

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXIV., No. 34

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1912

WHOLE No. 1294

## Sweet Pea Day Monday, Aug. 5th

Who can bring in the **LARGEST** Bouquet, or the one having the most varieties, on that date?

PRIZES will be awarded to the winning parties; also to the one who brought in the first flower of the season.

**JONES, The Druggist**

Phone No. 234

## Central Meat Market

Call Central Meat Market,  
phone 23, for

### Choice Meats,

Smoked Meats of all Kinds,  
Home Made Bologna and Sausages.

Try them and you won't eat any other.

**FRANK RAMBO, Manager**

BOTH PHONES

FREE DELIVERY

## OUR WEEKLY LIMERICK

There is a man, by name, Mr. Denny,  
Who is wise and saves every penny.



He Trades at  
**our Store**  
Because Prices  
are Lower

And the Dollars he saves—they are many.

## We do not Sacrifice Quality

In order to quote Low Prices.

## We have set the Standard of Quality High

Coupling with it a price made as Low as a moderate margin of profit will permit. Your interests are conserved by trading with us.

**CONNER HARDWARE CO., Ltd.**

"QUALITY" MY MOTTO.

## FIGURES FURNISHED

—ON—

Bathroom Fixtures.  
Vine and Rose Arbors.  
Furnaces.  
Lawn Hose.  
Eavetroughing.  
Furdrace Cleaning and Repairing.

Gasoline Stoves repaired on Saturdays at shop. Also all kinds of tinning and granite repaired.

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Phone No. 287

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### NEWBURG.

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Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Clark Mackender spent last week Wednesday in Detroit. They were somewhat disappointed in not seeing the parade they had taken so much trouble to go and see.

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Mrs. E. Russ of Jackson Center, O., is visiting her niece, Mrs. Wm. Farley.

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The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fodge and Miss Ida Collar, Detroit, Mrs. H. E. Kipp, Mrs. M. L. Kingale and daughter Katherine of Milford, Mrs. W. M. Shattuck and two daughters of Pontiac, Mrs. C. A. Barnes of Lansing, Mr. H. A. Smith and family of Wixom, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hutchins and Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hutchins of Redford, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hutchins of Farmington, Misses Gwinneth and Esther Pickett, Ypsilanti, Mrs. Caroline Pickett and daughter Edith, Newburg.

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J. D. McLaren, Mrs. Geo. McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Linus Galpin and little daughter Naomi motored to Charlotte last Wednesday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Van Vleet.

## BIG ONE CENT SALE

At Pinckney's Pharmacy, begins

Saturday and Ends Wednesday Night

READ THE LARGE BILLS.

Here is the way it is done. You pay one cent more than the value of any of the items listed on the bills and you get two. You pay list price for the first article—ONE CENT FOR THE SECOND. Every item is a good value at the listed price. Yet for one cent you get two. Read every item. You might skip the very one you need.

The Wahoo Sale Ends Saturday Night.

**Pinckney's Pharmacy**

*It is the duty of every man to protect his Family with a BANK account*



If you have a little daughter, bank for her right now three dollars for the first year of life, six dollars for her third, and so on until you catch up to her present age; and then on her next birthday, bank to her credit three dollars for each year of her age and keep this up until she is 21. She'll then have nearly a THOUSAND DOLLARS and you'll never miss the money. DO THIS; it's your DUTY.

Let OUR Bank be YOUR Bank. We pay three per cent interest.

**The Plymouth United Savings Bank**

## MILFORD

Home Coming  
and Carnival,

**AUGUST 8-9**

Biggest Event in the  
History of Michigan

Program includes Base Ball, Olympic Games, Motor Boat Races, Auto Parade, Water Battles, Merry-go-rounds, Band Concerts, Shows Night and Day, continuous Dancing, in fact everything from a peanut stand to

**HILLERY BEACHEY,**

the world famous dare deviling,  
death-defying

**Aviator,**

who will fly his aero-plane in view of all.

GET THE DATE.

SOME FETE BY SOME PEOPLE.

## Strange Case of Dr. X

This is a story told by a physician living in a large western city of a problem that suddenly confronted him—and of how he interpreted the ethics of his profession and acted on it.

"I was roused one night," he said, "by a telephone call. An unfamiliar voice asked me if I could attend a man who had been injured. I answered that I could if the case was urgent, but before I could ask who was calling, the speaker answered: 'All right, doctor, I'll call at your house in ten minutes with a carriage.'"

"Almost before I had time to dress, the doorbell rang. I unlocked the door, and a man, wearing a long ulster, a dark hat and a pair of colored glasses, entered.

"Doctor," he said, "before we start I want to make a request. This case, as I told you, is urgent. But before we start, I must have your assurance that you will treat this visit as a confidential mission. I can't say any more, except to add that you're running no risk of any kind in helping me. And you can name your own fee."

"There was nothing about the man's appearance that appeared suspicious. He was quiet and self-possessed—there wasn't a trace of nervousness about him, and he was well dressed. The request was somewhat unusual, but after all, nearly everything that we learn professionally is held in the strictest confidence without any definite understandings to that effect, so I thought there was no reason for refusing to make the agreement.

"I took my hat and we started. The carriage, I noticed, was a closed one. We got in, the man turned on a small electric light and then drew the blinds over the windows.

"Doctor," he said, "I'm going to ask you to take this trip without knowing where you're going. I'll assure you it's all right. I want you to blindfold yourself before we leave the carriage, until we get inside the house."

"Well, I didn't like the looks of this, but I was in and I didn't like to back out. Of course I wasn't at all afraid for my own safety. By the time the carriage stopped I didn't have the least idea what part of town we were in—we had made so many turns. I put on the blindfold, as my visitor requested, and we went up some steps and into a house.

"Upstairs, I found my patient. He had been shot twice. Revolver bullets, they were. The wounds weren't dangerous, but they were painful because they had not been treated earlier.

"I dressed them, told the woman who was there what sort of care the patient ought to have, and then told them that I'd have to see the man at least two or three times more before I could answer for his safe recovery.

"The man with the dark glasses quietly assented to this, but insisted that he should bring me at night, as he had that time. I agreed.

"The next morning the papers told of a robbery, in which a householder had been wounded, after shooting one of the burglars, who succeeded in escaping. All the facts indicated that my patient of the night before was the burglar who had been shot. I felt sure I could locate the house. The householder recovered quickly.

"The question stared at me: Did the ethics of the medical profession allow me to go to the police and tell them what I knew, or did my promise bind me to secrecy? I thought it over all day and finally decided that I had no right to say anything about the matter. I made three more trips in the same manner and finally decided that the man would get along without any more calls. All this time I watched the papers, but no trace was found of the burglars. When I made my last visit I told the man who had first called on me that my fee would be \$25. He took from a large roll two \$100 bills and handed them to me without a word. He drove me home and that was the last I ever saw of either of them.

"That was a good many years ago, but I've often wondered whether I did right in not violating that man's confidence."

"I don't think you did," said a member of the group. "The medical profession has no right to shield a criminal. Women and children should be given the greatest protection we can give them—the same as on a vessel at sea—but no word given a criminal is binding."

"But suppose it had turned out that the man was not the burglar in question. I believe he was, but it might have been otherwise—"

"That's true," said a third. "It was all right to keep your promise so long as you had no actual knowledge that the man was a criminal. Where you made your mistake was in making such a ridiculous agreement in the first place."

"And let a man, dangerously injured, suffer?" asked the first speaker. "Remember, when I first agreed to secrecy the case had no particularly suspicious appearance. I could cite a dozen different circumstances under which a serious accident might happen and which the persons connected with would, with a perfect right, go to great lengths to keep secret. So could either of you."

Which of the three was right?

# Our Semi-annual Clearing Sale!

## TEN DAYS ONLY!

# 25c Given Back

on every dollar's worth of goods bought

## Here is a Bargain for you

Our stock is large and we are crowded for room and in order to make room for our Fall and Winter goods, we make this big cut on everything in our store, except Thread, Overalls, Grain Bags, Carpet Warp and Winter Underwear.

## Commencing on Saturday, July 27th,

and lasting until August 7th, we will give back 25c on every dollar's worth of goods purchased. Such savings as we offer cannot be equalled anywhere. Just compare prices and values and you will readily see that no other store gives as much for the money as Rauch & Son.

We call your attention to a few of the many lines we carry and especially to the large line of

### PERCALES AND DRESS GOODS,

Outing Flannels, Fleeced Goods, Gingham, Ladies' Shirt Waists, Ladies' and Children's Ready Made Dresses, Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Wash Skirts, Corsets, Gloves, Curtain Serim, Hosiery, Table Linens, Mats, Pillow Cases, Umbrellas, Gents' Underwear, Work-Shirts, Negligee Shirts, etc.

A Good 6c Print for 5c. Our Best 7c Print for 6c.

You can save 25c on the Dollar. Will it pay you? If the goods are not to your entire satisfaction, please return them.

Our store closes at 6 p. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

## J. R. RAUCH & SON

# 10 Days More

## Beginning

## Saturday, July 27th,

## E. L. RIGGS'

### GREAT MID-SUMMER

# CLEARING SALE

WILL CONTINUE 10 DAYS MORE.

## Greater Bargains than Ever!

The Entire Stock at your Disposal.

## We've Pushed the Prices Further Down

Everything goes—Dress Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Cloaks and Skirts, Hats and Caps, Carpets, Rugs, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, etc.

Don't miss this last 10 days of the greatest Bargains ever offered in Plymouth.

There's no Sale Like this Sale.

## E. L. RIGGS

# Studebaker

## Why You Take No Chances

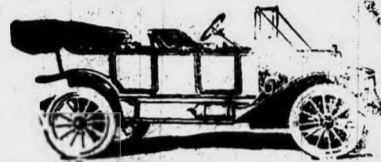
The Studebaker name for sixty years has been a guarantee of quality. It eliminates the slightest element of chance in your purchase of an automobile.

