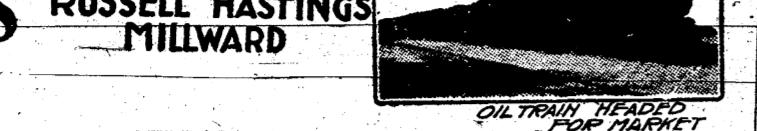


Petroleum as Old as the Hills

BY RUSSELL HASTINGS MILLWARD



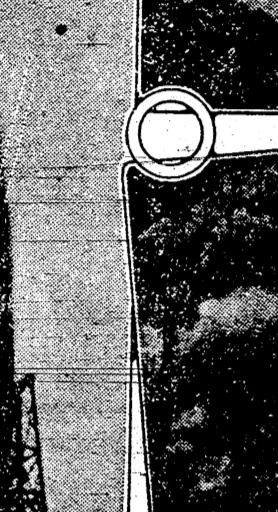
PETROLEUM is as old as the hills. When the earth was formed this oil, used in the crude and primitive man, adapted it to many useful purposes, such as anointing, as a fuel, illuminating, and also as an offering in religious ceremonies; but the systematic refining of the product from its very inception is strictly an American industry.

The name petroleum, meaning "oil from the rock," was familiar to the Greeks and Romans from the dawn of their history. Herodotus wrote of the Springs of Xante, from which this oil was obtained.

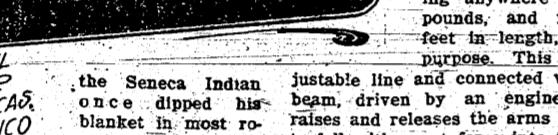
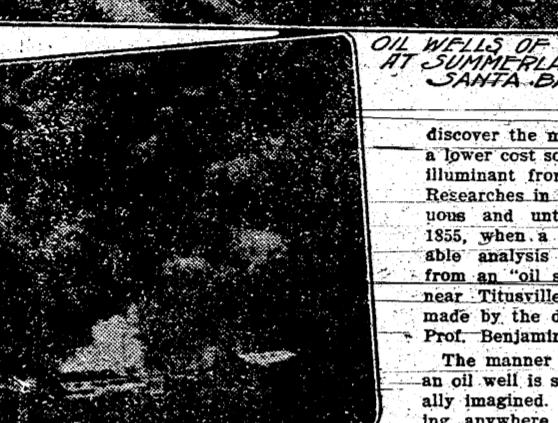
Myrtle branches were

burned, and myrtle branches on the surface of the water, were used to anoint the body.

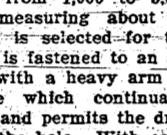
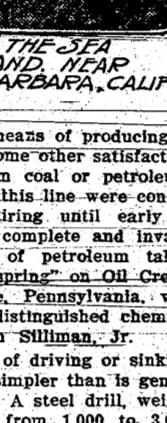
It was well known at that time that asphaltum, petroleum, and pitch, and pitch, were all various substances, and the same substances, usually classified as bitumen. Myrtle, more commonly known as pitch, was the infusible cement of history, used in the construction of the Temple of Nisroch and the Tower of Babel, and there is no doubt that it was universally employed for similar purposes since the time when man first con-



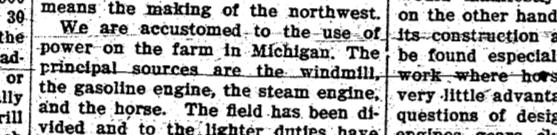
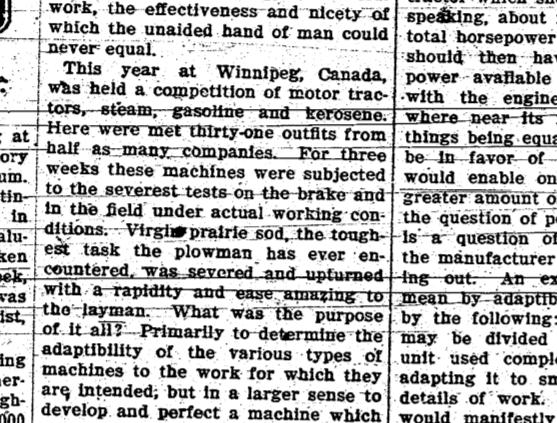
YOURS



