

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES

ARE A LIMITLESS FIELD.

Do not hesitate, whether you want a 5c or 10c package of Corn Plasters, up to a high priced Fountain Syringe or Hot Water Bottle, we have them for you.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

If you want good things to eat here is the place to buy them at the right prices. This week we are selling:

- 4 Packages Corn Flakes.....25c
- 3 Packages Macaroni.....25c
- 3 Packages Spaghetti.....25c
- 1 Quart Sweet Pickles.....25c
- 25 Pounds Cane Sugar.....\$1.55
- 16 Pounds Brown Sugar.....\$1.00
- 7c Sardines, 6 Boxes.....25c
- 3 Cans Old Dutch Cleanser.....25c
- 3 Cans 10c Pet Milk.....25c
- 6 Cans 5c Pet Milk.....25c
- Jelly Cups with Covers, per dozen.....20c

Headquarters for Fresh Fruit and Vegetables

YOURS FOR SATISFACTION

HENRY H. FENN COMPANY

Each Year

As WINTER approaches we are always confronted with this problem:

How Shall We Keep Warm?

Shall we use a Furnace or use a Stove? In either case we are able to serve YOU with RELIABLE GOODS.

WE ARE SELLING:

ROUND OAK, MONROE and GARLAND FURNACES. ROUND OAK, GARLAND, and the ESTATE HOT STORM—the STOVE with a LITTLE FURNACE in IT—50 hours on 30 pounds of SOFT COAL. We Guarantee IT. Our FURNITURE line is nearly complete. And always REMEMBER: WE are here to serve YOU.

Dancer Hardware Co.

ARCHIE B. CLARK, Pres. J. N. DANCER, Treas. J. B. COLE, Sec.

THE BEST BREAD YET

Butter Krust. Twin. Log Cabin.

Don't forget our Work Shoes—we have the best line.

Eggs and Butter for Cash, or Cash for Eggs and Butter.

JOHN FARRELL & CO.

HOLMES & WALKER

September 28th, 29th and 30th are the dates of Chelsea's Free Street Fair and we want all of our friends, and all of your friends, to call and see us on these days and every day thereafter.

HOLMES & WALKER

WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT.

MAKING GOOD PROGRESS

Getting Buildings Fitted up for Lewis Spring and Axle Co.

D. B. Cooley, superintendent of the Hollier Eight shops in Chelsea, Wednesday afternoon conducted a representative of The Standard through the numerous buildings and we note some of the processes through which a Hollier Eight goes before it is ready to be placed in the salesroom in a finished state.

The tower building (No. 7) will be given over entirely to the manufacturing of the sheet metal, parts and the chassis that go into the construction of an automobile. When a chassis is completed it will be mounted on wheels and given a thorough road trial.

The chassis when it has completed the road requirements will be taken to the north entrance elevator of building No. 8, and placed on the first floor where the wheels will be removed and by means of a traveling crane placed on the wash rack, where it will be given a thorough washing to remove all mud, oil and dirt. From the wash rack they are placed on roller trucks, headed to the east, and moved along to the south end of the building—and from the wash room they are placed in three rows on the west side of the building where the left until thoroughly dried.

The next move is to take the chassis to the third floor which is given over the paint shop, stock and varnish room. Nearly one-half of the north wing of this floor has been converted into an absolute dark room. This room is given a coat of heavy glazed black paper which will prevent any light and dust entering and all fresh varnished bodies will be placed here and kept until they are thoroughly dried.

The second floor will be entirely devoted to the trimming department of the Hollier Eight. On this floor is located a stock room, cutting tables, sewing machines and the workmen who do the upholstering and top trimming. The first or main floor, facing the south, will be used for the final assembling, storage and shipping of the finished Hollier Eight.

The old foundry building will be used for the present as the japaanning department and No. 12 will be used as a general stock room. All of the buildings are being given a general clean up and the walls have been white washed.

The east half of the welfare building will be used as a salesroom and the west half as offices of the Lewis Spring and Axle Co. The interior has been thoroughly redecorated. This building and the shops are the best equipped of any manufacturing plant in Michigan for the purpose that they are to be used, and there is not a better built plant in the United States than the Hollier Eight has here.

At present a number of men are employed in the paint and trimming departments, electricians and steam fitters are giving the wiring and piping a thorough overhauling, while other workmen are engaged in installing the new machinery and assembling the popular Hollier Eight. About thirty men are engaged at the plant at present and as fast as the buildings can be fitted up others will be given employment.

Annual Meeting.

At the annual meeting of the Oak Grove Cemetery Corporation held in the town hall at 2:30 Saturday afternoon the following report by the secretary was accepted:

Rec'd from lots sold.....	\$ 474 00
Rec'd from foundations, curb and graves.....	210 52
Rec'd from B. Steinbach, hay.....	15 00
Rec'd from care of lots.....	673 50
Total receipts.....	\$ 1,373 02

EXPENDITURES.

Foundation for entrance.....	\$ 93 51
Sand and stone.....	30 20
Stone work.....	204 93
Day labor.....	12 98
Paid to Sexton and supplies.....	659 92
Total expenditures.....	\$ 1,001 35
Cash on hand in bank.....	371 73
L. P. Vogel and W. K. Guerin were elected trustees for a period of six years to succeed themselves.	

Irritable Children Often Need Kickapoo Worm Killer.

There is a reason for the disagreeable and fretful nature of many children. Think of the unrest when the child's body is possessed by tiny worms sapping its vitality and clogging its functions. Whatever may be the cause—that children have worms is a fact. Your child's peevishness and irritability has a cause. Give Kickapoo Worm Killer a chance and if worms are there this humanly harmless remedy will eliminate the annoying parasites. 25c a box.—Adv

FORTY YEARS AGO

Happenings in Chelsea Forty Years Ago This Week.

Saturday afternoon the Stockbridge ball team defeated Chelsea by a score of 19 to 18.

Prof. Frank Lombard's ballad troupe entertained the inhabitants at Tuttle & Thomas' hall Wednesday evening.

The past week has been very cold for September. Last Friday night there was a heavy frost, freezing ice one-fourth inch thick. Monday night another frost came.

The funeral of Henry Pratt was held at Sylvan Center Monday afternoon. Mr. Pratt was in business at Sylvan Center, but failing in health had gone to California, where he lived but a short time.

Riemenschneider-Moulds Wedding.

A very pretty wedding took place at high noon Saturday, September 18, 1915, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Riemenschneider, when their daughter, Miss Esther, was united in marriage with Mr. James Moulds, of Detroit. Rev. G. H. Whitney, pastor of the Chelsea M. E. church, officiating. They were attended by Miss Dorothy McEldowney of Highland Park, a classmate of the bride, and Mr. Geo. Moulds, of Detroit, a brother of the groom.

The house was decorated in pink, white and green. The bride was gown in white embroidered voile and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid was gown in pink and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The bride was graduated from the Chelsea high school with the class of 1911, and is an accomplished musician. The groom was formerly a resident of Chelsea, being employed by the Flanders Mfg. Co.

The ceremony was witnessed by thirty-two friends of the young couple, and a dainty four-course dinner was served.

Immediately after the dinner the young couple left in an auto for Ann Arbor. After spending a few days at Niagara Falls they will make their home in Detroit.

Twentieth Michigan Reunion.

The survivors of the Twentieth Michigan Infantry held their fiftieth annual reunion at Ypsilanti last Thursday. Early in the morning the members of the Twentieth and many of their wives began gathering at the Masonic Temple and reminiscences and greetings were the first order of business.

Twenty automobiles, donated by the citizens of the city, carried the old soldiers for an hour's ride about the city.

The ladies of the Eastern Star furnished a chicken dinner.

At the meeting of the association the invocation was given by Rev. R. E. Manning, and Col. C. B. Grant was official "starter." The address of welcome was by President McKenney of the Normal College, with response by Col. Grant; and campfire talks by Dr. H. B. Baker, Co. A; Oscar Chapman, Co. B; Judge George Buck, Co. C; Conrad Noll, Co. D; C. C. Dorr, Co. F; G. W. Norton, Co. G; Daniel Sheehan, Co. H. Patriotic songs were interspersed with the addresses. Lewis Allen, whose tenor voice is still the pride of the regiment, sang a solo.

The old officers were re-elected: President, Col. C. B. Grant; secretary, A. N. Morton; committee, C. S. Wortley, C. W. Maynard and J. C. Penoyer. The place of the next meeting was left to the committee.

Those from this vicinity who were present were John Strahle, A. N. Morton, Fred Lehman, C. C. Dorr and John Irwin.

Company Has Right to Trim Trees.

The case of the village of Dexter against the Michigan State Telephone Company to determine whether the company had a right to trim shade trees in the village despite an order to the contrary, was dismissed by Justice Marcus Cook, of Dexter, last Thursday.

The case had attracted wide attention because of its bearing upon the right of public utility corporation to clear the right of way for its line.

Justice Cook ruled that the company, being engaged in the transmission of long distance messages, might continue to do business and if necessary trees might be trimmed to enable the business to go on. He intimated that if dissatisfaction existed, the matter should be settled by an action for damages but no criminal action against employees.

M. E. APPOINTMENTS

Rev. G. H. Whitney is Returned to this Charge For Another Year.

Bishop Burt Monday night, with the assistance of his cabinet, upset all predictions and established a precedent in Methodist Episcopal religious circles when he not only restricted the Detroit conference, but upset all calculations as to the district that would be abolished.

Port Huron and Ann Arbor districts pass out of existence and three districts are reduced to two by creating a Detroit East and a Detroit West district.

The plan followed in reducing the number of districts to six was to place that part of the Ann Arbor district which lies south of the Michigan Central lines in the Detroit West district and all territory east of the center of Woodward avenue and including the Port Huron district in the new Detroit East district.

The appointments affecting churches in this vicinity are as follows:

- Superintendent—D. H. Ramsdell.
- Ann Arbor—A. W. Stalker.
- Azalia—F. J. Clifford.
- Belleville—Albert Balgooyan.
- Chelsea—G. H. Whitney.
- Clinton—H. J. Johnson.
- Dexter—D. H. Campbell.
- Grass Lake—S. J. Pollock.
- Manchester—Simon Schofield.
- Milan—W. S. Smith.
- Munith—G. F. Hathaway.
- Napoleon—Frederick Coats.
- Pinckney—A. T. Camburn.
- Saline—G. G. Hicks.
- Stockbridge—W. G. Stephens.
- Tecumseh—G. W. Jennings.
- Willis—William Combella.
- Ypsilanti—H. A. Lesson.

Former pastors of the Chelsea church have been given the following assignments:

- C. L. Adams, first church, Calumet;
- Donning Idle, Campbell Ave. church, Detroit;
- J. W. Campbell, Milford. R. H. Beatty, who has been at Grass Lake and has been supplying North Sharon, has been transferred to Blissfield.

Brotherhood Lecture Course.

The Brotherhood of the Congregational church announce a continuance of the lecture course series that they have conducted so successfully for several years.

The entertainments will be given at the town hall, and the first one will be The Regniers, on Monday evening, October 4th, consisting of Roy J. Regnier, tenor, trombonist and impersonator, with his wife Meryl Wolfe Regnier, mezzo soprano, accompanist and pianologist. They have built a unique and highly interesting musical program about a conversational sketch.

The second entertainment will be given October 28th by the Old Colonial Band, something entirely new in the way of a lyceum attraction, comprising twelve musicians, with E. Carmelini, at one time soloist with Liberati's band, as director.

The third entertainment will be given December 3d, by Charles R. Taggart, entertainer.

The last entertainment will be given February 3d, by the Columbian entertainers whose program will comprise both vocal and instrumental solos, readings and ensemble numbers.

Wreck at Track Pan Siding.

Saturday forenoon a wreck occurred on the Michigan Central railroad at the track pan siding near the cement plant. The east bound way freight picked up a car of cement in the Chelsea yards for Ann Arbor and at the pan siding the crew picked up two empty cars. The car of cement jumped the track near the switch point and blocked both the south Main track and the side track. A wrecking crew was brought to the scene of the accident from Jackson. The east bound trains were switched to the north main track here and at Dexter they switched back to the south track. The wrecking crew were about five hours clearing up the tracks.

Defends Peat Irrigation.

Mrs. Fred Osborn, of Ann Arbor, owner of a large tract of peat land in Washtenaw county, which she successfully cultivates, rose Monday on the floor of the convention of the American Peat Society in session at the Hotel Statler in Detroit, and took issue with university professors, agricultural experiment station experts and even the United States department of agriculture, in behalf of the sub-irrigation of peat lands. Mrs. Osborn had with her and displayed among the exhibits of the convention products of her land to prove her contention.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All 1915 village taxes are past due and must be paid on or before October 15, 1915.

J. H. Boyd, Village Treasurer.

AN INVITATION

Is Extended To

All Old Customers and New Ones

To Make This Store

HEADQUARTERS

We Would Ask a Share of Your Patronage and Good Will, For Which We Give You in Return

Clean Goods, Low Prices, Good Service and Courteous Treatment.

Yours Respectfully

L. T. Freeman Co.

PIPES

Special Sale During Fair Week—Pipes From 5c to \$10

When you visit Chelsea FAIR WEEK be sure and call at the CORNER BARBER SHOP and see our display of PIPES, CIGARS and TOBACCOS. Special Low Prices Fair Week Only.