Every part of a Studebaker car is made in our own plants. We analyze and absolutely know the materials which go into our cars. Our guarantee is good.

75,000 Studebaker cars are on the road and every owner will tell you that a Studebaker car always makes good.

We know that the Studebaker (Flanders) "20" at \$800 is equal in material and workmanship to any car built—and the price is within your reach.

Ready for immediate delivery.



The \$800 Studebaker (Flanders) "20"

Price, Standard Equipment, 2000 f. o. b. Detroit. Equipped as above, with Top, Windshield, Front-Over-Head Lamps, and Speedometer, \$800.

Ask our dealer for the new Studebaker art catalogue or send to us for it.  
The Studebaker Corporation Detroit, Mich.

## HUSTON & CO., Agts.,

Plymouth, Michigan



## Fine Groceries

For Basket Lunches are a Specialty with us. You may be out of ideas when making up your list. Just step in and look around for yourself just what you want.

## YOUR NEXT FLAKE ORDER

Must include Washburn Crisp. They are larger than any other packages of Gem Flakes and are selling 3 for 25c. Try them next time.

## Have You Tried Crisco Yet?

It's the great Cooking substitute for butter and lard.

Everything in Fresh Goods in Season.

## D. A. JOLLIFFE & SON

BOTH 'PHONES

## Look Look Look

Did you ever hear that before and SEE something worth looking at? SURE you have and profited by so doing. Just so in this case, if you will LOOK over my complete line of

## Driving Wagons, Top Buggies, Double Buggies, Surreys,

Farm Wagons, Single and Double Light and Heavy Harness, Collars, Strap Goods, Flynets, Dusters, Whips, etc., then judge for yourself as to the best place to buy. You will surely be convinced that your money will go farther here than anywhere else. Quality and price guaranteed. Terms reasonable.

## E. H. Langworthy,

The Implement Dealer, WAYNE, MICH.

Home phone 243 11. 28, Plymouth Exchange.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

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DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone having a sketch and description may readily secure our opinion. Confidentiality is guaranteed. Invention is probably patentable. Communication is free. Our success is our only recommendation. We have secured patents for many years. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special attention, without charge, in the U.S. and foreign.

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$2 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MANN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York

BRAND: CHAS. D. WASHINGTON, D. C.

## Detroit United Lines

### Plymouth Time Table EAST BOUND.

For Detroit via Wayne: 5:50 a. m. and every hour to 7:30 p. m.; also 9:44 p. m. and 11:35 p. m. changing at Wayne.

### NORTH BOUND.

Leave Plymouth for Northville 6:08 a. m., 7:48 a. m. and every hour to 7:30 p. m., 9:10 p. m., 10:35 p. m. and 12:35 a. m.

Leave Detroit for Plymouth 5:45 a. m. (through Michigan car barn); also 6:30 a. m. and every hour to 5:30 p. m.; 7:30 p. m.; also 9 p. m. and 11 p. m. changing cars at Wayne.

Leave Wayne for Plymouth 5:35 a. m.; 6:20 a. m. and every hour to 6:15 p. m., 8:15 p. m.; also 10:10 p. m. and 12 midnight.

Cars connect at Wayne for Ypsilanti and points west to Jackson.

## TRY MAIL LINERS

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The Detroit Business University of Detroit, Mich., is well and favorably known in every corner of our State as a result of its successful history of sixty-five years in training young men and women for business pursuits. The school is located in new premises at 65 West Grand River Ave., and under wise and aggressive management is doing most effective work along modern lines for the large body of students in constant attendance at this worthy institution. The Fall Term opens this year on August 28th, and the handsome new calendar recently received at this office is certainly an interesting production.

J. D. McLaren, Mrs. Geo. McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Inna Galpin and little daughter Naomi motored to Charlotte last Wednesday to visit Mr. and Mrs. VanVleet.

## BIG ONE CENT SALE

At Pinckney's Pharmacy, begins

Saturday and Ends Wednesday Night

READ THE LARGE BILLS.

Here is the way it is done. You pay one cent more than the value of any of the items listed on the bills and you get two. You pay list price for the first article—ONE CENT FOR THE SECOND. Every item is a good value at the listed price. Yet for one cent you get two. Read every item. You might skip the very one you need.

The Wahoo Sale Ends Saturday Night.

**Pinckney's Pharmacy**

*It is the duty of every man to protect his Family with a BANK account*



If you have a little daughter, bank for her right now three dollars for the first year of life, six dollars for her third, and so on until you catch up to her present age; and then on her next birthday, bank to her credit three dollars for each year of her age and keep this up until she is 21. She'll then have nearly a THOUSAND DOLLARS and you'll never miss the money. DO THIS; it's your DUTY.

Let OUR Bank be YOUR Bank. We pay three per cent interest.

**The Plymouth United Savings Bank**

## MILFORD

Home Coming  
and Carnival,

**AUGUST 8-9**

Biggest Event in the  
History of Michigan

Program includes Base Ball, Olympic Games, Motor Boat Races, Auto Parade, Water Battles, Merry-go-rounds, Band Concerts, Shows Night and Day, continuous Dancing, in fact everything from a peanut stand to

**HILLERY BEACHEY,**

the world famous dare deviling,  
death-defying

**Aviator,**

who will fly his aero-plane in view of all.

GET THE DATE.

SOME FETE BY SOME PEOPLE.

# Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

## Expert Says Pies Always in Demand



NEW YORK—Sol Robinski, who has taken Phil Breitenkopf's place at the Busy Bee's pie counter, while Phil was up in the Catskills on his vacation, said he had never heard of Simple Simon and the pleman, so that he could not go back to the very beginning of the history of the pie industry. But Sol could glance backward from his Ann street booth over a period of eleven and one-half years of service in the making, carving and serving of fresh pies, and it was his opinion that, take it the year round, winter and summer, and all the rest, pie was about the best seller in Ann street. Sol even went so far as to say that the pie eaters outnumbered the devotees of the hot cream cone and the hot waffles combined—that is among the office boy connoisseurs of Ann street.

Which was a flat contradiction of the startling news which throbbed over the wires the other day from Chicago, that the American people were losing their taste for pie.

As luck would have it, the Chicago carnard reached Ann street just as the rush hour for pies—pies and other things, of course, like those luscious hot roasted frankfurters, those tempting one-cent ice cream cones, and

those tall, amber-colored glasses of one-cent orangeade, to mention only a few of the Busy Bee's foot-time delicacies. Sol Robinski said that the right and the only man to see about this here pie question was Phil Breitenkopf, than whom there was no higher pie authority in the whole city.

"Phil's the boy that can talk to you about pie," explained Sol. "That fellow is a regular whys'er call genius when it comes to knowing what kind of a pie it is before he cuts it. How does he know it? How can I tell you? If I knew, wouldn't I do it myself?"

Sol has a wide, all-round experience in Ann street and they say he is the highest salaried man in the Busy Bee's employ, but in the matter of pie he is not the equal of his old tutor, Phil Breitenkopf.

"In hot weather, it is all pie, pie, pie. For three cents they get half a pie, and for two cents they get a glass of milk. Perhaps if they have more than five cents for lunch, you understand, they blow it in on root beer or ice cream cone, but first they must have pie and milk."

While he talked, Sol kept both hands working dishing out pies. There were all kinds. As Sol said, there was fresh apple and huckleberry and custard and lemon meringue. All very fine. The boys would point to this kind or that, and Sol would bisect it with his long knife, balance the half on the flat of the blade and pass a toothsome morsel out over the heads of the crowd, never once dropping the pie or missing the right customer.

## YOUNG MAN BREATHED AGAIN

Tactful Candidate Surely Proved Himself Resourceful in an Emergency.

In the midst of his campaign for congress Stephen G. Porter of Pittsburg, went to a big town ball, says the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Before the affair was over he was called on for an impromptu exhibition of quick-wittedness that stamped him as a real major league tactician.

A young man whom he knew only slightly walked up to Porter and said: "Mr. Porter, let me introduce you to my wife."

But the moment the man had made the proposition he seemed to think of something, began to look pale, and became as ill at ease as a bigamist.

While Porter was shaking hands with the wife, the man was standing behind her making frantic signs that Porter could not interpret, but he knew he must be tactful and non-committal.

"So you're the Mr. Porter that's running for congress, are you?" inquired the young woman.

"Yes," admitted Porter.

"And don't you find it exceedingly trying having to be up all night so often?"

"Up at night? Oh, ye-eh, yes! Indeed it is. Should say so. You have no idea how tiring it is," replied Porter, with diplomacy, but wondering where she got her up-all-night notion.

The young husband was still making queer signs, though he looked somewhat relieved.

"And what does your wife think about your being out all night three or four times a week?" the woman pursued.

"Madam," replied Porter, solemnly, "a woman who has the confidence in her husband that a woman should have doesn't think anything at all when her husband is out all night."

And the young man looked as if he earnestly desired to shout.

It seemed that the man had been telling at home how he was helping Porter in his campaign.

## Leaf Spot of Plums and Cherries

By G. H. COOK, Research Assistant in Plant Pathology, Michigan Agricultural College

### Symptoms.

Just about the time of the ripening of the fruit of plums and cherries, the fruit grower notices that trees have a ragged look and in many cases, they lose their natural green color and become a sickly yellow. If a leaf is examined, it is found that it is thickly peppered with small, round spots or in many cases, instead of their being a spot or dead area, there is nothing left but a circular hole in the leaf. These are the symptoms of leaf spot of plums and cherries or as it is sometimes called, the "shot-hole" fungus disease. The cause of this disease is a fungus colony. A parasitic fungus is a plant which gets its food from other plants, in other words, steals its living. Fungi reproduce by minute bodies called spores and these serve the purpose of spreading the fungus. These spores are very small, light and are wafted about by small currents of air. When a spore falls upon a leaf and is given the right condition of moisture and temperature, it germinates, enters the leaf and causes the diseased area. After making extensive growth in the leaf, the fungus produces fruiting bodies—more spores to blow about and causes more leaf spots.

