

THE CHSELSEA HERALD, Established 1871
THE CHSELSEA STANDARD, Established 1889

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1916.

VOLUME 46. NO. 5

Cow-Ease

MEANS MORE MILK
(from the cow)
AND MORE MONEY
(for the farmer)



KEEPS FLIES
OFF
CATTLE
AND
HORSES

Repellent to lice, ticks and
certain vermin.

Allows cows to feed in
peace.

Quart Cans, 35c
Gallon Cans, \$1

Grocery Dept.—Call in some time

A square deal for every one. If the goods are not right, let us know. If we please you tell others. If not, tell us, and we will see that you are pleased.

HENRY H. FENN COMPANY

St. Mary's Academy

Chelsea, - Michigan

A Day School

For Boys and Girls. Affiliated with the
State Normal.

Special Courses in Instrumental Music

For Full Information Address

Reverend W. P. Considine
OR
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GET IN LINE

The majority of the people in this
community are taking advantage of the
modern banking facilities of this strong
bank. We invite you to "get in line."

Farmers & Merchants Bank

HOLMES & WALKER

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Now is the time to have us repair your old Furnace or install a new one. We can furnish you with a New Hot Air, Steam or Hot Water outfit. It will not cost you any more to have us install a nice new and up-to-date Peninsular Hot Air Furnace in your residence, than it would for you to purchase some inferior make. There is no better Furnace made than the PENINSULAR.

Corn Binders

We have any kind you may want—McCormick, Milwaukee and John Deere. Oliver and John Deere Sulky Plows.

Furniture

We carry one of the largest lines of Furniture in Washtenaw County.

FIRST CLASS PLUMBING AND TIN SHOP.

HOLMES & WALKER

WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT.

REUNION OF THE NOTTEN FAMILIES

Fifth Annual Gathering Held at Home
of Mr. and Mrs. Henry
Lehman.

The fifth annual reunion of the Notten family was held Saturday, August 26, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lehman, north of Francisco. By 10 o'clock 142 descendants of the twin brothers, John and Ehler Notten, had assembled. At noon a sumptuous dinner was served. The following girls waited on the tables, which were set under canvas canopies: Aurelit Lehman, Myrtle Youngs, Nina Kalmbach, Ora Miller, Almarine Whitaker, Mabel Kalmbach and Eva Lehman.

Following the repast the business meeting was held, and the following officers were chosen:

President, Philip Schweinfurth; secretary-treasurer, Emma Lehman. It was then decided to hold the next meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Whitaker on the last Saturday in August, 1917.

The following program was then given:

Music—Notten Band.
Address—Rev. Geo. C. Nothdurft.
Solo—Leigh Beeman.
Recitation—Daniel McKenzie.
Recitation—Nadine Dancer.
Duet—Aurelit and Eva Lehman.
Recitation—Edna Walz.
Song—Harley Loveland.
Recitation—Lawrence Kruse.
Recitation—Hulda Riemenschneider.

Paper—"History and Story of the Twin Brothers, John and Ehler Notten." Mrs. Lena McKenzie.
Recitation—Aurelit Lehman.
Solo—Kathleen Notten.
Solo—Edna Walz.
After an hour or so spent in reminiscences, the younger guests headed by the band, formed in line and marched a quarter of a mile and back, which made a pleasing sight and was thoroughly enjoyed both by the participants and the spectators.

The guests from away were: George and Henry Schatz, Fresno, Cal., and Seattle, Wash.; Chas Myers, Ventura, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Velte, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Euper, John and Frank Bulling, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hauer, Mrs. Geo. Hauer, Woodland; Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Walz, Mr. and Mrs. Ehler Musbach, Munith; Mr. and Mrs. Bert McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Snyder, Stockbridge.

Lafayette Grange.

Lafayette Grange will meet with Mr. and Mrs. Herman E. Fletcher Thursday evening, September 7. The following is the program:

Song—"Bringing in the Sheaves."
Roll Call—How I spent a most enjoyable day last summer.

Discussion—Direct dealing between the producer and the consumer.

The child's school lunch, what to prepare and how to pack it.
Closing song.

Announcements.

A regular meeting of Olive Chapter, O. E. S., No. 108, Wednesday evening, September 6.

The Ladies Aid Society of St. Paul's church will meet at the home of Mrs. Lewis Eppler Friday afternoon.

A regular meeting of the Maccabees will be held on Friday evening of this week. Candidates to be voted on.

The L. O. T. M. will give a birthday party at the home of Mrs. Ed. Brown, on Tuesday, September 5. Scrub lunch. Bring a friend.

The Epworth League will hold an ice cream social on the lawn at the M. E. parsonage Friday evening, September 8. Everyone is invited.

The Forget Me Not Chapter of the Congregational church will hold an exchange at the home of Mrs. L. T. Freeman on Friday, September 8.

Harmony Chapter of the Congregational church will meet with Mrs. Geo. T. English on Wednesday, September 6. Scrub lunch. All invited.

The M. E. Sunday School will hold their annual picnic at the Riemenschneider grove, Cavanaugh Lake, on Friday, September 1. All members and friends of the Sunday school will leave the church in the morning at 9 o'clock.

Annual Reunion.

The fifty-first reunion of the 23d Michigan Volunteer Infantry will be held in Flint, Tuesday, September 14. Various members are planning to attend the event for which elaborate preparations have been made. It is hoped to make it one of the best reunions ever held by the association.

ELECTING A PRESIDENT 10



Buchanan
Defeated
the
First
Republican
Candidate.

BUCHANAN.

THE election of 1856 was the first contest between the two parties as they exist today. Buchanan, Democrat, of Pennsylvania, opposed John C. Fremont, Republican, of New York. The Republican party had just been created. Slavery was the principal issue, and signs of the approaching catastrophe were plainly visible. Buchanan was elected, receiving a popular vote of 1,838,169 to 1,341,264 for his opponent. Millard Fillmore of New York, who was the candidate of the American party, received 874,538 votes. J. C. Breckinridge, Democrat, of Kentucky, was chosen vice president.

(Watch for the election of Lincoln in 1860 in our next issue.)

Cavanaugh Lake Grange Meeting.

The next regular meeting of Cavanaugh Lake Grange will be held on Tuesday evening, September 5, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Zeeb. The following program will be given:

Song—Chester Notten.
Select reading Flora Kilmer.
Recitation—Phoebe Zeeb.
"A Purpose in Life"—A paper by Clara Riemenschneider.
Recitation—Earl Kalmbach.
"Are Picnics a Rest for the People"—Led by Louise Schweinfurth.
Recitation—Bertie Orthing.
Question—"Will it cost more to pay tuition of our eighth grade pupils in the town, or maintain our own centralized high school?" Opened by Henry Kalmbach.
Closing song.

Princess Bookings.

THURSDAY, AUG. 31.

Wm. Fox presents Wm. Farnum (the \$100,000 screen star) in "The Plunderer," a thrilling drama of love, the lust for gold and deadly hatred. Mr. Farnum against twenty in the most terrific fist fight ever screened.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 1.

Pathe presents "Comrade John," from the famous novel by Samuel Kerwin and Hy. Kitchell Webster. A Gold Rooster play featuring Wm. Elliott and Ruth Roland.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 2.

"The Darkest Hour," last drama of the Stinger series.

MONDAY, SEPT. 4.

Alice Brady, the celebrated emotional actress, in "Then I'll Come Back to You," from the story by Louis Evans which appeared serially a short time ago in the Metropolitan Magazine. A powerful drama of the great outdoors, the machinations of an unscrupulous scoundrel to ruin a rival suitor. Awe inspiring scenes, thrilling conflicts of brain and brawn. An adventurous romance that finds its own after a series of most disheartening experiences. An entire railroad was used in this production.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 5.

Mixed program, drama and comedy.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6.

"The Cognac Cask," third episode of "The Iron Claw."

THURSDAY, SEPT. 7.

Wm. Fox presents Theda Bara, star of "A Fool There Was," "The Vampire," et., in Alexander Dumas' masterpiece, "The Clemenceau Case," with William Shay, Stuart Holmes and an all-star cast. In the "Clemenceau Case" Dumas has attained the capstone of his towering genius. Of Iza, the pantherish heroine of this deathless drama, he himself wrote: "I shall never create another such character though I scribble till doomsday."

Beginning next Monday, the first show will start at 7 p. m.

THE RESULTS IN THE PRIMARY ELECTION

Sleeper For Governor, Bacon and
Beakes For Congress, Leland
Judge of Probate.

The following are the nominations made at the primary election Tuesday:

REPUBLICAN.

United States Senator—Charles E. Townsend.
Governor—A. E. Sleeper.
Lieut. Governor—L. D. Dickinson.
Congressman—Mark R. Bacon.
State Senator—F. L. Covert.
State Legislature—H. W. Newkirk.
Judge of Probate—E. E. Leland.
Sheriff—H. G. Lindenschmitt.
County Clerk—E. H. Smith.
Treasurer—Leo Gruner.
Register of Deeds—P. L. Townsend.
Prosecuting Attorney—George S. Wright.
Circuit Court Commissioners—W. M. Laird, F. E. Daggett.
Coroner—S. W. Burchfield.
Drain Commissioner—C. E. Deake.

DEMOCRAT.

United States Senator—John T. Winship.
Governor—C. H. Bender.
Lieut. Governor—John P. Kirk.
Congressman—S. W. Beakes.
State Legislature—W. M. Abbot.
Judge of Probate—W. A. Murray.
Sheriff—A. J. Paul.
Clerk—Geo. W. Beckwith.
Treasurer—W. C. Feldkamp.
Register of Deeds—W. A. Seery.
Prosecuting Attorney—Carl A. Lehman.
Circuit Court Commissioners—F. C. Cole, C. E. Rebert.
Coroners—C. F. Kapp, L. J. Kennedy.
Surveyor—Manley Osgood.
Drain Commissioner—Jas. Thorn.

The republicans of Sylvan township turned out about five to one to the number of democrats who voted at the primary election Tuesday, there being 285 republican and 60 democrat ballots cast. The prohibitionists and socialists each recorded one.

The following was the result in Sylvan:

United States Senator—
Charles E. Townsend, r. 208
Wm. H. Hill, r. 49
John T. Winship, d. 49
Governor—
Frank B. Leland, r. 82
G. B. Djekema, r. 33
A. E. Sleeper, r. 81
Washington Gardner, r. 64
Sybrant Wessellius, r. 5
Henry Ford, r. 1
C. H. Bender, d. 46

Lieutenant Governor—
L. D. Dickinson, r. 137
R. Y. Ogg, r. 17
D. E. Heineman, r. 49
Wm. D. Gordon, r. 25
F. P. Bohn, r. 11
John P. Kirk, d. 48

Representative in Congress—
Mark R. Bacon, r. 96
Thornton Dixon, r. 107
Thomas E. Wall, r. 55
S. W. Beakes, d. 26
B. D. Chandler, d. 28

State Senator—
Frank L. Covert, r. 205
State Legislature—
C. W. Tubbs, r. 51
H. Wirt Newkirk, r. 192
Waldo M. Abbot, d. 43

Judge of Probate—
John Kalmbach, r. 204
E. E. Leland, r. 32
J. F. Fahrner, r. 43
Wm. H. Murray, d. 44

Sheriff—
H. G. Lindenschmitt, r. 217
A. J. Paul, d. 44
County Clerk—
E. H. Smith, r. 160
T. H. Trost, r. 84
Geo. W. Beckwith, d. 47

Treasurer—
Leo Gruner, r. 202
W. C. Feldkamp, d. 45
Register—
Perry L. Townsend, r. 156
A. S. Robinson, r. 75
Wm. A. Seery, d. 39

Prosecuting Attorney—
Geo. S. Wright, r. 159
F. B. DeVine, r. 78
Carl A. Lehman, d. 41
Circuit Court Commissioners—
Wm. M. Laird, r. 173
H. A. Balser, r. 69
F. E. Daggett, r. 86
F. C. Cole, d. 36
C. E. Rebert, d. 25

Coroners—
S. W. Burchfield, r. 185
C. F. Kapp, d. 30
L. J. Kennedy, d. 32
Surveyor—
Manley Osgood, d. 42
Drain Commissioner—
Clayton E. Deake, r. 173
James Thorn, d. 37

In Freedom township the republicans cast thirty-one votes and the democrats seventeen.

For Good Things to Eat

GO TO

Freeman's Store

The Place Where the Best of all Choice
Eatables is on Display

Come In and See Us!

YOU WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION, COURTEOUS TREATMENT, AND GOOD SERVICE. SEND US YOUR ORDERS. WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

Freeman's Grocery

The House of Quality

Why Not Give Us the Order For That Furnace Now?

It Will Only Be a Short
Time Before Cold Weather

Have a Round Oak or Monroe

Installed Before the Rush, and Be Ready.
Ask Us About It.

Dancer Hardware Co.

WE Are Here to Serve YOU.

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

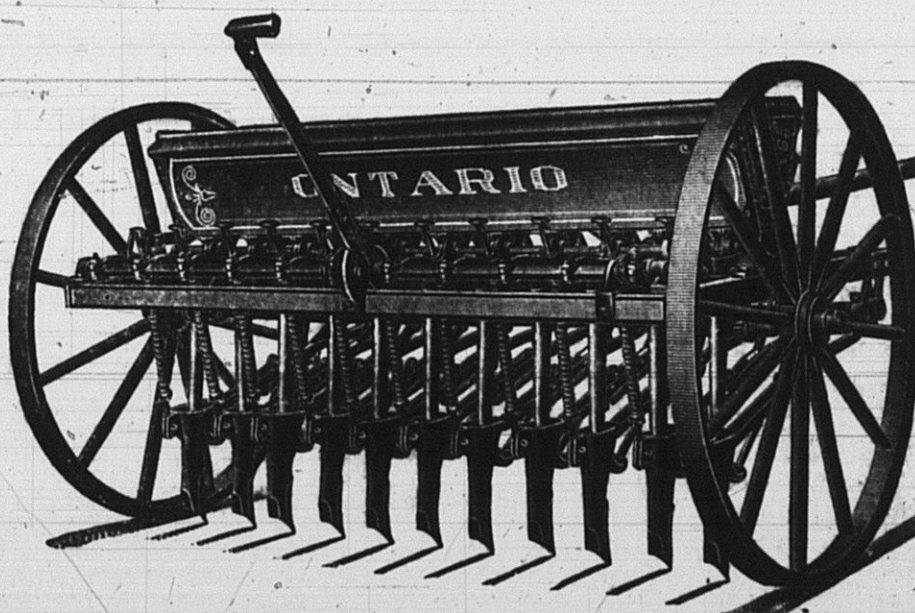
High Cost of Living

Potatoes 45c Peck Flour \$1.05 Sack

But the balance of our well selected stock of General Groceries are about the same old prices. Give us a trial order and be convinced that the best and cheapest place to trade in Chelsea is at JOHN FARRELL & CO.'S

Water Melons and all kinds of Pop on ice.

JOHN FARRELL & CO.



Ontario Drill Features

It has anti-friction roller bearing throughout. It has the most accurate even-sowing double force-feed distributor on the market, and will sow small grain, corn, peas, beets, etc., with the same distributors. No special equipment to bother with. It can be furnished with fertilizer attachment that is the most accurate feed and most accessible to clean of any on the market. It has double force feed grass seeder, same as grain drive mechanism. It is evenly balanced, no neck-weight, and a very light draft, owing to the proper balance and construction of driving mechanism. It has direct gear drive, always in position. No loose gears. It has a strong wheel with spring hub ratchet, which takes care of wear and lost motion in ratchets, and both wheels drive. It is a strong, light, well built, well finished drill, and the best to be had in drill construction. Call and let us show you the Ontario. It will convince you that it is the drill to buy.

PHONE 66-W

HINDELANG & FAHRNER

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCISCO VILLAGE.

Miss Selma Benter is visiting friends at Saginaw this week.

Miss Augusta Benter, of Chelsea, was home for Sunday.

Mrs. M. C. Rank is entertaining her niece, Miss Frey, of Iowa.

Miss Bertha Benter spent a few days of last week at Niagara Falls.

Fred Klager, of Ann Arbor, was a Sunday guest at the Frey homes.

Mrs. Will Curtis, of Fishville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Helle.

Henry Bohne and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Siegrist, of Trist.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Walz were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Straub one day last week.

Henry Seid, of Jackson, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Seid.

Mrs. Bertha Jones, of Jackson, spent Friday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Seid.

Mrs. John Tisch entertained her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Scott, of Leoni, Sunday.

Albert Walz and family spent Sunday with his brother, Fred Walz and family west of town.

Train dispatcher, D. T. Wholihan, of Detroit, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Plowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rank were guests Sunday of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Young.

Miss Mary Annin, of Leslie, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Hammond part of last week.

Mrs. Sadie Frey, of Ann Arbor, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Helle.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schulz and children, of Jackson, were guests of Mrs. Matilda Horning Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Benter, of Detroit, spent part of last week with their mother, Mrs. Bertha Benter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Helle and children were Sunday guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Maute west of town.

Mrs. Nora Notten left Tuesday afternoon for Detroit where she will spend the balance of the week with her sister, Mrs. John O'Donnell.

Mr. and Mrs. John Berry and son, Bernhard, Charles Plowe and mother, of Jackson, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Hammond Sunday. The entire party motored to Clear Lake where they spent a most enjoyable day.

The last regular meeting of the Francisco Arbor of Gleaners was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Rank, and a shower was given their son, Herbert, who is a valued member of the Arbor. There was a large attendance of members and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Following the business meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rank were called on the carpet and Mrs. Fred Mensing, in behalf of the Arbor, presented them with a beautiful rocker. Mrs. Rank, jr., responded feelingly in well chosen words. Before the departure of the members, ice cream refreshments were enjoyed by all. The next meeting will be held Wednesday evening, September 27, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winters near Grass Lake.

WATERLOO DOINGS.

Mr. D. N. Collins is spending this week in Fenton.

William Gabel, of Detroit, is visiting Walter Koelz.

