cries and cries for the first time since she took Tom Kingman's name and fortunes. And Jack and Zilla—the youngsters—they were always wild as tiger cubs to rush at Bob and climb all over him whenever they were allowed to come to the courthouse—they stood and kicked their little shoes, and herded together like scared partridges. They were having their first trip down into the shadows of life. Bob was working at his desk, and he got up and went out without a word. The grand jury was in session then, and the next morning Bob went before them and confessed that he stole the money. He said he lost it in a poker game. In fifteen minutes they had found a true bill and sent me to arrest the man with whom I'd been closer than a thousand brothers for many a year."

"I did it, and then I said to Bob, pointing: 'There's my house, and here's my office, and up there's Maine, and out that way is California, and over there is Florida—and that's your range 'til court meets. You're in my charge, and I take the responsibility. You be here when you're wanted.' "Thanks, Tom," he said, kind of carelessly; "I was sort of hoping you wouldn't lock me up. Court meets next Monday, so if you don't object, I'll just loaf around the office 'til then. I've got one favor to ask, if it isn't too much. If you'd let the kids come out in the yard once in a while and have a romp, I'd like it."

"Why not?" I answered him. "They're welcome, and so are you. And come to my house, the same as ever." You see, Mr. Nettlewick, you can't make a friend of a thief, but neither can you make a thief of a friend, all at once."

The examiner made no answer. At that moment was heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive pulling into the depot. That was the train on the little, narrow-gauge road that struck into San Rosario from the south. The major cocked his ear and listened for a moment and looked at his watch. The narrow-gauge was in on time—10:35. The major continued:

"So Bob hung around the office, reading the papers and smoking. I put another deputy to work in his place, and, after a while, the first excitement of the case wore off."

"One day when we were alone in the office Bob came over to where I was sitting. He was looking sort of grim and blue—the same look he used to get when he'd been up watching for Indians all night or herd-riding."

"Tom," says he, "it's harder than standing off redskins; it's harder than lying in the lava desert forty miles from water; but I'm going to stick it out to the end. You know that's been my style. But if you'd tip me the smallest kind of a sign—if you'd just say: 'Bob, I understand, why it would make it lots easier.'"

"I was surprised. I don't know what you mean, Bob," I said. "Of course, you know that I'd do anything under the sun to help you that I could. But you've got me guessing."

"All right, Tom," was all he said, and he went back to his newspaper and lit another cigar.

"It was the night before court met when I found out what he meant. I went to bed that night with that same old, light-headed, nervous feeling come back upon me. I dropped off to sleep about midnight. When I awoke I was standing, half dressed in one of the courthouse corridors. Bob was holding one of my arms, our family doctor the other, and Alice was shaking me and half crying. She had sent for the doctor without my knowing it, and when he came they had found me out of bed and missing, and had begun a search."

"Sleep-walking," said the doctor. "All of us went back to the house, and the doctor told us some remarkable stories about the strange things people had done while in that condition. I was feeling rather chilly after my trip out, and, as my wife was out of the room at the time, I pulled open the door of an old wardrobe that stood in the room and dragged out a big quilt I had seen in there. With it I stumbled out the bag of money for stealing which Bob was to be tried—and convicted—in the morning."

"How the jumping rattlesnakes did that get there? I yelled, and all hands must have seen how surprised I was. Bob knew in a flash."

"You darned old snoozer," he said, with the old-time look on his face, "I saw you put it there. I watched you open the safe and take it out, and I followed you. I looked through the window and saw you hide it in that wardrobe."

"Then you blankety-blank, scared, sheep-headed coyote, what did you say you took it for?"

"Because," said Bob, simply, "I didn't know you were asleep."

"I saw him glance toward the door of the room where Alice and Jack and Zilla were, and I knew then what it meant to be a man's friend from Bob's point of view."

Major Tom paused, and again directed his glance out of the window. He saw some one in the Stockmen's National bank reach and draw a yellow shade down the whole length of its plate-glass, big front window, although the position of the sun did not seem to warrant such a defensive movement against its rays.

Nettlewick sat up straight in his chair. He had listened patiently, but without consuming interest, to the major's story. It had impressed him as irrelevant to the situation, and it could certainly have no effect upon the consequences. Those western people, he thought, had an exaggerated sentimentality. They were not business-like. They needed to be protected from their friends. Evidently the major had concluded. And what he said amounted to nothing.

"May I ask," said the examiner, "if you have anything further to say that bears directly upon the question of those abstracted securities?"

"Abstracted securities, sir?" Major Tom turned suddenly in his chair, his blue eyes flashing upon the examiner. "What do you mean, sir?"

He drew from his coat pocket a batch of folded papers held together by a rubber band, and tossed them into Nettlewick's hands, and rose to his feet.

"You'll find those securities there, sir, every stock, bond and share of 'em. I took them from the notes while you were counting the cash. Examine and compare them for your self."

The major led the way back into the banking-room. The examiner, astounded, perplexed, nettled, at once followed. He felt that he had been made the victim of something that was not exactly a hoax, but that left him in the shoes of one who had been played upon, used, and then discarded, without even an inkling of the game. Perhaps, also, his official position had been irreversibly jugged with. But there was nothing he could take hold of. An official report of the matter would be an absurdity. And, somehow, he felt that he would never know anything more about the matter than he did then.

Frigidly, mechanically, Nettlewick examined the securities, found them to tally with the notes, gathered his black wallet to depart.

"I will say," he protested, turning the indignant glare of his glasses upon Major Kingman, "that your statements—your misleading statements, which you do not condescend to explain—do not appear to be quite the thing, regarded either as business or humor. I do not understand such motives or action."

Major Tom looked down at him serenely and not unkindly.

"Son," he said, "there are plenty of things in the chaparral, and on the prairies, and up the canyons that you don't understand. But I want to thank you for listening to a garrulous old man's prosy stories. We old Texans love to talk about our adventures and our old comrades, and the home folks have long ago learned to run when we begin with 'Once upon a time,' so we have to spin our yarns to the stranger within our gates."

The major smiled, but the examiner only bowed coldly, and abruptly quitted the bank. They saw him travel diagonally across the street in a straight line and enter the Stockmen's National bank.

Major Tom sat down at his desk, and drew from his vest pocket the note Roy had given him. He had read it once, but hurriedly, and now, with something like a twinkle in his eyes, he read again. These were the words he read:

"Dear Tom: "I hear there's one of Uncle Sam's grayhounds going through you, and that means that we'll catch him inside of a couple of hours, maybe. Now, I want you to do something for me. We've got just \$2,200 in the bank, and the law requires that we have \$20,000. I let Ross and Fisher have \$12,000 late yesterday afternoon to buy up that Gibson bunch of cattle. They'll realize \$40,000 in less than thirty days on the transaction, but that won't make my cash on hand look any prettier to that bank examiner. Now, I can't show him those notes, for they're just plain notes of hand without any security in sight, but you know very well that Pink Ross and Jim Fisher are two of the finest white men God ever made, and they'll do the square thing. You remember Jim Fisher—he was the one who shot that fero dealer in El Paso. I wired Sam Bradshaw's bank to send me \$20,000, and it will get in on the narrow-gauge at 10:35. You can't let a bank examiner in to count \$2,200 and close your doors. Tom, you hold that examiner. Hold him. Hold him if you have to rope him and sit on his head. Watch your front window after the narrow-gauge gets in, and when we've got the cash inside we'll pull the shade for a signal. Don't turn him loose till then. I'm counting on you, Tom."

"Your Old Pard, BOB BUCKLEY, "Prest. Stockmen's National."

The major began to tear the note into small pieces and throw them into his waste basket. He gave a satisfied little chuckle as he did so.

"Confounded old reckless cow-puncher!" he growled, contentedly, "that pays him some on account for what he tried to do for me in the sheriff's office 20 years ago."



"I OPENED THE SAFE AND THE MONEY WAS GONE."

there is one thing more, and I will have finished with the bank. Here are six notes aggregating something like \$40,000. They are secured, according to their faces by various stocks, bonds, shares, etc., to the value of \$70,000. Those securities are missing from the notes to which they should be attached. I suppose you have them in the safe or vault. You will permit me to examine them."

Major Tom's light-blue eyes turned unflinchingly toward the examiner.

"No, sir," he said, in a low but steady tone; "those securities are neither in the safe nor the vault. I have taken them. You may hold me personally responsible for their absence."

Nettlewick felt a slight thrill. He had not expected this. He had struck a momentous trail when the hunt was drawing to a close.

"Ah!" said the examiner. He waited a moment, and then continued: "May I ask you to explain more definitely?"

"The securities were taken by me," repeated the major. "It was not for my own use, but to save an old friend in trouble. Come in here, sir, and we'll talk it over."

"Your statement," he began, "since you have failed to modify it, amounts, as you must know, to a very serious thing. You are aware, also, of what my duty must compel me to do. I shall have to go before the United States commissioner and make—"

"I know, I know," said Major Tom, with a wave of his hand. "You don't suppose I'd run a bank without being posted on national banking laws and the revised statutes! Do your duty. I'm not asking any favors. But, I spoke of my friend. I did want you to hear me tell you about Bob."

tourniquet on your leg above a rattlesnake bite and ride for whisky. So, after all, it was give and take, and if you didn't stand square with your partner, why, you might be shy one when you needed him. But Bob was a man who was willing to go further than that. He never played a limit."

"Twenty years ago I was sheriff of this county, and I made Bob my chief deputy. That was before the boom in cattle, when we both made our stake. I was sheriff and collector, and it was a big thing for me then. I was married, and we had a boy and a girl—a four and a six-year-old. There was a comfortable house next to the courthouse, furnished by the county, rent free, and I was saving some money. Bob did most of the office work. Both of us had seen rough times and plenty of rustling and danger, and I tell you it was great to hear the rain dashing against the windows of nights, and be warm and safe and comfortable, and know you could get up in the morning and be shaved and have folks call you 'mister.' And then, I had the finest wife and kids that ever struck the range, and my old friend with me enjoying the first fruits of prosperity and white shirts, and I guess I was happy. Yes, I was happy about that time."

The major sighed and glanced casually out of the window. The bank examiner changed his position, and leaned his chin upon his other hand.

"One winter," continued the major, "the money for the county taxes came pouring in so fast that I didn't have time to take the stuff to the bank for a week. I just shoved the checks into a cigar box and the money into a sack, and locked them in the big safe that belonged in the sheriff's office."



## HOLLAND CITY NEWS

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## The Matter with Holland

In a recent issue, our esteemed contemporary, the Sentinel, inquired "What is the matter with Holland?" This inquiry brought forth fruit in the way of a reply from A. J. Ward of Grand Haven. Yet both the question and the answer have proved unsatisfactory to the News.

The News believes in Holland and tries to be a booster, yet it is ready to assail any evil that it believes detrimental to the city and to its interests. If anyone entertains an opinion that something is wrong in Holland, the News is immediately interested. Yet we are inclined to believe that after all there is nothing very serious the matter with Holland, at least nothing that cannot be remedied soon. It is true that the returns from the last census did not place Holland's population as high as some of us had expected it would be, but other circumstances are more favorable. We can look to the growth of Holland since the fire of 1871 and compare it with the growth of South Haven, Allegan, Saugatuck and Grand Haven our sister cities and it is evident at once that Holland has not stood still for each and every one of our sister cities was a thriving little town when the region where Holland now stands was a wilderness. The growth and upbuilding of Holland has been constant and conservative, as the News pointed out a few weeks ago, all around us today are evidences of development and expansion.