### Loss.

The loss caused by this fungus is one which is often overlooked by the farmer, although it is usually a severe one. Since this attack, for the most part, comes after the present crop of fruit is picked, the loss will be noticed in the next year's crop for it is a well known fact that when the leaves of a tree are diseased, the food-producing power of that tree is cut down. Given a tree with practically every leaf affected by this leaf spot disease and you have a tree with very small food-producing power. There will be very little food stored up in the tissues and there will, therefore, be a weak growth next spring and a very poor crop of fruit.

### Control.

To control this disease, one merely needs to apply a fungicide to the leaves and kill the spores or their sprouts before they have a chance to enter the tissues. Bordeaux mixture has been used for a good many



Plum Leaf Showing Effect of Shot-Hole Fungus.

years, and in many sections is the control measure relied upon. Recently, self-balled lime-sulphur has been suggested in place of Bordeaux mixture in order to avoid the burning which frequently follows the use of the copper fungicide. The department of horticulture at M. A. C. has found that for cherries and plums (other than the Japanese varieties) diluted lime-sulphur is very satisfactory and is to be preferred to either Bordeaux or self-balled lime-sulphur. The time of application for plums is as follows: Just before the buds swell; immediately after the blossoms fall; and ten days or two weeks later. For cherries, use the mixture mentioned above. Just before the blossoms open; just after the blossoms fall; and ten days or two weeks later; and it may be necessary to make another spraying like this one for rot and leaf spot.

Full information as to the making of the Bordeaux mixture, the self-balled lime-sulphur and dilute lime-sulphur is found in the spraying bulletin, Special Bulletin 57 by Prof. Eastace and Pettit and this will be sent, free of charge to anyone who will write for it.

The department of botany, East Lansing, Mich., will identify plant diseases and give advice for control, free of charge.

\*Note. Arsenate of lead must be added to control curculio.

Grit with Oats Ration.

While it is best at all times to have good, sharp grit constantly before the fowls, it is especially important that grit be supplied when feeding whole oats so that the hulls of oats, which are very rough and unyielding, will be properly ground.

With plenty of sharp grit there is no danger attending oat feeding, though the safest plan is to first soak the oats in water so that

## Housing and Care of Farm Machinery

By E. H. HUSSELMAN, Instructor in Farm Machinery, Michigan Agricultural College

It would seem superfluous to point out the need of care and protection for farm machinery. There are, however, many farmers who do not give this matter the attention it deserves, and we are led to inquire whether they are fully convinced that it is a matter of dollars and cents, or, on the other hand, one of carelessness and neglect.

It is difficult to produce figures showing that there is a definite saving in the proper housing and care of farm equipment of the kind mentioned. It has been demonstrated, however, and is yearly being shown that such is the case. In almost any community examples can be found where the period of usefulness of machinery, well protected and cared for, is nearly double that on adjoining farms where it is left to the ravages of the weather, with no system of keeping in order.

As showing further the need of more careful attention to this phase of farm management the following figures are presented. Though some assumptions are made as to the period of usefulness of the machine in question they are based on the judgment of good authorities and may be verified by the experience of the reader. By making a list of the implements and tools required on a 150-acre farm it will be found that their value will not be far from \$1,000. Properly housed and cared for the tools referred to should have a period of usefulness of twelve years. On this assumption the yearly cost would be nearly \$85. The annual or yearly cost in each case is found by dividing the first cost by the period of time in use. Taking eight years as the period of usefulness for unprotected equipment it will be found that the annual cost would be \$120. Now an implement house to protect this machinery could be constructed at a cost of from \$2 to \$2.50. Using the latter figure and assuming that the house could be used for 15 years, a yearly cost of nearly \$17 would be shown. Not taking into account interest on investment for the purpose in mind the total annual cost of protected machinery would be \$35 plus \$17 equals \$102, as against an annual cost of \$120 per year for unprotected. From these figures a saving of \$18 per year will be shown.

It should be remarked, too, that in a well-designed implement house the work of caring for implements is not increased. It is often more expedient to drive a machine under cover than to spend time in covering it with canvas or otherwise protecting it temporarily in the field, as must be done, for instance, with the binder. The implement house should have ample floor space. Height is not so essential, but space may often be economized by using a hoist of some description, to lift and hang the lighter tools and implements off the floor. This would be desirable, particularly for implements or tools used only for short periods of the year. The implement floor should also be open and free from posts if possible to facilitate moving the larger units. The doors should be wide enough to accommodate any implement and close enough together to permit taking machines out of the building without making it necessary to move a great number of others. It might also be said in this connection that an effort should be made to group together those implements in use at the same time. Using this scheme, the whole group may be taken out at once. A concrete floor made level also makes moving heavy implements an easy task. Two men can move a leader's wagon on a cement floor that would be a load for a team if left standing on an earth floor.

The farmer has an endless number of details to look after and hence should make system do as much of his work as possible. This not only economizes time but leaves his mind free to plow rather than carry and hold items of unimportance. Following is a suggestion intended to show what is meant.

Summer is a busy season and it is difficult to find time to put an implement in order when through using. This is, however, the best time because the operator has in mind the details which need replacing or repairing. This scheme will help economize time and yet bring to mind what is to be done. Procure some shipping tags about 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 (cost \$1 to \$1.50 per M). When the tool is brought in, note on one of these tags the repairs to be made, the number and description of the parts to be ordered. These cards are then attached in a conspicuous place on the implement.

When a favorable time comes for putting the machine in good order these cards will suggest what needs to be done. Parts may be ordered immediately or may be left till a time when it can be done for all the machines. To assist in ordering repairs a printed list of parts which is usually furnished by the manufacturer should be kept convenient. In ordering parts be explicit in giving the number and description of the part and date of purchase of the machine, so that little trouble will be experienced in securing those wanted.

A little time and trouble spent as suggested, and in keeping equipment at its highest efficiency, will be conducive to peace—the work it is hoped also that the embarrassing moment in which it cannot be recalled in what field or fence corner the outfit was left.

## ONLY THING IS TO FIND HER

Every Man Has an Affinity Somewhere on the Earth, in a Law of Nature.

Every man has a best girl waiting for him somewhere in the world. The moment that he is born, the catalogue clerk in Time's great factory assigns him to a best girl or else puts him on the waiting list.

There is no escaping your best girl. No matter where she may be born or how far apart from her you were when you started, the inevitable attraction will work your destiny, and when you meet you will both know it.

All that is lacking is the material realization, and inasmuch as all ideas eventually find their way to the surface, yours is bound to come.

Sometimes a man's best girl is homely; sometimes her mouth is not a cupid's bow, and her features are irregular; that makes no difference; he will love her just the same when he meets her.

Also, she may be another man's wife. Such things have been known. Here's hoping that it will not happen to you.—Life.

## A Formal Figure.

"A delegate doesn't get a chance to take much more than a perfunctory part in a big convention nowadays."

"No," replied the prominent citizen; "if he is associated with a successful candidate he feels like an usher at a wedding. If he isn't he feels like an honorary palbearer."

Don't buy water for bathing. Liquidol is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Bath Soap, the blue that's all blue.

If a man is easily bought the buyer is apt to be sold.

## RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

Doctors Could Not Help Mrs. Templeton—Regained Health through Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Hopewell, Nebraska.—"I am very glad to tell how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me. For five years I suffered from female troubles so I was scarcely able to do my work. I took doctors' medicines and used local treatments but was not helped. I had such awful bearing down pains and my back was so weak I could hardly walk and could not ride. I often had to sit up nights to sleep and my friends thought I could not live long. At my request my husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I commenced to take it. By the time I had taken the seventh bottle my health had returned and I began doing my washing and was a well woman. At one time for three weeks I did all the work for eighteen hours with no signs of my old trouble returning. Many have taken your medicine after seeing what it did for me. I would not take \$1,000 and go where I was. You have my permission to use my name if it will aid anyone."—Mrs. SUSIE TANKROTT, Hopewell, Nebraska.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of woman—ills that deal out despair.

It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?



## Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



Small Wood

## A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

In this age of research and experiment, all science is searched for the most reliable and the most effective. The discovery of the most reliable and the most effective is the discovery of the most reliable and the most effective. The discovery of the most reliable and the most effective is the discovery of the most reliable and the most effective.

## DAISY FLY KILLER

DAISY FLY KILLER. This is a wonderful discovery. It is a wonderful discovery. It is a wonderful discovery. It is a wonderful discovery.

## Cupid Halts Court While Lovers Wed

CHICAGO.—Cupid stole into Municipal Judge Dolan's court the other afternoon, became so noisy that he interrupted the proceedings for a full half hour and finally forced the court to give him precedence over all legal matters.

The court room was warm and a trial had been dragging along throughout the day. There had been a constant buzzing noise in the rear of the room that was extremely disconcerting, but the court was unable to locate it.

Finally there was heard a sharp smack such as Judge Dolan was sure he had heard somewhere before.

The buzzing continued and the judge's eye finally rested on a couple on a bench in the rear of the room. They were casting loving glances and talking in animated tones and he watched them. Suddenly a hand slid over and unobtrusively squeezed another smaller hand. There was a furious blush, another loving glance and every evidence of another impending smack.

The judge could stand it no longer and looked for his trusty bailiff. He was not in evidence. Then the court rose in his might and said:

"You two in the back of the court room will have to stop talking. I can't hear the witness. If you want



to spoon you will have to go outside. The court is no place for it."

