

## YOUNG WOMAN HAS FALL

Miss Margaret McCloskey Painfully Injured Tuesday Evening.

Miss Margaret McCloskey, daughter of superintendent of schools, J. E. McCloskey, was painfully injured Tuesday evening when she fell and struck her head on the walk in front of O. D. Schneider's store. She was unconscious for several hours, and serious results were feared, but is now considered to be recovering nicely.

Miss McCloskey was running when the accident occurred and not noticing some tomato plant boxes on the walk, caught her toe against one and fell headlong.

Dr. H. W. Schmidt happened to be nearby and rendered first aid and Mrs. C. F. Smith took the young lady home in her automobile.

## MCARTHUR-BENTON.

A charming home wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Charles McArthur, 531 North Blackstone St., Jackson, Wednesday evening, June 30, 1920, when her daughter, Miss Marion became the bride of Mr. Evert L. Benton of Chelsea. Rev. Frederick Spence, D. D., performed the ceremony at eight o'clock, using the ring service.

Miss Olive Taylor played the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin as the members of the bridal party took their places. The bride was attended by Miss Mabel Mills of Jackson and Mr. Leon Shutes of Chelsea was best man. Pink roses and elderberry blossoms were used for the beautiful house and table decorations. Following the wedding collation Mr. and Mrs. Benton left on a short wedding trip. They will make their home in Chelsea. Mrs. Benton was formerly a teacher in the Chelsea school, and many friends here will welcome her return.

About forty guests were present for the wedding, coming from Chelsea, Lansing, Leslie and Pontiac.

## LIMING ALFALFA.

The benefit of using lime to insure a good stand of alfalfa is demonstrated on the farm of Ferman Clements of Saline.

The field was prepared in the usual way except a strip of land was left where no lime was applied. A large growth of heavy dark green alfalfa surrounds the strip where no lime was used and the strip itself has sufficient plants but all are weak and undersized and the foliage is a yellowish color. Field sorrel is also very common on the unplanted area.

Mr. Clements used ground lime stone at the rate of two tons per acre.

## HUNTER-BOHNET.

Miss Erma Hunter of Ann Arbor, formerly of Chelsea, and Mr. Fred Bohnet of Detroit were united in marriage Wednesday, June 30, 1920, in Manchester, Rev. A. A. Schoen officiating. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Roy French of this place.

## THAT YELLOW LABEL.

That little yellow address label on your Tribune also tells when your subscription expires. We will appreciate it if you will glance at yours, please, and if you are in arrears we will appreciate it again if you will slip us the coin. Print paper is high and we need the money.

## No Red Without White and Blue



## NO PAPER TUESDAY

The next regular edition of the Tribune, Tuesday, July 6th, will be omitted, as has been the custom in previous years, in order that the office force may have a holiday on Monday with the unusual luxury of the entire day "off." The next issue of the Tribune will be on Friday, July ninth.

News matter and advertising which would regularly appear in Tuesday's paper, will be published next Friday, July 9th. Please remember that there will be—

## NO PAPER TUESDAY

## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Brief Items, of Interest in Chelsea and Vicinity, From Nearby Towns and Localities.

**PINCKNEY**—Mrs. L. D. Brokaw formerly of this place, died June 23 at her home in Detroit. The body was brought here for interment Saturday afternoon.

**HOWELL**—A big Mitchell car turned turtle twice at Long Lake Tuesday evening. Miss Carmen Case of Brighton was driving. Neither she nor her friend, Mr. Hart of Flushing, were seriously injured. The car was badly wrecked.

**LAKELAND**—"Bud" Chapman of Toledo was burned about the face Tuesday afternoon when a gasoline motor launch exploded. Chapman and four companions jumped into the water when the motor exploded and the launch burned. None of the others were injured and Chapman's burns are not serious.

## IN THE CHURCHES

### METHODIST

Rev. H. R. Beatty, Pastor.  
The theme for Sunday, July 4, will be "Christian Patriotism." Bible school at 11:15. Evening service at 7:30; sermon subject, "The Building and Purpose of a Christian."

### CONGREGATIONAL

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.  
Next Sunday is Independence Day, and we will observe it in a fitting way. The pastor will speak on "Making An American." Sunday school at 11:15 o'clock.

### ST. PAUL'S

Rev. G. W. Krause, Pastor.  
Services at 10:00 a. m. Sunday school at 11:15.

### CATHOLIC

Rev. Henry VanDyke, Rector.  
Low Mass at 8 a. m. High Mass at 10 a. m. Baptism at 11 a. m. Mass on week days at 8 a. m.

### WATERLOO ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vicary spent from Friday until Monday at New Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Beeman, Andrew Harr, and Mamie and Walter Harr motored to Jackson, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Soper and children spent Sunday at Mrs. Leake's in Ann Arbor.

George Emmons, Ida and Dannie Emmons, and Ben Barber and family motored to Lansing, Thursday of last week, to attend the Sears reunion.

The annual Rowe picnic was held at Clear Lake, Saturday, with 54 present. The annual Ranciman picnic was held the same place Tuesday with 58 present.

Mrs. Jane Cooper is visiting in Dryden. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cooper expect to drive there Saturday and remain over Sunday.

Loretta and Evelyn Soper spent Tuesday at Helen Beeman's.

Ella Bentner of Francisco spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Floyd Rowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Riemenschneider, Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Riemenschneider and daughter, and George Beeman and family called at Orson Beeman's Sunday.

Robert and LaVerne Foster of Chelsea spent the past week at their grandfather's, Clad Rowe.

Orville Horton is having a new roof put on his barn.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cooper entertained on Sunday; Mr. and Mrs. Leo Merkel and children and Mr. and Mrs. Gay Harton.

Mrs. Robert Marshall and daughter of Jackson have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bott.

## REED BABY IN A. A.

Not all the human freaks are confined in the circus museums. An advertiser in the Ann Arbor Times-News offers for sale: "A genuine reed baby carriage, \$20."