Floyd Watts, of Unadilla, spent Sunday with Francis May.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vicary spent the last of the week in Detroit.

Miss Anna McKune spent the last of the week with Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Gorton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Beeman and sons, of Jackson visited Mr. and Mrs. George Beeman Sunday.

Mrs. Will Barber and son Wendell, of Stockbridge, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Barber.

Mrs. Victor Moeckel visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lehmann, Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Lynn L. Gorton spent several days of the past week with her sister, Mrs. N. F. Prudden, of Chelsea.

Mrs. Carrie Schiller, Oscar Schiller and, Ida Schiller, of Chelsea, spent Sunday at the home of John Moeckel.

Mrs. Reuben Moeckel and son Kenneth, of Stockbridge, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John Moeckel.

Miss Ruby Bowdish, who has been visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Gorton, returned to her home Thursday.

Otto Paul, of Dexter township, purchased a new Ford touring car here the last of the past week.

NORTH FRANCISCO.

Miss Charlotte Kaiser is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walch were Sunday callers at the home of George Main.

Mrs. Mary Velty, of Woodland, called at the home of Erle Notten Monday.

Mrs. Mary Havens spent Saturday evening with her daughter, Mrs. John Miller.

Mrs. J. Hauer, of Woodland, is spending some time with relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. Minnie Gage is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Mitchell, of Jackson.

Mrs. A. S. Mitchell, of Jackson, spent Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. H. Main.

Clifford and Lester Musbach, of Munith, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. H. Harvey and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Notten entertained last Sunday their children and grandchildren, twenty in all.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hauer have been spending a few days with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Notten.

Charles Meyer was a week end guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Beeman and family, of Lyndon.

Mrs. Emmett Dancer and children, of Chelsea, spent Saturday evening with her sister, Mrs. Edna Loveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Dorr, of Grass Lake, and Misses Gladys and Irene Richards spent Saturday at Whitmore Lake.

Rev. and Mrs. G. C. Nothdurft and son spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. D. B. McKinzie, of Stockbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Harvey and family and Mrs. Mary Velty, of Woodland, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Whitaker.

Mrs. Howard Boyce and son, of Lyndon, are spending a few days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Riemenschneider.

NORTH LAKE NOTES.

Wm. Wright, of Chelsea, was a North Lake visitor Friday.

Miss Mary Whalian was a week end visitor with friends in Pontiac.

Miss Irene Dupuis, of Detroit, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Noah for a few days.

Mrs. Wm. Glenn, of Stockbridge, spent part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Noah.

Miss Ethel Burkhart, of Chelsea, called at the home of Edward W. Daniels Monday evening.

Miss Grace Burrows, of Boston, Mass., is spending a few weeks with her cousin, Mrs. John Hinchey.

The North Lake Sunday school attended services at the Old People's Home in Chelsea Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ward and daughter, Florence, of Chelsea, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eisenbeiser.

Miss Mildred Daniels is entertaining at her home this week Miss Frieda Arndt, a member of the faculty of Albion college.

Mrs. Edward W. Daniels returned home Monday after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. R. Johnson, of Detroit, who is ill.

Mrs. Alice Staib and children, of Battle Creek, and Miss Blanch Reilly, of Detroit, visited their brother Daniel Reilly and family several days of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Whalian entertained Chas. Vines and daughters Misses Emily and Gladys, also his sister, Miss Nelly Vines, of Howell, part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Lamborn and daughters Misses Beatrice and Kathryn, Miss Lucy Mowers and Charles Whitehead, of Iosco, visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hinchey Sunday.

LIMA TOWNSHIP NEWS.

Lewis Hager was an Ann Arbor visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. Walter Waters, of Ypsilanti, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. O. Eaton.

Mrs. Geo. Whittington and daughter Gladys, were Ypsilanti visitors Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Seitz were in Jackson Wednesday where they attended the wedding of a friend.

Miss Ella Klein spent several days of the past week with her cousin, Miss Frieda Wedemeyer in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Downer, of Ann Arbor, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gray the past week.

Mrs. Ed. Webb and sons Harvey and Norman, of Michigan Center, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Addison Webb.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McDonald, of Three Oaks, Mrs. J. Berry, of Stockbridge, and Mrs. Lewis Eisenman, of Chelsea, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Whittington Saturday.

SHARON NEWS.

Mrs. Cora Cooke, of Ann Arbor, is visiting at the home of R. Cooke.

Elmer Trolz, of Jackson, is home recovering from injuries received in an accident.

Mrs. Chas. Chadwick, of Jackson, was a guest of relatives here part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Reno, of Freedom, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. H. Reno.

Mrs. C. O. Hewes and M. H. Irwin attended the Chautauqua in Chelsea Monday.

Miss Elizabeth Lemm returned to Detroit Wednesday after spending her vacation at home.

Geo. Klumpp, jr., and family, of Francisco, were guests at the home of Geo. Klumpp Sunday.

Maree and Genevieve Furgason, of Clinton, visited their grandmother, Mrs. H. Reno, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Dorr are spending the week at Sault Ste. Marie, attending a convention of the superintendents of the poor.

Mrs. Kate Ahling, of Ann Arbor, spent this week here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Klumpp, and her sister, Mrs. John Buestle.

Mrs. Chas. O'Neill and children Harold and Ruth, of Adrian, spent Sunday at the home of Amos Curtis.

Master Henry returned to Adrian with them to spend a few days.

A good crowd was present at Epworth League Sunday evening. Mrs. M. H. Irwin conducted the meeting.

The meeting for next Sunday evening will be in charge of Mrs. E. W. Holden.

YOUNG WOMEN INTERESTED IN BODY BUILDING CONTEST

State Fair "Physique Beautiful" Contest Attracts Girls.

Many girls have entered the State Fair body building and "physique beautiful" contests. The young women are striving to perfect their physical condition and wonderful results have been obtained, according to information received by the directors of the State Fair physical education department.



MISS E. B. MONTGOMERIE.

Among the young women who are competing in the body building contest is Miss E. B. Montgomery of Royal Oak. Miss Montgomery is greatly interested in physical culture and expects to be one of the prize winners in the contest.

HORSE POLO CONTESTS TO BE STAGED AT STATE FAIR

Detroit Athletes to Meet Teams From Other Cities.

It is announced by G. W. Dickinson, general manager of the Michigan State Fair, that horse polo will be an innovation at the 1916 exposition, which will be held at Detroit, Sept. 4 to 13.

The Detroit team is in excellent condition for strenuous contests, and arrangements are being made to bring teams from other cities to the Michigan metropolis. It is announced that Dayton and Buffalo will send teams to Detroit during the Fair, and perhaps Cleveland will clash with the Detroiters.

It is planned to have one contest daily, and the Detroiters are busy getting their ponies in the best possible condition.

Forgot His Politeness.

De Witt, a little chap, borrows Rev. Smith's kitten to play with. The other day he returned the kitten and said: "Mr. Smith, here is your kitten brought home." The old gentleman who enjoys hearing De Witt talk, said: "What's that, De Witt?" "Why, I brought your kitten home." The pastor shook his head, and looked puzzled. "Oh," exclaimed the disgruntled boy, dropping the kitten and turning his back on the minister. "It's yours—titty tat!"—Cleveland Leader.

"A Few More Posies While I Am Yet Alive."

BY S. M. B. F.

I listened to these words as they fell from the lips of a valued friend, a presiding officer, at a convention held some years ago in a neighboring city. It was all of a response, after being the recipient of a large bouquet of pink carnations that had been sent from the floor a few moments before.

"A few more posies while I am yet alive." Another expression of love and worthiness while the blood flows through the veins, while the ears hear, the eyes see and the nostrils inhale the fragrance. Poor and obscure indeed has that clay tenement been in life that has not had some mute, but sweet, offering laid upon his bier. Many flowers in blankets, crowns, wreaths, gates ajar, and in every form are heaped about and upon caskets of those who in their lifetime received never a kindly word or sweetened flower—the remembrance only coming after the opportunity to be thankful for the acknowledgment of appreciation felt.

What the world has ever needed, now needs and will ever need, is sentiment. We in the strenuous work-a-day world may call it bosh or softness, yet down in the depth of our nature is the smothered cry for "more posies while yet alive." A few words of commendation in our efforts to do the duties that lie before us.

Oh there is a mighty host of workers who are not paid for their priceless services in gold or silver; not many are ever thanked for their life long ministry by home, or state, or church or individuals, but are subjected to captious criticism by those who never did, or could, do the work that has been done by them. In this, the host are faithful superintendents and teachers in the Sunday schools, they who, form the conscience of the state, not by ethical or philosophical codes of man's invention, but by the codes of Sinai and Calvary.

The church choirs often unrecognized, but surely lift hearts upward by their voices to the New Jerusalem, to the "land of pure delight," while the congregation listens and are delighted. How many scatter posies along the pathway or say the kindly words of praise to those sweet singers.

It does not cost much to scatter a few "posies" while our friends are still alive. We are willing to cover their cold remains with flowers from garden and greenhouses and pronounce words of eulogy and praise when they are oblivious to them all, but, why not say kindly words to those about us while they are here?

Tell your pastor when his words find echo in your heart. Ten chances to one he will preach a better sermon the following Sabbath. Your family physician to whom you have prayed next to God for the deliverance from sickness and death tell him how you appreciate his services and when occasion offers scatter a few "posies" while he is yet alive. O, there are so many. The man with whom you do business, your grocer, your dry goods merchant, the man who ministers to your needs, the Good being only knows how some times, they are perplexed and disheartened over difficulties. A kindly word of encouragement, how it will help them to take up the burden and go forward.

Then there is your village editor who gives honor and significance to your town abroad, withholds your family perversities from the public gaze, publishes your church and school notices free and in contra distinction from the metropolitan press, as editor, publisher and financier, possibly politician all in one, when his task is done, spends more hours at hard work than any other class or profession, and for less remuneration. Do we fail to acknowledge the courtesies extended, or to commend a righteous article published, while we never fail or cease to criticize or comment on mistakes made?

Oh, there are plenty of chances to strew posies while our friends are yet alive, not in words of flattery, that are worse than mockery, but by words of kindly praise for work done in a conscientiously worthy manner.

WILL CONDUCT TEST FOR DAIRY COWS AT THE FAIR

Michigan Agricultural College to Have Charge—Special Prizes.

G. W. Dickinson announces that a test for dairy cows will be conducted during the State Fair, which will be held at Detroit, Sept. 4 to 13. The details of the test will be in charge of the dairy department of the Michigan Agricultural college. Cash prizes of \$100 will be awarded for the greatest production of milk during four days, at the least cost.

A special prize of \$100 will be given by A. E. Stevenson of Port Huron, if the winner in this test is a Shorthorn cow and \$25 to any Shorthorn cow which wins a prize in the test.

The Holstein-Friesian Association of America offers a silver cup to each prize winner in this test, if a registered Holstein-Friesian.

Several cows were entered in this test a year ago and it is expected that many additional entries will be made this fall.



Like a home run with the bases full—they satisfy!

Ninth inning—bases full—two out—tie score—batter up. Bang!—that "homer" into the stands makes you feel good—it does satisfy!

Chesterfields make you feel exactly the same way about your smoking—they satisfy!

But they're mild, too—Chesterfields are!

For the first time in the history of cigarettes you are offered a cigarette that satisfies and yet is mild! Chesterfields!

This new kind of enjoyment cannot be had in any cigarette except Chesterfields, regardless of price—because no other cigarette maker can copy the Chesterfield blend!

Try Chesterfields—today!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Chesterfield CIGARETTES

*The Most Expensive Turkish Tobaccoes that grow are contained in the famous Chesterfield Blend—XANTHI for its fragrance; SMYRNA for its sweetness; CAVALLA for its aroma; SAMSOON for its richness.

20 for 10c

They SATISFY!

—and yet they're MILD

Famous Band to Give Concerts at the State Fair



LIBERATI'S BAND.

G. W. Dickinson, general manager of the Michigan State Fair, announces that A. Liberati will bring his famous band and grand opera singers to Detroit for the annual exposition, and concerts will be given daily. Liberati's company is composed of forty-six musicians, including vocalists of marked ability. Concerts will be given every afternoon and evening of the Fair, which opens on Labor Day, Sept. 4, and continues for ten days.

Ready With Purchase Price.

While a dog show was in progress, a friend took her little boy to see the dogs. He immediately fell in love with a small Boston bull, and couldn't be lured away. His mother said: "Well, if you can buy him, you may have him." Whereupon he produced four pennies from his overcoat pocket, reached up to the dog's owner, and said: "Wrap up the dog. I'll take him."

Three Lies That Are Condoned.

According to tradition, Mohammed held that "Every lie shall be written down as a lie by the recording angel, with the exception of three: A lie told in order to reconcile two men; a lying promise made by a man to his wife, and a lie in which a man, when engaged in war, makes a promise or a threat."

Perfection Not Wanted.

A New York judge who refused a man a divorce sought because "his wife was imperfect in everything," said to the fellow: "If you are a perfect human being, or think you are, watch your step. A perfect human being," continued the justice still bruising the head of the nail, "would be an intolerable nuisance."

Daily Thought.

"Every day is a little life, and one whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are, dangerously prodigal; those that dare mispend it, desperate.—Hall.

Cutting Down the "Props."

Movie Actress—"Why, Marie! How is it there are only 37 trunks? Do you want people to think I am in the legitimate?"—Puck.

Might Try This.

If a shoe pinches in any particular part, a cloth wrung out in hot water and laid over the place while the shoe is on the foot will expand the leather and give relief.

Daily Thought.

Endeavor to be patient in hearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be, for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.—Thomas a Kempis.

The TURMOIL

NOVEL

BOOTH TARKINGTON

AUTHOR OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN" "PENROD" ETC.

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CHAPTER XXX (Continued).

Old Man Sheridan goes to Bibbs' room to console the boy about Mary Vertrees' rejection of his proposal of marriage. Instead, against his will, the father rants about his son's need for hard work—and suddenly halts his abuse in the middle of a sentence.

Bibbs looked up patiently—an old, old look. "Yes, father, I'm listening." "That's all," said Sheridan, frowning heavily. "That's all I came to say, and you better see 't you remember it!" He shook his head warningly, and went out, closing the door behind him with a crash. However, no sound of footsteps indicated his departure. He stopped just outside the door, and stood there a minute or more. Then abruptly he turned the knob and exhibited to his son a forehead liberally covered with perspiration.

"Look here," he said, crossly. "That girl—your yonder wife Jim a letter—" "I know," said Bibbs. "She told me." "I thought you needn't feel so much upset about it—" The door closed on a face as he withdrew, but the conclusion of the sentence was nevertheless audible—"if you knew she wouldn't have Jim, either."

And he stamped his way downstairs to tell his wife to quit her fretting and not bother him with any more foot's errands. She was about to inquire what Bibbs said, but after a second thought she decided not to speak at all. She merely murmured a wordless assent, and verbal communication was given over between them for the rest of the afternoon.

Bibbs and his father were gone when Mrs. Sheridan woke, the next morning, and she had a dreary day. She missed Edith woefully, and she worried about what might be taking place in the Sheridan building. She felt that everything depended on how Bibbs "took hold," and upon her husband's return, in the evening she seized upon the first opportunity to ask him how things had gone. He was noncommittal. What could anybody tell by the first day? He'd seen plenty go at things well enough right at the start and then blow up. Pretty near anybody could show up fair the first day or so. There was a big job ahead. This material, such as it was—Bibbs, in fact—had to be broken in to handling the work Roscoe had done; and then, at least as an overseer, he must take Jim's position in the Realty company as well. He told her to ask him again in a month.

But during the course of dinner she gathered from some disjointed remarks of his that he and Bibbs had lunched together at the small restaurant where it had been Sheridan's custom to lunch with Jim, and she took this to be an encouraging sign. Bibbs went to his room as soon as they left the table, and her husband was not communicative after reading his paper.

She became an anxious spectator of Bibbs' progress as a man of business, although it was a progress she could glimpse but dimly and only in the evening, through his remarks and his father's at dinner. Usually Bibbs was silent, except when directly addressed, but on the first evening of the third week of his new career he offered an opinion which had apparently been the subject of previous argument.

"I'd like you to understand just what I mean about those storage rooms, father," he said, as Jackson placed his coffee before him. "Abercrombie agreed with me, but you wouldn't listen to him."

"You can talk, if you want to, and I'll listen," Sheridan returned, "but you can't show me that Jim ever took up with a bad thing. The roof fell because it hadn't had time to settle and on account of weather conditions. I want that building put just the way Jim planned it."

"You can't have it," said Bibbs. "You can't, because Jim planned for the building to stand up, and it won't do it. The other one—the one that didn't fall—is so shot with cracks we haven't dared use it for storage. It won't stand weight. There's only one thing to do: Get both buildings down as quickly as we can, and build over. Brick's the best and cheapest in the long run for that type."

Sheridan looked sarcastic. "Fine! What we go in' to do for storage rooms while we're waitin' for those few bricks to be laid?"

"Rent," Bibbs returned, promptly. "We'll lose money if we don't rent, anyhow—they're waiting so long for you to give the warehouse matter your attention after the roof fell. You don't know what an amount of stuff they've got piled up on us over there. We'd have to rent until we could batch up those process perils—and the Krivitch Manufacturing company's plant is empty, right across the street. I took an option on it for us this morning."

Sheridan's expression was queer. "Look here!" he said, sharply. "Did you go and do that without consulting me?"

"It didn't cost anything," said Bibbs. "It's only until tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock. I undertook to convince you before then."

"Oh, you did?" Sheridan's tone was sardonic. "Well, just suppose you couldn't convince me."

"I can, though—and I intend to," said Bibbs, quietly. "I don't think you understand the condition of those buildings you want patched up."

"Now, see here," said Sheridan, with slow emphasis. "Suppose I had my mind set about this. Jim thought they'd stand, and suppose it was—well, kind of a matter of sentiment with me to prove he was right."