YOURS



YOURS



YOURS

A NEW FACTOR IN FARMING

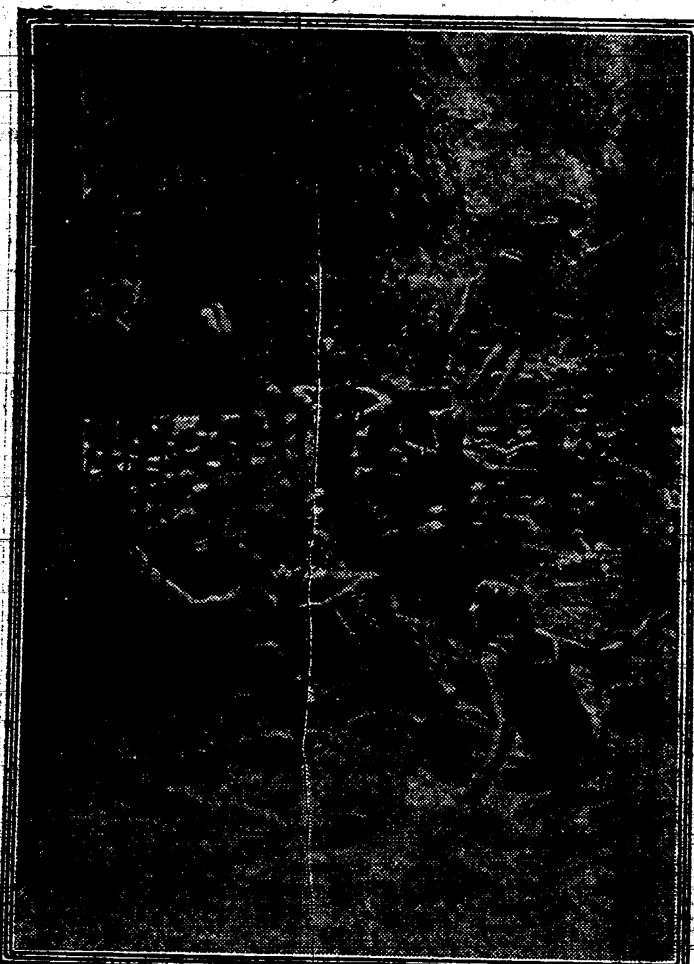
Use of Power Has Multiplied Man's Capacity a Hundredfold—Comparison of Power Furnished by Tractor With That Furnished by the Horse.

By R. H. MUSSELMAN, Instructor in Farm Engineering, Michigan Agricultural College



YOURS

SOME HOT WAVES OF THE PAST



A TEMPORARY REFUGE FROM THE HEAT. WOMEN'S BATHING HOLLOW IN A LONDON PARK POOL

THE hot wave of the past summer which caused much suffering and many deaths all over the country has had many similar and it would seem even more disastrous predecessors, and in delving into the records of the past the somewhat surprising fact is disclosed that the old world has suffered much more than the new.

In the years 1803-4 the Rhine, Loire and Seine Rivers went dry. The heat in several of the French provinces in 1765 was equal to that of a glass furnace. Meat could be prepared for the table by merely exposing it to the sun. No person dared to venture out of his house between the hour of noon and 4 p.m.

In the year 1715 many shops had to close all over Europe. Not a drop of rain fell for four months. In 1773 the thermometer rose to 118 degrees. In 1778 the heat in Bologna was so intense that scores of people were stifled.

In July 1793 the heat again became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried on the trees. The furniture and woodwork in dwelling houses cracked and split and meat became tainted in an hour. The French revolution was then at the height of its bloody carnival, and many superstitious persons thought that the wave of heat following this mighty upheaval was the curse of God.

In 1800 Spain was visited by a sweltering temperature. Madrid and other cities were deserted and the streets became silent.