To those who decry the lack of new industries in Holland, the News would answer that new industries cannot always be coming into even a fast growing city. There must be an occasional lull for reinforcement and the giving of time for a careful survey of the field by the prominent men of the city, and we would answer further that in the case of Holland it is not true that there is a lack of new industries. During the last five years many have been added to the cities list and the city is still growing in population as it has always grown—slowly and steadily.

And yet, there are, the News believes, certain influences that are tending to injure the growth of the city. Chief of these is the one that results from the recent local option fight. Laying aside the question of the right or wrong of local option or whether it helps or hinders growth, the News observes an evil that must be wiped out before Holland can go on as it was before the question was raised. Many of the business men of the city have been big enough to forget the animosities that that strife engendered. Others have been big enough too, apparently, to forget even that there was a bitter fight between men of lifelong friendships and business relations that did more to disrupt the steady upbuilding of Holland than any influence since 1871.

Yet it is apparent to a careful observer that everywhere the traces of the fierce struggle have not entirely been removed. They hang like a pall over the relationship that exists among business men. There is not the square, open, frank, friendly confidential dealing that existed before the fight. Business deals are now approached by many men with suspicious temerity.

This disunited front is said to be taken advantage of by a few men of Holland—wage payers. It is certainly a fact, if statements from business men and talk from laboring men are true, that because men in Holland who ought to be pulling together were pulling apart a new institution that was to have been formed to employ skilled labor in the manufacture of automobile bodies was literally "squashed". The institution was backed by some of the best men in the city. Stock was

subscribed and it no doubt would have been a pride to Holland and an aid to its progress.

This affair is by no means exposed for the first time by the News. It is common talk in the street. Ask any well informed man and he will tell you that this is one of the things that is the matter with Holland. If you press him for details he might divulge a few names as several are publicly mentioned in relation to the incident.

It would seem that the evil has made itself felt in other cases. A representative of the Andrews company of Chicago, manufacturers of high class furniture for public buildings, in a statement to the News and to some of the council members said that they had failed to get any inducements to come to Holland and that they desired to bring in a factory that would employ skilled labor paying from 75 to 80 cents per hour. "But," said the Andrews representative, "some way or other we couldn't get in, we're still open for negotiations."

These incidents would seem to bear out the talk that is common in the streets to the effect that there are a few wage payers in Holland who are afraid that should new industries come to Holland the law of supply and demand will compel the necessary raise in wages all around.

Let us hope that this talk is nothing more than rumor. It is not only a poor economic view to take of the situation but it is unjust to the workingman. The blocking of Holland's natural growth would affect none sooner than the heavy investor who has his lifework and his fortunes bound up in the welfare of the city. The employers of labor know this and it is doubtful if they are thus killing the goose that is laying the golden egg. It is hard for the News to believe that the big interests of Holland have thus combined to oppress the poor man. Yet it is a matter of public comment both in Holland and outside among our neighbors that the wages paid in Holland are not high—unreasonably low in some instances in these days when butter and eggs and all the commodities bring the prices that they do. If it is true that a few of the employers of labor are responsible for the continuance of this condition they are doing so in violence to an economic law and to their duty as men.

The time has come however for Holland to gain more industries—not helter skelter nor in a big hurry but in due course of time as reason dictates. Let the wages go up. Give them a fair boost still allowing employers a reasonable return for their invested money. Let the business man shake hands with the other business man who voted on the local option question the way his conscience told him to vote.

Let the people demand that new industries come in when opportunity offers. We have enough wood working shops; there is room here for diversified industry. Let the wages go as high as justice, common sense, and the present times demand. Let everyone put himself into the cause and boost—Holland and he will soon find not only that there is nothing the matter with Holland but that it is the best and fastest growing city on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan.

It is hoped that Dinkoloo has those water wagons painted. Only two days time remains.

Henry Fris the Mexican War Correspondent writes that his horse "was shot from under him" or did it say, "shot from in under him."

Some one stole a full fledged Christmas tree at Grand Haven the other day. Santa is caught napping sometimes.

Three thousand, five hundred and eighteen divorces were recorded in Michigan during the past year. Nevada wants to get a hump on itself.

At the continental population of the United States is 91,972,266 the attempted war scare can not be put on the ground of inadequate or defective material for volunteers.

Zeeland not having had smallpox we cannot call them half civilized from a sanitary stand point.

One may retail apples, but it is impossible for Pete Verwey even to re-tail a day.

A lie travels by aeroplane, while truth trudges along with lagging step, and yet it finally arrives.

Among the fashion notes of the day is one to the effect that there is war between the large and the small bonnets. In such a strife no doubt the principal weapon of offense and defense wielded by the ladies will be the hatpin.

The Grand Haven board of Education at its last meeting passed resolutions limiting the young lady graduates to five dollars for their graduation dresses. Stylish gowns are so abbreviated these days no matter from what stand point you look at them.

## Does Much, But Little Credit

The late Hon. Davis once said, "Each year every local paper gives, from \$100 to \$6,000 in free lines for the benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The local editor in proportion to his means does more for his town than any other ten men and in fairness man with man, he ought to be supported, not because you happen to like him or admire his writings; but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliant or crowded with great thought but financially it is more of a benefit to a community than a preacher or a teacher. Understand us now, we do not mean morally or intellectually, but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find the majority of local papers do the most work for the least money of any men on earth. Subscribe for your local paper, advertise your business in your local paper, not as charity but as an investment."—Publishers Auxiliary.

## Hope College News

The Fraternal society of Hope college will be represented in the inter-society debates next term by Stanley Fortune, Frederick Van Dyk and John Bennink.

All the debating teams of the three societies have now been chosen, and the debaters are working diligently for the inter-society debates to be held next term. The first debate will be between the Cosmopolitan and Knickerbocker societies the latter part of January. The Cosmopolitan will be represented by William Stronks, Oliver Dmppers and Frederick Zandstra, and the Knickerbocker's by Clarence DeMotts and Henry Hoffis. The winning team in this debate will be one of the teams to represent Hope in the triangular debate between Olivet, Alma and Hope. The losing team of Cosmopolitan-Knickerbocker debate will debate the Fraternal team, and the winning team of this debate will be the other team to represent Hope.

## Ex-Mayor and Alderman Interested in Land

Ex-Mayor Wm. Brussee and Alderman D. W. Jellema of this city, have interested themselves in the purchase of 5,000 acres of land in Plaquemine parish, in the western section of Louisiana, a short distance from New Orleans.

Advertisements are being inserted in the Dutch papers here and elsewhere for men to go to that section and work at a fixed figure per day or to take up a small tract of land, with the understanding that they will ultimately come into possession of it. It is proposed to colonize the lands within the next two months with some 100 Hollanders. So far as known, none except Messrs. Brussee and Jellema, from this section, are interested in the proposition.

The principal investors are C. J. Ton, C. W. Kleinhuisen and C. J. Dixon, all of Chicago. It is proposed to spend several thousand dollars in improving the land and preparing it for the raising of sugar cane.

## Year's Deaths in State, 36,313

The total number of deaths returned for the year 1909 was 36,313 a decrease of 448 from the number returned during the previous twelve months. The annual death rate of 1909 was 13.6 per 1,000 estimated population, as compared with 13.9 for 1908.

There was also a decrease in the number of births last year, 64,318 certificates being returned to the department as compared with 64,772 the previous year. It is an interesting fact that the counties having the largest birth rate for the year are

Keweenaw, Iron and Gogebic. This is attributed to the large foreign population. Alpena county shows the lowest birth rate for the year, while Luce county has the distinction of reporting more deaths than births.

## Horse Shot from in Under Him

According to a letter received by relatives, Henry H. Fris, a former resident of Holland, is at present a war correspondent in Mexico, where he is representing the El Paso, Texas, Herald. He writes from Parral, Chihli, Mexico, ten days after the battle was fought there. He states that he has been through three battles, came near being shot several times, and having been told by the Mexican authorities to go back to his own country, he will lose little time in getting there, as he has had enough. He states that one of the correspondents was shot twice during one engagement, and at the hotel where he was stopping an American was killed by a stray bullet.—Like General Sheridan, a horse was also shot from in under Mr. Fris in the "Field" of battle.

## Sports

The manager of the McLachlan business university indoor baseball team announces that a game has been arranged with the Interurbans of Holland, to be played tonight in Holland. All players are requested to report at the Holland Interurban station in time for the 6:10 car. The battery for tonight's game is given as Haines and Praetorius. Grand Rapids Herald.

On the evening of Jan. 3, Hope college basketball team will be in Grand Rapids to play the Grombacker & Major team in the Commercial basketball league. The team starts here on a tour of the state playing at Jackson, Mount Pleasant and Detroit, among the placed.

The make-up of the two teams is as follows:

HOPE G & M  
H. Stegeman.....F.....Montgomery  
G. Stegeman.....F.....F. Cook  
V. W. A. K.....C.....Speelman  
Kleinhekel.....G.....Bennett  
Van Bronkhorst.....G.....Cryder

Louis Arms, formerly of Holland and former sporting writer for the Grand Rapids Press, and a ball player of local renown who left three months ago with Austin McFadden to represent the Cutting Motor Car company in California is an outcast. Arms is not only an outcast but he must remain one for a whole year, according to a report from the office of the American Automobile association. Since he arrived in Los Angeles, Arms has gained some fame as a motor car driver and when Barney Oldfield, who had already been disqualified by the A. A. A., staged an automobile race meeting at the Ascot Park track last month, Arms took part in one of the events.

Last Tuesday Oscar Peterson, pitcher and manager of the famous Holland Interurbans, pitched one of the greatest games ever witnessed for the Nationals in the Furniture City league against the battalions. He won his game by a 19 to 1 score with 21 strikeouts to his credit. He is recognized as one of the greatest indoor baseball pitchers in the world.

The Chemicals won another game from the C. L. King's last Tuesday by a score of 6 to 10. The Chemicals took the lead at the start and in the seventh ran in 6 scores. The battery for the Kings was Sinke and Homelink for the Chemicals; Nash and Betema.

Tuesday afternoon saw the first races of the Holland City Driving Club. The club has already a membership of fifty and more are joining. The afternoon was fine for a race. Next Saturday and next Monday afternoon there will be races and prizes awarded. Tuesdays result was as follows:

Class A	
McKinley (H. Boone sr)	1 2 1
Bob Fitzsimmons (Nibbelink)	2 1 2
Queen Vitalis (Nicholas)	3 3 3
Class B	
Weedwood (A. Baker)	1 1
Reuben G. (Joe Brown)	3 2
Homer Failnot (John Schouten)	2 3
Class C	
Andy (John Verhoef)	1 1
Ester (Max Brown)	2 2
Maxine (Fred Boone)	3 3
H. Vos	4 4

## Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Waverly Stone Company

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Waverly Stone Company, for the election of directors and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it, will be held at its office in the City of Holland, on Tuesday the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1911 at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day.