Bibbs looked at him compassionately. "I'm sorry if you have a sentiment about it, father," he said. "But whether you have or not can't make a difference. You'll get other people hurt if you trust that process, and that won't do. And if you want a monument to Jim, at least you want one that will stand. Besides, I don't think you can reasonably defend sentiment in this particular kind of affair."

"Oh, you don't?"

"No, but I'm sorry you didn't tell me you felt it."

Sheridan was puzzled by his son's tone. "Why are you sorry?" he asked, curiously.

"Because I had the building inspector up there, this noon," said Bibbs. "and I had him condemn both those buildings."

"What?"

"He'd been afraid to do it before, until he heard from us—afraid you'd see he lost his job. But he can't condemn them—they've got to come down now."

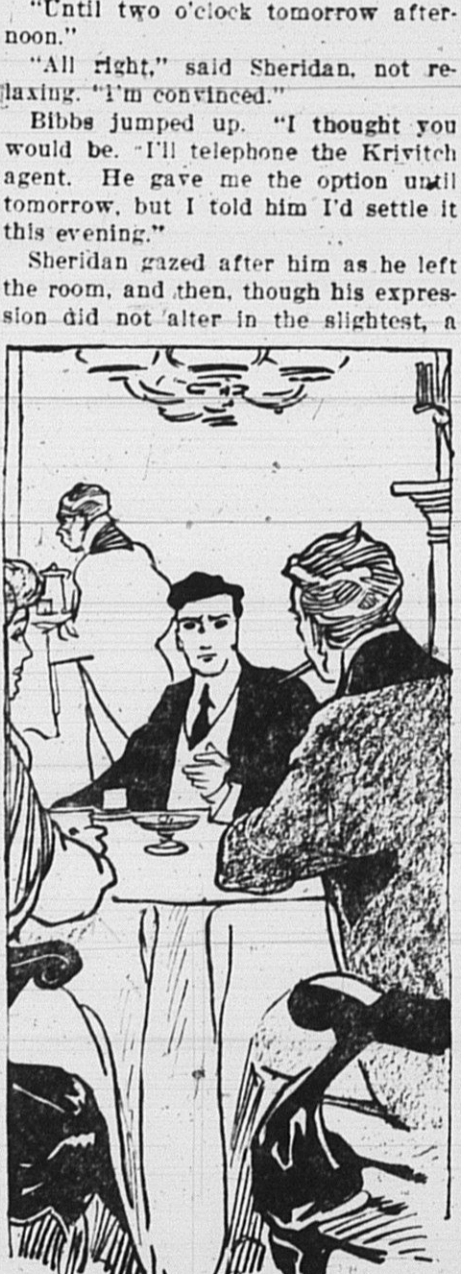
Sheridan gave him a long and piercing stare from beneath lowered brows. Finally he said, "How long did they give you on that option to convince me?"

"Until two o'clock tomorrow afternoon,"

"All right," said Sheridan, not relaxing. "I'm convinced."

Bibbs jumped up. "I thought you would be. I'll telephone the Krivitch agent. He gave me the option until tomorrow, but I told him I'd settle it this evening."

Sheridan gazed after him as he left the room, and then, though his expression did not alter in the slightest, a



"They've Got to Come Down Now."

sound came from him that startled his wife. It had been a long time since she had heard anything resembling a chuckle from him, and this sound—although it was grim and dry—bore that resemblance.

She brightened eagerly. "Looks like he was startin' right well, don't it, papa?"

"Startin'?" Lord! He got me on the hip! Why, he knew what I wanted—that's why he had the inspector up there, so 't he'd have me beat before we even started to talk about it. And did you hear him? 'Can't reasonably defend sentiment!' And the way he say 'Us.' Took an option for 'Us.' Stuff piled up on 'Us.'"

There was always an alloy for Mrs. Sheridan. "I don't just like the way he looks, though, papa."

"Oh, there's got to be something! Only one chick left at home, so you start to frettin' about it!"

"No. He's changed. There's a kind of a settil look to his face; and—"

"I guess that's the common sense comin' out on him, then," said Sheridan. "You'll see symptoms like that in a good many business men, I expect."

"Look here!" he said, sharply. "Did you go and do that without consulting me?"

"It didn't cost anything," said Bibbs. "It's only until tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock. I undertook to convince you before then."

"Well, he don't look well. It ain't exactly the way he looked when he begun to get sick that time, but he kind o' seems to be losin' some way."

"Yes, he may 'a' lost something," said Sheridan. "I expect he's lost a whole lot o' foolishness besides his Godforsaken notions about writin' poetry and—"

"No," his wife persisted. "I mean he looks right peaked. And yesterday, when he was settin' with us, he kept lookin' out the window. He wasn't readin'."

"He was lookin' over there. He never read a word all afternoon, I don't believe."

"Look here!" said Sheridan. "Bibbs might 'a' kept goin' on over there the rest of his life, moonin' on and on, but what he heard Sibyl say did one big thing, anyway. It woke him up out of his trance. Well, he had to go and bust clean out with a bang; and that stopped his poetry, but I reckon he's begun to get pretty fair pay for what he lost. I guess a good many young men have had to get over worries like his; they got to lose something if they're goin' to keep ahead o' the procession nowadays—and it kind o' looks to me, mamma, like Bibbs might keep quite a considerable long way ahead. Why, a year from now I'll bet you he won't know there ever was such a thing as poetry! And ain't he funny?"

He wanted to stick to the shop so's he could "think." What he meant was, think about something useless. Well, I guess he's keepin' his mind pretty occupied the other way these days. Yes, sir, it took a pretty fair-sized shock to get him out of his trance, but it certainly did the business." He patted his wife's shoulder again, and then, without any preface, symptoms, broke into a boisterous laugh.

"Honest, mamma, he works like a gorilla!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

And so Bibbs sat in the porch of the temple with the money changers. But no one came to scourge him forth, for this was the temple of Bigness, and the changing of money was holy worship and true religion. The priests wore that "settil" look Bibbs' mother had seen beginning to develop about his mouth and eyes—a wary look which she could not define, but it comes with service at the temple; and it was the more marked upon Bibbs for his sharp awakening to the necessities of that service.

He did as little "useless" thinking as possible, giving himself no time for it. He worked continuously, keeping his thoughts still on his work when he came home at night, and he talked of nothing whatever except his work. But he did not sing at it. He was often in the streets, and people were not allowed to sing in the streets. They might make any manner of hideous uproar; they could shake buildings; they could outthunder the thunder-deafening of the deaf, and kill the sick with noise; or they could walk the streets or drive through them bawling, squawking or screeching, as they chose, if the noise was traceably connected with business; though street musicians were not tolerated, being considered a nuisance and an interference. A man or woman who went singing for pleasure through the streets—like a crazy Neapolitan—would have been stopped, and belike looked up, for freedom does not mean that a citizen is allowed to do every outrageous thing that comes into his head. The streets were dangerous enough, in all conscience, without any singing; and the Motor Federation issued public warnings declaring that the pedestrian's life was in his own hands, and giving directions how to proceed with the least peril. However, Bibbs Sheridan had no desire to sing in the streets, or anywhere. He had gone to his work with an energy that, for the start, at least, was bitter, and there was no song left in him.

He began to know his active fellow citizens. Here and there among them he found a leisurely, kind soul, a relic of the old period of neighborliness, "pioneer stock," usually; and there were men—particularly among the merchants and manufacturers—"so honest they leaned backward;" reputations sometimes attested by stories of heroic sacrifices to honor; nor were there lacking some instances of generosity even nobler. Here and there, too, were bookmen, in their little leisure; and, among the Germans, music men. And these, with the others, worshiped Bigness and the growth, each man serving for his own sake and for what he could get out of it, but all united in their faith in the beneficence and glory of their god.

To almost all alike that service stood as the most important thing in life, except on occasion of some such vital, brief interregnum as the dangerous illness of a wife or child. In the way of "relaxation" some of the servers took golf; some took fishing; some took "shows"—a mixture of infantile and negroid humor, stockings, and tin music; some took an occasional debauch; some took trips; some took cards; and some took nothing. The high priests were vigilant to watch that no "relaxation" should affect the service. When a man attended to anything outside

his business, eyes were upon him; his credit was in danger—that is, his life was in danger. And the old priests were as ardent as the young ones; the million was as eager to be bigger as the thousand; severity was as busy as seventeen. They strove mightily against one another, and the old priests were the most wary, the most plausible and the most dangerous. Bibbs learned he must walk charily among these—he must wear a thousand eyes and beware of spiders indeed!

And outside the temple itself were the pretenders, the swarming thieves and sharpers and fleecers, the sly rascals and the open rascals; but these were feeble folk, not dangerous once he knew them, and he had a good guide to point them out to him. They were useful sometimes, he learned, and many of them served as go-betweens in matters where business must touch politics. He learned also how breweries and "traction" companies and banks and other institutions fought one another for the political control of

the city. The newspapers, he discovered, had lost their ancient political influence, especially with the knowing, who looked upon them with a skeptical humor, believing the journals either to be retained partisans, like lawyers, or else striving to forward the personal ambitions of their owners. The control of the city lay not with them, but was usually obtained by giving the "floating voters" gin money, and by other largesses. The revenues of the people were then distributed as fairly as possible among a great number of men who had assisted the winning side. Names and titles of offices went with many of the prizes, and most of these title holders were expected to present a busy appearance at times; and, indeed, some among them did work honestly and faithfully.

Bibbs had been very ignorant. All these simple things, so well known and customary, astonished him at first, and once—in a brief moment of forgetting that he was done with writing—he thought that if he had known them and written of them, how like a satire the plainest relation of them must have seemed! Strangest of all to him was the vehement and sincere patriotism. On every side he heard it; it was a permeation; the newest schoolchild caught it, though just from Hungary and learning to stammer a few words of the local language. Everywhere the people shouted of the power, the size, the riches and the growth of their city. Not only that, they said that the people of their city were the greatest, the "finest," the strongest, the biggest people on earth. They cited no authorities, and felt the need of none, being themselves the people thus celebrated. And if the thing was questioned, or if it was hinted that there might be one small virtue in which they were not perfect and supreme, they wasted no time examining themselves to see if what the critic said was true, but fell upon him and hooted him and cursed him, for they were sensitive. So Bibbs, learning their ways and walking with them, hearkened to the voice of the people and served Bigness with them. For the voice of the people is the voice of their god.

Sheridan had made the room next to his own into an office for Bibbs, and the door between the two rooms usually stood open—the father had established that intimacy. One morning in February, when Bibbs was alone, Sheridan came in, some sheets of typewritten memoranda in his hand.

"Bibbs," he said, "I don't like to butt in very often this way, and when I do I usually wish I hadn't—but for heaven's sake what have you been buying that ole busted inter-traction stock for?"

Bibbs leaned back from his desk. "For eleven hundred and fifty-five dollars. That's all it cost."

"Well, it ain't worth eleven hundred and fifty-five cents. You ought to know that. I don't get your idea. That stuff's deader'n Adam's cat!"

"It might be worth something—some day."

"How?"

"It mightn't be so dead—not if I went into it," said Bibbs coolly.

"Oh!" Sheridan considered this intently; then he said, "Who'd you buy it from?"



"That Stuff's Deader'n Adam's Cat!"

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"A broker—Fansmith." "Well, he must 'a' got it from one o' the crowd o' poor unities that was soaked with it. Don't you know who owned it?"

"Yes, I do." "Ain't sayin', though? That it? What's the matter?"

"It belonged to Mr. Vertrees," said Bibbs, shortly, applying himself to his desk.

"So?" Sheridan gazed down at his son's thin face. "Excuse me," he said. "Your business." And he went back to his own room. But presently he looked in again.

"I reckon you won't mind lunchin' alone today"—he was shuffling himself into his overcoat—"because I just thought I'd go up to the house and get this over with mamma." He glanced apologetically toward his right hand as it emerged from the sleeve of the overcoat. The bandages had been removed, finally, that morning, revealing but three fingers—the forefinger and the next to it had been amputated. "She's bound to make an awful fuss, and it bettter spoil her lunch than her dinner. I'll be back about two."

But he calculated the time of his arrival at the new house so accurately that Mrs. Sheridan's lunch was not disturbed, and she was rising from the lonely table when he came into the dining room. He had left his overcoat in the hall, but he kept his hands in his trousers pockets.

"What's the matter, papa?" she asked, quickly. "Has anything gone wrong? You ain't sick?"

"Me?" He laughed loudly. "Me sick?"

"You had lunch?"

"Didn't want any today. You can give me a cup o' coffee, though."

She rang, and told George to have coffee made, and when he had withdrawn she said querulously, "I just know there's something wrong."

"Nothing in the world," he responded, heartily, taking a seat at the head of the table. "I thought I'd talk over a notion o' mine with you, that's all. It's more women-folks' business than what it is, anyhow."

"What about?"

"Why ole Doc Gurney was up at the office this mornin' awhile—"

"To look at your hand? How's he say it's doin'?"

"Fine! Well, he went in and sat around with Bibbs awhile—"

Mrs. Sheridan nodded pessimistically. "I guess it's time you had him, too. I knew Bibbs—"

"Now, mamma, hold your horses! I wanted him to look Bibbs over before anything's the matter. You don't suppose I'm goin' to take any chances with Bibbs, do you? Well, afterwards, I shut the door, and I an' ole Gurney had a talk. He's a mighty disagreeable man; he rubbed it in on me what he said about Bibbs havin' brains if he ever woke up. Then I thought he must want to get something out o' me, he got so flatterin'—for a minute! Bibbs couldn't help havin' business brains," he says, 'bein' your son. Don't be surprised, he says—'don't be surprised at his makin' a success,' he says. 'He couldn't get over his heredity; he couldn't help bein' a business success—once you got him into it. It's in his blood. Yes, sir,' he says, 'it doesn't need much brains,' he says, 'an' only third-rate brains, at that,' he says, 'but it does need a special kind o' brains,' he says, 'to be a millionaire. I mean,' he says, 'when a man's given a start, if nobody gives him a start, why, course he's got to have luck and the right kind o' brains. The only miracle about Bibbs,' he says, 'is where he got the other kind o' brains—the brains you made him quit usin' and throw away!'"

"But what 'd he say about his health?" Mrs. Sheridan demanded, impatiently, as George placed a cup of coffee before her husband. Sheridan helped himself to cream and sugar, and began to sip the coffee.

"I'm comin' to that," he returned, placidly. "See how easy I manage this cup with my left hand, mamma?"

"You been doin' that all winter. What did—"

"It's wonderful," he interrupted, admiringly, "what a fellow can do with his left hand. I can sign my name with mine now, well's I ever could with my right. It came a little hard at first, but now, honest, I believe I rather sign with my left. That's all I ever have to write, anyway—just the signature. Rest's all dictatin'."

He blew across the top of the cup unctuously. "Good coffee, mamma! Well, about Bibbs. Ole Gurney says he believes if Bibbs could somehow get back to the state o' mind he was in about the machine shop—that is, if he could some way get to feelin' about business the way he felt about the shop—not the poetry and writin' part, but—"

He paused, supplementing his remarks with a motion of his head toward the old house next door. "He says Bibbs is older and harder'n what he was when he broke down that time, and, besides, he ain't the kind o' dreamy way he was then—and I should say he ain't! I'd like 'em to show me anybody his age that's any wider awake! But he says Bibbs' health'll never need bother us again if—"

Mrs. Sheridan shook her head. "I don't see any help that way. You know yourself she wouldn't 'ave Jim."

"Who's talkin' about her havin' anybody? But, my Lord! she might let him look at her! She needn't 'a' got so mad, just because he asked her, that she won't let him come in the house any more. He's a mighty funny boy, and some ways I reckon he's pretty near as hard to understand as the Bible, but Gurney kind o' got me in the way o' thinkin' that if he'd let him come back and set around with her an evening or two sometimes—not

reg'lar, I don't mean—why— Well, I just thought I'd see what you'd think of it. There ain't any way to talk about it to Bibbs himself—I don't suppose he'd let you, anyhow—but I thought maybe you could kind o' slip over there some day, and kind o' hint around till you see how the land lays, and ask her—"

"Me!" Mrs. Sheridan looked both helpless and frightened. "No." She shook her head decidedly. "It wouldn't do any good."

"You won't try it?"

"I won't risk her turnin' me out o' the house. Some way, that's what I believe she did to Sibyl, from what Roscoe said once. No, I can't, and what's more, it'd only make things worse. If people find out you're runnin' after 'em they think you're cheap, and then they won't do as much for you as if you let 'em alone. I don't believe it's any use, and I couldn't do it if it was."

He sighed with resignation. "All right, mamma. That's all." Then, in a livelier tone, he said: "Ole Gurney took the bandages off my hand this mornin'. All healed up. Says I don't need 'em any more."

"Why, that's splendid, papa!" she cried, beaming. "I was afraid— Let's see."

She came toward him, but he rose, still keeping his hand in his pocket. "Wait a minute," he said, smiling. "Now it may give you just a little teeny bit of a shock, but the fact is—well, you remember that Sunday when Sibyl came over here and made all that fuss about nothin'—it was the day after I got tired o' that statue when Edith's telegram came—"

"Let me see your hand!" she cried.

"Now wait!" he said, laughing, and pushing her away with his left hand. "The truth is, mamma, that I kind o' slipped out on you that mornin', when you wasn't lookin', and went down to ole Gurney's office—he'd told me to, you see—and, well, it doesn't amount to anything." And he held out, for her inspection, the mutilated hand. "You see, these days when it's all dictatin', anyhow, nobody 'd mind just a couple o'—"

He had to jump for her—she went over backward. For the second time in her life Mrs. Sheridan had fainted.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was a full hour later when he left her lying upon



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Orders will be filled according to date received

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Runabout,	-	\$352.00
Touring Car	-	367.00
Coupelet	-	512.00
Town Car	-	602.00
Sedan	-	652.00

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PALMER MOTOR SALES CO.

Chelsea, Michigan.



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"He cleaned the table and kissed the cook."

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Our Splendid Cookies

We bake fresh cookies every day

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Cash For Cream!

We are paying Elgin Prices for Cream, instead of one cent below as heretofore.