Another disastrous hot wave swept over Europe in 1851. In the Champs de Mars, Paris, during a military review, soldiers by the score fell victim to sunstroke, and at Aldershot, England, men dropped dead while at drill, compelling the officers to suspend the exercises.

In This Country.

The summer of 1853 was exceptionally hot in many parts of this country and in New York the thermometer ranged for seven days from 95 to 98 degrees. In one week 214 persons died of sunstroke in the metropolis. The year 1854 was hot and dry and the heat seemed to concentrate in the southwest. In Missouri from June 17 to the following year not a drop of rain fell. In 1872 New York experienced a torrid visitation of fearful intensity. On July 4, 155 cases of sunstroke occurred and of these 72 proved fatal.

The principal thoroughfares were like fields of battle. Men fell by the score and ambulances were in constant requisition. Dumb beasts lay down by the wayside and panted their lives away. Sleep for two or three of the hottest nights was well-nigh impossible, and in the tenement districts women and children were found dead on the roofs, to which they had clambered in the hope of getting a breath of cool air. The scenes in the morgue were appalling. Dozens of bodies were on the stone slabs under the splashing water, awaiting the recognition of friends or relatives. Here a stalwart man who had been suddenly stricken; there a comely woman, with her face turned toward the light, yonder the official photographer doing his ghastly yet necessary work in preserving the pictures of the dead; eager-eyed relatives hunted among the corpses for some missing loved one; a horrible stench mingled with the oppressive heat and lamentations filled the air. Over 200 deaths were recorded in three or four days.

The next serious visitation took place in 1877, and about July 9 began to make its power felt throughout the middle and southern states, as well as New York. In Washington the heat was particularly oppressive. The car rails became so expanded by the action of the sun as to rise up in curved lines, drawing the bolts. In one instance the rails burst away from the bolts and left the track entirely. The thermometer marked 104 degrees.

The summer of 1879 will long be remembered for its torrid atmosphere. The situation will be better understood from the following record: Norwich, Conn., June 2, 100 degrees; New York, June 28, 98 degrees; Charleston, July 11, 101; on the same date St. Louis, 100; Knoxville, Tenn., July 13, 103; Charleston, July 14, 111 (16 deaths); Detroit, July 15, 102; New York, July 17, 101.

IT MAY BE NO BETTER

SPECULATIONS ON QUALITIES OF RELIGION OF FUTURE.

Will Be More Definite and Dogmatic Than the "Advanced" Faith of the Present, is Opinion of One Writer.

Theorists concerning the religion of the future usually plant themselves upon one of two assumptions: that the religion of the future will necessarily be better than that of the past; or that it will be characterized by fuller allegiance to certain views now held by exponents of so-called "advanced" thought.

We see no reason for knuckling under to either of them, says the *St. Louis Republican*. It does not necessarily follow, because all things change, that they must need change for the better. Architecture in Paris in the thirteenth century was so infinitely superior to the architecture of the present day as to be impossible of comparison with it. Oratory in the United States senate in 1820, just 81

years ago, was so far beyond the oratory of today in form, finish and inner spirit that it is difficult to realize that the body is the same in function and method of selection or membership.

The violins of Antonius Stradivarius made in Cremona in the early years of the eighteenth century are unmatched in the workshops of today, either here or elsewhere. No present day builder can equal the cement mixed by Roman artisans in the time of Constantine.

Now we make bold to prophecy that the "religion of the future" will have more of definiteness than the "advanced faith" of the present. It will demand more of its votaries. It will be-inveigh if you will!—more dogmatic.

The religion of "advanced thought" suffers from too much width; like a shallow river smothered among sandbars. It has "broken the shackles of dogmatism." Very good; but it has failed to substitute for them any definite obligation or tie to anything else. It stands for "progress"—toward what it cannot tell for the life of it, it believes in "the uplift of humanity." But what is uplift? And what is the thing that humanity ought to be uplifted toward? It is silent.

"Advanced thought" rests on the assumption that wideness of vision comes necessarily happiness of spirit. It has evidently never read the lives of the philosophers. It goes on the assumption that the champion of advanced ideas will, in his age, be honored of all men. It evidently has not pondered the history of the martyrs. It ignores death, inherited disease, and the apparent lack of connection in this world between the service rendered by life and the reward returned by its own age, whether in the form of gold, praise or love.

