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Chelsea, - Michigan

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For Boys and Girls. Affiliated with the State Normal.

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FIRST CLASS PLUMBING AND TIN SHOP.

**HOLMES & WALKER**  
WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT.

**Physical Director at Olivet.**

Herbert Schenk, of Chelsea, has just been appointed to the position of physical director at Olivet college. After careful consideration President Kane selected Mr. Schenk in preference to a number of other men of considerable reputation who had been nominated. Mr. Schenk is an old Olivet man. Since leaving Olivet he has, for a number of years, coached his home high school athletic teams, and the brilliant showing of these teams led other Olivet students to call President Kane's attention to him when the matter of a coach for the college was under consideration. One reason for giving Mr. Schenk the preference was his genuine devotion to the athletic interests of Olivet and the assurance that he will give the boys the benefit of everything he has. Mr. Schenk is in a position to give proper prominence to the track work which has been allowed to remain somewhat in the background. He will bring enthusiasm and a fine spirit into the athletic life of the college.

**Crops Below Average.**

According to the crop report, issued Tuesday by Secretary Vaughan, the average estimated yield of wheat in the state is 16.12 bushels an acre, and the quality, as compared with an average per cent, is 90.

The state department estimates 1,500,000 bushels of wheat were marketed in Michigan in August.

The estimated yield of oats is 30.19 bushels an acre, and the quality, compared with an average per cent, is 84. The estimated average yield of rye is 14.66 bushels an acre, while the condition of corn, as compared with an average per cent, is 89. The probable yield of beans is 50 per cent of an average, compared to 89 one year ago.

The condition of potatoes, compared with an average, is 47 in the state. The condition of potatoes one year ago was 78. The condition of cloverseed is 88, and the condition of cucumbers is 82.

**Faculty of Chelsea Schools.**

The Chelsea schools opened Monday with the following faculty in charge:

Superintendent—W. L. Walling.  
Principal—Miss Ethel Taylor.  
Science and Mathematics—Miss Neva Norton.  
History and English—Miss Grace Marguedant.  
German and English—Miss Bella Cameron.  
Commercial—Vance Ogden.  
Eighth Grade—Miss Grace Walz.  
Seventh Grade—Miss Elizabeth Depew.  
Sixth Grade—Mrs. Florence Howlett.  
Fifth Grade—Miss Jennie Livingston.  
Fourth Grade—Miss Rhea Shane.  
Third Grade—Miss Olive Taylor.  
Second Grade—Miss Pearl Freeman.  
First Grade—Mrs. Nellie BeGoie.  
Kindergarten—Miss Marion McArthur.  
Music—Miss Hazel Speer.

**Five Killed in Auto Wreck.**

Five Ann Arbor residents were killed and two others seriously injured in an automobile accident at Sandusky, Ohio, about 1 o'clock Tuesday morning. The dead are Harry Millman, Mr. and Mrs. Don Stark, Norman Eschelbach and Paul Reule. The injured are Martin C. Jacobus and Erwin C. Heusel. The car was running twenty-five miles an hour and the driver was unable to make a sharp turn and the heavy machine went through an iron railing and plunged to the brick pavement fourteen feet below. In its fall the car somersaulted, pitching some of the occupants out, and pinning others beneath it.

The accident occurred while Mr. Eschelbach was taking Mr. and Mrs. Stark from a hotel to a railway station where they expected to board a train for home.

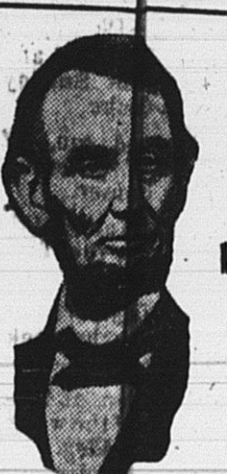
**North Sylvan Grange.**

The North Sylvan Grange will meet with Mrs. Mary Young Friday evening, September 15. The following will be the program:

Song by Grange.  
Current events.  
How best to care for hens during the moulting period. Discussion led by Mrs. C. E. Foster.  
Solo by Mrs. Wirt Ives.  
Does a visit to the agricultural fairs benefit the farmer to any great extent? Discussion led by P. M. Broesamle.  
Closing song.

**MANCHESTER**—A patch of beautiful lotus will be seen growing at the east side of the upper pond.—Enterprising.

**ELECTING A PRESIDENT**  
11



**Nation Rent by Slavery Issue in 1860.**

LINCOLN.

**THE** election of 1860 found the country on the verge of civil war. The abolitionists were members of the Republican party, and in the convention Lincoln defeated William H. Seward of New York. Lincoln was not an abolitionist in the strict sense of the word. He later wanted the government to buy all the slaves. The "Douglas Democrats" nominated Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, who likewise was in favor of prohibiting the further extension of slavery. J. C. Breckinridge of Kentucky was the candidate of the other branch of the Democratic party, while John Bell of Tennessee was the candidate on the Union ticket.

Lincoln defeated George B. McClellan of New Jersey in 1864.

(Watch for the election of Grant in 1868 in our next issue.)

**Farmers' Club Meeting.**

The Western Washtenaw Farmers' Club will hold its next meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gray, on Friday, September 15. The program will be as follows:

Roll call—Answered by something worth while.  
A miscellaneous program will be given. Each member is requested to come prepared to do something.  
Question box.

**Church Circles.**

**BAPTIST.**  
Church service at 10 o'clock. Sermon by J. G. Staley, of Ann Arbor. Sunday school meets at 11 o'clock.

**CONGREGATIONAL.**  
Morning worship at 10 o'clock with sermon by Rev. Dierberger, of Indianapolis. Sunday school at 11 o'clock a. m.

**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.  
Thursday prayer meeting 7 p. m.  
A cordial invitation to all.

**ST. PAUL'S.**  
Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor.  
German 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.  
German preaching service, Sunday at 7:45 a. m.  
Sunday school at 8:45 a. m.

**SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH, NEAR FRANCISCO.**  
Rev. G. C. Notthardt, 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.

**Announcements.**

Regular meeting of W. R. C. Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.  
Regular meeting of the L. O. T. M. Tuesday, September 12.  
A regular meeting of the R. A. M., on Friday evening, September 8.  
The Bay View Reading Circle will meet with Mrs. Mary Boyd at 7 o'clock Monday evening, September 11.  
There will be a special meeting of Olive Lodge, F. & A. M., next Tuesday evening. Work in the third degree.  
The Epworth League will hold an ice cream social on the lawn at the M. E. parsonage Friday evening, September 8.  
Brookside Chapter of the Congregational church will meet with Mrs. John Frymuth, on Wednesday, September 13. Scrub lunch. Please bring dishes.

**Princess Bookings.**

THURSDAY, SEPT. 7.  
Wm. Fox presents Theda Bara in



"The Clemenceau Case," Alexander Dumas' masterpiece.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 8.  
Pathe presents Miss Agnes Glynne in "The Love Trail," from Richard Dehan's celebrated novel, "The Dop Doctor," a thrilling story of frontier life with love interest throughout the five acts.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 9.  
"A Fight for Love," featuring the distinguished actor, G. Raymond Nye. A story of the underworld. Two sidesplitting comedies, "The Browns see the Fair" and "The Wire Pullers."

MONDAY, SEPT. 11.  
World Film Corp. presents Robert Warwick with Frances Nelson in "Human Driftwood," How an evil dancer infatuates a young bachelor, who in later years comes to snatch



the woman's niece from a life of degradation and later marries her, told in such a vivid manner as to make your blood boil and make you clench your fist despite yourself.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 12.  
A mixed program of drama and comedy from the Universal studios.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13.  
"The Name and the Game," fourth episode of "The Iron Claw." The Pathe Weekly and a comedy complete the bill.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14.  
Wm. Fox presents the most delightful and dainty of all dramatic stars, Dorothy Bernard, in "The Little Gypsy."

**My Home Town Girl.**

Hyams and McIntyre, late stars of "The Girl of My Dreams" and headliners in vaudeville over the Orpheum circuit, are coming to the Majestic theatre, Jackson, Friday, September 15, in Perry J. Kelly's latest musical comedy offering, "My Home Town Girl," book by Frank Stammers, music by Louis A. Hirsch. In the cast are such well known performers as Eda von Luke, late featured in "The Prince of Pilsen" and "The Girl of My Dreams," Maude Beatty, Doris Vernon, Dorothy Reich, Roy Purviance, Maurice Darcy and George Hall, and a large chorus of Broadway's prettiest singing and dancing girls. Besides presenting stars such as would make any musical show attractive, the production offers new and catchy music and scenic embellishment that is the best product of the New York studios.

In a tour of the cities last season Hyams and McIntyre were accorded a flattering reception by the public and the attraction received the unanimous approval of critics, who declared it one of the most deserving and attractive musical productions of several seasons.

The annual meeting of Oak Grove Cemetery Association will be held at the town hall, Saturday afternoon, September 9, at 2:30 o'clock.

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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.

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The House of Quality

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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.

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The man with a small account in this Bank is given the same courteous attention that is given larger depositors. Our service is for the small depositor as well as the large one.

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STOVES AND RANGES FARM IMPLEMENTS  
PAINTS AND OILS WAGONS AND BOGGIES  
DELAVAL SEPARATORS

We Deliver Full Value For Every Dollar Received

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# 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 Pallidori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallidori opens the dyke gates and floods the island and in the general rush to escape the flood kidnaps Golden's six-year-old daughter Margory. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One calling himself "the Hammer of God" rescues an eighteen-year-old girl from the cadet Casavanti, to whom Jules Legar has 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. Margory's mother fruitlessly implores Enoch Golden to find their daughter. The Masked One again takes Margory away from Legar.

### FOURTH EPISODE

#### THE NAME AND THE GAME

Legar had reason to feel well pleased with his morning's work. Defeated for the time being, in one quarter, he promptly swung about and struck at another.

His attack, in this instance, was directed at nothing less than Enoch Golden's own home. There, effecting an entrance through a neglected coal chute before even the servants were astir, he had crept stealthily upward until he found refuge in a trunk room. Through the door crack of this trunk room, however, he soon had the dubious pleasure of beholding a figure quite as stealthy as his own, a figure that wore a laughing mask and made its way cautiously downward to the door of Enoch Golden's study. On that door the masked figure, before vanishing as quietly as it had first appeared, pinned an oblong paper. Stealing up to it, Legar read:

Enoch Golden: You have proved a disappointment to me. Despite my warnings, you still oppress the poor and abuse your power. Your daughter has been saved from the clutches of Legar, and at the proper time will be produced. But that time will not come until you have changed your ways of life! So while still you have the chance, do some good deed!

#### THE LAUGHING MASK.

Legar, having thoughtfully perused this strange warning, promptly added a postscript:

As a slight sign of my disapproval, I am appropriating your fifty thousand dollars from the vaults of the Third National bank, for which I now take occasion to thank you.

Ten minutes later Legar had made his escape from the house and was speeding southward in his car, to confer with his own men as to the approaching assault on Golden's wealth in the Third National vaults.

The Laughing Mask himself, in the meantime, was busy with his own en-

grease stains were made by a substance known as nitroglycerin, nor did he explain to her, at the end of his quiet yet hurried labors, that the looped line hanging at the tunnel mouth was in any way connected with the fulminate caps which he had placed so prominently close to his buried mine. But it was well, he remembered, to be prepared for such men as Legar and his followers.

"Now," said the masked figure, turning to the girl, "I want you to stay here until I get back."

Waiting for her deliverer's return, however, proved neither a pleasant nor a tranquillizing pastime. The girl became restless. Then she became worried. Then she even ventured to creep out along the rough-shored passageway, to where the tunnel opened on a shelf of rock and gravel half way up the hillside. Screened as it was with shrubbery she could see little of the valley before her. The only point of life that met her gaze was a black touring car crawling along the valley road. When that car turned off the road and twisted and rocked in between the bushes below her she thought, at first, that it was her unknown guardian returning to her. But when she saw five men cautiously emerge from that half-hidden car and creep still closer through the underbrush, she felt sure that they were not approaching as friends. For a moment her heart leaped up into her mouth. Then she breathed again, for she saw that they were not approaching her hiding place, but apparently seeking one of their own. And as they foregathered behind a screen of scrub oak not more than thirty feet below her she knew both by their guarded tones and their general conspiratorial aspect that they stood intent on their own ends, quite oblivious of her and her hiding place.

Her face paled, however, as she heard the clearer and more authoritative tones of one of those speakers. For that voice, she knew, belonged to Legar, and only to Legar.

The girl, pushing her cautious way through the bushes, leaned ever closer over the ledge. Then she held her breath, for she saw that her movements had loosened the gravel at her feet and sent a covey of bowlders careening down the hillside. The voices below at the same time came to a sudden stop. In another moment she could hear the crash of hurrying feet through the tangled shrubbery.

Before she could turn and fly Legar and his four evil-faced followers were charging up the slope. They were upon her, cutting off her retreat before she could dodge back into the passageway. Yet she did not surrender without a struggle. She fought them back as best she could, standing at bay with her back against the rocky hillside. It was not until Legar's hand clamped like a vise on her arm that she screamed, and screamed again.

A masked figure picking his cautious way along the crest of the hill above them heard that cry and seemed to understand its meaning. For, on hearing that repeated scream, he no longer picked his way, but ran frantically, and with all his speed. So precipitately did he scurry down, that he descended in a flying leap in the very midst of Legar's followers clustered about the girl. He landed like a fallen plumb bob, heels down, knocking one of the conspirators sprawling over the cliff edge as he came. Another he sent with a well-aimed blow in the same direction. The third was not disposed of so easily. But an adept jiu-jitsu twist of the body soon sent this opponent diving headfirst into the loose gravel. It was then that Legar, seeing his men going down about him like ninepins, released his clutch on the girl's arm to draw his revolver.

At the same moment that he did so the man in the mask, swinging the girl sharply about, darted for the tunnel-mouth. He was through it before Legar could level his gun and fire. He was half-leading, half-dragging the panting girl down the narrow passage before any of the band could follow. But before he dodged for the hidden powder house, he threw up his free hand and caught at the loop which hung there at the end of his line. And he pulled it vigorously as he ran.

The result of that simple movement was both prompt and appalling. The thunder of a great detonation shook the earth. The rocky hillside erupted into a sudden volcano of flying earth and gravel, flinging its tons of debris into the echoing valley. And under the debris could be seen the still struggling limbs of Legar and his men.

But the man in the mask did not linger to witness those struggles. He darted with the white-faced girl out of the broken tunnel mouth, dragged her hurriedly up the slope and circled down through rock and underbrush to where his hidden car awaited him.

#### The Secret Attack.

Enoch Golden was no longer a contemptuously indifferent man as he faced his attorney, John Sibley, hurriedly summoned to a conference. "I tell you, Sibley," said the man of millions, "something has to be done, and done soon. I'm surrounded by enemies I can't run down, enemies I can't even understand. In the first place, there's this man in a mask stalking through my house and pinning threats to my doorpanels. Then—" "Wait," cut in the man of law. "Did anyone actually see this man of the mask?" "Yes, Wilson, my butler, came face to face with him as he stepped out of a passageway. Then, when my secretary, Manley, started in pursuit of the intruder, instead of finding a stranger in this fool mask, he found his way blocked by a girl, a girl in a cloak, who seemed to come there out of thin air. And that girl, sir, turned out to be my own daughter, my own daughter in some miraculous way rescued from Legar."

"Brought there by the man in the mask?" "Yes, brought there by him. So she asserts. Yet this stranger, who brings me back the one thing precious in my life, on the same day assumes to criticize my conduct and threatens to rob me of my money."

"But that threat, as I've already pointed out, is foolish. Your money has all the protection that steel and civilization can surround it with. It lies in the vaults of the Third National bank."

"But I tell you I am surrounded by enemies, by unknown enemies of great skill and daring. That has already been proved. And while they can never make me cower, they have at least made me cautious."

