

The Chelsea Standard

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1911.

VOLUME 40. NO. 48

Stops The Hair From Falling Out

Dandruff is not only disagreeable—it is dangerous—it means scalp disease and loss of hair. You may have but little dandruff at the present time, but if neglected it will increase in quantity, close up the pores of the scalp and rob the root of the hair of proper nourishment.

NYAL'S HIRSUTONE

will soon relieve this condition—loosen up the dandruff and prevent the bacterial action. It supplies proper nourishment to the scalp and hair, stimulates its growth and dandruff disappears.

Grocery Department.

Blue Label Patent Flour is wholly unlike any other Flour ever milled. It's better, unquestionably better. No other brand imparts to the bread a taste so appetizing; no other makes lighter or more wholesome bread. Only

65 CENTS PER SACK.

HENRY H. FENN COMPANY

A Good Recommendation

Any young man with a growing Bank Account, needs no better recommendation.

If you can manage your own affairs successfully, you are in line to run the affairs of other men.

Men with money are looking for successful managers. We invite your savings account.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

OFFICERS:

JOHN F. WALTROUS, Pres. PETER MERKEL, 1st Vice Pres.
CHRIS. GRAU, 2d Vice Pres. P. G. SCHÄUBLE, Cashier.

FARM MACHINERY

Haying and harvesting time is with us and we can sell you Binders, Mowers and Haying Tools cheaper than any one else. We have all the leading makes such as the Champion, Milwaukee, John Deere, Clean Sweep, Ohio Rake Co., and others. We have the best machine expert in the state. Prices talk. See us before buying.

HOT WEATHER GOODS.

We have a large assortment of Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Lawn Chairs, Lawn Swings, Hammocks, Croquet Sets and Lawn Hose.

FURNITURE.

We have two car loads of new and up-to-date Furniture for your inspection.

IMPLEMENT, BUGGIES, HARNESS.

In Implements and Buggies we have every thing. Harnesses of the best makes and every one is guaranteed to be O. K.

NICKLE PLATED GOODS.

See our large line of Nickle Plated Ware, Aluminum Ware, Cut Glass and China. We have a large line of Ivory Enamel Ware. Something new and good.

See our Savory Double Boilers. Cooks by steam. Call and get one, try it ten days and if not as guaranteed bring it back to us and your money will be refunded without any kick.

HARDWARE DEPARTMENT.

Builders' Hardware of all kinds. If you are building get our names on Hot Water, Steam and Hot Air Furnaces. We can give you the best of satisfaction in these lines.

PLYMOUTH BINDER TWINE.—We sell this Twine, the same made, at the same price you will have to pay for the cheap kind.

One more car load of Woven Wire Fence just received. We have every thing in Mixed Paints, Oil and Lead.

HOLMES & WALKER

WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT.

The Extreme Hot Wave.

The loss of more than 500 lives is to be credited to the great heat wave of July 1 to 5, which, official weather advices say, will abate somewhat today. The torrid period will be memorable in weather annals for its wide extent, its long duration, its record-breaking temperatures in many places and the long list of fatalities which it has caused.

The hundreds of news dispatches from the Atlantic seaboard west to the plains states, have been exchanged during the last five days, account, according to a careful review this morning, for the deaths of 431 persons from the heat and 80 from drowning—a total of 511.

Incomplete as the record is from the failure of many points to report specifically the number of deaths, it is as serious a showing as is remembered for many years, if not a record.

The number of prostrations is still more difficult to compute, but from the review of the dispatches it appears that thousands have been seriously overcome by the heat in the large cities.

During the last five days in Chelsea reports from thermometers in various parts of town indicated from 90 to 106 and while none of the citizens have not been prostrated, everyone has suffered from the effects of the extreme heat.

Arlington Guerin.

The announcement was made in Chelsea early this morning that Arlington Guerin, of Lima Center, had been found dead in bed at his home by his sister.

Mr. Guerin worked all day Wednesday at the farm of Eugene Free and when he retired last night did not complain of feeling unwell. About an hour before his sister, Miss Estella Guerin, with whom he resided, went to call him she heard him moving in his room. About 5:30 when she entered his room she discovered that he was dead. A physician was called and pronounced apoplexy as being the cause of his demise.

Arlington Guerin was born in the state of New York 61 years ago last March and his parents located at Lima Center many years ago and he has resided at the old home ever since then. He was unmarried. The deceased was a member of Chelsea Castle, K. of P., and was held in high esteem by a large following of friends.

He is survived by one sister, Miss Estella, and two brothers, Samuel, of Chelsea, and Frank A., of Detroit.

The funeral will be held from the late home at 2:30 o'clock standard time, Saturday afternoon. Interment Oak Grove cemetery, Chelsea.

Webber Wants a Divorce.

Battle Creek is enjoying a divorce suit, in which a former Chelsea resident and his wife are involved unpleasantly as principals. The couple are Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Webber, and they were married in 1893. Mr. Webber is a barber, and lived at Grass Lake and Jackson for a time after they left Chelsea several years ago.

The case involves a former boarder of the couple, who solicited life insurance, when he was not making love to Mrs. Webber, according to the husband. He ordered him out of the house, but he afterwards continued his visits to the home, the husband declares. Now Webber wants a divorce, and seems likely to get it, too, as he has entered other evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness, among other things a letter from a Grass Lake man, referring to Mrs. Webber as "dear," "sweetheart" and "loved one."

Wholesalers' Visit.

One hundred members of the Wholesalers and Manufacturers Association of Detroit visited Chelsea this morning. They came in two cars over the electric line, and were met at the station by a committee from the Business Men's Association, who escorted them to automobiles, in which the visitors were taken about the village. At the end of the ride they were taken to Seitz' ice cream parlors where a committee of ladies served them with lemonade, after which they scattered and visited the various business places, getting acquainted with the trade. After about an hour and a half here they took the cars for Grass Lake.

Princess Theatre.

The Saturday night show at the Princess will have two feature pictures, "Weighed in the Balance," a strong story by the Thanhouser company, with a big explosion scene at the climax is feature number one. "The Light House Keeper" by the Imp company is feature number two. "Bill as Toreador" and "Fashion and its Consequences" two Lux comedies are also on the bill.

PREVENTS JAIL DELIVERY

Catches Two Prisoners Sawing Bars of Their Cell in Two.

Ann Arbor Times News: What might have been a jail delivery was stopped Sunday by Deputy Sheriff Stark when he found Frank and George Moun, two young fellows who were arrested June 22, busily engaged in sawing their way through the bars of their cell as preliminary to making a getaway.

Stark thought he heard somebody sawing at the bars the evening before. He investigated the matter on the quiet and found his suspicions were correct. As there was no immediate danger he waited until the opportune moment and stroked into the cell to meet a pair of crestfallen would-be fugitives from justice. The saw appropriated and the boys removed to safer quarters. The officers are in the dark as to where they got the saw.

They have been in jail since June 22, when they were arrested in Ypsilanti in the act of burglarizing a store. One is 19 and the other 17, and both claim to have been from St. Louis, Mo.

As no one offered bail when they were arrested, the boys had the prospect of waiting until October before they knew what would be done with them, but Monday morning they were bound over in the circuit court and both pleaded guilty. Judge Kinne gave them a 1 to 5 year sentence.

Cars Jump Track.

Several persons were slightly injured when the 10:34 a.m., D. U. R. limited car ran off the track at the corner of Cross and Washington streets in Ypsilanti, Tuesday and crashed into the corner of the Baptist church.

The car was going down Cross street at a good rate of speed and it is said that the air brake refused to work at the sharp curve. The car ran across the church yard plowing up the ground and struck the corner of the church tearing off a good many bricks. The fender of the car and several windows were broken but it was not badly damaged. There were only a few people in the car and while they were badly shaken up and bruised most of the injuries were from flying glass. One man had his wrist cut and three young men were hurt about their faces and heads.

Grandfather Fooled.

Allegations of fraud and the use of undue influence on an old man of eighty-nine years to keep a grandson out of an inheritance of \$6,000 were filed in the county clerk's office, Ann Arbor, on the complaint of John A. Valentine, of Webster, against his grandfather's children, Cassius and William Valentine, of Webster and Catherine Winans, of Livingston county.

The complainant alleges that the defendants induced the old gentleman to believe that he had never had a son named Albert, the father of the complainant, and persuaded him to deed to them about \$20,000 worth of farm land in Webster and other townships. This happened in 1900. Albert Valentine, the complainant's father, died in 1885, and the complainant asks the court to force the defendants, his uncles and his aunt, to re-deed to his grandfather the property in which he should have his father's share at the old gentleman's death.

Good Enrollment.

The university summer session enrollment is 26 per cent ahead of what it was last year at this time and there is every indication that it will go far ahead of previous years.

Up to closing time Saturday night, the latest obtainable figures, there were 528 enrolled in the entire summer session. There were 240 in the literary department, including 50 in the graduate school; 132 in the law, 125 in the engineering department, 24 in the medical and seven in the pharmacy department.

Early Monday morning, before the doors were open a crowd of students had gathered to register. Work in earnest began in all departments Wednesday morning.

Large Attendance.

The records at Ypsilanti now show an attendance of over 1,300 students at the Michigan State Normal college summer school. This number is far in advance of the number in attendance at a corresponding time last year. A large number of the surrounding counties send their teachers there instead of maintaining a summer normal, as it is the custom in other parts of the state. A large number of teachers from the southern states attended the summer term there on account of the weather being cooler and more pleasant.

Edward McNamara.

Word was received here Wednesday evening announcing the death of Edward McNamara at his home in Traverse City.

A telegram was received by D. H. Wurster yesterday morning stating that Mr. McNamara had been stricken with apoplexy and that he was in an unconscious condition. This was the third stroke he had suffered in the last two years.

Mr. McNamara was born in Ireland 67 years ago last Christmas. At the age of 7 years his parents settled in Lyndon, and until about 30 years ago he was a well known resident and business man of this place. He removed from here to Traverse City where he was engaged in the shoe business for a number of years. After retiring from the shoe business he entered the real estate field, which business he was conducting at the time of his demise.

