

**The  
ONLOOKER**  
HENRY HOWLAND

**Foolish Pa**

WILLIAM A. RADFORD, EDITOR

**BUILT FOR STRENGTH**  
New Electric Tractor Cross Between Motor Car and Railway Locomotive.

**MOST POWERFUL EVER BUILT**

**STOP TEARING UP STREETS**

**That It Drives, Steers, and Brakes on All Four Wheels Is One of Its Remarkable Features—To Replace Boring Teams of Horses.**

much interest is being shown in an electric tractor recently turned out of the shops of one of the biggest eastern railroad lines. It appears to be a cross between a motor car and a railway locomotive. The name is "Locomotive Engineering (New York)," as the most powerful automobile ever built, for it is intended to replace string teams of horses on the farms and over railroad tracks in city street for delivery to local industries. We read: "Some of the most remarkable features of this machine are its ability to accomplish a good deal if the work is intelligently laid out. In building a house like this, it would, for instance, be a good idea to have the workmen wait for the making of the property, at the same time you will be setting a good example that is almost unique."

A little house we've got, on a flower-bowered lot, in a hustling, brawly, busy little city; it's big enough for two, for our sons are not yet big; there's only just room for us, but we've got a simple little house like this, is very much like going back to first principles, but it furnishes documents, and it's a good deal better, well as a more elaborate affair. We all have acquaintances, especially among our older friends who commended it to us, and we're partly in the same sort of accumulation resulting from frugality and good management.

A young couple forms the habit of saving, and they are very likely to pay as little as possible.

We often hear the remark that it is cheaper to rent than to own your own home. There never was a more foolish or ignorant remark.

The man who lives in a rented house, has given up his home, is working on a salary, or a conductor, and has no time to go to the office, and the accumulation of real estate.

I know a man, a clerk in a lubricating oil company, who rented a new house on a pleasant street, for 20 years ago. At first he paid \$200 a month, but in seven or eight years,

he still paid \$200, but he was not paying \$30 per month. The house has not improved with age, and he is continually looking about to better his condition.

He can rent at a cheaper rate in proportion to the advancement he now has. He has paid for his house, the house, to pay all street improvements, city taxes, insurance and repairs.

He has been told he was offered the house, and the man who gave him the house is a man of means, and probably is a member of the family.

There are other signs more easily to be seen, but this is a great many similar ones that have come to my notice. It is not always that a neighborhood improves so rapidly and substantially, but generally speaking,

TELLING APPROACH OF STORM

Many Signs Herald Rain If People Will but Note the Indications.

Many people are sufficiently familiar with the weather to know when a storm is coming.

They are not afraid to let it rain, and they are not afraid to let it rain.



Think!

THINK what it would mean to have at the close of the year, a substantial balance in a savings account.

THINK what it would mean to be assured, that no matter what unforeseen accident or sickness might happen, your savings account would take care of you.

THINK what it would mean for your future happiness to know that when your years of activity had ended, you could rest in your declining years in contentment and happiness.

A savings account in our bank will do all this for you. THINK.

We pay 3 per cent interest.

**THE PEOPLES BANK**  
Manchester, Mich.



"I Like To Grind  
Tzar Coffee-  
It Smells So Good"  
The rich fragrant aroma from Tzar Coffee pleases everybody. You know it is good the minute you smell it. You'll like it much better as soon as you taste it.  
Tzar Coffee is a high grade coffee at 35¢-blended and roasted by experts.  
Nero 30c  
Marigold 32c  
Pleasant Valley 40c  
ROSACCO is a special Cut Coffee at 35¢-try it with a convenient Triculator.

Pleasant Valley Tea  
50c - 60c - 80c  
If you are particular about your tea you should try Pleasant Valley Tea. They're delicious. Order Today.

J. E. SECKINGER, Manchester, Mich.

**SMALL POX**  
Mack & Co.  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

**NO HUNTING  
OR TRESPASSING**  
Signs for the Farmers.

**Fall Nights**  
Remind Us That  
Blanket Time

**Is With Us Again**

If you have present or future hunting wants to fill, it will pay you to see our new stock on sale.

And you will be sure to get the best prices.

These Snappy  
Fall Nights  
Remind Us That  
Blanket Time

**Exclusive Line**  
of  
**SOUVENIR  
CARDS**

Just now showing

**Halloween**

Cards, a fine Assortment

Look in our Show Windows  
and come in and buy at the

**Enterprise Office**

for the Real Estate Dealer or Property Owner.

And you will be sure to get the best prices.

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# AMONG AMAZONS of the AMAZON



SCENE ON THE AMAZON

**A**S full of thrills as any story of polar exploration, is the narrative of Dr. Hamilton Rice, the medical scientific explorer who has just gone back from 17 months' of travel in the jungles about the headwaters of the Amazon. It was the explorer's second trip to South America. The party reached Bogota the latter part of January, 1912, where preparations for the inland expedition were completed.