"I guess we'd better all go down to the Third National and make sure they're not putting their gold and notes out on the windowsills for the first crook that comes along to carry off," said the lawyer.

President Stonington of the Third National received them in his private office and learned from Sibley the reason of his visit. That official, in fact, was an active sharer in the incredulity of the old lawyer. He quietly touched a bell, sent for a uniformed attendant and instructed that attendant

to escort his visitor to the bank vaults.

"Be so good, Mr. Wells, as to show our clients that our vaults are not made of tissue paper."

This the attendant took much pride in doing.

The array of defensive measures, puzzling as it was to the younger members of the party, served to bring a sense of assurance to Enoch Golden himself.

A certain one-armed criminal, nevertheless, was at that precise moment very busily engaged in preparing for his assault on this Gibraltar of gold so proudly regarded as impregnable. Two workmen in the uniform of General Electric employees, exploring a section of abandoned cable gallery, were busily engaged in enlarging a wire conduit which met this gallery at right angles. There, by means of an electric mining drill, they burrowed like two moles deep beneath the level of the street along which the traffic of a great city so ceaselessly ebbed and flowed. From a manhole opening into this gallery was quietly passed a huge cylinder of iron capped by a drum of zinc having a hinged cover. The two subterranean workers had been warned to handle the cylinder with the utmost care. And this they did, knowing full well that its weight was due to the fact of its being tightly packed with high explosive.

Legar himself, in the meantime, having clothed a number of his henchmen in uniforms and caps bearing the inscription "Western National Bank," directed his attention to the much more critical task of tracing the signature, Henry H. Stonington, on a typewritten sheet bearing the embossed imprint of the Third National.

His next move, once he had received a report that his two gallery workers had fitted their massive cylinder in the wire conduit and pushed it gently but firmly into the uttermost recesses of that conduit by means of a jointed bamboo pole, was to verify the time at which the detonating clock had been set, advise his colleagues, and take up his position in the window of a building commanding a view of the great granite-bastioned bank itself.

He consulted his watch from time to time, with his eyes always going hungrily back to the heavy-pillared back entrance itself.

"In one minute," he announced, "they'll get a dose of the medicine they gave us this morning." Again he looked at his watch.

A sudden thud and roar of sound cut off all smaller sounds. Then came the cries of terror-stricken human beings, shrill calls for help, hoarse shouts from stalwart figures in uniforms, and the sudden shrill of a policeman's whistle. The clamor and tumult of the streets rose above the quick and ever-nearing throb of engine bells, the gongs of ambulances, the rattle of iron-tire patrol wagons pounding over car rails, the shouts of blue-coated patrolmen ready forming their cordon around the dust-crowned ruins.

"Fire!" was the cry that filled the canyon! "The buildings on fire!"

And it was then that Legar replaced his watch in his pocket, and tossing aside the field glasses through which he had been viewing the street, showed that he was one more himself.

"Now's the time, mn," he announced to his followers, to get ready for work!"

#### The Bitter Bit.

The news of the Third National bank outrage soon spread through the city. And as the result fire grew in intensity the crowd in the neighborhood grew in volume. Police reserves, marshaled by a stalwart and stern-faced captain, had already established their fire lines and still fought back the overcurious that trampled the long scorpions of black hose and kept edging and shoulering ever closer to the scene of the great catastrophe.

There was no relaxing of vigilance, in fact, when the limousine of Ench Golden himself came thrbbing and crawling through that densely packed mob of human beings, Golden himself, alighting from that car, peaded and stormed in vain with the inexorable officials confronting him. And while he still frenziedly argued and demanded a hearing with the officers in charge, a second vehicle made its way towards the still smoldering ruins.

This second vehicle was a motor truck on which was mounted not only a number of men in the uniform of bank attendants, but also a police lieutenant, who had been requisitioned to clear a way through the crowd. For this was not the intrusion of mere curiosity seekers. That much the captain in charge of the police lines promptly discovered when he was on the point of ordering both truck and attendants out of the forbidden territory. For the cool-eyed man in command of that truck had come well armed for any such emergency. Into the astonished hand of the police official he thrust an authoritative-looking document from the president of the Third National himself:

This letter of introduction read:

To the Officials in Charge: Acting on an emergency decision of our directors, I herewith authorize the agents of the Western National Bank to take possession of and remove the contents of Third National Bank vaults to the vaults of the Western National. As this decision was arrived at to frustrate any possible interference with our gold and collateral when so obviously exposed, I trust you will do everything possible to expedite the removal of this treasure to a place of safety.

Yours very truly, JOHN ELICIT STONINGTON, President.

At the same time that the police captain, acting on this peremptory order, was clearing a path to the neighborhood of the still smoking vaults, Enoch Golden, with Margory and Manley at his side, was fighting to break through those jealousy guarded fire lines. And at the sight of the motor truck and the Western National attendants his antics became even more frenzied than before.

"I tell you I've got to get in there," he shouted to the apathetic patrolman holding him back.

"Yes," agreed the patrolman, "of course you'd like to get in there."

"But I tell you I'm Enoch Golden," was the financier's frantic cry. "I don't care if you're the president of the United States," was the retort. "You stay out."

It was young Manley himself, who, watching his chance, suddenly slipped in through the lines and gained the side of the busy captain before he could be stopped. For already the work of removing the vault contents was under way.

"You've got to keep this gold from going out," the young man cried into the face of the somewhat astounded captain.

"Who are you?" demanded that official. "And what pipe schock did you pick out that idea from?"

"I picked it from a warning that came to Enoch Golden this morning. I tell you you're handing forty millions to a bunch of crooks on a forged order!"

"The captain called to a couple of his men. "Tierney, and you, Doolan, take this bug-shooter in charge."

"Then telephone to Stonington himself," cried the frantic Manley struggling in the grip of his captors. Get him on the wire himself, and see what he says!"

"Patterson," he called out. "Take charge here, and don't let this motor truck move an inch until I verify this order of Stonington's." Then he turned to Manley. "You come with me."

The triumphant light soon went out of young Manley's face, however, as he stood beside the captain in the telephone booth. He could hear that official call for the number, ask for Stonington, and crisply demand of the banker if the order for the vault transfer was authentic or not.

"Of course it's authentic! And I want to know what this game is! What are you and your bunch out there trying to put over?"

But Manley knew what he knew. "I tell you that wasn't Stonington that spoke. It couldn't have been!" cried the desperate young secretary. The captain was already in his feet and fighting his way back to the fire lines.

"Then suppose you go up and tell him he's been dreaming," raked the irate official. "Then get his affidavit to that effect and amble back with it."

Manley himself was already darting for the door. "That's just what I'll do," he called out as he made for the corner of Broadway on the run, and there, still on the run, leaped to the running board of an empty taxicab north bound.

Manley's wait on Stonington's doorstep was doubly disquieting. Still more disquieting, however, was that obese banker's reply to the questions so fiercely hurled at him.

"I gave you no such order. And no such telephone call ever came to my house tonight!"

"Then get your phone, quick!" Manley warned him. "Get police headquarters and stop that raid. Stop it inside of ten minutes or your bank'll look like a last year's bird nest!"

The excited man of finance, who had been shouting to his servants, suddenly ran to the nearest desk phone and struggled with the instrument. But his struggles were fruitless.

"My phone's dead," he cried out to Manley. "I can't raise central! I can't raise anything!"

"Then beat it for that bank of yours," advised Manley as he made for the door.

"Take me with you; for God's sake take me with you," cried Stonington, catching up his hat and coat and following him.

"I can't," retorted the young man as he darted for his waiting taxi. "I've got to look for a crook called Oyster Joe!"

The police lines about the ruins of the Third National bank, as Manley went scurrying through the streets little dreaming that a stranger had preceded him on that errand, had already been strengthened by additional reserves as the great motor truck with its bank guards was piled higher and higher with the gold from the blistering vaults. Then came the call for "Gangway!" And it became more and more evident that no timely interception was to rob Legar and his men of their spoils. The heavy truck was already crawling out from the curb, its great wheels crunching over cinders and charred wood, as a messenger ran up to the officer in charge, calling him to the telephone.

That official held the receiver in his hand as the motor truck, gathering speed as it threaded its way through a narrow aisle of open asphalt formed by surging humanity, rounded the corner into Broadway, thundered northward for three blocks, and again turned eastward.

By the time John Stonington's hand-aulet reached the bank, following the warning already sent on from headquarters, an empty vault lay amid the smoking ruins and Legar's galleon on wheels, loaded to the brim with its stolen gold, had slipped away unchallenged through the darkness and all trace of it had been lost.

The objective of that wheeled galleon, however, seemed to have been nicely appreciated by Oyster Joe, quietly smoking on the deck of an extremely powerful engine but extremely dirty launch moored in the shadow of a wharf. That worthy, indeed, showed a marked preference for gloom, since neither his cabin nor his deck lamps were alight. Equally without light was the lumbering truck which crawled cautiously down to the lip of the wharf, where, after an exchange of quiet whistled signals, a number of vaguely outlined figures set about lifting a pile of small but sturdy canvas sacks and boxes from the motor truck to the waiting launch. This was done in utter silence. The moment the transfer had been completed the launch slipped out from the wharf shadow.

Morose as seemed the man steering that launch, the two newcomers who had been ordered aboard his craft, after it had been so silently and quickly loaded, occupied much of his attention. It was soon plain, however, that he had small wish for conversation with them. When, after three miles of silent travel, during which the white-bearded man at the wheel had responded with nothing more than a

sultry grunt, one of the newcomers suddenly struck a match and held it close to the white-bearded face, the hands gripping the wheel quite as suddenly relinquished their hold and fastened themselves about the throat of the overinquisitive cargo sentry. Before his companion, standing quite close to the bow of the boat, could quite realize the meaning of the movement, the two men beside the wheel were writhing and stamping and panting about the narrow deck.

Fierce as that fight was, it was not a prolonged one. For the white-bearded man, despite his age, with one final effort, succeeded in lifting his opponent clear of the deck-boards and flinging him headfirst into the black water. Then he turned and braced himself for the charge of the second man. This second man he met by dropping quite flat and unexpectedly on the deck itself. He felt the charging body go over his own, caught at one still kicking foot as he twisted quickly about, and before his opponent could recover from that fall the patriarchal boat owner had assisted his unwelcome guest over the deck-lip after his companion.

But, oddly enough, in that struggle the bewhiskered old boatman had undergone a sudden and startling change. The clutching fingers of his enemy in the second contest along the boatdeck had buried themselves in the thick white beard decorating that launch owner's chin. And when this enemy went overboard that fringe of whiskers went with him, leaving at the wheel a somewhat altered and considerably younger looking man. And that this unknown amender of destinies was still intent on nursing the secret of his identity was further evidenced by the fact that, before turning his boat about and facing the ebb-tide current of the North river, he carefully adjusted over his nose a narrow band of yellow cloth, with its little apron of an inverted crescent. Still later, as he closely watched the light-spangled shore line, he caught sight of two small winging eyes of green and red. Accepting this apparently as a signal, he swung in close under the shadow of a coal barge and made fast at the slip end, where high above him a waiting taxicab stood close beside the stringpiece. Yet, hurried as the man in the mask seemed to be, he took time to sit under one of the cabin lamps and indite a short epistle. This epistle, addressed to "Enoch Golden and his friends," read as follows:

The Funds of the Third National bank vault are now in my possession and will be duly returned to the rightful owners. But that I may enjoy the luxury of the game as well as the name, I am withholding from those returned funds the fifty thousand dollars in gold which was formerly the property of the man who, by oppressing the poor, has compelled this action. When that man looks into his own heart and returns to the paths of wisdom, this gold will be returned to him by

THE LAUGHING MASK.

Still later that night while Davie Manley and Margory Golden and her father were arguing and wondering as to the origin and full meaning of this strange message, Legar and his men, emerging like water rats from the river-front rendezvous close beside the Owl's Nest, piled into a harbor launch with a muffled kicker and silently made their way for Oyster Joe's.

Crowding into the dimly lit sail loft of Oyster Joe, they found themselves confronted, not by the millions in stolen treasure, but by a stiff-jointed and blasphemous old man in white whiskers, tied and lashed to one of his own shack beams.

"Don't yelp at me about your damned gold," cried Oyster Joe, with a sulphurous string of oaths, when he was able to speak. "I never saw any gold! All I saw was that chain lightning gink in a mask, the gink who's double-crossed me twice at the same game!"

Legar staggered back into a broken chair. "So it's the Laughing Mask again!" he said with an oath.

Legar Took Up His Position at a Window.

ponent clear of the deck-boards and flinging him headfirst into the black water. Then he turned and braced himself for the charge of the second man. This second man he met by dropping quite flat and unexpectedly on the deck itself. He felt the charging body go over his own, caught at one still kicking foot as he twisted quickly about, and before his opponent could recover from that fall the patriarchal boat owner had assisted his unwelcome guest over the deck-lip after his companion.

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## INSURE YOUR AUTO

Many automobiles have been stolen, a number burned up, and a number of accidents have happened resulting in some cases in death.

Glen Gillespie, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney at Pontiac, had his automobile stolen. Thomas Cavanaugh, a prominent lawyer at Paw Paw, had his car catch fire while driving from Battle Creek home. Each had his automobile insured in The Citizens Mutual Automobile Insurance Company of Howell.

MR. AUTOMOBILE OWNER, should you have an accident whereby you ran into some person, or into some property, damaging it, even though you were not to blame, the injured party is liable to capitalize his injury and possibly sue you for damages. If you are insured in this company, you will have the protection of 11,500 members and a surplus fund of \$23,000.

This Company has adjusted its claims promptly and will defend you against unreasonable demands.

Insure today, as tomorrow may be too late, against fire, theft and liability; we mean by liability, damage cases brought against you.

Cost only \$1.00 policy fee plus 25c per H. P.

Write W. E. ROBB, Secretary Citizens' Mutual Automobile Insurance Co., HOWELL, MICH.

THE HIGH QUALITY SEWING MACHINE NEW HOME

NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME. Write for free booklet "Points to be considered before purchasing a Sewing Machine." Learn the facts. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS.

BLACKS OPTICIANS

ESTD. 1850 - DETROIT 156 WOODWARD AVE.

PATENTS REALLY A SIMPLE MATTER

Johnny's Reference to Dictionary Must Have Given Him Considerable Enlightenment.

"Father," said the son, looking up from a book with a puzzled expression on his face, "what is pride?"

"Pride," returned the father, "pride. Why—a—Oh, sure you know what pride is. A sort of being stuck up, a kind of—well, proud, you know. Just get the dictionary; that's the thing to tell you exactly what it is. There's nothing like a dictionary, Johnny."

"Here it is," said the latter, after an exhausting search. "Pride—being proud." "Um—yes, that's it," replied the father.

"But—"

"Well, look at 'proud.' That's the way; you have got to hunt these things out, my lad."

"I've got to," answered Johnny. "Pre—pri—pro—why?" "What does it say?" "Proud—having pride."

"That's it! Having you are, as it is on day. I tell you, Johnny, there's nothing like a good dictionary when you are young. Take care of the thing, my son, as you put it back." Pathfinder.

Their're Scarce.

"What a beautiful girl Miss Susan is! Strange she has never married."

"Well, you know there are very few men who can afford to provide a proper setting for such a beautiful thing."

In order to hold his job a diplomat must hold his tongue.

Two Fellows

are trying to get ahead.

It's easy to see who'll win.

If you have any doubt about coffee holding some people back—in fact many—leave the hesitating class, stop coffee ten days, and use

POSTUM

This delicious pure food-drink, made of wheat, roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, has a delightful, snappy flavor. It is free from the drugs in coffee and all harmful ingredients.

Postum is good for old and young, and makes for health and efficiency.