He was united in marriage with Miss Jennie Crowell about 42 years ago. To this union three children were born all of whom are deceased. Mrs. McNamara died in the spring of 1888. He is survived by two brothers, one of whom resides near Perry, Mich., the other one at St. Louis, Mo., and a number of nephews, nieces and cousins.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster left for Traverse City yesterday forenoon, but they did not reach there until 11 o'clock last night, and Mr. McNamara died at 6 o'clock. The remains will be brought here for burial. The funeral will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, Rev. M. L. Grant officiating. Interment Oak Grove cemetery.

Mrs. J. L. Harlow.

Miss Matilda Begole was born in Sylvan, May 13, 1835, and died at the home of her brother, Davis Begole, in Gibbs, Mo., Sunday morning, July 2, 1911, aged 76 years, 1 month and 19 days.

The deceased was a daughter of W. A. Begole, a pioneer resident of Sylvan. She was united in marriage with J. L. Harlow May 7, 1856. Mr. Harlow died about 11 years ago. To this union two sons were born, both of whom are deceased. Mr. and Mrs. Harlow resided in Chelsea for some years, and later removed to Ypsilanti when the deceased resided until about three years ago when she removed to Gibbs to make her home with her brother. She was stricken with paralysis last Saturday morning.

She is survived by one brother, one sister, one half brother, Geo. A. Begole of this place and one half sister. The remains were brought here Tuesday morning and a short service was held at the cemetery Rev. M. Lee Grant officiating. Interment Oak Grove cemetery Chelsea.

Family Reunion.

Seventy one attended the reunion of the Leak and Goodyear families at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Orville Gorton of Waterloo, July 4th. At noon all were seated at the tables which had been spread under a large canopy in the yard and made great inroads on the eatables which had been prepared. After dinner the time was spent in renewing old acquaintances, and the occasion was one that will long be remembered by the participants.

At a business session it was decided to make this gathering an annual event, and E. A. Croman of Grass Lake was elected president, Miss Bessie Howlett of Gregory, secretary, and Miss Inez Leak of Ann Arbor, treasurer. Committees were appointed to look after various things and it is anticipated that the next reunion will be a record breaker in point of attendance.

Want the Insurance.

Etta B. Dale and Nellie Beadle, of Ypsilanti township, began suit last Thursday morning against the Washaw Mutual Fire Insurance Company on a policy for \$1,100 which was originally taken out by William Beach and continued in the name of his estate after the estate had been closed up.

The complainants allege that Beach took out the policy a number of years before his death, which occurred about 11 years ago. Etta B. Dale was appointed administrator and the policy was renewed either by the administratrix or Nellie Beadle until last year. Last September it was again renewed for another year. In December the house and contents were destroyed. Then it was discovered that the policy had been issued for seven years in the name of the Beach estate, when as a matter of fact, the estate had been closed up in 1904. The complainants are suing to recover the face of the policy.

Coffee and Tea

Are the two articles that have done more toward building up our immense grocery business than any other cause.

It has always been the policy of the FREEMAN STORE to buy the very best grades of Coffees and Teas on the market and sell them at a small profit. As a result we are today enjoying the biggest Coffee and Tea business that we have ever had, and are supplying hundreds of satisfied customers with Tea and Coffee.

Try at Our Expense.

Order a pound of Coffee or Tea, (the kind you want) use half of it in your home. If it doesn't satisfy you we will call for the remaining half pound and return to you your money for the whole pound.

We Are Selling:

Choice Pine Apples at \$1.00 per dozen

Drug Department.

Our Drug Department is in charge of competent Registered Pharmacists.

We have all the Good New Things as well as the Reliable Staples.

FREEMAN'S

Harness Shop--Shoe Shop

GORMAN BUILDING

I have opened a harness and boot and shoe repair shop in the Gorman Building on East Middle street, and respectfully solicit a share of your patronage. Mr. Robert Page, the well-known harness-maker, will have charge of the harness department, while I will take care of the boot and shoe repairing. Yours Resp.

M. A. SHAVER



WE don't blame any woman for not wanting to spend time over a hot kitchen stove. But it's our business to work for you and we have prepared a number of cold delicacies that will appeal to your appetite this hot weather. Let us send you something for supper.

FRED KLINGLER.

Phone 69.

FRED H. BELSER

Full Line of GALE Farm Tools

Boydell and Lowe Brothers' Prepared Paints

National and Iowa Cream Separators

Walker

UNIVERSITY SENDS OUT LARGE CLASS

Nearly 900 Graduates at Ann Arbor Get Diplomas.

BIG PARADE OF THE CLASSES

Harry Pratt Judson, Head of Chicago College, Delivers Commencement Address to the Members of Graduating Class.

Lansing.—An immense army of young men and women were graduated from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Diplomas were presented to about 900 graduates at University hall.

The graduating classes formed in line at their respective buildings at 8:30 under the direction of the class presidents. There was a procession to University hall under the direction of Chief Marshal Dean Cooley.

President Harry Pratt Judson, LL.D., president of the University of Chicago, delivered the commencement address.

"The average university graduate," said Dr. Judson, "represents an investment of about \$5,000, and whether in every case the money spent on his education has been on the whole well applied is perhaps an open question."

"The American college has too far become divorced from vocational training under the pretext of being cultural in intent, but this defect calls for reform and not the destruction of the college."

"We are not so much in need of new laws as of higher social standards. When the ambition of thousands of homes scattered through the land is set on a college education for the sons and daughters rather than a large balance in the bank, when music, art and literature rank higher in popular estimation than bridge whilst or motor cars, then we shall have less trouble with our politics and our business. Lofty social ideals are all that will really remedy disturbed public conditions."

For Exhibition at State Fair.

At a meeting of the manufacturers committee of the board of commerce at Detroit, the principal subject was a discussion on the advisability of holding an industrial exhibition in connection with the state fair, which is to be held this year September 18-27. The committee strongly favored the idea and during the meeting passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the manufacturers committee of the Detroit Board of Commerce hereby heartily indorse the proposed industrial exhibit to be given this year in connection with the Michigan state fair, and urges upon Detroit manufacturers the desirability of supporting such exhibit to the end that a permanent manufacturers building be erected on the state fair grounds, whereby Detroit manufactured product may be shown annually to the people of Michigan and surrounding cities."

Not only did the committee indorse the project, but they also agreed to aid the State Fair association in securing exhibitors for the show this fall. Letters will be written by the committee of forty or fifty Detroit manufacturers, giving them first opportunity to secure space at the exhibition, which is rapidly filling up.

The board of commerce committee fully appreciates the advertising value of such an exhibit and is very anxious to make a deep impression on the state fair management so as to make it possible to have a building erected for industrial exhibits annually. This will undoubtedly be done if the exhibit this fall is a success along industrial lines.

State to Wage War on Auto Violators.

Due to the fact that the police officers about the state are not generally observing the state law in arresting offenders of the state automobile law, which requires that each machine be equipped with license tag, Secretary of State Frederick Martindale will send a man from the department over the state, who will instruct the police relative to the law. The representative of the department will visit almost every town of any size in the state and will consult with the police departments relative to the state law governing the use of automobiles. He will also take the number and name of the drivers of all machines not equipped with the state license and make such report to the nearest police officer.

By this means it is thought that the police will be more careful in the future to arrest offenders of the law, and as a result the department will receive a number of thousand dollars in license money that should be paid into the department.

New State Appointments.

Governor Osborn announced the following appointments: William Oates of Laurium as state game, fish and forestry warden, to succeed Charles Pierce; Perry Powers of Cadillac as state labor commissioner, to succeed Richard H. Fletcher of Bay City; Daniel Travers of Flint, to succeed William R. Oates as the governor's private secretary. Alfred O. Joplin of Marquette was appointed a member of the board of control of Mackinaw Island.

Injury is Done by Twig Blight.
L. R. Taft of M. A. C., state inspector of orchards and nurseries, is sending a circular to those owning orchards telling of the method to employ in checking the outbreak of the twig blight which is greatly annoying people in this section of the state. He says:

"Serious outbreaks of twig blight upon apple, pear and quince trees are reported from all parts of central Michigan, and the disease has also been noticed to a less extent in other parts of the state. It is generally first noticed at the ends of the branches, where the new leaves suddenly become brown and dry, and the branches themselves die."

Great injury is often done to pear, quince and young apple trees, and whenever it is noticed that the leaves are discoloring the twigs the branches should be cut off several inches below where the discoloration shows. There should be no delay, as the disease spreads in the sap and the delay of a few hours may allow the germs to work down into the larger branches and even into the trunk of the trees when an attempt to save them may be useless, or at any rate will seriously injure the trees.

Twig blight seldom does much harm to old apple trees, being generally confined to the new growth, but this year it is unusually severe and the large orchard trees have the appearance of being burned with fire, the ends of most of the branches having been attacked.

Would Increase Cement Prices.

Cement which sells in the eastern part of the United States for \$1.25 per barrel is sold in Michigan at 55 cents a barrel. This is the condition from which the Michigan cement manufacturers are asking the interstate commerce commission to be relieved. The selling price of cement in this state barely covers the cost of raw materials and labor, declared Attorney Smith, representing the Michigan firms.

"We are not asking protection from the commission against factors which from a superior situation or because of better methods are enabled to make their product cheaper than we can make it in this state," declared Mr. Smith. "We believe that the railroads have no right to give the Lehigh Valley mills access to the territory adjacent to our mills by affording a freight rate which enables them to ship cement and sell it here at 30 per cent. below cost."

"The same rate of freight on cement will carry it east and north from the Lehigh Valley mills in northern New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania only one-half the distance which it will carry it westward."

In giving resume of the cement industry of the state, Attorney Smith said that the cement factories of the state are worth from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000. They have a capacity of 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 barrels of product a year, but are putting out only from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 barrels a year. Approximately \$1,000,000 is paid the railroads in freight, it is claimed.

Pardon Board Declines to Interfere.

The state board of pardons declined to interfere in the case of Robert Milburn of this city, before the expiration of the minimum term of a reformatory sentence for petit larceny. Milburn was sentenced in October of last year and will be eligible to appear before the parole board of the reformatory at the October meeting. His prison record is clear. Milburn's mother, an aged woman, petitioned for the release of her son, saying that she needed him to help support her.