WM. SCHATZ.

YOU NEVER NEED WORRY



About giving the baby Cookies or anything else that comes from our bakery. Our shop is scrupulously clean, and every ingredient that goes into our baked goods is the best.

REMEMBER OUR WAGON

Makes Daily Trips over every street in town with every kind of Baked Goods and Groceries. Watch for it and give us a trial order.

Also remember that we give our most particular attention to special orders for socials and banquets.

OUR SPECIALTIES—"White Elephant" and "Lighthouse" brands of Tea and Coffee. Best for the money.

Watch our Grocery Specials each week. You will find something attractive.

CHELSEA HOME BAKERY

Phone 67 T. W. WATKINS, Prop.

Have a Business Home

Call today and let us start you on the road to prosperity. We not only accept your deposits, keep your money safely and render you every possible accommodation that the best banks in the country can render, but we will take care of your valuable papers and give you our assistance in any business transaction free of charge. We invite you to make our bank your business home.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

ONTARIO DRILLS

WHY THEY ARE THE BEST AND SELL THE BEST

They are built strong and durable—Long lived. They have anti friction roller bearings—Light draft. They are perfectly balanced—No neck weight. They have simple cog gear drive—Steady even motion. They have double force feed distributors—Perfect seed sowing. They have force feed grass seeder—Even grass seeding. They have force feed setting device—Easy to set. They have simple quantity setting device—Handy for the operator. They saw corn or beans without changing—Little wear, no repair. They have the best wheel and hub drive ever built—Little wear, no repair. They are endorsed and used by leading farmers here and everywhere. If you want the best in Drill construction—buy an Ontario.

HINDELANG & FAHRNER

PHONE 66

The BLACK BOX

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Author of "The Missing Finger," "The Prince of Simons," "The Artist's Adventure," etc.

Novelized from the motion picture drama of the same name produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Illustrated with photographs from the motion picture production.

(Copyright, 1915, by Otis F. Wood.)

SYNOPSIS.

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice MacDougal, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden but in Professor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an ape skeleton and a living creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In his rooms have appeared black boxes containing notes, signed by a pair of armless hands. Laura and Lenora, his assistants, suspect Craig, the professor's servant, of a double murder. The black boxes continue to appear in uncanny fashion. Craig, captured, escapes to Port Said. Quest and his party follow, and beyond into the desert. They are captured by Monga, escape with Craig as their captive, and turn him over to Inspector French in San Francisco. He escapes in a train wreck, outgenerals his pursuers, and goes back to New York, where he dies while Quest is attempting to hypnotize him into confession.

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XXXV.

The first shock was over. Craig's body had been removed, and the girls had taken Mary, half stunned with grief, to their room. French and Quest were left alone.

"That is some disappointment," the former remarked, gloomily.

"It is a disappointment," Quest said, slowly, "which may clear the way to bigger things."

"What's in your mind now?" French inquired.

Quest shook his head.

"A turmoil. First of all, where is the professor?"

"Must have scouted right away home," French suggested. "He was looking pretty sick all the time. Guess it must have been a powerful shock for him, and he isn't so young as he used to be."

"Give me that paper of Craig's again," Quest asked.

The inspector produced the document from his inner pocket, and Quest, stretching it out upon his knee, read it word for word.

"Never to communicate or to have anything to do with anyone of the name of Ashleigh, eh?" he remarked, as he handed it back again. "Rather a queer provision, that, French."

"I've been thinking that myself," the inspector admitted.

Quest glanced at the clock.

"Well," he said, "if you're ready, inspector, we'll be getting along."

The two men drove to the outskirts of the city almost in silence. The professor's house seemed more than ever deserted as they drew up at the front door. They entered without ringing and crossed the hall towards the library. On the threshold Quest paused and held up his finger.

"Someone is in there," he whispered, stepping quickly forward. "Come!"

He threw open the door. The room was empty, yet both Quest and French were conscious of a curious conviction that it had been occupied within the last few seconds.

"Queer, but it seemed to me I heard someone," French muttered.

"I was sure of it," Quest replied.

They stood still for a moment and listened. The silence in the empty house was almost unnatural. Quest turned away with a shrug of the shoulders.

"At any rate," he said, "Craig's dying thoughts must have been truthful. Come."

He led the way to the fireplace, went down on his knees and passed his hands over the bricks. The third one he touched, shook. He tapped it without a doubt it was hollow. With his penknife he loosened the mortar a little and drew it out easily. The back was open. Inside was the black box.

"Craig's secret at last!" French muttered, hoarsely. "Bring it to the light, quick!"

They were unemotional men, but the moment was supreme. The key to the mystery of these tragical weeks was there in their hands! Their eyes almost dazzled those few hastily scrawled words buried with so much care:

See Page 82, January Number, American Medical Journal, 1905. They looked at one another. They repeated vaguely this most commonplace of messages. As the final result of their strenuous enterprise, these cryptic words seemed pitifully inadequate. Quest's face darkened. He crumpled the paper in his fingers.

"There must be some meaning in this," he muttered. "It can't be altogether a fool's game we're on. Wait."

He moved towards a table, which usually stood against the wall, but which had obviously been dragged out recently into the middle of the room. It was covered with bound volumes. Quest glanced at one and exclaimed softly:

"American Medical Journal, 1905! French, there's something in this message, after all."

He turned over the pages rapidly. Then he came to a stop. Page 61 was there; page 62 had been neatly removed with a pair of scissors.

"The professor!" he cried. "The professor's been at work here!"

The two men stood looking at one another across the table. Strange

thoughts were framing themselves in the brains of both of them. Then there came a startling and in its way a dramatic interlude. Through the empty house came the ringing of the electric bell from the front door, shrill and insistent. Without a moment's hesitation, Quest hurried out and French followed him. On the doorstep was another surprise. Lenora and Laura were there, the former carrying a small, black-bound volume.

"Don't be cross," she begged, quickly. "We just had to come. Look! We picked this up underneath the chair where Craig was sitting. It must have slipped from his pocket. You see what is written on it—Diary of John Craig."

Quest took it in his hand. "Say, this ought to be interesting," he remarked. "Come along."

They passed into the library. French lingered behind for a moment and caught them up just as they were opening the book underneath the electric lamp.

"See here what I've found!" he exclaimed. "It was just by the side of the wall there—Where's that magazine?"

He spread out the piece of paper—it fitted exactly into the empty space. They all read together:

Professor Ashleigh, after being bitten by the anthropoid, rapidly developed hydrophobia of a serious nature. After treatment with a new serum the patient was relieved of the hydrophobic symptoms, but to my horror this mild-mannered, humane man seems possessed at times of all the characteristics of the brutal anthropoid—cunning, thievery, brutality. I do not know what may come of this. I hesitate to put even these words on to paper. I am doubtful as to what course, in the interests of humanity, I ought to take.

(Signed) JAMES MERRILL, M. D. Editor's Note—Just as we go to press, a cable announces the terrible death of Doctor Merrill, the writer of the above notes. He was attacked by wild animals whilst alone in a South American jungle, and torn to pieces.

There was a queer little silence among the company. No one seemed inclined for speech. They looked at one another in dumb, wondering horror. Then Quest drew a penknife from his pocket and with a turn of his wrist forced the lock of the diary. They all watched him with fascinated eyes. It was something to escape from their thoughts. They leaned over as he spread the book out before him. Those first two sentences were almost in the nature of a dedication:

For ten years I have protected my master, Prof. Edgar Ashleigh, at the cost of my peace of mind, my happiness, my reputation. This book, even though it be too late to help me, shall clear my reputation.

Quest closed the volume.

"French," he decided, "we must find the professor. Will you have your men search the house and grounds immediately?"

The inspector left the room like a dazed man. They could hear him giving orders outside.

"The next page," Lenora begged. "Just one page more!"

Quest hesitated for a moment. Then he turned it over. All three read again:

Ten years of horror, struggling all the while to keep him from that other self, that thing of bestiality, to keep his horrible secret from the world, to cover up his crimes, even though their shadow should rest upon me. Now Sanford Quest has come. Will this mean discovery?

"Another page," Quest said. "Don't you see where it is leading us? We have the truth here. Wait!"

He strode hastily to the door. French and one of the plain-clothes men were descending the stairs.

"Well?" Quest asked, breathlessly. "The professor is not in the house," French reported. "We are going to search the grounds."

Quest returned to the library. Lenora clung to his arm. The diary lay still upon the table.

Quest opened the volume slowly. Again they all read together:

The evil nature is growing stronger every day. He is developing a sort of ferocious cunning to help him in his crimes. He wanders about in the dark, wearing a black velvet suit with holes for his eyes, and leaving only his hands exposed. I have watched him come into a half-darkened room and one can see nothing but the hands and the eyes; sometimes if he closes his eyes, only the hands.

"Mrs. Rheinholdt!" Quest muttered. The door was suddenly opened and French entered.

"Beaten!" he exclaimed tersely. "You haven't found him?" Quest asked.

French shook his head.

"We've searched every room; every cupboard, every corner of the cellar in the place," he announced. "We've been into every corner of the grounds, searched it all backwards and for-

wards. There's no sign of the professor."

Quest pocketed the diary.

"You're perfectly certain that he is not in this house or anywhere upon the premises?"

"Certain sure!" French replied. Quest shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, we'd better get back," he said.

They were on the point of starting, the chauffeur with his hand upon the starting handle, French with the steering wheel of the police car already in his hand. And then the little party seemed suddenly turned to stone. For a few breathless seconds not one of them moved. Out into the clammy night air came the echoes of a hideous, inhuman, blood-curdling scream. Quest was the first to recover himself. He leaped from his seat and rushed back across the empty hall into the study, followed a little way behind by French and the others. An unsuspected panel door which led into the garden stood slightly ajar. The professor, with his hand on the back of a chair, was staring at the fireplace, shaking as though with some horrible ague, his face distorted, his body curiously quivered up. He seemed suddenly to have dropped his humanity, to have fallen back into the world of some strange creature. He heard their footsteps, but he did not turn his head. His hands were stretched out in front of him as though to keep away from his sight some hateful object.

"Stop him!" he cried. "Take him away! It's Craig—his spirit! He came to me in the garage, he followed me through the grounds, he mocked at me when I hid in the tree. He's there now, kneeling before the fireplace. Why can't I kill him! He is coming! Stop him, someone!"

No one spoke or moved; no one, indeed, had the power. Then at last Quest found words.

"There is no one in the room, professor," he said, "except us."

The sound of a human voice seemed to produce a strange effect. The professor straightened himself, shook his head, his hands dropped to his side, ghastly pale, but his smile was once more the smile of the amiable naturalist.

"My friends," he said, "forgive me. I am very old, and the events of these last few hours have unnerved me. Forgive me."

He groped for a moment and sank into a chair. Quest fetched a decanter and a glass from the sideboard, poured out some wine and held it to his lips. The professor drank it eagerly.

"My dear friend," he exclaimed, "you have saved me. I have something to tell you, something I must tell you at once, but not here. I loathe this place. Let me come with you to your rooms."

"As you please," Quest answered, calmly.

He gripped Quest's arm. In silence they passed from the room, in silence they took their places once more in the automobiles, in silence they drove without a pause to Quest's rooms. The professor made his way at once to his favorite easy chair, threw off his overcoat and leaned back.

"Quest," he pronounced, "you are the best friend I have in my life! It is you who have rid me of my great burden. Tell me—help me a little with my story—have you read that page from the Medical Journal which

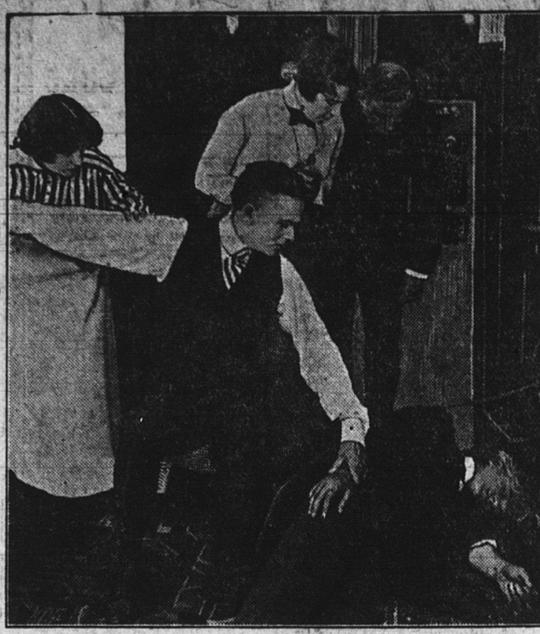
the latter had crept a yard or so ahead, his gun raised to his shoulder, his eyes fixed upon some possible object of pursuit. There was a sudden change in the professor. They saw him seize his gun by the barrel and whirl it above his head. He seemed suddenly to lose his whole identity. He crouched on his haunches, almost like an animal, and sprang at the other's throat. They could almost hear the snarl from his lips as the two men went down together into the underground. The picture faded away.

"Doctor Merrill!" Lenora faltered. "Then it was not wild beasts which killed him?"