The hands slid apart and the man rose.

"I beg your pardon, your honor," he said. "We come in here to get married and were waiting for you to get through with the case. We didn't come in here to spoon and we didn't mean to, but we just couldn't help it."

The attorneys engaged in the trial, W. M. Cook and Benjamin Samuels, at once moved that court take a recess that the ceremony might be performed. The judge said that he would be only too happy to do so, and the principals at once retired to the judge's chambers, where Charles Hartung and Miss Sadie Katz, both of Chicago, were married, with the attorneys as witnesses.

"Now that the case of Dan Cupid has been disposed of, we will resume the trial," said Judge Dolan, again taking his seat on the bench.

## The Lovable Girl.

She manages to avoid all ill-natured gossip without appearing to improve the gossipers or being in the least degree priggish herself. She has a positive genius for discovering agreeable traits in the most unlikable people. Tell her that a certain young man is lazy, and will never amount to much in this world, and she will almost surely tell you that this same man is an invalid.

All her young friends may laugh and ridicule the manner in which Miss Fleming (who has more years than charms to her credit) dresses her hair, striving to look young again, and this girl whom everyone likes will smile and ask her chattering companions if they remember that it was Miss Fleming who organized their own beloved "book club," loaning them her rare volumes and helping with her kindly efforts to make the club a real success.

She is frank in her likes, this girl, but cautious in expressing dislikes of other people or things. Her friendship gives more than it expects, and her love will be pure and true. Happy by nature, she sends into the lives of her companions a good cheer, and fortunate indeed is the young man who wins for himself her love.—Exchange.

## Scottish Dish.

The huckleberry, or whortleberry, or bilberry, has always been well known. The Scots eat them with milk, as we do, but they also make a jelly out of them, which is flavored with whisky.

Cranberries can be found all over the world where there is marshy land, but those of the United States are considered the best and are exported in great numbers to Europe.

The mulberry was cultivated by the ancients and has played a more important part in literature than any other berry. It is mentioned several times in the Bible, while Ovid speaks of it in his famous tale of "Pyramus and Thisbe."

The mulberry was brought from Persia and the Romans much preferred it to any other fruit. It did not reach England until 1548, and the trees planted at St. James during the same year are still alive. James I. of England was exceedingly fond of the berry and caused large quantities of the bushes to be planted in all the grounds of the royal palaces.

## "Color Hearing."

Some persons associate particular colors with particular sounds. In a recent presentation of this subject to the French Academy of Sciences it was pointed out that there are two forms of this phenomenon.

In one case the person has a sensation as if a transparent colored film, like a rainbow, appeared before his eyes when certain vowel or musical sounds strike his ears. In the other case letters or written words, representing the sounds heard, appear in colored tints. The tints are very definite and characteristic and do not vary with lapse of time, but two persons seldom associate the same colors with the same sounds.

## Inspiration.

Visitor—That has "a your poem. "Like the scent of the hyacinth," must have been inspired. Were you in a garden of beautiful flowers when you wrote it? Poet—No; I was sitting in the kitchen while my wife was reading to

## Fair Bathers and Big Rats Use Beach



EVANSTON, ILL.—Fair bathers and thousands of rats are contesting for the possession of the bathing beach between Dempster street and Greenwood boulevard.

Thus far the honors are about even in the warfare which has been going on for nearly a week. The rats have been unable to prevent the bathers from invading the beach, and the bathers have been unable to frighten away the rats.

Where all the rats came from is not known, but the fact remains that thousands of the rodents have burrowed into the sides of the bank along the beach, dug holes in the sand and sought refuge under the piers.

Many bathers, while walking along the beach, have suddenly stepped into holes which the rats have dug, and have been filled with dismay when, with angry squeal, large gray and brown rats have turned and snapped at them.

John J. Morgan, manager of a company which is engaged in the work of exterminating vermin, stated that it was not an unusual thing for rats to take up their abode along the lake shores in summer. The hundreds of dead fish which are cast up by the waves, he said, attract the rats in large numbers. "The rats burrow in the sand, at the foot of the banks, in large numbers," said Mr. Morgan.

"Then, too, the hot weather may have something to do with the condition. The rats will swim out in the water in hot weather and will also make their homes in the wet weeds along the edge of the water."

The rats in many cases are extremely large and savage, and threaten to attack persons who disturb them.

## Fish Coal Out of the Susquehanna

PHILADELPHIA.—When coal is needed on a Pennsylvania farm bordering the Susquehanna river, little trouble does not grab his coal hod and scout for the cellar. Instead he wades his boat full of fish into the river and fishes till his hod is overflowing.



To be sure, Johnnie doesn't fish with rod and line, nor get with a net. His apparatus consists of a wire mesh, shaped like a shovel and not dissimilar to a minnow net, with an eight-foot handle. And his boat is a bucket, flat-bottomed affair, sometimes with sharp bows, built like a scow, with the maximum of capacity and the minimum of draught. For the coal fisher's hod is usually made in shallow water.

And the catch is in the coal you ever saw. This sort of fishery coal comes in all sizes, from little fish to chunks as big as your head. But you

from the mines is bright and shiny and all angles that reflect the light. River coal is neither angular nor shiny. Every piece of it is worn down, bluffed, rounded off like a beach pebble, with an exterior as dull as ground glass.

Ever since men began delving for coal the operator has cast aside as refuse thousands upon thousands of tons of good coal, dug it out on the culm heap. What is the loss in the case of the coal fisher in the river below? Into this stream, by way of its banks, the miner has cast a great quantity of the refuse which goes down

# AFTER WILD SHEEP in CENTRAL ASIA

TA WEI TI

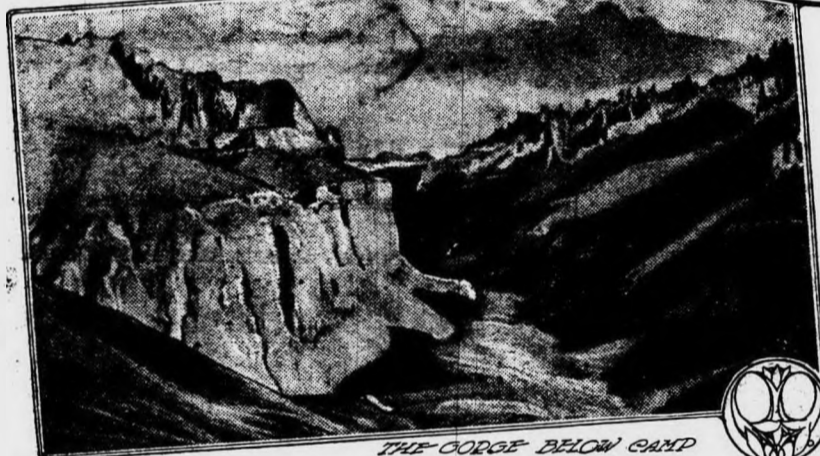
**W**HONG the many happy hunting grounds in which I have found myself during the last thirty years, I know of none which has interested me more than the Great Altai mountains, where, last year, I had the good fortune to spend a month in search of the Ovis ammon. I have said interested me, and it should be understood that this interest and experience were from the sportsman's point of view, quite unique, owing to the total absence of any native hunters to assist, or even to give the least clue as to where the great sheep might be found. It may be superfluous to add that one invariably has the services and benefit of a second, and usually very keen, pair of eyes to assist in finding the game and subsequently to help in the stalk. In the present instance, however, it was a case of single blessedness with a vengeance. The reason of this absolute dearth of local shikaris is accounted for by the rooted objection which the native inhabitant of these wilds, the nomad Hassack, has to walking. To his ideas it is not the thing to do. Ponies and camels, again, are plentiful, and the Hassacks of both sexes, when on foot, shod as they are in a kneeboot with a grotesquely high heel, stump along in a most uncomfortable manner, as though every step would bring them down. Luckily, I had hunted the big sheep before, and was fairly conversant with his ways, so one morning soon after



HASSACK, OVIS and KALMUK HUNTER



OUR CAMELS CROSSING THE RIVER



THE GORGE BELOW CAMP

dawn, I started off to search the valley, at the mouth of which we were encamped. The morning was beautifully clear, and I took matters somewhat easily, as I had left directions for one of our Mongol escort to follow me up with the lurch and my pony; for, as usual with these gentlemen, he was late, and enjoying his easily-earned "twelve" hours repose. Needless to add, I saw nothing of him—nor of the lurch—that day. Working my way steadily up the half-frozen stream at the bottom of the valley, after a while I made out the forms of two rams at the head of the nala. They appeared to suspect nothing, and soon began to feed on the new grass shoots. Then two finer rams came to view. I felt I was in luck, but "there's many a slip." Scanning the rugged ground and looking for the best way to approach them I soon recognized that it was not such an easy matter. To follow up the stream bed, over the snow and ice meant being seen. The left side of the valley, a slope of broken rocks and shale, was equally out of the question. I therefore resolved to try the right side, though not without misgivings, on account of the snow slopes and forbidding-looking precipices. I concluded that if I succeeded in tracking this right side that I should be able to work round and above the sheep. After waiting for an hour, the fine beasts made things somewhat easier for me by feeding down and behind a small rocky point. During my long watch I had been dreading lest the Mongol with the ponies should appear and scare away the sheep. Chancing this, however, and judging I knew my Mongol, I started off up the stream. Some little way on I managed to cross on a snow-bridge, expecting at any moment to disappear through the soft snow. Then followed a long and steady ascent over huge boulders of broken rock, interspersed with soft, wet shale. Here was where the local knowledge of the man on the spot would have been invaluable, for I had not been able, up to this, to discern that to reach the high ridge immediately above the sheep was impracticable. A change of plans was, therefore, necessary. Holding on, I tried to scale the rocks to the right, which rocks, I am convinced, would have delighted the heart of an fox or thar. Had a hunter been with me, I could have succeeded in this clamorous ascent; as it was, I had to work down to the lower ground again and make the best of a bad job across the open. A bad job, too, it turned out, for having got within one hundred yards of the ridge, behind which the sheep had disappeared, to my disgust I discovered two rams standing on the top, staring straight down at me. Sinking slowly to the ground, I sat motionless. One ram then moved behind the ridge, and the other, having been killed by a third, followed suit. The last sheep carried a fine head, and was very white—evidently an old one. As they had moved off slowly, I hoped that I might find them feeding, and be still able to get on terms; but they took no chances, and when I got to the top of the ridge there was not a sign of them. I was just about to return when I saw a third sheep, now still standing on the top, and was my eye rams,