Other cases considered by the board were the following: George W. Folk, Delaware county, sentenced in 1908 for burglary; Elijah Williams, sentenced from this county in 1909 for burglary; Matthew Rankin, sentenced from Laporte county in 1908 for murder; Lewis Wilburt, sentenced in 1909 from Warren county for assault and battery with intent to kill; Thomas Davison, son of Whitley county in 1909 for murder, and Richard Hutton, sentenced from Delaware county in 1908 for burglary.

Osborn Plans to Oust Many.

Governor Osborn is about to go on the warpath again, with a view of eliminating from the state service certain appointees who are holding their places by virtue of the fact that they were interim appointees; in other words, that they were appointed during the time the legislature was not in session. The governor will act, it is understood, under an opinion by the attorney general to the effect that such appointments are only good until after the legislature adjourns, and then the places are held subject to the will of the chief executive of the state.

It is understood that there are about 18 members of state boards and men holding other positions subject to this ruling. The story goes that the governor does not intend to remove all of them, but in some instances will make a clean sweep of control of certain boards in order to open the way for new regimes.

Big Attendance at Ypsilanti Normal.

The records now show an attendance of over 1,300 students at the Michigan State Normal college summer school at Ypsilanti. This number is far in advance of the number in attendance at a corresponding time last year. A large number of the surrounding counties send their teachers here instead of maintaining a summer normal. A large number of teachers from the southern states attend the summer term here on account of the weather being cooler and more pleasant.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES

Lansing.—Oklahoma City was chosen by the national council of the Alpha Omega fraternity, at the closing session here, for the third annual convention of the society in 1912. The following officers were elected: President, Donald Francisco, Lansing; vice-president, David Rath, Dubuque, Ia.; Merle Uquardt, St. Louis; Harry Williams, Detroit; secretary, Carl Milliken, Denver; recorder, Harris Burns, St. Louis; treasurer, Andrew Smith, St. Louis; librarian, Harlan Bartels, Denver. It was announced that the grand inter-fraternity convention would be held in Buffalo in 1913.

Saginaw.—The annual convention of the Michigan Music Teachers' Association came to a close with a superb organ recital given at the auditorium by Richard Keyes Briggs of Detroit, Edwin Barnes of Battle Creek, Earl N. Moore of Ann Arbor, L. L. Renwick and Alie Zuidema of Detroit. The vocal numbers were contributed by Mrs. Alice Calder Leonard of Detroit. The 1912 meeting was awarded to Detroit.

Jackson.—"Neither Assistant Attorney General McGill nor myself are in favor of bringing Frank Wagner, James Harvey and James Fitzgerald to trial for complicity in the prison dynamite plot," said Prosecutor Bailey. "McGill will take the matter up with Attorney General Kuhn, but I don't believe he will order that the cases will be brought to trial. Indictments are out for these three men, but as the jury refused to believe Burke, Boyle and Thompson in the Murphy cases, and as these three men would be the strongest witnesses against Harvey, Fitzgerald and Wagner, I believe it rather doubtful if we could secure convictions."

Sturgis.—A valuable horse belonging to Sheridan Osborn of this city fell dead when a whistle on an approaching train was blown suddenly. Osborn had driven his horse near a railroad crossing that was obstructed by buildings. He did not see the train and when the warning whistle was blown for the crossing it so frightened the animal that it fell dead.

Centerville.—While his sisters were picking strawberries near by, three-year-old Dexter Wing, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mahor Wing of Mendon, wandered away and fell into Portage creek. Although the water is exceedingly shallow, the babe must have drowned immediately. His body was recovered soon after his little sisters discovered that he had wandered away.

Grand Rapids.—Petitions were filed in the circuit court for a large number of furniture strikers who participated in a parade demonstration in the Godfrey avenue factory district. Over 200 men will be cited for contempt in violating the anti-picketing and intimidating injunction of Judge McDonald.

Pontiac.—After four witnesses had testified in the examination of George Campbell, accused of manslaughter, the hearing was adjourned. The evidence offered was that Benjamin Day and Campbell had some argument while both stood at the bar of Meldrum & Koon's saloon. Day invited Campbell outside and both started, followed by others.

Lansing.—The state board of auditors awarded the contract for supplying the state department with paper and stationery for the ensuing fiscal year. The Dudley Paper company of Lansing, the Dreskell Paper company of Detroit, and the Ihling Brothers and Everard company of Kalamazoo, received contracts for about \$25,000 worth of paper.

Belleville.—The flour mill of James R. Clark & Son was totally destroyed by fire. The blaze started in the top of the building and is supposed to have started from either a hot box or spontaneous combustion. The loss is \$20,000, and as it is not likely the plant will be rebuilt, the blow to the village will be a hard one.

Grand Rapids.—Dr. John H. Walsh, the physician who is charged with manslaughter in connection with the death of Miss Hilda Gustafson of Fritchland, appeared in court for his examination.

Eaton Rapids.—The churches here have joined in a movement to hold open air union services in Grand Army park during the months of July and August. All of the churches in the city with their choirs are to take part in the Sunday evening services for two months.

Grand Rapids.—Charles O. Smith, alleged by the police to have robbed many residents while working under the guise of a tea salesman, has been arrested. The detectives have recovered a great quantity of goods found in Smith's home.

Ann Arbor.—Arletta, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Otis of Geddes avenue was accidentally shot with a shotgun in the hands of Jimmie Forbes, a young lad. The charge of shot struck her in the left leg, tearing the flesh terribly.

SPRAYING FOR CONTROL OF INSECT AND FUNGOUS ENEMIES

Marked Increase Has Been Noted Within Past Decade—Work Largely Due to Work of Experiment Stations in Demonstrating Effectiveness of Operation and Profit Attending It—Some Injury.

By W. W. BONNIS, Maine Agricultural Experiment Station.

The spraying of economic plants for the control of insect and fungous enemies has markedly increased within the past decade. This is largely due to the work of experiment stations in demonstrating the effectiveness of the operation and the profit attending it.

Great improvements in spray machinery and materials have helped much towards the adoption of spraying as an annual farm operation, and especially is this true of the fruit growing industry. The progressive orchardist today recognizes the necessity of timely, thorough and intelligent application of insecticides and fungicides in order to sell his fruit in the best and most profitable markets.

The increase of spraying operations has however, been accompanied by serious problems for the solution of which the grower turns to the experimenter. The use of bordeaux mixture, for many years the standard orchard spray, and even today recognized as the best all-around fungicide known, has been accompanied by injury to fruit and foliage.

Complaints of such injury have been increasing with each season and are not confined to any section of the country. The severity of the injury varies in degree and in different seasons. It has long been known that bordeaux mixture cannot be used with safety on the peach and Japanese

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SERIAL STORY

The Girl of My Dreams

A Novelization of the Play by
Wilbur D. Nesbit and Otto Haubrich
Written By
WILBUR D. NESBIT

Copyright by W.D. Nesbit

SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swift is expecting a visit from his fiancee, Lucy Medders, a Quakeress whom he met in the country. A car crashes into another machine containing a beautiful woman and a German count. The woman's hat is ruined and Harry blames his sister, Caroline, arrives at his home to play hostess. Socrates Primmer, cousin of Lucy's, arrives with a hat intended as a present for Lucy.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Make yourself at home, old chap," Harry said. "What's that? Your bag-gage?"

"This," Primmer sighed, indicating the hatbox. "This is a present I bought for Lucy. I happened to see it in the window of a store near here, and I purchased it and had it sent to this address. It just came, so I want to put it away and later give it to her with my own hands. Alas, my poor, poor Lucy!"

"Why—what's happened? What's so sad about Lucy?"

"She—she—oh, my poor, poor Lucy!" Primmer wailed, going slowly from the room.

"Well, wouldn't that bumb you!" Harry soliloquized. "Cousin Socrates is evidently allowing his blighted affections to act on his lachrymal glands. Now, looking about the room, I expect I'd better send Venus and the ballet girls to the attic for a much-needed rest."

He was just about to take the ballet girl picture from the wall, when he was startled by an angry argument in the hallway. One voice was that of a woman, another that of the butler, and the third the burly, broken accents of the German into whose auto Harry had smashed.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed. "They've trailed me down."

"You!" both cried.

CHAPTER III.

For a moment the couple looked at Harry and Harry looked at them. It was difficult to say whether they or he felt the greater surprise.

"I want that hat!" spoke the lady, in determined tones.

"Yes. Ve want dot hat!" said the gentleman.

"I haven't a hat," Harry explained.

The German was about to explode in a few belligerent remarks, but the lady put her hand on his arm to restrain him, and said in milder tones:

"You can help me out of a most disastrous situation, sir."

"How so, madam?" Harry asked.

"We have just come from the new milliner's around the corner. I recognize you as the gentleman who figured in that unfortunate accident this morning, and strangely enough the milliner says that she sent to this house within an hour the perfect duplicate of my hat, which your auto ruined."

"Yellow it was," interrupted the German. "Yellow, mit red puppies on it."

"Poppies, not puppies, count," said the lady. "Now, sir," to Harry, "I must have the hat which was sent here. Mine was an imported model and the milliner had but this one duplicate."

"There has been no hat delivered here," Harry replied.

"But it was," the lady argued. "And I must have it."

"I will go now, if you please," said the German, who had been growing more and more nervous, evidently becoming anxious to be well out of the scrape as soon as possible.

"No," Harry said, sternly. "Wait a minute. If the hat was sent here, I should know it. There may be a mistake. Ring up this milliner person and find out just what there is to it. Use the phone there, madam."

The lady smiled with relief, went to the phone and called for a number.

"Hello," she said. "Is Ma'melle Daphne Daftington there? Is this you, Ma'melle?"

"Daphne Daftington!" Harry muttered. "Can't be little Daphne I used to flirt with!"

"This is Mrs. Blazes," the lady said into the phone.

Harry started at that. "Mrs. Blazes?" he said in a hoarse whisper to the German. "Not Mrs. General Blazes?"

"Exactly!" the German assured him.

"Where did you deliver that duplicate of my hat?" Mrs. Blazes asked.

After the reply, still holding the receiver to her ear, she turned and asked Harry:

"What's the number of this house?"

"Three hundred and ten."

"Mrs. Blazes said into the phone,

"What? You are sure it did? You will come over yourself! Thank you."