## TUBERCULOSIS CLINIC.

On Tuesday, July 6, from 10 o'clock a. m. to three o'clock p. m., there will be held a free tuberculosis clinic at Red Cross headquarters in the Wilkinson building. This is for men, women and children. Everyone who has had attacks of the influenza or pneumonia, or has a tired feeling with loss of weight is especially urged to attend.

Dr. VanderSlice, head of the Michigan Tuberculosis association, will be one of the examining physicians.

This clinic is made possible by the sale of the Anti-Tuberculosis seals at Christmas time.

A baby clinic will be held at the same place and at the same time.

A carload of Plymouth binder twine just received at Holmes & Walker's store.

## WANT AND FOR SALE ADS

Five cents per line first time, 2 1/2 cents per line each consecutive time.

Minimum charge 15 cents.  
**TRY A "LINER" AD**  
when you have a want, or something for sale, to rent, lost, found, etc. The cost is trifling.

**FOR SALE**—3 burner gas plate. C. H. Stephenson, 548 N. Main street, Chelsea. 841f

**FOR RENT**—3 furnished rooms for light housekeeping, cor. Jefferson and Madison Sts. 841f

**WANTED**—Dining room girls; at Crescent Hotel. 841f

**AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY**  
now open for hand screw or Gridley automatic operations. Parker Mfg. Co., Ann Arbor.

## FOR SALE—

6 room house \$1600, \$500 down.

5 room house, 2 acres fine garden land, \$2500, \$800 down.

Modern 6 room bungalow, 1 1/2 acres land, \$3,200, \$1000 down.

Modern 7 room house, centrally located, \$3000, \$1500 down.

8 room house, everything up to the minute, garage for two cars, centrally located, price \$5000, half down.

I. L. VanGieson, phone 271, Chelsea, Mich. 8314

**NOTICE**—Dr. A. L. Brock is taking a vacation. His dental office will be closed until July 19th. 8312

**WANTED**—Girl or woman for general housework, in family two. Inquire 123 Harrison St. 8312

**FOR SALE**—Work team; 10 and 12 yrs. old, wt. 2400 lbs. H. L. Pierce phone 161-F12. 8312

**FOR SALE**—House, barn and 2 lots; Round Oak heater and base-burner coal stove. Mrs. Bion Raymond, 431 Railroad St. 8214

**WANTED**—Middle aged woman for housekeeper. J. M., care Tribune, Chelsea. 8212

**FOR SALE**—Large 9 room house and fine 18x30 ft. garage; with two lots \$2,950.00, or with 4 lots \$3,900.00; a bargain and fine location. 792 So. Main st., Chelsea. 811f

**JACKSON NEWS** delivered every morning, daily and Sunday, only 15¢ per week; daily only, only 10¢ per week. Try it. Paul Axtell, Agt., phone 190-J. 741f

**FOR SALE**—Old newspapers for wrapping, shelves, etc. Large bundle only five cents at the Tribune office.

**WANTED**—People in this vicinity who have any legal printing required in the settlement of estates, etc., to have it sent to the Chelsea Tribune. The rates are universal in such matters, and to have your notices appear in this paper it is only necessary to ask the probate judge to send them to the Chelsea Tribune.

## DETROIT UNITED LINES

Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti and Detroit.  
Eastern Standard Time—Effective June 15, 1920.

**Limited Cars**  
For Detroit 8:45 a. m. and every two hours to 8:45 p. m.  
For Jackson 9:15 a. m. and every two hours to 9:15 p. m.

**Express Cars**  
Eastbound—7:30 a. m. and every two hours to 7:30 p. m.  
Westbound—10:25 a. m. and every two hours to 10:25 p. m. Express cars make local stops west of Ann Arbor.

**Local Cars**  
Eastbound—10:25 p. m. For Ypsilanti only, 11:52 p. m.  
Westbound—8:25 a. m., 12:29 p. m. Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Saline and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

## -A Modern Maxim-

"A man is judged, not alone by the company he keeps, but by the manner in which he pays his bills."

The fellow who produces a roll of bills and peels off the number required to meet an obligation might formerly have created a favorable impression.

Nowadays people are likely to wonder why he isn't progressive enough to keep his money in bank and check it out as needed.

How do you pay your bills?

## THE KEMP COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

Chelsea, Michigan

Member Federal Reserve Bank

## Used Cars

We have the best bar-

gains in town --- can

save you \$50.00 to

\$100.00 on city prices.

See us before buying.

## PALMER MOTOR SALES COMPANY

## Princess : Theatre

Open Every Night Except Mondays and Fridays, starting each night at 7:15; 2d show at 8:45  
Matinee Every Wednesday Afternoon at 3:30

Saturday, July 3d

Enid Bennett in

"PARTNERS THREE"

Bray Pictograph

Tuesday, July 6th

William Russell in

"EASTWARD HO!"

Gaiety Comedy

Sunday, July 4th

Elaine Hammerstein in

The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes

Pollard Comedy

Wednesday, July 7th

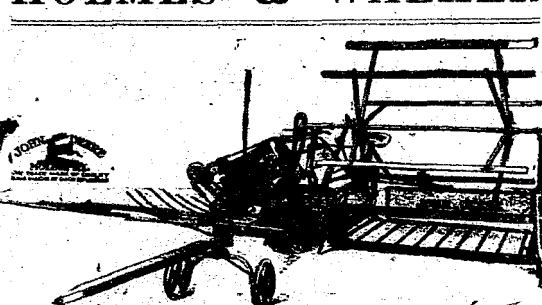
Norma Talmadge in

"SHE LOVES

AND LIES"

Twice-a-Week Tribune — \$1.50-a-Year

## HOLMES & WALKER



It will soon be time to use a Bin-

der, and the JOHN DEERE Binders always give

the best of satisfaction. We have them.

—Also John Deere Mowers and Haying Machinery

No matter what you may need

in Farm Machinery, it will pay you to see our line

before you buy.