H. H. Pope, President.  
W. J. Garrod, Secretary.  
Holland, Mich., Dec. 15, 1910.

50 8w

## DEATHS

The funeral of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Ten Broeke West 17th street took place Saturday, Rev. Haan officiating.

The funeral of the third child of Mr. and Mrs. D. Knoll was held at the home, 220 W. 14th street Monday afternoon. Rev. J. M. Lumpkes of the Fourth Reformed church conducted the services. The family deserves the sympathy of this community in their heavy bereavement.

Henry Geerlings, sr., a resident of this city since 1868, is dead here, aged 81 years. He was born in the Netherlands and after settling in this place became identified with various interests and with the flour business of Werkman & Geerlings. The last fifteen years he led a retired life. Survivors are two sons, Henry, jr., of the First State Bank, and Jacob, mail carrier, and a widow. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon in the Central avenue Christian Reformed church of which he was an officer. Rev. Haan officiated.

## Printers Lead Tuberculosis List

A mortality report issued by the government shows that over half the deaths of printers, lithographers pressmen are due to tuberculosis of the lungs. The percentage of deaths due to the white plague in the age period from twenty-five to thirty-four years, in various pursuits, follows: Printers, etc., 51.5 per cent; agriculturists, 36.2 per cent; servants, 32.3; transportation employees, 31.9; manufacturing and mechanical employees, 30.8; plumbers, 43.2; clergymen, 41; barbers, 40.6; tailors, 37.7; bartenders, 37; shoemakers, 35.5; salesmen, 32.5; laborers, 30.8; and blacksmiths, 29.6.

## ALLEGAN STARTS POST OFFICE CLOSING MOVEMENT.

What need is there of opening the Allegan postoffice on Sunday? Practically none at all. The postoffice department never was asked to supply mail to Allegan seven days in the week. The order to open the office Sundays came from the department wholly without solicitation. To serve the comparatively few people who call for mail Sundays, several clerks and carriers have to work most of the time from morning until one o'clock. The city carriers have practically no privilege of rest, recreation, or worship any Sunday in the year until after that hour. Besides, the practice of Sunday mails tends strongly toward secularization of the sabbath, and it has come to be generally admitted that such a change in sabbath observance is seriously to the detriment of the nation and of any locality. Of all those who ock to the postoffice at noon each Sunday, much the greater portion get no mail at all and never receive much. Few of those who do get mail ever find it necessary to answer any letter before Monday. The going to the office Sundays simply becomes a diversion or a habit, to gratify which half a dozen men who have worked all the week have to work half the day Sunday also. Some months ago a movement against Sunday opening of postoffices was begun. The first test in Michigan was made in Detroit, where it proved satisfactory to everybody. It was found, even by the greatest business houses, that Sunday mail was not at all necessary. Several other cities found the same was true, including Holland, where 1,400 citizens signed the petition for postoffice closing. Grand Rapids will be next. To test public sentiment there, 26,000 cards of inquiry were sent to men of all callings. From these 22,000 replies have been sent in, of which ninety-nine per cent favored Sunday closing. So it is practically certain that very soon Sunday delivery of mail in Grand Rapids will cease. Probably quite as great a percentage of Allegan people would similarly express themselves were they given an opportunity.—Allegan Gazette.

## A Woman's Great Idea

How to make herself attractive. But, without health, it is hard for her to be lovely in face, form or temper. A weak, sickly woman will be nervous and irritable. Constipation and Kidney poisons show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. But Electric Bitters always prove a godsend to women who want health beauty and friends. They regulate Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, purify the blood; give strong nerves, bright eyes, pure breath, smooth, velvety skin, lovely complexion, good health. Try them, 50c at H. R. Doesburg, Walsh Drug Co.

Try a News want ad. It helps your business.

## The Flower Shop

Chas. S. Dutton  
Proprietor

## Visser &amp; Dekker

Wall paper and paints, oils, brushes, window shades.  
Estimate shed.  
Picture Frames  
Made to Order  
210 RIVER STREET  
Citiz. Phone 1623

## Largest Stock of Bicycles

in the city. Repairing of any sort.  
CHAS. HUBBARD  
39 W. 9th St.  
Citizens Phone 1156

## Kleyn Lumber Co.

Dealers in Lumber of all descriptions.  
90 East Sixth St.

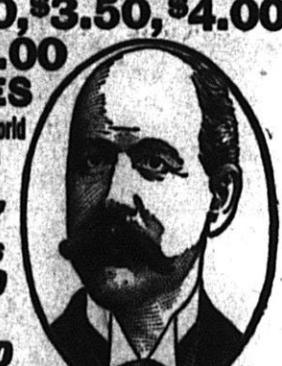
## Van Eyck Weurding Milling Com'y

Wheat, Buckwheat, and Rye Flour  
Graham Flour and Bolled Meal, Feed Middlings and Bran  
88-90 E. Eighth St.

## JONES &amp; EBELNK

Florists and Landscap Gardeners.  
Greenhouses at Central Park on Interurban. Flowers delivered to any part of the city.  
Citiz. Phone 4120

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 & \$5.00  
SHOES  
Best in the World  
UNION MADE  
Boys' Shoes \$2.00 and \$2.50  
Fast Color Eyelets Used



W. L. Douglas shoes are the lowest price, quality considered, in the world. Their excellent style, easy fitting and long wearing qualities excel those of other makes. If you have been paying high prices for your shoes, the next time you need a pair give W. L. Douglas shoes a trial. You can save money on your footwear and get shoes that are just as good in every way as those that have been costing you higher prices. If you could visit our large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than other makes. CAUTION—W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom to protect the wearer against high prices and inferior shoes. Take No Substitutes. If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, write for Mail Order Catalog, W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

## N. Kammeraad

## FARMS FOR SALE

We have a very complete list of general farms in Ottawa and Allegan counties and some in Kent and other counties, which we will be glad to mail you if you will send your address, and say where about you would like to locate. We have some decided bargains, and many which can be bought with stock tools and all.

FIRST-CLASS FARMS IS OUR SPECIALTY

We always look out for the Buyer's interest

**John Weersing**

Citizens Phone 1764

Holland, Michigan



# 10 Short Stories!

-BY-

## O. HENRY

One of the World's Two Greatest  
Story Writers



### O. Henry—"The Poor Boy from the Country"

By FLO FIELD

When O. Henry (Sidney Porter) passed away not long ago, America lost its best and most popular contributor to contemporary fiction. Only Rudyard Kipling is placed in the same class as a short story writer. No other American ever possessed his power of portraying action, fun or pathos. His was a remarkable knowledge of human nature that made his stories powerful and popular. They were of the kind that appealed to human beings, and without those descriptive sections so often tiresome.

## The "NEWS"

takes pleasure in stating that it has arranged to secure the following ten of O. Henry's latest short stories:

**Friends in San Rosario, Blind Man's Holiday, The Hypothesis of Failure, The Flag Paramount, A Departmental Case, Cherochez La Femme, Money maze, Rouge et Noir, The Lonesome Road, The passing of Black Eagle.**

## The First One of these Stories

APPEARS IN TODAY'S ISSUE

## On Page Three

"I'm just a poor boy from the country."

The few people who of themselves had value enough to know O. Henry well, perhaps loved him best when, with this whimsical deprecation, he would excuse his own penetrating humor or genialities that were super-Quixotic. It was his personal password, his humorous apology, and his saying it always seemed to break one of the alabaster boxes of life's perfume and diffuse a warm essence of good feeling, enough to make the hearer inwardly beam with some new contentment. He did not use it as an affectation or "stunt," such as literary men of a cheaper grain go in for; he had none of those traits. Never was there purer individuality than that of Sydney Porter, whom America claimed as the greatest living short story writer with the exception of Rudyard Kipling.

It has been said of him that he was "quiet, reserved, modest, fleeing from the limelight." All that he was, but more; the quietness was the immeasurable reticence of a profound, sensitive consciousness, the modesty was a selfless yet beautifully sane perception of perspectives, and he was too real, too busy observing, gathering and applying real life to be interested in artificialities he could detect in a moment. An English member of nobility who recently visited this country, bringing the power next the throne with her, asked in vain to meet O. Henry; he was not to be corralled for lionizing.

"I'm just a poor boy from the country."

That stirred depths in the few, for they knew that with all the sharpness of his genius, with all his power and consummate Bohemianism, his was a heart as sensitive, as questing as a child's.

O. Henry knew his world, read its closest secrets so simply that his supreme knowledge of human nature of itself formed that aspect of reserve which appeared even mysterious to looser minds. He allowed himself little affectations where his feeling for some things was concerned. Music he claimed to detest. "What do you think of it?" some one asked him of a lovely, minor-keyed song. "Sounds like a wagon going down hill," was his cheerful reply. "Music," he continued, in answer to a protest, "doesn't mean anything. It's the lowest of arts. It plays upon the emotions; it doesn't get at the brain. I would give all the operas ever harped for the dull, concrete roar of one block of New York. That's music." But later he said to a friend, a trifle wistfully: "You know I talk a lot about hating it; but I don't." As a matter of fact, his ear for music was perfectly correct, and his taste fine, even though he did insist that "Experience," of Hattie Williams fame, was the prettiest tune ever written. "It's got a trip and a lilt that takes me," he said. But the suggestion of the name doubtless sang to him, too.

Detestation of Nature was another of his personally conducted satires, and he carried into daily converse the delicious distaste expressed in his neurasthenic adventures. "The next morning I went out on the porch and looked at the mountains. There were forty-seven of them in sight. I shuddered."

"How do you like it down here?" I asked him when I called at the "big neighborless cottage surrounded by a

hundred mountains," where he was "resting and taking exercise."

"Well," he answered in that low, apologetic southern voice, as Will Irwin calls it, "I've breathed all the air and I've seen all the scenery and I've got to 9,575 in counting the trees, and now I'm ready to leave. If the Southwestern railroad only ran past the door I'd be going this evening. Nothing prevents my leaving except the fact that I am not able to get to the train. If I could only hear the Sixth avenue elevated go past my window every seven seconds, I believe I could sleep at night. Nature in this simple form is not for me." Yet as we walked down the hill to the trolley line he waved his hand toward the amber glint of bronzed weeds. "Nice bit of color," he murmured.

Writing with O. Henry was not a labor of love, but of mental necessity. He dreaded the drudgery of transferring his ideas to paper. For weeks he would compose nothing, but when an idea seized him it gave him no rest until the story was completed to his satisfaction. He never revised or rewrote, but when once copy left his hands it needed no revision. Nearly all of his stories were completed at one sitting. He had long had in mind the writing of a novel but was deterred for many years because of the necessity he felt of finishing a task without interruption. A few months prior to his death he had overcome this feeling sufficiently to begin work upon his novel, but life was not permitted him to complete it. So the fame of O. Henry must rest upon his marvelous short stories.

When at home in New York his favorite place was on the benches in Madison Square in the midst of the derelicts of the world. Here he struck up acquaintances with men from all over the world, heard their stories, sympathized with their troubles and later incorporated them in his stories. Many of his characters still sit daily in pleasant weather on the benches of the little park all unconscious of the fame that is theirs.