She hung up the receiver and turned to Harry with:

"She is positive that the hat was delivered here, and to make sure she will come herself. Now, that

hat is here, evidently. And I must have it."

"Yess," the German belligerently added. "We must have it."

But Harry had by this time divined who the German was—he could be no one else than the dapper Count von Fitz, whose flirtatious escapades were discussed on all sides. And, this being Mrs. Blazes, and the General being worried because his wife had not yet come home, Harry could put two and two together and reason that the Count and the dashing Mrs. Blazes had gone for a jolly little ride through the park, which ride had been spoiled by the untoward accident which destroyed their hat.

"Why don't you go and get a hat—any kind of a hat?" he asked. "I'll be glad to pay for it, as I was partially at fault when your hat was ruined."

"Oh, sir," Mrs. Blazes answered, "I wouldn't dare to go home without that particular hat, or its exact duplicate. My husband is very jealous. He would be sure to want to know where the original hat had gone—in fact, it is his favorite hat. Please, please give me the hat."

"But I tell you I haven't it. I'd give it to you in a minute if I had it."

"Vat a nonsense!" the Count cried.

Mrs. Blazes was about to say something, when a strange voice was heard outside.

"Right up here? Thank thee." It was the voice of Amos Medders.

"Great heavens!" Harry hissed.

"They've come. My future father-in-law, and my future fiancee!"

"Aha!" the Count said, malevolently. "Unless you gif us der hat we vill make some trouble."

"Please go!" Harry begged. "Please! I haven't the hat. I'll get you a whole hat store, if you'll only go!"

But they were adamant. Mrs. Blazes, nerved to desperation because she knew she simply could not go home without her hat, planked herself into a chair and announced that she would stay right there until he gave her her own hat.

"Well, wouldn't that bumb you!" Harry soliloquized. "Cousin Socrates is evidently allowing his blighted affections to act on his lachrymal glands. Now, looking about the room, I expect I'd better send Venus and the ballet girls to the attic for a much-needed rest."

He rushed Mrs. Blazes to the door of his own room and pushed her in and slammed the door, then turned to the Count.

"Now you may go," he said.

The Count was only too willing, but Lucy and her father could be heard coming nearer. Bewildered, Harry grabbed the Count by the arm and shoved him into the library on the other side from his own room.

"Now you may go," he said.

The Count was only too willing, but Lucy and her father could be heard coming nearer. Bewildered, Harry grabbed the Count by the arm and shoved him into the library on the other side from his own room.

"I can't meet them while I am in this condition," he said, looking about the room. "I'm so nervous they'd think I was guilty of something terrible or that I didn't want them here. If I were guilty I could carry it off easily. Thus does innocence get the hooks!"

And as Lucy and her father came into the room he slipped out the door leading to the back hallway.

Wonderfully, Lucy Medders and her father parted the hangings and entered Harry's den. They gazed about them, at the steins, the boxing gloves, the pipe racks, the pictures and all the other fittings of a bachelor's den.

On the table lay a deck of cards, a half smoked cigar, an opened box of cigarettes, and some scattered red white and blue chips.

"Oh-h!" Lucy gasped. "Isn't it lovely, father?"

"And this—" Mr. Medders said—this is Harry's home?"

"It seemeth different from our own home, doth it not?" Lucy asked, shyly.

"Verily, daughter," Medders remarked, coming to a stop before the

table.

Lucy, in Her Plain Gray Dress, Was a Marked Contrast to the Dashing Beauties He Knew.

lugubriously. "And his sister will come this moment to greet poor, poor Cousin Lucy."

Primmer led Medders out. Lucy looked about her, wondering, for a moment, but whatever her thoughts may have been, they were ended suddenly when Harry hurried in.

"I'm so sorry not to have met you when you arrived," he said, seizing both her hands, while she drew her self away in shyness.

"I am truly glad to see thee, Harry," she told him. "Thy house is most seemly."

Harry looked quickly at her. There seemed to be an undercurrent of hidden meaning in her words. But a glance at her lovely face, framed in the sunny hair escaping from beneath the simple Quaker bonnet, was a marked contrast to the dashing beauties he knew.

But with all her simplicity of manner she had that indefinable quality called "charm," which may not be acquired through the donning of gaudy raiment and the heightening of the color of the cheeks, nor by any of the extraneous aids to beauty which need not be particularized here. And such charm, also, may not be lost at any moment by the one possessing it. Charm is a man. It manifests itself unconsciously and naturally, so that others measure the possessor by it and not by his or her appearance.

Harry drew her toward him, still holding her hands. There was no mistaking his wish. Lucy, unashamed, though she was, understood him.

"Nay, Harry," Lucy said. "Thee know I do not think a girl should be kissed before she is wedded."

"Exactly!" the German assured him.

"Where did you deliver that duplicate of my hat?" Mrs. Blazes asked.

After the reply, still holding the receiver to her ear, she turned and asked Harry:

"What's the number of this house?"

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"What? You are sure it did? You will come over yourself! Thank you."

She hung up the receiver and turned to Harry with:

"She is positive that the hat was delivered here, and to make sure she will come herself. Now, that

art. "Peradventure she broke them off trying to hook her dress in the back," she continued, merrily.

"She hath no dress to hook," Medders said, solemnly. "But, aside from these, the place hath a seemly look."

CHAPTER IV.

From the hallway came gliding in the sorrowful figure of Socrates Primmer. He caught his breath sharply at sight of Lucy, and then advanced, with his hands outstretched.

"Ah, my poor, poor cousin Lucy!" he wailed.

"Oh, cousin Socrates!" Lucy cried. "How nice of thee to come."

Medders looked on with kindly amusement. He had long known of Primmer's unrequited attachment for Lucy, and to him it seemed that the best course to pursue was to allow Primmer to weep it out. Primmer looked mournfully at Lucy and said:

"As Riley might have written:

"Now my heart is full of sorrow and my soul would fain repine
For another fellow's courting that old sweetheart of mine."

"But," Lucy smiled, "I am not old, and I am not thy sweetheart, cousin Socrates."

"Verily, Socrates," Medders said, "thou wouldest make a poor sort of husband, weeping continually about the house. Thou mightst dampen the clothes on ironing day, though."

"Don't mind father, cousin Socrates," Lucy said. "He doth but jest."

"Harry said for me to ask thee to allow me to show thee to thy room," Uncle Medders, Socrates observed,

"Large Loads Count.

Time Saving in Haying

By R. J. BALDWIN, Michigan Agricultural College



The haying season is usually a strenuous time in Michigan during which men are in great demand and farmers work long hours to save the crop. Improved machinery has done much, but more can be done on the farm itself to relieve the season of its rush and worry. An effort should be made early to have all machinery, mows, wagons and other equipments in first-class shape before the haying begins. A neglected break such as loader-slats, mower-sections or pulleys might easily cause delay, meaning damage to tons of hay.

The ease with which a crop of hay can be removed depends greatly upon the surface of the field. Uneven places, abrupt ditches and furrows not only jolt machinery, but make it impossible to draw large loads easily and safely. If a leveler is used in preparing a field for grain, which is to be seeded for hay the next year, the loader and side-rake will work

enough easier to pay the expense of the operation. Special attention should be given the end of the field nearest the barn where the loads are finished, because any unevenness there will cause the wagons to go to the barn not fully loaded. Fewer men are required in a level field because hay can be cut in long strips and windrows made straight, making it possible for a good team to load the loads without a driver. It takes very little more time to load a ton than it does a "jag" and the farm lane should be so graded that it is as easy to take the team to the barn as the other.

The illustrations in this article were taken on a level forty acre field. The surface was such that a six-foot mower worked easily and moderate sized team handled large loads without any trouble. The work was all done by two men, one man doing most of the loading alone, while the other took care of the mowing and raking.

Crapple, mopping his forehead, hastened to the city hall. His face was purple and his collar was melted. Pedestrians in irritated surprise as they dragged along the street made way for the apparently insane man who was rushing along on that hot day.

Only the memory of the limp little girl, who perhaps was dying back in the stifling office, spurred Crapple on, for he is a stout man and averse to violent exercise.

Crapple successively burst into and disorganized the marriage license bureau, the dog license department and a tax office before he finally reached the proper spot. By this time large streams of perspiration were galloping down his face and making furrows in the dust which he had accumulated on his countenance. He could only gasp.

"No, no!" he roared to the energetic young man who grabbed him and forced him into a chair and then called for ice and began jerking at his collar as he inquired soothingly where he felt worst. "I'm perfectly normal, but there's a girl prostrated by the heat in an office."

"Well," said the young man, severely, as he relaxed his hold on Crapple's collar, you should explain clearly what you want when you come in instead of wasting our time! Now, if you will go to the office on Market street."

"Market street be hanged!" said Crapple, violently. "Do you suppose this is a case of lingering illness and that next week will do?"

He dashed out, and, missing an express elevator, got into the local. The elevator man stopped at each floor to exchange "repartees" with various friends. Each time before he started up again he paused to mop his forehead and murmur reproachfully that it was a mighty hot day. Once he went back two floors for some one with a big voice who howled accusingly after the vanishing elevator.

After Crapple at last reached the street he was so wet with perspiration that he looked as though he had just emerged from the lake. He stormed into another building where there were men of medicine and found one.

"What you should have done," said that individual, shaking his head, "was to phone for the police ambulance and have her taken to a hospital where her temperature would be properly reduced and the right sort of attention bestowed upon her. You'd better get the ambulance now and—"

"No," said Crapple with cold sarcasm, "I think I'd better go out and get a good, lively undertaker, for no doubt the girl passed away long ago. I'll just run back to the office and see!"

Fuming, bedraggled, hot and limp, Crapple tore back to the scene of disaster. He shrank from seeing that limp, helpless little creature, now probably beyond all help.

The office seemed quite calm and two persons were busily at work. They seemed bewildered when Crapple begged to know the condition of the

CHICHEN ITZA, THE HOLY CITY OF THE ITZAS

By SYLVANUS G. MORLEY

LONG before the discovery of America there flourished in southern Mexico, Guatemala, and parts of Honduras a great civilization, which has been called the Maya. It may be said at the outset without exaggeration that this civilization had reached a height equalled by no other people of the western hemisphere prior to the coming of the white man. In architecture in sculpture, and in printing the Maya excelled. Their priests were astronomers of no mean ability, having observed and recorded without the aid of instruments of precision such as are known to us the lengths of the Solar and Venus years, and probably the lengths of the Mercury and Mars years. In addition to this they had developed a calendar system and perfected a chronology which in some of its characteristics was superior to our own.