Almost immediately figures again appeared in the mirror. There was a small passage which seemed to lead from the back entrance of a house; the professor, with a black mantle, Craig followed him, pleading, expostulating. They saw the conservatory for a minute, and then blackness. The professor was leaning against a marble basin. There was nothing to be seen of him but his eyes and hands. They saw him listen for a moment or two in cold, unresponsive silence, then stretch out his hand and push Craig away. The picture glowed and faded and glowed again. Then they saw through the gloom the figure of a woman approach, a diamond necklace around her neck. They saw the hands steal out and encircle her throat—and then more darkness, silence, obscurity. The mirror was empty once more.

"Mrs. Rheinholdt's jewels!" Lenora cried. "What next? Oh! my God, what next?"

Their eyes ached with the strain, but there was not one of them who could even glance away from the mirror. It was Quest's study, which slowly appeared then. The Salvation Army girl was there, talking to a professor. They saw him leave her, they saw him look back from the door, a strange, evil glance. Then the secretary entered and spoke to her. Once more the door opened. The hands were there, stretching and reaching, a paper-weight gripped in the right-hand fingers. They saw it raised above the secretary's head, they saw the other hand take the girl by the throat and push her towards the table. A wild scream broke from Lenora's lips. Quest wavered for a



"He is Dead!" Quest Declared.

its coils and levers. The professor watched her. Slowly his face changed. The benevolence faded away, his teeth for a moment showed in something which was almost a snarl.

"You believe me?" he cried, turning to Quest. "You are not going to try that horrible thing on me—Professor Lord Ashleigh? I am all broken up. I am not fit for it. Look at my hands, how they shake."

"Professor," Quest said, sternly, "we are surrounded by the shadow of some terrible deeds for which as yet there is no explanation. I do not say that we mistrust you, but I ask you to submit to this test."

"I refuse!" the professor replied, harshly.

"And I insist," Quest muttered.

The professor drew a little breath. He sat back in his chair. His face became still, his lips were drawn closely together. Lenora wheeled up the machine and with deft fingers adjusted the fittings on one side. Quest himself connected it up on the other. The professor sat there like a figure of stone. The silence in the room was so intense that the ticking of the small clock upon the mantel piece was clearly audible. The very atmosphere seemed charged with the thrill and wonder of it. Never before had Quest met with resistance so complete and immovable. Sternly he concentrated the whole of his will power upon his task. Almost at once there was a change. The professor fell back in the chair. The tense self-control had passed from his features, his lips twitched. Simultaneously, the mirror for a moment was clouded—then slowly a picture upon it gathered outline and substance. There was a jungle, strange, tall trees, and brushwood so thick that it reached to the waists of the two men who were slowly making their way through it. One was the professor, clearly recognizable under his white sun helmet; the other a stranger to all of them. Suddenly they stopped. The latter had crept a yard or so ahead, his gun raised to his shoulder, his eyes fixed upon some possible object of pursuit. There was a sudden change in the professor. They saw him seize his gun by the barrel and whirl it above his head. He seemed suddenly to lose his whole identity. He crouched on his haunches, almost like an animal, and sprang at the other's throat. They could almost hear the snarl from his lips as the two men went down together into the underground. The picture faded away.

"Doctor Merrill!" Lenora faltered. "Then it was not wild beasts which killed him?"

Almost immediately figures again appeared in the mirror. There was a small passage which seemed to lead from the back entrance of a house; the professor, with a black mantle, Craig followed him, pleading, expostulating. They saw the conservatory for a minute, and then blackness. The professor was leaning against a marble basin. There was nothing to be seen of him but his eyes and hands. They saw him listen for a moment or two in cold, unresponsive silence, then stretch out his hand and push Craig away. The picture glowed and faded and glowed again. Then they saw through the gloom the figure of a woman approach, a diamond necklace around her neck. They saw the hands steal out and encircle her throat—and then more darkness, silence, obscurity. The mirror was empty once more.

"Mrs. Rheinholdt's jewels!" Lenora cried. "What next? Oh! my God, what next?"

Their eyes ached with the strain, but there was not one of them who could even glance away from the mirror. It was Quest's study, which slowly appeared then. The Salvation Army girl was there, talking to a professor. They saw him leave her, they saw him look back from the door, a strange, evil glance. Then the secretary entered and spoke to her. Once more the door opened. The hands were there, stretching and reaching, a paper-weight gripped in the right-hand fingers. They saw it raised above the secretary's head, they saw the other hand take the girl by the throat and push her towards the table. A wild scream broke from Lenora's lips. Quest wavered for a

moment. The picture faded out. "Oh, stop it!" Lenora begged. "Haven't we seen enough? We know the truth now. Stop it or I shall die!"

The criminologist made no reply. His eyes were still fixed upon the professor, who showed some signs of returning consciousness. He was gripping at his collar. He seemed to have difficulty with his breathing. Quest suddenly braced himself. He pushed Lenora back.

"One more," he muttered. "There's something growing in his mind. I can feel it. Wait!"

Again they all turned towards the mirror. They saw the hallway of Ashleigh house, the pictures upon the walls, they could almost feel the quiet silence of night. They saw the professor come stealing down the stairs. He was wearing the black velvet suit with the cow in his hand. They watched him pause before a certain door, draw on the cow and disappear. Through the opening they could see Lord Ashleigh asleep in bed, the moonlight streaming through the open window across the counterpane. They saw the professor turn with a strange, horrible look in his face and close the door. Lenora burst into sobs.

"No more!" she shrieked. "No more, or I shall go mad!"

Quest leaned forward and released their victim. The whole atmosphere of the place seemed immediately to change. Lenora drew a long, convulsive breath and sank into a chair. The professor sat up and gazed at them all with the air of a man who has just awakened from a dream.

"Have I, by any chance, slept?" he asked. "Or—"

He never finished his sentence. His eyes fell upon the mirror, the metal band lying by his side. He read the truth in the faces still turned towards him. He rose to his feet. There was another and equally sudden change in his demeanor and tone. He carried himself with the calm dignity of the scientist.

"The end of our struggle, I presume?" he said to Quest, pointing to the metal band "You will at least admit that I have shown you fine sport."

No one answered him. Even Quest had barely yet recovered himself. The professor shrugged his shoulders.

"I recognize, of course," he said, gravely, "that this is the end. A person in extremis has privileges. Will you allow me to write just a matter of twenty lines at your desk?"

Silently Quest assented. The professor seated himself in the swing chair, drew a sheet of paper towards him, dipped the pen in the ink and began to write. Then he turned around and reached for his own small black bag which lay upon the table. Quest caught him by the wrist.

"What do you want out of that, professor?" he inquired.

"Merely my own pen and ink," the professor expostulated. "If there is anything I detest in the world, it is violet ink. And your pen, too, is execrable. As they are to be the last words I shall leave to a sorrowing world, I should like to write them in my own fashion. Open the bag for yourself, if you will. You can pass me the things out."

Quest opened the bag, took out a pen and a small glass bottle of ink. He handed them to the professor, who started at once more to write. Quest watched him for a moment and then turned away to French. The professor looked over his shoulder and suddenly bared his wrist. Lenora seized her employer by the arm.

"Look!" she cried. "What is he going to do?"

Quest swung around, but he was too late. The professor had dug the pen into his arm. He sat in his chair and laughed as they all hurried towards him. Then suddenly he sprang to his feet. Again the change came into his face which they had seen in the mirror. French dashed forward towards him. The professor snarled, seemed about to spring, then suddenly once more stretched out his hands to show that he was helpless and handed to Quest the paper upon which he had been writing.

"You have nothing to fear from me," he exclaimed. "Here is my last message to you, Sanford Quest. Read it—read it aloud. Always remember that this was not your triumph, but mine."

Quest held up the paper. They all read. The professor's letters were carefully formed, his handwriting perfectly legible:

You have been a clever opponent, Sanford Quest, but even now you are to be cheated. The wisdom of the ages outreaches yours, outreaches it and triumphs.

Quest looked up quickly. "What the devil does he mean?" he muttered.

The professor's arms shot suddenly above his head. Again that strange animal look convulsed his features. He burst into a loud, unnatural laugh. "Mean, you fool?" he cried, holding out his wrist, which was slowly turning black. "Poisoned! That is what it means!"

They all stared at him. Quest seized the ink bottle, revealed the false top and laid it down again with a little exclamation. Then, before they could realize it the end came. The professor lay, a crumpled-up heap, upon the floor.

Quest swung round in his chair as French entered the room and held out his left hand.

"Glad to see you, French. Help yourself to a cigar."

"I don't know as I want to smoke this morning just at present, thank you," French replied.

"Nothing wrong, eh?"

"The fact of it is," French explained, "I should like a few words with Miss Laura."

Quest laughed shortly.

"Why on earth couldn't you say so?" he observed. "Never knew you bashful before, inspector. She's up in the laboratory. I'll ring for someone to show you the way."

Quest touched the bell and his new secretary entered almost at once.

"Take Inspector French up into the laboratory," Quest directed. See you later, French."

"Yes—perhaps—I hope so," the inspector replied nervously.

Quest watched him disappear with a puzzled smile. Then he sat down at his desk, drew a sheet of paper towards him and began to write:

My Dear Inspector:

I am taking this opportunity of letting you know that out of deference to the wishes of the woman I hope soon to marry, I am abandoning the hazardous and nerve-racking profession of criminology for a safer and happier career. You will have, therefore, to find help elsewhere in the future.

With best wishes. Yours, SANFORD QUEST.

He left the sheet of paper upon the desk and, ringing the bell, sent for Lenora. She appeared in a few moments and came over to his side.

"What is it, Mr. Quest?" she asked.

He gave her the letter without remark. She read it through and, turning slowly around, looked at him expectantly.

"How's that seem to you?" he asked, reaching out his hand for a cigar.

"Very sensible, indeed," she replied. "It's no sort of life, this, for a married man," Quest declared. "You

FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

A Weak, Nervous Sufferer Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kasota, Minn.—"I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than anything else, and I had the best physician here. I was weak and nervous that I could not do my work and suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I feel like a different person. I believe there is nothing like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weak women and young girls, and I would be glad if I could influence anyone to try the medicine, for I know it will do all and much more than it is claimed to do."

—MRS. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 1, Maplecrest Farm, Kasota, Minn.



Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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"S-O-M-E Doughnut"

"Any time you want real goodies use Calumet Baking Powder! My mother uses it—she's tried all others—she's learned her lesson—now she sticks to Calumet."

"Unexcelled for making tender, wholesome, light bakings. Wonderful leavening and raising qualities—uniform results. Mother says Calumet is the most economical to buy—most economical to use. Try it at once."

Received Highest Awards New York World Fair—New York World Fair—New York World Fair



Cheap and big can Baking Powders do not save you money. Calumet does—it's Pure and far superior to sour milk and soda.

Gibraltar of the Pacific

IN THE past few years the United States government has spent over \$13,000,000 in making Pearl Harbor able to offer adequate resistance to attack from land and sea. The work is nearly finished now; and when it is done the United States will possess as formidable and as important a fortress as any in the world.

Before the steamer approaching Honolulu from the southwest is a magnificent concave sweep of land rising above the clear blue of the Pacific, and covered with gigantic trees. Backing up the whole is a long ridge of rugged and tumbled rock. In the center of this Titanic sweep nests Honolulu. To the east, the sweep is terminated by a tumbled mass of rock—an extinct volcano, known as Diamond Head. To the west the view ends with a frowning mountainside that hides a beautiful little lake which nestles behind it, reached from the sea through a narrow passage, like the neck of a bottle—the lake named Pearl Harbor. Nowhere in the world is a scene more beautiful and impressive.

Death in the Midst of Beauty. Uncle Sam's task has been to conceal, in this wonderful 15 miles of beauty, death—the flying, screaming, hellish death of flame and steel and explosive. He has packed the hollow cup of the peaceful, sunnolent old Diamond Head crater full of coast-defense mortars, and the volcano may renew its activity with the eruptions of flame and steel that belch forth from the molten interiors of these squat, grim engines of destruction.

Hidden among the green of the trees are cement pits, from the depths of which long, trim, coast-defense rifles rise and peer about, seeking marks for the tons of steel and gun cotton they are hiding. Beneath, keeping company with the fishes, are hundreds of steel cans the size of barrels, and containing high explosives, ready to destroy any vessel riding above them when the man on shore chooses to launch their power.

Impregnable Defenses. The fortifications extend along the coast for a distance of 15 miles, from the volcano on the east of Honolulu to Pearl Harbor, nine miles west of the city, and consist mainly of a series of powerful batteries occupying cement-lined emplacements beneath the level of the ground. At the base of the volcano is a group of such emplacements called Fort Rugger; at the other end, guarding the entrance to Pearl Harbor, is Fort Kamehameha.

area. All the navies in the world could float on its surface, and its safety against attack may be judged from the fact that the only entrance to it is through a narrow neck three miles long and hardly more than wide enough to allow vessels to pass through. The naval station occupies a square mile of land, and is one of the most completely equipped in the world. It is provided with a first-class ship-repairing outfit, including the largest dry dock in the world, and has a coaling plant that cost nearly \$1,000,000, with a magazine for naval ammunition that tapped Uncle Sam's pocketbook for \$400,000. There are five tanks for fuel oil, four of them containing 2,000,000 gallons each, and one with a capacity of 1,500,000 gallons—such provision being necessary in view of the fact that our newest dreadnaughts burn oil fuel.