Price This Week 31 Cents
DELIVERED WEDNESDAY OR SATURDAY

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When in Need of Footwear Give Us a Call

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That never wears off goes with our delicious Boiled Ham. Our patrons will always find our smoked meats to be delicious in flavor, tender and juicy. The three things essential to satisfactory meat buying: Quality, Variety and Freshness. You will find these embodied in the articles of food you purchase here.

Phone 59

Fred Klingler



Card of Thanks

I desire to express my sincere thanks to my many friends in Chelsea and adjoining townships for their splendid support given me at the Primaries Tuesday for Representative. My vote was much larger than I had hoped to receive, and those who labored unselfishly in my behalf are entitled to all the credit, for my time was so limited by other matters that I could not avoid, that I could do but little for myself.

Whether I am elected or not, my great appreciation of the result at the Primaries will remain.

Respectfully,

H. WIRT NEWKIRK

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.

Terms:—\$1.00 per year; six months, fifty cents; three months, twenty-five cents. To foreign countries \$1.50 per year.

Entered as second-class matter, March 5, 1906, at the postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. E. E. Winans spent Sunday in Toledo.

Mrs. J. W. Speer spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Miss Kathryn Hooker spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Freeman spent Sunday in Wyandotte.

David Raymond, of Grass Lake is visiting relatives here.

Miss Jennie Ives is visiting relatives at Lansing and Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Broesamle spent Sunday at Wampler's Lake.

Adam Geiger, of Ann Arbor, was a Chelsea visitor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Lehwann spent Sunday at Wampler's Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Casper Glenn spent the week end in Stockbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Schoenhals attended the Howell fair today.

Miss Dora Chandler is spending the week with friends in Royal Oak.

Mrs. Jas. Geddes and Mrs. George Rathbun spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Mrs. Nellie Hobart, of Stockbridge, spent Friday with Mrs. Chas. Paul.

Miss Rose Droste, of Detroit, spent Sunday with Miss Kathryn Hooker.

Mrs. Joseph Kolb and son William spent Sunday with friends in Detroit.

Mrs. J. J. Tuomey, of Detroit, was the guest of Mrs. Addie Martin Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Stephens and daughter Blanche spent Sunday in Detroit.

Miss Mildred Bennett, of Plymouth, has been the guest of Miss Jennie Walker.

Wm. Townsend and family, of Mason, spent Sunday with Mrs. U. H. Townsend.

Misses Lizzie and Nellie Maroney are visiting Toronto, Quebec and Montreal.

Mrs. C. J. Depew and daughter Esther, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday in Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Clark, of Ypsilanti, spent the week end with relatives here.

T. W. Mingay, of Tecumseh, spent several days of this week with Chelsea friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Otis, of Detroit, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Maroney.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Schenk, of Flint, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Dancer.

Clayton Ward and Frank Kotts left for Cadillac Wednesday, where they will visit friends.

Mrs. Geo. Rathbun, of Tecumseh, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Geddes.

Mrs. Kenneth Watkins and son, of Detroit, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cummings and Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hammond spent Sunday in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kroitz, of Manchester, were the guests of Mrs. Bert McClain Tuesday.

Mrs. E. K. White, of Marion, Ind., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Howard S. Holmes.

Fred Boos, of Whitmore Lake, spent the first of the week with his sister, Mrs. Joseph Schatz.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Weber and daughter Agnes are spending this week in Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Potter, of Cleveland, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Bert McClain.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Cummings and son, of Ypsilanti, are the guests of Mrs. F. D. Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Woods, of Lansing, spent several days of this week with Miss Lizzie Barthel.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Keenan, of Washington, D. C., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Saunders.

Miss Louise Ives returned today from a two weeks' visit with relatives in Albion, Mason and Lansing.

H. D. Witherell, M. A. Shaver, A. E. Winans and J. B. Parker attended the Howell fair Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Miles and children, of Dexter, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Cone Lighthall.

Mrs. K. Otto Steinbach and children and Mrs. Thos. Wortley left for their home in Flint Saturday, after spending two months here.

Geo. Burgess, of Detroit, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Burgess, of Sylvan.

Mrs. R. R. Paul, of Detroit, who spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kress, returned home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Allen and son, of Wyandotte, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Freeman.

Miss Una Stiegelmaier returned to her work here the first of the week from a two week's vacation outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gibbs and Mr. and Mrs. James Dadds, of Lansing, spent Sunday with Miss Nen Wilkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Koons and sons and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Whitmer are spending this week in Sandusky, Ohio.

W. F. Kress and family and Mrs. R. R. Paul, of Detroit, spent several days of the past week at Cavanaugh Lake.

Mrs. T. W. Watkins and children left Wednesday for Battle Creek where they will spend a few days with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lake and Mr. and Mrs. Alden Carpenter, of Pinckney, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Schoenhals.

Geo. Schatz left Monday for his home in Fresno, Cal., after spending several weeks here with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Schatz.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood T. Bailey, of Jackson, spent Saturday in Chelsea. Mr. Bailey was the superintendent of the chautauqua here last year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Otis, of Dexter, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Middlewarth, of Marietta, Ohio, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Maroney Sunday.

A. E. Corey and family and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fillmore have returned to their homes in Cincinnati, after spending the summer at Crooked Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Aue, of Cincinnati, spent the week end with Chelsea friends. They are spending this week with relatives and friends in Waterloo.

Prof. and Mrs. Frank Mellencamp and children, of Milwaukee, who have been spending their summer vacation with Mrs. U. H. Townsend, have returned to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Gieske and children, Mr. and Mrs. George Bertke and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. William Schlicht and family, of Manchester, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Weiss.

Village Taxes.

Village taxes are now due and may be paid at the office of the Boyd hotel on Tuesdays and Saturdays, including evenings, until further notice.

J. HOWARD BOYD,
Village Treasurer.

51tf

State Fair Tickets.

The Standard has received a number of tickets for the Michigan state fair for sale. The price of admission at Detroit will be fifty cents. We are authorized to make the advance sale at thirty-five cents each, or three for \$1.00. Tickets are good for any day of the fair, September 4 to 13.

By-Product Made of Value.

Water and fireproof barrels will be made in Hawaii from bagasse, a sugar mill by-product, for exporting sugar and importing potash.

FAMOUS SPEED PILOT AT THE STATE FAIR

Among the noted auto drivers who have sent in their entries for the State Fair races is "Farmer Bill" Endicott, who asserts that he will shatter dirt



"FARMER BILL" ENDICOTT.

track records if weather conditions are favorable and the course is hard and fast.

"If the weather man is on our side I will set up a few new records for the State Fair track," asserted "Farmer Bill" in a letter received by G. W. Dickinson, general manager of the State Fair.

The professional auto races will be held the second Monday and Tuesday of the fair, Sept. 11 and 12.

New Fancy Silks

We are showing some beautiful new Fancy Silks 36 and 26 inches wide in Fancy and Scotch Plaids.

These come in quiet and subdued colors, and in the brighter colorings. We have a good assortment of stripes, too. Prices are very reasonable.

Wool Dress Goods

New Plaid and Striped Wool Dress Goods just placed on sale.

Wash Dresses

We still have 6 to 8 dozen light Wash Dresses, were \$1.50 to \$3.00, that we shall place on sale at ridiculously low prices. This will clean up in a day or two 79c, 98c and \$1.39.

Oxfords, Pumps and Shoes

Final call on J. & K. \$4.00 Oxfords and finest Pumps. Your choice of any pair \$2.69.

Any Pingree Women's \$4.00 Low Shoes now \$2.00.

Any Pingree Women's High Shoes now \$2.00 and \$2.25. We are closing out the Pingree line of Women's Shoes.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

SCHOOL DAYS

Are Here Again, and This Means Many Articles of Wear for Boys and Young Men.

Hats and Caps

Our New Early Fall Line of HATS and CAPS are now in stock awaiting your inspection.

Shirts and Blouses

We are fully prepared to meet a big demand in Shirts and Blouses for the coming season. Ask to see the "K. and S." Original Tapeless Blouse, 50c, all sizes.

Hosiery

Shoes

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"Packards" and "Beacons" for Men—"McElwains" for Boys. Let us fit you out.

Suits

Get the snap, style and fit of CUSTOM-MADE GARMENTS, and all-wool material, at ready-made prices.

Specials at \$15.00, \$17.50 and \$20.00.

Boys' Suits and Odd Pants in stock.

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WANT COLUMN

RENTS, REAL ESTATE, FOUND, LOST, WANTED, ETC.

FOR SALE—Gas and heating stove and motorcycle. N. J. Edwards, 238 Elm street, Chelsea. 5

FOR SALE—Building 10x24 with heavy sills; nearly new; can be moved easily. Inquire of H. W. Schenk, Chelsea. 6

FOR SALE—250 S. C. W. Leghorn pullets, also cockerels. Closing out stock. The Quality Egg Farm. Glenn H. Barbour. 6

FOR SALE—Organ, 7 octave upright piano case; two iron bedsteads, gasoline stove with oven and 5 gallon tank. Inquire of Mrs. Harvey G. Spiegelberg. Dr. B. Defendorf. 6

FOR SALE—Well driving outfit complete; also pair of horses, harness and wagon. Cheap if sold at once. Chas. Downer, Chelsea. 5

HOUSE FOR SALE—Eight room house on Madison street, Chelsea; gas bath and all modern conveniences. Address H. E. Foster, 171 Davison Ave., Highland Park. 2tf

FOR SALE—Two lots on Elm avenue for sale or exchange; water and sewer connections in. Inquire of O. J. Walworth. 51tf

LEGAL PRINTING—The Standard requests its patrons who have business with the Probate Office to ask the Judge of Probate to order the printing sent to this office.

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A. L. STEGER,
Dentist.
Office, Kempf Bank Block. Chelsea, Michigan. Phone, Office, 82, 2r; Residence, 82, 3r.

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10238

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 3rd day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and sixteen.

Present, William H. Murray, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Gleason Whitaker, Minor.

D. E. Beach, guardian of said estate, having filed in this court his annual account, and praying that the same may be heard and allowed.

It is Ordered, that the 3rd day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said account.

And it is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Washtenaw.

WILLIAM H. MURRAY, Judge of Probate. [A true copy] ELVIRA ARMBRUSTERN, Register.

Use the TRAVELERS RAILWAYGUIDE PRICE 25 CENTS 431 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

Subscribe for The Standard.



MICHIGAN STATE FAIR DETROIT SEPT. 4-13

Big Entertainment and Educational Features Throughout Ten Days

Michigan's exposition will be greatest event of its kind in the history of the Wolverine State. Notable attractions are announced for every day.

Special features will be the Million Dollar Livestock show and stupendous display of farm machinery. Practical demonstrations will be given by noted experts in the industrial and agricultural world.

Speed Events

Opening on Labor Day, Michigan's fastest trotters and paces will compete for rich purses.

America's famous auto drivers will contest for over \$5,000 in cash prizes, and will attempt to lower dirt track records.

Other events on the speed program are chariot races and running races, as well as contests for men and boys.

Machinery Display

Most modern types of farm machinery, including gasoline engines, cream separators, silo fillers, farm tractors, and other time saving inventions of mechanical experts, will attract the attention of Michigan rural residents especially. The display of machinery and mechanical appliances will set a new record for size and interest it will create.

Children's Exercises

The State Fair management has arranged special entertainment for the children, and in addition the children will give drills and folk dances on the stage in the grove. There will be games and contests for the children, and amusement features, including dog and pony shows, vaudeville acts, etc.

Notable attractions which will be of interest to the children, as well as their parents, include the automobile show, Better Babies' Contest, State Fair Boys' School, poultry and pet stock show, day and night fireworks, horse polo, athletic events, domestic exhibits, auto polo, entertaining midway shows, girls' milking contest, day and night horse show, trained animal acts, wild fowl exhibits and superb displays of the products of Michigan's farms and factories.

**REMEMBER THE DATES
September 4-13**

G. W. DICKINSON, Secretary - Manager

FAMOUS SPEED PILOTS TO RACE AT STATE FAIR

Entries Are Being Received From Various Stars

Three days of auto racing will be on the card of the Michigan State Fair, Sept. 10, 11 and 12. The Ford drivers will tool their miniature speedsters around the oval Sunday, the first day of the races, to select a new Michigan champion, and the two following days the professional drivers will compete.

Interstate Event Scheduled.

G. W. Dickinson, secretary and manager of the State Fair, is planning an interstate championship event for the two days that the major leagues will whirl around the dirt oval. While all the details of the race have not been fully worked out, it will probably be run on a basis of twenty-five mile heats, three on Monday and two on Tuesday, the winner to be decided on the point system, as in horse racing.

To Carry Michigan's Colors.

The drivers competing in this race will represent the various states from which they hail, and a Detroit driver will probably carry the colors of Michigan. "Farmer Bill" Endicott, always a favorite with the Michigan speed nuts, will compete, representing the Hoosier state. He asserts he will lower the track record if weather conditions are favorable.

Other Contests Arranged.

In addition to the heat races for the interstate title, for which the Michigan State Fair will give a handsome trophy, other contests are scheduled for the professional speedsters. The entry blanks were placed in the mails last week. Most of the drivers will come to Detroit from Minneapolis, where the Hamline oval will stage its annual big dirt track 100 mile event the week previous.

Entries Close Aug. 29.

Entry blanks for the elimination for the Ford championship race on the Sunday of the Fair were mailed out during the week to the drivers, and the management has been assured of a large field for the semi-pro event. The entries will close Aug. 29.

NOTED PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT TO TALK AT FAIR

John Brennan of New York on the Speaking Program.

One of the most interesting lectures to be given during the State Fair, which will be held at Detroit Sept. 4 to 13, will be the address of John



JOHN BRENNAN.

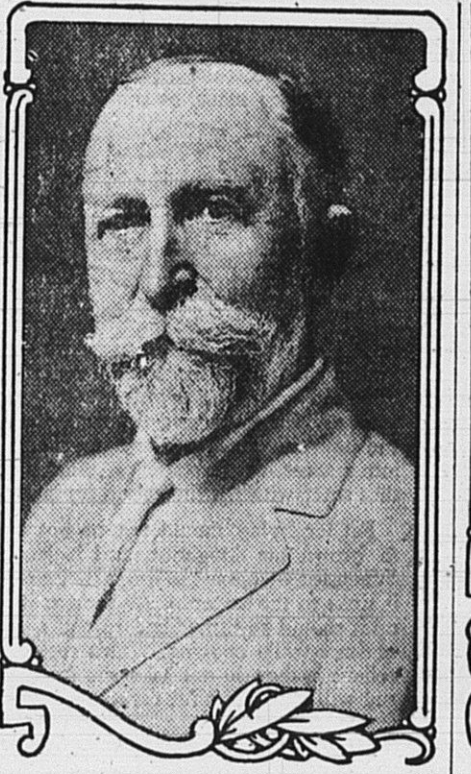
Brennan of New York, who will talk on "Sense and Nonsense About the Human Body."

Mr. Brennan is a noted physical culture authority and is well known as a lecturer and editor. He will give much interesting information regarding physical education and the care of the body.

Famous Fireworks Displays at Fair.
"The War of Nations," a famous fireworks drama, will be presented at the Michigan State Fair, according to G. W. Dickinson, general manager of the exposition, who announces that the exhibition surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted in the middle west.

Three hundred people are in the cast which presents "The War of Nations," and several vaudeville acts are interpolated during the performance.

Noted Health Authorities to Give Addresses at Michigan State Fair



J. H. KELLOGG.

G. W. Dickinson announces that several noted health authorities will speak during the Michigan State Fair, which will be held at Detroit Sept. 4 to 13.

J. H. Kellogg of Battle Creek will lecture on Sept. 6, his subject being "How to Live a Hundred Years."

Bernarr MacFadden, physical culture expert of nation wide reputation, will talk on Sept. 5 on "Brain and Body



BERNARR MACFADDEN.

Building." He will give demonstrations during his talk and will show the State Fair patrons simple exercises which, if followed, will reduce doctor's bills to a minimum. It is expected that thousands will hear both lectures, General Manager Dickinson having received scores of inquiries as to the exact dates on which Dr. Kellogg and Mr. MacFadden would speak.



Prince Albert gives smokers such delight, because

- its flavor is so different and so delightfully good;
- it can't bite your tongue;
- it can't parch your throat;
- you can smoke it as long and as hard as you like without any comeback but real tobacco happiness!

On the reverse side of every Prince Albert package you will read:
"PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907"

That means to you a lot of tobacco enjoyment. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

PRINCE ALBERT

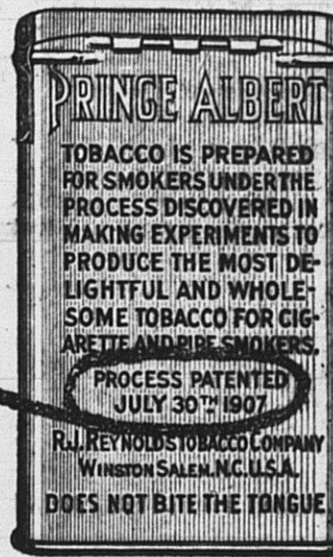
the national joy smoke

In goodness and in pipe satisfaction is all we or its enthusiastic friends ever claimed for it!

It answers every smoke desire you or any other man ever had! It is so cool and fragrant and appealing to your smoke appetite that you will get chummy with it in a mighty short time!

Will you invest 5c or 10c to prove out our say-so on the national joy smoke?

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



This is the reverse side of the Prince Albert tin. Read this "Patented Process" message to you and realize what it means in making Prince Albert so much to your liking.

Making Michigan Dry

THE DETROIT TIMES

is the only Detroit daily that is fighting to dry up the spots of woe and waste in our two fair peninsulas.

The Detroit Times is making it as hot as it knows how for the heart-breaking, home-wrecking saloon.

The Detroit Times will print the Billy Sunday sermons in full every day of the great evangelist's eight-weeks' campaign in Detroit—from Sept. 10 to Nov. 5.