"There's a Reason"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



A Figure That Wore a Laughing Mask.

terprise. He had rescued Margory Golden from Legar, it was true, but her conveyance to a place of safety, in open daylight, was a much more difficult problem. In his extremity, accordingly, he had to resort to those expedients nearest at hand.

This led him down a secluded by-way, where the powder stack of a construction company still stood half way up a wooden hillside. At the end of a tunnel piercing this hillside was a timbered chamber for high explosives. Guarded as it was with its double lock, the Laughing Mask seemed an expert in the manipulation of such obstacles, since five minutes' work with his skeleton keys threw open that well-hidden room. Once there, he even ventured to explore his surroundings and take from their case certain small cylinders incased in grease-stained paper.

He did not explain to the already over-suspected girl, however, that these



"It's the Laughing Mask Again!" Said Legar With an Oath.

to escort his visitor to the bank vaults.

"Be so good, Mr. Wells, as to show our clients that our vaults are not made of tissue paper."

This the attendant took much pride in doing.

The array of defensive measures, puzzling as it was to the younger members of the party, served to bring a sense of assurance to Enoch Golden himself.

A certain one-armed criminal, nevertheless, was at that precise moment very busily engaged in preparing for his assault on this Gibraltar of gold so proudly regarded as impregnable.

Two workmen in the uniform of General Electric employees, exploring a section of abandoned cable gallery, were busily engaged in enlarging a wire conduit which met this gallery at right angles. There, by means of an electric mining drill, they burrowed like two moles deep beneath the level of the street along which the traffic of a great city so ceaselessly ebbed and flowed.

From a manhole opening into this gallery was quietly passed a huge cylinder of iron capped by a drum of zinc having a hinged cover. The two subterranean workers had been warned to handle the cylinder with the utmost care. And this they did, knowing full well that its weight was due to the fact of its being tightly packed with high explosive.

Legar himself, in the meantime, having clothed a number of his henchmen in uniforms and caps bearing the inscription "Western National Bank," directed his attention to the much more critical task of tracing the signature, Henry H. Stonington, on a typewritten sheet bearing the embossed imprint of the Third National.

His next move, once he had received a report that his two gallery

### ELDERLY WOMEN SAFEGUARDED

Tell Others How They Were Carried Safely Through Change of Life.

Durand, Wis.—"I am the mother of fourteen children and I owe my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I was 45 and had the Change of Life, a friend recommended it and it gave me such relief from my bad feelings that I took several bottles. I am now well and healthy and recommend your Compound to other ladies."

Mrs. MARY RIDGWAY, Durand, Wis. A Massachusetts Woman Writes: Blackstone, Mass.—"My troubles were from my age, and I felt awfully often and frequently suffered from pains. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now am well."

Mrs. PIERRE COURNOYER, Box 239, Blackstone, Mass. "Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and dizziness, should be heeded by middle-aged women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has carried many women safely through this crisis.

Possibility of Combustion. The danger of fire from oil-soaked rags such as many housekeepers keep on hand for wiping up varnished floors was demonstrated at a fire-risk exhibit given in a New York window recently. A quantity of oil-soaked rags were placed in the window with a placard stating that they were liable to take fire at any time from instantaneous combustion due to the action of the atmosphere upon the rags. A number of small flames were started by rags in this window. In one instance combustion took place within seven hours after the rags were placed in position.

Only Natural. "He seems wedded to his work." "He ought to be; He married his employer's daughter."—Judge.

### Feel All Used Up?

Does your back ache constantly? Do you have sharp twinges when stooping or lifting? Do you feel all used up—as if you could just go no further? Kidney weakness brings great discomfort. What with backache, headache, dizziness and urinary disturbances it is no wonder one feels all used up. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of just such cases. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

### A Michigan Case

Mrs. N. M. Chappell, 408 E. Sixth St., Mich., says: "My back was extremely lame and stiff and I had been dizzy spells. My feet, ankles and limbs swelled and I was nervous and irritable. The doctor failed to help me and suggested an operation. After being laid up three months I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they restored me to good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

### Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

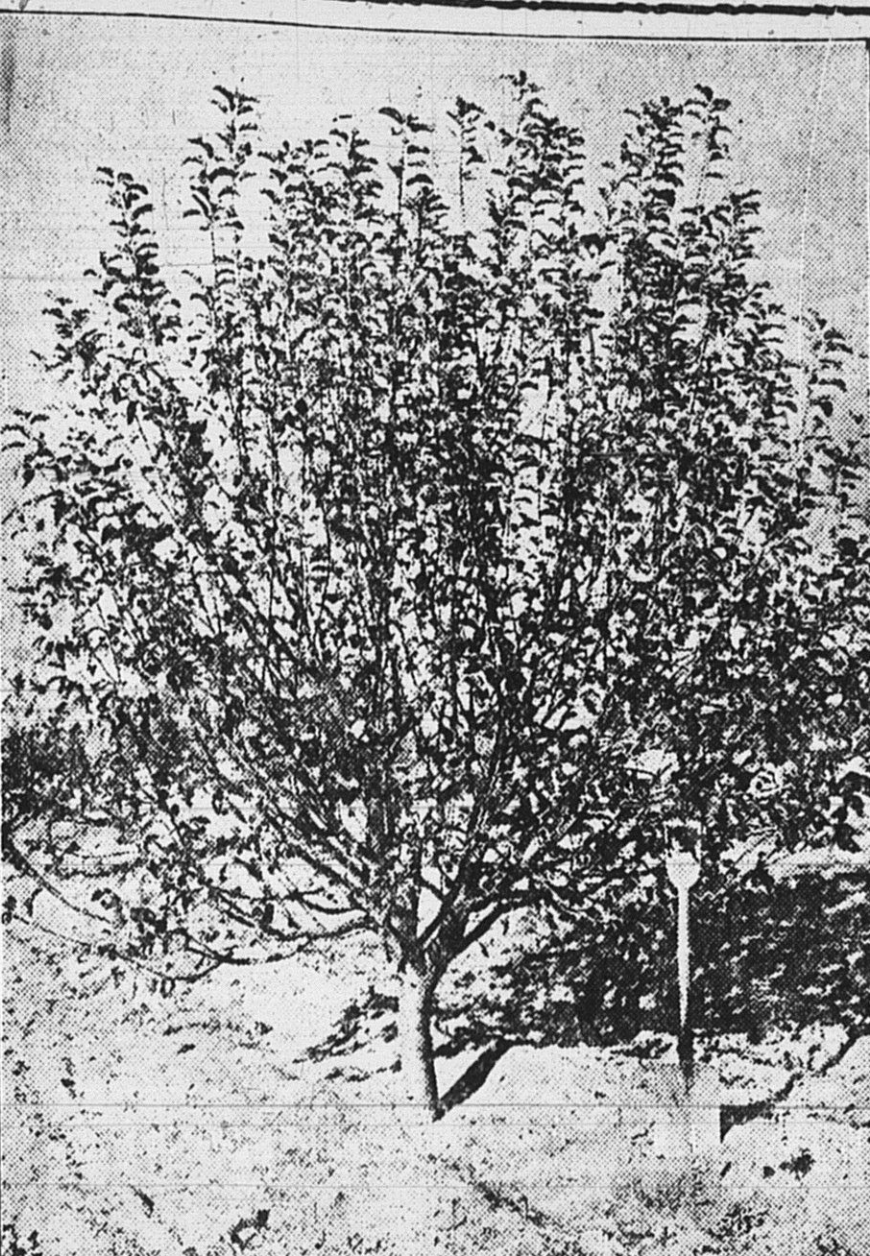
### Every Woman Wants Partine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE. Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, salpingitis and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. All druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Faxon & Co. Company, Boston, Mass.

WHY NOT TRY POPHAM'S ASTHMA MEDICINE. Gives Prompt and Positive Relief in Every Case. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00. Trial Package by Mail 10c. WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

BANKER'S HAIR BALM. A useful preparation of herbs which soothes and restores the hair. For itching, dandruff, and loss of hair. Sold by Druggists. Price 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

### BORDEAUX MIXTURE TO CONTROL BLOTCH



NORTHWESTERN APPLE TREE PLANTED IN SPRING OF 1910.

Along with other more or less known diseases of the apple is the blotch, which winters over in the form of a canker which fastens itself onto the twig or water-shoot, preferably the latter, and ripens its spores the following season, spreading to both fruit and twig growth. Its spread is due chiefly to water. The spores are spread by rains and heavy d.w., as the worst infected fruits will be found directly underneath the carked limbs or twigs, topmost fruit in many cases being entirely free from the infection. Rainy seasons are the worst for blotch and there is practically no blotch-infected fruit in extremely dry seasons.

Repeated experiments have shown conclusively that lime-sulphur solution will not control blotch, and further that bordeaux mixture completely controls the disease. As arsenate of lead can also be used with the bordeaux mixture we have the complete mixture for the combat of blotch and numerous other fungous diseases, as well as the poison to control insects.

Blotch is not so prevalent in more northern orchards, and is much worse in southern Indiana, Illinois and Ohio than farther north in the same states. Careful pruning will remove many of the cankers which can be burned, ridding the orchard of so much of the infection.

### WILD PARSNIP IS A MOST DEADLY WEED

Plant Is Quite Dangerous to Live Stock—Children Poisoned by Eating Roots. (By GEORGE H. GLOVER, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.) Wild parsnip is not the common garden parsnip that has escaped from cultivation and grown wild. The latter has a more yellowish flower and a tap root. What is commonly called "wild parsnip" is the Wyoming water hemlock (Cicuta occidentalis) which greatly resembles the garden parsnip but has a white flower, the leaflets finely toothed along the margin, and a cluster of roots.

The American water hemlock is one of the most poisonous plants native to the United States and the poison is found largely in the roots, especially of the matured plants. This plant is very deadly to live stock, especially cattle. Every year we have reports of children being poisoned by eating the roots of wild parsnip and parents will do well to caution their children against touching any wild plant that has an umbrella-shaped top, that looks like the garden parsnip.

### SKIM MILK IS MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT

No Better System Regulator on Market—Protein Necessary in Every Ration. Skim milk is one of the most important products of the farm if fed in proper quantities. There is no better system regulator on the market not excepting wheat or bran. Constipation vanishes when it is fed in sufficient quantity and all bowel-complaints are bettered. It has about the same effect on pigs and chickens as oats has on horses.

Practically all the protein of the flesh building part of the whole milk is left in the skim milk. This protein is necessary in every ration especially in the feeding of young stock. Considered from the standpoint of fertilizing and feeding, protein is the most expensive portion of the milk. When you purchase milk and other expensive feeds the price paid depends upon the amount of protein they contain. If pigs have been fed on corn for a long period until they have lost their appetite for it, skim milk, even if fed in only small quantities, will help very much in remedying this condition.

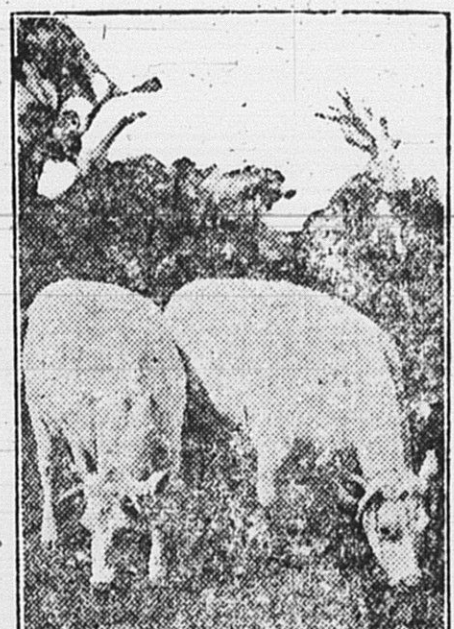
### DAIRY



### ONE GREAT DAIRY DRAWBACK

Monotony of Having to Milk Large Number of Cows Daily Keeps Many Men Out of Business.

The tedious task of hand milking has been one of the greatest drawbacks the dairying industry has had. The monotony of having to milk a large number of cows each day has kept many men from entering the business when they might have made a great success of it. Machine milking is not only feasible, but it is practicable, there being thousands of cows machine-milked each day in the country.



Prize Stock on Oklahoma Farm.

They are milked faster and more gently than most hand-milked cows.

One man can milk 12 to 25 cows an hour with the proper equipment of machine. The speed made depends more on the operator than on the machine. However, if you had to hire one man eight hours each day to do the milking, you would get more profit than you would by taking a half-dozen farmhands from the fields an hour earlier than they should quit work.

In the past much trouble has been experienced in getting efficient machines. Many of the earlier makes left much milk in the udders to be removed by hand. Great improvements have been made in the last few years, however, and now machines can be had that will remove practically all the milk.

### KEEPING UP THE MILK FLOW

Summer Silo Gaining Favor as Source of Succulent Feed—Some Grain Should Be Given.

The summer silo is gaining favor rapidly as a supply source of a sufficient amount of succulent feed. Many dairy farmers feed silage every day in their yard and especially when pasture is not to be had. A small silo built and filled in the fall to be opened in July is the most economical method of supplying a succulent ration during short pastures.

Silage left over from winter feeding may be kept with very little loss until midsummer. Cows should be fed from 40 to 50 pounds of silage each day. Silage alone does not furnish a balanced ration so some grain should be fed, especially to the cows that give the most milk.

At least one pound of cottonseed meal should be included on the daily grain ration.

### SKIM MILK NEEDED ON FARM

Excellent Feed for Calves, Chickens and Pigs—Don't Send to Market in Cream.

Creamery men advise the farmer to sell only rich cream, because it is an advantage to all parties concerned. Every bit of skim milk is needed on the farm as feed for calves, chickens and pigs, and it does harm instead of good if sent to market in the cream.

Of course, if the cream is sold by the pint or quart, instead of on a butter-fat basis, the story is somewhat different, but wherever the grading system is in operation, every bit of skim milk marketed is worse than wasted so far as both buyer and seller are concerned.

### FEEDING VALUE OF ALFALFA

Important That Hay Be Cured So as to Save Leaves—Rake Into Windrows Before Dry.

Two-thirds of the feeding value of the alfalfa plant is in the leaves. If the leaves are lost in curing only one-third of the feeding value remains. This makes it important that alfalfa be cured so as to save the leaves. This means that the alfalfa must be raked into windrows before the leaves dry or they will fall off. The alfalfa should be raked into windrows an hour or two after being cut. This not only saves the leaves but also keeps it green and more of the flavor is retained.

### LOOK TO FOURTH GENERATION

Writer Sees Little to Praise in the First Three Generations of Modern Americans.

The North American child is too often merely the by-product of marriage. It serves as an outlet for that pride which the parents cannot always reasonably take in themselves. It is petted, cajoled, pampered, overindulged and underdisciplined, till there is evolved a strange pigny for whom the world soon grows banal, who is destitute of the pettiest appeal of child-knowledge. Alan Sullivan writes in Harper's Magazine for August. The world is its football. It is smart beyond description. But there is in the forced garden of its life no sheltered bed where may bloom the flowers of graciousness or peace. Of such will be the new aristocracy, and its traditions will be of grandfathers who, by virtue of that fine native American longheadedness, delivered the goods of their period and were promptly and suitably rewarded. But there will be few traditions of courtliness, scant reminders that noblesse oblige, and but scattered memories of inherited responsibilities. The semipermanent dollar will still dominate. One generation was too busy collecting and the other will be too busy spending. The second generation offers no promise and the third but little. The fourth will probably open a new and finer cycle.

### FOR HAIR AND SKIN HEALTH

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Are Supreme. Trial Free.

These fragrant, super-creamy emollients keep the skin fresh and clear, the scalp free from dandruff, crusts and scales and the hands soft and white. They are splendid for nursery and toilet purposes and are most economical because most effective.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Making a Bad Matter Worse. It is a dangerous thing, when you have let slip an unfortunate remark, to try to cover up the blunder.