HOLMES & WALKER

"We Always Treat You Right"

## Saturday Specials

July 3d

Palm Olive Toilet Soap per bar - 9c

Best heavy Jar Rubbers per dozen 7c

Best Blue Rose Rice per pound - 16c

Palmetto brand N. Orleans Molasses 25c

(2 1/2 pound size)

Sweet Chocolate, 1-4 lb. cakes - 10c

Argo Corn Starch, one lb. package 9c

Empire Cocoa, 9 ounce cans - 22c

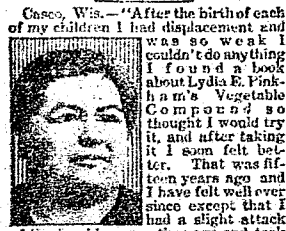
## KEUSCH & FAHRNER

Home of Old Tavern Coffee

Mr. and Mrs. George Fuller.

## TOO WEAK TO DO ANYTHING

A Serious Female Illness Remedied  
By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Casco, Wis.—"After the birth of each of my children I had displacement and was so weak I couldn't do anything. I found a book about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I thought I would try it, and after taking it I soon felt better. That was fifteen years ago and I have felt well ever since except that I had a slight attack of the trouble some time ago and took some more of your Compound and was soon all right again. I always recommend your medicine and you may publish my testimonial for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. J. L. BROWN, JR., R. 1, Box 39, Casco, Wis.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills in this country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials prove this fact.

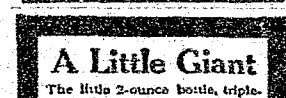
If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

## VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

## GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.



## Not A Blemish

mass the perfect appearance of her complexion. Permanent and temporary skin troubles are effectively concealed. Reduces unsightly pimples and cures greasy skin. Highly antiseptic, used with beneficial results as a curative agent for 70 years.

## GOULD'S Oriental Cream

The little 2-ounce bottle, triple-strength, true-blue equals two full quarts, and costs only 15c. Sprinkle a drop or two of

## "Little Boy Blue"

Original Condensed Liquid Bluing in the rinsing water. Makes clothes glow white. Never streaks or spots. Beware of imitations.

## BIG ULCER ALL HEALED

"Here is another letter that makes me happy," says Peterson, of Hudson. "One that I would rather have than a thousand dollars."

"Money isn't everything in this world. There is money a big hearted, rich man who would give all he has on earth to be able to produce a remedy with such restful healing power as Peterson's Ointment to sell at all druggists for 25 cents a large box."

Dear Sir:—  
"I was an untold sufferer from old running sores and ulcers. I had tried most everything without any relief from pain. A friend told me of your wonderful ointment and the first box took away the pain that had not left me before in years, and after using just nine dollars' worth of the ointment I am cured. The ulcer was 3 inches by six inches. It is all healed and I can walk. Never, never will I be without Peterson's again."

"You may use this to recommend your ointment. If you wish, I cannot say enough to praise it. Yours truly, Mrs. Albert Peterson, Medina, N. Y. Mail order filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y."

## Why?

People prefer pills provided prompt and proper performance proves promise. Beecham's Pills are used by people all over the globe and have the largest sale of any medicine in the world!

**BEECHAM'S PILLS** In boxes, 10c, 25c

**Rheumatism-Neuritis** Send for one week Three Course Trial Treatment, take it, IF BENEFITED PAY \$1. If not pay nothing. Anti-Rheumatism Co., E. Walnut St., Lansing, Mich.

## The One Out of Ten

By MERCED DE PINA

(Copyright 1931 by Mercury Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mrs. Emory gave a dinner for her sister Alice's chum, who was visiting them. First among the invited were Jack Wilford, an old comrade, and Howard Teller, a distinctly eligible friend of Jack's.

People are apt to wonder what formed the bond between Alice and Mary Grant, for the latter gave a first impression of merely quiet charm. There was nothing forceful about her, except, perhaps, an angle of her chin. As a matter of fact she was an athlete of great skill without, so modest that only her few friends knew of her prowess.

After dinner the guests scattered before settling to bridge—the business of the evening. A few gathered around a window, through which the glare of a street lamp attracted all eyes to a huge machine outside the door. Teller claimed ownership.

"Aren't you afraid to leave it out there unprotected?" asked one of the men.

Teller laughed carelessly. "Not a bit! It's anchored, safe enough, with the spark-plug out, and if I should forget to take that precaution, why— even down home, not one in ten of the boys cares to handle that car."

"You are an enthusiastic motorist, Mr. Teller?" interrupted Mary.

He turned and stared, unable to fathom her tone.

Jack spoke. "He's a fiend, a perpetual break-the-record maniac."

"Can't help it, with that car?"

Jack, who knew Mary well, looked a question when Teller presently drifted away.

Mary shook her head. "He's too sure of himself—and others, I would like to see—"

"But he said 'not one out of ten.'"

"I'm the one!"

"I'm the truth?" she declared confidently. "If only the spark plug happened to be in!"

"It would serve him right," admitted Jack respectfully. "I'll join you as soon as I've telephoned him. I'll tell him to meet us at Fox's Bend, but that if we don't show up in twenty minutes or less, we're not coming. He's a regular old chum, and I'm sure of catching him. Wait for me!"

"No fear! I need you as witness."

"You're sure?"

"Covered!"

Not five minutes later, two figures, keeping well in shadow, stealthily approached Teller's machine. Mary, a little ahead, made a hurried inspection of the car before Jack reached her side.

"Fete!" she greeted him. "He has over-reached himself—the spark plug is in."

The glare of the street light simplified their shirt. Under Mary's expert guidance the car bounded forward, then settled into a smooth, rushing glide, as they sped along, quite inconspicuously, and incredibly soon Jack, who had dictated their route, leaned forward and exclaimed:

"There's Ben!"

Quickly they stopped and descended, extinguishing the lights and replacing the rug over the radiator, lastly removing the spark plug. This Mary slipped into her coat pocket as Jack helped her into the carriage. Ben had waiting for them with a fast horse attached.

"Just keep your eye on that car until it's driven for, Ben," said Jack, as they drove away. "And your tongue quiet."

"Aye, sir," responded the village factotum imperceptibly, quite unconcerned except with the extra bill in his pocket.

The conspirators re-entered the drawing room to find the bridge tables forming.