The ancient glory of this people had long since departed when Hernando Cortez first came in contact with them on the coast of Yucatan in 1519. Their star had set. Their greatest cities had been abandoned and lay in ruins, and their country was prostrated by the quarrels of a score or more of petty independent chieftains, each of whom was waging war on the other. Even the memory of the older cities, of their culture, such as Palenque, Copan and Quinque, for example, seems to have passed from the mind of men, their former existence forgotten. Famine, pestilence and internecine strife are all said to have been contributory causes to the decay and eclipse which overtook this brilliant aboriginal civilization several centuries before the Spanish first set foot in the new world.

Probably the largest, and certainly the most magnificent, of the ruined cities which the Spanish conquerors found on their arrival in Yucatan was Chichen Itza, around which even in its desolation there still cluster a thousand traditions of former sanctity and splendor. The name Chichen Itza is Maya, and means Chi-mouth, Chen-wells and Itza, the name of the Maya tribe who lived in the neighborhood of the place. "The Mouth of the Wells of the Itzas" therefore is the meaning of the name; nor could a more appropriate one have been applied to the place by any people.

The whole peninsula of Yucatan is a vast limestone formation with little or no surface water. One may travel for miles and miles and never cross river or brook, or even chance upon a modest spring. Indeed, in the northern part, where most of the great ruined cities are located, water is fully 70 feet below the surface of the ground. The modern inhabitants overcome this difficulty by means of wells and windmills, which afford the only source of water supply during the dry season (December to June) excepting what little rain water may have been caught during the rainy months and stored in cisterns.

But of wells and windmills the ancient Maya knew nothing, and, generally speaking, had it not been for the great natural reservoirs which nature had scattered here and there over the country Yucatan never could have been colonized.

These great natural wells, or, as the Mayas call them, cenotes, are found all over Yucatan. They are usually about 150 feet in diameter, or sometimes more, and about 70 feet in depth to the level of the water. Geologists say that these cenotes are places where the limestone crust, which everywhere covers the surface of Yucatan, has become weakened by the washing of subterranean waters and has collapsed of its own weight, forming great sink holes or natural wells on a large scale. And now it is clear why the ancient inhabitants of Chichen Itza so named their city. In the course of their wanderings, the general trend of which was northward, the Itzas, entering Yucatan from the south, finally reached the two cenotes, around which Chichen Itza later was built, but which then was probably nothing but wilderness. Here the striking contrast afforded by such an abundance of water in a country so generally parched could not fail to have attracted their attention. The place must have seemed to the thirsty wanderers a God-given site for the location of their new home. By right of discovery they claimed the place, and to the city which grew up around the center they gave the name of Chichen Itza, "The Mouth of the Wells of the Itzas."

The two cenotes at Chichen Itza have been known by the Mayas from time immemorial as the Cenote Grande and the Cenote Sacra, or the large Cenote and the Sacred Cenote, respectively. The first of these only in former times was used for the water supply of the city, the Sacred Cenote being reserved for religious use exclusively. It is the latter, however, and the religious observances held in connection with it, which gave the city its holy character. From far and near all over Yucatan, and probably even from points more distant, pilgrimages were made to the Sacred Cenote. It seems to have been the most holy shrine of the Maya people, comparable only in importance to the Mohammedan Mecca and the Christian Jerusalem. In time of drought offerings of all kinds were thrown into it—treasures, and in cases of extremity even living human sacrifices.

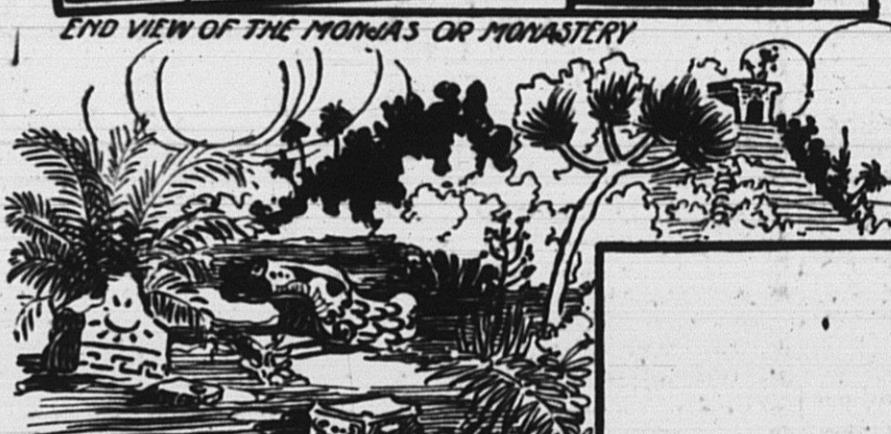
Chichen Itza today is somewhat changed in appearance from the time when pilgrims came from far and near to appear with human sacrifice the wrath of offended deities. Now the city lies buried in a thick jungle, which has steadily won its way into the very heart of the holy place. Colonades have been overthrown and pyramids covered with trees to their summit; courts have been lost in a tangle of thorn and creepers; and palaces stripped of their sculptured embellishment. Desolation has spread everywhere in the wake of the encroaching vegetation.



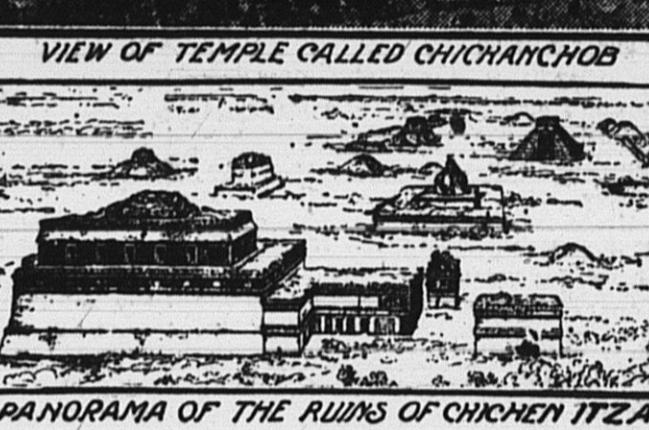
END VIEW OF THE MONJAS OR MONASTERY



BUILDING CALLED THE IGLESIA, OR CHURCH



THE CASTILLO OR CASTLE



VIEW OF TEMPLE CALLED CHICHANCOB



PANORAMA OF THE RUINS OF CHICHEN ITZA

To visit the ancient city now, one jolts for 15 long and weary miles in a two-wheeled covered cart drawn by three mules over the roughest kind of a highway imaginable. This present inconvenience fortunately is not to be one of long standing. A new and straight road is about to be built and an automobile service to the ruins probably established, which will shorten the present length of the trip from four hours to about half an hour. Now, however, this ride from Citas, the nearest railroad point, seems interminable. The road, so called by courtesy only, winds through the impenetrable bush, which everywhere in the natural state covers northern Yucatan. Through this the creaking cart finds a dubious way mile after mile until every muscle in one's body groans an agonized protest. Finally, when it seems that the limit of physical endurance has been reached, the cart suddenly lurches around a sharp turn in the road and as if by magic the lofty Castillo flashes into view, towering high above the plain and the rest of the city in its lonely magnificence.

This imposing structure, the highest in Yucatan, rises 78 feet above the plain. The pyramid on which the temple stands is 195 feet long on each side at the base and covers about an acre of ground.

The Castillo would seem to have been the center of the ancient city, and probably its chief sanctuary. To the north lies the Sacred Cenote and the causeway, just mentioned, leading to it. On the east is a vast group of buildings, colonnades, courts and pyramids. "The City of a Thousand Columns," as some one has picturesquely described it. Due west is the group of structures known as the Ball Court. To the south for half a mile or more, scattered through the jungle, are pyramids, courts, temples and palaces. The central location of the Castillo with reference to all of these, as well as its great size and commanding height, argue strongly that it was the chief sanctuary of the Holy City.

Another interesting group of structures at Chichen Itza, perhaps slightly less sacred in character than the Castillo, is the so-called "Ball Court," mentioned above as lying just west of the Castillo. This group is composed of two parallel masses of solid masonry, each 272 feet long, 27 feet high and 16 feet wide, placed 119 feet apart from each other. These two great walls, for such they really are, form a court nearly 300 feet long by 119 feet wide. High on the side of each at the middle point from end to end there is attached a stone ring four feet in diameter with a hole through it. These rings are fastened to their respective walls by tenons of stone, and are so placed that the surface of each is perpendicular to the vertical face of the wall. The arrangement is very similar to the baskets in our modern game of basket ball, except that at Chichen Itza the "baskets" have their openings perpendicular to the ground, while in our game the openings in the baskets are parallel with the ground. To make a basket at the Chichen Itza court a somewhat horizontal throw, as in baseball, was necessary, while nowadays it is a toss that wins the goal.

At the open ends of the court formed by these two walls stand temples, which in effect inclose the area, definitely marking its boundaries. On top of the east wall, at its southern end, there is a beautiful temple, which affords a commanding view of the entire court. This has been called "The House of the Tigers," because of a frieze of stalking-tigers, which is sculptured in alto-relieve around the

outside of the building. This temple contains also on the walls of an interior room, an elaborate mural painting representing an attack by some enemy upon a city, perhaps Chichen Itza itself, and its defense by the inhabitants. Some of the poses taken by the combatants in the conflict are extremely realistic; such as in the throwing of javelins, the swinging of war clubs, and the like. This bit of mural decoration in The House of The Tigers at Chichen Itza probably marks the high-water mark of aboriginal painting in the Western Hemisphere; at least it is superior to everything else that has survived.