Mrs. G. was talking with the wife of Judge H. about her son's choice of a profession. "I don't want him to be a lawyer," she said. "Why not?" said the judge's wife. "I think there is nothing much finer than the legal profession for a bright boy." "Well," said Mrs. G. bluntly, "a lawyer has to tell so many lies." Then it dawned on her that she was talking to the wife of a lawyer; so she hastily added, "That is—er—to be a good lawyer!"—Youth's Companion.

### Mollycoddle.

"Did you see that?" yelled the excited man in the Panam hall. "That robber of an empire calls Gilligan out at third and Rafferty never come with in a foot of touchin' him." "It looked that way to me, too," admitted the man beside him. "Still, I dare say the empire could see the play better from where he was than we could from up here." "Aw, go on home!" retorted the other savagely. "You ain't got no business goin' to a ball game. You're one of these blasted pacifists, that's what you are!"

### A Soother.

"Bliggins is an optimist." "No, he isn't. He talks that way because things just now are going pretty much the way he likes and he doesn't want anybody to make a fuss and disturb them."

Skin-deep beauty is all right—if the girl has the money.

### W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE" \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 & \$5.00

Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.



The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.

LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.

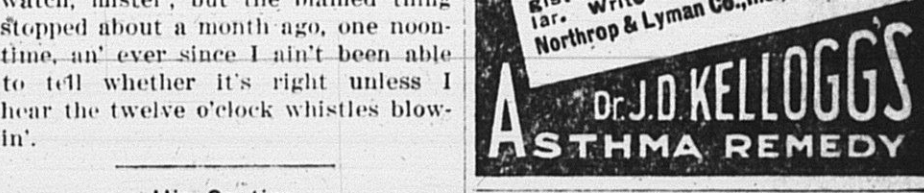
Boys' Shoes Best in the World \$3.00 \$2.50 & \$2.00

### WINCHESTER

Hammerless Shotguns Model 1912 Extra Light Weight Made in 12, 16 and 20 Gauges

There's no need of carrying a heavy gun. Winchester Model 1912 shotguns are made entirely of nickel steel, and hence are the lightest and strongest guns on the market. Be sure to see one before buying. Sold by all dealers.

THE REPEATER PAR EXCELLENCE



### ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

### Liver Sluggish?

You are warned by a sallow skin, dull eyes, biliousness, and that grouchy feeling. Act promptly. Stimulate your liver—remove the clogging wastes—make sure your digestive organs are working right and—when needed—take

### BEECHAM'S PILLS

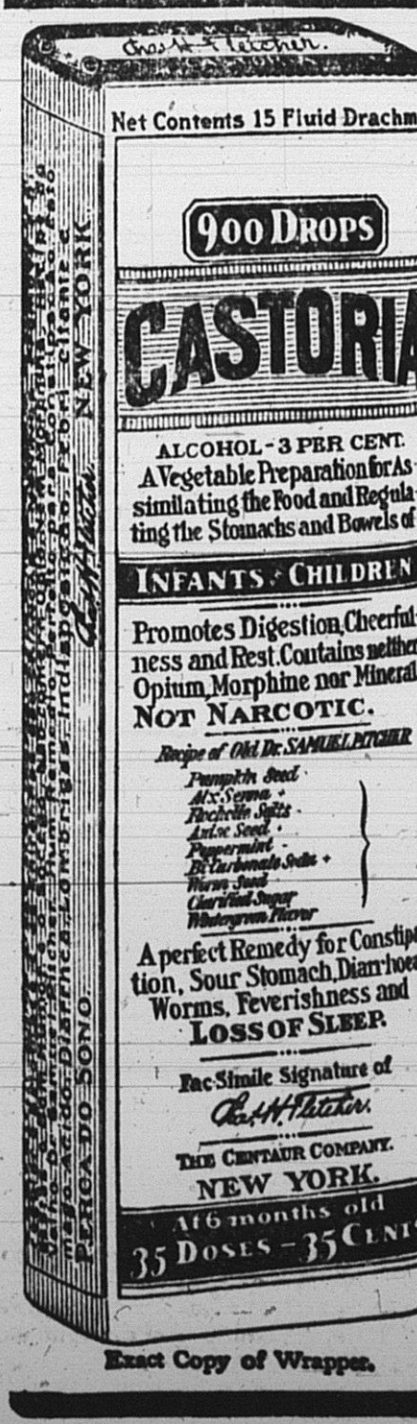
Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

### APPENDICITIS

If you have been threatened or have GALLBLADDER INFLAMMATION, GAS or PAIN in the right FREE side write for valuable Book of Information. L. E. ROYER, DIST. W. 2, 219 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

"ROUGH ON RATS" Kills Rats, Mice, Bugs Die outdoors. 10c. and 25c.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 37-1916.



### Children Cry For Fletcher's

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL - 3 PER CENT. A Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS - CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

The Centaur Company, NEW YORK. 176 months old. 35 Doses - 35 CENTS.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



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PRICES

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

F. O. B. Chelsea

On sale at

PALMER MOTOR SALES CO. Chelsea, Michigan.

WE INVITE YOU TO THE 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 Our Motto

Admission, - 25c

MAJESTIC THEATRE JACKSON, MICHIGAN

The Season's Big Opening Attraction DIRECT FROM DETROIT OPERA HOUSE

One Night Friday, Sept. 15

PERRY J. KELLY OFFERS

JOHN HYAMS AND LELIA McINTYRE

"My Home Town Girl"

A Comedy with Music and Girls, and Notable Metropolitan Cast. 50 People, Stage Full of Girls, Symphony Orchestra.

Prices, 50c. 75c. \$1.50--Seats Wednesday

Mail orders filled if accompanied with remittance and stamped envelope for return of tickets.

WANT COLUMN

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

WANTED—Kitchen maid at Psychopathic hospital, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Apply to Dr. A. M. Barrett, Medical Director.

FOR SALE CHEAP—The Daniel Strieter farm of 155 acres, located in Freedom township, 1 1/2 miles north of Pleasant lake. Must be sold to settle estate. Inquire of Emanuel Schenk, administrator. Address, Ann Arbor, route No. 4.

FOR SALE—Good cider vinegar at 20 cents per gallon. James Howlett, phone 104-F5.

FOR SALE—One ten-horse Columbus gasoline engine, guaranteed to be in good condition. Inquire of E. S. Spaulding, Chelsea.

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.

FOR SALE—New 33x4 Q. D. Federal Casing. P. O. Box 463. 6tf

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

AUCTIONS—The auction season is now here, and The Standard wishes to remind those who expect to have an auction this season, that it can furnish an auctioneer and print your bills.

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.

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 3, 1906, at the postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. F. E. Belser spent Sunday in Ann Arbor.

Carl Rutan, of Detroit, spent Sunday in Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Benton spent Monday in Jackson.

Mrs. Lena McLaughlin is spending this week in Detroit.

Mrs. Geo. Irwin, of Lansing, is visiting Chelsea friends.

P. M. Slaybaugh is spending a few days at Cedar Springs.

Frank Nelson, of Lansing, is spending this week in Chelsea.

Miss Gladys Shanahan spent several days of this week in Detroit.

M. McDowell spent the week end with friends in North Adams.

Mrs. Henry Wilsey and son Herbert spent the week end in Detroit.

Dr. Byron Defendorf returned Tuesday from a visit to Fowlerville.

Edward Shanahan, of Detroit, spent Sunday and Monday in Chelsea.

D. A. Warner, of Saline, was a Chelsea visitor the first of the week.

Mrs. M. B. Millspaugh spent several days of this week in Ann Arbor.

Rev. C. J. Dole, of Cleveland, spent the first of the week in Chelsea.

L. H. Ward and son Paul attended a family reunion in Detroit Monday.

Miss Pauline Fahrner, of Jackson, spent the first of the week in Chelsea.

Jay Everett and daughter, Miss Jessie, are visiting relatives in Lansing.

H. G. Spiegelberg and Alva Steger, of Detroit, spent the first of the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Carpenter spent the first of the week in Jonesville.

Frank and Ernest Shaver made an auto trip to Bannister the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Maroney and son spent the first of the week in Holly.

Dr. D. F. Roedel, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Alice Roedel.

Miss Grace Fletcher has accepted a position as teacher in the Detroit schools.

Misses Winifred Benton and Doris Corwin spent Monday with friends in Dexter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Oesterle, of Detroit, spent the first of the week in Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kantelehner, of Detroit, spent the week end in Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reilly, of Detroit, spent the first of the week in Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clark and children spent the first of the week in Pontiac.

Mrs. Rose Wunder of Jackson, spent the past week with friends in Chelsea.

Ray Cook, of Detroit, spent the first of the week with his father, N. H. Cook.

Mrs. Orwin Schmidt and Mrs. Fred Sager spent Tuesday with friends in Grass Lake.

Mrs. M. Fuller, of Detroit, spent several days of the past week with friends here.

Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Alber, of Detroit, visited Chelsea friends Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Sylpha O'Rork has returned home after spending a month at Kelly's Island.

Miss Bertha Spaulding has returned to Grand Rapids, where she will teach in the schools.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Holmes, of Battle Creek, spent the first of the week in Chelsea.

R. D. Walker attended the Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias, at Battle Creek this week.

Austin Palmer and Lewis H. Faber spent several days of the past week at Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Ella Tuomey and Miss Caroline Whitaker, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday in Chelsea.

Elmer Chipman and sons, of Gregory, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Chipman Friday.

Miss Cora Bowen, of Ypsilanti, was the guest of Mrs. Florence Howlett the last of the week.

Miss Margaret Eder has gone to Hammond, Ind., where she will teach in the public schools.

Miss Lulu Glover returned to Chelsea Sunday after spending several weeks at Battle Creek.

Miss Ethel Davidson has gone to Grand Rapids, where she will resume her duties as a teacher.

C. G. Hoover, of Akron, Ohio, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hoover.

Mrs. Christine Schettler is spending this week with her daughter, Mrs. August Tirb, of Clinton.

Mr. and Mrs. Deo Paul and son William, of Battle Creek, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Boyd.

Mrs. James Taylor will leave on Saturday for Kalamazoo where she will spend several months.

Chas. Steinbach made a short trip to Detroit Wednesday morning, purchasing a number of violins.

Judge Herbert A. Dancer, of Duluth, Minn., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dancer.

Mrs. J. L. McLaren and daughter, of Los Angeles, Calif., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McLaren.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kraushaar, of Cleveland, have been the guests of relatives here the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Holden, of Highland Park, spent several days of this week with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Lighthall and daughter, of Detroit, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cooke.

Mrs. Carl Reynolds and son, of Jackson, spent the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. John Hauser.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ellis and children, of Grand Rapids, spent the first of the week with H. S. Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. August Lambert, of Detroit, have been spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dryer.

Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Prodden, of Fostoria, Ohio, spent the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Prodden.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Case and Harry Hamilton, of South Lyon, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Daneer.

Mrs. Emma Leach has been in Battle Creek this week attending the Grand Lodge of the Pythian Sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. James Graves and children, of Saginaw, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hoover Saturday.

Miss Ida Keusch left Monday for River Rouge where she will teach in the public schools for the coming year.

Miss Phila Winslow has returned to Ypsilanti after spending two weeks with her mother, Mrs. Olive Winslow.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray McCormick, of Detroit, spent the week end at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Archie Alexander.

Mrs. Michael Wurster, of Dexter, and Mrs. Samuel Braun, of Ann Arbor, spent Wednesday with Mrs. Chas. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barnard and children, of Saline, were guests of Michael Heschewerdt and family part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dancer, of Cleveland, were guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dancer, the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Glean Shauman and son John and S. P. Foster returned Tuesday from an auto tour through Ohio and Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Burg spent several days of the past week at the home of their son, J. V. Burg and family, of North Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller and daughter Gertrude, of Highland Park, spent the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. William Atkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cummings and Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hammond made an auto trip to Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Staebler, of Lima, accompanied by Miss Florence Schmidt, of Chelsea, spent the week end with relatives in Battle Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vogel left for New York City Wednesday afternoon, where Mr. Vogel will purchase goods for the H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

Mrs. M. L. Grant and daughter Charlotte, of Detroit, and Mrs. Stanley Jackson of Springfield, Ohio, spent Tuesday with Mrs. D. H. Wurster.

C. S. Durand, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Durand and Mrs. G. A. Robertson, of Battle Creek, were guests of Miss Mary Smith the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. S. Heghes and children and Mr. and Mrs. H. Gother, of Highland Park, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks from Saturday to Tuesday.

Thomas Vahey, of the Vahey Oil Company, Youngstown, Ohio, and Edward Carey, of Detroit, spent a week's vacation at the farm of John and Alfred Clark, of Lyndon, and now have returned to Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.

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 October 1st, the last day.

J. HOWARD BOYD, Village Treasurer.

HEARD IN CHELSEA

How Bad Backs Have Been Made Strong—Kidney Pills Corrected.

All over Chelsea you hear it. Doan's Kidney Pills are keeping up the good work. Chelsea people are telling about it—telling of bad backs made sound again. You can believe the testimony of your own townspeople. They tell it for the benefit of you who are suffering. If your back aches, if you feel lame, sore and miserable, if the kidneys act too frequently, or passages are painful, scanty and of color, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has helped so many of your friends and neighbors. Follow this Chelsea citizen's advice and give Doan's a chance to do the same for you.

C. Lehman, 420 Garfield St., Chelsea, says: "I was bothered by weak kidneys and backache. Constant lameness across my back annoyed me and the kidney secretions were irregular in passage. At night I was restless and got up in the morning all tired out. I finally used Doan's Kidney Pills and they put a stop to the trouble. My kidneys became normal and the lameness left my back."

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

Silks and Dress Goods

We have our first shipments of Fancy Dress Goods and Silks now on Display

Plaid 36-inch Silks, per yard. \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50  
New Plaid and Striped Dress Goods, per yard. 75c to \$2.00

Women's and Children's Shoes

New High Cut Lace or Button Shoes, in Kid or Dull Leather, at \$3.50, \$4.00 to \$7.00  
New School Shoes for Children, in Lace or Button styles, every pair all solid leather, in the new foot form lasts, at \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$2.75  
School Girls' English Last Shoes, Dull Leather, Lace, Welt Sole and Soled with Genuine "Neolin," Rubber Heel, sizes 2 1-2 to 6 1-2, at \$4.00

New Room Size Rugs Just Placed On Sale.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.



GENTLEMEN ARE YOU READY FOR THAT

Fall Suit or Overcoat

A Custom-Made Garment with our guarantee of fit and satisfaction behind it is all one can ask in tailoring. SPECIALS, \$15.00, \$17.50 AND \$20.00.

Rain Coats and Top Coats New Fall Rain Coats and Light Top Coats just received. PRICES, \$6.00 TO \$20.00.

Hats and Caps Fall Hats and Caps, all styles and colors. Come in and look them over.

Vassar Sweaters at 50c to \$8.00.

Fresh stock of Shirts, Neckwear, Hosiery, Underwear and Gloves.

Fine Shoes to suit every taste in style and color, including Packards at \$4.50 to \$6.00. Beacons at \$3.50 to \$5.00.

"Lion Brand" Work Shoes, \$3.00 to \$6.00, all heights. "Jack Rabbit" Work Shirts. "Finck" and "Headlight" Overalls

WALWORTH & STRIETER



How it looks when illustrated

"Isn't she a pippins?"

Dream Happy Dreams

Dream of our Good Bread, Pies, Cakes, Cookies, Buns, etc.

See that your table is supplied with them—then will your dreams come true.

Patronize Home Industry.

CENTRAL BAKERY

Opposite Town Hall

JOHN YOUSE, Prop.

THE SMILE

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.



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Fred Klingler

Washtenaw Vulcanizing And Tire Repair Shop

Personal attention given to all kinds of TIRE REPAIRING, and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Prices reasonable. Your Patronage Solicited.