stalking quietly away along the top of a stony ridge. The leader, who was the largest and whitest, had thick, massive horns, and they all, with one exception, would have made a fine trophy. I congratulated myself on thus getting a second chance, and watched them as they went "stiltily" along, in the way they move when scared. At length the procession stopped, and they lay down on the steep side of the slope, from whence they commanded the whole of the valley. Off I went again, over huge, sharp boulders of broken rock; but I was soon held up on coming to a large open patch of deep snow. There was nothing for it but to wait patiently and make myself as comfortable and warm as possible among the boulders. After an hour or so, about 1:30 p. m., they rose, stretched themselves, scanned the whole country-side, and again moved slowly off, away to the north. They were evidently in a nervous mood. Following them, after a while I crossed the snow patch, ploughing through the snow, which in places was up to my middle, and following in the deep tracks of the herd. It was stiff work, and was followed by a still stiffer climb to the top of a razor-backed ridge. This I descended, the rams still in view. The ground here was quite open; but wild sheep usually look for danger from below, and I remained unnoticed. They finally disappeared slowly round the slope of a high rounded hill, about eight hundred yards ahead. I quickly started off to gain the crest of this hill, hoping to intercept the game, but was doomed to further disappointment. There was not a sign of them. My aneroid here registered eleven thousand feet, and we had reached the highest part of the downs. A cold wind was now blowing, mists came rolling up out of the valleys and it looked like snow. Taking up a couple of holes in my belt and a pull at my flask, I followed along the north face of the mountain. Avoiding the patches of soft snow, in which I noticed the marks of sheep's hoofs, suddenly on the opposite side, and some way below, I saw my five old friends, evidently bent on shifting their quarters still further to the west. They must have got my wind. Clouds occasionally hid me from the sheep, so, under cover of these, I determined to make a dash back for less open ground, and to move down and try to get in a shot. I had now been steadily on the move for over twelve hours, and had worked back towards the open valley, though away from the camp. My hurried move failed. Now that the excitement of the stalk was over, I vented deep sighs on the Mongol's head for not having brought up the ponies. When within a mile or so of camp I was met by our whole retinue, who had turned out to conduct me in. Search parties had gone out, thinking I was lost. After a hearty meal of our standing dish—Hassack mutton—I soon turned in, and thus terminated one of the hardest and most pleasant days which have fallen to my lot, and certainly one that I am never likely to forget. The next few days I spent looking for these fine old rams again, but without success, for these

sheep, when thoroughly scared, travel many miles, and successfully hide themselves. Leaving camp at 4:30 one morning, shortly before dawn, the two hunters and I had not been long at work when the Kalmuk pulled up short, but too late, for we had been seen first by a flock of nine rams, who were taking their early feed on the side of a steep ravine. Off they went, towards higher ground, but in no great haste. Riding up to the ridge along which they had disappeared, we dismounted, and soon viewed them again. They were some distance off, feeding on an open slope, which appeared to be secure from attack; but there was one weak spot. After scanning the herd and noticing three or four good heads among them, I started off with Hussein to stalk. A warm job it proved, up that steep, loose shale slope, and the pace was perforce slow. At length we made the crest, and took it easy to study the situation. The wind, though light, was shifty, but all seemed well, for the herd were busy feeding. They were what appeared to be about one hundred and fifty yards off, but on a slope somewhat below us. The difficulty was to select the finest head, for to raise one's self more than enough to just peep over would have soon ended matters. Under such circumstances one is always apt to be deceived as to which head is going to beat previous records! The question, however, was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the herd getting their heads up and beginning to look suspicious. In another second they would have been off, so, taking a quick aim, I fired at the chest of what looked like the largest, as he stood head towards me. A rush and a stampede ensued across the soft face of the steep slope below us. The animals were so bunched up that it was impossible to pick out the largest, and the result of my three shots was to bowl over a moderate-sized one only. The herd then disappeared at racing speed, and when next seen they were in the big valley a long way below. We descended and cut up the dead sheep. This finished, and the old Kalmuk carrying the head over his shoulders, we rode off round the slopes after the herd, eventually pulling up and dismounting at the end of a long spur. Here, while on the look-out, we suddenly saw the herd, now only seven in number, come bolting back towards us, evidently disturbed in their flight by my fellow-sportsman, who just then appeared on the top of the mountain. The rams looked like charging straight at us, but swerved off and made up the mountain, except one, who, overcome by fright or curiosity, forgot his usual cunning and stopped to have a look at me. I heard the "clap" of the bullet as it struck, and he jumped completely round, then disappeared round a small spur a short distance off. Feeling quite elated at such good fortune, I followed up, expecting to find the sheep lying dead. Imagine my disappointment—he had vanished. There was no time to be lost, so, starting the Kalmuk off in pursuit over the shoulder of the mountain, Hussein and I took up the blood tracks. Twice during this latter proceeding I heard the report of the Kalmuk's blunderbuss, and momentarily expected to see him return smiling; thus, thinking all was right, we returned to where the ponies had been left. They also had all three vanished, leaving portions of the first dead sheep's carcass scattered about the mountain-side. It was some time before we had all collected again and the Kalmuk returned, having, I understood, had a great chase after the wounded ram and marked it down in a nala, not far from where we had started the day's work. Loading up the ponies, away we went again, searching fruitlessly for a long time among the numerous nalas. Things looked bad. It was getting late, and we were just about to abandon the search till the morrow, when, as good luck would have it, the old Kalmuk stopped and pointed below as he did so. I was off my pony in a second, and, pinning over, saw the fine old ram, only just able to stand and looking very sick, about fifty feet below. One shot in the shoulder finished him. It shows the extraordinary vitality of these fine animals that, though badly wounded, he had been able to keep going for so long. My shot had just missed the middle of his chest, and had caught him near the point of the right shoulder and rebound along his ribs. His horns measured fifty inches.

**Couldn't Signal.**  
An old darky with an old gray mule hitched to a ramshackle wagon stood on the incline of Capitol hill, in Washington, during one of the worst sleet storms in January. The old man huddled in his rabbit-skin cap, shivering, the mule trembling with the cold. Two congressmen, waiting for a belated car, were attracted by the strange outfit and wondered, as time went on and the darky made no effort to depart, what all the old fellow. One of the congressmen walked over and said: "Why don't you move on, uncle?" The old darky pointed a trembling finger at his "team" and replied: "'Cause dis yere mule won't go 'less I whistle at him, and it's so cold I cayn't whistle!"—Everybody's.

**Desirable Spot.**  
Mother—Johnny, you have been at the top shelf again.  
Johnny—Yes, mother, that's where you always have the clerks pull things down from.

**WHITE PIMPLES ON HEAD**  
Ransom, Ill.—"The trouble started on our baby when he was only about two weeks old. Started like little white pimples, looked like an old scab of blood and matter. His whole head was covered for a few months, then it went to his ear, shoulders, and his whole body. It seemed to come out thick and sticky on his head, while on the other parts of his body it was more like water coming out of the skin. He would scratch until the eruption would be all covered with blood and gradually spread. The least little stir or rub would cause the sores to bleed, spread and itch. Never had a full night's sleep, restless all night. The sores were horrid to look at. It lasted until he was about two and a half years old. Then we saw an eczema advertisement in the paper to use —, but it did no good. Then we used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. We put the Cuticura Ointment on thick at bed time and put a tight hood on so he could not scratch the sores. Then we washed it clean with Cuticura Soap and warm water twice a day, and he was completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. E. F. Sulzberger, Dec. 30, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

**Proof.**  
Drummer (in wine)—Have you tasted that sample of wine I left with you, madame?  
Madame—No, I haven't, but I don't think it can be any great shakes, for it's been here three days and the servants have barely touched it.—Pele Mele.

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Wm. L. Little*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**Terms of the Game.**  
He—Dearest, you're the goal of my affections.  
She (removing his arm)—Five yards for holding.—Harvard Lampoon.

To remove nicotine from the teeth, disinfect the mouth and purify the breath after smoking, Paxtine is a boon to all. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

**Way It Looked to Him.**  
Mrs. Benham—Did she wear a picture hat?  
Benham—She wore a roof garden.

**Colic's Carbolic**  
Relieves and cures itching, torturing diseases of the skin and mucous membrane. A superior Pile Cure. 25 and 50 cents, by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

**Almost the Limit.**  
Walter—How is the steak?  
Restaurant Patron—It's as tough as an only child.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow.

On the ocean of life it is a case of sink or swim with a large portion of the floating population.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

Time is frequently money lost unless you take advantage of it.

**EVENTIDE** — Supper.  
What shall it be? A cooked meal? Not Toolong — too tedious to prepare. Just phone the grocer for

**Libby's Luncheon Meats**

They're delicious Some Vienna sausage or sliced dried beef—some veal loaf or corned beef. They're so easy to serve. Or, here's an idea—a Libby menu:

Libby's Omelet or Sweet Gherkins  
Libby's Corned Beef  
Libby's Veal Loaf Chili Con Carne  
Potatoes Au Gratin  
Libby's Asparagus

And then just top off with Libby's Fruits or Preserves. Doesn't that sound good? Order them from your grocer now. You will be surprised how economical a Libby meal will be.