The identification of these two great walls and the temples associated with them, as a ball court, rests on firm historic foundation. When the Spanish first came to Mexico they found the natives playing a game of ball, which was of sufficient importance to have a special court or ground set apart for its exclusive use. Several of the early Spanish writers have described the game in some detail, and all agree as to its having played an important part in the life of the people. One chronicler has it that the object of the game was to strike the ball so that it would pass through the opening in the stone ring above mentioned as an important feature of the Chichen Itza court. He adds that the feat was one of considerable dexterity, since the ball could not be hit with the hands, but that the hips or other parts of the body had to be used instead. This rule of the game, very materially increased the difficulty in making a "Maya basket;" so much so, in fact, we are told, that the lucky player making this winning stroke had forfeit to him as a reward for his skill all the clothing and ornaments of the spectators. At such times, the chronicler concludes, the spectators were wont to scatter in all directions without loss of time, hoping thus to escape paying the penalty, but that the friends of the lucky player immediately gave chase and endeavored to exact the full forfeit.

Although the name Ball Court has been given to this group of temples at Chichen Itza, it should not be supposed on that account, that this great court was built primarily for sport. Such an explanation of its fundamental purpose is incompatible with any conception which the American aborigine ever seems to have entertained. To the Itza people the chief function of their Ball Court was doubtless a religious one. Games played there, if not actually held in connection with religious festivals, were at least sufficiently religious in their meaning as to completely overshadow the element of sport as we understand the term. That a game was played in which competition and skill entered in cannot be doubted in the face of contemporaneous evidence, and to this extent perhaps the Mexican Ball Courts were athletic fields; but it must not be forgotten for a moment that the true significance was religious, and that the games which were played there probably were held only in connection with religious festivals. It is not improbable, however, that the Aztecs were breaking away from the religious feature of sport at the time of the Spanish Conquest, but that "The Holy Men of the Itzas," as the people of Chichen Itza are sometimes called in the early manuscripts, had taken any such a radical step is little short of inconceivable, so religious in character was the whole Maya civilization.

To the east of the Castillo lie a great group of courts, pyramids and colonnades, "The City of a Thousand Columns," already mentioned.

Here desolation is widespread. It seems as though an earthquake must have shaken the Itza capital at some time.

Row after row of columns have been overturned and now lie prostrate within a foot of their original positions. Perhaps a capital or a drum here and there is broken, but for the most part the stones lie just where they fell.

In its entirety this section of the city must have presented an imposing appearance, being literally a forest of columns surrounding and connecting the various courts. As to the use of these great colonnades, tradition and history are equally silent. Some think that they were the law courts of the ancient city, where justice was administered and punishment meted out. Others say that they were the market places, where the produce of the surrounding country was bought and sold. This latter explanation has one strong recommendation in its favor in that the descendants of the builders of the ancient city of Yucatan, the present Maya Indians, still hold their markets under the portals surrounding the plazas in the towns and villages throughout the country.

South of the Cenote Grande there are a number of well-preserved structures, most of them presenting beautifully sculptured facades. To these fanciful names have been given, which probably have little or nothing to do with the original uses of the buildings. One large structure, for example, has been called "The Akabitib." The name is Maya and means "The House of the Dark Writing." This building was so called, because of the fact that over one of its interior doorways there is a lintel inscribed with hieroglyphs. This lintel is so placed that the hieroglyphics can only be seen by artificial light, hence the name.

"The House of the Dark Writing." Nearby is a round tower, with but one exception the only structure of its kind in the Maya area. This is called "The Caracol." Caracol is the Spanish word for small, and since the interior circular corridor and spiral stairway of this structure bear some remote resemblance to the convolutions of a snail shell, the name was applied to the building. The Manjo (Spanish for monastery) is perhaps the most beautiful building at Chichen Itza. It is composite, showing three different periods of construction.

The above are only a few of the many structures at Chichen Itza. But in all directions for several miles the brush is strewn with ruins. Crumbling walls and jungle-riden courts are to be encountered on every side; disintegration so far advanced that these once splendid palaces and temples are now but little more than shapeless mounds of fallen masonry. The total area covered by ruins which may be assigned to this center of primitive population has been estimated by some as high as ten square miles. That larger Maya cities yet remain to be discovered now seem highly improbable so thoroughly has the general exploration of the area been done. Consequently we may affirm with but little hesitation that "The Holy City of the Itzas" was the largest and most important of the Maya civilization and probably of aborigines in America as well.

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THE SIGN FOR LEISURE.
Lives there the man who has not sighed for leisure? And lives there the man who in his more sober moments, has not been honestly glad that he must work? Human nature, which sweetens under toll, sours in leisure. And it is by no means sure that the fall from innocence which first brought man into the world "and all our woe" was not bringing salvation disguised as labor. Faithfulness will dignify and beautify even drudgery; no matter what the work is provided it is honest, if it is done well it commands our instinctive respect. Besides, if we did not all have to work so hard to keep alive the jails would have standing room only.

The KITCHEN CABINET



I

T IS not the good that we do, but the spirit in which we do it that counts in our character building.

There are some people that never do a kind act without acting as if it were a great drain upon them.

VEAL DISHES.

Veal should be at least six weeks old to be wholesome, one reason that it is so often hard to digest is because it is imperfectly masticated.

Veal With Tomatoes.—Cut two and a half pounds of veal in cubes and salt them. Heat in a kettle some sweet fryings or fresh butter. Put in the meat and brown; add an onion, two tomatoes, one carrot and a piece of celery root or stalk, all cut fine. Add four tablespoonfuls of sour cream, a tablespoonful of vinegar and let the whole simmer for an hour or two. Just before serving add a tablespoonful of flour cooked with a little cream.

A veal breast makes a nice roast. Cut slits in the meat next the bone, to make pockets to hold the stuffing, and roast with a slice or two of salt pork laid over the meat while roasting.

Veal Goulash.—Cut three pounds of veal into pieces and salt them. Fry brown in a kettle with little butter, with two sliced onions. Add a teaspoonful of paprika, dredge with flour, add stock or boiling water and simmer for an hour or two.

Veal Loaf.—Take three pounds of lean veal, one and a half pounds of uncooked ham, three eggs well beaten, three crackers rolled fine, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, three tablespoonfuls of cream, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Mix all together thoroughly; grease the pan well and pack in the meat. Bake two and a half hours. Serve either hot or cold.

Veal Glace.—This is a good hot-weather dish. Cool two pounds of veal into pieces and salt them. Fry brown in a kettle with little butter, with two sliced onions. Add a teaspoonful of paprika, dredge with flour, add stock or boiling water and simmer for an hour or two.

Veinbreath makes a nice roast. Cut slits in the meat next the bone, to make pockets to hold the stuffing, and roast with a slice or two of salt pork laid over the meat while roasting.

Vein Goulash.—Take three pounds of veal into pieces and salt them. Fry brown in a kettle with little butter, with two sliced onions. Add a teaspoonful of paprika, dredge with flour, add stock or boiling water and simmer for an hour or two.

THE CHERRY SEASON.

Try this method of putting up a dozen quarts of cherries, and see how easy it will be when compared to the old way of stewing oneself when cooking the fruit. See that the jars are all perfect, covers and rubbers in good condition. Sterilize the jars by putting them into cold water and bringing the water to the boiling point. Fill the jars with the fresh, uncooked cherries, and when a dozen jars are filled, pour over a hot sugar-syrup as rich as one desires for sweetness, seal the cans and put a dozen or more into a boiler that is half full of boiling water. A long-handled skimmer may be used to rest the jar on when putting into the water. After all are in cover to the depth of four inches over the caps with boiling water; put on the cover and throw over the boiler three or four thicknesses of old carpet. Let them stand twenty-four hours and remove to the refrigerator. You will have fruit of exceptional color and flavor if these directions are carefully followed.

Cherries are delicious preserved, and may be used as a relish. Spiced, as any fruit is spiced, is another addition to the winter's store.

Cherry pie is the pie par excellence, and if care is used in fitting a paper funnel in the opening when put to bake not a drop of the precious juice will be wasted.

Cherry Dumplings.—A delicious cherry pudding may be made with a cup of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt sifted together. Add enough milk to make a batter not too thin, and drop a tablespoonful of it into buttered pudding cups, then a few cherries and more batter. Put the cups into boiling water and cook fifteen minutes. Serve with cherry sauce or cream and sugar.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all blood humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called sarsaparilla.

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

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of *The Circular Staircase*, *The Man in Lower Ten, Etc.*

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends was rotund and looked like a portly man. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so, his art is considered a huge joke, except to himself. He has married twice, and everyone expects him to marry again. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of their marriage. The plan is full of fun, when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selina, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. He neglects to tell her of his divorce, and she arrives in time to witness the wedding. Bella is the hostess for one night, the Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Aunt Selina arrives and asks Kit who is being taken away in the ambulance? Bella insists it is Jim. Kit tells her Jim is well and safe in the hospital. However, when she reaches the door and discovers a man carrying a card on the door. He demands an explanation. The man points to the placard and Harbison sees the word "Smallpox". Kit cannot leave the house until the quarantine is lifted. After the lifting of the quarantine several letters are found in the mail box undeveloped, one addressed to Mr. J. W. Harbison, a native of Santiago, Chile, which was written by Harbison. He describes minutely of their incarceration, also of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson. Aunt Selina is taken ill with smallpox. Kit acts as nurse. Harbison finds Kit sitting on the roof. She tells him that Jim has been treating her outrageously. Kit starts downstairs, where suddenly she falls into his arms. She believes that Harbison has lied and is humiliated. Aunt Selina tells Jim that her cameo brooch and other articles of jewelry were stolen. Misses Betty of the theft. Jimmies Aunt Selina all about the strange happenings, but she persists in suspecting Betty of the theft of her valuable. Harbison is asked an unusual favor. As to her conduct towards him, she tells him of the incident on the roof, he does not deny nor confirm her accusation. Aunt Selina is awakened during the night and finds Jim making love to Bella; she demands an explanation from Jim. Bella reveals the whole plot to Aunt Selina. She forgives both of them, but calls Kit a scoundrel. She tells Jim to leave the situation to Harbison. Jim is taken ill. They are convinced that Jim has the dreaded disease. Kit discloses Anna's past residence in the laundry and fled in a mass of rags. Kit finds Harbison lying on the roof unconscious with his face covered with blood. The doctor is summoned and pronounced Harbison dead at sight. While Kit is waiting on Harbison his friends are startled by a pandemonium of noises.

CHAPTER XXII. (Continued.)

"A rope!" he demanded, without paying any attention to us and diving into corners of the room. "Good heavens, isn't there a rope in this confounded house!"

He turned and rushed out, without any explanation, and left us staring at the door.