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Chelsea Greenhouses

CUT FLOWERS POTTED PLANTS FUNERAL DESIGNS

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

DETROIT UNITED LINES

Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti and Detroit.

Eastern Standard Time.

LIMITED CARS. For Detroit 8:45 a.m. and every two hours to 8:45 p.m.

For Kalamazoo 9:15 a.m. and every two hours to 7:15 p.m. For Lansing 9:15 p.m.

LOCAL CARS. East Bound—7:30 a.m., express east of Ann Arbor 8:30 a.m. and every two hours to 8:30 p.m.; 10:15 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 12:51 a.m. Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Saline and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

# 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.

WE INVITE YOUR INSPECTION  
OF THE NEWLY ARRIVED FALL  
AND WINTER SUITS AND  
OVERCOATS, OF PURE WOOL  
QUALITY, SELLING AT ONLY

**\$15.00 TO \$22.50**

**DANCER BROTHERS.**  
OPEN EVERY EVENING

## ICE CREAM

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

Choice Line of Fruits, Confectionery and Cigars.

**American Ice Cream Parlor**  
Seitz' Old Stand WILBUR HINDERER, Prop.

## 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.

## UNCERTAINTY

THEY who have tried know it is difficult to save a fixed amount of money each week. The reason is the inevitable uncertainty of life, health and income, and the certainty of unlooked for emergencies, such as illness, accident or temporary loss of position. Our Depositors' Weekly Savings Club will fit every emergency. Look into it today!

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

### LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Winans are moving their household goods to Detroit.

Mrs. L. T. Freeman entertained the Cytherian Circle Friday afternoon.

Gilbert Madden, of Dexter township, lost a barn by fire last Thursday afternoon.

E. G. Hoag and family are moving from Church street to 443 South Division.—Ann Arbor Times News.

Archie and Miss Nettie Wilkinson attended the reunion of the Samuel Morse family at Grand Rapids Monday. Seventy-five cousins were present.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Edwards will move to Ironton, Ohio. Mr. Edwards has been a chemist with the Michigan Portland Cement Co. for several years, and has accepted a similar position at Ironton.

Word has been received of the death of Miss Nancy Ferguson at her home in Lansing, on Tuesday, September 5, aged 80 years. Miss Ferguson was a teacher in the Chelsea schools many years ago.

Next Sunday will be the last before Rev. G. H. Whitney goes to Detroit to attend the annual M. E. conference. The official board has requested the return of Mr. Whitney to this charge for another year, a just recognition of his good work during his pastorate.

There are 364 pupils enrolled in the public schools of Chelsea, fifty of them being non-residents. The first and third grades have the largest enrollment, there being forty-two in the first and thirty-three in the third. The enrollment in the high school is 116.

Waldo M. Abbot, democrat candidate for representative, has withdrawn from the race, stating that he has just entered into a business deal in Detroit, which will demand all of his time. It is stated that Daniel Sutton will probably be named in his place.

Charles F. Ellis, of Grass Lake township, has the thanks of the Standard for several fine melons. Mr. Ellis has been bringing melons to the Chelsea market for thirty years, and you can always depend on getting a fine article when you purchase one of his melons.

Mrs. Jennie E. Corley, of Rochester, and Mrs. Jennie Lawson, of Royal Oak, visited Mrs. S. M. B. Fox at the Home last Thursday. Mrs. Corley is the sixth district president of the state W. C. T. U., also the superintendent of fairs and open air meetings and has charge of that department at the state fair.

The last open air concert by the Hollier Eight concert band will be given Thursday evening, September 14. The concerts that have been given by the band have proven a great drawing card, bringing people to town from many miles around, and they have gone away well pleased with their entertainment.

Miss Clara Mathilda Winkelman and Mr. Earl John Noll, were united in marriage at the German Lutheran church, Wednesday, August 23rd, at 3:00 p. m. by the pastor, Rev. Karl Buff. They were attended by Miss Henrietta Mester and Mr. Berthold Noll. Only the immediate friends and relatives were present.—The Dexter Leader.

James Saunders, who held up Joseph Weber on south Main street several years ago, and who was captured and sent to Jackson prison, endeavored to escape Tuesday, but was soon captured. He had been working on a farm that is run by the prison and with three other convicts got a touch of wanderlust, but a boy recognized them and called up the prison officials and the men were soon back in their cells. They will remain within the walls until their terms expire.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Foster, of Grass Lake, gave a picnic party at their cottage at Cavanaugh Lake last Thursday afternoon. Those attending were Mrs. Lida Shelly, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Shelly and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. U. V. Shelly, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shelly and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Collins. In the evening they drove to Chelsea and attended the concert given by the Hollier Eight band.

Among those of the G. A. R. who motored to Chelsea Sunday were G. J. Keyser, John D. Shull, H. W. Stevens, H. C. Daniels, Chas. Barry, James Ingersoll and Albert Vandewalker; of the S. of V., James McKinney, William Anderson, Martin Frayer. They attended service at the M. E. church and listened to a sermon by Rev. Whitney. They were met by the commander of the Chelsea Post who made it very pleasant for them. They took dinner at a restaurant and when they went to pay for their dinner found that he had been before them and paid the bill.—Tecumseh Herald.

Off with your hat when the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner" or "America." At the close of the concert last Thursday evening when the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," many auto drivers started their engines and others tooted their horns, much to the annoyance of many others in attendance and also to the members of the band. There are also many drivers, both of autos and horses, who are in the habit of driving through the crowded streets while the band is playing. This is a practice that should be stopped, as it is an act of discourtesy both to the musicians and those who desire to listen to the music.

M. J. Baxter is having a garage erected at his residence on Madison street.

The entries of exhibits for the fair are coming in rapidly, and everything points to a record breaker.

Miss Katherine Brenner, of Grass Lake township, received a broken collar bone when she was thrown from a buggy Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Slaybaugh and Mr. and Mrs. Ortwin Schmidt entertained Mr. and Mrs. Walter Henderson Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were enroute from Niagara Falls to Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Calkins, of Washington, D. C., spent several days of this week with Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ward, of Sylvan. Mr. Calkins is an employee in the government printing office.

Judge Kline on Friday issued a decree of divorce to Mrs. Etta Sexton of this place from William Sexton, on the ground of non-support. They were married in Dreston, N. Y., on March 24, 1896.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Armour were in Battle Creek Wednesday attending the Grand Lodges of the Knights of Pythias and the Pythian Sisters. Mrs. Armour was a delegate to the latter from Litchfield.

A pleasant surprise was given the Daniels children Monday night by their friends. A pleasant evening was enjoyed in pop, corn, candy, frames, etc., every one wishing them success in the school at Chelsea.—Gregory cor. Stockbridge Brief-Sun.

The Twentieth Michigan Infantry will hold its fifty-first annual reunion at Lansing Wednesday, September 20. Dinner will be served at 1 o'clock after which the veterans will be given an automobile ride by the citizens. A. N. Morton is secretary of the organization.

All who intend to make entries in the poultry and pet stock exhibits at Chelsea's Free Street Fair should do so at once with Glenn Barbour. One hundred fifty-six coops have already been spoken for and the committee is anxious to find out as early as possible the number of exhibits to be provided for. Last year's exhibitions in these departments were extremely good, and this year promises to far exceed them.

The fifth annual Buehler reunion was held Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Satterthwaite of Lima. A bounteous dinner was served at noon to about forty guests. A general social time was enjoyed by all. A very pretty luncheon was served in the evening in honor of Mrs. John Buehler's seventy-ninth birthday, the color scheme being pink and white. Mrs. Buehler received numerous gifts. The guests departed wishing her many more happy birthdays. It was decided to hold the next reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Forner of Chelsea.

### BREVITIES

**HILLSDALE**—Fred O'Melay, of Hillsdale, checker champion of Michigan, will participate in an international tournament this winter. It will be played by correspondence between 10 of the best players in the United States and 10 of the best in Canada. The first international correspondence match was played three years ago, and the United States lost. There has been no since. Henry Hutzler, of Cincinnati, is captain for the United States team.

**ANN ARBOR**—Dr. William Howley was blown across his garage by the explosion of a gas oven, in which he was repairing fire stoves, but except some slight bruises, he was uninjured. The explosion wrecked his garage, wrenching it from its foundation. Dr. Howley was standing directly in front of the gas oven, when it exploded. He was found unconscious and was rushed to the hospital, where he recovered consciousness and found himself uninjured.

**YPSILANTI**—The Bennett family Bible, 250 years old, was exhibited at the gathering of the Bennett-Sherman families last week. This Bible was carried on board ship by four generations of sea captains. The first three generations were Scotchmen. The present binding of the book is of sail cloth taken from the sails of the first ship on which it was carried. The Bible was on board Captain Evan's ship in Boston harbor at the time of the Boston tea party, his ship being the one from which the tea was thrown into harbor by the colonists.—Record.

**BROOKLYN**—Geo. Ebbert and wife and Henry Ebbert and wife departed Saturday on an auto trip to Niagara Falls and other nearby points in New York state. They took along a camping outfit to make the night stops. The above paragraph concerning the Ebberts was in type when news was received of the wreck of their auto when Geo. Ebbert, who was driving, turned out to avoid hitting a rig driven by a small boy. Their car was overturned and both women were hurt. Mrs. Henry Ebbert receiving dangerous injuries about the skull. She is now in the North Tonawanda hospital.—Exponent.

**PINCKNEY**—Tuesday noon, a band of about thirty gypsies dropped into town and began to help themselves to anything they could find. They also proved themselves to be very smooth in the line of picking pockets. One of the women engaged Patsy Kennedy in conversation and while his back was turned removed a \$5.00 bill from his pocketbook. When the woman had gone, Patsy happened to think that it might be a good idea to see if he still had all his personal property about him, and on taking out his pocketbook found the same open and the \$5.00 gone. He immediately reported the loss to Deputy Sheriff Carr, who offered the gypsies a chance to settle or go over the road. They preferred to settle. Mr. Carr then escorted the band out of town. A number of other gentlemen also reported money missing but did not care to push the matter.—Dispatch.



**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 Dozen Jumbo Can Rubbers 25c.

# W. P. Schenk & Company

You Are Going to Do Yourself the Best "Turn" You Ever Did This Season; You Are Going to Buy at THIS STORE

The result will be that you will look very well-dressed, and you will keep on looking that way all the season.

The reason is the quality in the materials; the excellent high class tailoring; and the smartly designed style.

Suits Ready to Wear at \$12.50 to \$20.00

Suits Made to Your Measure (In Seven Days) \$15.00 to \$25.00.

### NECKWEAR

A very great array of fine goods, much better than the prices.

### HOSIERY

Quality counts in Hose—ours are fine and full fashioned—black, white, all colors.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

### HATS

Our hat section offers many varieties; something for every taste.

# H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

## Senator Kern Discovers Bad Case of Ignorance

WASHINGTON.—Senator John W. Kern of Indiana had an experience the other day which he will not soon forget. He was crossing the plaza east of the capitol when he was halted by a man and woman with question marks hanging out all over them, obvious signs of sight-seers and strangers in Washington. "What building is that?" asked the man, pointing to the capitol building, which he was facing, and could see its entire length from north to south. The man spoke "United States," his language and tone, as well as his style of dress showing him to be an educated, pretty well-set-up man.

Senator Kern looked at the man and hesitated just a second, puzzled to know whether the man was making game of him or whether he did not know it was the United States capitol. Presently he replied with a critical smile, "That is the United States capitol."

The man noted the smile and resented it at once. "Well, I do not see any sign on the building to designate what it is," Senator Kern instantly replied, "No, they take the sign down in hot weather, it warps."

Is there a man, woman or child in the United States who has not at some time or other seen in pictures the great white dome of the United States capitol? Once seen it could not possibly be forgotten. There is not another thing like it in the world, and that any human being would not recognize the Washington monument or the United States capitol building upon sight is almost too incredible for belief.

But Senator Kern tells this story, so what are you going to do about it?

## Washington Folk Rediscover the Potomac River

FROM one standpoint the prolonged session of the Sixty-fourth congress has only been a prologue of things political, but it has also served to give Washington a place in the hearts of a large number of transient residents only to be gained during the midsummer months. The river for water sports, the fine parks and country roads for driving, country clubs and roof gardens, both private and public, and numerous delightful places for dining al fresco are all revelations to those who see the capital only in its mid-winter or early spring aspect.

Not even by the greatest stretch of the imagination could one call Washington a watering place, or even a summer resort, but since the rediscovery of the Potomac river through the beautiful drives and walks established along its banks, the capital need no longer hold terrors for those who must remain within the ten-mile limit of the District.

No less a personage than President John Quincy Adams waded through the marshes and tangled grass to the banks of the Potomac for an early morning dip, while the same interesting proceeding is recorded of President Taylor. Today one meets high officials bent upon the same errand, and almost at the same hour of the morning—just about seven o'clock. The secretary of state and Mrs. Lansing are investigating the charms of the municipal bathing pool with covetous eyes, and Mrs. Lansing longs to try out the skill acquired during the winter months at the natatorium on Capitol Hill.

Senator and Mrs. Morris Sheppard can tell you just exactly where to find the best spot in the pool for striking out, or a dive, or just merely to take it easy and float. Often their companions in the pool are Representative and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, both of whom love the water and are expert swimmers; or Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Day, son and daughter-in-law of Mr. Justice Day or Representative William P. Borah.

A whole cabinet family of enthusiastic swimmers is that of the secretary of war and Mrs. Baker, who often take a plunge twice a day. They have an ideal pool at In the Woods.

## What Uncle Sam's Expert on Charred Money Does

MANY thousands of dollars are saved annually for the good, but often careless, people of these United States by Mrs. Amanda L. Brown, the charred money expert of the treasury department. It is Mrs. Brown's duty to put together burned and cut money when offered for redemption. Many interesting stories are told about her work.

Some years ago, so the story goes, a farmer, while feeding his pigs, dropped a roll of bills, which was devoured by one of them. The pig was killed at once and cut open, and the pulp was found. This was sent to the treasury department, the pieces put together and the money refunded to the happy farmer. The rules of the department are to the effect that if a bill can be successfully put together so that two-fifths of it are found, half of the value is refunded; if three-fifths can be put together the whole value is refunded.

Not so long ago someone sent a large number of very small bits of a bill to the department with a statement that they represented \$224. The letter was accompanied by an affidavit to that effect. After many days of work on the part of Mrs. Brown the bits were put together, and it was found that they made a complete one-dollar bill.

The frost line can be traced through the United States each autumn, treasury officials say, through this redemption work. Farmers and others have a habit of hiding money in their stores. When they light up for the winter, the money is forgotten until it is burned, and the ashes and pieces are sent to the treasury for redemption. Beginning in the North, this same thing occurs until even the Southern farmer is turning in his burned money, when he gets cold enough to light his stove. Each year more than 2,000 such cases are sent to the department.

## Rifle Practice Becomes a Fad in the Capital

IF YOU chance to be passing near Fourteenth and E streets and are attracted by rifle shots, screams, and shouts, be not alarmed—the danger is little. Investigation will show that the rifles are being fired in the gallery of the National Rifle Association of America; the screams are from timid women just learning the use of firearms, and the shouts emanate from husky men who have just rung the bull's-eye.

Every day a line of people files into the temporary gallery to take advantage of the free use of guns and ammunition which the organization has offered to the public. The crack of the rifles is continuous.

Instructors are kept busy explaining the gun, the shoulder hold, the finger grip, and, most of all, the target. The big fat man who approaches the rail with a confident smile and bags unsuccessfully 20 times, and then explains what a wonderful shot he once had been, was there. The tall, thin chap, who seems to strain under the weight of the gun and complains of his bad sight, was also there. He squinted 40 times before pulling the trigger, just to prove his assertion. Also there was the athletic fellow with the bulldog jaw who went about shooting targets as though it was part of his day's work. He took his time and hit the bull.