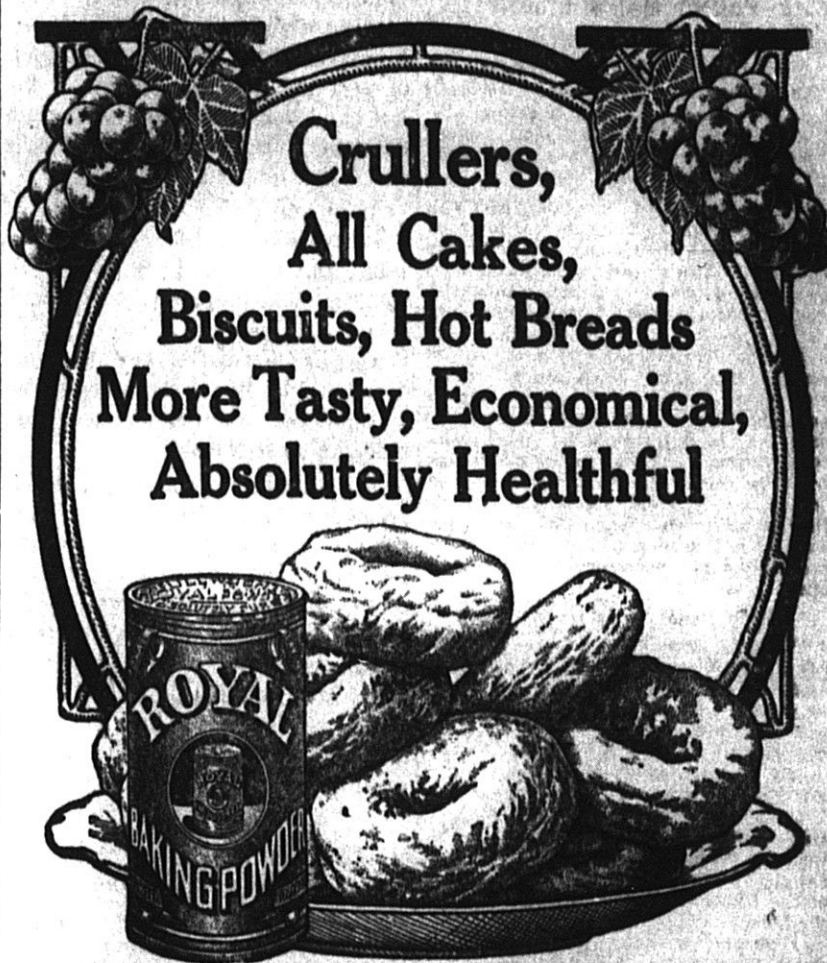
Although he made large sums of money from his stories, he was too free-handed and too imprudent to accumulate wealth. No friend or needy stranger ever appealed to him in vain. During the latter years of his life his stories commanded the highest price paid to any American author. Magazines were willing to pay \$750, \$1,000, any price he chose to ask for a single story. But no need of money and no flattering offer could induce him to write if the spirit did not move him nor could entice him to lower by one jot or tittle the standard of work that he set for himself.

O. Henry's fatal illness was of brief duration. Very early on Sunday morning, June 5, he said to the doctor: "Put the pillows up higher; I don't want to go home in the dark." Then he smiled and was gone.

"Boy from the country"—but his country was the world.

**TEN SHORT STORIES** from the pen of this gifted writer will appear **IN THIS PAPER**. If you enjoy good fiction don't miss these stories.

# Royal BAKING POWDER



**Crullers,  
All Cakes,  
Biscuits, Hot Breads  
More Tasty, Economical,  
Absolutely Healthful**



Rokus Kanters, employed in the Dept. store of the Sears, Roebuck Co., in Chicago, is spending a few days with relatives here.

Frank Thurber of Houghton, Mich., is visiting his relatives in this city.

Dr. John G. Winter of Ann Arbor, who spent part of his vacation with relatives in this city, left Monday evening for a few days in Chicago.

Mrs. M. B. Marsh and daughter Edna of Lansing, formerly of this city, have left to spend the winter in Santiago, Calif.

P. J. Van Anrooy left today for Chicago where he will take a position with the National Biscuit Co.

John Oosting and George Moore left on a business trip to Kankakee, Ill.

Henry Van Anrooy, who has been visiting friends and relatives in the city, left for Hutchinson, Kan., Tuesday.

Miss Edna Donahue spent Christmas in Grand Rapids.

Arend Viischer, ex superintendent of the Sunday school at the Third Reformed church was presented with a gold-headed umbrella by the school. The present superintendent, Henry Pelgrim and the pastor, Rev. E. J. Blekkink, each received a basket of flowers.

Mrs. J. Roach and daughter of Brainard, Minn., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wareham.

Chris Knutson of Owosso spent Christmas with friends and relatives in the city.

Miss Letta Knutson of Chicago spent Christmas with her parents south of the city.

Don Wise of Milwaukee spent Christmas with friends and relatives in the city.

Miss Martha Mulder was a Muskegon visitor Sunday.

Rev. James Zwemer is spending a week in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Beekman who are spending the winter at Long Beach, Calif., have written to friends here that they are enjoying their stay in California.

Miss Bernice Hoffman is spending two weeks with relatives in Zeeland, Grand Rapids and Muskegon.

Fred Bertsch who has been spending a short visit with friends in the city left yesterday for his home in Chicago.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Vander Meulen of Grand Haven and Mrs. A. Vanden Berg of Decatur, Mich., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Notier.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wabeke entertained their immediate relatives at a family reunion given at their home on Michigan Avenue Christmas. About fifteen were present and a very pleasant day and evening were spent with games and music. An elaborate Christmas dinner and supper were served.

Mrs. B. Kieft was called by telegram to Adrian, Mich., to the bedside of her daughter, Mrs. H. S. Hoy who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Hardie of Rockford, Mich., spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Beekes.

Tom DeVries who is in the insurance business in Grand Rapids has been visiting his parents Mr. and

Mrs. Harm DeVries on East Fourteenth street.

John Riemersma and Conrad Jongewaard are in Sioux Center, Iowa, to spend the holidays with their parents.

Miss Ruth Post is home from Ann Arbor visiting her mother during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Grace Williams who have been making an extended visit in Howell, Mich., have returned to their home in this city.

Miss Margaret Essenberg and Arthur Kieft have been visiting friends in Grand Haven.

Cornelius Boone, senior student in the Chicago school of Physicians and surgeons, is spending a few days in the city.

John Vander Veen and Simon Kleyn were in Grand Rapids Friday on business.

Frank Bolhuis entertained his Sundry School class of boys at his home at 224 West Thirtieth st. last Thursday evening. The class mission box was opened and a delightful evening was spent with games.

Mrs. C. L. Stillman has returned from an extended visit to Canada to spend the holidays with friends in this city.

Dr. A. Van Ark of Toledo, Ohio was the guest of his parents Christmas.

H. J. Potgeter is in Dubuque, Iowa visiting his parents.

Mrs. C. D. Smith and son Frank were in Grand Rapids Thursday.

Prof. John M. Slagh of the Mantistee High School is in the city to spend the holidays.

Miss Kate Planetiehl, Miss Anna Planetiehl of Battle Creek, and Eugene Wait of Old Mission, Mich., are spending the holidays at the country home of their sister, Mrs. A. C. Van Raalte.

John Schoon is great with the girls in fact he is a heart breaker. Twenty of them surprised Johnnie at his home and had the time of their lives the evening being spent with games and music. No doubt the girls thought that it never rains but it pours and consequently gave him a silk umbrella as a token of remembrance. John is their foreman in the Holland Rusk Co.

Friday appropriate Christmas exercises were held in the high school which also served as a farewell meeting for the teachers and students who will spend the holidays out of town. The room was decorated with pennants. The program consisted of music by the school; scripture reading by Principal Stephenson; song by Miss Vrooman; German Song by the German class; chalk talk, by Miss Florida; Reading "Our Guides," by Miss Metz; quartet composed of Frank Kleinhessel, Prof. J. B. Nykerk, Miss Vrooman and Miss Helene Keppel; song by the Eighth Grade and song and yell by school.

### Try an Easy Winger Mop

For your floors and Linoleum. No more work than a broom and keeps your floors clean and sanitary. Dust Down for your carpets. Dry, cleans them and kills the moths and germs. For sale by L. H. Van Schelven, 315 So River, Holland, Mich.

**Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve**  
Good for all Skin Diseases.



## OLD TESTAMENT TIMES BROOKLYN TABERNACLE BIBLE STUDIES

### THE YOUNG MAN'S ERROR

WHICH LOST HIM A KINGDOM  
1 Kings 12:6-16—January 1

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; a companion of fools shall be destroyed." (Prov. 13:20.) "Whosoever shall eat a young man's flesh, he shall die." (Lev. 24:17.)

THE opening of the New Year with all the possibilities thereof for good or for evil strongly resembles the opening of life's maturity to a young man or a young woman. To the thoughtful and experienced there is something very pathetic in the life start of bright boys and girls. Their hopes and anticipations run so high, their ideals are so grand, they have so many air castles. Experience shows that, alas, the great majority of these result disastrously and usually from unwisdom. How often would loving counsels from their seniors assist them and save them from wrecks and calamities! We may well thank God that in his Providence the mistakes of youth, while serious, do not necessarily spell eternal disaster.

#### King Rehoboam's Unwisdom

When the great king, Solomon, died he left the kingdom to his son Rehoboam—a kingdom extending from the wilderness on the South to the Euphrates on the North, in all nearly as large as England and Wales. It was God's Kingdom; as we read, "Solomon sat upon the throne of the Kingdom of the Lord."

Rehoboam was about twenty-one years of age when he came to the throne at the death of his father Solomon. King Solomon, although reverent toward God, was evidently much less zealous, much less religious than his father David. His heathen wives, the riches of the kingdom and the political intrigues with the surrounding nations made him what might be termed a bright-minded man rather than a religious one. This was reflected upon his son and successor and also upon the people he governed.

#### The Crisis and the Error

Besides this, Solomon's great enterprises, palatial buildings, etc., brought the revenue and glory to his capital city, Jerusalem, and did not evenly distribute it throughout the nation. Indeed, following the custom of other kings, wealth was gathered largely from the enforced labor of his subjects, who were compelled to labor at his capital for the common weal without pay. They were drafted and put under task-masters. In Solomon's day this was borne, though sometimes resentfully, but when his son came to the throne the northern tribes determined that they would not acknowledge him as king unless he gave them what might be termed a bill of rights—a Magna Charta.

They sent to Egypt for one of their leaders, whom Solomon had exiled for his outspoken criticisms. Through him the ten tribes had a general conference of tribe leaders and informed Rehoboam that they were not satisfied with the way that had been treated by King Solomon. Rehoboam and all realized that a crisis in the affairs of the kingdom had come. The matter was too weighty to be decided hastily. He called for the secretaries of the kingdom, his father's counselors, elderly men, to know their advice. Their recommendations were good. They recommended that he be a servant of the people; that instead of accumulating wealth at the capital and being personally great, he should serve the entire nation, looking out for all of its interests and forwarding the same—exactly what the ten tribes desired.