The religion of the future will have in it less of the spirit of revolt. It will be humbler and have a keener sense of its responsibilities. It will ask fewer questions, and strive to answer more. A youth once told Charles G. Finney that he did not need the formal services of the church; he went forth into the Ohio forests, and worshipped there. "Young man," demanded Finney, "what do you do when it rains?" The religion of the future will concern itself with the devotional possibilities of wet days more than has the "advanced thought" of the present.

Decline of Famous Pearl Fisheries. The once famous fresh water pearl fisheries in the river known as the White Elster in the Plauen district of Saxony have steadily declined in importance. Although the fishing is carried on under the supervision of government inspectors and every care is taken to foster the growth of a variety of pearls well known on the market the yield has so diminished that during the last year only six good pearls and seventeen of second quality were found.

This is a contrast to preceding years, when large finds were made during the fishing season. From 1861 to 1900 nearly 4,600 of all grades were found. Some of the best years were during the middle of the seventeenth century, but owing chiefly to the increase of factories along the banks of the stream, contaminating the waters, as well as to the destructive agency of floods and ice floes, either the mussel beds have been destroyed or the mussels prevented from having the necessary repose, with the result that the historic pearl fisheries of this district are now threatened with extinction.—*German Trade Review*.

Bees Out Sat From Statue.

Two years ago bees and bats waged a contest for the occupancy of the hollow form of the Goddess of Liberty that surmounts the dome of the Texas capitol 315 feet above the ground.

Viewed from below it appears the bees have driven out all the bats and won their right to exclusively occupy the elevated cavern.

The bees made a hive out of the hollow head of the figure, as discovered by a steeplejack who undertook the work of giving the young lady a fresh coat of paint.

When he climbed upon the elevated right arm of the statue myriads of angry bees swarmed out of the eyes of Liberty and forced him to quickly abandon the job.

Since then the bees encroached upon the cavity of the body, where the bats had held forth. It could be seen from below that the bees drove the bats from their positions.

All the bats have disappeared from the figure and the bees are in complete possession.

They Do Stun Men.

"Sire," said the bellboy to the summer hotel clerk, "awake and pay attention to your life!"

"Slave!" hissed the potentate, "why do you arouse me? Is some important personage arriving?"

"Even so. An United States senator approaches!"

"Ah! But I was prepared. All the values are locked up in the safe." And the clerk returned to his slumber.

Hold Yourself in Reserve.

Reserve is power. He is wise who

lives a good part of his life inside of himself. Too much speech is weakness. It is better to hold much of ourselves in reserve, to be discerned by degrees, and never to the uttermost limit.

The Girl of His Dreams

By IDA DONNELLY PETERS

Herbert Dayton was feeling very blue and low in his mind, so blue in fact that as he stood on the rear platform of the last car of the fast flying express thinking of the rapid rate at which he was leaving the girl of his dreams, indigo would have seemed like white in comparison.

When a man has been ordered to a far off western territory to sell goods just after one glimpse of the girl he has been looking for the country over, the girl for whom he will remain a bachelor forever unless she will consent to make life an earthly paradise.

"Suppose in his absence some other fellow should—" he whispered with a shudder.

"But, avant, blue devils," added he bravely, "in that direction madness lies!"

At this period of his bitter musings the gloomy mood began to pall on young Dayton's usually optimistic nature, and he looked about him for something to distract his thoughts.

Inside the car in the chair nearest the door reclined a delicate, sweet-faced woman, evidently unaccustomed to traveling and sick from the motion of the train. Her husband was ministering to her tirelessly, devotion in his every touch, while she glanced up at him frequently with an expression of extreme tenderness upon his face.

"By Jove," Herbert exclaimed aloud, as the man turned for a moment toward the rear of the car, "if that model Benedict isn't the one time gay and festive young man, Jules Halstead. He must have lately taken unto himself a party to the fraud."