Libby, McNeill & Libby  
Chicago

**Whittemore's Shoe Polishes**  
Finest Quality Largest Variety

"GILT EDGE" the only "lotion" shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Cleans and polishes men's children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "French Gloss," 10c. "STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of wood or tan shoes, 10c. "Dandy" size 25c. "QUICKWHITE" (a liquid form with special quickly cleans and whitens dry canvas shoes, 10c and 25c. "ALBO" cleans and whitens canvas shoes. In round white cans packed in zinc tins with sponge like, in leather-lined tin boxes with sponge like.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want write the price in stamps for a full size package, charge paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.  
20-28 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.  
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

**Women Must Have:**  
help at times, if they would avoid headaches, backaches, lassitude, extreme nervousness. The really superior remedy for them—known the world over and tested through three generations—is

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

Sold everywhere. In boxes 10c., 25c.

**STOP RENTING**  
WHY NOT BUY A FARM  
NORTHERN FARMERS HOLDING RICH  
Arkansas Farmers Sold \$4,000,000.00  
Arkansas Farmers Sold \$4,000,000.00  
Arkansas Farmers Sold \$4,000,000.00  
Arkansas Farmers Sold \$4,000,000.00

**AGENTS AND OTHERS:**  
Get over up-to-date specialties, never made before, in cotton, in the catalog and sample list; second class, first choice, free. Ask City Supply Co., 214 S. Central St., Dallas, Tex.

**DEFIANCE STARCH** — contact to work with and machine clothes clean.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 31-1912.

**The Old Oaken Bucket**  
filled to the brim with cold, clear purity—no such water nowadays. Bring back the old days with a glass of

**Coca-Cola**

It makes one think of everything that's pure and wholesome and delightful. Bright, sparkling, teeming with palate joy—it's your soda fountain old oaken bucket.

Free Our new bottle, filling of Coca-Cola. Whenever you see an Arrow mark of Coca-Cola.

THE COCA-COLA CO.  
ATLANTA, GA.

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—  
F. W. SAMSEN

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
One Year, payable in advance..... \$1.00  
Six months..... .75  
Three months..... .50

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
Business Cards, 25¢ per year.  
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.  
Card of Thanks, 25¢ each.  
All local notices will be charged for at five cents per line or fraction thereof for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices are for one insertion. Advertisements will be inserted unaltered and discontinued.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1912

## Young Man's Leg Crushed.

John Cool Jr., a sixteen-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Cool, was engaged Wednesday on a threshing outfit at Elliott's south of town about a mile. At quitting time a freight came along and the young man undertook to jump aboard, but missed his hold and fell under the wheels, which ran over his left leg below the knee. Dr. Patterson attended the case, and young Cool was later taken to Harper hospital, where it was believed his leg would have to be amputated. Both parents and young man have the sympathy of many friends in this misfortune.

## Big Gala Day in Plymouth.

All arrangements for Plymouth's gala day, Aug. 15th, are now completed and if the weather man will promise us a fair day, there will be a big crowd in the village. The "doings" will begin at 9:30 in the morning, at which time the small sports will be pulled off, prizes being hung up for all events. Fred Wagonshultz will have charge of these and entries may be made to him.

There will be two balloon ascensions, 10 a. m. and 5 p. m., by Miss Dorothy DeVonda, lady aerialist. A ball game has been arranged for 10:30 a. m. between Plymouth and Northville at Athletic park, admission being 10c.

At 1:30 takes place the grand water battle between Plymouth and Milford fire departments and which always furnishes a great deal of sport. At two o'clock, Milton Oakman of Detroit will deliver an oration from the band stand in the Kellogg park. Another ball game takes place at 3 p. m. between the winner of the morning game and Redford. Admission—gents, 15c., ladies and children 10c. It is expected also that Harold Jarvis will sing a number of selections during the afternoon. There will also be music all day by the Plymouth band, and dancing in Penniman hall afternoon and evening.

Everybody is invited to come to Plymouth on that day and enjoy himself or herself in meeting old friends and in seeing and hearing all that's going on.

## Cut the Weeds.

Mr. Editor:—Please allow me a small space in The Plymouth Mail to call the attention of all parties concerned to a most unsightly condition of many lots, yards and walks in our village. Rank weeds and grasses are allowed to grow up and encroach upon the sidewalks to a most forbidding extent. When wet with dew or rain, ladies' dresses are be-dragged and soiled by them.

There is a strict law against allowing foul weeds to grow and mature on vacant lots and along highways and the council expects me, as chairman of the committee on streets, to look after this matter.

One almost loses courage in trying to keep his premises in neat and attractive condition when his adjoining neighbor is a sloven and cares little how things look about his home. Please do some trimming at once. If you will take your shovel and cut away a bit of the sod along the edge of the walk you will be greatly pleased with the improved appearance of your home and the street you live on, and also save a special tax for the work.

E. E. CASTER.

Miss Mabel Spicer has gone on a boat trip to Duluth, accompanied by her friend, Miss Margaret Kelley.

Mr. Stephen Stark, aged 82½ years, died at the home of his son, L. B. Stark, last Sunday evening. The funeral took place from the Newburg church Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock. Rev. W. G. Stephens of Fowerville conducted the services.

A fellow giving his name as George Proctor was placed in the lock-up by Marshal Springer Wednesday afternoon for being drunk. Before Justice Campbell yesterday morning he pleaded guilty to the charge and was sentenced to pay a fine or go to the house of correction for 30 days. He had no money.

## A Newly Married Couple

It is usually very happy, but the reverse is the case with people who have rheumatism, lame back, sore muscles, cramps in the bowels, dysentery, sick stomach. These latter can have their misery relieved by using *Rouze's Pain-Killing Magic Oil*. It is a most efficient remedy for both internal and external pain. Incident on having the genuine. Price 25¢ per bottle. Sold by Jones, the Druggist, and Beyer's Pharmacy.

## CHURCH NEWS

**CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.**  
First Church of Christ, Scientist, holds services at church edifice, corner Main and Dodge streets, Sunday morning at 10:10. Subject, "Love." Sunday-school at 11 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial service 7:10. Every one is welcome.

**ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL MISSION.**  
There will be service as usual next Sunday, August 4th, in the above church at 2:15 standard. All are welcome to attend this service. Sunday-school class in the church at 1:15 sharp and we hope to welcome new members in this class.

Choir practice is being held every Thursday evening in the church at 7:30 sharp. Every member is asked to attend these practices.

## PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. B. F. Farber, Pastor.  
Services will be held on Sunday, August 4th, as follows: Morning worship at 10 o'clock. The pastor preaches the sermon. His theme, "The Supremacy of Christianity." The congregation of the Methodist church unite with us in this service. Sunday-school at 11:15 o'clock. The union service in the evening is to be held in the Baptist church. The Rev. W. J. Warren preaches the sermon.

Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in the Methodist church. A cordial invitation is extended to attend these services.

## LUTHERAN.

Rev. O. Peters, Pastor.  
Special services will be held in this church Sunday, Aug. 4th. The annual mission festival of the parish of Plymouth, Wayne and Livonia will be held at our church. Two special services will be held in which outside speakers will deliver the discourses on various mission topics. The forenoon services will begin at 9:30 standard time. This service will be conducted entirely in the German language. Rev. H. J. Kronke of Kawkawlin, Mich., will deliver the sermon. The afternoon services will begin at 2 o'clock. Rev. F. Manske of Clarenceville will deliver a German discourse and immediately afterwards Rev. F. Kolch of the Grace Lutheran church of North Woodward Ave., Detroit, will deliver an English discourse upon the text, Isaiah 60, 1-6. Everybody welcome to attend these services.

## MORE LOCAL.

Mr. P. H. Yorton of Detroit visited in the village the first of the week.

Lawrence Samsen of Milan, Ohio, visited at F. W. Samsen's Sunday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gyde visited her daughter Mrs. Emma Brink last week.

Miss Nell McLaren is visiting friends in Lansing and Saginaw for a week or more.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jones and Mrs. Dick Skelton of South Lyon motored down to Bert Brink's last Sunday for the day.

J. E. Wilcox, L. H. Bennett, Asa Joy and I. N. Dickerson made a trip to Ypsilanti in the latter's automobile Sunday.

Henry Ruthuff of Fargo, N. D., Mrs. Edwin Storms of Chicago and Mrs. Sarah Shuart of Dixboro visited at Linus Galpin's last week.

Warren Thomas and family, who have been occupying Mrs. Yorton's house on Maple Ave. have removed to E. O. Huston's new house on Harvey street.

Mrs. E. F. Mott of Holly, sister of Rev. Dr. Caster, and Mrs. E. S. Wilbur of Jackson, sister of Mrs. Caster, visited in the Caster home during the past week.

Mrs. Mary Wheelock of Detroit, familiarly known in Plymouth as "Aunt Mary," reached her 99th birthday last Thursday, July 25th. She is well and hale.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Merritt and daughter Leona, Mrs. Hulda Knapp and Fred Schaufele motored to South Haven Thursday, where they will visit friends a few days.

Marshal Springer cautions all owners of dogs that said dogs must not roam the streets unmuzzled during the month of August on penalty of their being shot. If you own a valuable dog look him up or buy a muzzle for him.

Grant Ovenshire, who was in his 94th year, died at his home west of town last week Wednesday night. The funeral took place Friday morning at ten o'clock from his late residence. Rev. Knowles of Salem conducted the services.