In telling of his experiences Doctor Rice said: "In February, 1912, I sent 11 miles with 2,200 pounds of freight over to San Martin, in the Andes, which I made my first base. Then, early in May, I followed with 15 more mules, using the same route that I had employed in my journey of 1907 to the Uaupes. At Villavicencio, the first town east from Bogota on the Huncos, or plains, I made a stop, got good latitudes and longitudes, and laid out the groundwork for a map. Then I continued on to San Martin.

"Having spent two weeks taking observations to finish my work of five years ago, I found that Doctor Jaramillo, the Commandante, was about to undertake a government expedition south in an attempt to reach the Maysa river, and I accompanied him as topographer and surgeon. We had 26 men, consisting of caucheros, or rubber gatherers, and Indians. Early in September a camp was made on the Rio Iilla, a branch of the Uaupes. It was necessary to cut a path through jungle, swamp and forest.

#### River Full of Fish.

"We found the Maysa river teeming with all kinds of fish. I saw a man in one hour catch with a hook and line 150 of ten different varieties, ranging from seven inches to two feet in length.

"I had opportunity here to study the Huiloto Indians. They are very docile and never intermarry. Naturally intelligent, they learn very rapidly. The Carajona Indians, on the other hand, are much more fierce and warlike, and continually intermarry. This nation has been invited from time to time by the Peruvians to make war upon the peaceful Huilotos.

"South of the Maysa we discovered a chain of rugged, high hills, and passed more than a week in forcing a passage over them. Three weeks more were consumed in working south from these. Sometimes these passes were as much as we could cover in a day. The men were worn down by hardships, tropical ulcers, and fever. Early in November things began to assume such a critical aspect that Jaramillo, at my suggestion, reduced his working force one-half and established caches after the manner of polar explorers. With six Indians and six whites we advanced a few days more, when the white men refused to go further.

"We were in a dense forest, filled with canoes, or small streams, and swamps. We had to continually fell trees to get them out of the way. The waters were filled with rays, which inflict terrible stings, causing necrosis. The food got scarce. The Indians refused to proceed, and two had to be chastised. The party was reduced to six. We had left behind everything but our instruments and hammocks and the cutlasses, which were absolutely necessary to cut way through the jungle. The rain poured down heavily all the time. Finally, on November 12, we reached the Ajau river at its source. This was our definite goal. We made observations for latitude and longitude, christened the place Puerto Mercedes, left records under trees, and started back.

"We were now without food, and depended upon meeting supplies which we had ordered to be sent from our base. Sometimes we found a scrawny monkey, sometimes a bird, which furnished the whole food supply for a day. Once I found a huge land turtle, on which we feasted for two days. Gradually we threw away everything except our instruments. We grew

weaker and weaker. Finally Castro, a giant who had been in the habit of carrying 150 pounds on his back, came down to motor aphasia.

"However, we all got back to our base alive, there to find that all the party we had left had died, except those who hadn't been able to get away because of rays wounds or sickness. All the dogs had been killed by jaguars. However, there was plenty of food, and after two days' rest we went back to Iilla and reached Calamar in December. From Calamar I went back to my base at San Jose, sending maps of the region traversed to the Royal Geographical Society and to the Colombian government.

"Shortly after Christmas, with two canoes and seven men I started out from Tolima. Leaving the Cano Grande in January, I descended for five days

to the Rio Yurida. From this point we ascended the latter river, and on February 8 reached a beautiful waterfall over 100 feet high, which is a break between high precipitous hills running in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction.

#### Country Teeming With Jaguars.

"It took two days to portage our boat around this fall, and five days more were spent in the hardest kind of work, smashing our way through to the sources of the Yurida, which we reached on Sunday, February 16. Three days later we began to descend to the river. The country on both sides teems with jaguars, tigers, and anacondas, and the river is filled with rays. The tigers were so tame that they swam around our canoe—curious and absolutely fearless. Some stood on the shore whistling at us. I shot a magnificent specimen of jaguar, and found inside of it a whole tapir.

"A curious feature of this region was that the Indians for the most part not only lived back from the main streams, but in the villages were found a great predominance of women, who, from all we could make out, were permanent inhabitants of their respective settlements, while the males were transients. This brings to one's mind the question whether this may not be the district whence come the reports so well known on the Amazon for two centuries of the existence of a race of women living alone, except at stated periods. Concerning these legends both Alfred Russel Wallace and Richard Spruce, the eminent English traveler and scientist of more than three generations ago, have written.

"By a Guainia Indian I was taken to a settlement of Indians living back several hours' distance from the Papanas, where I found a very intelligent native who spoke the Tupi-Guarani language, which would make it seem that here was the dividing line between the nation of that name and the Caribes. The Papanas Indians travel from their river to the upper Icana, and have a well-made path nine miles in length, which crosses elevated land flanked on the east and west by enormous impassable swamps and lagoons. The food got scarce. The Indians refused to proceed, and two had to be chastised. The party was reduced to six. We had left behind everything but our instruments and hammocks and the cutlasses, which were absolutely necessary to cut way through the jungle. The rain poured down heavily all the time. Finally, on November 12, we reached the Ajau river at its source. This was our definite goal. We made observations for latitude and longitude, christened the place Puerto Mercedes, left records under trees, and started back.