In the interest of cards the little incident was forgotten, and at the end of the evening to one, in the midst of good nights, thought of connecting it with Teller's exclamation as he looked out of the window. Curiously drew to his side those who had lingered, and each echoed his cry.

## LEAVE GIRL TO DIE UNDER CAR

Men Force Her Chum Into Another Machine and Drive Away.

Tragedy Is Culmination of Wild Ride of Intoxicated Party—Girl's Wrist Watch Fused by the Heat.

New York.—Despite the pleadings of a girl companion, who begged them to try to save her companion who was being cremated beneath a burning automobile, two men, both under the influence of liquor, forced the companion into another automobile and drove away while the screams of the burning girl grew fainter and fainter.

The girl, whose identity is unknown save that her name was Helen, was of a party of four in an automobile that turned turtle at Old Mill road and Queens boulevard shortly after four o'clock in the morning.

The tragedy, the culmination of a wild ride, was witnessed by Anthony Kutillas and his wife, who live almost opposite the spot where the accident happened, and Thomas Fischer of 1823 Palmetto street, Ridgewood, N. J.

Awakened by screams.

The Kutillas were awakened by the screams of two girls shortly after three o'clock. They rushed to a window and saw an automobile ramming a sleeping house just their house. The automobile soon disappeared, but the screams of the girls could still be heard.

In a few moments the car returned, running at a high rate of speed and stopped when the driver saw a stalled car belonging to Fischer. Stopping but a few seconds, the chauffeur started again with such speed that the car overturned.

The two men and one of the women were thrown clear of the wreckage, but the second girl had been pinned beneath the wreckage. Flames burst out immediately.

The girl who had been thrown from the car was uninjured and, according to Mr. and Mrs. Kutillas and Fischer,

"I never saw her again."

"Why—yes," said Mary.

"Want to drive?" asked Teller, as they started.

"I?" cried the girl in surprise.

"Why not?" he continued coolly. "Lots easier by day."

"Since you took my car, you'll have to include me."

Again Mary laughed, this time a little merrily.

A wave of confusion seized her. "But I had no idea you'd take it this way!" she blurted.

"Never can tell," retorted Teller. "It takes all forms."

"I just couldn't resist," murmured Mary, and grew furious because it sounded like an apology. "You seemed so—"

"A regular hothead," admitted Teller, proving his sportsmanship in the confession, "but you can't say I'm not a good sport."

"I'm not sure," said Mary slowly. "May I drive?" she asked, with apparent irresolution.

"You drove—back home. If you like," he commanded. "We'll start fair, all over again; just to prove," he lighted his pipe, "that I am a good sport, and a good driver."

But Mary only laughed again, the same low gurgle that had teased his ears and memory; this time, however, with something of a quiver in it that thrilled him to the hope of victory.

## CALLING THE CATTLE HOME

In the Mountains of North Carolina the Note of the Yodel Is Still Heard.

I sometimes wonder where the cattle calls heard in the North Carolina mountains came from, whether sedulously handed down from one generation to the next, Winifred Kirkland writes in the Outlook.

When the sheep come scurrying and scurrying with sharp, hurried bleatings across a pasture soon with bawling cry and snoring as themselves, the cry that brings them to the salting is "sheep-woan, sheep-woan."

When the cowbells are near at hand, their incessant clamor subdued by enfolding tree and bush, there is no need of calling the cows home, but when these are slow in returning from pasture in the long gold twilight, then the cattle call of the mountaineers is a cry long to be remembered.

Some mountain woman standing by the bars suddenly straightens and breathes deep, then utters a rich yodel that rings and echoes far and far up the black recesses of every where knows what mysterious meaning her own holds the cows. Patient, far-reaching, musing, it summons until the far bells reluctantly thinkle, and slowly come nearer and nearer, presently emerge from deep forest gloom. While the cows shamble down to the home gate from our haunted ravine rings the sweet bell note of the wood thrush, chiming on and on, at recurring intervals, until full darkness presses the forest, when another bird begins, and the patches of the wild, poor-will bones from the wood like the wail of an elfin ball.

## IS BURNED TO CINDER

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## ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

Manchester, O.—Identity of a beautiful girl buried in a graveyard three miles from here will never be known. She appeared at a fair and was taken in for the night. She left in the morning, and three days later she was found on a deserted houseboat, alone and near death from starvation and exposure. When turned over to local Red Cross workers, she said: "I have cut all home ties. There is nothing on me by which I can be identified. I don't want my family to know of my fate." She lived two days but never made any other statement.

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"Never can tell," retorted Teller. "It takes all forms."

"I just couldn't resist," murmured Mary, and grew furious because it sounded like an apology. "You seemed so—"

"A regular hothead," admitted Teller, proving his sportsmanship in the confession, "but you can't say I'm not a good sport."

"I'm not sure," said Mary slowly. "May I drive?" she asked, with apparent irresolution.

"You drove—back home. If you like," he commanded. "We'll start fair, all over again; just to prove," he lighted his pipe, "that I am a good sport, and a good driver."

But Mary only laughed again, the same low gurgle that had teased his ears and memory; this time, however, with something of a quiver in it that thrilled him to the hope of victory.

When the sheep come scurrying and scurrying with sharp, hurried bleatings across a pasture soon with bawling cry and snoring as themselves, the cry that brings them to the salting is "sheep-woan, sheep-woan."

When the cowbells are near at hand, their incessant clamor subdued by enfolding tree and bush, there is no need of calling the cows home, but when these are slow in returning from pasture in the long gold twilight, then the cattle call of the mountaineers is a cry long to be remembered.

Some mountain woman standing by the bars suddenly straightens and breathes deep, then utters a rich yodel that rings and echoes far and far up the black recesses of every where knows what mysterious meaning her own holds the cows. Patient, far-reaching, musing, it summons until the far bells reluctantly thinkle, and slowly come nearer and nearer, presently emerge from deep forest gloom. While the cows shamble down to the home gate from our haunted ravine rings the sweet bell note of the wood thrush, chiming on and on, at recurring intervals, until full darkness presses the forest, when another bird begins, and the patches of the wild, poor-will bones from the wood like the wail of an elfin ball.

