THE MONROE MIRROR
Published by the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Paul's M. E. Church of Monroe.
MONROE, MICHIGAN, MAY 30, 1895.

Some of Our Needs.
Lacy B. Little—Give us better country roads.
Mrs. E. W. Webb—A policeman at Washington street crossing at $15. T. S.
A. L. Sterling—A good riding school and a track for the summer.
Anna Besse—A deeper spirit of union and a more practical cooperation among our churches.
Mrs. C. B. Stoddard—Several ornamental flower beds, playing fountain and gravelled walks in our parks.
H. E. Bloodgood—A thoroughly organized Law and Order League, properly conformed to the law of the land.
E. B. Sterling—Tackle the banks of the river, make a restful spot of our public squares, have rustic seats and bright flowers.

Ock paper is out and we breathe a sigh of relief! We could write volumes on our experience, but prefer to win fame in some other way. We do say this: We have had treated from all, and never did we realize more fully that others help those who help themselves than in this our first and last venture in the newspaper line. We wish to thank every contributor, to give special thanks to business men who gave us aid, and would not forget the Combination office, from the unmentionable small boy to the one who provides in the sanctuary.

We thank you, kind friends, one and all.

A Froto in the Tree Tops.
They're having the funniest time this morning! Way up in the top of the trees.
There's a quick little rush and a tiny little flutter,
And a little hiss from the brown.

All day, with the light of the sun above,
The leaves were waving as still as could be.
They tizzy hong in their robes of green.
Green is a restful color to me.

Now in a twitter they move more,
The branches are tossing their heads,
I'm really atraut they will wake up the birds
Who have gone long ago to their beds.

There may be a dance mid the tip-top boughs,
Perhaps there's a quarrel. Who knows?
The moons looking down with a terrible
At the mirthief they do, I suppose.
Oh, they're whistling around and they sway.

Hark! They're murmuring when nobody sees.
Oh, very queer times they are having to.
Way up in the top of the trees.

MARY F. MONROE.

GEN. GEORGE SPALDING, whose picture appears here, needs no introduction to our readers. A soldier true and tried, "stormed at with shot and shell," he returned from the civil war and resumed the duties of citizenship. We present him as our Congressman, a fitting culmination for the unuttered oaths rendered his party, which is the direct outgrowth of the loyal citizen. We add the nobest word of all, a hero.

JOSHUA DEWEY BURBETT.

Dr. Price's Creme Baking Powder is superior to any I ever saw, done to a delicate finish and feeling can and will reason with you.

MRS. W. D. SKEERMAN.

Published optionally.
Office at the Homes of the Editors.
Subscription 10 Cents per Number.

Salutatory.
For many years St. Paul's M. E. church has been bearing the burden of a debt which was incurred by the late pastor, Mr. D. W. Young. The sturdy edifice, corner of Monroe and Second streets, and later was transferred to the parsonage.

The Ladies' Aid Society— an association, as its name implies, organized to help in all the good works of the church—has by persistence in many legitimate ways, opened to it managed to pay the yearly interest on this debt, and also to make many needed repairs and embellishments to the property of the church. It is needless to state that the constant meeting of interest payments is a discouraging strain on the efforts of any society. When by both work and worry a semi-annual payment was made, the very next day the routine must be again begun to prepare for the next. And yet the goal of final extinction was not nearer; the mortgage was still unrelieved.

In the month the church had their hands full in meeting the current expenses of the organization, and could formulate no plan to remove the burden. Finally the Ladies' Aid Society determined to make a heroic effort in some line to either pay the encumbrance off, or at least to reduce it materially. A council of war was called in February, and it was proposed to publish a woman's paper, which, by the sale of space to advertisers and by the money obtained from subscriptions, should create a fund for the above purpose. With these courageous ladies, we are glad to say, to plan and to carry out. The business was entered upon with enthusiasm. It was determined to issue a paper to be named The Monroe Mirror, May 30, and the following day ladies were chosen to carry out the idea.

EDITORIAL STAFF.
Editor-in-Chief—Mrs. D. T. Emmer.
Associate Editor—Miss Mary Curtis.
Editors of Departments.
Literary—Mrs. Benj. Dinsard.
Religious—Mrs. J. F. Fayer.
Educational—Miss Mary Curtis.
Miscellaneous—Miss L. H. Gates.
Hochkommand—Mrs. W. W. Nowlen.
Children's—Misses Luther Nowlen and Fran Elsby.

ADVERTISING IN MIRROR—Messrs. F. L. Egloff and H. A. Lockwood.
ADVERTISERS—Messrs. F. L. Egloff and H. A. Lockwood.

Illustrations—Messrs. D. Dinsard and D. T. Emmer.
Personal—Mrs. D. T. Emmer.
Treasurer—Mrs. F. R. Brown.
T. Humphrey and Mrs. Marie Reed and Joseph Y. Brown.
The result of their labors is before you. They have aimed to make The Monroe Mirror a thing of literary and mechanical beauty and excellence—something which shall be laid away and treasured as a souvenir of what the ladies of Monroe could do in this year of Our Lord 1895. They have planned by the ladies of the M. E. Society, they are glad to acknowledge the valuable thing they have done for the church, who have generously contributed to its pages.

Some one has characterized this as Woman's Age and does it not seem as though woman is coming to the front in everything? Not woman in the singular, for she has been prominent in all ages, but woman as a general term. She compete with man in almost every line of toil and in the profession is by no means an unimportant factor.

There is a well known saying that "any one can run a store, " and we have been trying to prove that J woman can be substituted for "any one." The women of Monroe are not to be outdone by our sisters in other cities, small and unimportant compared with our own beautiful "fiscal city," decided that we, too, would publish, get a woman's edition, but a woman's paper, wholly our own.

Our first and probably last appearance. We know you will find our Mirror bright and polished, and we trust you will find how it is a creative reflection of the best of our city and the city. We hope you will give it kindly reception, remembering that whoever brings a smiling visage the mirror meets amicably.

In another column of The Mirror you will find an article headed "Some of Our Needs;" also an article on "Village Improvement." Both presented by our Committee of Over them and let them be seed sow in good ground that will spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold.

No one will deny that Monroe is beautiful, but is there not abundant room for improvement? Some of the wants will be harder to supply than others, but let us make a beginning and then the way will open for other improvements.

Perhaps some may wonder why in a woman's paper there should be any contributing from men. Well, it's this way: We are not asked to publish our paper in May it seemed appropriate to have a Memorial Department, in consist of war reminiscences, and to and behold! some of the ladies were old enough (7) to remember anything about the war, therefore we were forced to call on the men. And then, in some unaccountable way, they crept into other departments; "these men have such ways." Their articles are, however, quite readable, and they have done very well — for men.

Given friends, sweet friends, whose contributions have been cut, mutilated, butchered, let it not stir you up to any sudden flood of reproaches. We believe many of them are the highest efforts of their hands and feeling and can with reasons answer you.

No private cause we have that made us do it. Wherein did your articles deserve this treatment? You know it. We must tell you then. You forgot and wrote too much, and we had to omit entirely or cut, and so we cut a link here and there, striving to leave the body intact. We stand ready to be forgiven for our villany, and hope you will all be heeded.

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