Every foe of the saloon should be with Billy Sunday and The Detroit Times in this fall's fierce battle against booze.

Mail this coupon with \$2.50 TODAY for one year's subscription, to make sure that you do not miss an issue while the Anti-Saloon and Sunday campaigns are on in September and October. An unafraid, forward-looking newspaper for less than a cent a day.

The Times, Detroit.

Name

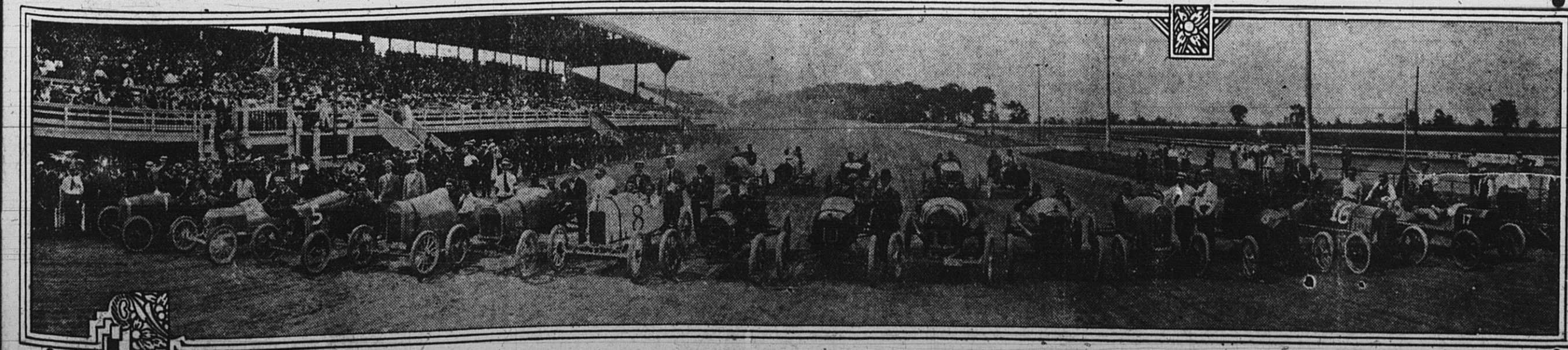
Address

R. F. D.

Date

Send paper one year for enclosed \$2.50.

Ford Auto Races to Be Contested at State Fair Grounds Track Sept. 10



G. W. Dickinson, general manager of the Michigan State Fair, announces that entries are being received for the Ford race, to be contested at the State Fair grounds Sunday, Sept. 10, to select Michigan's representative in the interstate event to be held at Detroit

Oct. 15. The Ford events, which have been conducted by General Manager Dickinson at the State Fair track during the past year, have been so successful that he decided to select Michigan's entry in the interstate event during the Fair.

Mr. Dickinson expects that about twenty-five drivers will enter the race, and among the possible starters are Ernie Ansterberg, twice winner of the Michigan Ford championship cup; John Milot, Rice, Wilcox, Kulick and many other semi-professional drivers

from Detroit as well as other cities throughout Michigan. The winner of the event will compete against the champions of other states in the race to be held at the State Fair track on Oct. 15. It is expected that ten or twelve states will

be represented in this event, among them being Minnesota, Ohio, Wisconsin, Illinois, Oklahoma, Wyoming and Iowa. The representatives of the various states will be selected at the State Fairs in the same manner that the Michigan contestant is to be

chosen. General Manager Dickinson says the International Contest association, of which he is president, will award a silver cup to the winner of the interstate event. Cash prizes totaling \$1,000 will be given the drivers as well.

In Case of Burns.

The best immediate application for a burn or scald is carron oil. This preparation of equal parts of linseed oil and lime-water should be kept always at hand when there are young children about. When a child receives a burn or scald, shake the bottle of carron oil thoroughly, then saturate some lint, gauze or muslin with it and put on the burned surface. Clean olive oil or vaseline are good substitutes for the carron oil.—Detroit.

Selfish Eddie.

At Tommy's birthday party oranges were passed among the little guests after supper was over. Noticing that one little fellow took the largest orange in the dish, Tommy said to his mother in an audible whisper: "O, look at Eddie! He likes himself better'n anybody else."

Looking Ahead.

"What's the trouble, girlie?" "Oh, Aigernon, I'm afraid for you. Father threatens to kick you into the middle of next week." "Well, my dear, if he insists, let him do it. But hold next Wednesday evening open for me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Sinner's Sentence

□□□□

By VIRGINIA ESTABROOK

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

With the skill of an expert boat-woman and a strength born of exercise and practice, Hazel Grey drove the yawl under her control against the shingly beach, leaped out and ran swiftly to the spot where a fellow creature lay in deadly peril.

She had sculled the clumsy craft from the little island in the center of the lake and half the distance accomplished had hurried her course, for this is what she noted: A young man toppling over the edge of the bluff 20 feet up from the beach. Either he had slipped in venturing a descent or had been asleep and rolled down the steep slope. In any event the fall had been a bad one, for he lay half submerged by the water, his eyes closed and apparently unconscious.

Hazel lost no time in dragging the half suffocated victim out of the water. He stirred as she did so. She looked troubled and full of pity as she noticed a bruise near his temple. In landing his head had struck a stone. Abruptly he sat up and looked about him in a dazed way. Then a glance at the fair girl brought full intelligence.

"Hello!" he ejaculated and arose. Hazel drew back, shy and blushing. He seemed to comprehend what she had done through a glance at the wet streak where his body had been dragged over the sand. He rubbed the abrasion over his brow. His eyes lit



There Was a Hurried Climb Over the Wall.

up with appreciation and gratitude. "You have worked quick," he observed, and she said simply: "I had to."

"And I owe you my life!" he added, after a brief pause and quite solemnly. "Tell me about it."

But Hazel drew back from exploiting her casual dash in the interests of humanity.

"I was sculling over to get some groceries for the camp," she explained briefly. "You see, there are twelve of us, all seminary girls, and we are putting in a week at roughing it."

"Oh, I see," murmured Warner and then he turned sharply, for, staring quite beyond him, an expression of vast discomfiture and amazement in her beautiful eyes, Hazel stood rock rooted with the fluttering gasp:

"Now I'm in for it!"

She seemed quite to forget the presence of the stranger. Warner drew to one side to arrange his disheveled attire. An automobile containing a chauffeur and an angry faced, over-dressed woman of about forty dashed up to the spot.

"Come here this instant," she commanded Hazel and panting like a child the girl approached the machine. The woman seized her arm and quite pulled her into the car.

"Go on!" she ordered the chauffeur. "But my clothes! What will the girls think?" demurred Hazel.

"Clothes. You will wear sackcloth and ashes for the next six months, believe me, you wicked sinner!"

And then the machine and its occupants flashed down the beach, and Dudley Warner had to rub his head and blink his eyes to convince himself that it was not all a dream, so quickly had all happened, so strange the happening.

A youth in an outing suit came strolling down a bluff path. He paused, grinned at Warner and looked excited.

"I was too late," he observed. "I saw you tumble, but that spirit was ahead of me."

"Who is she?" asked Warner. "Miss Hazel Grey."

"And the lady in the automobile?" "I fancy an aunt, an old maid relative, who has adopted Hazel. I only guess that from what I pick up. You see, Hazel and eleven of her friends are putting in a week's vacation over on Rainbow Island. Us fellows have tried to scare them nights, hovering around as sheeted ghosts and with hollow awesome cries, but you can't faze Hazel. She has stuck it out. Her aunt lives about fifty miles from here. She must have heard of Hazel's last exploit and it scandalized her so she has marched her home in a jiffy."

"And where does this ogre of an

aunt live?" asked Warner thoughtfully.

"At Wadham. She's a distressingly over-particular person, I hear, and likes no fun or frolic, and all that. Poor Hazel, she's the life of the place."

"H'm," said Warner reflectively. Stirred up more than he could ever have dreamed over a memory of bright eyes and a bewitching face he repaired to his hotel at the village.

He thrilled every time he thought of the misstep that might have ended him but for the nerve of the dainty sprite who had come to his rescue.

It took Warner only a day to find out all about Hazel Grey. A young man of wealth, impetuous and ingenious in his nature, he was soon engulfed neck deep in the adventure of his life. He saw the mournful group of girls on the island fearfully abandon their camp, bereft of the soul of their enterprise, their doughty leader. Then Warner went to Wadham and "hung around."

Yes, sentence had been passed on the pretty sinner, and Hazel was indeed among sackcloth and ashes. The residence of Aunt Maria well accorded with her own stern and severe bearing. The old house was prim and uninviting, the grounds surrounded by a high brick wall. Only twice in two days, Warner observed, was Hazel allowed to walk in the garden. He located her room. She slept with the window open. Thereafter for a week, getting up at daylight, Warner secured the daintiest, rarest bouquet money could buy, scaled the wall and when Hazel awoke the lovely floral offering lay on the floor. Then a note was enclosed in a cluster of lilies of the valley and Hazel knew the identity of her ardent knight errant.

Love laughs at locksmiths, brick walls and lynx-eyed jailers. Now Dudley Warner was making of the grand passion a business, systematic and progressive. It was a delightful two weeks. Four ecstatic secret interviews in a sequestered part of the garden brought two harmonious souls together, and again Hazel "saved" Warner's life by not sending him away hopeless, he declared!

Dudley Warner was a venturesome young man and Hazel a confiding and determined girl. There was a hurried ladder climb over the garden wall one dark evening, an hour's swift dash in an automobile, a return, kisses and promises and the next morning Warner appeared before the dreaded Miss Maria.

He expected "a big row," as he told himself apprehensively. The old warrior of many a verbal battle only stared coldly at him as he began his set speech:

"There's an engagement ring, an elopement, a marriage license and a wedding. Hazel has the ring," he blurted out desperately. "What sinner's sentence are you going to award me, Miss Tresham?"

And then to his amazement the shrewd spinster smiled—he fancied she chuckled. She never flinched, she never betrayed an emotion except satisfaction supreme.

"I admire you unutterably," she said incisively. "I have been studying you at a distance for two weeks. You rise early, that shows no laggard. You scale walls, evidencing activity. You are a model young man. I have taken pains to learn so—therefore, why not?"

I have watched your every move—I, the lynx-eyed—ah! You are a better guardian for Hazel than I—"

"You consent!" cried the astounded Warner.

"Don't interrupt me," commanded Miss Maria—"as I said, take Hazel—with my blessing."

"You angel!" raved the enraptured Dudley Warner.

Certain Test.

"The pleader in criminal cases has some strange experiences," says Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, the late British lord-justice-clerk, in "Life Jottings," and remarks how in the case of a murderer, brutal in its character, anger at the deed will cause a jury to reject the clearest evidence that the perpetrator was insane.

"I once defended a case," he says, "and a majority of the jury not only convicted, but added a rider affirming that the prisoner was sane. The man was hopelessly mad. The doctors sent to see him were satisfied of that, and the sentence was not carried out. A crucial test applied was that while one of them put his finger lightly on the pulse, the other suddenly said: 'By the by, Miller, when is it you are to be hanged?' There was not a tremor or a change of countenance or acceleration of the pulse, and, looking up, he said, quite simply, 'I think it's Tuesday week, if I'm not mistaken.'"

Couldn't Fool Hubby.

She hailed from a remote country village in England, and had traveled by rail on a visit to friends who resided in a distant town. Whilst entering the railway station for the return journey she found to her dismay that she had lost her handbag, which contained her return ticket and cash. After a fruitless inquiry and search a lady to whom she had spoken of her loss very kindly offered the suggestion that the old dame should wire to her husband at her expense and ask him to telegraph a money order, also telling him the circumstances in which she was placed. She assented to this, and the telegram was sent and duly delivered to the old dame's husband. He tore the missive open and read it. "Any answer?" asked the messenger. "Na, nor brass neither," said he; "they'll find they nobbut got a noodle this time. They'll not hoodwink me, that bait Mary's writin'. I could tell 'ers from hundreds."

BREVITIES

ANN ARBOR—There are forty-one cases of typhoid fever in Ann Arbor, and there have been two deaths as a result of the epidemic.

Ann Arbor—Mrs. Alice Gardiner, of Manchester, has filed a bill for separate maintenance against Watson Gardiner, of Saline. They were married April 24, 1880, and have five children.

ANN ARBOR—The University of Michigan hospital and a section of the city were without water for eight hours Sunday, when a water main in Glenn avenue gave way under pressure of a cave-in from a sewer near the hospital. Six blocks were without supply Sunday night.

DEXTER—The Ann Arbor Gas Co. has had a force of men here the past week numbering the residences of the village. This will be a great convenience to the company, and also to the residents of the village. The village authorities are to have street signs erected and when this has been done the town will present a metropolitan appearance.—Leader.

BRIGHTON—Four well known young Brighton people have a true fish story to relate. While they were enjoying a twilight trip down the Huron river, not far from our village, a sudden purring and a flop in the front end of the boat drew their attention: one of the occupants jumped up in time to catch the intruder. Upon examination it proved to be a two pound bass. An affidavit can be furnished if necessary.—Argus.

YPSILANTI—When James Tinkler was arraigned in justice court Tuesday on a drunk charge he accused Officer Batway of holding out four \$5 bills. The officer was summoned to answer the accusation. Meanwhile Tinkler sat down and presently arose with two of the bills in his hand. He said he found them in his sock. He was told to look in the other sock, where he found the other bills. The officer was exonerated.

GEDES—Miss Queen Brown, 22 years old, of Detroit, was killed Saturday by being thrown and dragged by a horse that she was riding. It is supposed Miss Brown had dismounted to recover a lost necktie, and with one foot in a stirrup to remount, was either thrown to the ground or fell when the animal bolted. She was rendered unconscious and this condition never changed. Her head had struck the road and a fracture of the skull resulted.

SLANG IS UPHELD BY COURT

"Fly Cop" and "Bonehead Stunt" Both Perfectly Proper, Judge Says.

A recent decision by the supreme court of Louisiana holds among other things that "as newspaper accounts of police court proceedings and detectives' escapades are not required to be written in a dignified style, it is not slanderous per se for the report to call a detective a 'fly cop,' to characterize his ruthless and unwarranted arrest of a man as 'spearing' him, and describe the officer's blunder as 'pulling off another bonehead stunt.'" Upon this point the court said:

"It is in evidence that the term 'fly cop' does not mean an officious policeman, as might be inferred from the ordinary meaning of the slang adjective 'fly.' We are informed that a 'fly cop,' sometimes called a 'shadow bull,' or a 'tec,' means nothing more nor less than a 'plain-clothes man,' a sleuth, detective.

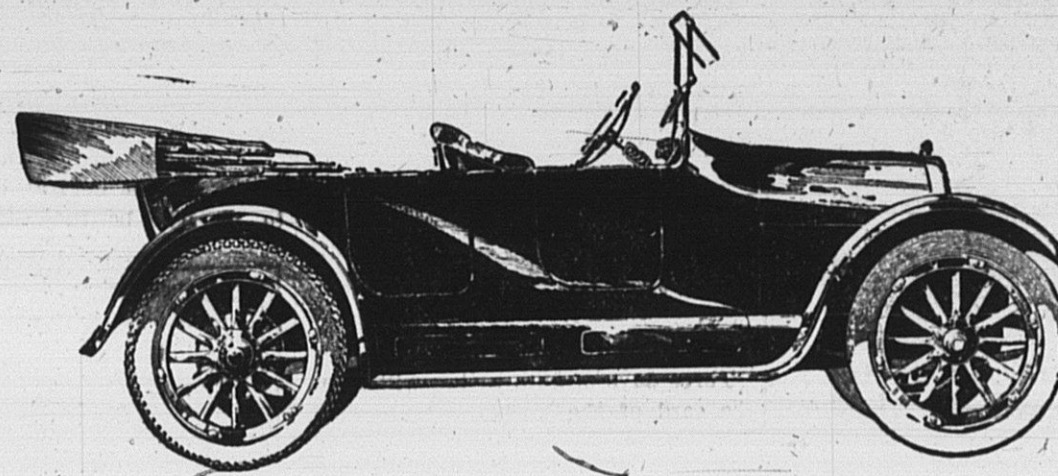
"It also appears that to 'spear' a person, in the figurative or metaphorical sense in which the expression was used in the article complained of, means to catch a person ruthlessly, by throwing a harpoon or gaff into him; and we understand that to 'pull off a bonehead stunt' means nothing more nor less than to commit a blunder.

"The newspaper reporter, in this instance, credited the plaintiff with a keener sense of humor than he possessed, but we are not convinced that there was malice in the publication. Stories of detectives' escapades are read by men who enjoy a little non-sense now and then, and it would take much of the flavor out of the newspaper accounts of such proceedings if we should require that they be written up in the dignified manner of the opinion and judgments of this court.

"For example, although we might deem it more appropriate to say, in commenting upon what we considered an abuse of discretion had been committed, a newspaper reporter might well say of a more or less serious error, without intending any disrespect, that a bonehead stunt had been pulled off."—New York Sun.

Her Duties.

"You advertised as chauffeurette-maid." Applicant for Situation—"Yes, madame." "What were your duties at your last place?" "I drove and cleaned the cars single-handed." "And as a maid?" "I took down my lady at night and assembled her in the morning, madame."—Punch.



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A Wonderful Automobile Value

There is no necessity of paying \$1500 to \$2000 for an automobile.

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It seats five comfortably. Has a big, powerful 31½ horsepower motor; has electric lights and electric starter and

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FIVE DAYS OF HARNESS HORSE RACING AT FAIR

Program Is Announced by General Manager Dickinson

G. W. Dickinson, general manager of the Michigan State Fair, announces that the race meeting, which will be held on the half mile track the first five days of the exposition, opening on Labor Day, will attract practically all of the trotters and pacers which are campaigning on Michigan half mile tracks as well as speedy equines from Ohio, Indiana and other nearby states.

Five Early Closing Events.

The State Fair meeting consists of five early closing \$1,000 events and a number of \$600 late closing purses. All races will be three in five heats of American rules, which strikes the fair-goers as the right thing.