#### The Grievous Decision

Next, Rehoboam called the young men, his friends and acquaintances, his schoolmates, whom he was disposed more and more to bring into power with himself. Their advice was that the one way for a monarch to be successful is to intimidate his subjects and rule them with a heavy hand. The young king had not been rightly taught the principles of justice in human affairs. Wise as his father was, he had neglected to prepare his son for a proper decision in the crisis upon him.

The king followed the advice of the young men and, in figurative language, said, "You claim that my father made your load heavy, and you ask me to make it light. Instead, I will add to your load; my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions—a whip with metal pricks at the ends of the thongs." The unwisdom of the king's decision lost the kingdom. The ten tribes revolted, and the adjacent kingdom, which had been under Solomon's sovereignty also, defected, and left the king but a small minority of his empire, although it was the richest, most influential portion.

The greater part of the kingdom, the ten tribes revolted, and the adjacent kingdom, which had been under Solomon's sovereignty also, deflected, and left the king but a small minority of his empire, although it was the richest, most influential portion.

#### The Point of This Study

There is a lesson in this study for all, namely, the importance of wisdom in our decisions, especially at the start of life and at various partings of the ways, as we come to them in life's journey. To all there is a lesson worth learning in the matter of pride and ambition, threats and attempted coercions and the unwisdom of such courses, as well as their injustice. Wealth, power, influence, gained through oppression and injustice, are unworthy of noble minds, and this principle can be applied on the smaller scale as well as on the larger. In homes the principle operates between parents and children, between husbands and wives. Alas! too often in the home control is held by force rather than by love and esteem and the appreciation of justice and the general welfare.

Another lesson is that in every enterprise of life we should seek counsel. In this connection let us remember the words of the Apostle that we seek the wisdom that cometh from above, that is "first pure, then peaceable, easy of entreatment and full of mercy and good fruits."

### WHAT YOU SAW IN THIS PAPER

35 Years ago To-day.

A son of Mr. H. Knutsen, residing just south-west of the city, while wrestling with another boy, on Tuesday, fell down on the hard frozen ground and broke his right arm.

Prof. N. L. Downie's oldest son, a lad of about eight years old, while playing with a toy cannon, on Wednesday forenoon, had the bad luck of receiving the entire charge in his left hand, making a painful though not dangerous wound. Dr. Morris was called in and attended.

Many and varied are the disappointments in this life. Take for instance the C. & M. L. S. R. R. Co. In order to be prepared for any and every contingency in the line of snow storms or snowdrifts they had ordered and built a third snow-plow, and now the weather is such that they can't use them.

The standing of some of the teachers of our Public Schools, with their scholars, can be derived from the following incidents which took place on the closing day of the late term: Miss Kate Garrod, of the Grammar Department, was presented with a beautiful napkin-ring, and Miss Kate Ledebor of the Fourth Intermediate Department, with a fine writing desk.

We find the following in the Grand Haven Herald, in regard to that Black Snow: "Prof. Douglas recently read a paper before the Ann Arbor Scientific Association, on the colored snow of Feb. 5, 1875, which fell at Holland City, and other places in Western Michigan. By inspection of the sediment with the microscope and by analysis, he concluded that the dark substance came from the volcanoes of Mexico, having been borne there by the strong winds of the day or two previous."

The New Reformed Church, at Drenthe, was dedicated on last Wednesday. The building is 46x60, with stone foundation, steeple and bell; the height of the steeple is 100 feet from the foundation. The windows are of colored glass; the pews of white ash and black walnut. Inside everything is furnished complete, except an organ. The seating capacity, including the gallery is 400. All the bills are paid except about \$500. If there is to be anything awarded for good mechanical labor, it belongs to the following parties:

Architect—J. R. Kleyn.  
Builder—P. Van Den Bosch.  
Plastering—A. Finch & Co.  
Painting—B. Grootenhuis & Son.  
Pews—H. W. Verbeek & Co.  
Furnace—Van Landegend & Melis.

#### WHAT YOU SAW 30 YEARS AGO

Messrs. G. A. Koning, Fred Heald and Frank G. Heald, of Grand Rapids, and J. M. Doesburg, of Detroit, are home for Christmas.

Sheriff elect Vaupell has arrived home from a three week's visit to Malone, N. Y. He brings with him his future partner for life—Miss Josephine L. Bicknell, whom he married at her home about two weeks ago. Our choicest wishes go with the new sheriff and lady.

Married—By Rev. C. Finister, on Dec. 23d, at Olive, Mr. Frank Chaparral, of Robinson, to Miss Lillie Fellows, of Olive.

Mrs. Groenewold—sister of the wives of J. & G. Pessink, died very suddenly on yesterday morning, at 2 a. m., in a fit. She was apparently just as well as could be the evening before.

Capt. W. Turnbull and R. M. Moore of Douglas on Monday last commenced the construction at that place of a steam barge of the following dimensions: keel 125 feet, beam 24 feet, depth of hold 8 feet. The architect and builder will be James Elliott of Saugatuck. The vessel will cost about \$1500, and will employ in its building here from now until Spring not less than fifteen men. This barge will be used in carrying fruit from Saugatuck to Chicago during the fruit season, and afterward it will be in the lumber trade. It will be able to carry about 160,000 feet of lumber. The site of the work will be on the island opposite Mendel's mill.

#### WHAT YOU SAW 25 YEARS AGO

PREDICTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR

That the News will have a larger list—of delinquent subscribers.

That Macatawa will be the most popular place in Michigan during the summer months.

That all our old bachelors will get married.

That Ed. Williams catches the largest number of fish.

That the editor's hair will turn grey.

That W. C. Walsh, and D. Gilmore will be counted among the "married folks," and will be bald headed.

That four new factories will be added to our industries.

That Squire Post will have some new suggestions.

That our Police regulations will

be more strict and that our officers will quit playing "Old Sledge."

That a daily paper will be issued from this office.

That Lawyer P. H. McBride will render a positive opinion.

Born—To Rev. and Mrs. Chas. S. Dutton on last Tuesday morning, December, 29, 1885, a son.

The Holland City Bank received a handsome one thousand-dollar burglar proof safe this week and it has been placed in the vault of the bank. A test was made of the plates by Mr. Alfred Huntley, machinist, on Tuesday, and after breaking some of his best drills and chisels without making an impression on the safe, the job was given up and the safe approved and accepted by the bank.

Last Thursday evening wedding bells rang gaily at the residence of Mr. J. R. Kleyn, proprietor of the Keystone Planning Mill, the occasion being on the marriage of his eldest daughter, Miss Minnie, to Mr. Albert Wright, of Kansas City, Mo. Rev. T. W. Jones, of Hope church, performed the ceremony.

#### WHAT YOU SAW 20 YEARS AGO

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John De Graaf, Eighth street, on Tuesday—a girl.

The green-house of Mrs. C. Dupont, on Land street, caught fire on the roof, late Thursday evening, and was damaged about \$125.

Ed. Scott received second and third premiums on his Red Cap cocklings, at the Cent. Mich., Poultry Show at Battle Creek, last week; and in the amateur class he had the best Plymouth Rock hens.

#### WHAT YOU SAW 15 YEARS AGO

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Anna Werkman and John M. Stephan.

Considerable excitement was caused last Friday afternoon by the finding of a human head on East Twelfth street, by Janitor Bloemendaal. The head was evidently that of a very young child. Both city and county officials investigated the matter thoroughly, and came to the conclusion that it would not be necessary to hold an inquest. They were satisfied that the head had been carried from some shallow burial place by dogs.

Hon. Isaac Marsilje has had his residence connected with the Chase telephone exchange.

J. D. Helder, the River street shoe dealer, has sold out to John Ver Schure, and will move to Washington state to engage in farming.

Married in this city at the home of the groom's parents on Thirteenth street, on Tuesday, Dec. 24, by Rev. H. Van Hoogen, John A. Sandy and Miss Wilhelmina Vliek, both of this city.

#### WHAT YOU SAW 10 YEARS AGO

Jake Lokker and John Rutgers have especial reasons for remembering Christmas this year. Each of them was presented with a fireman's badge by the employees of Lokker & Rutgers' store.

The Holland City Mills was the scene of a terrible accident Wednesday afternoon, Albert Weurding, aged 17 was caught by an upright shaft and killed.

At a meeting of the Republican club held in DeGrondwet hall Wednesday night, upon motion of J. Lokker, the club joined the league and the secretary was instructed to send the require dues to the state secretary. Delegates were then selected. Those who will go to Lansing are: G. J. Diekema, Luke Lugers, Dr. O. E. Yates, G. J. Van Schelvel, John J. Cappon, Wm. Brusse, J. B. Mulder, B. D. Keppel, A. Van Duren, Chas. McBride, Ben Mulder, Otto Kramer, Con DePree, E. P. Stephen, Jacob Lokker, H. Pelgrim, Henry Winter Albert Hidding, N. J. Whelan.

After a long and painful sickness, "Bennie" Bosman succumbed to the inevitable last Saturday afternoon.

The home of Supervisor and Mrs. J. Dykema, corner of Thirteenth street and Central avenue, was saddened on Christmas eve by a sudden and unexpected death. Miss Wilhelmina, the 17 year old daughter, passed away at six o'clock.

Another of Holland's well known young men has passed away. Walter Vander Haar died last Monday afternoon at the home of his mother on Eighth street, at the age of 24 years.

Death has claimed another of the old residents of Holland. Mrs. B. Kruidenier passed away Wednesday afternoon at the home of her son-in-law, Henry Van Ry, of this city.

Hendrik Ostenryk died last Tuesday at his home on East Eleventh street, at the age of 72 years.

Charles Hubbard and Miss Eva Averb were united in marriage last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Avery, North River street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. O. M. Duryea and was attended by the

immediate relatives and intimate friends.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 21—Twenty-five thousand dollars in gold was paid by Edward A. Cudahy, of this city, on Wednesday night to the men who abducted his 14-year-old son the night before, and who threatened in a letter to burn out the boy's eyes with acid unless their demands were promptly complied with.

#### For the Holland City News:

#### Fruit Trees and Their Enemies

After such a unprofitable fruit season as we have lately passed through, people are asking themselves the question, "What care should I give my fruit trees to insure a crop of fruit every year not only a fine crop of fruit but a crop of fine fruit?"

Years ago apple trees were found in the front yard, the back yards along the lane and in the fence corners and apples could be purchased for a shilling a bushel. The trees were vigorous, healthy and bore immense crops of apples, but now they bear other crops—moss, canker, scale, worms, insects and other pests. This fact is brought home to us by observations of trees and orchards in and around Holland.

One great cause of failure to produce fruit is the enormous increase of insects. Man has cut away our forests, the natural food of a great number of pests and they have thus been driven to seek our cultivated plants.

Through increased facilities for transportation the majority of the injurious insects have been brought over from other countries. Among the great number of pests the most destructive to the life of the tree is the San Jose scale which has now become familiar to almost every farmer and unless owners of trees take prompt and effective measures to rid the trees of this pest, it will only be a question of time before the trees are killed by the scale.