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## CAMP FIRE STORIES

### HIS FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE

Rather Hot Initiation of a New York Boy at Batchelder's Creek—Carried Supplies to Front.

On February 1, 1864, I did my first duty as a soldier, the detail being a corporal and three men of the 12th N. Y. Cavalry in a swampy pine forest bordering the Trent and Neuse rivers in North Carolina. The duties of the cavalry at that point—Batchelder's Creek, about nine miles from Newbern—were of the easiest kind, writes Frank Sater of Oak Hill, Kan., in the National Tribune. At night we were withdrawn to the east side of the creek, leaving a corporal and three infantrymen on the west side of the bridge—the planks of which were all removed save one to give the alarm should the enemy make his appearance.

The squad consisted of about 30 men of the 132nd N. Y. and the detail of cavalry already mentioned. About 3 o'clock in the morning the rebels came in a hurry, and their ear-splitting yell brought every man to his post—30 men to 10,000, and only a narrow strip of water between!

True, the creek was deep, the banks steep and the night dark. I have always felt surprised that the rebels did not know of some point along the creek that would afford easy passage. However, these few men, strengthened by two or three companies, held these thousands at bay till the sun was many hours high.

Soon after daylight our captain arrived, and for a time we were kept waiting for orders about half a mile in the rear of the fighting, but the hot work they were engaged in soon exhausted their ammunition, and the enemy were felling trees to effect a passage it was not deemed wise to drive an ammunition wagon nearer the scene of action, so about half a dozen of us were detailed to carry supplies to the front. As each box contained about 1,000 cartridges, and the sand was ankle-deep, it was no light task, and my comrades fell behind, some dropping their loads and sitting on them as if the occasion was not urgent.

I pushed ahead and soon came to a bend in the road about 50 yards from the bridge. As I turned into the bend—my load was getting heavy—I could see men on my right clinging very close to the ground and facing west, and on my left the branches dropped from a grove of saplings. Strange sounds—"zip," "zip"—struck my ear, for it was my first time under fire.

As I approached the breastworks Lieutenant Zenetti of the 132nd walked from behind them and came toward me, and when about three yards separated us he was struck in the head, not moving a muscle after he fell. My load was soon in possession of the gallant infantryman, and, having no further orders, I joined the string of men who were trying to discover the "other fellows" on the opposite side of the creek.

But we were not allowed to stay there long. Fifteen minutes afterwards a rebel yell told us that they had succeeded in felling trees to form a bridge. We were soon, in spite of the fierce resistance, and that it was time for us to be moving. The obstinate defense of the gallant New York boys gave the authorities time to get reinforcements from Morehead City and Beaufort, but the numerous little mounds in a small space opposite the temporary bridge bore mute testimony at what cost it was done.

On Crossing a River.

Lincoln's reply to a Springfield clergyman, who asked him what was to be his policy on the slavery question, was most apt:

"You know the old Methodist preacher out home?" said Lincoln. "Well, once a young Methodist was worrying about Fox River, and expressing fears that he should be prevented from fulfilling some of his appointments by a freshet in the river."

"Young man," said the old preacher, "I have always made it a rule in my life not to cross Fox River till I got to it."

"And," said the president, "I am not going to worry myself over the slavery question till I get to it."

Thoughtful.

Mrs. Bacon—This paper says that geologists have found near Casper, Wyo., a skeleton of a pterodactyl.

Mr. Bacon—I wonder if it can be possible if any of our neighbors lost one of them?

Not Always a Two-Step.

One should play the music of different moods—the serious, the tender, the gay, the sorrowful, the tragic. Music is the artistic expression of life, and life is not always a two-step.

Diplomacy.

One day a huge Irish barman stood in the crowd at the saloon at Nashville. Presently a little Irishman rushed up, flung his coat on the ground, threw his hat beside it, and jumping on them, yelled in a high voice, quivering with rage:

"Ow wu loike to find th' mon th' bate up poor Tim Murphy."

The big Irishman tapped his chest.

"Ow th' mon," he bellowed hoarsely.

The little Irishman whirled around.

"Three chairs for the ladies."

The orderly got up on a box and

"Three cheers for the ladies."

The boys took it up with a will.

Parental Effort.

"What are you working so hard for?" I want to provide for my boy's future," replied Farmer Cortosso.

"I want to lay by enough wealth so that I can leave Joss this farm for a good course."

Why Mother Smiled.

George—" Didn't you notice that I pressed your foot at dinner tonight?"

Ethel—" Why, it wasn't my foot you pressed. Oh, George, I wondered why mother was smiling so sweetly at the minister!"—Judge.

First Riddle.

The first riddle on record is that propounded by Samson to the thirty companions who came to the mar-

## The KITCHEN CABINET



twelve cloves, a large stick of cinnamon. Make the syrup and add the beets. Cook ten minutes, then fill the cans and pour over the syrup.