The \$1,000 events attracted a lot of good horses, many of them having raced in the short ship circuit early meetings. The entry is as follows: 2:28 trot, purse \$1,000—Belle McKee, Belle of Miami, Comet, Doris Watts, Billy Sunday, Dunrod, Elsie D., Ex-Sheriff, Heartless, Jim Thorpe, John Redmond, Lasca Todd, Little Grove, Iseworthy McKinney, Marion K., Pearl Thorne, Royal Heart, Sillock, Sister Peter, Skanlin, The Torrent, Walnut Grove, H. Curtice, Yazoo. 2:10 trot, purse \$1,000—Ann Cecil, Ranker Bingen, Doris Watts, Elsie D., Fanny Harkway, George N. Patterson, Helen Wilstar, Jenny E., Jim Thorpe, Lena Moko, Little Grove, Petrena, Rala Hall, Richard Hunter, Ruth Sandalwood, Satoh Douglas, Shanklin, Sillocks Royal Heart, Walnut Grove, Alleroid.

2:24 pace, purse \$1,000—Alleen Dillon, Bertha Walsh, Brook Axworthy, Crystal Knight, Elise Onward, Colleen, Haley C., Hester S., Martin B., Marlon Ashley, Marlon Walker, Morgan Worth, Miss Primus, Moskoson, Muscile Shell, Sallot Redlac, Simcoe Patchen, Star Bond, Thistle, Patch, Tempest, William Shive.

2:18 pace, purse \$1,000—Anna G., Baron Hart, Baronwood, Baron All-tell, Beecher Boy, Brook Axworthy, Canute, Gayton Girl, G. C. W., John Alstrath, Josie B., Mary Walker, Muscile Shell, Prince Henry, Prince B., Primus, William Shive, Hester S. 2:13 pace, purse \$1,000—A. D. C., Daisy H., Bel Direct, Glenwood, Lee Grand, Lord Seymour, Main Line, Mary Rosaline Parr, Maggie Love, Rose Equity, Ruby K., Tommy Frisco.

Other Events Announced. The \$600 purse events close Aug. 22 and will be for the following classes: Trotting—2:30, 2:22, 2:10, 2:16, 2:12 and 2:10. Pacing—2:22, 2:20, 2:16, 2:14, 2:10 and 2:08. Consolation races for nonwinners.

Too Much.

"Why must you always go out every time one of my woman friends calls?" "Well, my dear," responded her husband, "I am glad to meet your friends. But you must remember that I have heard the story of your Atlantic City trip about seventeen times now."—Indianapolis Star.

Doughnuts

That will remain moist.

Every housewife who bakes her own bread knows that if a little potato is added to the sponge, the bread will not dry out as quickly. In this recipe potato is utilized to make doughnuts that will remain moist and fresh for several days.

K C will be found to have distinct advantages over any other Baking Powder for doughnuts. K C is a double acting baking powder with which a large batch of doughnuts may be mixed and fried a few at a time. The last will be as light and nice as the first.

K C Potato Doughnuts
By Mrs. Nevada Briggs, of Baking School fame.

3½ cups flour; 2 eggs; 1 cup sugar; 1 level teaspoonful K C Baking Powder; 1 teaspoonful salt; 1 teaspoonful mace; 1 cup cold mashed potato; 2 cup milk, or more if needed.



Sift three times, the flour, salt, spice and baking powder. Beat eggs with rotary beater, then still using rotary beater, gradually add sugar, then work in the mashed potato with a spoon and alternately add milk and flour mixture. Make a soft dough, roll into a sheet, cut into rounds, pinch a hole in the center with the finger and fry in deep fat.

Fat for frying should not be hot enough to brown the doughnut until it has risen. When the doughnut is dropped into the fat it sinks to the bottom. As soon as it comes up it should be turned and turned a number of times while cooking. This recipe is excellent as they do not take the fat in frying and will stay moist for days.

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For Detroit 8:45 a. m. and every two hours to 9:45 p. m.
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LOCAL CARS.
East Bound—7:30 a. m., express east of Ann Arbor 8:30 a. m. and every two hours to 9:30 p. m.; 10:16 p. m. To Ypsilanti only, 12:51 a. m. West Bound—6:45 a. m., 8:24 a. m. and every two hours to 8:24 p. m. (also 10:51 p. m. and 12:01 a. m.) Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Saline and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

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Sell your farm or find farm help.

The cost is small—results are sure.

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Jackson County Fair
Sept. 11-16, 1916

THE FAIR that gives you five full days and three nights, (Wednesday, Thursday and Friday) of continuous, clean, moral, economical and pleasurable education in the interest of the Farm, Factory, Merchant and the Home.

Bigger and Better Each Year
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During Summer Season the Two Glens of the Great Lakes, St. City of Detroit and City of Cleveland, operate daily service between Detroit and Buffalo; daily service between Detroit and Cleveland; also delightful day trips during July and August, as well as two boats out of Detroit and Cleveland every Saturday and Sunday night to MACKINAC ISLAND and WAY PORTS—From June 28th to September 10th, WEEKLY. NO STEPS EXCEPT AT DETROIT. EVERY TRIP Daily service between Toledo and Put-in-Bay, June 10th to September 10th.

YOUR RAILROAD TICKETS ARE ACCEPTED
On D. & C. Line steamers for transportation between Detroit and Cleveland, Detroit and Buffalo, either direction.
Send two cent stamp for illustrated pamphlet and Great Lakes Map. Address: L. G. Lewis, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.
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READ THE CHELSEA STORE NEWS IN THE STANDARD

OUR IDEA OF YOUNG MEN'S STYLE FOR CHELSEA'S FREE STREET FAIR

IS SOMETHING SPARKLING
DASHING AND SPRIGHTLY,
AND WE KEEP THIS IN
MIND WHEN WE SELECT
YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING.

We don't believe in making a freak out of any man who places himself in our hands to be dressed up. We appreciate the trust he places in us and we strive to serve him with refinement as well as style.

So you will understand young man, that this store not only has the very things you want, but there is a service here that assists you in your selections and guards you against any possibility of going wrong in your choice.

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We make a specialty of serving Socials and Picnics, as well as Private Parties.

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WHEN YOU ARE VISITING JACKSON COUNTY FAIR

Don't forget to bring your Fur Coats or Furs to repair or make over to the latest style, at a very low price. They will then be ready for fall. Watch for our display at the Fair Grounds.

LUBLIN, THE FURRIER

218 W. Main St. Jackson, Mich.

Which Is More Important?

YOUR business or your boy? Are you giving your business all of your thought and service and merely saying "good morning" and "good night" to your boy? Ask us how our Depositors' Weekly Savings Club will help your boy.

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

LOCAL ITEMS.

The Hollier Eight concert band will give an open air concert tonight.

Mrs. J. E. McKune entertained the members of the Five Hundred Club at luncheon today.

G. H. Barbour will exhibit some of his New Zealand red rabbits at the state fair next week.

C. C. Dorr, of Sharon, has been appointed judge in the merino sheep class at the Michigan state fair.

Miss Adeline Spinnagle, a former Chelsea girl, is in a hospital in Detroit suffering from a complication of scarlet fever and diphtheria.

Dr. Clark, of Lansing, assistant state veterinary, was here Wednesday to assist Dr. C. C. Lane diagnose a disease that is prevalent among the lambs in this vicinity.

P. M. Slaybaugh of this place has purchased of I. H. Smith, of Sylvan, the farm known as the E. Cooper place. Mr. Smith will give possession of the place about November 1st when he will move to Grass Lake where he has bought a residence.

Vincent Young had the misfortune to step in a hole Friday evening, while he was running, and break a bone in his right foot. He is able get about with the aid of crutches, but it will be sometime before he will be able to resume his duties with the H. H. Fenn Co.

Mrs. Roswell Gates returned to her home at Chelsea Saturday, after spending the past three weeks here assisting in caring for her mother, Mrs. Emma Jennings, who has been quite ill. She was accompanied home by Mrs. Jennings, who will make her home with her daughter. — Milan Leader.

The following were elected delegates to the democrat county convention at the primary election Tuesday: J. E. McKune, H. D. Witherell, C. W. Maroney, Wm. Schatz, Conrad Lehman, G. W. Beckwith, E. Keusch, C. Hummel, Peter Liebeck, Peter Merkel, Adam Faist, John Geddes, C. A. Foster, Elmer Smith.

The family of Jacob P. Miller held a very pleasant reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Liebeck, who reside on the Miller farm, Sunday. All of the members of Mr. Miller's family were present. Those of the family from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Miller of Albion, and Miss Mary Miller of St. Clair.

The following were elected delegates to the republican county convention at the primary election Tuesday: O. T. Hoover, H. J. Dancer, John Kalmbach, J. W. VanRiper, Wm. Bacon, J. S. Cummings, Jacob Hummel, James Guthrie, H. S. Holmes, John H. Smith, George W. Gage, A. W. Wilkinson, Geo. Chapman, John Walz, D. H. Wurster, F. G. Broesamle.

The Hollier Eight band were in Manchester Monday evening where they gave a public concert. The business men of Manchester entertained the members of the band at a banquet before the concert. The crowd that attended the concert is said to have been the largest one that had assembled in that village in many years. A number of the residents from here attended the concert.

The chautauqua closed Monday evening with a large audience to witness the presentation of the Mother Goose rhymes by the children, and to listen to the excellent concert by Kryl's band. The efforts Monday to get the chautauqua for next year did not result favorably for its return, nearly everyone expressing a desire for its return, but the committee was unable to get the required number of guarantors.

Those from here who attended funeral of Mrs. Owen Murphy which was held in St. Thomas church, of Ann Arbor, last Saturday were: Mrs. Wm. Denman, Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Kuhl, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Murphy, Mrs. E. J. Whipple and sons, Mrs. Clyde Beeman, Mrs. John Greening and daughter Nina, Mrs. John Reule and daughter, Mrs. Conrad Heselshwerdt, Miss Anna McCover, Jacob Hummel, Wm. Merker, W. K. Guerlin, H. M. McKupee, Geo. Hoffman.

The two-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Frey, of Ann Arbor, died in an automobile Sunday night while the family were driving home from Detroit. The coroner decided death was due to exhaustion. The party had spent the day in Detroit, starting back at 10 o'clock in the evening. The remains were brought to Chelsea and the funeral was held at the home of Wm. Faber Wednesday forenoon, Rev. Rev. A. A. Schoen officiating. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery.

The Chelsea merchants will close their store all day next Monday. The meat markets will be open for a short time in the morning.

The electric light commission reports that there is enough coal on hand at the plant to last two months, so that the railroad men's strike will not tie up the plant.

Married, at St. Agnes' church, Detroit, on August 18, 1916, Miss Mary Richardson and James Gorman. Mr. Gorman is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gorman, former residents of Lyndon township.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Miller and baby Esther, of Buchanan, spent several days of this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Alber. Baby Esther is of the fourth generation in the family of Mrs. Alber.

St. Joseph's church of Dexter will hold its annual Labor Day picnic Monday in the Richard Smith Woodland Park. A program of speeches, music and sports of various kinds has been arranged. A baseball game has been scheduled between the Hollier Eight and Pinckney teams.

Church Circles.

BAPTIST.

Rev. C. R. Osborn, Pastor.

There will be no services Sunday, on account of the illness of Rev. C. R. Osborn.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Rev. G. H. Whitney, Pastor.

Preaching at 10 a. m. Sermon by the pastor.

Bible school at 11:15 a. m.

Junior League at 3 p. m.

Epworth League at 6 p. m.

Union meeting at the M. E. church Sunday evening.

Thursday prayer meeting 7 p. m.

A cordial invitation to all.

ST. PAUL'S.

Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

English preaching services Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Sunday school Sunday at 10:30 a. m.

ST. JOHN'S, FRANCISCO.

Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

English preaching service, Sunday at 7:45 a. m.

Sunday school at 8:45 a. m.

There will be a social at the school house Friday evening.

SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH,

NEAR FRANCISCO.

Rev. G. C. Nothdurt, Pastor.

Sunday school Sunday 9:30 a. m.

German worship 10:30 a. m.

Epworth League 7:30 p. m.

English worship 8:00 p. m.

Everybody most cordially invited.

CONGREGATIONAL.

No services next Sunday.

Truth Better Than Flattery.

The friend who always reflects our moods and confirms our judgment of ourselves is more dangerous than an enemy; for the truth is a tonic even when it is flung at us as a misallie, and commendation which we do not deserve fastens attention on the weakness which it attempts to conceal.—Selected.

To Clean Wicker.

Coarse salt and water is the best cleanser for wicker furniture and summer matting. Use a strong brush and be sure to dry the articles thoroughly.

Place He Had Been Looking For.

The hobo from the city has different ideas from the farmer as to working hours. The Country Gentleman says that a hobo got a job from a farmer in the busy season. He worked till 9:30, then had his supper. At four the next morning he was called to get up. He ate a hearty breakfast, then started upstairs again, saying: "This is the best place I ever worked—two suppers in one night and back to bed again."

DOES BACKACHE WORRY YOU?

Some Chelsea People Have Learned How To Get Relief.

How many people suffer from an aching back? How few know the cause? If you suffer sudden, darting pains—If you are weak, lame and tired, Suspect your kidneys. Watch for nature's signal. The first sign may be headache or dizziness. Scanty, painful, or too frequent urination. Nervousness or a constant, dead-tired feeling.

Avert the serious kidney diseases. Treat the weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. A remedy especially for sick kidneys.

Endorsed in Chelsea by your friends and neighbors. Glenn H. Barbour, barber, S. Main St., Chelsea, says: "I suffered from dull pains across my back and kidneys, brought on by constant standing. The kidney secretions were irregular in passage and caused me annoyance. Doan's Kidney Pills regulated the kidney action and put a stop to the pains in my back."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Barbour had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.



OUR SUMMER SALE IS ON. NOW'S THE TIME TO BUY THE BEAUTIFUL, BREEZY SUMMER THINGS YOU NEED WHILE YOU CAN BUY FOR SUCH LOW PRICES. WE NEVER CARRY ANY BUT THE BEST MERCHANDISE IN OUR STORE, SO YOU CAN GET ONLY THE BEST FROM US WHILE OUR "LEFT OVERS" LAST. THE SOONER YOU COME IN THE BETTER THE "PICKING."

Wash Goods

Everything in the house goes now with a rush. Wash Goods selling at 15c, 20c, 25c and up to 39c, all go in one lot, choice 10c per yard.

Wash Skirts

\$1.50 to \$2.00 values now all in one lot, choice \$1.00.

Middy Blouses

50c to 75c values, choice 39c. Middy Blouses and Sport Shirts worth \$1.00 to \$1.50, now 75c.

Summer Waists

All bunched in one lot and worth up to \$2.00, choice now \$1.00.

Underwear

Ladies' light weight Underwear. One lot Union Suits 19c. One lot Union Suits 25c. These goods are regular 39c and 50c values. Ask to see them.

Oxfords

Oxfords at quick sale prices. A lot of them worth \$2.50 and over will be closed out now at \$1.50.

Men's Straw Hats at HALF OFF.

Grocery Specials

8 Bars White Soap, 25c Lemons, 30c doz. Washing Compound, 3c. 3 Jozen Jumbo Can Rubbers 25c.

W. P. Schenk & Company

To Fathers and Mothers of Boys



It's time to get the boys ready for school—we have the clothes; so stylish that any boy wearing them to school can be sure that he will not see smarter ones on anyone; and durable—they'll give you a good, long, hard run for the money you spend.

Price, \$4.00 to \$6.50

Some with two pair of
Knickerbockers

For that long step from Knickerbockers to Trousers, we have some lively Suits that any "young man" would be delighted to wear.

You'll also find the other things Boys need for school wear,

**New Shoes, New Caps, New Shirts
and Blouse Waists.**

Let us show you today or as soon as convenient to you.

Store Closed Monday--Labor Day

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.



ADAM EPPLER

PHONE 41

FREE DELIVERY

We Will Wait

Upon You

with polite speed. The quality goods we sell you will be properly weighed. Mrs. Hard-please who lives at the corner of Quality Avenue and Superior street is now our steady patron.

GO-CARTS RE-TIRED

Furniture Repairing, Upholstering, Refinishing and Cabinet Work.

E. P. STEINER

CHELSEA - MICHIGAN

Try the Standard "Want" Adva.

SERVICE ALONG BORDER COMES

MICHIGAN GUARDSMEN WILL LEAVE CAMP COTTON FOR ACTIVE GUARD DUTY.

FROM GRAYLING TO EL PASO

Thirty-Third Looking for a Trip to the Border and Real Soldier Life in Texas.

El Paso, Texas.—To border stations in Texas and New Mexico the Thirty-second Michigan regiment will be moved for duty from Camp Cotton where they have been since leaving Grayling. The station points are:

Company C, Ysleta, Texas; Company L, Clint, Texas; Company K, Fabens, Texas; Company I, Fort Hancock, Texas; portions of Company I at Nina, Chile, Finlay and Torcer, near Fort Hancock; Company H, Kern place.

Company M, smelter; Machine gun and Companies B and D, cement plant; Company E, Canutillo, Texas; Company F, Las Cruces, N. M.

Regimental surgeons will station one medical officer at Las Cruces and one at Fort Hancock; one hospital corps man will accompany each company; one hospital corps man at Nina, Chile, Finlay and Torcer.

Major Stewart will assume command from Ysleta to Fort Hancock, with headquarters at Fabens. Major McCulloch will assume command from the cement plant to Las Cruces, with headquarters at the cement plant. Major Filardieu will command posts at Smelter and Kern place, with headquarters at Camp Cotton.

Chaplains and Their Pay.

El Paso, Texas.—The chaplains are realizing that army service is, with all its requirements, a work for which they need more salary. They lunched together the other day and talked over a better recognition of the army chaplain and his needs. They will try to secure legislation which will result in a \$3,000 salary when they are in active service and not less than \$1,000 under any circumstances for the conduct of work. Chaplains Atkinson and Dunigan, of the Michigan troops, attended the meeting.

Money Lenders.