JUST WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Many Definitions Given, But None That Can Be Said to Be Satisfactory.

From more or less successful efforts to define the snob and the bore there is only a step to the more or less successful efforts to define the gentleman, says a writer in Scribner's. The bore and the snob are accusable creatures, plain to the view of all men and reducible to formula. But the gentleman is intangible and ultimately indefinable. The bore and the snob are revealed by their words and their deeds, whereas the gentleman can prove himself only by his spirit. It is no wonder that the multitudinous definitions shot at this shining mark have failed to pierce the center, even if one or another may now and again have hit the margin of the target.

One of the more obvious reasons for this diversity of definition is that the word has changed its meaning and is likely to keep on changing it as we advance in civilization. Once upon a time it had a clear and sharply limited legal content recorded by Blackstone in his commentaries; the great lawyer defined a gentleman as one "who bears coat armor, the grant of which adds gentility to one's family." This is still a fit definition of the gentleman in France; it is probably not now a fully satisfactory definition of the gentleman in Great Britain, and it never has been an acceptable definition of the gentleman in the United States. To an American "there is a pitiful snobbishness in Ruskin's remark that the principles of education propounded by Plato apply only to "the persons we call gentlemen—that is to say, land-owners living on slave labor. Yet Ruskin is only putting forth a little more offensively than others an opinion often held in England. This opinion is most concretely expressed in the fabled dialogue between the English lord and the American girl, which begins with his tactful assertion that there are so few gentlemen in America, to which she responded with the question: "But who do you call gentlemen?" And when he explains that gentlemen are "men who do not work," she retorts swiftly: "But we have lots of them in America—only we call them tramps!"

Divorce Problem in Tennessee. The office of the circuit court clerk, where divorce suits are filed, was on the fourth floor of the court house, and the elevator was not running. Among the early stair-climbers was a big black mammy of nearly 300 pounds weight, and pulled along by the trousers a shriveled, shrinking old black man. At the top of the first flight of steps, which was unusually long, she stopped and exclaimed, between puffs and blows: "Look a-here, nigger, I ain't a-gwine no step fu'ther! I see dat you th' forty-two years o' matrimony, an' I see drag you up all dese here stairs. Ef dat chershan was a-runnin', I'd git dat div'ce dis minit; but I ain't a-gwine drag no runt of a nigger up to de top de 'real disruption o' de house, jes for de 'real disruption o' de ties o' matrimony, bless Gawd!"

Spoiled Wedding Cake

By Mary Gertrude Sheridan

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Hungry, are you?" asked Mrs. Dale, thrifty housewife and most excellent cook. "Most starved, mum," answered Tip Farrell dimly. Now this was a lie deliberate and uncalculated. Tip Farrell had no excuse for its utterance except, being a preparator he was as well a thief, and to mask his real intentions in getting a view of the house and its interior he had played the role of the ravenous tramp.

Mrs. Dale was smiling, happy, in love with all the world at that particular moment of her life, for the next day was to see her daughter, Eloise, wedded to the man of her choice. She was in her element, preparing dainties for the wedding feast. Nothing was too good for the prospective bride and groom and a cake slightly scorched had been set aside as rejected.

"Here," she said to Tip Farrell. "It's not very good—burned on the edge, you see. You are welcome to it."

Now Tip, as said, was not hungry, but the cake was tempting. He sunk his teeth into it.

"U-um!" he remarked. "If your poor cakes taste like that what must your palatable gift be left the doorway, lounged over to a shaded spot in a corner of the garden, and after devouring the cake entire stretched himself out for a snooze.

The sound of human voices proceeding from a rustic bench near by aroused Tip after a spell. He sat up and listened. In a very few moments



"How—Where—What Do You Want!"

He knew that the pair were Eloise Dale and the bridegroom-to-be. Eloise was crying prettily and her companion was kissing her tears away and striving to console her.

"Don't mind, dearest," he was saying soothingly. "I hope to be able in time to buy you all the diamonds and pearls you want."

"It isn't that," sobbed Eloise, "it's the injustice of it! Everybody knows that Aunt Lydia when she died said that the old heirloom, the diamond and pearl ring, was to be mine on my wedding day. Since Uncle Forrester has got so cross and pettish he won't hear of it. He says he never promised to give the ring, but he did, for mother says so. Aunt Lydia said it would bring up all kinds of good fortune. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Then her lover led her away trying to comfort her, his arm around her waist and her bonny golden head up on his shoulder.

"H'm—romance! Say, it's quite touching," commented Tip, "I'm interested. That girl's mother treated me like a gentleman. Suppose I return the compliment? Forrester is evidently the name of this old selfish skeelicks. I've got to keep my hand in at my trade, so—ho! for the Forrester mansion, and Tip Farrell flourishing out as a philanthropist!"

A whimsical idea in his not entirely bad mind, Tip scaled the fence, mingled with a throng at a popular merry-go-round and proceeded to make some inquiries as to the residence of "an old fossil of the name of Forrester."

"He's easy," observed Tip in a satisfied way, as he prowled about the home of the miserly old recluse that night. It was barricaded like a castle, but that meant very little to Tip. The latter had observed a light in a wing of the house, but the window shades were pulled tightly down. A broad glint of radiance showed at the top, however. Tip nimbly climbed a tree.

Twenty feet from the ground he rested on a limb of the tree, a clear prospect before him. He could see Forrester at a desk. He had money and papers before him. Tip smiled to himself. He descended to the ground and possessed himself of various unique tools he carried concealed in the lining of his coat. A window fastener noiselessly pried out a piece of lock deftly forced, and this expert and philanthropist velvet-ahod, crossed the threshold of the room. As readily as if an invited guest, Tip sank into a chair at the side of the desk. His shadow fell across it and

Forrester looked up with a wild start. "How—where—what do you want?" stammered forth the old man, astare. "This," retorted Tip tersely, and one hand closed over a heap of bonds and cash. "Whoa!" and his other revealed a revolver, and Forrester cowered back. "Go slow, old man. A cry or a move and you get lead for your gold," and Tip thrust the fistful of plunder into his pocket. "Now, then, out with your jewelry."

"Jewelry? Me! I've got no jewelry." "Oh, yes you have," disputed Tip. "You've got a ring set with diamonds and pearls, an old family heirloom. I know all about it. Produce!" and the weapon clicked ominously.

The old man was fairly paralyzed with terror. He groaned, his hands trembled as he unlocked a drawer in the desk and took out an old tin box, and from it produced an ancient circlet set with a large diamond and some exquisite pearls. There were some other minor trinkets, but to these Tip paid no attention.

"Do not make of me a pauper!" breathed the old man, clasping his hands in desperation. "The few thousands in money and securities are all I have."

"Old man," spoke Tip coolly, "I've got your wealth and I mean to keep it, unless—"

"Yes! yes! unless!" gasped Forrester eagerly. "Unless you do just as I say. This can all be between us and you get your bonds back, or I vanish, and you are beggared. Listen," and Tip recited his determination to secure the ring which the daughter of his kind almoner rightly owned. "You will enclose it in a box directed to Miss Dale. You will write to her, here, now, a letter, saying that you gladly send to her on her wedding day her rightful property."

"Yes, yes—and then?" "At the end of a week, if I find you have not tried to get it back and act decent with the young lady, I will return to you the money and bonds."

"Oh, will you, surely return the money?" pleaded the distracted Forrester. "You have the word of an honorable man," returned Tip sternly, and enjoying really the one redeeming act in his erratic life.

Early the next morning a little box and a letter was left at the Dale home by Tip. Eloise went fairly wild over the coveted trinket and the congratulatory words of the relative estranged from her family for five years.

Tip Farrell sat on thorns and nettles of suspense and hope for a week. There was one glad gleam of new interest in his life, however. Eloise had come to thank him for the ring, a reconciliation had taken place and the old man emerged from his selfish surplines.

One afternoon he was seated in his garden conversing with Eloise and her husband, who came often to see him, when a voice called his name. At the gate stood Tip Farrell. He extended a package to the old man.

"There's your goods, all of them," he said simply. "I say, my friend, there's more than one kind of thieves in the world. You've been the worst kind of a specimen."

"I—!" stammered Forrester. "Yes, stealing happiness from your own life and the lives of others for the love of money. It looks, though, as if you had cut that out some. Keep it up. As an humble instrument of bringing you to your senses in doing a good deed, I'm half inclined to reform myself. Good-by."

And Tip Farrell swung jauntily down the street, and went out of the life of the charming young bride, who never knew what a spoiled wedding cake had done for her.

The Passport Bogey.

If a traveler wants to bring a passport with him on a visit to this fair dominion, the Canadian government has no objection; neither has it any particular interest. Passports are not dutiable any more than letters of introduction, certificates of good standing in the lodge, portraits of the dear ones at home, and a dozen other things which people going on a pleasure trip think it desirable to stow away in their pocketbooks. And of all these, a passport is certainly the most inconvenient and probably the most useless.

We have taken our American visitors—"on trust" ever since we started to take American visitors at all, which is for well over a century, and neither Canada nor the visitors have, as yet, found reason to make a change. Any citizen of the United States who wants to catch our fish, or sample our hospitality, or inspect our scenery, or buy our goods, or sell us his, is as welcome and as free to come and go this year as ever before.—Montreal Star.

Defended the Irish.

In the growing Devon district lives H. B. Burkhardt, widely known investor in real estate, who regularly journeys downtown on a certain Northwestern elevated train. The friendly crew of this train often chat with the real estate man, but one guard expressed difficulty in "remembering the name."

"That ought to be easy for you," said Mr. Burkhardt, the guard being an Irishman. "My name, though Dutch, is made up of two good old Irish names—'Burke' and 'Hart.'"

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of a man and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA? Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

He Took a Chance. "It's a good thing you had accident insurance, isn't it? That fall must have laid you up for two weeks." "I know, but it doesn't help me out in this case." "And why not?" "Why, it carried a clause forbidding me to engage in any extra-hazardous occupation." "Well, you weren't, were you?" "Yes, I was trying to sell Jones some life insurance." It Made a Difference. "How far is it to the next town?" the motorist asked the farmer along the road. "About ten miles as the crow flies," said the farmer. "Yes, I know," said the motorist, "but, you see, the crow's ridgig with me today." Telephone lines are to be extended to Tromsø, Norway, 200 miles north of the arctic circle. Before the war there were 5,000 German waiters and barbers in London. Mistakes are as common as the acknowledgement thereof is uncommon.

10c Worth of DU PONT Will Clear \$1.00 Worth of Land. Get rid of the stumps and grow big crops on cleared land. Now is the time to clean up your farm while products bring high prices. Blasting is quickest, cheapest and easiest with Low Freezing Du Pont Explosives. They work in cold weather. Write for Free Handbook of Explosives No. 69F, and name of nearest dealer. DU PONT POWDER COMPANY DELAWARE

RICE & HUTCHINS EDUCATOR SHOE. "Let Their Next Shoes be Educators!" PREVENT your children from knowing the torture of corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, falling arch, etc.—the evil results of bending the foot-bones in narrow pointed shoes. Do it today—by putting them into Educators, which "let the feet grow as they should." Made for the whole family, \$1.35 to \$4.50. But beware EDUCATOR is branded on sole—without that you haven't genuine orthopedically correct Educators, made only by RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc. 15 High Street Boston, Mass. Dealers: W. C. ...

His Plea. "Well, Cuddyhump," said Squire Peavy, addressing a colored citizen who was suspected of having wandered from the straight and narrow path, "what have you to say for yourself?" "Des dis, yo' honah—dis yuh am nuh prevocation," was the reply. "Nemmine wadder I's guilty or not, but des tempt mercy wid justice and tuh me loose. Tuhn me loose, sah, and sho's yo' bawn I'll do as much for yo' some time!"

FACE BATHING WITH Cuticura Soap Most Soothing to Sensitive Skins. Trial Free. Especially when preceded by little touches of Cuticura Ointment to red, rough, itching and pimply surfaces. Nothing better for the skin, scalp, hair and hands than these super-creamy emollients. Why not look your best as to your hair and skin? Sample each free by mail with book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Take Along a Hammer. She—Have you been up to break bread with the new bridegroom yet? He—No, I'm not feeling very strong. If you want it done, don't send a committee. Go yourself.

The General Says: Why send your money away for "bargain roofing" when you can get the best roofing at a reasonable price of your own local dealer whom you know? Certain-teed Roofing. is guaranteed in writing 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply, and 15 years for 3-ply, and the responsibility of our big mills and the responsibility of our big mills stands behind this guarantee. Its quality is the highest and its price the most reasonable. General Roofing Mfg. Company. World's largest manufacturer of Roofing and Building Papers. New York City, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Seattle, London, Hamburg, Sydney.