Manchester, O.—Identity of a beautiful girl buried in a graveyard three miles from here will never be known. She appeared at a fair and was taken in for the night. She left in the morning, and three days later she was found on a deserted houseboat, alone and near death from starvation and exposure. When turned over to local Red Cross workers, she said: "I have cut all home ties. There is nothing on me by which I can be identified. I don't want my family to know of my fate." She lived two days but never made any other statement.

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## Some Logical Reasons Why the First Mortgage Real Estate Notes

We Offer are Stable Investments

They are safe at all times, during financial and business depressions, as well as in prosperous times. Our serial method of making a specified number of the notes payable annually or semi-annually reduces the outstanding indebtedness without releasing any of the security. The reduction of the loan is more than sufficient to cover any reasonable depreciation in the property mortgaged.

You will receive an unchanging income payable semi-annually. This income will be paid promptly and with no more trouble to you than cashing a check, regardless of where you reside.

Your investment will run for a certain number of years and then mature. The date when the note matures will depend on your selection when investing.

The genuineness of each note is certified thereon by the Mercantile Trust Company, thus preventing forgery or over-issue. The Legal Department of this Company has examined and approved the title to the property securing the notes.

The property mortgaged has been personally inspected and appraised by experts in our employ. The loan in each case has been closely investigated and judgment passed upon the same by the officers and directors of the Mercantile Trust Company. If the loan is approved, we buy the entire issue of notes and then offer them for sale so as to be in a position to make other loans. Our profit is the commission charged the borrower.

You can invest \$100, \$500 or multiples thereof and are not required to confine your entire investment to any one issue.

As Trustee in the mortgages securing these notes we require that insurance of a specified amount and character be kept in force for the protection of the note holders, all policies being held by us.

In many instances the ground alone is valued at more than the total loan. We have sold these Real Estate Notes to discriminating investors throughout the United States and foreign countries, including many banks and bankers.

Write for detailed circular describing the First Mortgage Six Per Cent Real Estate Serial Notes of \$100 and \$500 denomination that we are offering and recommend as conservative, high-grade investments.

We particularly invite comparison between these loans and the average real estate mortgage loan, with reference to excellence of location, class of construction, and actual (not estimated) income.

Reservations made for immediate delivery or delivery within sixty days. Delivery of notes to any bank or post office made at our risk.

Real Estate Loan Department

Mercantile Trust Company

Member Federal Reserve System

ST. LOUIS MISSOURI

Capital and Surplus \$10,000,000

What Did She Mean?

Little Jimmy Pesterer—You promised to take me to the zoo to see the animals feed.

His Mother—I know I did, dear, but we won't have time. Your father will be home to dinner in a few minutes and you may sit up and go to the table with him.

CUSTOMS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Who among us would say today, "I never use a Dentifrice? I never have to!"

Yet fifty years ago, odd as it may seem, not one person in 1,000 used a Dentifrice—or even a tooth brush.

So today, after more than 50 years of persistent publicity of Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder for the Feet, not many well-to-do people care to confess, "I never use a Dentifrice."

More than One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

The reason is this: Confining the feet in leather shoes is bound to create friction more or less. Allen's Foot-Ease removes the friction from the shoes. It is this friction which causes calluses, corns and bunions. You know what friction does to your motor-car axle. Why not remove it from your feet?

Slipping into your shoes today, Allen's Foot-Ease, the cleanly, wholesome, healing, Antiseptic powder? Get the habit, as millions now have it, who inhabit our, as yet, imperfect world.—A.C.V.

He Meant Cars?

Lawrence, age nine, was scanning an early edition of the



# The House of Whispers

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

## "YOU HEARD WHISPERS?"

Synopsis—Circumstances having prevented Spaulding Nelson, clerk, from joining the American forces going to France, he is in a despondent mood when he receives an invitation to dinner from his great-uncle, Rufus Gaston. On the way to the house he meets, under peculiar circumstances, a young girl, apparently in trouble, to whom he has an opportunity to be of slight service. She lives in the same apartment building as Rufus Gaston, and he accompanies her to the house. Gaston and his wife are going to Maine for a trip and want to leave Nelson in charge of the apartment. He accepts. Gaston and his wife tell their great-nephew of mysterious noises—"whispers"—which they have heard in the house. On his way to the Gaston apartment the next Sunday Nelson again meets the mysterious acquaintance of a few days before, Barbara Bradford. She urges him not to allow the fact of their being acquainted to be known. At the apartment Nelson meets the superintendent, Wick, and instinctively dislikes him. In a wall safe he finds a necklace of magnificent pearls, worth a small fortune. Next day Nelson finds the pearls have disappeared from the wall safe. His first idea of informing the police is not acted upon because of peculiar circumstances. He has been discharged from his position without adequate explanation or reason, and feels himself involved in something of a mystery. He decides to conduct an investigation himself. That night Barbara signals from the window of her apartment, which is opposite his, and they arrange a meeting for next day. In the morning he finds a note in his room, asking him why he had not informed the police of the loss of the jewels. Barbara tells Nelson her sister, Claire, had some years before made a runaway marriage with an adventurer, from whom she was soon parted, and the marriage had been annulled. Claire is engaged to be married and someone knowing of her escapade has stolen documents concerning the affair from the Bradford apartment.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"Oh, no, she must never know. Dad did not want her ever told anything about it. We talked it over, Claire and I, and decided to put a personal advertisement in the papers. It simply said, 'Liberal reward and no questions asked for return of important papers.'"

"Were there any answers?"

"Yes and no. One morning there was a second note."

"Delivered like the first?"

"Yes, I found it, too, on the floor of my bedroom. Here it is."

More amazed and perplexed than ever by the growing ramifications of the plots of the thieves that seemed to involve us both, I took the paper and read:

"Ten thousand is our price for the papers. Pay it or you'll never marry Thayer."

"Did you go then to meet the man in the park?"

"Not until after I got a third note, more threatening than the first and second. Claire and I talked it over and over, trying to think who could have taken the papers. We only kept two servants now, Sarah and Mary, and they both have been with us since we were children. It could not have been either of them. They think as much of us as our own mother does."