El Paso, Texas.—Some of the guardsmen have been more than thrifty it seems and have loaned money to comrades at such usurious rates that a halt has been called on making small loans at such rates. Chaplain Atkinson made the army loan sharks the burden of his sermon Sunday. He urged soldiers who had borrowed money to break their agreements in such cases and refuse to pay any interest whatever. Borrowing had become a widespread evil in the regiment. The borrowers have also been advised they need only to pay back the principal.

The Thirty-Third To Go.

Grayling, Mich.—Is the Thirty-third regiment to go south soon? That question has been in the minds of the guardsmen who now believe it answered in the affirmative. All preparations have been made at El Paso, Lieutenant Barton, recruiting officer, is stated to have said. The appointment of Major Samuel D. Pepper, judge advocate general of the first brigade, to the eleventh division on the border, was taken by the brigade officers to indicate that the date of departure could not be far off.

A large stretch of land abutting that now occupied by the Thirty-first and Thirty-second has been cleared up," Lieutenant Barton said, and made ready for the Thirty-third. Between two and three thousand horses have been collected, inspected and placed in a corral to be put at the disposal of the cavalry units.

Men Who Seek Discharge.

Grayling, Mich.—More applications for discharges under the dependents and college student rulings were filed at brigade headquarters than during any other day since the mobilization order. Among those received were 29 from the Thirty-third infantry, 12 from Company A, engineers, Calumet; 7 from Ambulance Company No. 2, Bay City, and numerous others from other auxiliary units, including those of 12 University of Michigan students in the first field artillery, Lansing. Brigadier-General Kirk has been busy investigating the merits of these applications, as every member is needed.

Recruiting Assignments.

Major Wells, senior mustering officer, made the following assignments for recruiting:

Detroit—Lieutenant Harry C. Cramer, Sergeant Fred Finlay, Corporal Henry W. Rhone, Private Elmer D. Chase.

Jackson—Lieutenant Charles Barton, Sergeant G. K. Barr, Corporal Henry Hartwell, Private Harry Day. Grand Rapids—Captain Jess W. Clark, Sergeant George Turpestra, Corporal Fred Reubens, Private Ed. T. Devlin.

Kalamazoo—Lieutenant Frank Van Tru, Sergeant Dan Briley, Corporal Carl B. Rodgers, Private John W. Crumb.

Big Rapids—Lieutenant Nellie P. Coady, Sergeant W. H. Standard, Corporal Clark Palmer, Private Louis E. — on.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFS

Four new cases of infantile paralysis, including two deaths, are reported at Flint.

It has been decided to postpone the opening of the Ypsilanti high school from September 5 to September 11.

Algonac sportsmen have expended \$400 for pheasants which are to be turned loose for breeding purposes.

The greatest celebration that Oakland county has ever had was successfully brought to an end August 26.

There was a wreck on the Michigan Central at Rochester, when a freight train was derailed. Three cars were smashed, but no one was hurt.

Nearly 100 members of the Eighteenth Michigan infantry during the Civil war attended the fifty-fourth annual reunion of the regiment at Adrian.

Infantile paralysis claimed its third victim this month in Saginaw. Four cases of the disease have been reported and three of these have resulted fatally.

The biggest mortgage ever filed in Hillsdale county has been left with the register of deeds by the New York Central the total value being \$380,000,000.

Destruction of property at Fort Wayne by vandals in the last two weeks has led the government to institute a strict guard over the empty buildings.

Valentine Soldinski, former highway commissioner of Grand Marais, shot and killed Highway Commissioner William Fisher with a full load of buckshot.

The annual reunion of Custer's Michigan brigade association will be held at Jackson, September 19 and 20, the fifty-second anniversary of the battle of Opequon.

George Countemache, 21, son of a well-known resident of Standish, died at Ann Arbor of hydrophobia. He had been taking treatments for the bite of a vicious dog.

Harry S. Erd, Saginaw manufacturer, and a boy narrowly escaped drowning when Erd's yacht Emco struck a deadhead while speeding in the river at night and sank.

H. Begley, 40, and son, Earl, 3, were drowned in Reeds Lake last night when a rowboat in which the Begley family were riding was struck by a launch and sunk.

Charles Crampton and his five-year-old son, of Freeland, were stricken with ptomaine poisoning shortly after eating a hearty meal and bathing at Wenona Beach, Bay City.

K. H. Hawkas of Reading was instantly killed and his nephew, Sylvester Weisman, was seriously injured when their auto truck was struck by a fast train at Kunkle, O.

George Sage 29, who is in the Pontiac jail on a charge of burglary, confessed to nine different charges of breaking into stores and doctors' offices, according to the sheriff's force.

Genesee county's bean-crop this fall will consist of podless bean vines or vines bearing beanless pods, according to reports. The drought is said to be responsible for the present condition.

Forty Negro residents of the Ypsilanti First ward, presented a petition to Prosecuting Attorney Carl Lehman charging discrimination in school matters against them by the school board of Ypsilanti.

Bernice Boltman, aged 6, of Fennville, is expected to die from injuries sustained when the auto in which she and her father were riding skidded and struck a telephone pole. Her skull was fractured.

While his mother was absent from the home a few moments, the one-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Anderson, living near Enover in some manner set fire to his clothing and was seriously burned.

A compilation by "The Automobile" shows 2,932,455 motor cars and trucks registered in the United States as of July 1 this year, an increase of 508,677 since January 1. Of this number 132,000 are in Michigan.

William J. Pearson, of Boyne Falls, chief deputy of the Michigan Forestry association, who conducted the battle against the forest fires at Grayling and Mancelona a few weeks ago, is in serious condition from appendicitis.

Custer's Michigan cavalry brigade comprising the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Michigan cavalry, Civil war organizations, will hold their annual reunion at Jackson on September 19th and 20th. Headquarters at G. A. R. post room in the city hall. Where the regimental reunions, banquet and campfire will be held on the 19th. The brigade reunion on the morning of the 20th. The date is the fifty-second anniversary of the battle of Opequon, where the brigade lost thirty-one men killed and forty-two were wounded.

Church and Sunday schools, of Flint, that children under 15 years old would be barred from services in compliance with a request to that effect made by the health board to avoid an epidemic of infantile paralysis.

A dozen people owning property and living in the vicinity of the Detroit, Bay City & Western railway yards have commenced suit by mandamus to compel the company to move its yards and roundhouse outside the city limits of Bay City, alleging that their homes and furniture are damaged by the smoke and gas.

GAGGED AND TIED BY LONE BANDIT

STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S EMPLOYEE HELD UP AND ROBBED ON RECKNER ROAD.

LOSS IS ESTIMATED AT \$2700

Ford Car Again Comes into the Limelight—Bandit Makes Good His Escape.

Detroit—Held up by a lone automobile bandit, Harold Isbell, a collector for the Standard Oil company, was robbed of approximately \$2,700 on the Reckner road, near Michigan avenue, four miles from the Detroit city limits. Isbell was on his daily route, collecting from the Standard Oil company distributing stations in Wyandotte and Dearborn and was driving a small coupe when he met the bandit, who approached him in a new Ford touring car.

The bandit drew his car across a narrow part of the roadway, obstructing it, in order to prevent Isbell from passing. Isbell drove up to the bandit's car, innocent of the other driver's purpose, and not until the bandit pointed an automatic pistol at the collector did he realize the bandit's object.

Isbell was forced to surrender the money, which was in a small traveling bag. He was unarmed and saw no way of outwitting the robber, he said. After placing the money in his own machine the bandit threw a rope about Isbell and plied his arms behind him. The bandit then took a seal ring from Isbell's hand and \$3 from his pocket.

Binding the collector's hands and feet, the robber dragged him through the tall grass to a spot hidden from the road by a clump of bushes and several oak trees. Isbell started to yell for help directly after the robber left him. The bandit then came back and gave his victim a blow over the right eye with his fist, with a curt order to "shut up."

From his position behind the bushes, Isbell said, he could not see which direction the robber drove when he left the scene of the robbery. Directly after the robber left, Isbell again yelled for help and 30 minutes later attracted the attention of George Ryan, a caretaker in the Ford estate, who was forced to cut the ropes which bound the robber's victim.

Isbell said, he could not see which direction the robber drove when he left the scene of the robbery. Directly after the robber left, Isbell again yelled for help and 30 minutes later attracted the attention of George Ryan, a caretaker in the Ford estate, who was forced to cut the ropes which bound the robber's victim.

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RUMANIA FIRES FIRST SHOT

Germany Has Declared War on Rumania After News of Rumania's Action on Austria-Hungary.

London—Rumania's proudest army, the Third, is striking into Transylvania, the rich Austro-Hungarian province, and its advance guards have already come in contact with the Teutonic forces in the southeastern and eastern mountain passes of Hungary.

The latest official statement from Vienna, reporting the first engagement between Rumanian and Austrian forces, declares the Rumanian troops fired the first shots "in a treacherous surprise attack." Advanced guards, the statement continues, entered the combat on both sides early Monday and the Austrians captured their first Rumanian prisoners.

News of the Rumanian invasion of Hungarian soil came almost simultaneously with the official announcement from Berlin that Germany had declared war against Rumania.

The Rumanian Third army struck into Transylvania immediately after word had been flashed from the war ministry that hostilities had been declared. Advance guards came into contact at Rothenthum pass, 15 miles south of Hermannstadt, also in the passes south of Kronstadt.

Kronstadt and Hermannstadt, toward which the Austrian communication indicates the Rumanians are making their advance, are two of the most important cities in Transylvania.

The cities are near the southern border of Hungary, the first about six miles from the frontier, Kronstadt is 70 miles east southeast of Hermannstadt.

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WILL LAW STOP A GREAT STRIKE?

THE PRESIDENT'S PROPOSAL TO CONGRESS TO PASS LAWS THAT ARE DRASTIC.

STRIKE ORDERED LABOR DAY

The Breaking Point Reached With Diverse Opinions As to the Final Settlement.

Washington—President Wilson's efforts to prevent a strike of railroad men, which would be a nationwide calamity, having failed he came before the house and senate in joint session and asked legislation to avert it. He proposed:

Increase of the Interstate Commerce commission from seven to nine members.

An eight-hour law for railroad employees in actual interstate transportation.

To empower the federal board of mediation to fully investigate opportunity of an eight-hour day on railroads.

To empower the interstate commerce commission to consider the eight-hour day in connection with making rates.

A measure similar to the Canadian industrial disputes act for an investigation of all disputes between railroads and their employees.

A measure empowering the president to operate trains with the primary object of providing American troops on the Mexican border with food.

The brotherhood leaders definitely ordered the strike to begin at 7 a. m. Labor day unless the order is countermanded and declared that only a settlement favorable to the men could change it.

Brotherhood leaders approved the eight-hour day features, but opposed the proposal to adopt the Canadian plan.

Brotherhood leaders declared a strike is now inevitable. Railroad presidents opposed this view. "The men will not dare to strike with congress threatening the matter out," they said.

Members of congress doubted the president's ability to get the legislation through before September 4.

MORE GUARDSMEN TO BORDER

It is Estimated That About 12,000 Men Will Move at Once Under New Order.

Washington—National Guard troops of Ohio, Kentucky and Vermont, now in mobilization camps, were ordered to the border and when the railway strike situation became acute, on General Funston's recommendation the order was suspended. The suspension of orders to guardsmen of all other states remaining in mobilization camps still stands.

Officers of the general staff said that the troops from these three states would complete certain portions of the divisional organization on the border and enable division commanders to operate with and train the full force which they are supposed to command.

About 12,000 men will be moved south at once under the new order; six regiments going from Ohio, three from Kentucky, two Vermont and auxiliary organizations making up the balance.

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WEMPHIS SWEEPED UPON ROCKS

Twenty Men Returning to the Ship From Shore Leave Were Drowned.

Washington—Rear Admiral Pond, at San Domingo City, cabled the navy department that the armored cruiser Memphis, swept upon the rocks by a heavy sea in the harbor there, would be a total loss, and although it was expected all on board would be saved, more than 20 men returning to the ship from shore leave in a motorboat had been drowned.

The message follows: "Terrible weather in harbor. Memphis ashore. Crew being disembarked. More than 20 men lost with motor boat. Castine safe at sea."

Admiral Benson explained that the construction of the Memphis is such that she probably would withstand a great amount of pounding, allowing for rescue of those aboard. He said he was puzzled over how the accident occurred, since officers of the ship had been warned of the approach of a tropical storm.

Millville, N. J.—After a hard battle off Townsend's Inlet, a mile and a half from shore, Thomas Pettit landed a shark 7 feet 9 inches long, weighing 196 pounds.

Mexico City—The department of the interior is formulating a decree calling congressional elections. It probably will not be issued until all returns are in from the municipal elections to be held September. Those elected under this decree will organize a constitutional assembly to consider reforms in the constitution.

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MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts 3,065. Best heavy steers, \$8@8.50; best heavy weight butcher steers, \$7@7.50; mixed steers and heifers, \$6.25@7; light butchers, \$5.50@6.25; light butchers, \$5.25@5.75; best cows, \$6@6.50; butcher cows, \$5@5.50; common cows, \$4.25@4.75; canners, \$3@4; best heavy bulls, \$6@6.50; bologna bulls, \$5.25@5.75; stock bulls, \$4.50@5; feeders, \$3.25@3.75; stockers, \$3.25@3.50; milkers and springers, \$4@4.75. Calves—Receipts, 1,039. Choice ones bringing \$12.50 to \$12.75. Heavy grades are dull and draggy at \$5 to \$8.50.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 6,897. Best lambs, \$10@10.25; fair lambs, \$9.50@9.75; light to common lambs, \$9@9.50; yearlings, \$7@7.50; fair to good sheep, \$6@6.50; culls and common, \$3@4.50.

Hogs—Receipts, 6,387. Heavies bringing \$10.40@10.70 and pigs \$9.25@9.50.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts, 163 cars; market steady to strong; choice to prime native steers, \$9.50@10.50; good to choice, \$8.75@9.25; fair to good, \$8@8.50; plain to coarse, \$7.25@7.75; one load 1,430-lb. extra good Canadian steers, \$11@11.50; Canadian steers, 1,250 to 1,350 lbs., \$8.25@8.50; mixed heifers and steers, \$8.25@8.50; dry-fed yearlings, prime, \$9@10; best heavy steers, \$7.75@8; light butchers, \$7.25@7.75; best butchers, \$6.75@7.25; western light common heifers, grassers, \$6@6.50; best fat cows, \$6.75@7.25; butchers cows, \$5.50@6; cutters, \$5.25@5.75; common bulls, \$5.25@5.50; good stockers, \$6.25@6.75; light common stockers, \$5.50@6; feeders, \$4.75@5; milkers and springers, \$6.50@7.00.

Hogs—Receipts, 70 cars; heavy, \$11.25@11.35; yorkers, \$11@11.25; pigs, \$9.50.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 30 cars; slow; top lambs, \$10.50@10.60; yearlings, \$8.50@8.6; wethers, \$7.75@8; ewes, \$7@7.25.

Calves—Receipts, 900; steady; tops, \$13; fair to good, \$11@12; fed calves, \$5.5@5.50.

Grain, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat: Cash No 2 red, \$1.52 3-4; September opened with a drop of 1-2c at \$1.54 3-4, advanced to \$1.55 3-4, declined to \$1.53 1-4 and closed at \$1.53 3-4; December opened at \$1.60 3-4, advanced to \$1.61 1-2, declined to \$1.59 1-4 and closed at \$1.59 3-4; May opened at \$1.6

The IRON CLAW

by ARTHUR STRINGER

AUTHOR OF "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER,"
"THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island, Palidori intrigues Enoch Golden into an appearance of evil. Golden causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and grinding his hand. Palidori opens the gates and floods the island in the general rush to escape the flood. Golden's six-year-old daughter Margory is rescued by Legar, a man who had delivered her, and takes her to the home of Enoch Golden, millionaire, where she is recaptured by Legar. Legar and Stein are discovered by Manley, Golden's secretary, setting fire to Golden's buildings, but escape.

THIRD EPISODE

THE COGNAC CASK

"Bring that woman in here!" commanded Enoch Golden as he flung open his library door. He stepped inside, the next moment, as the figure in black, pinioned close between young Manley and Wilson, the butler, was piloted into the shadowy room.

"Sit down!" he barked out at the silent and motionless figure with the heavy black veil still draping its face.

"Manley, is there any chance of this woman being armed?" Golden suddenly asked of his secretary.

"She's not armed, sir," was young Manley's quiet reply, "though it took a tussle before Wilson and I could get hold of her."

"Well," Golden said to the veiled figure in the chair, "what brought you spying and lurking about my home?"

"That was a question which the woman apparently chose to leave unanswered."

"Do you intend to answer?" demanded the millionaire. "Or must I have you put out of this house without a hearing?"

"That seems to be a habit of which time has not deprived you," was the quiet-toned reply.

"It was not the muffled stinging in those words, nor the calm bitterness with which they were spoken, but more the voice itself, with its ghostly reminder of other days, that brought Golden up short."

"Who are you?" he repeated when he saw that he and the veiled woman were alone in the room. "And why are you here?"

"You will misjudge that," answered the woman as she threw back the heavy folds of her veil, "as much as you misjudged my actions of twenty years ago!"

"Why are you here?" repeated Golden, with unconsciously hardening voice.

"It was love for my daughter!" The pugnacity went out of the grim face bent over the desk top.

"What do you know about—about your daughter?" he demanded, not meeting her gaze.

"I know that she is in danger, in terrible danger."

"That means you know where she is, where she could be found?" was Golden's quick inquiry.

"That is the one thing that made me brave enough, or cowardly enough,

times a foreigner or two comes in, mostly by accident. But yesterday, when I was in the kitchen, three men came in a hurry. They had dodged under cover there to escape being seen by a plain-clothes man. I could hear their talk through the little kitchen slide through which we pass our dishes. And when I heard their voices I opened the slide a little, and I knew at once that one of the men was Palidori, or Legar, as he calls himself now. He was talking mostly to a man called Casavanti. Then—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Golden, with his finger on the bell button, "I want my secretary to hear this."