The Dudley Paper Co. Lansing, Michigan. Distributors—CERTAIN-TEED Roofing and other CERTAIN-TEED products. DEVELOPING ANY ROLL IO BLACKS DETROIT

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY. I was in Chicago the first of this week making selections of Millinery Goods for the fall and winter trade. These goods will be on exhibition at my store the latter part of this week, where I will be pleased to have you call and inspect them. KATHRYN HOOKER

WE SELL AT RIGHT PRICES. Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Posts, Sash, Do ors, Blinds, Hard and Soft Coal, Paints, Cement, Fencing, Plaster, Lime, Roofing, Sewer Pipe, Drain Tile, Sand and Brick. CHELSEA ELEVATOR CO.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank. At Chelsea, Michigan, at the close of business September 2nd, 1915, as called for by the Commission of the Banking Department.

The Chelsea Standard. An independent local newspaper published every Thursday afternoon from its office in the Standard building, East Middle street, Chelsea, Michigan. O. T. HOOVER, PROPRIETOR.

PERSONAL MENTION. Burton Long spent Sunday in Ypsilanti. W. P. Schenk spent Wednesday in Detroit. Paul Bacon spent Sunday in Detroit.

PERSONAL MENTION. Mrs. J. H. McKain, of Detroit, is the guest of Mrs. L. T. Freeman. Miss Lizzie Barthel spent several days of the past week in Durand.

CHURCH CIRCLES. BAPTIST. O. S. Osborn, Pastor. Union service in the evening at the Congregational church.

CHURCH CIRCLES. CONGREGATIONAL. Rev. Charles J. Dole, Pastor. Morning worship at 10 o'clock with sermon by the pastor.

CHURCH CIRCLES. ST. PAUL'S. Rev. A. A. Schoep, Pastor. Sunday school at 8:30 a. m. Review Sunday.

BREVITIES. DEXTER—According to changes made by the postoffice department the number of rural routes from Dexter, after October 1st will be reduced from four to three.

BREVITIES. BLISSFIELD—Cane from which sorghum molasses is made is raised to some extent in this locality and the crop this year is said to be an excellent and large one for the acreage.

Council Proceedings. [OFFICIAL.] COUNCIL ROOM, Chelsea, September 6, 1915. Council met in regular session. No quorum being present council adjourned.

New Models in Suits ALL OF THE NEW STYLES. Some strictly tailored models, some with fur trimming, some braid trimmed. Prices are very much less than you are accustomed to pay.

New Coats. For the small Children in black Plush, colored Corduroys, and Fancy Fabrics, in all the newest belted and plain box styles. New Silks and Dress Goods.

Seasonable Suggestions. Buy while the stock is complete and get the best results. Shoes. We have a full line of Brockton's best product—PACKARD'S Shoes, \$3.50 to \$5.00.

Hats and Caps. Our Fall Line of Hats and Caps consists of all the Newest Styles and Colors, as well as the more Styles. Hats at \$1.00 to \$3.00. Caps at \$50c and \$1.00.

WAL WORTH & STRIETER. Fall and Winter Millinery. NOW READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION. We are in a position to look after your wants in a creditable and satisfactory manner.

MILLER SISTERS. THE BRAIN SAND BRAWN. of this thinking generation are the products of a meat-fed intelligence. The choicest, tenderest cuts of strength giving meats are sold here and you are waited upon politely. We deliver the goods in a hurry.

Farmers Month at the California Exposition - OCTOBER - Worlds Greatest County Fair. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS. Horse Show—Live Stock Exhibition—Conference of Boys and Girls Agriculture Clubs—Cattle Parades—World's Light Harness Races—International Irrigation Congress and many other features.

Use the TRAVELERS RAILWAYGUIDE. PRICE 25 CENTS. 431 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO. There is No Question but that indigestion and the distressed feeling which always goes with it can be promptly relieved by taking a Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet.

Announcements. Brookside Chapter of the Congregational church will hold a bake sale at Seitz's ice cream parlors on Saturday, September 25.

Announcements. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church will hold a bake sale at Kingler's meat market on Saturday, October 2.

Sudden Muscular Aches and Pains—Need Not Be! That is—if you use the right remedy. Sloan's Liniment is a real necessity in every home—for young and old.

Canada Jubilee Singers. The famous Canadian Jubilee Singers will appear at the M. E. church Thursday evening, September 23, under the auspices of the Epworth League.

Notice. A special meeting of the Oak Grove Cemetery Corporation will be held in the town hall, Monday evening, September 27, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of considering selling a portion of ground for the erecting of a mansions.

GRASS LAKE—Mrs. Lida Shelly narrowly escaped serious injury Monday when the stepladder she was standing on broke and fell through a large window.

Light and Water Fund. Electric Light and Water Works Commission. Moved by Palmer, supported by Hirth, that the bills be allowed as read and that orders be drawn for the amounts.

Notice. Because a cold is stubborn is no reason why you should be. Instead of "wearing" it out, get sure relief by taking Dr. King's New Discovery.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. will relieve your indigestion. Many people in this town have used them and we have yet to hear of a case where they have failed.

Have You a Raincoat?

If you haven't you are missing one of the real conveniences of life.

Our Raincoats are not just storm protectors that are intended to keep you high and dry, but they are cleverly styled as well and they'll dress you up right smart for the sunny days as well.

We have so many different kinds, in so many colors and patterns that you'll have to come in and look them over to get a correct idea of their real worth.

\$5 to \$12

Furnishing Goods

All the latest in Fall Hats and Caps, Neckwear, Shirts, Collars and Gloves, is ready for your inspection.

Made-to-Measure Clothes

We have a very fine line of Sample Patterns of the latest weaves and colors for spring. Absolute fit, the best of tailoring and linings. Satisfaction guaranteed.

\$15.00 to \$35.00

It Pays to Buy Good Shoes

There are counterfeit shoes just the same as counterfeit money. There are shoes that seem to be good until you wear them.

It is real economy to buy only such shoes as your dealer is ready to stand back of. We stand back of every pair of our Men's and Boys' Shoes. We know that they are all right in style, fit and wear, and that you'll get your money's worth with every pair you buy. The new fall styles are now ready for your inspection. Good line of Rubber Boots.

DANCER BROTHERS.

OPEN EVERY EVENING

WEATHER FORECAST.

Weather forecast for the week beginning Wednesday, September 22d, issued by the U. S. Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C. For the region of the Great Lakes: Fair and cool weather the first half of the week with probability of heavy frost Wednesday and Thursday; the latter half of the week will be warmer and unsettled with probably occasional showers.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Emmett Hankard is now employed at Freeman's.

John Prendergast is employed as clerk by John Farrell & Co.

Born, Friday, September 17, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Staffan, a daughter.

Charles Steinbach is having the front of his store building on west Middle street painted.

Tommy McNamara has had the front of his store building on west Middle street given a fresh coat of paint.

Mrs. Frisbie and Fred Rowe, who have been members of the Old People's Home for several years, are quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cooley, who have been residents of Plymouth for several months past, have moved to Chelsea.—Plymouth Mail.

The fronts of the stores occupied by the Dancer Hardware Co. and A. E. Winans have been brightened by the application of a coat of paint this week.

The Baptist church society has sold the barn on their east Summit street property to Wm. Gray, who has taken the building down and moved it to his farm in Lima.

Matt O'Rork, who has occupied the Van Hosen residence on west Middle street for several years, has moved to one of the Negus residences on Harrison street.

Llewellyn Winans, who been with his father, Hon. C. S. Winans, U. S. consul at Nuernberg, Bavaria, is visiting relatives here. He will resume his studies at Albion College.

The "See yourself as others see you" at the Princess Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, drew large audiences. These pictures were taken on our streets and made into lantern slides, and caused considerable amusement.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Stimpson died at Dr. Towar's hospital in Arbor, Wednesday. The funeral was held at the family home on South street at 10:30 o'clock this morning, conducted by Rev. C. J. Dole. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery.

Chas. Moore had his right hand quite badly injured last Friday while at work on an automatic screw machine in the shop of the Chelsea Screw Machine Co. Mr. Moore reached in the machine to get a piece of finished work when he got his hand caught and it was badly gashed.

James Geddes was awarded first premium on his exhibits of fantail doves at the Jackson fair. He received first on old cockerel and hen, and first on young cockerel and hen. There about 100 contestants, among whom was the exhibitor who received first premium at the state fair.

Peter Peterson, who successfully pleaded his own case at Ann Arbor last week, after being arrested on a drunk charge, fell again Wednesday and was taken before Justice Withereil, where his eloquence failed to make any impression. He was taken to Ann Arbor today by Chief Cooper, and will remain as a guest of Sheriff Lindensmidt for the next twenty days.

Mrs. Joseph Kunpack died Thursday night, September 16, 1915, at Grass Lake, aged 63 years. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Schoening, Rev. A. A. Schoen, pastor of St. Paul's church, conducting the services. The Misses Olga Hoffman, Alwena and Artena Lambrecht, of this place furnished the music.

Billie Lake, owned by Michael Wackenhut, won three heats in the 2:40 trot at the Jackson county fair last week. Time—1:14; 1:15; 1:14. Regarding this race, the Jackson Patriot said: Two of the three races were half mile heats. The 2:40 trot for Jackson county green horses driven by their owners, brought out six starters, but of the six only Mike Wackenhut's McKinney Boy gelding, Billie Lake, showed any inclination to stay on his feet and he jugged through the three heats to an easy win.

E. S. Spaulding has purchased a fine new six cylinder Studebaker automobile.

John Foster and Albert Eisele of this place are at work erecting a silo near Jonesville.

Mr. and Mrs. LaVerne Ellis have moved into the Wilkinson residence on north Main street.

Rev. Father Considine attended the annual Eucharistic conference in Detroit Wednesday, at St. Leo's church.

The fancywork committee requests all who intend to exhibit needlework at the fair to leave it at W. P. Schenk & Co.'s store.

Blaine Bartch, who has been spending the past year at Dayton, Ohio, has returned to Chelsea, where he will spend the winter.

Miss Josephine Bacon gave a week-end houseparty at Cavanaugh Lake. Eighteen young ladies from Detroit and Chelsea comprised the party.

The committee on culinary products for the fair next week, request the ladies to get busy and show the people their superiority in that line.

Messrs. Ed. Seider, Ed. Tshanen Frank Braund and Frank Mossbrugger, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, are occupying the Winans cottage at Cavanaugh Lake.

Dr. Robert W. Gammon, of Chicago, who is speaking at the Ypsilanti school of methods this week, was the guest of Rev. C. J. Dole and family, Wednesday night.

Mrs. H. D. Witherell and Mrs. A. L. Steger entertained the members of the Five Hundred Club and their husbands at the Witherell cottage at Cavanaugh Lake Wednesday.

Rudolph Heller, who has been visiting the big coast fairs, returned to his home Tuesday. He reports a fine trip, but says that Michigan looks the best to him of any state that he saw while away.

Geo. W. Millspaugh has signed a contract with the J. B. Morey Nursery Co., of Dansville, N. Y., one of the oldest and most reliable nurseries in the United States, to represent them in this county. See his advertisement in another column.

Rev. Hartmann Bau, formerly pastor in Saginaw, has been appointed pastor of the German M. E. church, of Ann Arbor. Rev. Bau is the father of Mrs. G. C. Nothdurft, whose husband is pastor of Salem German M. E. church in Sylvan.

There are 57 widows in Washtenaw county who are on the pay roll of the widows' pension law. Of this number nine are credited to Chelsea and vicinity. The total payments each week in the county amount to \$140.50 and those in this vicinity receive \$23.

A tramp to whom he had given work is suspected of robbing Thomas Quigley, a farmer living in Waterloo township, of \$107 and a gold watch. The stranger made his getaway sometime during the night. The money he took was the proceeds of a creamery check for the month.

William J. Bryan has expressed his willingness to travel to Europe and give the warring nations his ideas on the question of peace. Hop to it, Bill. What's holding you back? Later—William heard of Henry Ford's offer of millions for bringing about universal peace, and instead of going to Europe, made a hurry trip to Detroit.

Elmer Smith's peach orchard has been an attractive place for the last two weeks, and has also been a very busy one. Many automobilists while driving along the road have stopped and purchased quantities of the luscious fruit, being attracted by the beauty of the peaches. Mr. Smith will gather nearly four hundred bushels from the orchard this season.

The Jackson Patriot, in announcing the raiding by the police of a disorderly house in that city recently, gave the wrong address; and now the residents at that address claim that since the publication of the item they have been annoyed by unwelcome callers. We cannot understand why a paper should make a directory of itself when printing news of this character and advertise the addresses of this class of people.

The Michigan Central stockyards at Detroit will be disinfected for the third time since the outbreak of the cattle epidemic in Michigan last November. The work will begin today and will continue ten days. While this is being done no stock will be received. Shippers will have to consign direct to packing plants. After the cleanup, when federal authorities release the yards, shipments will be received from all the cattle raising districts not restricted by government authorities. Michigan is now entirely within the unrestricted district.

JUST SEE OUR MEN'S SUITS



OUR CLOTHING IS MODELED BY ARTISTS—NOT BY IMITATORS; IT IS MADE BY TAILORS—NOT BY UNSKILLED LABOR. FINE, ALL-WOOL MATERIALS ARE USED IN MAKING OUR SUITS AND OVERCOATS. AND THEY ARE NOT SPOILED BY CARELESS "SWEATSHOP" LABOR. WE GIVE YOU ONE HUNDRED CENTS WORTH FOR YOUR DOLLAR.

Greatest Suit Values Ever Offered in Chelsea

Give us a chance to prove this statement. Everything new and up-to-the-minute in style.