Cake is to the appetite what mirth is to the melancholy.

A clear soup, a bit of fish, a couple of entrees and a nice little roast. That's my kind of a dinner.

—Shakespeare.

### A WORD ON CAKES.

Most expert housewives have some all-round good cake which they use as a foundation for any number of kinds. For example, a simple cake with vanilla flavoring may have a chocolate frosting if baked in a square loaf or if baked in layers the filling may be varied indefinitely. Spice may be added or chocolate, making a spice cake or one layer may be spiced with fruit and one layer plain with any desired filling. A slight depression in the center of the cake when filling the pan will always result in a level cake.

Just a word to those who are yet unexperienced in the art of cake making: First of all, have your materials and utensils all ready before you begin, or in the midst you will find that you are just lacking some important ingredient. A circle of paper, even in deep layer pans, will help to remove them in shape, and in a square tin the paper is indispensable. Grease the paper well, and line the tin smoothly.

The time was when much creaming of butter and stirring of the sugar and butter together was thought the only way to make a good cake; but times have changed, and with the rush of other things, cake making must keep pace. All the ingredients, if well blended and given a good beating to make a fine grained cake, answers all purposes for every day occasions. A fair cake, good enough for any one if a frosting or filling is added, is made of three level tablespoonsfuls of butter, a cup of sugar, half a cup of milk or water, two eggs, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder and a cup and three quarters of sifted flour. The flour may vary as the thickening power of flour is often slightly variable, but a cup and a half to three-quarters is usually sufficient. Add flavoring and bake in a hot oven until well beaten whites, then add a teaspoonful of baking powder to the whites of sixteen well beaten whites, then add to the butter and flour, four teaspoonsfuls of hot water. Stir well and pour into a hot buttered baking pan.

Corn Bread, Southern Style.—One pint of sifted corn meal, one pint of thick buttermilk, two eggs, two tablespoonsfuls of melted lard, one tablespoonful of salt, one of soda. Mix all together and beat well before adding the soda; then add the soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water. Stir well and bake in a hot buttered baking pan.

Silver Cake.—This may be one we will enjoy reading over; but not many will feel they can afford to make it: Take a pound of sifted flour and add it a little at a time to three-fourths of a pound of creamed butter; add a pound of sugar to the whites of sixteen well beaten whites, then add to the butter and flour until all are well mixed. Add a teaspoonful of baking powder to the whites of sixteen well beaten whites, then add to the butter and flour until all are well mixed. Add a teaspoonful of each of lemon and vanilla and any flavor desired. Bake in a paper lined pan in a slow oven until well baked. Ice with boiled frosting. This cake is worthy of the name of wedding cake.

The ornaments of a house are the friends who frequent it.

Back of the loaf is the snowy moon. And back of the flour is the mill. And back of the mill are the wheat and the shower. And the sun and the Father will.

Upon what meat doth our Caesar feed that he hath grown so great.

—Shakespeare.

Half the joy of life is in little things taken on the run.

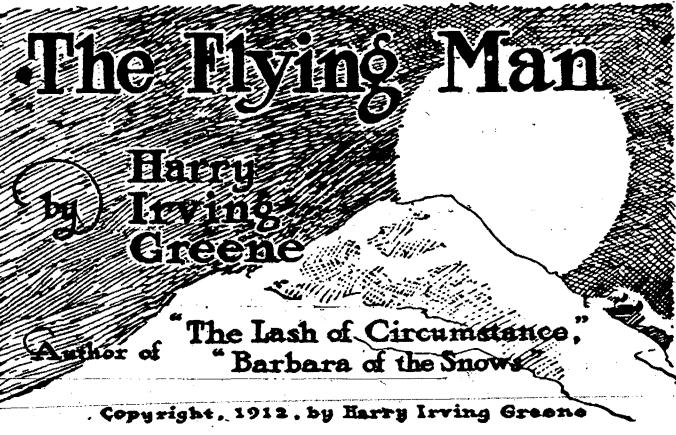
Who has no inward beauty, none perceived, though all around is beautiful.

Dana.

### LATE PRESERVES AND PICKLES.

After all the fall canning is done, finds a few of the late fruits and vegetables just coming into market. Malaga grapes at ten cents a pound are not too expensive for a few preserves for variety. Wash the grapes and seed them by cutting an incision with scissars, and remove the seeds with a bodkin or darning needle. Fill cans with the grapes and pour boiling hot pineapple syrup over them. The next morning drain and boil the syrup until it is thick. Pour again over the fruit and let stand again over night. In the morning drain again, boil up the syrup, add the grapes, and when boiling hot seal. This is delicious used in fruit salads, gelatin, desserts and punches.

Red Pepper Jelly.—Crush and mash red peppers and place them in a double boiler set in cold water. Beat over the heat, and as the water becomes hot, the juice will gradually be extracted. Let it cool until no more juice can be squeezed out. Measure the juice and add equal measures of sugar. Mix and boil until it threads.



# The Flying Man

Harry  
Irving  
Greene

"The Lash of Circumstance,"  
Author of "Barbara of the Snows."