The woman in black sat silent until Manley had re-entered the room. Then Golden motioned for her to continue.

"I heard Legar mention your name," she went on, still unmoved by the older man's half-smiling incredulity.

"Then he blamed Casavanti for some scheme that had failed, some scheme to degrade my Margory. But he had the girl back, he said, and this time he'd expect Casavanti to do his part."

"Casavanti also said he wanted that woman for himself, and declared she'd come like a hungry cat when he'd finished with her. I knew then what he was. I knew what Legar was planning. It—it made me forget everything. I started for the table where they were. I tried to hold Legar. I—I think I called for help. I clung to him as he staggered toward the door. But one of his men struck me. They escaped, then, for I was too dazed to do anything more."

It was Manley who spoke next, an eager light in his scowling young eyes.

"But where did they say the girl was?" he asked.

"They did not say. But one of them spoke, of Oyster Joe, who'd stolen some casks of old cognac. This man Oyster Joe was sending the casks by another man named Old Eli to some secret hiding place."

"But how can that help us?" asked Manley.

"I thought, with those names to work with, I might in some way find my child, find her and save her. Surely, with money, men could be hired—"

"Do you hear, Manley," broke in the grim-faced man of millions. "It's money again! It's always money!"

He wheeled about and confronted the tired-faced woman. "This is the second pretty story I've had to listen to lately. And, madam, I may as well tell you now that I don't believe a single word of it. Whether you're another come-on for that Cookson gang or not, I don't know. I don't even care. But I know that twenty years ago you deceived me, and lied to me. You robbed me of more than my home then. But you'll never do it a second time!"

The white-faced woman was also on her feet by this time.

"I have no wish to go back to the past," was her coldly-enunciated reply. "I expect neither pity nor gen-

ably holds in her hand the key of all your future happiness?"

"The key to my happiness is no longer in that woman's hands," announced Golden. "Yet a tremulous note in his great voice sent a wave of pity surging through the younger man, whose arm went out to the stooping shoulder—so close to him. And that unexpectedly intimate touch, apparently, was too much for the already unnerved man at the desk, for with a gesture oddly poignant he lifted his hand and pressed it against his closed eyes, as though in an effort to shut away actualities which were too dark to be endured."

Manley, as he did so, slipped a hand in under the lapel of the older man's coat, lifted a wallet lightly from its pocket, and stood upright again. Then, with a shrug that was almost one of pity as he looked down at the still silent millionaire, he turned away and slipped out of the room.

The departing woman had already passed through the street door before he could overtake her. She stopped wonderingly at his call to her.

"Mr. Golden, madam, seems to have changed his mind. Here are a few hundred dollars from him, which may be of material assistance to you in this matter you spoke of."

Manley, who had taken the roll of bills from the wallet, was quite gleam-faced as he handed the money to the equally gleam-faced woman. Yet the shadow of a smile played about his lips as he watched the austere figure in black disappear from sight. Then he turned back to the library.

There he found Golden pacing back and forth, padding grotesquely about from pocket to pocket.

"Manley, my wallet's gone!" was the financier's cry.

"Was there any money in it?" inquired the secretary.

"What do you suppose I'd keep in it?" was the impatient demand. "Talcum powder? Of course there was money in it—over four hundred dollars in greenbacks!"

Manley shook his head in mock sorrow.

"This, sir, looks like very grave carelessness!"

"It looks like very grave thievery to me," snapped the older man.

The Emissary in Oak

Midway between that portion of New York harbor, known as the Upper bay, and the open reaches of the sea that wash up the sands of Manhattan beach, lies a district that might be fittingly denominated as No Man's land.

One of the least savory habitations adorning that fringe of a city's slottam was the ruinous boathouse of a certain Oyster Joe.

And Oyster Joe, the river pirate, looked the part. The unsteadiness of his still muscular limbs, the looseness of his swollen lips, the unkemptness of his entire surroundings, all united to proclaim him a lover of the cup that can cheer and at the same time inebriate.

This fact, indeed, was further evidenced by the earnestness with which Oyster Joe, himself making his way into the sail loft, lifted a worn tarpaulin aside and studied a row of cognac casks.

So intent was his study of this wealth of joy to be that he saw and heard nothing of a slender-bodied stranger who quietly approached his abode, entered it, and stared studiously about. What made this intruder even more mysterious was the fact that across the upper part of his face he wore a narrow band of yellow cloth.

The movements of this mysterious stranger were marked by celerity. When his investigations, in fact, were suddenly interrupted by a sound which grew louder along the narrow road winding inland through the salty marshes, he crept to the door, peered out and prepared himself for a promised intruder. For approaching Oyster Joe's boathouse he could plainly make out a two-horse wagon driven by a slattern-shouldered, d white-bearded man of about sixty.

The masked intruder crept back through the boathouse, entered the sail loft and stealthily approached the still musing figure of Oyster Joe. In a moment he had the old pirate bound and gagged.

Then, hearing the wagon wheels almost at the door, the stranger dragged his inert captive to a nearby beam, lashed him to it and over him threw the tarpaulin from the cognac casks.

Slipping back to the outer rooms the masked stranger drew his revolver and stood close in beside the shadow of the door, calmly waiting for the man who had already alighted from the wagon.

From the mouth behind the white whiskers came a squeak, like the squeak of a rat behind a wainscoting, as the stranger's revolver was thrust unexpectedly into his startled old face. Before he could quite recover from that initial shock of surprise a strand of rope was around his wrists and he was being backed unceremoniously away into the sail loft.

There, gagged and triced to a beam, he kept company with his rolling-eyed and equally mystified confrere, Oyster Joe. There he sat blinking about him as the masked stranger briskly rolled two of the cognac casks out to the waiting wagon, loaded them on the platform and as briskly drove away, taking with him both the time-worn hat and the bottle-green overcoat of the original driver of that wagon.

But before debouching from the open marshlands into the busier outskirts of South Brooklyn the audacious abductor of cognac had converted himself into a somewhat startling facsimile of the earlier owner and driver of the wagon.

He directed his course towards that subterranean haven of illicit beverages

known as the Owl's Nest, where Margory Golden was listlessly making preparations for the coming meal. She started suddenly as she stooped over the fire smoldering in the blackened fireplace. For from a crevice in the wall, a crevice no bigger than a man's hand, a piece of mortar unmistakably flew out and struck her on the arm. She was still staring incredulously into this crevice when a flutter of white passed her eyes and a small square of paper fell at her feet close to the edge of the coals. She unfolded the missive and read:

"A cask of cognac is coming. If Legar and his men drink from it they should be drugged asleep inside of ten minutes. Press spring concealed on top of cask and follow directions there. Don't give up. And if you understand this, tap twice with the fire tongs."

Below these words was the sign of the Laughing Mask.

So fortifying was this knowledge in fact, that when Casavanti and Legar himself entered the gloomily-lighted

lookout, with envious eyes on the cask.

"This is the real stuff! That raw dope's for Doolan's election workers!" "And the bunch already soused with it!" commented the even more envious stickup as he helped roll the second barrel into Legar's inner quarters.

Slowly the two men carried out the barrel and lifted it to the wagon. Then the driver climbed aboard.

It was not until that driver was well away from the waterfront and had rounded many a corner, that he ventured to pull up and tap on the oak staves beside him.

"It's all right!" he called out as he felt about the rough oak and found the hidden spring. "Just hold steady now, and I'll help you out."

The girl uttered a sigh of thankfulness as they once more got under way.

The Race for Freedom

Those two worthies known as Old Eli and Oyster Joe had, in their time, struggled with many knots. But nev-



"I Was Too Dazed to Do Anything More."

er had they worked harder than over the knots of the mysterious stranger who had left them trussed and bound to the beams of their own sail loft.

They might, indeed, have remained gurgling and writhing there like two tethered copperheads while the careless tides rose and fell about them, had not one Scupulo visited Coney Island in his dilapidated car of ancient vintage, and having there conferred with a lush dip in hiding from the flatlands of Manhattan, decided to circle homeward by way of Oyster Joe's, in the hope of that refreshment which had more than once cheered him on his dusty journeys.

Instead of finding refreshment, however, he unearthed two ferocious-eyed and dry-throated captives, who, when released, danced and gesticulated incoherently about their habitation. Then, when speech had returned to them the visit of the mysterious stranger was explained and the necessity of getting in touch with Legar made plain.

It was not long, accordingly, before three men and a car naively missing on one cylinder went coughing inland along the narrow road threading those uncounted acres of sea marsh.

They were within fifty paces of a cross-roads landmark known as Chimney-Pot Corner when a fellow not unlike that of a branded range steer burst from the indignant throat of Old Eli. For that worthy had the unique experience of beholding not only his own purloined team and wagon, but a disconcertingly lifelike replica of himself driving it. Scupulo, with the genius of a true general, arrested the progress of that wagon by promptly stopping his car directly in its track. This collision in no way improved the vehicle of ancient vintage; but sterner issues were at hand. A moment later the belligerent trio from the broken car were triumphantly charging for Margory Golden and her guardian.

That guardian, fully realizing the meaning of the charge, tossed his reins to the frightened girl and commanded her to drive for all she was worth. Then he himself prepared for invaders.

It was to the first corner that he directed his main attention, for Scupulo, he noticed, already held a knife in his swarthy hand. One well-placed kick on the clenching knuckles, however, sent that glimmering icicle of steel circling off into the road-dust, and an equally well-placed blow on the jaw sent the owner of the knife after it.

In the meantime, however, both Oyster Joe and Old Eli had gained the wagon platform. The former found himself suddenly clenching by the waist and lifted clear of the wagon. Why he should so quickly and so violently come into collision with the swaying figure of Oyster Joe, like an alley ball hitting a nine-pin, was a matter which for all time remained a mystery to him. But over the side of the thundering wagon the two figures suddenly toppled, rolling along the dust with limbs interlaced and clawing hands unreasonably clenched in each other's hair. And before they regained either their feet or their mental faculties, the wagon itself was well on its way.

Yet the driver of that wagon knew that his escape was only a temporary one.

"And what's that?" demanded the

"We've got to get out of this!" he called to the lurking girl at his side, as he seized the reins and caught up a whip. "We've got a run of a mile and more before we can reach Bohawkin bridge and help!"

He lashed the team forward. "We've got to get to that bridge!"

The girl suddenly caught at his arm. "I can see a car!" she called out. "It's following us! It's gaining on us!"

Again the driver plied his whip. "Are they still gaining?" he asked, a moment later.

"Yes," was the girl's answer. "But see, there's the bridge ahead of us!"

"By the help of God, we can make it!" suddenly exulted the man at the reins, for already his tired team was plunging up the incline of the bridge approach. They were on the bridge now, thundering across the draw.

A power house attendant, framed in his grimy doorway, stared at them in wonder.

"Lift your draw!" frenziedly commanded the stranger. "Stop that car! For God's sake stop that car!"

But the man in the jumper saw no reason for any such action. The other, brushing him aside, leaped to the control lever. The outraged bridgetender at the same moment leaped for the intruder.

But that intruder, for all this sudden attack, was not to be turned from his purpose. The lever was thrown over and one end of the massive draw, responding to the impulse of the equally massive machinery, rose slowly from the lip of the dusty roadway.

Legar's car was already thundering across its span as that network of steel began to lift.

But the increasing incline of the draw, for all the car's momentum sucked from that straining engine its added strength, retarded a little and yet a little more the hurrying wheels. But in the ascension of the draw-end there was no delay.

It was then and then only that a sudden shout rose from the car. Five men, realizing what lay before them stood up in their seats as that throbbing and pulsing thing on wheels, mounting to the edge of the draw, for one moment poised there, and then dropped, like a poolball in its pocket, to the riverbed below.

It was not until then that the bewhiskered man at the control lever became fully conscious of the fact that the engineer in the oil-stained jumper was striking and clawing at his intent body. He endured that assault until the lever had been reversed and the draw started back on its descent.

Then, wheeling, the stranger sped across the draw and leaped into the waiting wagon.

"Look!" cried the girl, pointing to the riverbed beneath them.

There the stranger could see Legar and two or three of his men clinging to a row of broken piling like limps.

It took considerable persuasion to make Legar give his consent. But, with mother on his side and Florence all eagerness, he finally came reluctantly.

The girls worked with a will all the next week. They cleaned out the little cottage themselves. It was in pretty good order already and was furnished. There were three rooms on the ground floor. They turned the parlor, which was the largest, into the tea room proper, and made a sort of serving room of the dining room. The small piazza, they decided, would hold three tables. Mother loaned her best white and gold eggshell china, which seldom saw the light of day, and agreed to supply the first biscuit.

Two or three days before they were ready, Lucy put a sign out on the lawn near the street, announcing the opening of the tea house.

The first afternoon she told herself they really must not expect anyone; but her heart beat high with expectation just the same, as she and Florence, in white muslin dresses and dainty aprons, waited in the cottage.

A man and woman driving through the country in a buggy were their first guests. A motorcyclist and one large automobile party made up the list for the day, and they thought it very encouraging, even if father did snuff a bit when told. Fred Emerson dropped in around six o'clock, just to cheer them up, he said. But it was noticeable that the cheering process lasted all through the prosperous season which followed.

The tea house was a great success, on the whole, and when the time came to close it and Lucy counted up the exact profit, she was highly elated, and began at once to plan for the next year.

Her surprise was very great when her father told her that the cottage was no longer his to dispose of. It had been sold, and she must apply to the new owner for a lease, that owner being Fred Emerson.

For some reason, which she didn't quite comprehend herself, Lucy felt shy about going to him. But one day when she was alone at the cottage, putting away the last things for that season, Fred appeared. Lucy began at once.

"Father told me you had bought the place, Fred. I want to know if I can have it again next year, and what the rent will be."

It isn't necessary for us to know it just what words Fred told her that the house was hers on one condition, and that he had been determined to own it and install her as mistress ever since the first day he watched her moving about in it, looking so sweet and dainty, serving tea to her guests. She must have accepted the condition, for the next summer saw the little cottage transformed into a comfortable, livable home, and there were biscuits and tea, but the order was for two.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TEA-HOUSE

By FANNY GRAY.

Lucy Cutler was helping her mother finish the Saturday cleaning and baking, and was rebelling in her soul. Not that she so particularly disliked the work itself, but the thought that she had to do that kind of thing after day, with not even a maid servant's wage, stirred her to anger. Her father, a prosperous farmer, could well afford to pay for it, as she knew, yet he seemed to think it was the natural and proper thing for herself and her younger sister, Florence, to scrub along, week after week, satisfied with an occasional small sum with which to buy necessities.

When Lucy finished her work, she started to walk rather aimlessly down the road to rest and cool off. Her father had just acquired, through a foreclosure, a piece of property of about two acres adjoining his land, on which was a picturesque little cottage. As she reached a place in the road opposite the new property, she stopped to admire the tiny house and the old-fashioned flowers bordering the walk, as well as the climbing roses over the porch.

Just then Fred Emerson came along, and the two stood there together. Fred was a hustling young chap, with quite a bank account already. He had for some time been casting longing glances in Lucy's direction, but, being somewhat bashful, he had not progressed very far in his wooing.

Now, as they stood together the snug bit of land and the house, with the "For Sale" sign against the stone wall, a thought of himself and Lucy in such a home rushed into his mind, and he wanted to give expression to it; but all he found himself saying was that it made him think of the little tea house some women had opened the summer before in Riverside.

An idea flashed through Lucy's mind. As soon as Fred went on, she rushed back to the farmhouse and found her mother.

"Mother, what's father going to do with the Clapp house?"

"Why, nothin' this year that I know of. Of course, he wants to sell it."

"Would he let me use the cottage, do you think, mother?"

"Use the cottage! For the land's sake, child, what for?"

"Well, I've got an idea. You remember when I visited Aunt Carrie last summer in Riverside? Some women set up tea house not half so pretty as the Clapp place and sold tea and things to motorists over there, and Aunt Carrie said they made a lot of money. I could make more here because it's on the state road."

It took considerable persuasion to make Father give his consent. But, with mother on his side and Florence all eagerness, he finally came reluctantly.

The girls worked with a will all the next week. They cleaned out the little cottage themselves. It was in pretty good order already and was furnished. There were three rooms on the ground floor. They turned the parlor, which was the largest, into the tea room proper, and made a sort of serving room of the dining room. The small piazza, they decided, would hold three tables. Mother loaned her best white and gold eggshell china, which seldom saw the light of day, and agreed to supply the first biscuit.

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"I Could Hear Their Talk Through the Little Kitchen Slide."

to come to you. I do not know where she is. But I know that she can be found!"

"So you have a suspicion where she is?"

"Yes," acknowledged the patient-eyed woman.

"What are those suspicions founded on?"

"On certain words which I overheard, words spoken by a very evil man."

"What is that man's name?"

"He is a one-armed man, named Legar."

erosity from you. But when your own daughter is in danger, when you could save her, when—her voice broke as she saw the look of adamant on Golden's face. "Oh, it's no use; it's no use!" she cried sobbingly as she turned and groped her way towards the door.

It was not until that door closed behind her that Golden once more sank into his chair. And as he sat there, wrestling with the dark tent of his soul, emotions before the dark tent down at him, Manley stood staring down at him with both stolid and puzzled eyes.

"For a man who counts his money in eight figures," that youth finally declared, "I think you're the most unmitigated ass that ever wore shoe leather!"

"What—what's that?" demanded the astounded millionaire.

"Why, man, are you blind? Can't you see this woman is sincere, that she's selling the truth, that she prob-

ably holds in her hand the key of all your future happiness?"

"The key to my happiness is no longer in that woman's hands," announced Golden. "Yet a tremulous note in his great voice sent a wave of pity surging through the younger man, whose arm went out to the stooping shoulder—so close to him. And that unexpectedly intimate touch, apparently, was too much for the already unnerved man at the desk, for with a gesture oddly poignant he lifted his hand and pressed it against his closed eyes, as though in an effort to shut away actualities which were too dark to be endured."