Men's all wool Suits, perfect from top to bottom, worth every cent of \$15.00. We are going to sell up to 20 of them Saturday at \$10.00 the suit.

And Still Another Whirlwind of a Bargain

Men's high-class Suits, plain and fancy Worsteds, Cheviots and Serges, regular \$18.00 to \$22.00 values. You can take your choice of a large assortment at \$14.00.

Boys' Norfolk Suits

Boys' Norfolk Suits, sizes 6 to 57, all wool, at.....\$5.00

New Arrivals

Men's Dress Shirts, Collars and Neckwear. Priced Right. Come and See Them.

W. P. Schenk & Company

Come and See

What's Correct in New Autumn Haberdashery

Shirts and Collars

Headquarters for Monarch and Arrow Shirts. Best made. Priced at \$1.00 and \$1.50. New Arrow Collars just received. Priced at 15c, 2 for 25c.

Elegant New Neckwear

See our New Special at 50c. Slips easy under the collar.

Hats and Caps

Here you'll find the largest and best showing of all the new fall styles. See our Special Values at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Puritan Specials, the best, at \$3.00. New line of Caps on sale Tuesday morning.

Suits and Overcoats

Your money's worth and a bit more—that's what you'll get in every Suit or Overcoat you buy of us. Then there's our absolute guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. SPECIAL VALUES during Street Fair Days. Come in and see what we can give you at a special price of \$15.00.

We invite you to make this store your headquarters at all times, and especially during the Chelsea Street Fair, September 28, 29 and 30.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

Does Your Church Need Money?

We have a new plan for raising money for churches, women's clubs, and other organizations. No investment is required. If your church needs money, or if you are interested in raising money for other purpose, write us direct, or hand this advertisement to the president of your Ladies' Aid Society, or the chairman of your Guild, or to your pastor. By merely asking for our "church plan" full particulars will be immediately sent. Address Fund Dept., Good Housekeeping Magazine, 119 West 41st St., New York City. Adv. 8

Nursery Stock

AGENCY FOR WASHTENAW COUNTY FOR J. B. MOREY NURSERIES GROWERS OF FRUIT TREES.

Morley's Trees Grow Good

GEO. W. MILLSPAUGH



When You Have finished reading this adv. call Phone No. 59 and give us a trial order for your requirements in meats.

This is the market for those who discriminate in meats. Our guarantee—your satisfaction in quality, price and service. If we are unable to "make good," the money for advertising is wasted.

Phone 59
Fred Klingler

Chelsea Greenhouses. If you want to achieve business success, it will pay you to write to

The Business Institute

163-169 Cass Ave., Detroit, for their handsome catalog. The Business Institute is the largest, best-equipped business school in Michigan, and is one of the leading schools of the kind in America. During the past six months there were approximately a thousand applications for Institute students to all positions. This certainly should interest young men and women.

BULBS
OF ALL KINDS FOR FALL PLANTING

Elvira Clark-Visel
Phone 180—2-1-1-8 FLORIST

SYSTEM AND ECONOMY

Every woman knows that where there is system everything runs smoothly. In order for a woman to manage her household affairs with system and economy, she must have control of receipts and expenditures. A check account will give an accurate record of how much is spent each week or month. It enables you to see just where the leaks are. Pay by check. It helps you to keep within your income.

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

FIRST STEP TO CONSERVE GAME

PUBLIC DOMAIN COMMISSION PLANS COMPREHENSIVE CAMPAIGN.

WILL PREPARE PRESERVES

Forty Acres in Crawford County Are Set Aside by Legislature—Will Be Operated by Warden Oates.

Lansing—First steps were taken on Monday by the Michigan public domain commission in a comprehensive campaign for the conservation of game and wild life in this state.

The commission authorized the department to make preparations for the erecting of a dwelling and other buildings necessary at the Crawford county preserve, and an appropriation was made available at once for this purpose.

By legislative enactment 40 acres have been set aside in Crawford county as the initial allotment of land to be used for Michigan's game and wild life preserve.

Game Warden Oates told the commission that he expected the coming season's fees from hunters and fishermen to exceed \$100,000, so that ample funds will be at the disposal of the officials to push the conservation plans.

Body of Frank Francis Found.

Cheboygan—Four years ago Frank Francis, civil war veteran and leader in C. A. R. circles, disappeared mysteriously. A team of horses which he had been driving was found on the road near his home.

Francis' body has just been found. It was identified by a bunch of keys and a jackknife, which relatives declared belonged to him.

Woman Burned to Death.

Penton—The charred body of Mrs. Homer Van Tinslin, 63 years old, was found Friday in her home two miles west of Penton by her grandson, who entered the house. Nothing had been seen of the woman by her son, who lived directly across the road.

To Reopen Pontiac Hotel.

Pontiac—The historic Hodges house, a local landmark since 1837, which was closed when the county voted "dry" May 1, will be reopened under new management in October.

MICHIGAN NEWS ITEMS

Joe Chartrand killed a big black bear that was trying to carry off a hog weighing 150 pounds on his farm near Munising.

Brewers of Grand Rapids have agreed to aid the police in closing objectionable clubs by refusing to sell beer to the proprietors.

William F. Fitch, former president and general manager of the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic railroad died at Marquette Thursday aged 76.

Genesee county's youngest civil war veteran, Henry N. Gay, 66 years old, is dead, at Flint. He was 14 years old when he enlisted with Company G, Twenty-ninth Michigan infantry.

During a thunderstorm Thursday night, four large barns and a corncrusher on S. W. Glasgow farm, west of Jonesville, were struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

Michigan farmers have suffered loss from hog cholera among their swine herds this summer than ever before in the history of the live stock industry in this state.

Mines have no more right to pollute the water in streams than have sugar factories, says the attorney-general in response to an inquiry from State Game Warden Oates.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFS

Lake county "dry" are circulating petitions to have local option submitted to the voters next spring.

Michigan State Federation of Women's clubs will meet at Lansing in annual convention October 19-22.

Mrs. Charles W. Nichols, of Lansing, and Mrs. Claud L. Larzelere, of Mt. Pleasant, have been selected by Supt. F. L. Keeler to make an inspection of the state school for girls at Adrian.

A self-starter industry, originated and promoted by George L. Rock, proprietor of a Jonesville garage, will locate in Jonesville.

Baldwin and Deerfield, Mich., are among 67 postoffices throughout the country which will be changed from fourth to third class October 1 by order of Postmaster General Burleson.

Nell Harring, former Osseo boy, has been highly commended by the chief signal officers of the war department for excellent work as wireless operator during the recent storm at Galveston.

Frederic Stegeman, 12 years old, near Grand Rapids, was drowned in Lambert lake Saturday, when he fell overboard while fishing.

Lake Angeline mine equipment and 60 dwelling houses at Ishpeming were sold at auction Wednesday by the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Mining Co.

Ex-president William Howard Taft, David Starr Jordan, Mary Antin, author, and P. P. Claxton, U. S. commissioner of education, will be the principal speakers at the annual convention of the Michigan Teachers' association to be held in Saginaw, Oct. 27-29.

Continuing its policy of reducing expenses in the postoffice department, the administration will abolish five rural mail routes in Barry county on Oct. 1.

John Reul, 44 years old, of Mt. Clemens, was drowned in Anchor bay Tuesday afternoon. A 26-foot launch, in which Reul and six companions were riding, capsized as it approached Leden's dock.

Woodard Furniture Co. has donated a site and \$75,000 has been subscribed for a new hotel for Owosso—the "Woodward"—which is intended by members of the company as a monument to their father the late L. E. Woodward.

Mrs. Mary Artis, 55, a widow, was killed when a horse and buggy, containing Mrs. Artis and her sister, Mrs. William Johnson, rolled 15 feet down an embankment four miles southeast of Ypsilanti, Saturday night.

Martin Luther Dooze, for 45 years a member of the faculty of the University of Michigan, and since 1912 a member of Carnegie foundation, died early Sunday of heart trouble.

J. Foster Clark, 28, of Caro, Wednesday, died of injuries sustained at the sugar factory in that city Tuesday when the tackle supporting a half-ton steel beam gave way, crushing him.

An exacting jitney bus ordinance was given first and second reading by the city commission at Battle Creek. It provides that drivers must be 21 years old or more and must pass an examination.

When the last of 118 vessels and small boats passed through the American locks at Sault Ste. Marie, Friday, all daily records since the opening of the locks had been broken.

Harold Ruele, 23, single, is dead, and Harry Lundy, 30, married, lies at Miller hospital in Owosso with both legs broken and severe burns on the back as the result of a head-on collision Saturday between two engines at the Woodlawn avenue crossing.

The Rickman jewelry store at Kalamazoo was robbed early Thursday morning of about \$500 worth of diamonds and watches.

Cyril Bryant, lineman, who fell from a pole at Albion last winter and suffered a broken back, died at the city hospital Wednesday night.

While working near Birch Run a section crew unearthed 42 bogus silver dollars and a 50c piece.

Frank Randolph, 24, was drowned in Huron river at Ann Arbor Monday, when he jumped from a canoe in which he and two companions were riding.

Cleo Stansell, a painter, aged 18 years, was overcome by gas while taking a bath Friday evening in the Union hotel at Lansing, died before being rescued.

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ARCHIBALD SAYS HE IS INNOCENT

WAR CORRESPONDENT RETURNS AFTER FIGURING IN DUMBA INCIDENT.

CONTENTS OF NOTE UNKNOWN

Claims Ignorance of Nature of Communication to Austria That Was Taken From Him in England.

New York—James F. J. Archibald, the American war correspondent from whom the British military authorities took a letter written by Dr. Dumba, the Austrian ambassador to the United States, to Baron von Burian, the Austrian minister for foreign affairs, and in which there was outlined a plan to cripple the manufacture of war munitions in this country, returned to New York Monday on the steamer Rotterdam.

As the boat came up the bay he was subjected to a brief inquiry by Chief William J. Flynn, of the secret service, on the matter of a gold-headed cane. Among the reports that had been circulated concerning him since he was arrested and taken from the Rotterdam at Falmouth, was one that Archibald carried with him a gold-headed cane which had been followed out and which was supposed to contain official information for the Austrian government.

Mr. Archibald told Chief Flynn that the report was a myth, that he carried no such cane and the only gifts which he was taking to Europe were a small clock for Countess von Bernstorff, wife of the German ambassador, and a bonbon dish for the Princess Hatfield. He gave his word of honor that this was so. Whereupon the inquiry ended.

Later in the day Archibald gave out a statement after a long consultation with his counsel, Frank J. Hogan, of Washington, in which he reiterated his declaration that he knew nothing of the nature of Dr. Dumba's communication. He then talked freely for half an hour with reporters, detailing his experiences with the British authorities and with Mr. Van Dyke, United States minister to Holland, who took up his passport when he arrived at The Hague and gave him another that paved the way for his return to this country.

He asserted emphatically that he would not knowingly have done anything detrimental to his own country.

Prof. Keadie's advancement to the presidency came as a sequel of Wednesday's action of the board, accepting the resignation of Dr. Jonathan L. Snyder, tendered in June, 1914.

Monday, October 18, will be devoted to the reception of delegates. At 4 o'clock, grand lodge degrees will be conferred at Eden hall.

Wednesday will be devoted to business and in the evening the degree of chivalry will be conferred.

Friday, the Diamond degree team, of Detroit, will exemplify initiatory work.

An elaborate program of entertainment is being arranged for the visitors, who are expected to number several thousand.

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DECLARES HIS COUNTRY FREE OF OBLIGATION

Retiring Official Has Served For Twenty Years and Sees Great Future for College—Permanent President to be Chosen Soon.



KING FERDINAND.

Sofia, Bulgaria, via London—Leaders of the opposition have obtained from King Ferdinand assurances that Bulgaria is absolutely free from any obligations to either of the belligerent groups, and that the fullest attention is being given by Bulgaria to the proposals of the Allies and central powers alike.

DOCTOR SNYDER IS RETIRED

Retiring Official Has Served For Twenty Years and Sees Great Future for College—Permanent President to be Chosen Soon.

East Lansing—Prof. Frank Stewart Keadie assumed office of president of Michigan Agricultural college Thursday, to act until a permanent president is appointed by the state board of agriculture.

Prof. Keadie's advancement to the presidency came as a sequel of Wednesday's action of the board, accepting the resignation of Dr. Jonathan L. Snyder, tendered in June, 1914.

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U-BOAT CAPTAINS MUST BE CAREFUL

GERMANY GIVES STRICT ORDERS THAT SAFE COURSE BE FOLLOWED.

AGREEMENT ON ARABIC NEAR

Commanders Are Instructed to Allow Liners to Escape Rather Than Run Risk of Error.

Berlin, via London—Commanders of German submarines have been given strict orders, it has been learned authoritatively, that in case of doubt as to the intentions of liners, they are to take the safe course and permit the ship to escape rather than run the slightest risk of error.

This order supplements the instructions communicated to the Washington government by Ambassador von Bernstorff September 1. There is reason to believe the new regulation already is known to Washington, as it probably was embodied in the message of instructions sent to the German ambassador a few days ago.