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## SYNOPSIS.

Professor Desmond of the Peak Observatory causes a great sensation throughout the country by announcing that what appears to be a satellite is approaching at a surprising speed. Destruction of the earth is feared.

## CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"No, Miss Fulton, nothing more than I have already announced." Silence had fallen at his appearance, abrupt and almost breathless, a silence that came so suddenly that it left mouths open and half uttered words lingering upon lips, but already the spell was rapidly dissipating and a dozen tongues trembling in their eagerness.

Then the storm of questions broke. From every side and all at once came exclamations, greetings and swift inquiries as the guests came pressing eagerly forward upon him, but Doris imperiously waving them back silenced them until she had formally presented him to those present whom he had not heretofore met. That over, however, the vocal outburst came again in questions thick and fast, some serious and filled with thought, some frivolous, some nonsensical, yet each tinged with the peculiar intonation of highly strung nerves, for despite their doubtless restlessness was strong upon them. For a moment he tried to answer them serially.

"And is there really no hope for us, professor—no hope at all of escaping your sky dragon?"

"Yes, madam. Always where there is life there should be hope."

"I understand that you have stated that this strange wanderer is about the diameter of this state, and appears to be a body complete in itself rather than a giant fragment torn from some mass. Now how do you explain—"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I make no attempt to explain."

"You said it was apparently coming from out of the center of space. I had always thought that we were in the exact center of space."

"And so we are, madam. So, also, is everywhere else."

"And you have no consolation whatever to offer us?"

"Yes. If one must die I think it preferable to perish in a collision of worlds rather than by a microbe."

"And you are certain it will annihilate us—destroy us this very evening?"

"I can only hope that my fears are wrong and that you will perish by the microbe after all." He raised his hand appealingly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please grant me mercy. At present I have nothing to say that you have not already heard. And if you will only be patient a few hours. For if I am correct and we are standing upon the verge of eternity, what matters an attempted explanation at this time? And if I am wrong and we escape, tomorrow will certainly have its talk to unfold." He stepped backward a pace, bowing, and Judge Fulton taking him by the arm turned upon his guests.

"If you will pardon the professor and myself for a few moments while I show him about the place. It is his first visit here, you know." Despite their protests that Desmond belonged to them the elder pair wandered away together among the trees, leaving the others in little clusters to resume their speculations or once more take up their lighter talk and restless wanderings.

For the second time that evening Alan found himself temporarily alone with his hostess. She was dressed in pure white—March's favorite color upon her—so quaint heirloom of uncertain history upon her bosom. Her eyes were full of seriousness, her fair skin even a trifle fairer than usual as he thought, and her mouth sweetly grave. For while Doris was beyond all question worried and anxious there

away beneath the suspense. Also he noticed that almost constantly their eyes furiously swept the darkness above. To March it seemed as though the atmosphere of the night was charged with a mysterious oppressiveness. The stillness was that of a cave. Clouds had flung themselves across the sky in a thick curtain and the darkness above was so dense as to seem a solid Anglo-Saxon of blood, temperament and training, he could walk without a quiver a six-inch steel girder that spanned a canyon hundreds of feet deep and where a loss of nerve or a giddiness meant a plunge to certain death, but now for the first time in his life he was conscious of a strange nervousness and suppressed excitement. The palms of his hands tingled, and once he even caught himself laughing idiotically at a comment which he had not even caught the meaning of. Strange sensations ran up and down his back—an irritating prickling as from a light electric current applied to his spine, and when he chanced to turn and see Doris faintly outlined beneath the trees and in close converse with Tolliver his whole being became set on edge at once and his hands tightened spasmodically. He drew himself together.

"Call church a ridiculous place?" "Of course not—except as a place to make love in."

"Yet it is the place of all places for the love knot to be tied in. Then why not an ideal place for the weaving of the skein?"

"You should have said, 'the spinning of the yarn.'"

He picked up the handkerchief which she had dropped, inhaled a breath of its faint fragrance and thrust it into his own bosom. "Another keepsake," he grinned. "That is the way I have to get all of them from you—steal them. However, I will admit that 'skein' was not a good word in that case; for it implies a material easily broken and therefore not suitable for permanently binding people together. I should have said it was an ideal place for the forging of the chain—"

"I have no faith whatever in forgers." She turned upon him triumphantly, indicating with her head. "Anyway, here comes Clay Tolliver and now you will be compelled to be have whether of no." Alan glanced aside. To his genuine dissatisfaction he saw the only rival who at all worried him approaching them.

Clay raised the shapely fingers to his lips as he always made it a point to do when he greeted her in March's presence, knowing that it worried his opponent in this affair of hearts and taking much satisfaction from the instinctive knowledge that the act of gallantry made the other squirm inwardly. And squirm inwardly March certainly did, not so much at the act itself as from the fact that Doris seemed rather to approve of it, while she should attempt a similar homage he would appear but an imitator and therefore ridiculous to himself as well as her. "Good evening, Miss Doris," the newcomer stood in his low, smooth voice, his dark eyes soft when they gazed at her, hard as brilliant when they flashed over March. "I have been hoping all day that I might find you looking just as you do this evening." He turned upon her companion, his rather thin but cleanly-cut face expressionless save for the glint of his eyes which Alan had often thought to be the most peculiar he had ever seen. "And I hope you, too, are well, sir." March nodded casually as for a greeting, second their hands and glanced met. Clay went on.