Not only does it attack the apple but also the pear, plum and peach. It is not uncommon to find a peach tree totally ruined in two or three years by scale. As an example of the destructive powers of the scale, I have in mind a peach orchard in Laketown of 1000 trees set out nine years ago and would be in their prime of bearing at present if they had been effectively sprayed. In the past three years over 600 trees have succumbed to the ravages of scale and been cut out. A great many people are not aware that they have scale on their trees and even go so far as to deny the presence of scale.

The writer walked into the orchard of a Mr. Timmer last spring and engaged in conversation with him about San Jose scale. Mr. Timmer stated that there was not a single scale in his orchard and seemed surprised when I showed him the scale on the first tree we came to, he said he didn't suppose that that was the scale that they were talking about so much. This is Mr. Timmers first year in spraying. His plum trees this year averaged five bushels to the tree.

To enable those who are not familiar with San Jose scale I will endeavor to describe the scale itself.

Examination of an infected tree during the winter or spring will reveal the presence of small black dots, often so thick as to overlap one another. They will be circular in form and about the size of an ordinary period. If examined with a hand lens you will notice a little groove around the center which looks not unlike a nipple, this is called a cast skin. The young scale as it grows larger outgrows its small shell or covering and builds a larger one around itself casting the old skin or shell on top of the new one.

Other scales slightly resembling San Jose have higher cast skins and are pointed on top. These scales are usually larger than San Jose and their castskins are usually at one side of the center which is a yellowish color.

Like most other scale insects San Jose brings forth its young alive. About the middle of June the young scales will begin to appear from beneath the covering of the old females. At first the young are so small that they can barely be distinguished by the naked eye. They are yellow, oval in shape and can move about to some extent by means of 6 poorly developed legs. For a few hours they crawl along the branches until they find a suitable place, where they insert their long thread like beak into the bark and begin their transformation. After this they do not move from this place. In a short time the young scale takes on a circular form and begins to secrete a shell. At first it is a cream color but it soon turns a dark brown or black.

About the middle of August the second brood will appear and develop the same as the first, a third and even a fourth brood later in the season. A single female scale will often develop 4 or 5 c and if each female scale develops 400

and if 1/2 of these are females and all of these females breed and if this is continued until 4 broods have been produced, the progeny from a single female scale in one season will amount to more than 3 billions. As the female scale at no time have wings it has been a question as to how they spread from tree to tree, as they cannot crawl more than 1 or 2 feet on a smooth surface. It is supposed that while crawling, the young scale might get upon the legs of other insects and even birds and thus spread over large areas.

A few years ago it was found on nursery stock, and this helped to spread it, but now the law requires the inspecting of all nursery stock before they are dug and any trees found with scale are destroyed and all other trees within 1/2 mile radius must be fumigated with hydrocyanic gas.

Conclusion—In closing I wish to emphasize the importance of thorough spraying. Whether you have acres of trees or only 1 or 2 in your yard let your motto be "Spray Spray and again Spray."

F. A. Benedict.

#### Owning Your Home

I have always felt that upon properly appointed and becoming dwellings depends more than anything else the improvement of mankind. To sit in the evening in your comfortable armchair, to look around you and know that everything you see there is your very own and that you have obtained it all so that you practically do not feel the cost, to know also that if you, the breadwinner, were suddenly called away, your home would still be your wife's or your family's—that is one of the pleasures of life, indeed. It is a pleasure which gives you a new heart in your work in the world. It sends you out every morning determined to get

on and to earn more money, and because of that very determination, you do become worth more money Benjamin Disraeli.

#### Lie Seldom Harmful.

No lies can hurt a man for a long time. There is little use in spending your time trying to correct lies. The lie itself will drop like a feeble shaft against the armor of truth.

#### Marvelous Discovery

mark the wonderful progress of the age. Air flights on heavy machines telegrams without wires, terrible war inventions to kill men, and that wonder of wonders—Dr. King's New Discovery—to save life when threatened by coughs, colds, la-grippe, asthma, croup, bronchitis, hemorrhages, hay fever and whooping cough or lung trouble. For all bronchial affections it has no equal. It relieves instantly. It's the surest cure. James M. Black, of Asheville, N. C., R. R. No. 4, writes it cured him of an obstinate cough after all other remedies failed. 50c. and \$1.00. A trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Walsh Drug Co. H. R. Doesburg.

#### Kept the King at Home

"For the past year we have kept the King of all laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—in our home and they have proved a blessing to all our family," writes Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo, N. Y. Easy, but sure remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 25c at Walsh Drug Co., H. R. Doesburg.

#### Something Just As Good

Can only be the case when it is another bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. Every bottle the same. Look for the bell on the bottle.

## GAS COKE

### The Fuel That Saves You Money

#### Crushed Coke

For Base Burners, Round Oak stoves of all kinds

\$6.00 per Ton

#### Furnace Coke

The most satisfactory fuel for the Furnace

\$5.50 per Ton

Try a Ton and Be Convinced

Holland City Gas Co.

### FOR XMAS-

A Camera or Pyrographic goods. Biggest line of Christmas and New Year cards

Coster Photo Supply Co.

21 East Eighth Street

## GO-CARTS OF QUALITY

Have you seen the WHITNEY COLLAPSIBLE GO-CART?

It will pay you to do so. It is a winner. The Whitney

cart is no doubt the best Collapsible Cart on the market

They have been sold over 50 years. Look them over

before. Also a beautiful line of Robes.

## A.C. RINCK & CO.

56-60 E. Eighth



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**HOPFMAN'S STUDIO**, 223 River Street. Photos and Views of all descriptions. Post Cards and Souvenirs. Picture frames to order. Everything in the Photo line.

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**DEKEMA, G. J., ATTORNEY AT LAW.** Collections promptly attended to. Office over First State Bank.

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**C. VANDER MEULEN, 8 EAST EIGHTH ST.** Citizens phone 1743.

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**L. N. TUTTLE, 66 WEST EIGHTH ST.** Citizens phone 1289.

**J. J. MERSEN, CORNER TENTH AND Central Ave.** Citizens phone 1416. Bell phone 141.

**DR. W. G. WINTER, OFFICE TWO** doors east of interurban office, Holland, Mich. Citizens phone: Residence, 1897; office, 1724.

## BICYCLES AND REPAIRS.

**CHAS. HUBBARD, 29 WEST NINTH ST.** Citizens phone 1156.

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**COOK BROS. FOR THE LATEST POPU-**lar songs and the best in the music line. Citizens phone 1259. 27 East Eighth St.

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**H. VANDER PLOEG, STATIONERY AND** books, the best assortment. 44 East Eighth St. Citizens phone 1469.

## LUMBER AND INTERIOR FINISH.

**SCOTT-LUGERS LUMBER CO., 236 RIVER** St. Citizens phone 1901.

## CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, FURNISHERS.

**P. S. BOTER & C., 16 WEST EIGHTH** St. Citizens phone 1653. An up-to-date outfit makes one dressed up and up-to-date.

## PLUMBING, STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING.

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**FRIS NEWS DEPOT, 30 WEST EIGHTH** St. Citizens phone 1749.

## BICYCLE REPAIRING.

**J. H. TUBERGEN, 21 West Sixteenth Street,** can do your bicycle repairing right. We also do automobile tire vulcanizing. Citizens phone 1617.

## UNDERTAKING.

**JOHN S. DYKSTRA, 40 EAST EIGHTH** St. Citizens phone 1267-2r.

## CROCKERY, GLASS AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

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is now a summer as well as a winter remedy. It has the same invigorating and strength-producing effect in summer as in winter. Try it in a little cold milk or water. ALL DRUGGISTS

## Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE. It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

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**ALBERT HIDDING—FILL YOUR MAR-**ket basket with nice clean fresh groceries. Don't forget the place, corner River and Seventh streets. Both phones.

**P. BOOT, DEALER IN DRY GOODS AND** groceries. Give us a visit and we will satisfy you. 23 West Eighth St.

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## BREWERIES.

**HOLLAND CITY BREWERY, CORNER** Tenth and Maple Streets. Citizens phone 1123. Purest beer in the world. Sold in bottles and kegs. A. Seft & Son.

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**HAAN BROS., 6 EAST EIGHTH ST.** Prompt and accurate attention is the thing with us. Citizens phone 1331.

**WALSH DRUG CO., DRUGGIST AND** pharmacist. Full stock of goods pertaining to the business. Citizens phone 1433. 25 E. Eighth St.

**DOESBURG, H. R., DEALER IN DRUGS,** medicines, paints, oils, toilet articles. Imported and domestic cigars. Citizens phone 1291. 32 E. Eighth St.

## MEATS.

**WM. VAN DER VEERE, 152 E. EIGHTH** St. For choice steaks, fowls, or game in season. Citizens phone 1043.

**DE KRAKER & DE KOSTER, DEALERS** in all kinds of fresh and salt meats. Market on River St. Citizens phone 1008.

## BAGGAGE AND TRANSFER.

**ISAAC VERSCHURE, THE 10-CENT PAR-**cel delivery man, always prompt. Also express and baggage. Call him up on the Citizens phone 1434 for quick delivery.

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

**NICK KAMMERAAD, THE SHOE MAN,** is located at 284 Central Ave. Shoe

## PLUMBERS AND ROOFERS.

**TYLER VAN LANDEGEND, Dealer in** Windmills, Gasoline Engines, Pumps and Plumbing Supplies. Citiz. phone 1088. 49 W. 8th Street.

## DRY CLEANERS.

**THE HOLLAND CLEANERS, 9 EAST** Eighth St. Citizens phone 1323. Dry cleaning, pressing.

**HOLLAND City Rug and Carpet Weaving** Works. Peter Luidens, Prop. Carpets and rugs woven and cleaned. Carpet cleaning promptly done. Carpet rags and old Ingrain carpets bought. 54 E. 15th street. Citizens phone 1597.

## DENTISTS.

**DR. J. O. SCOTT, DENTIST. OUR MOTTO** is good work, reasonable prices. Citizens phone 1441. 32 East Eighth St.

## LIFE INSURANCE.

**THE FRANKLIN LIFE INSURANCE CO.,** Springfield, Ill. W. J. Olt, District Mgr. Telephones: residence, 1578.

## INSURANCE.

**INSURE WITH DR. J. TE ROLLER.** Money loaned on real estate.

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## THE FIRST STATE BANK

Capital stock paid in.....\$50.00  
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## If You Have Any Doubt

of the merit of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey one bottle will remove that doubt and your cough at the same time. Look for the bell on the bottle. It is the genuine.

## To Collect Taxes

I will be at Tien & Henevelt, Graafschap, Dec. 19 and Jan. 9; at Kok's store, East Saugatuck, Dec. 20 and Jan. 3; at Gerrit Slink, Filmore, Dec. 21 and Jan. 4; at Egbert Pelon, May, Dec. 22 and Jan. 5; and at home Dec. 23 and Jan. 6. At all places between 8 a. m. and 3 p. m.  
John Verberg,  
Township Treasurer

## STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Ottawa.

In the matter of the estate of Frances Anderson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 14th day of December, A. D. 1910, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Court, at the Probate office, in the City of Grand Haven, in said county, on or before the 14th day of April, A. D. 1911, and that said claims will be heard by said court on the 14th day of April, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated, December 13th, A. D. 1910.

EDWARD P. KIRBY,  
Judge of Probate.  
3 w 50

## COMMON COUNCIL.

(Official.)