"Bother the rope!" I found myself forced to look into two earnest eyes.

"Kit, were you very angry when I kissed you that night on the roof?"

"Very," I maintained stoutly.

"Then prepare yourself for another attack of rage!" he said. And Betty opened the door.

She had on a fetching pale blue dressing gown, and one braid of her yellow hair was pulled carelessly over her shoulder. When she saw me on my knees beside the bed (oh, yes, I forgot to say that, quite unconsciously, I had slid into that position) she stopped short, just inside the door, and put her hand to her throat. She stood for quite a perceptible time looking at us, and I tried to rise. But Tom shamelessly put his arm around my shoulders and held me beside him.

"I beg your pardon for coming in," she said nervously. "But—why want you downstairs, Kit. At least, I thought you would want to go, but—perhaps—"

Just then from the lower part of the house came a pandemonium of noises.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Coming."

The second floor was empty. A table lay overturned at the top of the stairs, and a broken flower vase was wobbling in its own ooze. Part way down Betty stepped on something sharp, that proved to be the Japanese paper knife from the den. I left her on the stairs examining her foot, and hurried to the lower floor.

Here everything was in the utmost confusion. Aunt Selina had fainted, and was sitting in a hall chair with her head rolled over sideways and the poker from the library fireplace across her knees. No one was paying any attention to her. And Jim was holding the front door open, while three of the guards hesitated in the vestibule. The noise continued from the back of the house, and as I stood from the dining room, with her face streaked with soot, and carrying a kettle of hot water.

"Jim," she called wildly. "While Max and I are below, you can pour this down from the top. It's boiling." Jim glanced back over his shoulder.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



"Carry out your own murderous designs," he said. And then, as she started back with it, "Bella, for Heaven's sake," he called, "have you gone stark mad? Put that kettle down."

She did it sulky and Jim turned to the policeman.

"Yes, I know it was a false alarm before," he explained patiently, "but this is genuine. It is just as I tell you. Yes, Flannigan is in the house somewhere, but he's hiding, I guess. We could manage the thing very well ourselves, but we have no cartridges for our revolvers." Then was the noise from the rear redoubled, "If you don't come in and help, I will telephone for the fire department," he concluded emphatically.

I ran to Aunt Selina and tried to straighten her head. In a moment she opened her eyes, sat up and stared around her. She saw the kettle at once.

"What are you doing with boiling water on the floor?" she said to me, with her returning voice. "Don't you know you will spoil the floor?" The ruling passion was strong with Aunt Selina, as usual.

I could not find out the trouble from any one; people appeared and disappeared, carrying strange articles. Anne with a rope, Dal with his hatchet, Bella and the kettle, but I could get a coherent explanation from no one. When the guards finally decided that Jim was in earnest, and that the rest of us were not crawling out a rear window while he held them at the door, they came in, three of them and two reporters, and Jim led them to the butler's pantry.

Here we found Anne, very white and shaky, with the pantry table and two chairs piled against the door of the kitchen slide, and clutching the chamois-skin bag that held her jewels. She had a bottle of Burgundy open beside her, and was pouring herself a glass with shaking hands when we appeared. She was furious at Jim.

"I very nearly fainted," she said hysterically. "I might have been murdered, and no one would have cared. I wish they would stop that chopping, I'm so nervous I could scream."

Jim took the Burgundy from her with one hand and pointed the police to the barricaded door with the other.

"That is the door to the dumb-waiter shaft," he said. "The lower one is fastened on the inside, in some man-

He had had a dreadful week, he said; he spent his days in a closet in one of the maid's rooms—the one where we had put Jim. It was Jim waking out of a nap and declaring that the closet door had moved by itself and that something had crawled under his bed and out of the door, that had roused the suspicions of the men in the house—and he slept at night on the coal in the cellar. He was actually tearful when he rubbed his hand over his scrubby chin, and said he hadn't had a shave for a week. He took somebody's razor, he said, but he couldn't get hold of a portable mirror, and every time he lathered up and stood in front of the glass in the dining room sideboard, some one came and he had had to run and hide. He told, too, of his attempts to escape, of the board on the roof, of the home-made rope and the hole in the cellar, and he spoke feelingly of the pearl collar and the struggle he had made to hide it. He said that for three days it was concealed in the pocket of Jim's old smoking coat in the studio.

We were all rather sorry for him, but if we had made him uncomfortable, think of what he had done to us.

And for him to tell, as he did later in court, that that was high society he would rather be a burglar, and that we starved him, and that the women had to dress each other because they had no lady's maids, and that the whole lot of us were in love with one man, it was downright malicious.

The wagon came for him just as he finished his story, and we all went to the door. In the vestibule Aunt Selina suddenly remembered something, and she stepped forward and caught the poor fellow by the arm.

"Young man," she said grimly. "I'll thank you to return what you took from me last Tuesday night."

McGuirk started, then shuddered and turned suddenly pale.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated. "On the stairs to the roof! You!"

They led him away, still broken, with Aunt Selina staring after him. She never did understand. I could have explained, but it was too awful.

On the steps McGuirk turned and took a farewell glance at us. Then he waved his hand to the policemen and reporters who had gathered around.

"Good-by, fellows," he called feebly.

"I ain't sorry, I ain't. Jail'll be a paradise after this."

And then we went to pack our trunks.

Note from Max which came the next day with its enclosure:

My Dear Kit—The enclosed trunk tag was used on my trunk, evidently by mistake. Higgins discovered it when he was unpacking and returned it to me under the misapprehension that I had written it. I wish I had.

I suppose there must be something attractive about a fellow who has the courage to write a love letter on the back of a trunk tag, and who doesn't give a tinker's dam who finds it.

But for my peace of mind, ask him not to leave another one around where I will come across it. Max

Written on the back of the trunk tag:

Don't you know that I won't see you until tomorrow? For heaven's sake,

get away from this crowd and come into the den. If you don't I will kiss you before everybody. Are you coming?

Written below:

No indeed.

This was scratched out and beneath

Coming.

THE END.

The National Grange

BIG HELP TO COMMUNITIES

Actual Accomplishments of Granges That Do Much to Make Them Popular Organizations.

Every day new illustrations appear of actual grange accomplishments, along lines of distinct community service, and these more than anything else are responsible for the growing popularity of the Grange and for the distinct influence which it exerts throughout the country.

One Grange runs a produce exchange, for the buying and selling advantage of its members. A large bulletin board is provided in the Grange hall, divided into spaces two feet long and one foot wide. These members are privileged to use in announcing produce for sale, purchases contemplated or any needs which they seek to have supplied. On the same bulletin board, on meeting nights, are announced the latest market quotations on various products in which the members of that section are especially interested. The members derive decided financial benefit from this plan and thus find the Grange of practical benefit to them. This "produce exchange" has been running for a long time and has worked very successfully.

In a rural town where there seemed

little that a Grange could do, it

was decided after discussion at one

meeting to purchase a Crosby bed, or

better known by some as a Garfield bed. This is of regular hospital de-

sign, adjustable frame, woven wire

spring and hair mattress. The se-

lectmen accepted it from the Grange,

in the name of the people of the

town, and it is in every sense a free

bed, for the use of the people of the

town who may need it. It is stored

in the fire engine house, which is al-

ways open day or night, and there

anyone in need may go for it and use

it so long as it may be needed, then

returning it to its storage place. The

bed was originally earned by an "ex-

perience meeting," and it is quite an

original idea. The bed began its

career of ministry in June, 1902, and

has been in almost constant use near-

ly every day since. How much of

suffering it has helped to alleviate

during all those years, only the rec-

ords of eternity itself will ever reveal.

To mark the historic spots in its

town was the task which one little

county Grange assumed. Suitable

stone markers were secured and prop-

erately marked and the various histori-

cally important spots were forthcom-

ing. The members began to get inter-

ested in local town history and were amaz-

ed to learn how many interesting hap-

penings had occurred in that little

rural town. The outcome of all the

interest aroused by this Grange un-

dertaking was the formation of a local

historical society.

An agitation for the locating of

proper highway guideboards was

started by one Grange in a county

where scarcely a single road was

properly marked by signs to direct

the traveler. The subject was taken

up by all the Granges in that locali-

ty and before very long such an agi-

tation was aroused that something

had to be done.

The town authorities began to feel the

pressure and it was not very long before

the guideboards were forthcoming. This was in a large state of the west and the agitation which brought

the guideboards in that county has

been steadily spreading, to the good

of many other communities and coun-

ties.

One Grange decided, after discuss-

ing the subject thoroughly, that the

village library was far from realizing

its possibilities of usefulness. It in-

cluded a choice lot of good books, but

it was poorly housed, the books

BREVITIES

GRASS LAKE—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wolfsinger have gone to Rochester, Minn., where Mrs. W. will undergo an operation for goitre at the hands of the celebrated Mayor brothers. They left Sunday morning.

MUNITH—At a bridge bearing between the town boards of Henrietta and Leoni townships it was decided to build a new bridge. The new structure is to be of iron, two fifty foot spans with two fifteen foot approaches.

ANN ARBOR—Arietta, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, of Geddes avenue, was accidentally shot with a shotgun in the hands of Jimmie Forbes, a young lad. The charge of shot struck her in the left leg, tearing the flesh terribly.

BROOKLYN—When found on a ladder picking cherries one day recently Grandma Hess of Napoleon, 97 years of age, pleasantly explained that she was doing it for her boys Murray and Met who said that they were too old and the weather too hot for them to gather the fruit.—Exponent.

DEXTER—The funeral of Alfred Moore, aged 74 years, who died Thursday day of paralysis, was held Sunday afternoon with interment in the Lodi cemetery, Rev. D. C. Littlejohn officiating. Deceased is survived by two daughters, Mrs. J. Bruckner of Webster and Mrs. M. Kelly of Lodi, and three sons, Bert and Thomas of Lodi and Frank of Webster.

GRASS LAKE—W. R. Lehmann received a black eye and several cuts on the face, Tuesday, the result of a kick from a vicious horse. He also received a blow in the side from the feet of the horse before he could get out of its reach. Mr. Lehmann is congratulating himself that his injuries are not worse, as the accident might easily have resulted seriously.—News.