"Do you suppose the man that she married may have learned of your father's death and have returned from France to try to blackmail her?"

"We thought of that. The notes did not come from him. They do not read as if a Frenchman wrote them."

"Who could it be?" I said more to myself than to her.

"Then there was another note," she went on. "It demanded that Claire wear a red carnation and meet the writer in the park and bring ten thousand dollars. That was the time I first met you. Your presence must have frightened them off, for we had no more demands until night before last."

"Did you have ten thousand with you that night I first met you?" She shook her head.

"We haven't ten thousand dollars in the world. Outside of our furniture and our jewels and our motor, we have very little. If all the bills we owe were paid, we'd have almost nothing at all."

"What did you propose doing when you met the man—or men?"

"I didn't know. I was going to try to plead with them to give me the papers. I would have promised anything I had gotten them back."

"But the man—the men—might have harmed you."

"Hardly. There was little danger of their attacking me there in the park so near the avenue, with people constantly passing, and besides, I carried this."

She reached again into the pocket of her habit and brought forth a vicious-looking automatic.

"It was Dad's," she said. "He taught me to shoot with it, though I don't think either of us thought then there would come a time when I might

"What did the last note say?"

"Here it is."

This was written and folded as the others had been, on the most ordinary kind of writing paper. It read:

"Unless we get the money Wednesday, Thayer gets the papers Thursday. No wedding then for yours. Same bench at six-thirty."

"What can I do about it?"

"I'll go in your place," I suggested.

"Oh, no, I couldn't permit that."

"Let me explain," I hastened to say.

"I'm in this mystery as deep as you are. Only last night I discovered that all the Gaston jewels which had been left in my custody are gone."

"Not stolen!" she cried. "The Gaston pearls!"

"Yes," I replied, "the pearls, too."

"Why, they are worth two hundred thousand dollars, at least. What have you done about it? Have you notified the police?"

"No, as yet I have told no one of the robbery but yourself."

"Why not? You must notify the police at once."

I hesitated. It was hard to explain my actions without telling her the whole miserable story, without admitting to this girl on whom I was most eager to make the best of impressions that I was a young man out of a position, discharged in disgrace. Yet she had given me her confidence. It was only fair to her and to myself that there should be no secrets between us. I began at the beginning.

I told her of my coming to New York and how I had seen my great-uncle Rufus only once or twice. I related the departure of Roder and Birge for the war front and told her how eager I had been to go with them. I even went into detail as to the reason I had not gone with them, my debt to the mother.

She did not seem greatly interested in the first part of my narrative but when I began telling of the proposition the Gastons had made to me and of the mysterious warnings each of them had separately given me, I could see her interest kindling.

"There is something wrong in that apartment house," she explained. "We have had nothing but trouble ever since we lived there. I wonder if there is anything in the theory that evil deeds make bad karma, which spreads its effects all about. I know I feel there is a sinister atmosphere about the whole place."

"I'm beginning to feel it, too," I said bitterly.

I told her then of my unexpected and unwarranted discharge without explanation the day before.

"How do you account for it?" she asked perplexedly.

"You must have some enemy, some malicious person, who has spread some terrible tale about you."

"I haven't any enemy in the world," I replied, yet even as I spoke there flashed across my mind the malevolent glance the scar-faced man had given me in the restaurant a few evenings before.

"I wonder," said Miss Bradford thoughtfully, "if the same people who are trying to blackmail us are not trying to involve you with us in some way?"

"Why should they?"

"They may have been watching and have seen you enter the house with

me twice. They may think that you and I are friends and that you were there in the park purposely that first time."

"Even so," I replied, "that doesn't explain this."

I pulled from my pocket the note I had found on the floor of my bedroom and showed it to her.

"Where did you get that?" she gasped in astonishment.

"Last night I heard footsteps and whispers. I thought at the time I was dreaming. This morning I found this note on the floor."

"You heard whispers," she cried excitedly, "whispers that seemed to come from up near the ceiling?"

"I thought I heard them. I wasn't sure."

"I know," she said, shuddering. "I've heard them—twice."

"But the man—the men—might have harmed you."

"Hardly. There was little danger of their attacking me there in the park so near the avenue, with people constantly passing, and besides, I carried this."

She reached again into the pocket of her habit and brought forth a vicious-looking automatic.

"It was Dad's," she said. "He taught me to shoot with it, though I don't think either of us thought then there would come a time when I might

"I've heard them—twice."

We looked at each other despairingly. We both of us realized that we must be surrounded with some potent evil forces working to accomplish our ruin. The motive in the anonymous letters that Miss Bradford had been receiving had plainly been blackmail. But what was the motive in my own case? Why had someone stolen the Gaston pearls and then in an anonymous letter to me spoken of the theft? I wondered, too, if the successful attempt to discredit me at my place of business had not originated from the same mysterious source.

Was my great-uncle Rufus to blame? The suspicion of him rose in my mind and would not be downed. I recalled the unusual pretext on which he had sent for me after having paid no attention to my existence for nearly a year. I recalled his curious warning and that of his aged wife. I remembered that they had insisted on leaving the jewels behind against my urgings, and that they had been insistent on my having the combination of the safe. Could it be possible that they also had some grudge against the Bradfords, their neighbors, and in some way had got hold of Claire Bradford's secret?

"I think you said," I asked Miss Bradford, "that your family and the Gastons were not acquainted in any way?"

"No," she replied, "we don't know them at all. Why do you ask that?"

"I was wondering if it could be possible that my great-uncle Rufus could have had any hand in all this. He's a queer, secretive old chap."

"It's probable that he and my father might have known each other. Both were in business here in the city for many years. I never remember, though, of hearing Dad speak of him—wait, yes, I did once."

"When was that?"

"It must have been six or eight years ago. There was something in the papers about Mr. Gaston retiring from business."

"What was it he said?" I asked eagerly, wondering if some old feud between the two men might not give us a clue to unravel the web of mystery.

"As nearly as I can recall his words were, 'I see that old pirate Gaston has retired with his ill-gotten gains.'"

"To whom was he talking?"