Holland, Mich., Dec. 21, 1910.  
The Common Council met in regular session, and was called to order by the Mayor.

Present: Mayor Brusse, Aldermen Van Eyck, Vanden Berg, Drinkwater, Hyma, Kammeraad, Dyke, Lawrence, Jellema, and the Clerk.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Aldermen Van Tongeren and Holkeboer here appeared and took their seats.

## PETITIONS.

J. Boerema and L. Kuite petitioned for the position of janitor of the City Hall. Filed.

E. F. Hiler petitioned for permission to place a bathhouse on the west end of First street.

Referred to the alderment of the Second ward.

Mrs. Louis Mannes, Mary Kurz, Cora Wyatt, Mrs. John Westenbroek, H. J. Klinkenberg, W. Smeenge, Mrs. H. Streur and G. Breur petitioned to have their taxes remitted.

Referred to the Committee on Poor with power to act.

John Knoll petitioned to move an auto barn from the rear of Van Dyke & Sprietsma's store to the rear of Kraker's plumbing shop, and presented the signatures of property owners consenting to same as provided for by resolution of the Council. Granted.

REPORTS OF STANDING COMMITTEES.

The Committee on Ways and Means reported having sold the Prospect Park, State Street, West 18th Street, and West 15th Street No. 3 Sewer, and the East 14th Street Grading bonds at par, accrued interest, and a premium of \$25.00, total amount \$6,438.72, and presented Treasurer's receipt for the amount.

Accepted and the Treasurer ordered charged with the amount.

Said committee requested an extension of time in the matter of disposing of the Series "E" Street Improvement bonds, and in the matter of complaint of irregularities of Justices of the Peace.

Granted.

The Committee on Streets and Crosswalks, to which was referred the petition of H. Zwemer for the grading of East 9th street, reported that owing to considerable changes since the engineer made an estimate of said work, they were unable to determine the cost of said improvement and recommended that the City Engineer be instructed to prepare a correct estimate of said work and report same to the Council.

Adopted.

Said Committee to whom was referred the petitions for moving the Butkau buildings, reported recommending that the one to move the building outside the city limits be granted, and further recommended that no action be taken on the other petition, until the signed consent of property owners of the location to which the building is to be moved, is presented, as provided by resolution of the Council.

Adopted.

The Committee on Claims and Accounts reported having examined the following claims and recommended payment for same:

H. Brusse, Mayor.....\$ 66.66  
Wm. O. Van Eyck, alderman..... 33.33  
H. Van Tongeren, alderman..... 33.33  
J. Van den Berg, alderman..... 33.33  
J. A. Drinkwater, alderman..... 33.33  
Nick Kammeraad, alderman..... 33.33  
J. C. Dyke, alderman..... 33.33  
Wm. Lawrence, alderman..... 33.33  
E. S. Holkeboer, alderman..... 33.33  
D. W. Jellema, alderman..... 33.33  
Richard Overweg, clerk..... 16.00  
Florence Kruisenga, asst. clerk..... 22.91  
N. J. Essenberg, Treasurer..... 29.17  
T. Nauta, street comm'r..... 10  
Mich. State Tel. Co., message Board of Public Works, light G. Schaftenaar, janitor..... 10.13  
G. Schaftenaar, janitor..... 5.00  
Mrs. G. Schaftenaar, cleaning Smith & Essenberg, material used at Fourth ward polling place..... 25.30

Hose Co. No. 2, cleaning polling place..... 3.00

J. Wolford, orders..... 2.00

Mrs. J. Baas, rent..... 1.50

First State bank, orders..... 99.50

Peoples State Bank, orders..... 9.50

Hol. City State Bank, orders J. & H. De Jongh, orders..... 11.50

Van Lente Bros., orders..... 28.00

Du Mez Bros., orders..... 8.00

A. Steketee & Sons, orders..... 22.00

A. De Groot, orders..... 140.50

John De Boer, coal and wood Austin Haarrington, coal..... 2.25

Holland Fuel Co., coal..... 2.25

Consumers Ice & Coal Co., coal J. H. De Boer, coal..... 4.50

Chas. Bertsch Electric Co., cord and socket..... 25.99

Bloms Express, drayage..... 37

John Ver Hoef, drayage..... 5.45

John Farma, orders and broom Bert Slaght, supplies..... 2.40

N. J. Yonker, supplies..... 56.40

Van & Surtisma, supplies..... 22.61

M. Beukema, coal..... 133.86

F. N. Jonkman, Supt. City Hall..... 17.64

F. N. Jonkman, Supt. City Hall..... 2.25

F. N. Jonkman, Supt. City Hall..... 28.50

F. N. Jonkman, Supt. City Hall..... 20.95

J. Arnoldink, labor..... 17.00

Bert Haring, labor..... 7.00

Foster, Stevens & Co., hardware..... 271.99

Scott-Lugers Lumber Co., lumber..... 17.96

Citizens' Transfer Co., freight and cartage..... 14.18

Bos Bolhuis Lumber Co., lumber..... 33.48

H. Stoel, labor..... 12.20

J. Vanden Ploeg, labor..... 7.20

B. Olgers, labor..... 4.00

E. Beekman, labor..... 4.00

J. Knol, snow plow..... 7.30

J. Ver Hoef, snow plow..... 29.75

H. Plagenhoef, snow plow..... 7.30

B. Lemmen, loading gravel..... 9.00

T. Nauta, expenses to Grand Rapids..... 1.40

Tyler Van Landegend, pipe..... 96

A. Steketee, canvas..... 25

R. Mulder, orders..... 10.50

H. A. Naberhuis, convention expenses..... 34.00

H. A. Naberhuis, city eng..... 50.00

L. Lanting, repairs and fitting Remps & Gallmeyer Foundry Co. grates..... 2.35

Bass Machine Works, testing brick..... 42.00

Allowed and warrants ordered is- Ben Wolters, labor..... 1.20

John Vanden Hooren, labor..... 7.57

sued.  
The Committee on Poor reported, presenting the report of the Director of the Poor, stating that they had rendered temporary aid for the two weeks ending December 21, 1910, amounting to \$131.00.

Filed.  
The Committee on Poor, to whom was referred several petitions to have taxes remitted, reported recommending that the general taxes of B. Wierda, Rachel H. Sipp, B. Zoet, Mrs. Cremer, and Mrs. Alice Timmer be remitted, and further that the special taxes of B. Wierda, Julia Nesshavor, Mrs. Cramer and Mrs. Timmer be paid.

The Committee further reported that William Avery was exempt from paying taxes, and requested an extension of time on the petition of Fred De Feyter.

Adopted.

REPORTS OF SPECIAL COMMITTEES.

The special committee to whom was referred the matter of considering certain questions in the franchise of the Gas Company reported having considered same and recommended that in cases of disputed bills, for connecting up premises for gas rendered to consumers by the Gas Company, the City Attorney or some other city officer, should be authorized to rule on such bills, subject to review by the Council. The committee further reported having conferred with members of the Gas Company, and signified their willingness to receive figures and estimates of the Gas Company, relative to their investment, receipts and operating, and other expenses, and that such action from the Gas Company should be referred to a special committee for consideration. Adopted.

The Committee on City Hall Building reported that it would soon be necessary to prepare for furnishing the City Hall and recommended that the purchasing of the necessary furniture be referred to the Committee on City Hall Building and the Committee on Ways and Means, with power to act.

On motion of Alderman Van Tongeren: Resolved, That the report of the committee be adopted with the exception of the clause "with power to act."

Said resolution prevailed by yeas and nays as follows:

Yeas—Aldermen Van Eyck, Van Tongeren, Kammeraad, Lawrence, Holkeboer and Jellema—6.  
Nays—Aldermen Vanden Berg, Drinkwater, Hyma and Dyke—4.

The Committee on City Hall Building recommended the payment of the following claims:

Superior Mill & Mfg. Co., for interior finish.....\$800.00  
Henry Marble Company, for marble and scagliola work.....1,000.00  
Edwyn A. Bowd, architect..... 200.00  
And also recommended that final settlement be made with the Capitol Electric Engineering Company, provided the work is accepted by the City Electrician.

The committee further reported that they were unable to make satisfactory arrangements with Mr. Schaftenaar or any other person for the care of the boilers and building, and recommended that the Council appoint a permanent janitor.

Adopted, and warrants ordered issued on the City Treasurer in payment of the several claims.

MESSAGES FROM THE MAYOR.

The Mayor recommended that action be taken to have the Charter amended so as to pay taxes semi-annually, and that the question be submitted to the people at the election to be held in April, 1911.

The Mayor also requested action in the matter of toboggan slides.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM BOARDS AND CITY OFFICERS.

The Library Board reported having approved the following bills and certified the same to the Common Council for payment:

Board of Public Works, light.....\$ 5.82  
Louise Williams, services..... 12.00  
William Wiebenga, janitor..... 10.00

Allowed and warrants ordered issued.

The following bills, approved by the Board of Park Trustees, at a meeting held December 19, 1910, were ordered certified to the Common Council for payment:

J. A. Kooyers, Supt.....\$24.00  
Allowed and warrants ordered issued.

The following bills, approved by the Board of Police and Fire Commissioners, at a meeting held December 19, 1910, were ordered certified to the Common Council for payment:

Ray Knoll, driver No. 1.....\$ 30.00  
F. W. Stansbury, driver No. 2..... 30.00  
John Knoll, labor..... 15.00

Boone Bros., use of horse..... 32.00

B. Steketee, supplies..... 4.09

Board of Public Works, light S. Meuwesen, patrolman..... 17.08

C. Steketee, patrolman..... 33.86

S. Leonard, patrolman and uniform..... 31.50

Fred Kamferbeek, chief..... 33.00

G. Van Haften, services..... 38.50

Fred Kamferbeek, special police G. Steketee, extra services..... 2.00

G. Schaftenaar, janitor..... 3.00

Citizens Telephone Co., toll..... 1.35

Allowed and warrants ordered issued.

The following bills, approved by the Board of Public Works, at a meeting held December 19, 1910, were ordered certified to the Common Council for payment:

General Electric Co., transformers, less credit.....\$512.18  
Fostoria Incandescent Lamp Co., lamps..... 26.12

Fostoria Glass Specialty Co., globes..... 8.60

Illinois Electric Co., fuses..... 25.46

Tyler Van Landegend, supplies Electric Appliance Co., balance due..... 14.79

Austin Harrington, coal..... 1.00



## Additional Locals

It is estimated that \$90,000,000 was spent for Christmas gifts in the United States this year.

The home of George DeWitt is being remodeled on East 13th St. Contractor Stephan Oudemolen has charge of the work.

The council of Hope college sold to John Campbell a five acre track of land near Saugatuck for \$2,800.

Osmun & Chase of Greenville, Mich have credit for making the largest potato shipment in one day this season, 14,000 in thirteen carloads.

It cost Paul Flieman \$15.10 for swearing in his bowling alley. Why Paul swore, we do not know possibly because he could not make a spare. But then Judge Miles did not spare him either.

125 in the city received toys from the poor committee and 40 families received good things to eat and 80 families received clothing. Holland certainly enjoyed a happy Christmas all around this year. No one was overlooked.