It is understood here that the United States already has been informed that various officers of the submarine which sank the Arabic agreed from observations taken while the submarine was on the surface and through the periscope and while it was submerged, that the Arabic was planning an attack.

Nevertheless, officials concerned may be found willing to admit that the Arabic in reality was acting innocently in spite of the suspicion attaching to her behavior and changes of course. There is reason to believe the settlement of the question of responsibility may be reached along these lines.

PLANS FOR ODD FELLOWS

Bay City Will Entertain Grand Lodge in October.

Bay City—The grand lodge of Michigan Odd Fellows will meet in this city for its annual convention October 18 to 21, inclusive.

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MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Best heavy steers, \$7.25 @7.50; best handy weight butcher steers, \$6.75 @7; mixed steers and heifers, \$5.75 @6.50; handy light butchers, \$5.75 @6; light butchers, \$5 @5.50; best cows, 5.25 @5.75; butcher cows, \$4.50 @5; common cows, \$4 @4.25; canners, \$3 @4; best heavy bulls, \$5.25 @5.50; bologna bulls, \$5 @5.15.

Best lambs, \$8.25 @8.50; fair lambs, \$7 @8; light to common lambs, \$6 @6.50; fair to good sheep, \$4.50; culls and common, \$2.50 @3.50.

There was practically nothing done in the hog department. Packers were bidding \$6.25 @7.25 for pigs and \$7.75 @8 for mixed grades, while the seller refused to accept and nearly every hog was held over unsold.

EAST BUFFALO—Receipts of cattle, 2,375; market 15 @25c higher; choice to prime steers, \$9.25 @9.50; fair to good, \$8.25 @8.75; plain and coarse, \$7.50 @7.75; very coarse and common, \$7 @7.50; choice to prime grassers, \$8 @8.25; fair to good grassers, \$6.75 @7.25; light to common grassers, \$6 @6.50; yearlings, dry-fred, \$9 @9.25; prime, dry-fred, \$7.25 @7.50; prime heifers, \$7.50 @7.75; good butcher heifers, \$6.50 @7; light grassy heifers, \$5 @5.50; best fat cows, \$6.25 @7; butcher cows, \$5 @5.50; cutters, \$3.75 @4.25; canners, \$2.50 @3.50; fancy bulls, \$6.25 @7; sausage bulls, \$5.25 @5.75; light bulls, \$4 @5.

Hogs—Receipts, 13,000; market 10 @20c lower; heavy, \$7.75 @8; mixed, \$8.30 @8.40; yorkers, \$8.25 @8.40; pigs, \$7 @7.50.

Sheep—Receipts, 7,500; market active; top lambs, \$9 @9.25; yearling, \$6.75 @7.25 wethers, \$6 @6.25; ewes, \$5 @5.50.

Cattle—Receipts, 800; market slow; tops, \$11.50; fair to good, \$9.50 @10.50; grassers, \$4 @5.50.

Grains, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat: Cash No 2 red and September, \$1.12 1/2; December opened without change at \$1.06 and advanced to \$1.08; May opened at \$1.10 and advanced to \$1.12; No 1 white, \$1.09 1/2.

Corn—Cash No 3, 78 1/2c; No 2 and No 3 yellow, 80 1/2 @81c.

Oats—Standard, 38c; cash and September No 3 white, 36 1/2c; No 4 white, 33 1/2 @ 34 1/2c; sample, 32 @ 32 1/2c.

Rye—Cash No 2, 92c bid; September, 90 1/2c.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$2.95; October, \$2.80.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, \$10.30; October, \$11; prime alaska, \$9.25.

Timothy—Prime spot, \$3.75.

New Hay—No 1 timothy, \$18 @19; standard timothy, \$17 @18; light mixed, \$17 @18; No 2 mixed, \$11 @12; No 1 clover, \$11 @11.50; rye straw, \$7.50 @8; wheat and oat straw, \$6.50 @7 per ton.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 lbs. jobbing lots: First patent, \$5.90; second patent, \$5.60; straight, \$5.20; spring patent, \$6.60; rye flour, \$3.20 per bbl.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$25; standard middlings, \$29; fine middlings, \$32; coarse cornmeal, \$24; cracked corn, \$24.50; corn and oat chop, \$31.60 per ton.

General Markets.

Plums—Home-grown, \$1 @1.25 per bu.

Huckleberries—\$3.50 @3.75 per bu.

Pears—Bartlett, \$1.50 @1.65 per bu; \$4.50 @4.75 per bbl.

Peaches—Island fruit: Fancy, \$1; AA, 85c; A, 75c; B, 40 @50c per bu.

Apples—Fancy, \$2.25 @2.50 per bbl and 75 @80c per bu; common, \$1 @1.50 per bbl and 40 @50c per bu.

Cabbage—\$1.25 per bbl.

Tomatoes—80c @1 per bu.

Mushrooms—45 @50c per lb.

Green Corn—\$1.25 per sack.

Celery—Michigan, 15 @20c per doz.

Onions—Southern, 95c @1 per sack.

Lettuce—Head, \$1.50 @1.75 per case; leaf, 75c per bu.

A CITY BIRD

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Gardiner used to think, those few months in New York, that a boarding house was the loneliest place man ever stole into and hid himself from the outer world.

She was about nineteen, he figured. Her hair was chestnut and cascaded the light in its mesh of golden braids.

Her eyes, too, were brown, and very friendly—almost too friendly and cordially in their appeal, he thought, and he wanted to protect her, vaguely.

He found out that she worked in a place up town, probably in an office. Even Miss Meloney knew no more than this. There was a certain name that even her curiosity could not reach by in Miss Edwards' manner.

"I'm thinking she's from the West," Kinney, the little highlander, said, one night out on the front porch. "She's spoken to me of Dayton, Ohio, very often. Tenderly like, too."

"She's a way of the South, though, her at times," Hobart declared with a sigh. "Like a rose, like a rose."

Gardiner rose uneasily. He wanted to have her discussed by them. She was so much apart, so wonderful to him. He loved her, and he wanted to tell her so. That, at least, was a man's right. Back home in Rhode Island there was a good little town where his mother lived. That was his too, if he cared to run it. But he knew, somehow, Laura would never care for the country. She was a city bird, born to preen on stone pedestals. Still, he would tell her.

It was Saturday night. The front steps were deserted. There was a settee placed on the little grass plot under the lone catalpa tree, and there sat out there talking in low voices, talking commonplaces, yet with every nerve tingling, every glance conveying messages their lips belied. And so at once Gardiner blurted out:

"We'll never be the same after tonight, will we?" She smiled up at him wistfully. "Why?"

"Because we've found out. Aren't you sure I love you? Oh, I don't mean to sprig it like that, Laura. He reached for her hands anxiously. "Don't go in yet. I had to tell you. I've been awfully lonesome here until you came—"

She nodded her head. "I was lonely, too," she said softly. "But I'm used to it. I've lived around in boarding houses for two years now, and it's horrid where I work. I'm a retoucher on photographic plates, that means work in a dark room for a red light all day. I hate the dark. Some time I'm going to live outdoors right in the sunlight and daylight all the time."

"I thought you were just here for a little while."

"Dead mostly, I guess. I've got a married sister out in Dayton, Ohio. After my mother died I went to work here. I can make pretty good pay at it, but I hate it, just hate it. How awful when you hate the work you have to do."

Gardiner sat nearer, his arm lying back of her along the settee. And some way words came at last to him—words to tell her what he would like to do to make life easier for her. She wasn't a visiting princess any longer—she was just a sweet, everyday woman and pal who might be every day to him.

They could get a little apartment—four rooms would be enough to start with. He had a couple of hundred saved already and could get more from the home nest-egg. Perhaps some time they'd go back to the farm. It was near the town and the factory ran close by. She might like it.

"I'd love it," Laura said passionately. "I'm just starved for daylight. Tom. That's your name, isn't it? I heard one of the boys call you Tom."

"Say it again," said Gardiner contentedly. "I like to hear you."

The front door opened suddenly, and Miss Meloney peered out, saw who was there and hesitated.

"Have you the time, Mr. Gardiner," she asked.

"Little past ten," answered Tom generally. "We had to stay out a while longer than usual, Miss Meloney. Hope you don't mind. It's very important."

"Oh, that's all right," the little lady said hastily. "It's a lovely

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Hunting for Real Haunted House in Washington

WASHINGTON.—Most persons are satisfied if they can locate a place where the ghost can be relied upon to walk once a week, but in New York a society that is devoted to psychical research is much more exorbitant in its demands. It is seeking in Washington a house where the ghost is guaranteed to walk five times a week.

For such a haunted house the society will pay five times its assessed value, especially if it is inhabited by a first-class ghost—one of excruciating roans and whose chains clank most dolefully; preferably a ghost with a gory history—the ghastlier the ghost the merrier.

The New York spook-hunting society has appealed to the Association of Columbia to please tell it of the existence of such a house, and in the letter the society mentions that it has heard of such a ghost rendezvous exists in a house "in Georgetown" and of another "near the navy yard."

The country negroes of Georgetown and those who live near the navy yard have not been especially glad to hear this. They are digging up rabbit holes and rubbing them, they are burying newly pulled teeth with incantations, and, in short, using every ghost layer they know anything about. If psychical research society wants ghosts, emphatically the Ethiopian Society of Pork Chop Destroyers doesn't want 'em.

Washington Women Are Very Fond of Cigarettes

MAYBE you didn't know that many a young girl who walks F street in the afternoon promenade carries her silver case just the same as the young dude who fits along at her side with his cane hung upon his arm?

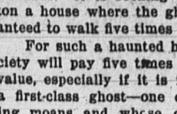
Surprised? Well, it is not astonishing. For, you know, they don't smoke on F street and they don't open their cigarette cases in the full glare of the sunlight while the throngs are passing on. But they smoke just the same.

Proprietors of cafes will tell you they have a hard task preventing women from smoking in public. A proprietor said recently that more than once respectable-looking women patrons have taken out their cigarettes and have been on the verge of lighting up when a waiter has spied upon them and passed them the tip that the rules prohibit women doing such things.

"You know," said the proprietor, "it wouldn't just look right to see women sitting here at our tables in this fashionable cafe smoking cigarettes. With men it is different. But if the women started it, our place would be taboed by the majority of our present class of patrons."

"Do the women smoke much?" a maid who serves as an attendant in the ladies' lounging room of one of the popular cafes was asked.

"There are plenty of them who smoke," she replied. "And they carry their cigarette cases look just like vanity cases. You can't tell them apart from the outside. Why, just a few days ago a pretty young girl who had been dining in the cafe stopped in here to adjust her hair and powder her nose. She had on her wrist what I thought was a silver vanity case supported by a silver chain. But when she opened it, instead of taking out a powder puff, she extracted a gold-tipped cigarette and thrust it in her mouth. She offered her case to her young girl friend, and she took one, too. Then they both lit up. Rather queer, wasn't it? But say, after all, can you tell me what is the difference between a woman smoking and a man smoking?"



Suiting Oneself the Rule for Coiffures



Just go on and wear your hair as you will, in any way most becoming to you, for the goddess of fashion will not indifferently approve of anything. For some months this capricious deity has refused to be interested in hair-dressing styles. She did sit up and take notice when the bobbed coiffure made its debut. It was so novel and so different, no one could help noticing. It is a lovely style for youthful faces.

A few young women were willing to go the length of cutting off—"bobbing"—the hair at the sides for the sake of the style, but many were not. These very sensible ones achieved a hairdress with the bobbed effect by bringing the hair out over the cheeks and turning the ends under. The back hair was disposed of in a flat coil low on the crown, and all held in place by much pinning and by bands of narrow velvet ribbon.

Older women have remained faithful to wavy hair combed in a small pompadour and dressed with a knot, rather high on the head. Others, with youthful faces, have been most successful with hair unwaved but pinned

into becoming lines about the face. It is drawn back and twisted into a knot which supports large ornamental shell pins. An example of this style, with everything to recommend it, is pictured here. This is the manner of arranging the hair about the face which is favored by the majority of women. The disposition of the hair at the back is only governed by the choice and taste of the individual.

Use Jersey Cloth.

Jersey cloth is used for the middy sweater of silk or silk fiber. This is the only sweater now used that slips on and off over the head. It has white sailor collar and cuffs, and is laced through four or five holes at the front with silk cord. It is especially attractive for very young girls.

Shawl Coats.

There are some interesting imported coats made of big shawls or steamer rugs, with fringe around the bottom and edging the cape section that falls over the sleeves, or sometimes edging the wide collar instead.

DAIRY FACTS

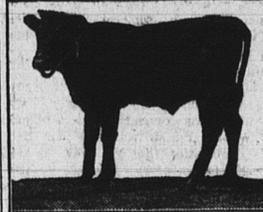
SERIOUS DISEASE OF CALVES

Diphtheria is Due to Specific Infection and May Appear in Animals Only Few Days Old.

(By DR. M. H. REYNOLDS, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

Calf diphtheria is due to a specific infection, and is always a serious matter. The trouble may appear with calves from three to five days old. Such calves refuse to drink milk or suck. They show more or less discharge of saliva from the mouth and inflamed patches inside the mouth. These patches gradually develop into ulcers covered with a dead, granular, or cheesy mass, which does not peel easily from the raw surface underneath. There is considerable rise of temperature and an offensive odor from the mouth. The trouble may easily extend to neighboring parts, to the lining membrane of the nose, and then there appears a yellowish discharge. In some cases the lining membrane of the digestive tract is similarly affected and then there is tendency to diarrhea. Little pigs show similar symptoms.