"I don't remember that, probably some man who was visiting at the house. Dad always used to have a lot of men about."

"Did he say anything else?"

"That's all I remember, but I don't think the Gastons could have anything to do with it. This threatening my sister is more the sort of thing a discharged servant would do."

"Yes," I admitted, "but did the discharged servant, yours have been with you for years?"

"Oh, what are we going to do?" she cried in desperation. "If I don't get those papers back, we'll all be ruined. They'll give them to my sister's fiancé. Her engagement will be broken. My mother will die of disgrace and shame."

"Don't be discouraged," I cried, trying to inspire in her a confidence I was far from feeling myself. "This is only Sunday. We have until Wednesday evening. I'll find some way of trapping those rascals and making them surrender those papers. Leave it to me."

In spite of my reassuring words, distress was still written on her countenance. As I debated how best to comfort her, she glanced at her wrist watch and exclaimed:

"I must be going. They'll be alarmed about me if I stay longer."

"When am I to see you again?"

"I don't know. That's hard to arrange. My sister and I are so much together."

"Can't I telephone you?"

"No, that wouldn't do at all. Mother and Claire would both want to know all about it and besides—"

"Besides what?"

"I don't trust that girl at the switchboard. I think she listens to everything that is said."

"They are a prying lot," I admitted, "including Mr. Wick, the superintendent."

"I don't like him a bit."

"Nor I, but we must communicate with each other somehow. If you find out anything more you must let me know at once. If I learn anything, I'll let you know, and I'm going to discover a lot."

"There's always our windows," she suggested, "they are close together. I can signal you when I'm alone, and we can talk."

"I'll be there in my room every evening from ten o'clock on," I said, "waiting to hear from you. I'll put a handkerchief on the sill when I'm there."

"And I'll do the same."

Having reached this understanding, I walked with her to the park entrance within sight of the house. All the way we had been talking of the puzzling circumstances of the anonymous notes and of the strange way in which they had been found on the floor. Miss Bradford had spoken again of the whispers she had heard.

"I've heard them—twice."

The voices were vague—just like a ghost's might be," she said.

"Yes," I admitted, "that's what they sounded like. But there aren't any ghosts. If those whispers were real, some human being was making them. I'm going to find out who it was, and when we've learned that, we'll have learned a lot about—"

I hesitated.

"About whom?" she questioned.

"I don't know yet," I answered.

I was wondering about my great-uncle Rufus.

## CHAPTER V.

I was determined to let the disappearance of the jewels alone until I had found some way of getting the Bradfords out of their troubles. The key to the mystery surely lay in the notes that had been found on the floor in both apartments. If I could discover how the notes had been put there and who put them there, I would be on the trail of the miscreants.

The placing of the notes indicated the necessity of a confederate in the apartment house. Could it be that one of the employees was in league with the plotters? Was one of the Bradford servants betraying them?



Under Ordinary Circumstances I Would Have Hesitated to Examine Them, but Now I Felt No Scruples.

Was my aged great-uncle in hiding somewhere, playing mischievous pranks on us? How had that note gotten in to my own apartment? Nobody had access to the place but myself—yes, and Mrs. Burke, my great-uncle's trusted old maid. I determined to return to the apartment and lie in wait for her until she came in to do up my room. In the week that I had lived there I had not even laid eyes on her, although each evening when I came in I found my bed neatly made.

While I awaited her arrival I busied myself with studying anew the different rooms in the apartment, hoping over to find some new clue to the methods by which the anonymous notes had been delivered. I went to the back of the house and looked out of the rear windows. An ornamental ledge of stone, perhaps eighteen inches wide ran along apparently on the level of the flooring. Any agile person might easily have crept along it if they dared risk falling six stories to the ground, but there was no means of access to it save from either my bedroom or the sitting room or from the corresponding rooms in the Bradford apartment. Certainly no one from my apartment had been slipping mysterious notes into the other apartment. Could the converse be true? Was there some unbalanced person in the Bradford family who was doing it? Could it be one of the servants, or possibly Claire Bradford? She always had been flighty, according to her sister's description. Had her troubles unbalanced her to such an extent that she was playing mysterious hysterical pranks on all of us?

I sat down at my uncle's desk. The pigeonholes crammed full of papers caught my eye. Under ordinary circumstances I would have hesitated to examine them, but now I felt no scruples. Old Rufus had warned me that there was some mystery about the place. The pearls had strangely disappeared. I faced the accusation of having stolen them. Surely I was entitled to examine anything and everything in my efforts at solving the mystery.

Pigeonhole after pigeonhole I examined without result until at last I came to a little leather-covered diary. I read it with interest, noting that it was for the present year and that the last entry had been made only the day before he had departed for Maine. About six weeks previous to the present date I found this amazing entry:

"Heard whispers last night."

A week later there was another entry, "Whispers again." There could be no question as to what he meant. The ghostly noises that had been heard by both Miss Bradford and myself had been heard by him, too. No wonder the old man had been so terrified. Other entries in the book recorded hearing the whispers at intervals of about one week.

"I'll be there in my room every evening from ten o'clock on," I said, "waiting to hear from you. I'll put a handkerchief on the sill when I'm there."

"And I'll do the same."

Having reached this understanding, I walked with her to the park entrance within sight of the house. All the way we had been talking of the puzzling circumstances of the anonymous notes and of the strange way in which they had been found on the floor. Miss Bradford had spoken again of the whispers she had heard.

"I've heard them—twice."

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"I've heard them—twice."

"I've heard them—twice."

"I've heard them—twice."

"I've heard them—twice."

"I've heard them—twice."

"I've heard them—twice."

# PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

## AID NATIONAL FOREST ROADS

Secretary Meredith Favors More Liberal Financial Co-operation in Western States.

Speaking before highway representatives for western states, Edwin T. Meredith, secretary of agriculture, stated his belief that in the western states, where large areas of government lands are located, the federal government should adopt a system of financial co-operation more liberal to the states than is the case in the rest of the country.