BROOKLYN—A young eagle was killed by Lee Dunn at the Nixon Farms one day last week. The bird was evidently after some fresh poultry. How it happened to permit Mr. Dunn to approach and tuck it over the head with a pole is a mystery. It was at first thought that the bird might have been first wounded by a hunter but no marks were found. The bird measured 82 inches from tip to tip, and had a black head. Eagles of any kind are but rarely seen here and the bird is much of a curiosity.—Exponent.

GRASS LAKE—Thomas Donley had four cows killed by an M. U. R. car Monday evening. The car was evidently running at high speed when it struck the cattle, as three of the animals were killed outright and a leg of the fourth one so badly broken as to necessitate the killing of it. The car ran completely over one of the animals and when brought to a standstill the dead cow lie lengthwise of the track beneath the trucks. Train was delayed on the Boland line from eight o'clock until nearly midnight.—News.

YPSILANTI—Spile driving underneath the Congress street bridge has suddenly been arrested, and Congress street, which the D. J. & C. had summarily closed to traffic, has been opened again. This is because of an injunction which was applied for last week and which Judge Kline issued, halting and proceedings on the part of the D. J. & C. until they should come forward with explanations as to what course they are intending to pursue and what are their ultimate aims. These questions they will probably answer in the circuit court.

MANCHESTER—Orson McKinzie, who's working the T. J. Thorn farm, west of town, is in hard luck. For the past six weeks or more he has been troubled with a swelling on the side of his neck which has developed into a very large swelling, so bad that he went to Ann Arbor Tuesday where he will remain for some time. He has all his hay and wheat to cut and is not in very good circumstances to hire it all done. He is a hard working, industrious man and is deserving and we have no doubt that the neighbors and friends will see that his crops are cared for.—Enterprise.

JACKSON—That he had been informed that every police officer in the city of Jackson with the exception of one, had been guilty of entering blind pig and drinking liquor, and that these men had been checked up by their numbers when they had entered the place, was the substance of a statement made by Ald. Townley in a scathing speech before the common council. "If such a condition exists today we cannot expect an enforcement of the law. If the officers would do as much toward the enforcement of this law as they do minor laws, there would be no blind pigs in Jackson county today." Mr. Townley stated that his authority for the above statements were from men whose word could not be doubted.

RULES FOR LONG LIFE

HUNGARIAN DOCTOR TELLS HOW TO RETAIN HEALTH

Happy Marriage Helps One to Resist Old Age—Cardinal Precepts of Clothing, Diet and Hygiene Given Here.

In his book, lately published in the Hungarian language and translated into almost every modern tongue, Dr. Lorand says that from recent reports of the register offices of Austria, Germany, we are justified in assuming that though life is usually limited to 55 to 60 years it may occasionally be prolonged to 100, or even more, by the operation of certain internal and external agencies.

By studying these we may eventually be able to prolong the lives of many individuals beyond 80 or even 90, and to prolong our own or youthfulness by 10 or 20 years. We need no longer grow old at 40 or 50. This can be brought about by improving the functions of a certain few of the glandular structures of the body, provided one or more of the main organs have not already been too gravely compromised by incurable organic disorders.

To prevent old age coming on too soon the first condition necessary is the possession of healthy ductless glands (chief among them being the thyroid, the adrenals, the pancreas and the liver), and this depends upon heredity.

Marriage is an invaluable aid in the struggle against old age. If married life is one of the best means of resisting the approach of old age on the other hand it is positively certain that unhappy marriages are the surest means of hastening its oncoming.

To avoid premature old age and early death we have to follow the rules:

Wear loose collars, because a tight collar presents obstacles to the free circulation of the blood through the thyroid.

Do not take too much meat, because abundance of meat alters the ductless glands.

Take large quantities of milk, this being the extract of various glands, and especially that of the thyroid.

Be as much as possible in the open air, and especially in the sunshine; and take plenty of exercise, taking care to breathe deeply and regularly.

Take a bath daily, and, in addition, once a week or every two weeks, take a Turkish or vapor bath.

Wear porous clothing, light hat and low shoes.

Go early to bed and rise early.

Sleep in a very dark, very quiet room and with a window open, and do not sleep less than six nor more than 7½ hours.

Have one complete day's rest in each week, without even reading or writing.

Avoid mental disturbances or worries.

Be temperate in the use of alcohol and also in the use of coffee or tea.

Avoid places that are overheated, especially by steam, and badly ventilated.

Replace or reinforce the functions of the organs which may have become changed by age or disease, by means of the extracts from the corresponding organs of healthy animals. But of course the application of this precept must be adapted to the individual case.—The British Medical Journal.

Practical and far-seeing Germans long ago realized that the spread of the German language is one of the best methods of promoting German trade interests in distant parts of the world, and the German government has always given its support to the foundation of German schools in overseas countries.

In recent years great efforts have been made to establish the German schools in China, Persia and many other countries in which Germany has commercial ambitions.—New York Tribune.

Turks Must Study German.

Germany has gained a diplomatic victory, the consequences of which can hardly be foretold, in persuading the Turkish government to make the study of the German language obligatory in all the elementary schools of the Ottoman empire.

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In recent years great efforts have been made to establish the German schools in China, Persia and many other countries in which Germany has commercial ambitions.—New York Tribune.

Granite of the South.

When one speaks of granite the mind naturally reverts to Vermont. It is difficult to associate granite with any section of North America outside New England; yet it must now be acknowledged to the credit of the south that Georgia, North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia are producing large quantities of stone of good quality which insures the south a place in the market at any rate.

The annual output is now worth about \$3,500,000, and the industry is growing. It may be of comparative interest to know that New England's output is about \$9,000,000 worth of stone annually.

The Negotiations.

"Did Lord Luvous propose for your daughter's hand?"

"No," replied Mr. Cumrox. "But he gave me to understand that he'd be willing to consider bids from our family for the use of his ancestral name."

Solves a Deep Mystery.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. B. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. Va., for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Biters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dry-slops, indigestion, jaundice and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Biters has no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50 cents at L. P. Vogel, H. H. Fenn Co. and L. T. Freeman.

WHEN THE SEINE FLOODS PARIS

MONEY BACK



"Hey, Janitor, my cellar is full of water!"

"You certainly don't expect wine at the rent you pay, do you?"

YOU NEED THAT VACATION.

A D. & C. COAST LINE TRIP TO Mackinac is Most Delightful Now.

You see it's like this—you've hampered away at you work all the season and now you feel the need of that vacation which you've been denying yourself. The D. & C. Line offers the best transportation facilities to Mackinac and the North Country, where every inch of scenery is interesting and where every little lake contains the fish that bite.

Send for the D & C. pamphlet and take the next steamer. Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Co., Detroit, Mich.

CRYING FOR HELP.

Lots of it in Chelsea But Daily Growing Less.

The kidneys cry for help. Not an organ in the whole body so delicately constructed.

Not one so important to health.

The kidneys are the filters of the blood.

When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous.

There can be no health where there is poisoned blood.

Backache is one of the first indications of kidney trouble.

It is the kidneys' cry for help. Help it.

Doan's Kidney Pills are what is wanted.

Are just what overworked kidneys need.

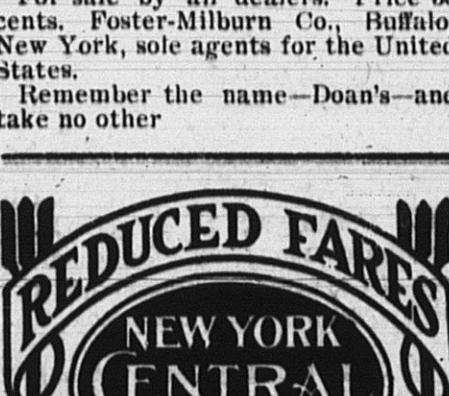
They strengthen and invigorate the kidneys; help them to do their work; never fail to cure any case of kidney disease.

Read the proof from a Chelsea citizen.

Roy Dillon, McKinley St., Chelsea, Mich., says: "I used a box of Doan's Kidneys Pills and found them to be just as represented. They removed the aches and pains in my back and regulated the passages of the kidney secretions. I can strongly recommend this excellent kidney medicine."

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.



SUNDAY EXCURSION

via Michigan Central

JULY 16th, 1911

(Returning same day)

TO

Jackson 35c

Battle Creek \$1.05

Kalamazoo 1.35

Grand Rapids 1.75

Train leaves at 8:40 a.m.

Tickets accepted in coaches only.

Baggage will not be checked on these tickets.

In addition to above fares, tickets will also be sold between all stations (where the one-way fare is \$3.00 or less) at which this train is scheduled to stop, at one and one-half fare for the round trip, with minimum of twenty-five cents.

Weight for Saddle Horses.

At the Paris horse show recently a special jury of experts was appointed to determine authoritatively just how much a horse of a given weight should carry in the saddle.

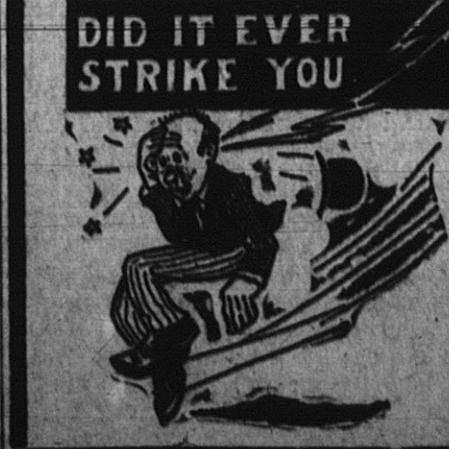
The jury brought in the following decision: A horse weighing no more than 825 pounds should not carry a greater weight than 187 pounds, provided the girth of the animal does not exceed 67 inches. A horse weighing 935 pounds or less, with a girth of 69 inches, should not carry more than 209 pounds, and a horse weighing 1,045 pounds, with a girth of 71 inches, should not carry more than 231 pounds.

Association.

"The man on deck yonder who has been so sick is a baseball player."

"Doesn't seem to be enjoying himself."

"No; said it was too much like work. Every time the vessel pitched he felt he wanted to make a home run."



COW-EASE

Trade Mark Registered

MEANS MORE MILK

from the cow

AND MORE MONEY

for the farmer

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Conkey's Fly Knocker

For Horses and Cattle. Guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded.

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