Then Dayton's eyes traveled to the next seat. And there just behind the Halsteads sat a girl dressed in blue. Her beauty, her quaintness, would have of themselves compelled a lingering glance, but besides all these attractions she was the girl of his dreams, the very girl he had seen in his home town three short days ago, the very girl of his dreams he had been looking for north, east and south, only to find her where he least expected it—in a train going west!

The color of his thoughts changed instantly to a more rosy hue. How can I make her acquaintance, he quiesced.

Just then the slowing train stopped.

The girl came out on the platform and was passing Dayton, with unseeing eyes when the train gave a sudden lurch.

She staggered and was about to fall when Herbert caught her, but in doing so he lost his balance and was thrown from the car.

When he opened his eyes he was reclining on a couch in a beautiful room, and a kindly middle-aged man was placing a bandage about his head.

"He will be all right by tomorrow," this man, evidently a doctor, was saying, "and can safely proceed on his journey."

"Tomorrow!" exclaimed the young man. "I shall proceed on my journey tonight."

At that moment a vision in blue appeared in the doorway.

"Is he better, doctor?" asked the dream girl softly.

"Doctor," murmured Dayton, "I shall not be able to leave tomorrow. I must first change a look of scorn into kindness, then to friendliness, then to—"

"He is delirious," said a hitherto unnoticed white-haired gentleman who was standing near the couch on the opposite side from the doctor.

"No," answered the medical man, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, "not delirious, only dreaming, but his case has assumed unsuspected complications and he may not be able to leave tomorrow."

"Thank you, doctor," whispered the dream girl softly.

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His immediate passed through the car, empty now of all but the sick woman, to the diner just beyond, only to find every table filled except the one at which sat the girl in blue. He was gazing suddenly at the vacant place when suddenly he became conscious of a sobbing breath close beside him. He turned. It was the sick woman standing there staring straight at her husband, her face colorless with surprise and pain.

Halstead was seated beside a girl with whom he was having an animated and confidential conversation. It was plain to any onlooker that, for the moment, he had forgotten everything and everybody gave the one to whom he was talking. The girl was evidently an acquaintance of his bachelor days.

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And though he had lost his appetite as well as his heart, he got up onto the diner and did the best he could. Afterwards he was making his way still holding his comrade's hand.

The train had stopped.

Herbert Dayton was sitting in a chair, looking at the girl in blue. She was looking at him. They were looking at each other.

There is no old age in the present day. No longer does grandma sit by the fire sewing, with spectacles and cap, while her grandchildren play at her knee and look upon her with loving reverence. Few old people sit still by the fire nowadays, unless they be very old indeed and unable to do anything else. Nowadays they are about all day, and most of the night, enjoying life, seeking pleasure, discovering how much there is to be seen done, and, above all, talked about, in a world that no longer craves retirement.

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"Even so. An United States senator approaches!"

"Ah! But I was prepared. All the values are locked up in the safe." And the clerk returned to his slumber.

Grandma No Longer Sits and Knits in Solitude With Only Memory for Company.

HOW THEY DRESSED SO WELL!

Secret of French Actresses Who Live Like Princesses on Very Small Salaries.

A songbird, reclining in a deck chair on a swift liner, gazed forth at the blue sea.

"You have heard," she said, "of the French actress who was so economical that, on \$40 a week, she kept up an apartment in the Faubourg St. Honore, with six servants and three motors, and still saved \$20,000 a year?"

"Of course you think you know the answer to that, do you? But perhaps, the answer isn't after all."

"It is. I mean it isn't what you think it is if you think it is what I think you think it is."

"I mean," she pursued, laughing, "that there's another answer to the French actress's secret of living splendidly on a small salary, and it isn't an evil answer."

Mme. Lantelme, for instance, who was the beauty of Paris, had no less than 50 hats a year, and these hats were worth quite \$200 apiece, yet her annual hat bill was only \$350. The best French milliners, you see, let her have ten dollars each their best hats—hats often worth \$250 to \$300. She kept a hat only ten days, and she must consent if called upon to pose in it for her photographer.

