

would have the right "freely to assail" the arrangement.

In presenting the plan to the court today Mr. Loomis said:

"This is the third plan for dissolution, and is offered as a substitute for previous plans. It differs from the others in the provision for the sale of \$88,000,000 worth of stock through a trustee under direction of the court. It also provides a speedier method of securing the certificates of stock.

"The previous plans contemplated the completion of the dissolution in five years. By throwing restrictions about the use of the stock certificates this plan will make it possible to complete the dissolution by Jan. 1, 1916."

INGERSOLL'S DENUNCIATION OF ALCOHOL

In a speech delivered before a jury in a liquor case the late Robert G. Ingersoll said:

I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man who manufactures alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worms in the distillery until it empties into the jaws of death, dishonor and crime, it demoralizes everybody that touches it, from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the object without being prejudiced against the liquor crime.

All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the ignorance, of the destitution, of the little children tugging at the faded and withered breast of weeping and despairing mothers, of wives asking for bread, of the men of genius it has wrecked, the men struggling with imaginary serpents, produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this damned stuff called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, old age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the dotting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hopes, brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not life. It makes wives widows; children orphans; fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, invites cholera, imports pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, misery, crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots.

It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims for your scaffold. It is the life blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife and the child to grind the patricidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box and stains judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; misery, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness, and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation and un-

satiated havoc. It poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputations, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy.

BIRTH OF THE FLAG

Truth-searching historians do not all admit that Betsy Ross made the first American flag, but such is the popular belief. The story goes that in June, 1776, General Washington, accompanied by Robert Morris and George Ross, called at the little upholstery shop on Arch street, Philadelphia, where Mrs. Ross and her husband were carrying on a small business. They asked her if she could make a flag and upon her answer that she could they produced a rough sketch of the banner which the United States were destined to adopt. Little did these men realize that during the centuries to come the same flag, with the addition of a star for each state, would wave over the land.

With the feminine eye for grace

and symmetry, Betsy Ross immediately noticed that the stars of the sketch were six pointed, and suggested using five pointed stars instead. Dexterously she snipped out a five pointed star just to show the incredulous gentlemen how easily it could be done. The latter agreed it was by far superior to the six pointed star. General Washington hastily changed the sketch and the three gentlemen left with instructions to Mrs. Ross to make the flag.

In due time they returned to witness the cutting of the last star and to marvel at the beauty of the flag and the skill with which it was put together. It is evidently this stage of the proceedings that Mr. Ferris has portrayed—General Washington in his buff and blue uniform, forgetful for the moment of the all-important flag, the other gentlemen in solemn contemplation of the finishing touches, and Betsy Ross flushed with excitement at the triumph almost accomplished.

The artist, J. L. G. Ferris, is a lover of everything colonial, a devout student of early American history. He paints all of his pictures from a thorough knowledge of the details and attendant circumstances.

Mr. Ferris comes naturally by this partiality for colonial subjects, for he was born in Philadelphia "The Cradle of Liberty," in 1863.

He inherited his love of painting not only from his father, who was an artist of note, but from his mother, a sister of Thomas, Edward and Peter Moran. Studying first at home under the direction of his father and in the Pennsylvania academy of fine arts, he went abroad to paint from nature in Spain and Morocco. He next went to Paris where he worked under Bougerau and I. L. Jerome. After a few years he returned, however, to the study of American historical subjects, to which he has ever since devoted his time. Today he is rightly called the greatest painter of colonial subjects.

PA'S AGONY

Little Minnie—"Oh, mama, what's that dreadful noise?"

Mama—"Hush, darling, papa's trying to save the price of a shave."

—Puck.

Landlady—"Will you take tea or coffee?"

Boarder—"Whichever you call it."

—London Opinion.



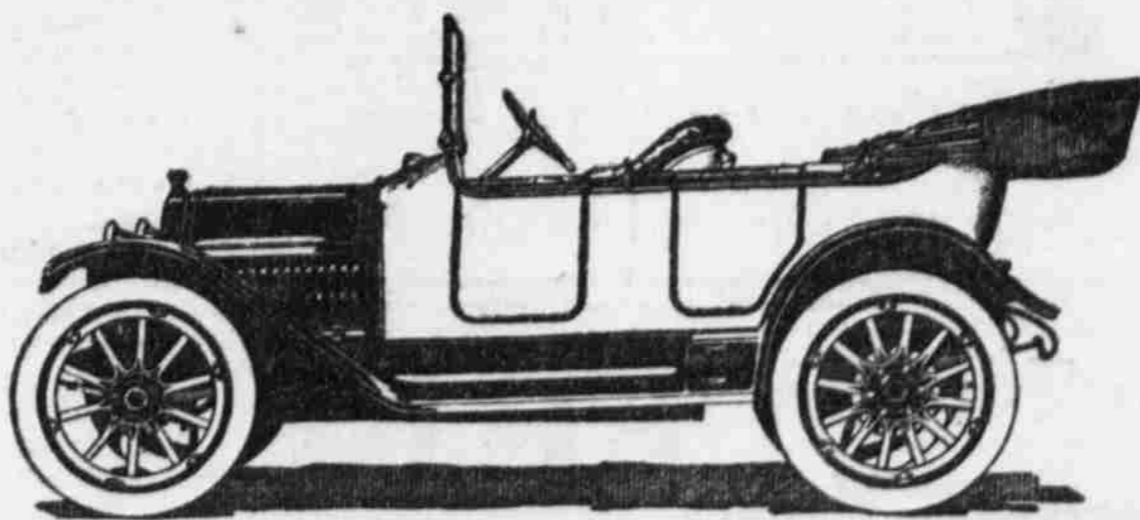
Service—The Big Feature!

A man asked me the other day why the Cartercar used the gearless transmission instead of the ordinary gear drive. This man didn't know anything about the Cartercar and when I told him that the reason was because the gearless transmission gave better service, he said, "I am from Missouri."

So I took him out and demonstrated the unlimited speeds—the one lever control—and then drove the car right up the steepest hill he knew about, and his eyes were opened.

When he saw what the Cartercar would do he said that he would never have believed it until he saw for himself. And that's just the way with a lot of people, perhaps including yourself. You do not believe that a transmission without any gears at all can give as good service and

you are not curious enough to try to find out. Now I ask you—in fact, challenge you to find any car, no matter what price, that can come out on the road and follow me in a Cartercar. I say that the Cartercar is in a class by itself, and I can prove it and you be the judge. That's fair isn't it—it costs you nothing to send for a catalog and find out—and I will send you the name of our nearest agent who will gladly give you a demonstration.



Harry R. Radford, Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

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