So far as now known the germ is a normal inhabitant of the intestines of healthy hogs and cattle and prob-



Healthy Calf.

ably always virulent. When the disease is prevalent, the virus is, of course, scattered everywhere. Very young animals are most easily and most seriously affected, but cases have been reported in calves and pigs six or eight months old, and even occasionally in adult cattle and adult hogs.

The sores may be cleaned with two per cent crocin in warm water, and then treated with Lugol's solution, applied twice a day to the ulcers. Potassium permanganate of potash may also be used, two ounces to each gallon of water; make up fresh each time, as the mixture cannot be kept from day to day. Either treatment should be given to valuable animals about twice a day for from four to six days.

Frequent and thorough disinfection of calf pens and calf yards is one of the first essentials in management.

DATA ON BREEDING FOR SEX

Expert of Maine Experiment Station Gives Result of Investigations He Has Made.

For ages untold the subject of the control of sex has been discussed and studied over, with very little progress except to discover that many theories do not work. At that, knowing what not to expect is a great deal. The most promising theory now relates to the influence on sex of the time of breeding. Of that Dr. Raymond Pearl of the Maine experiment station writes in a private letter which Hoard's Dairyman quotes:

"My own investigations on the relation of the time of service in the heat period itself, that is whether early or late, shows that it does have an effective influence on the control of sex. We are collecting extensive statistics on the matter by means of co-operation with breeders all over the country and the more data we get, the more clear does it become that in this matter, time of service related to the heat period is a significant factor."

FEED FOR MILK PRODUCTION

Common Cows Frequently Capable of Returning Larger Yield Than That Secured by Feeders.

(By T. L. HAECKER, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

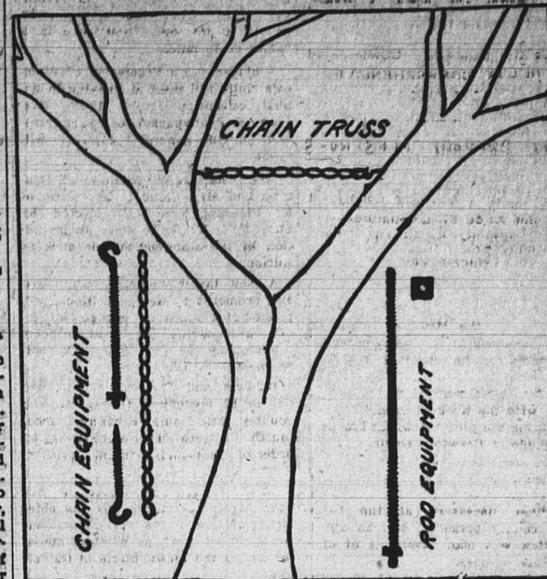
Common cows are frequently capable of producing a much larger milk yield than the average feeder secures from the average common cow. For ten years back we have always had a number of cows with no dairy heredity in the dairy herd at the university farm. The average of 23 yearling records of these cows is 6,900 pounds of milk and 222 pounds of butter.

The value of 222 pounds of butter at 27 cents a pound is equal in round numbers to \$60. The average common cow of this state produces a return yearly of but \$46. She is, therefore yielding \$14 a year less than if given the same care and feed that the cows in the university herd received.

Lends Zest to Game. The man who keeps accurate track of his cow's production always has a record to boast, and beating a former record lends zest to any game.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

APPLE TREES DAMAGED BY SPLITTING



Chain Arranged to Support Weakened Tree.

One of the biggest leaks in orcharding is the failure to support mechanically weak trees. Annually many valuable apple trees are seriously damaged by splitting apart of trunks, writes C. F. Bley of New York in National Stockman and Farmer. Of these a considerable portion are utterly ruined. While the majority of these trees have reached the stage of incipient decay, their lives and usefulness could have been prolonged many years' by means that are at once simple, inexpensive and efficient.

It should be understood that beyond furnishing mechanical support the heart-wood of a tree is functionless and its decay does not affect its vegetative action, nor its fruitfulness. Thus we justify providing artificial support and the application of tree dentistry. Nor is the breaking apart of a tree trunk necessarily caused by decay, or by storms, but more often by a bad formation of its frame-work. A double trunk or two-pronged crooked tree is predestined to destruction for the simple reason that the strain is concentrated at a comparatively limited area—the point of union of the two trunks.

Again many instances will be found of bad head formation in which an excess number of frame-work limbs were permitted to persist. Between these limbs and the trunk at their basal union, one or more of them by their lateral growth gradually fill their respective crotches, where it creates a wedge-like pressure. In time this pressure forces a splitting apart of the trunk, resulting in the loss of the tree.

A truss consisting of an iron rod or chain properly placed connecting the opposing limbs—as the case may be—will save the tree. Use a five-eighths-inch rod of proper length amply threaded at each end for a nut. A strip of board tacked transversely on the limbs in the location in which the rod is to go will serve as a means of acquiring the proper length of rod and the angle at which holes are to be bored. Holes should be bored with a three-quarter-inch auger or bit, the size being larger than the rod will facilitate the pushing through of the rod. If the holes are counter-sunk where nuts come by means of a gouge chisel, it will make a better finish because the growing cambium will grow over nut and cover work smoothly.

In using a chain instead of a rod—it is really the simpler method—a screwhook, such as is used for a horse hayfork, is turned into one limb from side facing opposite limb. A short rod amply threaded at one end for nut with a hook at other end is inserted through drilled hole in opposite limb from near side and nut screwed on rod from outside of that limb. Then the chain, which is long-linked, is caught over these hooks when screwing up of nut gives desired tension to chain.

Two dollars' worth of time and material should suffice to apply such a truss and thus be the means of saving a tree worth from five to fifty dollars.

The metal may be painted with bridge paint in order to preserve and add to the appearance.

TILLAGE AND COVER CROPS IN ORCHARDS

Fruit Trees Are Often Injured by Root Freezing During Cold Months of Winter.

The effect of tillage and cover crops on the orchard are similar in some respects, but tillage adds nothing to the amount of plant food in the soil, through it influences the fertility of the land so that more food is made available for the growing trees. A well-managed system of cover crops will accomplish all that tillage can and at the same time add to the store of the plant food that will be available for the trees.

Fruit trees are often injured by root freezing during the winters. In the northern latitudes this is one of the most important reasons for keeping the soil covered in the winter. The influence of a cover crop in protecting the roots from frost is very important.

On soil that is rolling or on hillsides it will be found almost impossible to maintain any degree of fertility in the orchard without the use of cover crops. It will not only prevent the soil from washing away but will also hold the fertilizers from blowing away.

The saving of plant food is also an important function of a cover crop. When the cold weather arrests the growth of trees there is considerable available plant food that may be wasted on account of the trees not being able to consume it at that time. This may be saved by the cover crop and held until such a time as it is desired to have it give it up or when the cover crop decays in the following spring.

The ideal system of managing orchard lands in the northern and middle states is perhaps most nearly approached when the soil is stirred in the early spring, as early as practicable and as deep as it can be and not injure the roots; cultivate in this manner until the trees are budded, then seeded with a cover crop which will grow until autumn and be turned under the following spring, and the same method practiced again.

In some sections of the apple country a cover crop is used the year that the trees are due to produce a large crop, so as to form a bed for the apples to fall upon and keep them clean and free from mud.

The next year, when the trees are

PLANTING, PRUNING AND CARE OF TREES

Cut Off All Dead Wood or Imperfect Growth—Have Branches Eight Inches Long.

Do not have the trees come until you are ready to put them in the ground. When they arrive, soak the roots a little while in cold water, then examine carefully and cut off every damaged root. All dead wood or imperfect growth should be cut off just before the first outbranching rootlet. Cut from the under side in a slanting direction, so that the exposed surface will come in contact with the ground.

In trimming the tree, do not leave any branch more than eight inches long. The practice of cutting back to within two or three feet, particularly on very young trees, is growing and usually gives satisfactory results.

In western Washington, where fruit growing now has become a great industry, yearling trees are planted more than any other. They are cut down to about one-third of their growth and are every year trimmed to grow low-spreading branches. Most of the apples in that country are picked by men standing on the ground—ladders seldom being necessary.

Professor Bailey says that vigorous pruning does not injure the growth of the tree. Of course this does not mean indiscriminate slashing of roots or top but pruning made with care and good judgment. If the weak roots and branches are cut off, more strength goes to the sound ones, and better results are obtained.

Probably the best results come from pruning the orchard rather vigorously every two or three years, but if one is not an expert at pruning and cannot obtain the right sort of help, better let the trees alone until they can be properly pruned, even if this can be done only once every three or four years.

Be Kind to the Horses. Remember, always, that your mood communicates itself to your horse. Be gentle, cheerful and patient in your manner toward him and allow him to derive as much comfort as possible from the drive, as you yourself expect to.

May Save Tree's Life. A wheelbarrow load of manure spread around the roots of a tree may be the means of saving its life.

Weather Forecasts by the "Movie" and Wireless

WEATHER forecasts which have been disseminated over the inland states of the country for years by means of the telegraph and the printing press are beginning to reach the people of this territory through brand-new channels—by way of the "movie" and the wireless.

An enterprising proprietor of a motion picture theater in Birmingham, Ala., was the first to see the possibilities of "weather by movie," and he found Uncle Sam's weather bureau ready to co-operate with him. The forecasts were printed by the local official in charge of weather matters on celluloid films from which the emulsion had been removed, and were turned over to the theater authorities.

Since then the display of weather information on screens has spread to 25 cities and 27 theaters. Though the theaters do not open until six or seven o'clock in the evening, after the afternoon papers containing weather forecasts have been issued, it is believed that the information reaches many persons who would not otherwise receive it.

Entirely independent of the "movie" weather reports, wireless is coming into use for spreading weather news on land after having already proved itself to be invaluable on water. Arrangements have been made to have forecasts for Illinois distributed by wireless from lillopolis, in that state, to points within a radius of 125 miles that are equipped with the necessary receiving apparatus. It is proposed to send the messages at a slow rate in order that amateurs may take them, as most of the operators in reach of the sending station will be of this class.

Great Falls to Be Harnessed for the District

IN less than five years it is not improbable that the District will be using its street-lighting system and in other ways electric energy from Great Falls, while the federal government will at the same time be using thousands of kilowatts of current in its various activities and a large surplus will be available for sale to the public.

This five-year estimate was given the conservative by Colonel Langitt, who made the most recent survey of the power possibilities, and it is thought that under present conditions the work could be completed in a less period of time.

This estimate also took into account necessary delays in obtaining rights to overflow lands and other things so that if this phase of the work were expedited the actual construction work could be completed probably in three or four years.

The army engineers, who undoubtedly will be intruded with the job, will be able to draw upon much valuable experience in their corps, for the design of the dam which is to impound the waters of the Potomac is practically the same as that of the Gatun spillway dam in the Canal zone.

Like the isthmian prototype the Potomac dam will sweep across the gorge to be filled in an arc of a circle and will be surmounted by 13 gates which can be opened in time of flood. These gates will be designed so as to allow the passage of all surplus water even in such volumes as in 1889 when the highest known point was reached. Provision will also be made for the passage of ice through the gates, a problem which was not encountered in the Panama canal work.

In addition to the main dam which will keep the lake at the 115-foot level, there will be an intake dam 115 feet high protecting the power house, which will be within the District on the north side of the river.

Pretty Undermuslins of Sheer Materials



Embroideries for women's undergarments—the sorts that are sold by the yard—have grown more and more sheer until now one must look twice to discover whether some of them are of silk chiffon or of swiss. The weaves in voiles have proven to be practical as a background for dainty embroidery patterns to be used in underwear because their wearing qualities are equal to those of the materials in use in the body of the garments. In fact a good quality of sheer cotton voile embroidery will outwear the nainsook or muslin which it trims.

Speaking of sheer materials in undergarments, it is not to be overlooked that chiffon and fine crepe come in for much consideration in the more expensive and less practical frivolities that are so enticingly pretty. Petticoats to be worn with negligees, underbodices for wear with blouses, and even less conspicuous garments are made of these fragile fabrics.

But enticingly pretty garments are also made of fine cottons that emerge from the tub as good as new. The envelope chemise shown in the picture given here bears witness to this. It is made in the empire style and is the simplest thing to put together. The short "baby" waist is merely alternating strips of val insertion and swiss embroidery, with edges whipped together. Under the arms the embroidery strips are omitted because at this point of most wear the lace is more desirable.

The short waist is finished at the bottom with a narrow open beading which joins it to the skirt portion of the chemise. The neck and armholes are edged with val lace, set on about the neck with a very narrow beading. Lingerie ribbon is run in the beading. It is to be tied in full bows when the garment is adjusted.

The bottom of the chemise is lengthened at the back, cut into a tab and finished with lace edging. Two buttonholes are worked in the tab and fasten over small flat pearl buttons that are sewed to the front. This adjustment of the chemise gives it the name of "the envelope," and keeps it from bunching up about the figure when its wearer walks much.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