One of the most prosperous merchants this country ever produced says: "I would no more think of doing business without advertising each day or week than I would think of living without food. This man died worth \$360,000,000.

The pool room of W. G. Smith in the Harrington block is closed. A fight occurred in the place the other night and in order to avoid a former charge of selling liquor without a license and that to minors, the proprietor deemed it best to close the place.

One of Mark Twain's funny stories is that of a Scripture panorama, the proprietor of which engaged a pianist to play appropriate music. The musician, when the picture of the "Prodigal Son" was passing, stuck up: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home!"

George Reimersma is in the county jail arrested on the charge of furnishing liquor to minors. Loyd Purchase confessed to the facts of the case implicating Reimersma and others not yet under arrest on the charge of selling him liquor.

Miss Ina Wing will represent Holland High school in the district declamation contest next spring. In the annual contest of the freshman and juniors Miss Wing was awarded first place by unanimous decision. Her subject was "Defense of Joan of Arc". Miss Lornie Kronkers was awarded second place.

The cashing of sparrow bounty orders is quite a frequent procedure at the county treasurer's office nowadays. A bounty of two cents a head is paid on these destructive birds during the months of December, January and February. Last year the orders cashed amounted to \$486 76. Allegan News.

The Grand Rapids Belting Co. is filling an order for one of the largest belts ever made up in that city. The belt will be three feet in width and about one hundred feet in length, and in its making the hides from about one hundred cattle will be used. The belt is for the Michigan Buggy company of Kalamazoo.

The throwing of snowballs by a number of young boys was responsible Friday for a serious runaway. While John E. Elting was driving down College avenue his horse took fright at snowballs thrown by the boys and it was not brought to a stop until it came to the freight depot. The cutter was completely demolished but no one was hurt. Before Mr. Elting could make an inquiry as to who were responsible for the runaway the boys had also runaway.

Chief of Police Kamferbeek has been going through a course of sprouts on the new ordinance of weights and measures at Grand Rapids where he has been examining the workings of a similar law. The Chief should be up on weights but measures we are not so certain. It is his duty to test both wet and dry measure, (not taste) to see if they give the required amount that a customer is paying for. The scales must also be tested to see that the merchant does not give his customer overweight. No more false bottom berry boxes, no more one ounce shy butter squares, no, not even a snide bottle of beer goes in Holland. A very few of the merchants are indignant thinking that their honesty is being questioned. But the chief has his little machine built for the purpose and is already at work.

Selma Landwehr of New Melle, Mo., is spending a few months with Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Landwehr and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Nystrom on Lincoln ave.

Mrs. Albert Kamferbeek slipped on an icy sidewalk on West Seventh street and broke her arm. The fracture was a serious one, several bones of the wrist having been broken. Dr. Bruinsma attended her.

According to the present plans, members of Grand Rapids lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F. are to erect a three-story brick building on North Division street near Crescent avenue, to cost \$12,000, immediately after the holidays.

Ray Vanden Berg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. VandenBerg living at 100 W. 17th street received injuries Saturday morning while coasting that will confine him to his home for weeks. Two ribs were fractured one causing a slight laceration of the liver.

In a collision on the Holland line near Macatawa, James Cardwell sustained a broken wrist. A car was being run out of the barns when it struck another car on the main line. Cardwell was the only person on either car.

Ott, the great lecturer, will appear for the second time in Carnegie Hall on Jan. 12, 1911. It is not necessary for us to state that he is "great" for everyone that heard his "Sour Grapes" last year can tell you of his ability. His subject for Jan. 12 will be announced later.

City Engineer H. A. Naberhuis has lately completed a map of the City of Holland. It will be printed on strong paper and is 14x13 inches in size. Garvelink Printing Co., is printing a new business directory into which the map will be inserted. Jacob Zuidema is the drawer of the map.

The enterprising firm The Holland Furnace Co., of which A. H. Landwehr is manager and John Kola is superintendent, is putting in a trolley system used to assimilate different parts of furnaces. The trolley is so arranged that all the parts ride along automatically to that part of the factory where the furnace is put together.

A letter from Rolan C. Easley, formerly a newspaper man in Holland, who is in Dade City, Florida, says the first day's hunt in which he participated brought him 15 birds. He says that when the second day's sport was ended 27 birds were brought home. They are finding many quail and with good dogs are having great shooting.

For some time the school has kept a roll of honor and at the end of each period of five weeks the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the period for scholarship appear on it. During the past five weeks the following earned a place on the roll of honor. Hazel Fairbanks, Laura Kimpton, John Schwartz, Margaret Vanden Brink, Marion Van Drezer, Josie Verberg, Elizabeth Wentzel, Bernice Wright and Rolena Olt. This rule was inaugurated by the principal, Prof. O. H. Stevenson.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized last Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bradwald when their daughter Sadie was united in marriage to Augustin A. Harrison. The Rev. Grieshaber of Grand Rapids officiated. About fifty friends and relatives were present. The wedding march was played by the bride's sister Mrs. C. H. Contryman of Dayton, Ohio. Mr. A. L. Van Dyke of Shelly, Mich. acted as best man; Miss Grace Bradwald, as brides maid and Mable Stokka as flower girl. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison will be at home to their friends after January 10 in their new home at 358 Maple street.

The "card of thanks" published after a bereavement is not supposed to be of a humorous nature, but that it sometimes suggests laughter instead of tears is illustrated in the case of the woman who published the following card in her local paper:

"To all the friends and neighbors who assisted in the illness of my husband who escaped from me by the hand of death last Friday I offer my thanks, and will be glad to do as much for them at any time. Will also say that as I am about to remove to another town I will sell a young roan mare and a fresh cow very reasonable together with other household furniture. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

## Make Up Your Own Mind

When in the need of a cough medicine. If you buy Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey we guarantee you get the best.

## TWO GAMBLING DEACONS, ONE QUILTS, BUT

THE OTHER STAYS. Hackensack, N. J., Dec. 24.—John H. Demarest, one of the acknowledged gambling deacons of the North Hackensack Reformed church, tonight resigned from the consistory of that church, unable longer to withstand the pleading of his pastor, Rev. Adrian Duryea, and members of the consistory. Demarest would not attend the conference of the consistory Friday night because he did not want to be in a room with Deacon John V. Roscoe. So Pastor Duryea went to Demarest's home and talked to the erring deacon. Then Demarest weakened.

The pastor was not so successful with Roscoe. The latter is becoming more defiant every day and the tearing against him is becoming more and more intense. His attempt to drag others into the trouble is well received. Not only did he refuse to resign, but he went a bit further and told Pastor Duryea and El Weston that even though dismissal and the action upheld by the class, he would appeal beyond, where that might be.

Just as if nothing happened, Deacon Roscoe went to the Sunday school last Sunday morning and taught his Bible class. Roscoe hurried away from the Sunday school soon as the end came, and he did not attend the church service. On his way out of the church Elder John Voorhees endeavored to give Roscoe a card or letter, but Roscoe refused it, and avoided the brother officer much as possible.

Rev. Mr. Duryea seemed much affected during the service, particularly when reading the notice, one which was to the effect that the would be a special congregational meeting December 28, at which time Deacon Roscoe would be placed on trial for gambling.

For the scriptural reading Pastor Duryea selected the fifteenth psalm, which proved to be very appropriate to the existing trouble in his church. Here is the psalm:

"Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness and speaketh the truth in his heart; he that back-biteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor; in whose eyes a vile person is condemned, but he honoreth them that fear the Lord; he that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not; he that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent; he that doeth these things shall never be moved.

As neighbors, Deacon Roscoe and Demarest quarreled. Roscoe's guinea fowl being the cause. The board of health ordered the fowl removed. At the firemen's carnival the deacons used bad language to each other out of which a slander suit arose. At this trial Roscoe was awarded six cents damages. The two deacons were led into confessing that they had been close friends and had often played pinochle for five cents a point. The church officials didn't care so much about the slander suit, but they couldn't countenance the gambling.

## WM. QUILLIAMS A SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

W. H. Quilliams of Benton Harbor will be sergeant-at-arms of the next house of representatives at Lansing to succeed himself. At least that is the prediction of members-elect who are beginning to drop into the capital city for business preliminary to the opening of the session. The veteran legislators say that Quilliams has made good as an official of the house and at all times the members have received courteous treatment at his hands. It is generally conceded that Mr. Quilliams will have the support of the members who were in the 1909 session and it is said that many of the newly elected legislators are in favor of retaining him. Mr. Quilliams has visited Holland many times in an official capacity and has a wide acquaintance there.

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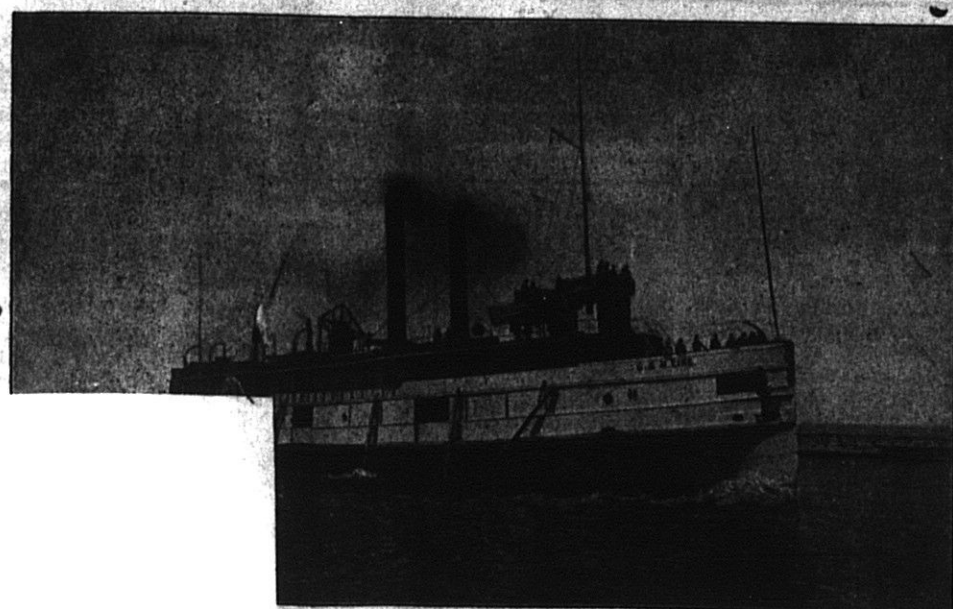
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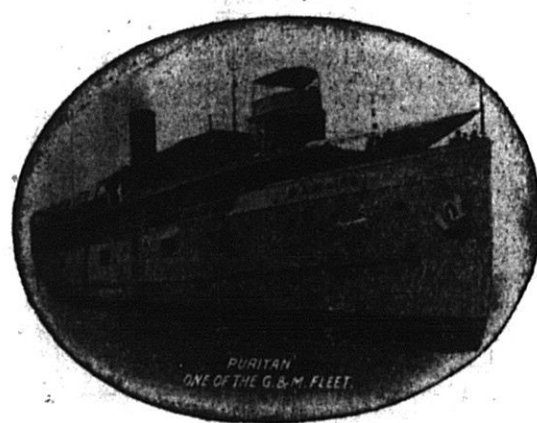
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