Not a name was filed with the county clerk from the fourth representative district (including Plymouth) to be placed on the Republican primary ticket, the office going begging. It is contended names may not be written in on the ballot.

Mr. and Mrs. John Patterson of Mari-copa, Cal., who have been visiting at Dr. A. E. Patterson's and Fred Schrader's, left the first of the week, accompanied by the former's mother, Mrs. D. Patterson, for a motor trip through Canada.

Try a want ad. and get results.

## Is a Candidate for State Senator

L. E. Sharp is one of the Republican candidates for State Senate from the first district, of which Plymouth forms a part. Mr. Sharp is an attorney, with offices in the Moffat building, Detroit, and one of the rising young men in the metropolis. He is on the "regular" ticket and will fight it out on those lines. From all the writer has seen



and heard of the young man he will be a most practical representative of the interests of the district and the voters will make no mistake if they support him at the primaries Aug. 27th. Mr. Sharp will visit Plymouth in the interim and get in touch with the people generally.

Mrs. Thos. Agnew of Detroit is visiting Mrs. J. D. Willey.

Frank Oliver came home from the hospital Tuesday evening.

Milford is to have a home-coming and carnival August 8 and 9 and the people of Plymouth are especially invited to visit that village on either or both of those dates. They will have "doings" of all kinds, as may be seen by advertisement on first page. Plymouth fire department will take part in the water battle on the 9th, and undoubtedly many others will accompany the boys.

## Do You Know

That if you have been feeling blue and cross all day you can rid yourself of the burden by taking one or two of Dr. Herrick's Sugar-Coated Pills before going to bed. They cure biliousness, stomach disorder and irregular bowels and make you feel fresh, vigorous and cheerful. Price 25 cts. Sold by Jones, the Druggist, and Beyer Pharmacy.

Kidney Diseases  
Diabetes  
Rheumatism  
Liver, Bladder,  
Prostatic and  
Urinary Troubles

## TAKE

## San Jak

If you are suffering from Backache, Lameness of the Muscles, Dizziness, Headache, Constipation, Swelling of the Limbs, Feet or Ankles, Tuberculosis and Troublesome Coughs.

## SAN JAK CURES

Man should die of old age, not disease. San Jak will keep your blood as pure as a lily. We sell San Jak and will guarantee satisfaction or return the price of one bottle.

## JOHN GALE,

Plymouth, Mich.

## Don't Take It For Granted

that just because you are in business, everybody is aware of the fact. Your goods may be the finest in the market but they will remain on your shelves unless the people are told about them.

## ADVERTISE

If you want to move your merchandise, reach the buyers in their homes through the columns of THIS PAPER and on every dollar expended you'll reap a handsome dividend.

# Porch Chairs and Settees

We have a fine line of these goods in the newest and most popular styles and woods. We will be pleased to show them to you and make a price that will be satisfactory.

# Brass & Iron Beds

We are just now showing some late styles and ask you to call and see them. They are handsome and solidly made. The price is right, too.

# We Handle Only Best Class of Goods

# SCHRADER BROS.,

AMBULANCE ON CALL.

Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors

## EDUCATION PAYS

Look about you and see how trained brains win better salaries than trained muscles. We train young men and women to use their brains in business. They succeed. Why not you? Will you write for a copy of our new catalogue? It will interest you if you want to get ahead. Fall Term from August 26th. Address, Detroit Business University, Detroit, Mich., E. R. Shaw, President, 65 West Grand River.

## Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne. As a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the ninth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve. Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate in the matter of the estate of Oscar A. Fraser, deceased. An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate. It is ordered, That the 7th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for proving said instrument. And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in The Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

HENRY S. HULBERT  
Judge of Probate  
Charles C. Chadwick, Probate Clerk.

## Probate Notice

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne. As a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court room in the city of Detroit, on the 22nd day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve. Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate in the matter of the estate of Joseph Fodo, deceased. Paul W. Voorhies, administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to Mary Fodo. It is ordered, That the third day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in The Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

HENRY S. HULBERT  
Judge of Probate  
Charles C. Chadwick, Probate Clerk.

## C.G. DRAPER

JEWELER and OPTOMETRIST...

Eyes accurately fitted with Glasses. Prices Reasonable. Give us a trial. Office opposite D. U. R. Waiting Room. Plymouth, Mich.

## MISS BERTHA BEALS,

## Piano Teacher

Studio, No. 8 Mill Street.

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,

## Physician & Surgeon,

OFFICE OVER BAUCER'S STORE

Bell Phone 36; Local 20.

## DR. A. E. PATTERSON

Office and residence, Main street, next to Express office.

Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after

Telephone 88, Plymouth, Mich.

## FOR

## SHERIFF

JOHN

# STEVENSON

Republican Candidate

## Plymouth Cash Store

We wish to notify our friends and patrons that on and after

Friday, August 16, 1912,

we are going to make our store a

# Cash Store

This means that we are going to sell for spot cash to everybody all the time. We shall play no favorites. Everybody will get a square deal. There will be no trusting a few people who come around behind the door and whisper to us about it, but everything will be open and above board, and we can afford to make prices right on that account. No books to keep, no bad debts, plenty of money on hand always to discount our bills, nobody will owe us and we will owe nobody. Just to show you what cash prices will enable us to do watch our weekly ads.

# TODD BROS.

Both Phones. General Delivery.

## Coal Prices Coal

Our Congo Lump for Threshing, \$4.00

Prices in effect up to Sept. 1st, on

Chestnut Coal.....	\$7.50
Stove Coal.....	7.25
Furnace Coal.....	7.25
Chestnut Coke.....	5.75
Furnace Coke.....	5.75
Pocahontas Egg.....	5.00

We want to urge every one who can, and will, to use Coke and Pocahontas in place of Anthracite, and to have this Coal delivered NOW.

If you are in need of Bushel Crates we have them at 16c each.

# J. D. McLaren Co.

# Overland

## A Foreword About 1913

Just before the 1912 season opened we advised the public to wait and see what we had to offer. Thousands of people were rewarded when they bought our famous \$900 touring car, the car that took the country by storm, for it proved the equal of any \$1200 car shown during the entire 1912 season.

Our advice for 1913 is the same as for 1912:

## Wait for the Overland Announcement!

We will make our 1913 announcement on August 17th. On this date the world at large will awaken to still more car for still less money.

We can use a few live agents—get your application in early.

# Overland Motor Sales Co.

Distributors

344-346 Jefferson Ave.,

Detroit, Mich.

# Now is the Time

TO

## Buy Fruit Cans

Just for a few days we will make you a good price on Fruit Cans, and give with every dozen cans

### One doz. Can Tops Free!

Our price, including the free tops:

Pints, per doz., . 50 cts  
Quarts, per doz., . 60 cts

Also a large stock of Jelly Glasses. We will make a price for a few days.

Jelly Glasses, per doz., . 19 cts

## CENTRAL GROCERY,

R. G. SAMSEN

Phone 13, 2r

Free Delivery



We Sell at Right Prices

Lumber  
Lath  
Shingles, Posts  
Sash, Doors  
Interior Finish  
Sanded Asphalt Roofing,  
Building Paper  
Sewer Pipe  
Drain Tile  
Hard and Soft  
Coal

WE SELL

Good Broad Shingles,

Just the kind to spank the kids with, and then put on the roof to keep them dry while they cry!

THE QUALITY of our SHINGLES

is ample proof that they will do the work while on your roof!

## Plymouth Lumber & Coal Co.,

CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager

## Automobile Owners!

We have White Waste in 10-pound bales for \$1.50 Just the thing to use around an Automobile, and you don't need to buy a quantity. Metal Polish, put up in our own labeled cans, 30c qt. Spark Plugs, 60c to \$1.00. Whiz Auto Soap, the only thing to wash an automobile with, 90c.

### ELECTRICAL GOODS.

We can save you money on Electric Flatirons, Fans, etc

Happy Flatirons	\$2.75
American Flatirons	3.75
Electric Fans	\$10.00 to 21.00

### Bonafide Manufacturing Co.

## Our Business is to Make Money Earn Money.

We are in a position to make money earn 6 per cent. interest on safe investments. Hence we are able and willing to pay depositors FOUR PER CENT. interest on Savings Deposits, which we trust will be duly appreciated. Traveler's checks always on sale, good in all parts of the world.

## Ypsilanti Savings Bank,

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN

EDGAR REXFORD,  
President.

M. M. READ,  
Cashier

## Local News

Ray Smitherman of Detroit Sundayed at Arthur White's.

Will Holmes has rented the Wilson house on Harvey street.

Claude Bridger of Detroit was calling on friends in town Sunday.

Dr. Voorhies and family of Lansing are visiting at L. C. Hall's.

Hiram Roe of Flint spent Sunday with his brother, Ernest Roe.

Bert Crumble and family spent Sunday with relatives in Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. Willett of Ann Arbor visited at Dr. Peck's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foege of Detroit visited at Fred Reiman's this week.

Mrs. Robert Buckley of Detroit was a guest at Wm. Pettingill's last week.

Morton Gowdy of Coldwater visited his cousin, Dr. A. Pelham, last week.

Mrs. Adolph Gigler has returned from a week's visit with friends in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bunyee of Wayne visited at Chauncey Bunyee's last Saturday.

Miss Imogene Smith has been visiting friends in Detroit for the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Passage have returned from a week's visit with relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. E. W. Clark left this week for a visit with friends in Auburn and Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary Shook of Mt. Pleasant has been the guest this week of Mrs. C. J. Bunyee.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Todd and guest Miss Sarah Todd visited relatives in Detroit Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lang and children of Detroit spent the week end with friends in town.

Mrs. W. E. Harris and two boys spent the week end with the former's mother in Carleton.

Mrs. John Herrick of Salem spent a few days this week with her mother, Mrs. Ella Rathburn.