And, best of all, there were pretty young girls, anxious to be instructed. The only trouble the instructors had with them, after getting them to hold the gun, was to convince them that it was impossible to hold one's hands over one's ears and fire the gun at the same time. And the little scream came every time the rifle barked.

# Wonders of the Yellowstone



GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE, FROM POINT LOOKOUT

"DEVIL LAND" is what the Indians called the Yellowstone National park, for they were unable to understand the wonderful geysers, the freakish springs and the rivers that run both hot and cold.

Rudyard Kipling penned a remarkable appreciation of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone when he visited there.

"All that I can say," he wrote, "is that without warning or preparation I looked into a gulf 1,700 feet deep, with eagles and fishawks flying far below. And the sides of that gulf were one wild welter of color—crimson, emerald, cobalt, ochre, amber, honey splashed with port wine, snow-white, vermilion, lemon and silver-gray in wide washes."

"The sides did not fall sheer, but were graven by time and water and air into monstrous heads of kings, dead chiefs—men and women of the old time. So far below that no sound of its strife could reach us, the Yellowstone river ran, a finger-wide strip of jade green. The sunlight took these wondrous walls and gave fresh hues to those that Nature had already laid there."

"Evening crept through the pines that shadowed us, but the full glory of the day flamed in that canyon as we went out very cautiously to a jutting piece of rock—blood-red or pink—it was—that overhung the deepest depths of all."

Kipling looked down upon the canyon from a spot known as Inspiration point. It was when standing in the same spot that Moran, the great artist, said, "Its beautiful tints are beyond the reach of human art."

**Lower Falls 308 Feet High.** Few people know that the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone are nearly twice as high as Niagara—308 feet. The government engineers have constructed stairways to the better vantage points, so that the traveler is afforded a complete survey of the falls. It is probable that the canyon is seen to the best advantage from Artist point, on the west side of the river. From the canyon there are countless side trips of unequalled beauty, including, of course, a visit to "Old Faithful" geyser, which may be counted on to display its charms regularly every 65 to 85 minutes.

In this park we find, too, Yellowstone lake, the largest mountain lake in the world with the one exception of Lake Titicaca in Peru. The waters seem to be framed by the peaks of the Absaroka range, extending south the length of the lake to Mount Sheridan, the snow-tipped crest of which is barely visible through the purple haze.

Leaving the lake, the road winds in and out among the mountains, and on every side there is a most unusual offering of natural wonders: The Frying Pan; Roaring mountain (a hillside of a thousand steam vents); Obsidian cliff, a mountain of volcanic glass, and many more. At Mammoth Hot Springs one sees the travertine terraces rise above tier, forming a wonderful cascade of springs on the side of Terrace mountain. In the evening the traveler can find patriotic entertainment over at Fort Yellowstone, where the United States cavalrymen pay honor to the flag at close of day. It is an inspiring sight, "way up in the mountains, with the gorgeous sun sinking to rest behind snow and gold-crowned peaks, painting their sides and the nearby forests in a profusion of metallic lusters."

**Many Mighty Peaks.** The Continental divide zigzags through the southwestern section of the park, and from it can be seen the weirdly beautiful Electric peak, which pierces the azure to a height of 11,155 feet. The name of this peak is obtained from a peculiar electric phenomenon which has been a matter for scientific study for years.

Other notable peaks in Yellowstone National park are: Bunsen peak, 9,100 feet high, named for R. M. Bunsen, a celebrated chemist; Mount Everts, 7,900 feet, named for T. C. Everts, a member of the Washburn party; Mr. Everts was found nearly dead after being lost from the 1870 expedition for 37 days; Mount Sheridan, 10,200 feet, named in honor of Gen. Phil Sheridan; Mount Langford, 10,600 feet, named for Explorer Langford, and Mount Washburn, 10,345 feet, named for Gen. H. D. Washburn.

It was up in the fastnesses of these peaks that the Nez Perces Indians lay in wait for the struggling streams of soldiers who had been sent to deliver to them a message of peace from the Great White Father in Washington.

In many places one can find traces of the soldiers' weary march. Crude bridges, just strong enough to bear the weight of the transport wagons, since replaced by artistic concrete structures, have been kept as monuments to the memory of the valiant men who battled here against the red-skin foe. One can see in many places the burns on the trees caused by the ropes the soldiers used in lowering their wagons and cannon down the precipitous sides of the mountains.

**Plenty of Wild Animals.** One of the very interesting things to the traveler in Yellowstone are the wild animals which roam through the reservation. Bison, genuine relics of the herds of other days, can be seen in their wild state. The government is making extensive experiments with this herd to increase it in numbers without reducing in any way the purity of the blood strain. The younger bison are generally kept in fenced enclosures to guard them from attacks of carnivorous animals roaming the park at night.

Bear are plentiful. They can be seen around the hotels every night, where they come for food. These are mostly black bear; but once in a while a big, old, silver-tip bear—the giants of their kind—comes down, and the black bear promptly scatter, for the silver-tip loves a fight with a black bear as much as he loves the refuse from hotel tables. And Mr. Black Bear knows it; hence his quick disappearance at such moments.

Soldiers are always on guard at feeding time, so that the traveler is protected in the event a bear sees something better than hotel refuse to chew upon. The bear are carefully watched, and if an animal shows signs of being unruly he is herded up into the less-frequented parts of the park. Should he continue to be vicious to a point where he is a menace, an army board sits in judgment upon him, and if he is found guilty the death sentence is passed.

But bears are not the only animals coming in for official censure. Mountain lions, wildcats and gray wolves sometimes prove so annoying that they must receive the same summary treatment from the military.

Down in the lower sections of the park, in the valleys and great meadows, are vast herds of elk and deer. Antelope usually seek out the more remote sections in summer, and consequently are not seen as often as the other wild denizens.

The lakes and streams abound with various species of fish, so that the angler can find plenty of the speckled tribe to test his skill and patience. The name Yellowstone is derived from Mi-tsi-a-da-zi, a word in Minatarae, one of the Sioux family of languages. Literally interpreted, it means "Rock Yellow river." The French equivalent, Roche Jaune, was in common use among the Indians as early as 1804, although when or by whom the name was given is unknown.

## LOVE AND CONTEST

By JANE OSBORN.

The woodthrushes were singing their evening song on the elms that surrounded and looked down upon the low-eaved farmhouse, but Metty Cramer did not hear them. To be sure, she was spending her usual after-supper hour on the "front stoop," but her thoughts were far from the songbirds. Open in her lap was the latest issue of the Hearth Companion. The magazine was open at the editorial pages and there, in large black-faced type, one might have seen these words: "Our Heart Problem Copiest."

"If you have a heart problem, we want you to write and tell us about it. Prizes will be awarded for the best letter and as many of the other letters as possible will receive personal answers with advice from one of our editors."

As she rose from the step she was too intent on her project to see the tall, erect, though muscle-weary figure of Si Larned as he came from his last duties in the barn, through the shadow of the house. Si enjoyed the distinction of being the one and only "hired man" on the Cramer farm.

Metty stole quietly to her father's desk and took from it the sole bottle of ink which the Cramer establishment boasted and, with this and her father's pen in hand she ascended to her own room, there to work out her problem, as she regarded it. Meantime Si sank down on the porch step. Why had Metty avoided him, he asked himself, and then he answered this question to his own satisfaction. "Of course, she wouldn't look at 'hired help' like me," he told himself. "Some city man will come along for her and then she won't look at me."

He thought he might be able to see Metty if he went into the house, so, absently picking up the magazine where Metty had left it, he rose and made his way into the sitting room.

Metty wasn't there, so the next best thing that occurred to him to do was to read the new number of the Hearth Companion.

On the last page of the magazine beyond the frontpiece he came to the editorial and, with keen attention to every word, he labored through it. Then, cautiously, he went to Cramer's desk and took out a pencil, delved into the woodbox for a piece of discarded wrapping paper and started toward the door with the magazine under his arm.

It was a month later, and neither Metty nor Si had received the answer to the problem that confronted them. Then came the Hearth Companion and, as Mr. Cramer had overtaken the mail carrier on his way back from the village that morning, he had come into possession of the magazine first.

"I guess you want to get a look at the new fashions," he told Metty as he came into the house and, passing it to her, he turned to Si, who had come in from the fields for his midday dinner. "Here, Si, here's a letter from the magazine folks. I guess they want you to subscribe to their magazine. And, by golly, if there isn't a letter for Metty, too!"

Si opened his letter hurriedly without excusing himself, and his strong sun-burned hand was fairly shaking with emotion and surprise when he took out an oblong of white paper, on which was written an order for one hundred dollars, payable to Si Larned. "We take great pleasure in announcing to you that your letter has been awarded the first prize in our 'heart problem' contest," it ran. "By way of giving you the help and advice we promised we wish to attract your attention to the letter published under the tenth place in the contest."

While Metty was still reading her letter—which announced that she had won a new patent vegetable press as a reward for having the tenth best letter, Si grasped the magazine which she had laid on the table. He turned past his own letter—which was published exactly as he had written it, save for the omission of his name—and passed on till he came to the tenth letter. Could this really have been written by Metty?

"I have not the slightest hope of winning a prize," the letter ran after giving a more or less minute autobiographical sketch. "My only wish in writing is that someone wiser than myself might give me advice. I am an uneducated simple farmer's daughter. My problem is the old, old problem. I love a young man who works for my father. I think I could make him love me if I could only live in different surroundings. I love the country and country life, but I believe he has ambitions. I know I could never be happy anywhere but in this or some similar secluded spot. My heart problem is this:—Since I cannot be happy in the way that would correspond to this man's ambitions, have I any right to make him love me? And since in his eyes I must be a simple country girl, how could I make him love me anyway?"

So intent had Si been in reading first the letter and then the magazine that he did not realize that Metty was at his side, reading the pages over his shoulder.

"Were you writing the gospel truth, Metty?" he asked. "I meant every word of it," she said, and then as her father shambled back into the room she whispered: "I wonder if he should ever have known if I hadn't been for the heart-problem contest." (Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## VOGUES AND VANITIES

JULIA BOTTOMLEY



Made to Wear With Full Frocks.

A clever petticoat of taffeta, made to wear with full frocks of sheer materials, substitutes a wide frill about the hips for the hoop which is usually inserted in a casing in the gown. It has several points of advantage over the hoop. The flare in the frill results from the stiffness of the taffeta and is supported by parallel corded tucks. The tucks are run in at two-inch intervals and a cord is run in the narrow hem which extends about the bottom and sides of the frill.

The petticoat is finished with shallow scalloped bottom, outlined with narrow frills which are extended into rosettes. It is shirred in at the waistline to a bodice and fastens in the back. The frill may be separate and fastened on at the waistline with snap fasteners, so that the petticoat will serve for wear with other gowns as well as those with a wide flare about the hips. With frocks of this character the frill is more graceful than the hoop and easier to manage. It is acceptable to women who will not go to the extreme of the hoop and is especially effective with dancing frocks.

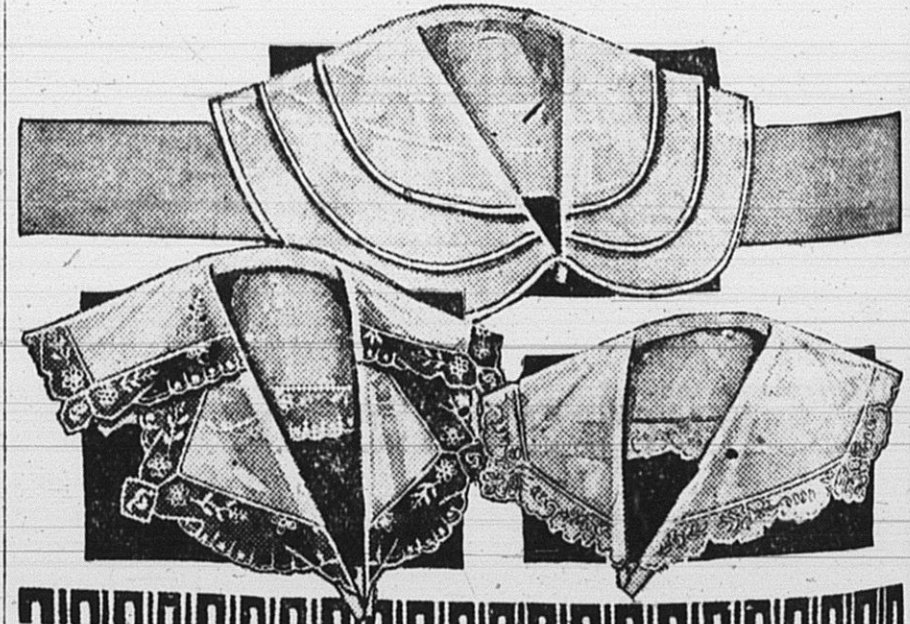
Taffeta is not the only silk used for petticoats but is the best choice for one of this particular kind. The Japanese wash silks and crepe de chine have steadily advanced in favor for making under-garments. Aside from the softness and luxury of silk it is the easiest of fabrics to launder. Like many fine, sheer cottons the soft, thin silks are far more durable than they look. They are to be washed in lukewarm water with white soap and ironed when about halfway dry, and they emerge from the right kind of washing and ironing with their original freshness and luster. The finer lingerie laces, some embroidery and small tucks, are employed for decorating the corset covers, chemise, and nightdresses made of wash silks.

**Minor Feature.** This trick of using facings that give a dashing color note to the costume is becoming one of the most important minor features of modern dress. It made its first appearance on the skirt, in the wide cascades of fabric that rippled down the right side from hip to hem; and after it was established in this part of the gown it appeared here and there over the entire costume.

The milliners recognize it as one of the most attractive ways to make a hat becoming to a face.

**Lingerie Seams.** Instead of joining the seams of lingerie with fine beading or having them hemstitched, you may try this method. Put about eight thicknesses of wrapping paper between the two edges to be seamed. Then with a loose tension on the sewing machine and a medium sized stitch, stitch as you would any seam. Pull the paper away and roll or hem down the raw edges of the seam. When the stitching is pulled apart it looks very much like hemstitching.

**Portiere Holders.** You will remember grandmother had these affairs frequently made of brass—now they are made of tin, given a lacquer of black paint, decorated with bright colored flowers and edged with golden guimp.



Between-Seasons Neckwear.

Designers of neckwear are casting about for new things to be introduced along with the presentation of gowns and other wear for fall. So far there is not much change in collars except that the cape collar has grown less at the front and considerably longer at the back. The shawl collar runs to extremes and becomes a cape, and the tchu has a few devotees. Neckwear is in the experimental stage and its makers must take their cue after the last word in frocks and blouses for fall has been spoken.

Meantime pretty organdie collars like those shown in the picture enjoy an undisturbed popularity. They are made in all white and in white with colored borders and embroidery. Three good examples of them are shown in the group.

One is a small triple cape collar of organdie which is delightfully crisp

and plain, having the three little capes finished with plain narrow hems. A design that is something between a cape and a sailor collar is of plain transparent organdie bordered with a fine embroidery of the same material. In nearly all bordered collars the stitching serves to join the embroidery to the collar.

A sailor collar with revers is made of white transparent organdie and bordered with a colored organdie bordered in white. It is one of the prettiest offerings of the artists in neckwear and will almost convert a plain waist into a costume piece.

**Cobweb Stockings.** Stockings are still as fine as cobwebs, and match the shoes in color. To go with dressy costumes they may have clocks embroidered in silk or beads.

# The Turmoil

By  
BOOTH TARKINGTON

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## CHAPTER XXXII (Continued).

Old Man Sheridan, mightily pleased with Bibbs, has gone to Mary Vertrees with the purpose of "fixing up" the "trouble" between her and his son. He wants to see the young folks happy.