"I have to beg your pardon, Miss Doris, for coming here tonight uninvited, but as you know I have been out of town for a week and just came back an hour ago. When I got off the train I learned for the first time that it had been stated by Professor Desmond that a terrible disaster is threatening us, and I immediately came here—not that any mortal could expect to be of any particular physical assistance in case such an inconceivable event should take place, but rather in the hope that I might be of some slight service to you in some other way. Am I to be granted your pardon for intruding?" That Doris was genuinely moved by the speaker's sincerity and thoughtfulness March, watching her, could not doubt.

She flashed him a look of gratitude that March would have paid high for. "Not only are you pardoned, but you are rewarded by my sincere thanks—if that be any reward," she exclaimed impulsively. She dropped a light hand upon the sleeve of each man, smiling from one to the other impartially. "It is difficult to believe that any harm could come to one who had two such knights at her service. It makes a woman feel almost safe, even at an hour like this." She addressed Clay: "By the way, have you met Professor Desmond?" He told her that he had not.

"Then you must do so at once—that is if Mr. March will pardon us for a few moments while I am introducing you. Father has captured him and has him over yonder. Besides, I want you to tell me something about your trip. So off they went with farewells nod to Alan, walking confidently side by side. Doris slender but round, seeming to scarcely touch the grass with her white clad feet. Tolliver of good height and though of slender build showing more than one trace of strength and suppleness in his erect form. Left alone, jealous and disgruntled March thrust his hands to the bottoms of his pockets and joined the first stray group he chanced across.

Immediately he was struck by the subtle change which had come over them in the last quarter of an hour of his companionship along with Doris. Their voices had grown subdued, anxious, strained, with now and then an unnatural laugh that arose unexpectedly as some turbulent nerve gave

"The first slight convulsion," said a quiet voice, and all eyes turned upon the speaker. It was Professor Desmond, and though his face was pale as well as theirs he was by far the most composed one of those present—not necessarily by virtue of superior courage although he was a brave man.

"And what will come next?" asked a hollow voice. The scientist shrugged his shoulders.

"No person upon earth can tell. But you had best be prepared for more convulsions, perhaps terrific earthquakes that may topple over the very mountains, perhaps violent electrical disturbances, likely enough winds of unheard of velocity—no man can do more than guess, for no man in the world's history ever went through a thing like this. Also it is possible that the approaching body may strike us almost without further physical warning, and that we will have but a few seconds of actual atmospheric or ground disturbance before we are buried beneath a mountain of organic matter."

"And what will happen to the earth itself?"

"Again none can tell. The impact may crush its crust and release vast floods of molten matter. Or the crust may remain intact and the smaller and less dense body—if such be the case—be smashed to powder upon our surface. It even may knock the world from its course, itself to become a lost projectile whirling through space and a menace to other worlds. Or our planet may continue upon its way undisturbed save for the inevitable destruction which must be caused for a great distance around the region actually smitten. It is all but a matter of guess work. Ah—"

Beneath their feet there ran once more the tremor of the earth as it vibrated like the deck of a racing steamship. To their ears, at first almost indistinguishable but ever increasing in volume until it sounded like the drone of a great hive of bees, came a throbbing as of a powerful steam pump. From several blocks distant where lay the region from which Desmond had fled came faint yells of terror and in a nearby stable a horse screamed horribly. Alan dropping upon his knees beside the prostrate woman saw some of his companions throw themselves upon their faces with their arms wrapped about their heads, while others quietly sank to a kneeling position with hands clasped and faces lifted. A number of the men remained erect, but these stood staring upward in a dazed manner or walked uncertainly about with hands clenched and faces twitching. Desmond alone of all of them stood like a statue, his arms folded upon his breast, his face raised, his whole poise calm and dignified. A score of yards away Doris stood upright beside Clay with her hand tightly clutching his sleeve. "Of all the women she was by far the most composed, neither crying aloud nor weeping silently, while Tolliver was as rigid as the tree against which he leaned and half encircled with his arm to steady himself.

Clay was alive and now even able to move a bit. He drew her gently to him until her head rested against his shoulder where he held her with his arm clasped about her waist. He could feel the deep and rapid pulsing of her bosom and knew that she was breathing spasmodically as though greatly exhausted, realizing for the first time that he also was panting as after a severe race. He spoke to her with an effort and after a few fruitless trials succeeded in making himself heard. He asked her if she was much hurt or in pain and she shook her head against his shoulder in a negative.

He became conscious that something to which it seemed he had always been accustomed had suddenly absented itself and for a moment pondered vaguely as to what it could be. Oh, yes, the roar! It was gone now, the earth was steady beneath them and the wind almost dead. What had become of the others of the party?