Under these easy conditions all the well-known French actresses sport hats that are the envy of the wealthy woman, who, unable to keep up with the actress in this hat war, thinks evil.

She shouldn't though.

"It is the same thing in gowns. An actress may go to any dressmaker in Paris; she may choose any gown in the place—a \$100 street suit, a \$500 evening robe—and this will be made for her for \$50. Any gown in the shop for \$50! With, of course, the proviso that the actress will consent to be photographed in it."

She had, he knew instantly, overheard Halstead explain his former girl friend to his wife, and of course she must have guessed he had been, tactfully, at least, a party to deceiving a trusting woman.

And this to be the end of his long search, his dreams, his dearest hopes? Plain killing was too easy a death for the prevaricator Mr. Halstead. He started forward to give that gentleman a generous piece of his mind when, glancing up, he saw that he was again administering to his wife, and that a look of peace and happiness had come into her face. This banished at once and forever all regret in him that he had been a party to the fraud.

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Thursday, Sept. 14, 1911

Tenderly Laid to Rest.

YPSILANTI, Sept. 9, 1911.

MY DEAR FRIEND BLOSSER: In the strange working of circumstances, it has been my duty today to lay in the bosom of mother earth the remains of our old towseaman and brother, Rev. Dan'l Shier. He was on a visit north among relatives and former parishioners and enjoying his favorite pastime of fishing and rowing in his familiar haunts. He drove into the home of William Steuerwald an old friend, to spend the night, chatted through the evening with his accustomed jovial manner, retired as usual and was found silent in death in the morning.

For a number of years he has made his home in Landrum S.C. in a small home which a sister whom he had gone to care for had left him at her death. He was seventy years of age and had had no premonition so far as is known by his relatives of his impending end.

As I stood and looked upon his giant form and strong manly features, the contradictions of his strange checkered career flooded upon my mind. He had elements of great strength and also of pathetic weakness. He was a bound friends to himself with a masterly skill and there were none who could fail to be touched by the greatness of his heart and warmth of his genial nature.

His brother, Thomas, who now lives in Trenton, told me that in his later years he had often expressed the hope that he would never be a burden upon people but cherished a fear that he would be so on account of his large size and weight. His longing was answered in the swift and painless manner of his death.

He was born and reared in the neighborhood of this city and his boyhood friends tell me that as a youth he showed signs of great promise, leading in some local movements with splended resourcefulness of personality.

Poor, broken-Dan Shier! Who knows but that with different environments and circumstances he might have stood a prince among men and died a hero in the cause of humanity.

Very sincerely yours,

ADDISON

AT THE SHARON STORE

I have a large quantity of Standard

Binder Twine

which I shall sell at the special price of

7 Cents

Come quick and get it.

R. C. ORDWAY

IT IS

Not What You Pay

THAT MAKES A BARGAIN

But What You Get

Suppose you buy a Monument from one of the many outside agents and it fails to give satisfaction, you pay your good money for a stone that looks all right when erected, but later on, after six months or a year, it fades and checks, who will pay for your disappointment, when you have found out too late what you have bought, will the agent make good your loss?

We Have Never Heard of One Doing So.

We stand back of every piece of work we sell and will gladly replace any work that proves unsatisfactory just as long as we are in business. We cannot afford to sell you an inferior article as we depend on our reputation for straight dealing and honest value. Your good opinion and recommend of us is worth a lot more than the extra profit we would make by using inferior material.

Anyone Can Cut Prices, But It Takes Brains
To Make a Better Monument.

The CAREY-MORAN GRANITE CO.

MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

ENTERPRISE readers will remember about how Edward McIntosh of Napoleon swiped a sum of money from Henry Zellerhoff of Bridgewater, and was sent over to Ann Arbor to await trial in the circuit court. Mr. Zellerhoff got back most of the money and when the culprit was taken before Judge Kline he pleaded guilty and explained that he had settled with Mr. Zellerhoff.

"Where do you live?" asked the court.
"Napoleon, your honor."
"Wait, I sentence you to Napoleon for life," said the court.

Bundles of newspapers for general use about the house, 5 cents at ENTERPRISE office.