"I'm sorry," said Mary. "I hoped you'd come because we're neighbors." He chuckled. "Neighbors! Sometimes people don't see so much of their neighbors as they used to. That is, I hear so lately."

"You'll stay long enough to sit down, won't you?" "I guess I could manage that much." And they sat down, facing each other and not far apart.

"Of course, it couldn't be called business, exactly," he said, more gravely. "Not at all, I expect. But there's something of yours it seemed to me ought to give you, and I just thought it was better to bring it myself and explain how I happened to have it. It's this—this letter you wrote my boy."

He extended the letter to her solemnly, in his left hand, and she took it gently from him. "It was in his mail, after he was hurt. You knew he never got it, I expect."

"Yes," she said, in a low voice. He sighed. "I'm glad he didn't. Not," he added, quickly—"not but what you did just right to send it. You did. You couldn't act any other way when it came right down to it. There ain't any blame comin' to you—you were aboveboard all through."

Mary said, "Thank you," almost in a whisper, and with her head bowed low.

"You'll have to excuse me for readin' it. I had to take charge of all his mail and everything; I didn't know the handwritin', and I read it all—once I got started."

"I'm glad you did." "Well," he leaned forward as if to rise—"I guess that's about all. I just thought you ought to have it."

"Thank you for bringing it." He looked at her hopefully, as if he thought and wished that she might have something more to say. But she seemed not to be aware of this glance, and sat with her eyes fixed sorrowfully upon the floor.

"Well, I expect I better be gettin' back to the office," he said, rising despondently. "I told—I told my partner I'd be back at two o'clock, and I guess he'll think I'm a poor business man if he catches me behind time. I got to walk the chalk a mighty straight line these days—with that fellow keepin' tabs on me!"

Mary rose with him. "I've always heard you were the hard driver!" He guffawed derisively. "Me? I'm nothin' to that partner o' mine. You couldn't guess to save your life how he keeps after me to hold up my end o' the job. I shouldn't be surprised he'd give me the grand bounce some day, and run the whole circus himself. You know how he is—once he goes at a thing!"

"No," she smiled. "I didn't know you had a partner. I'd always heard—" He laughed, looking away from her. "It's just my way o' speakin' o' that boy o' mine, Bibbs."

He stood then, expectant, staring out into the hall with an air of careless geniality. He felt that she certainly must say at least, "How is Bibbs?" but she said nothing at all, though he waited until the silence became embarrassing.

"Well, I guess I better be gettin' down there," he said, at last. "He might worry."

"Goodby—and thank you," said Mary. "For what?" "For the letter."

"Oh," he said, blankly. "You're welcome. Goodby."

Mary put out her hand. "Goodby." "You'll have to excuse my left hand," he said. "I had a little accident to the other one."

She gave a pitying cry as she saw. "Oh, poor Mr. Sheridan!" "Nothin' at all! Dictate everything nowadays, anyhow." He laughed jollily. "Did anybody tell you how it happened?"

"I heard you hurt your hand, but no—not just how."

"It was this way," he began, and both, as if unconsciously, sat down again. "You may not know it, but I used to worry a good deal about the youngest o' my boys—the one that used to come to see you sometimes, after Jim—that is, I mean Bibbs. He and the ole I spoke of as my partner; and the truth is that's what it's just about 'sain' to amount to, one o' these days—"

"If his health holds out. Well, you remember, I expect, I had him on a machine over at a plant o' mine; and sometimes I'd kind o' sneak in there and see how he was gettin' along. Take a doctor with me sometimes, because Bibbs never was so robust, you might say. One Doc Gurney—I guess maybe you know him? Tall, thin man; acts sleepy—"

"Yes." "Well, one day a n' ole Doc Gurney, we were in there, and I understood to show Bibbs how to run his

machine. He told me to look out, but I wouldn't listen, and I didn't look out—and that's how I got my hand hurt, tryin' to show Bibbs to do something he knew how to do and I didn't. Made me so mad I just wouldn't even admit to myself it was hurt—and so, by and by, ole Doc Gurney had to take kind o' radical measures with me. He's a right good doctor, too. Don't you think so, Miss Vertrees?"

"Yes." "Yes, he is so." Sheridan now had the air of a rambling talker and gossip with all day on his hands. "Folks here on Bibbs' case. I was talkin' about Bibbs' case with him this mornin'."

Well, you'd laugh to hear the way ole Gurney talks about that! Course he is just as much a friend as he is doctor—and he takes as much interest in Bibbs as if he was in the family. He thinks Bibbs isn't any ways bad off yet; and he thinks he could stand the pace and get fat on it if—well, this

is what'd make you laugh if you'd been there, Miss Vertrees—honest it would!" He passed to chuckle, and stole a glance at her. She was gazing straight before her at the wall; her lips were parted, and—visibly—she was breathing heavily and quickly. He feared that she was growing furiously angry; but he had led to what he wanted to say, and he went on, determined now to say it all. He leaned forward and altered his voice to one of confidential friendliness, though in it he still maintained a tone which indicated that ole Doc Gurney's opinion was only a joke he shared with her. "Yes, sir, you certainly would 'a' laughed! Why, that ole man thinks you got something to do with it. You'll have to blame it on him, young lady, if it makes you feel like startin' out to whip somebody!"

He's actually got this theory: he says Bibbs got to gettin' better while he worked over there at the shop because you kept him cheered up and feelin' good. And he says if you could manage to just stand him hangin' round a little—maybe not much, but just sometimes—agin, he believed it'd do Bibbs a mighty lot o' good. Course that's only what the doctor said. Me, I don't know anything about that; but I can say this much—I never saw any such a mental improvement in anybody in my life as I have lately in Bibbs. I expect you'd find him a good deal more entertaining than what he used to be—and I know it's a kind of embarrassing thing to suggest after the way he piled in over here that day to ask you to stand up before the preacher with him, but accordin' to ole Doc Gurney, he's got you on his brain so bad—"

Mary jumped. "Mr. Sheridan!" she exclaimed. He sighed profoundly. "There! I noticed you were gettin' mad. I didn't."

"No, no, no!" she cried. "But I don't understand—and I think you don't. What is it you want me to do?" "Well, well!" he said. "You're right. It'll be easier to talk plain. I ought to know I could with you, all the time. I just hoped you'd let that boy come and see you sometimes, once more. Could you?"

"You don't understand." She clasped her hands together in a sorrowful gesture. "Yes, we must talk plain. Bibbs heard that I'd tried to make you the oldest son care for me because I was poor, and so Bibbs came and asked me to marry him—because he was sorry for me. And I can't see him any more," she cried in distress. "I can't!"

Sheridan cleared his throat uncomfortably. "You mean because he thought that about you?"

"No, no! What he thought was true!"

"Well, you mean he was so much in love with you that he thought you were in love with him?"

"The words were inconceivably awkward upon Sheridan's tongue; he seemed to be in doubt even about pronouncing them, but after a ghastly pause he bravely repeated them. "You mean he thought so much of you that you just couldn't stand him around?"

"No! He was sorry for me. He cared for me; he was fond of me; and he'd respected me—too much! In the finest way he loved me, if you like, and he'd have done anything on earth for me, as I would for him, and as he knew I would. It was beautiful. Mr. Sheridan," she said. "But the cheap, bad things one has done seem always to come back—they wait, and pull you down when you're happiest. Bibbs found me out, you see; and he wasn't 'in love' with me at all."

"He wasn't? Well, it seems to me he gave up everything he wanted to do—it was fool stuff, but he certainly wanted it mighty bad—he just threw it away and walked right up and took the job he swore he never would—just for you. And it looks to me as if a man that'd do that must think quite a heap o' the girl he does it for! You say it was only because he was sorry, but let me tell you there's only one girl he could feel that sorry for! Yes, sir!"

"No, no," she said. "Bibbs isn't like other men—he would do anything for anybody."

Sheridan grinned. "Perhaps not so much as you think, nowadays," he said. "For instance, I got kind of a suspicion he doesn't believe in 'sentiment in business.' But that's neither here nor there. What he wanted was, just plain and simple, for you to marry him. Well, I was afraid his thinkin' so much of you had kind o' sickened you of him—the way it does sometimes. But from the way you talk, I understand that ain't the trouble." He coughed and his voice trembled a little. "Now here, Miss Vertrees, I don't have to tell you—because you see things easy—I know I got no business comin' to you like this, but I had to make Bibbs go my way instead of his own—I had to do it for the sake o' my business and on his own account, too—and I expect you got some idea how it hurt him to give up. Well, he's made good. He didn't come in half-hearted or mean; he came in—all the way! But there isn't anything in it to him; you can see he's just shut his teeth on it and goin' ahead with dust in his mouth. You see, one way of lookin' at it, he's got nothin' to work for. And it seems to me like it cost him your friendship, and I believe—honest—that's what hurt him the worst. Now you said we'd talk plain. Why can't you let him come back?"

She covered her face desperately with her hands. "I can't!"

He rose, defeated, and looking it. "Well, I mustn't press you," he said, gently.

At that she cried out, and dropped her hands and let him see her face. "Ah! He was only sorry for me!"

He gazed at her intently. Mary was proud, but she had a fatal honesty, and it confessed the truth of her now; she was helpless. It was so clear that even Sheridan, marveling and amazed, was able to see it. Then a change came over him; gloom fell from him, and he grew radiant.

"Don't! Don't!" she cried. "You mustn't—"

"I won't tell him," said Sheridan, from the doorway. "I won't tell anybody anything!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

There was a heavy town-fog that afternoon, a smoke-mist, densest in the sanctuary of the temple. The people went about in it, busy and dirty, thickening their outside and inside linings of coal-tar, asphalt, sulphurous acid, oil of vitriol, and the other familiar things the men liked to breathe and to have upon their skins and garments and upon their wives and babies and sweethearts. The growth of the city was visible in the smoke and the noise and the rush. There was more smoke than there had been this day of February a year earlier; there was more noise; and the crowds were thicker—yet quicker in spite of that. The traffic policeman had a hard time, for the people were independent—they retained some habits of the old market-town period, and would cross the street anywhere and anyhow, which not only got them killed more frequently than if they clung to the legal crossings, but kept the motormen, the chauffeurs and the truck drivers in a stew of profane nervousness. So the traffic policemen led hurried lives; they themselves were killed, of course, with a certain periodicity, but their main trouble was that they could not make the citizens realize that it was actually and mortally perilous to go about their city. It was strange, for there were probably no citizens of any length of residence who had not personally known either someone who had been killed or injured in an accident, or someone who had accidentally killed or injured others. And yet, perhaps it was not strange, seeing the sharp preoccupation of the faces—the people had something on their minds; they could not stop to bother about dirt and danger.

Mary Vertrees was not often downtown; she had never seen an accident until this afternoon. She had come upon errands for her mother connected with a timorous refurbishment; and as she did these, in and out of the department stores, she had an insistent consciousness of the Sheridan building. From the street, anywhere, it was almost always in sight, like some monstrous geometrical shadow, murky-colored and rising limitlessly into the swimming heights of the smoke-mist. It was gawdy and grimy and repellent;

it did nothing but strength and size—but in that consciousness of Mary's the great structure may have partaken of beauty. Sheridan had made some of the things he said emphatic enough to remain with her. She went over and over them—and they bent her to feel that sorry for!" "Gurney says he's got you on his brain so bad—" The man's clumsy talk began to ring in her heart. The song was begun there when she saw the accident.

She was directly opposite the Sheridan building then, waiting for the traffic to thin before she crossed; though other people were risking the passage, darting and halting and dodging parously. Two men came from the crowd behind her, talking earnestly, and started across. Both wore black; one was tall and broad and thick, and the other was taller, but noticeably slender. And Mary caught her breath, for they were Bibbs and his father. They did not see her, and she caught a phrase of Bibbs' mellow voice, which had taken a crisp ring: "Sixty-eight thousand dollars? Not sixty-eight thousand dollars?" It startled her queerly, and as there was a glimpse of his profile she saw for the first time a resemblance to his father.

She watched them. In the middle of the street Bibbs had to step ahead of his father, and the two were separated, but the reckless passing of a truck, beyond the second line of rails, frightened a group of country women who were in course of passage; they were just in front of Bibbs, and shoved backward upon him violently. To extricate himself from them he stepped back, directly in front of a moving trolley car—no place for absent-mindedness, but Bibbs was still absorbed in thoughts concerned with what he had been saying to his father. There were shrieks and yells; Bibbs looked the wrong way—and then Mary saw the heavy figure of Sheridan plunge straight forward in front of the car. With absolute disregard of his own life, he hurled himself at Bibbs like a football player shunting off an opponent, and to Mary it seemed that they both went down together. But that was all she could see—automobiles, trucks and wagons closed in between. She made out that the trolley car stopped jerkily, and she saw a policeman breaking his way through the instantly condensing crowd, while the traffic came to a standstill, and people stood up in automobiles or climbed upon the hubs and tires of wheels, not to miss a chance of seeing anything horrible.

Mary tried to get through; it was impossible. Other policemen came to help the first, and in a minute or two traffic was in motion again. The crowd became pliant, dispersing—there was no figure upon the ground, and no ambulance came. But one of the policemen was detained by the clinging and beseeching of a gloved hand.

"What is the matter, lady?" "Where are they?" Mary cried. "Who? Ole Man Sheridan? I reckon he wasn't much hurt!" "His son—"

"Was that who the other one was? I seen him knock him—oh, he's not bad off. I guess lady. The ole man got him out of the way all right. The fender shoved the ole man around some, but I reckon he only got shook up. They both went on in the Sheridan building without any help. Excuse me, lady."

Sheridan and Bibbs, in fact, were at that moment in the elevator, ascending. "Whisk-broom up in the office," Sheridan was saying. "You got to look out on these corners nowadays, I tell

you. I don't know I got any call to blow, though—because I tried to cross after you did. That's how I happened to run into you. Well, you remember to look out after this. We were talkin' about Murtrie's askin' sixty-eight thousand flat for that ninety-nine-year lease. It's his lookout if he'd rather take it that way, and I don't know but—"

"No," said Bibbs, emphatically, as the elevator stopped; "he won't get it. Not from us, he won't, and I'll show you why. I can convince you in five minutes." He followed his father into the office anteroom—and convinced him. Then, having been diligently brushed by a youth of color, Bibbs went into his own room and closed the door.

He was more shaken than he had allowed his father to perceive, and his side was sore where Sheridan had struck him. He decided to be alone, he wanted to rub his self and, for once, to do some useless thinking again. He knew that his father had not "happened" to run into him; he knew that Sheridan had instantly—and instinctively—proved that he held his own life of no account whatever compared to that of his son and heir. Bibbs had been unable to speak of that, or seem to know it; for Sheridan, just as instinctively, had swept the matter aside—as of no importance, since all was well—reverting immediately to business.

Bibbs began to think intently of his father. He perceived, as he had never perceived before, the shadowing of something enormous and indomitable—and lawless; not to be daunted by the will of nature's very self; laughing at the lightning and at wounds and mutilation; conquering, irresistible—and blindly noble. For the first time in his life Bibbs began to understand the meaning of being truly this man's son.

He would be the more truly his son henceforth, though as Sheridan said, Bibbs had not come downtown with him meanly or half-heartedly. He had given his word because he had wanted the money, simply, for Mary Vertrees in her need. And he shivered with horror of himself, thinking how he had gone to her to offer it, asking her to marry him—with his head on his breast in shameful fear that she would accept him! He had not known her; the knowing had lost her to him, and this had been his real awakening; for he knew now how deep had been that slumber wherein he dreamily celebrated the superiority of "friendship!" The sleep-walker had awakened to bitter knowledge of love and life, finding himself a failure in both. He had made a burnt offering of his dreams, and the sacrifice had been an unforgettable hurt to Mary. All that was left for him was the work he had chosen, but at least he would not fail in that, though it was indeed no more than "dust in his mouth." If there had been anything "to work for—"

He went to the window, raised it, and let in the uproar of the streets below. He looked down at the blurred, hurrying swarms—and he looked across, over the roofs with their panting jets of vapor, into the vast, foggy heart of the smoke. Dizzy traceries of steel were rising dimly against it, chattering with steel on steel, and screaming in steam, while tiny figures of men walked on threads in the dull sky. Buildings would overtop the Sheridan Bigness was being served.