He must seek at once. He found that Doris was now able to sit upright without assistance, told her to remain where she was until he returned, and got upon his feet. As he did so he saw a light flicker a short distance away and a moment later the name of a Japanese lantern revealed the set face of Desmond. Alan went hurrying up to him.

And then from overhead there burst upon their ears a roar low and hoarse as the voice of a distant but raging sea, a roar that steadily arose to the mighty voice of a Niagara or the roar of a battlefield wherein all human voices were drowned as the cataclysm or battlefield drowns the squeak of mice. The earth rocked as a cradle, and Alan rising with difficulty to his feet and starting towards Doris with a wild impulse of protection was nearly blown away bodily by a gust of wind that swept by voicelessly in the deafening thunder from above. Recovering his balance he pushed his way forward. Tolliver's arm was about her now, the other hugging the tree, and by the electric lights of the street Alan could see the strange light which blazed in the other's eyes and in that moment would have sworn that Clay was insane. Doris, seeing him coming, wriggled herself free from the one who held her and was blown bodily into his arms. Her lips were moving and he knew that she was trying to make herself heard, but not the slightest sound could catch from her lips. Closely he clasped her, trying in his turn to shout words of encouragement into her ears.

Another blast, spinning them about, nearly blew them apart and they instinctively sank upon the ground side by side, clutching each other and gasping for breath. In a wink the electric lights went out and all became darkness, a cavernous darkness filled with cyclonic winds, earth quiverings, throbings and a roar so mighty that it seemed to crowd all space. Then the wind ceased and from above there sank upon them a mighty weight, soft and yielding as if they had been buried beneath a great heap of feathers, a weight which nevertheless seemed about to force the blood from their nostrils, and beneath it both man and woman felt their senses reel. Then as the darkness of oblivion came settling upon their brains the pressure gradually grew less, vanished altogether and they found themselves struggling for breath in an absence of air where a moment before their lives were being crushed out by its terrific compression. Gasping like fish upon a bank they threw themselves upon their faces as they fought vainly for breath until with myriads of lights flashing before their eyes consciousness left them and they lay motionless.

CHAPTER III.

The Flying Man.

It was perhaps five minutes later that Alan came into a certain posse-

sion of his senses, not fully as one may do who awakens from a faint, but rather with a gradual return to normal understanding through which period he had grotesque dreams, saw visions and seemed to exist for long periods in unfamiliar worlds. Then as full consciousness became his again he sat up. There was a strong wind blowing once more, a gale in fact, but it was now coming steadily instead of in gigantic gusts and the roar from above had diminished to the long, dull rumble of dying thunder. All was yet in darkness so dense that he could not see his hand before his face.

For a moment the professor stared at the one who had come to him from out of the darkness as though trying to recall a familiar face for the moment forgotten, then he spoke in a low, strange voice like one who talks in his sleep. "Oh yes, I know you. You are my old friend March. I congratulate you upon your escape. Come with me. There must be other lanterns scattered about and we will need all the light and help we can get in order to search for the missing ones. I have hopes of finding most of them alive."

Rapidly they searched the forms of their fellow guests at every new step. Some still remained, some were sitting up a dazed way, while others were already upon their feet directing their way to the will-o'-the-wisp lantern light which fitted about the lawn. In the course of the next few minutes they had also found a dozen of the lanterns which had not been torn to pieces or blown from their fastenings upon the trees, and these they lighted and distributed to the ever-increasing searching party. It had been a case of suffocation into insensibility in a partial vacuum which had followed the departure of the great, weight, a condition which had only prevailed for a very few minutes, and with the return of the normal quantity of air the victims had quickly recovered with the exception of Mrs. Emmonds. She had been in a faint and breathing but feebly when the crucial moment arrived, and Doctor Raymond, who was among them now, pronounced her dead. Silently they bore her within the house, found the telephone to be unresponsive to their appeals, and leaving two of the women beside her they returned to the lawn. They were still partially dazed and wholly awe stricken and moved about half automatically as though just recovering from an anaesthetic.

The electric lights which for some reason had gone out in the early stages of the disturbances were now

burning as brightly as ever again, and from all sides came the sounds of a city temporarily stricken returning to bewildered life, the shouts of men, the cries of women, the barking of dogs, the cackle of fowl. Someone suggested that immaterial as there must have been considerable loss of life in the tumultuous winds when many of the flimsiest buildings must have gone down, it was clearly their duty to try and assist those less fortunate than themselves. Professor Desmond answered him.

"What you have said is undoubtedly true, yet at the same time there may be serious riots as the result of a happening like this. Gangs of vandals are apt to form after great panics while the people are still dazed, and taking advantage of conditions commit all sorts of depredations—as for instance in times of armed attacks upon cities or after great fires or floods.