"I think we must recognize the fact that the existence of these large areas of government lands places these states in a somewhat different situation from the remainder of the country," said Mr. Meredith, "and that it would be only equitable for the federal government to increase its percentage of co-operation over the present basis. I am also heartily in favor of continuing the appropriations for the building of national forest roads. These forests constitute a great natural resource, and their preservation and development is a national responsibility which ought to be met in full measure."

Mr. Meredith advocated active participation of present federal and state co-operation in connection with state road systems with the systems of adjoining states in order that the working out of an adequate highway program for the whole United States may proceed in an orderly manner. He also advocated the continuance of work now going forward under the federal aid road act.

"As 1921 is the last year covered by the act," he said, "it would be highly desirable, in my opinion, for congress to make another provision as promptly



Improved Highway in Colorado.

as possible for the continuation of the work under the present system by an appropriation of at least \$100,000,000 for each of the four fiscal years beginning with 1922."

## MAINTENANCE COST OF ROADS

Ultimate Economy of Concrete Road Depends on the Small Amount Needed to Keep It Up.

The cost of a road involves not only first cost but the cost of keeping it in continuously usable condition. If this were not so, the cheaply built gravel road would be entirely suitable for our main traveled thoroughfares. The ultimate economy of the concrete road depends upon the extremely small amount of money required to keep it in excellent condition. The only maintenance needed on a well built concrete road is that necessary to keep filled with tar the joints and the cracks that may develop. The 1910 report of the state commissioner of highways of New York gives the average cost of maintenance for the three years 1910, 1911, and 1912 as follows: Macadam, \$970.00 per mile per year for the maintenance of 2,408 miles; gravel, \$824.00 per mile per year for the maintenance of 178 miles; first-class concrete, \$124.00 per mile per year for the maintenance of 264 miles.

## ROADS AS COMMUNITY ASSET

The Better They Are the More Likely They Are to Prove an Investment to Farmers.

The better the roads are, the more likely they are to prove an investment and consequently stand as a community asset. Without roads that can be used, regardless of weather and season, we might as well be living along the trails that our forefathers used when beasts of burden were literally such and marketing meant almost nothing.

## BULLETIN IS OF IMPORTANCE

Useful Contribution From United States Department of Agriculture on Weather.

The highway weather bulletin is an important and useful contribution from the United States department of agriculture, made doubly so by recognition of the fact that the state of the roads is more important than the weather, and that you need not worry about the weather if the roads are paved.

## Latest Markets

### LIVE STOCK—DETROIT

Cattle—Best heavy steers, \$14.50@15; best heavy weight butcher steers, \$14@14.75; mixed steers and heifers, \$11@12.75; light butchers, \$10@10.50; light butchers, \$9@9.75; best cows, \$8.50@9.25; butcher cows, \$8.50@8; cutters, \$5.50@5.75; canners, \$4.50@5; best heavy bulls, \$8.75@9.50; bologna bulls, \$7.50@8.25; stock bulls, \$7@7.50; feeders, \$9@10.25; stockers, \$8@8.75; milkers and springers, \$8@110.

### Calves

Top—\$14.50@15; culls and heavy, \$7@13.

### Sheep and Lambs

Best lambs—\$17; fair lambs, \$13@14; light to common lambs, \$10@12; yearlings, \$7@13; fair to good sheep, \$4@7; culls and common, \$2@3.

### Hogs

Mixed hogs, \$15.75@15.90; bulk, \$15.90; pigs, \$14.75@15; choice yorkers, \$16.25.

### EAST BUFFALO

Cattle—Shipping steers, \$15.50@17.50; butchers, \$12@13.50; yearlings, \$15@17; heifers, \$8@14.50; cows, \$4@11.00; bulls, \$7@11; stockers and feeders, \$6@10; fresh cows and springers, \$6.50@10.

### Calves

Hogs—Heavy, \$16.25@16.50; mixed, \$16.50; yorkers, \$16.50@16.90; light yorkers, \$15.50@16.50; pigs, \$15.50; roughs, \$12.75@13; stags, \$8@10.

Sheep and Lambs—Lambs, \$12@17.50; yearlings, \$8@15; wethers, \$8.50@9; ewes, \$3@8; mixed sheep, \$8@8.50.

### GRAIN AND FEED

Wheat—Cash No. 1 red, \$3; No. 1 mixed, \$2.98; No. 1 white, \$2.98; No. 2 red 3c and No. 3 red 6c under No. 1 red. White wheat 2c under red.

Corn—Cash No. 3, \$1.96; No. 3 yellow, \$1.95; No. 4 yellow, \$1.90; No. 5 yellow, \$1.86; No. 6 yellow, \$1.83.

Oats—Cash No. 2 white, \$1.28; No. 3 white, \$1.27; No. 4 white, \$1.26.

Rye—Cash No. 2, \$2.22.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$7.25 per cwt.

Seeds—Prime red clover, \$26; October, \$25.50; alsike, \$26; timothy, \$5.70.

Flour—Fancy spring patent, \$15@15.50; fancy winter patent, \$14.50@15.50; second winter patent, \$14@14.50; winter straight, \$13.50@14 per bbl.

Feed—Brn, \$58; standard middlings, \$59@60; fine middlings, \$60@62; coarse cornmeal, \$75@77; cracked corn, \$58; chop, \$76 per ton in 100 lb sacks.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$37.50@38; standard, \$36.50@37; light mixed, \$36.50@37; No. 1 timothy, \$35.50@36; No. 2 timothy, \$32@33; No. 1 mixed, \$35.50@36; No. 1 clover, \$35.50@36; rye straw, \$12.50@13; wheat and oat straw, \$12.50@13 per ton in carlots.

### BUTTER AND EGGS

Butter—On the Butter and Egg board: Extra creamery, 52c bid, 53c asked; creamery, prints, 54 1/2c bid, 55c asked per lb.

Eggs—On the Butter and Egg board: No. 1 fresh, 41c bid, 42c asked; storage packed, extras, 42c per doz.

Cheese—Michigan flats, 26@26 1/2c; New York flats, Jung make, 32 1/2c; brick, 29c; long horns, 27c; Michigan single daisies, 26 1/2c; Wisconsin double daisies, 26c; Wisconsin twins,