But what for? The old question came to Bibbs with a new despair. Here, where his eye fell, had once been green fields and running brooks, and how had the kind earth been despoiled and disfigured! The pioneers had begun the work, but in their old age their orators had said for them that they had toiled and risked and sacrificed that their posterity might live in peace and wisdom, enjoying the fruits of the earth. Well, their posterity was here—and there was only turmoil. Where was the promised land? It had been promised by the soldiers of all the wars; it had been promised to this generation by the pioneers; but here was the very posterity to whom it had been promised, toiling and risking and sacrificing in turn—for what?

The harsh roar of the city came in through the open window, continuously beating upon Bibbs' ear until he began to distinguish a pulsation in it—a broken and irregular cadence. It seemed to him that it was like a titanic voice, discordant, hoarse, rustly metallic—the voice of the god, Bigness. And the voice summoned Bibbs as it summoned all its servants.

"Come and work!" it seemed to call. "Come and work for me, all men! By your youth and your hope I summon you! By your age and your despair I summon you to work for me yet a little, with what strength you have. By your love of home I summon you! By your love of woman I summon you! By your hope of children I summon you!"

"You shall be blind slaves of Mine, blind to everything but Me, your Master and Driver! For your reward you shall gaze only upon my ugliness. You shall give your toil and your lives, you shall go mad for love and worship of my ugliness! You shall perish still worshipping Me, and your children shall perish knowing no other god!"

And then, as Bibbs closed the window down tight, he heard his father's voice booming in the next room; he could not distinguish the words, but the tone was exultant—and there came the thump! thump! of the maimed hand. Bibbs guessed that Sheridan was bragging of the city and of the Bigness to some visitor from out of town.

And he thought how truly Sheridan was the high priest of Bigness. But with the old, old thought again, "What for?" Bibbs caught a glimmer of far, faint light. He saw that Sheridan had all his life struggled and conquered, and must all his life go on struggling and inevitably conquering, as part of a vast impulse not his own. Sheridan served blindly—but was the impulse blind? Bibbs asked himself if it was not he who had been in the greater hurry, after all. The kith must be fired before the vase is glazed, and the Acropolis was not crowned with marble in a day.

Then the voice came to him again, but there was a strain in it as of some huge music struggling to be born of the turmoil. "Ugly I am," it seemed to say to him, "but never forget that I am a god!" And the voice grew in sonorance and in dignity. "The

highest should serve, but so long as you worship me for my own sake I will not serve you. It is man who makes me ugly, by his worship of me. If man would let me serve him, I should be beautiful!"

Looking once more from the window, Bibbs sculptured for himself—in vague contortions of the smoke and fog above the roofs—a gigantic figure with feet pedaled upon the great buildings and shoulders disappearing in the clouds, a colossus of steel and wholly blackened with soot. But Bibbs carried his fancy further—for there was still a little poet lingering in the back of his head—and he thought that up over the clouds, unseen from below, the giant labored with his hands in the clean sunshine; and Bibbs had a glimpse of what he made there—perhaps for a fellowship of the children of the children that were children now—a noble and joyous city, unbelievably white—

It was the telephone that called him from his vision. It rang fiercely.

He lifted the thing from his desk and answered—and as the small voice inside it spoke he dropped the receiver with a crash. He trembled violently as he picked it up, but he told himself he was wrong—he had been mistak-

en—yet it was a startlingly beautiful voice; startlingly kind, too, and ineffably like the one he humpered most to hear.

"Who?" he said, his own voice shaking—like his hand.

"Mary."

He responded with two hushed and incredulous words: "Is it?"

There was a little thrill of pathetic half-laughter in the instrument. "Bibbs—I wanted to—just to see if you—"

"Yes—Mary?"

"I was looking when you were so nearly run over. I saw it, Bibbs. They said you hadn't been hurt, they thought, but I wanted to know for myself."

"No, no, I wasn't hurt at all—Mary. It was father who came nearer it. He saved me."

"Yes, I saw; but you had fallen. I couldn't get through the crowd until you had gone. And I wanted to know."

"Mary—would you have minded?" he said. There was a long interval before she answered.

"Yes."

"Then why—?" "Yes, Bibbs?"

"I don't know what to say," he cried. "It's so wonderful to hear your voice again—I'm shaking, Mary—I don't know—I don't know anything except that I am talking to you! It is you—Mary?"

"Yes, Bibbs!"

"Mary—I've seen you from my window at home—only five times since I—since then. You looked—oh, how can I tell you? It was like a man chained in a cave catching a glimpse of the blue sky. Mary, Mary, won't you—let me see you again—near? I think I could make you really forgive me—you'd have to—"

"I did—then."

"No—not really—or you wouldn't have said you couldn't see me any more."

"That wasn't the reason." The voice was very low.

"Mary," he said, even more tremulously than before, "I can't—you couldn't mean it was because you—can't mean it was because you—care?" There was no answer.

"Mary?" he called, huskily. "If you mean that—you'd let me see you—wouldn't you?"

And now the voice was so low he could not be sure it spoke at all, but if it did, the words were, "Yes, Bibbs—dear."

But the voice was not in the instrument—it was so gentle and so light, so almost nothing, it seemed to be made of air—and it came from the air.

Slowly and incredulously he turned—and glory fell upon his shining eyes. The door of his father's room had opened.

Mary stood upon the threshold.

THE END.

Work and the Colt. The newly brcker colt should not be worked too hard this spring. To such work just now may ruin him.



"Bibbs isn't Like Other Men."



He Hurled Himself at Bibbs.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, and its power of endurance—the cheerful man will do more in the same time, will do it better, will persevere in it longer, than the sad or sullen.—Caryle.

The frozen dishes made from sour milk and fruit combinations are so many that one may have a variety of these wholesome desserts. The Iowa station of agriculture originated this popular dish.

Raisin Lacto.—Beat the yolks and whites of two eggs separately; add three cupfuls of sugar, mixed with two quarts of sour milk and one and a half cupfuls of steamed raisins that have been finely chopped. When partly frozen add the juice of two lemons.

Summer Salad.—Cook a quart of fresh shelled lima beans in salted water. Drain and chill them. Peel and cut into dice two tart apples, chop two sweet green peppers and mix all together with mayonnaise dressing in which tarragon vinegar has been used.

Mint Cucumber Sandwiches.—For light summer refreshments dainty and delicious sandwiches may be prepared by dipping thin slices of cucumber in French dressing and sprinkling with chopped fresh mint on buttered bread. These sandwiches should not be made until they are just ready to serve, as the cucumbers lose their crispness by standing.

Nuts and Green Peas.—A delicious salad may be made by combining cooked green peas and English walnuts, using two parts of the peas to one of the nuts. Serve on lettuce with a mayonnaise or tiny boiled dressing that is well seasoned. One of the reasons why mayonnaise is not liked is because it may be made of oil that is not good or it lacks seasoning. Mayonnaise should have as much seasoning as any dressing. Onion juice, salt, mustard and red pepper in sufficient quantities will make a well-flavored dressing.

Tomato and Cucumber Salad.—Peel, slice and chill a half-dozen ripe tomatoes. Slice two or three cucumbers. Rub a salad bowl with a cut clove of garlic, arrange a foundation of lettuce and put in the cucumbers with the tomatoes for a border. Sprinkle with finely chopped mint and serve with a French dressing.

A most delicious dressing for a plain lettuce salad is the French dressing with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a half cupful of chopped Spanish onion, a tablespoonful each of red and green pepper, finely chopped, and a tablespoonful of powdered sugar with salt and pepper to taste. Use a cupful of oil and a third of a cupful of vinegar for this recipe.

SUMMERY DISHES.

The idle man does not know what it is to enjoy rest, for he has not earned it. Hard work, moreover, tends not only to give rest to the body, but what is even more important, peace to the mind. If we have done our best, to do, and to be, we can rest in peace.—Sir John Lubbock.

A dish to be thoroughly satisfying should appeal to the eye as well as the palate. The following is one which fills both requirements:

Pear Meringue With Custard Sauce.—Take even-sized pears and peel them, leaving on the stem. Place in a baking dish, add sugar, water and lemon-juice and bake until tender. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and when the pears are cold cover each with the meringue. Place in the oven to brown. Serve with a custard made from a pint of milk, two eggs, a quarter of a cupful of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Cook until smooth. Chill and pour around the pears on a serving dish.

Pear Fritters.—Mix one and one-third cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Add gradually two-thirds of a cupful of milk, one egg, slightly beaten. Pare two large pears and cut in slices, then stir into the batter. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and fry until brown. Serve with a hot liquid sauce. For peach fritters use a cupful and a fourth of flour.

Chicken With Sour Cream Gravy.—Cut up a chicken or fowl as for fricassee and cook until tender; do not salt the meat until it is nearly cooked. When perfectly tender remove to a platter and place around it crisp baking-powder biscuits, split and buttered. Take a cupful and a half of the chicken broth, add three-fourths of a cupful of sour cream; cook together a tablespoonful and a half of butter and the same of flour, then add the hot broth and cream; do not boil after the cream is added. Pour this over the meat that has been dredged with flour and browned in butter.

An old fowl may be cooked tender and delicious if covered with sweet fresh milk and set in a slow oven to cook until tender; add salt at the last of the cooking. A small piece of onion adds flavor to the dish and can be added to the milk.

Work and the Colt. The newly brcker colt should not be worked too hard this spring. To such work just now may ruin him.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

COOL FOODS FOR SULTRY DAYS.

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SUMMERY DISHES.



Under the Old Oak Tree that tete tete you are looking forward to at THE COMING PICNIC will be less formal and far more enjoyable if a two, three or five pound box of OUR CHOICE CONFECTIONS be thoroughly discussed—under the Old Oak Tree. CANDY KITCHEN Phone 38

S. A. MAPES, Funeral Director and Embalmer. H. M. ARMOUR, Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist. A. L. STERGER, Dentist. STIVERS & KALMBACH, Attorneys at Law. C. C. LANE, Veterinarian. CHAS. STEINBACH, Harness and Horse Goods. GEORGE W. BECKWITH, Real Estate Dealer.

For Sale or Exchange The Northern Hotel and Feed Barn in Cedar Springs, 2 1/2 miles north of Grand Rapids, in Kent county, on G. R. & I. and T. S. & M. Railroads, for Chelsea residence property or small farm or farms. P. M. Slaybaugh, At the Consumer's Power Co.'s plant or at his residence, 210 Washington street, Chelsea.

400 TYPEWRITERS! REMINGTONS, 512, SMITH-PREMIERS, 512 Let Your Children Learn Typewriting at Home During Vacation. Instruction Book FREE. Ask EMPIRE TYPE FOUNDRY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Notice of Sale Notice is hereby given that by virtue of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in favor of Jacob Steinbach, against the goods and chattels and real estate of Henry W. Schmidt, in said county, to be directed and delivered, I did, on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1916, levy upon and take all the right title interest of the said Henry W. Schmidt in and to the following described land: to-wit: The east half (1/2) of the southeast one-fourth section sixteen (16) in the Township of Bridgewater, County of Washtenaw, and state of Michigan, the said right title and interest of said Henry W. Schmidt in said lands, being estimated as a one-third (1/3) interest; all of which I shall expose for sale at public vendue to the highest bidder at the south front door of the court house in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, that being the place of holding the Circuit Court for said county, on the 26th day of October, 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

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 1st day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and sixteen. Present, William H. Murray, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Maria B. Schauble, deceased. On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Mary Faust, praying that a certain paper in writing and now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of Maria B. Schauble, be admitted to probate and that Mary Faust, the executor named in said will, or some other suitable person be appointed executor thereof, and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed. It is ordered, that the 2nd day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, said probate office be appointed for hearing said petition. 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] ELIZA ANNEBOURNE, Register.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCISCO VILLAGE.

Herman Benter, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his mother. Frank Helle and family spent Sunday with friends in Leon. Mrs. Sadie Frey and son, Arthur, visited in Jackson Saturday. Geo. Scherer spent Sunday and Monday with relatives in Benton Harbor. Miss Selma Benter, who spent last week in Saginaw, returned home Sunday. Mrs. Jakob Siegrist, of Jackson, visited her sister, Mrs. Martha Taylor, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. George Maute of west Francisco visited Mrs. Matilda Horning Sunday. Mrs. Lewis Heselchwerdt, of Sharon, spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. C. H. Plowe. Mrs. M. H. Fyler, of Chelsea, visited her niece, Mrs. Henry Frey, Thursday and Friday. Mrs. John Norman, of Grass Lake, spent part of last week with her sister, Mrs. John Helle. William Tisch, of Waterloo, spent Sunday at the home of his son, John Tisch and family. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Feiwert, of Detroit, visited Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bohne one day last week. Miss Ella Benter and Sheldon H. Frey began their senior work in the Grass Lake high school Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Vicary, of Jackson, were Francisco and Waterloo visitors over the week end and Labor Day. Mrs. William Jones and son, Claire Richards, of Jackson, were guests of Mrs. and Mrs. John Seid on Labor Day. Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Angell, of Columbus, Ohio, visited Mrs. Angell's sister, Mrs. Henry Frey, the first of the week. Mrs. Ray Bigcraft and son Arthur, of Jackson, spent part of the week with Mrs. Morris Hammond and Mrs. C. H. Plowe. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Fitzenmaier and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Kuhl, of Freedom, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Walz. Mrs. Martha Seckenger and daughter, Mrs. George Scherer, spent part of last week with Will Seckinger and family at South Bend. Louis and Walter Kalmbach, of Detroit, returned Monday evening after spending a few days with their mother, Mrs. Emma Kalmbach. Milton Bohne, who has been time-keeper for the extra gang on the M. C. at this point, has been transferred to Wayne in the same capacity. Mr. and Mrs. Chris Kalmbach, of Sylvan, and Mr. and Mrs. Morris Hammond were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. John List near Grass Lake. Mrs. Robert McDonald and son Warren, of St. Thomas, Ont., spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Frey. They were accompanied home by Miss Helen Udell, who has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Hazel Frey, the past few weeks. The large barn on the farm of Chas. Kalmbach about a mile west of town was struck by lightning Monday night and entirely consumed with its contents of hay, grain, a horse and three calves. It is a hard blow to Mr. Kalmbach as he has only partially recovered from the accident he received while hunting deer in northern Michigan last fall when a stray bullet shattered the bone of his limb from the hip to the knee.

SUGAR LOAF LAKE.

Mr. Hart spent Saturday with his son in Jackson. Miss Margaret Guinan began her school near Manchester Monday. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rowe spent Sunday with friends at Portage lake. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rowe and son Floyd, spent Monday in Stockbridge. Mr. and Mrs. John Brietenbach entertained company from Detroit Sunday. Myron Grant, of Detroit, spent Sunday and Monday at the home of S. L. Leach. Mr. and Mrs. L. Guinan entertained company from Freedom and Clinton Sunday. Mrs. Geo. W. Beeman entertained her sister from Woodland the first of the week. School began in the Howe district last Monday with Miss Clara Riemschneider as teacher. John Brietenbach, who was taken seriously ill while threshing last week, is able to resume his work. Leo and Florence Guinan, of Detroit, spent Sunday and Monday at the home of their parents here. Mrs. Wm. Kruse and children, of Mason, spent several days of last week at the home of Geo. W. Beeman. Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Connor, of Peoria, Ill., visited at the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Alice O'Connor, last week. Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Howlett and daughter Mae, and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Howlett spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Rowe.

LIMA TOWNSHIP NEWS.

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