Therefore at such times it is a man's first duty to look out for those nearest and dearest to him. We have quite a number of women here, wives, daughters and perhaps a sweetheart or two, and most of us should remain with them until we know that it is safe to leave them alone. Let me count. I find that there are sixteen ladies and fourteen gentlemen present. Of the latter I should imagine that half might be spared for a scouting party while the rest remained here for the time being as an emergency guard. As soon as the scouts report that it is safe for the ladies to go upon the streets we can send for carriages, cars or vehicles of some sort and escort them to their homes. Meanwhile I beg of you to restrain your natural anxiety for the benefit of all concerned. We will now cast the ballot to determine who shall go forth and who shall stay."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TORTURING TWINGES

Much so-called rheumatism is caused by wrenched kidneys. When the kidneys fail to clear the blood of uric acid, the acid forms into crystals like bits of broken glass in the muscles, joints and on the nerve casings. Torturing pains dart through the affected part whenever it is moved. By curing the kidneys, Doan's Kidney Pills have eased thousands of rheumatic cases, lumbago, sciatica, gravel, neuralgia, and urinary disorders.

### AN ILLINOIS CASE

Charles Easter, B. Walnut St., Waukegan, Ill., had acute rheumatism and kidney trouble for years. He was laid up for months and spent hundreds of dollars unsuccessfully for doctors. After hope had faded, Doan's Kidney Pills came to my aid. They cured the awful misery and I have never suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store. 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

## Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature

And many a good husband hasn't the nerve to be otherwise.

## RED, ROUGH HANDS MADE SOFT AND WHITE

"For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, dry, fissured, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends, with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve the hands, prevent redness, roughness and chapping, and impart in a single night that velvety softness and whiteness so much desired by women. For those whose occupations tend to injure the hands, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are wonderful.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card 'Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston.'—Adv.

**He'd Called Seventeen.**  
Jim was a new porter in the hotel, and he was putting in his first night at his new and responsible position. It was five in the morning, and so Jim had done all he was told, and was getting along splendidly.

"Call 17 at 4," commanded the night clerk as he looked over his call sheet. Jim obeyed. After he had been gone for a considerable time the clerk went up to see if he had called the room designated.

"Well," sighed the new porter whom he found on the third floor, "I've got seventeen of 'em up, but I haven't started on the other four yet."—National Food Magazine.

**The Objection.**  
Patience—I hear that Montreal police authorities are in favor of the proposal to add several police women to the force.

Patrice—The trouble is that none of 'em want to be plain-clothes women, I suppose.

**Proving the Contrary.**  
"A man can't do two opposite things at the same time."

"Can't he run for office and stand for his party, too?"

**But is It Worth While?**  
Perhaps the boy who wants to run away to sea is justified. It's the only sure way to learn enough ship-talk to enable you to understand a nautical novel.

## Breakfast Sunshine

## Post Toasties and Cream

There's a delicious smack in these crisp, appetizing bits of toasted corn that brings brightness and good cheer to many and many a breakfast table.

## LETTER FROM THE STATE CAPITOL

DOPE SELLING IN MICHIGAN DISCUSSED BY STATE OFFICIALS.

EXTRA SESSION MAY BE ADVISABLE.

If Content of Detroit Prosecutor Is Correct Law Will Be Needed to Prevent Indiscriminate Traffic in Drugs.

(By Gurd M. Hayes.)

Governor Ferris—"Every law abiding citizen should join in campaign to exterminate illegal use of drugs."—Special Committee on Drugs.—"Special session is called an amendment to the law relative to the sale of 'dope' should be called to attention of the legislators."—James Helms, James Helms.—The cocaine law should be amended to compel whole salers to report monthly the amount of cocaine to the dairy and food department.

State Bacteriologist M. L. Holm.—"The time has come when it is necessary to take legislative action to protect the public health of the profession in the use of cocaine."

Dr. Bret Nottingham of the state medical board.—"Liquor and cocaine laws should be revoked or be revised on conviction for selling or prescribing 'dope' illegally."

Lansing, Mich.—Arrived by the express to take up the sale of "dope" in Detroit, Lansing and other cities, of Michigan, state officials are planning a crusade against the continued use of narcotics.

State pharmacists should be revo-

ked, however, is the law. While section 9 prohibits registered pharmacists from selling morphine only on prescription, section 33 reads "any person violating any of the provisions of this act shall be fined not less than \$100 and on conviction shall be punished by a fine, etc." I believe any way that Barnett should have been prosecuted under section 9.

"I understand it with running a drug store without being a registered pharmacist. To my mind he cannot be punished as he is not guilty of any of the plain violation of the proviso in section 16 which reads 'provided that this section and the preceding section shall not be construed to prohibit any person from selling a drug store or pharmacy, if all the pharmaceutical work in the same drug store shall be under the personal supervision of an expert pharmacist.'

"But Barnett always employed a registered pharmacist, his conviction in the fact of this will be exceedingly doubtful. At any event a test case should be made."

"I am not so sure that it is not the fact that this will be extremely doubtful. At any event a test case should be made."

"I am not so sure that it is not the fact that this will be extremely doubtful. At any event a test case should be made."

## TOURING IN JOLO

Many Old Spanish Houses With Open Porches.