Mr. White Sr., has purchased the property on South Main street owned by Mrs. Hannah Lawler.

Miss Sarah Todd of Bad Axe, who has been visiting relatives here, returned to her home Tuesday.

Mrs. McDonald of Sarnia is visiting at Dr. Peck's and will remain until the Dr. and family return from their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rathburn of Detroit spent Sunday at P. B. Whitbeck's, enroute to Walled Lake for a week's outing.

Dr. Peck and family left Tuesday for a two weeks' motor trip to Manistee, Petoskey, Bear Lake and other northern points.

Mr. and Mrs. Dogie and family motored down from Grand Rapids last week and spent a few days at John Quartel's Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Riggs with their guest, Mrs. W. S. Riggs, of Seattle, Wash., motored to Pontiac and Lake Orion last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson have returned from a six week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Henderson in Burlington, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. John Patterson, Mrs. D. Patterson and granddaughter Gladys Schrader spent the week end with relatives in Rochester.

Fred Wagenschultz has rented the Huston house on South Main street recently vacated by Bert Kehrl and will move into same tomorrow.

Will Brown has purchased the interest of Capt. Martin Kurth of Northville in the lake freighter "James Moust" and is now sole owner of the boat.

Mrs. Henry Wright and son Clarence with the former's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Hough of Kansas City, visited Buffalo and Niagara Falls last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Rorabacher and two children returned Sunday to their home in Detroit, after a month's stay with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sobryer.

J. B. Pettingill, who is working on the good roads, has been transferred from the Plymouth road to the Grand River road, where he will have charge of a larger force of men.

News has been received here of the arrival of a little son at Harry B. Bennett's home in Detroit. Mrs. Bennett, formerly Miss Otalie Edsall, and Mr. Bennett are both well known in Plymouth.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cooper will be interested to know that they have located at Elmhurst, Cal., Mr. Cooper having purchased a furniture and undertaking business at that place. Elmhurst is a suburb of Oakland.

Rev. Frank W. Miller of Stockton, Ill., former pastor of the Universalist church here, gave two services in that church last Sunday. He remained over a few days the first of the week, visiting friends in Plymouth and Farmington.

Leave orders for Peonies, Platts, Tulips, Dahlias, Crocus and Hyacinth bulbs before August 15.

Cora Pelham, phone 103.

Lonetta Lyon is visiting friends in Livonia.

Mrs. H. J. Fisher is visiting in Richmond, Va.

Merle Murray is spending the week at Walled Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kehrl visited in Flint Sunday.

Miss Amelia Gayde is spending the week in Detroit.

Gain Kelley of Detroit spent Sunday at H. H. Passage's.

Come to Pinckney's Pharmacy Saturday to the Big Sale.

H. C. Dains of London, Eng., is visiting at Bert Brink's.

Mrs. Rose Bodmer spent last week with friends in Ann Arbor.

Harvey Springer visited at Watkins Lake a few days this week.

Mr. Hayes of Rochester was a guest at Frank Rambo's last Sunday.

Mrs. Wealthy Chaffee of Wayne visited relatives in town this week.

Asenath Woodworth of Sheldon's visited at Jesse McLeod's this week.

Seeley Harger of Detroit visited his cousin, Mrs. Lewis Cable, last Sunday.

Mrs. Elmer Fisher of Detroit visited her mother, Mrs. John Krumm this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. VanHove and little son visited at Fred Burch's this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mason of Detroit Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Day Dean.

Geo. C. Macomber has purchased Mrs. Huffman's house on South Main street.

Wm. Weckerle and mother of Detroit were calling on friends here last Wednesday.

Mrs. Jennie Voorhies visited her niece, Mrs. F. C. Wheeler, in Salem last week.

Mrs. Winnie Smith of Detroit visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weiler last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James McNabb of Detroit spent Monday with the latter's aunt, Mrs. Weed.

Mrs. Martha Bixby of Clarkston has been spending the week with her sister, Mrs. E. O. Huston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tousey and daughter Janet are spending the week at Cavanaugh Lake.

Chas. Mason and family and Louis Maltby and wife of Detroit spent Sunday at Dr. Grainger's.

Frank Whitbeck is spending a few days this week at Walled Lake with Chas. Rathburn and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Dickerson, Asa Joy and Miss Sadie Paulger spent Tuesday fishing at Island lake.

Mrs. W. S. Riggs of Seattle, Wash., who has been visiting at E. L. Riggs', left Monday for Delphos, Ohio.

Miss Hazel Darling of Perry and Mrs. Rankin of Lansing have been visiting Mrs. Wm. Young this week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Whitbeck spent several days last week in Detroit with their daughter, Mrs. Chas. Rathburn.

"Everybody's doin' it!" Doing what? Buying drugs at Pinckney's Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lane and son Howard were guests of Miss Wheeler and Miss Conner at Walled Lake last Sunday.

Several from here attended the funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Bennett at Wayne last Saturday. Mrs. Bennett is well known in this vicinity as she lived here several years ago and leaves a large number of relatives in and about Plymouth.

Frank Beals, Plymouth, will meet any magazine offer and guarantee delivery. Phone No. 188.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion

HOUSE TO RENT.—Enquire at the Plymouth United Savings Bank.

FOR RENT.—House on Depot st. Enquire of Harry C. Bennett.

FOR RENT.—Cottage at Walled Lake from Aug. 3 to 10. Enquire of Mrs. M. H. Ladd.

FOR SALE.—Household goods, bedsteads, stoves and miscellaneous articles. Mrs. F. H. Shattuck.

House and Two Lots on North Harvey street for sale at a bargain. Enquire of P. W. Voorhies.

FOR SALE.—My case of 45 mounted birds, also four-cylinder runabout automobile. W. N. Wherry.

FOR SALE.—The whole or portions of the T. P. May addition to the village of Plymouth. This property is located on Roe st., and is very desirable for building purposes. P. W. Voorhies.

FOR SALE.—Good house and lot on Penniman ave. E. N. Passage.

FOR RENT.—House, 1 1/2 miles west of village, cheap. E. O. Huston.

FOR SALE.—12 horse power gasoline engine in good condition. J. H. Patterson.

THE MARKETS

Wheat, red, \$ .90; white \$ .97

Hay, \$17.00 to \$20.00 No. 1 Timothy.

Oats, 35c.

Rye, 65c.

Beans, basis \$2.50

Potatoes, \$0.00

Butter, 25c.

Eggs, 19c.

# GALE'S.

For Good Things to Eat go to Gale's.

We have new goods in Olives—10c, 15c, 25c and 35c.

Stuffed Olives, 10c and 15c.

Dried Beef, 10c, 15c and 25c.

Potted Ham 10c, Veal Loaf 15c, Ham Loaf 15c.

Corned Beef, Roast Beef, Lunch Tongue, Soups.

Sardines, 5c, 10c, 15c and 20c.

Salmon, 15c, 18c, 20c and 25c.

Cove Oysters, Lobsters.

Can Beans, 5c, 10c and 15c.

Just received Price's Canning Compound to can Fruits and Vegetables. 10c.

Just received Dutch Cleanser Hand Soap, 5c—it chases dirt.

New stock of Goggles for threshers, also Auto Goggles. New goods in Pocket-books, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Wisp Brooms, etc.

Phone 16

## JOHN L. GALE



THE HOME of Quality Groceries

MR. FARMER,

Your harvest hands will do more work with their mouths and consequently

More Work in the Fields,

if fed on our Quality Groceries. So would most any one else.

Crisco and Snow Drift for frying, for shortening, for cake making

Fish Flakes, for Fish Balls, for Creamed Fish. Ready for immediate use without soaking.

Heinz Pickles in bulk—Sour, Sweet and Sweet Mixed.

Before buying new Can Tops for Mason Jars, see the Sanitary White Crown Vacuum Mason Jar Cap, a real improvement.

## Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40.

Free Delivery

## Not how Cheap, but how Good

To tell the truth we don't like the words "cheap groceries."

We much prefer to deal in the highest qualities obtainable.

Because reduced prices ALWAYS stand for reduced values.

It is inevitable.

Business is so regulated that it cannot be any other way.

So we talk high qualities month in and month out.

And we sell accordingly.

And strange as it may seem it is the truest sort of economy to deal here.

No waste of materials—Constant satisfaction—Most healthful eatables—Those are reasons enough.

We promise you a courteous, pleasing service and the best that money can buy in Groceries to-day, to-morrow and always.

Our EDEN, JAMO and CHEF brands of COFFEES are coffees of QUALITY.

Let us fill your next GROCERY order.

## GAYDE BROS.

## The Most Givable Gifts...

Most appropriate, most appreciated, are shown here in all their surpassing beauty.

Our Cut Glass display is a worthy one—inclusive, exclusive.

Our Hand-decorated China makes a dainty remembrance. We show many new designs a little out of the ordinary, some of them decidedly striking.

We have three new patterns of Haviland & Co. French China and two Austrian Tea Sets.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

We can interest you in Gifts at moderate prices.

## C. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist.

Phone 247 148 Main st.

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMSEN, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

## IN THE MISSISSIPPI FOREST

Not a Land of Marshes and Swamps,  
But a Region of Most Beautiful  
Trees.

It may be only a chance unawareness of my own, but it seems to me that no one has ever truly described the happy, sturdy beauty of the Mississippi forest. All my literary premonitions were of muddy river bottoms, sinister oaks breaks and dark, lowering, moss-hung swamps. But no swamps are here.

There are rather several levels; first the creek bed and banks; then the thick-grown bottom lands, so-called, which are sometimes overflowed, but except for an occasional marshy hollow, mostly dry; and then a third rolling level, where the long-leaved pine trees grow, beautifully open and free from underbrush, and covered with a bright green coarse grass.

The bottom lands are dense with broad-leaved evergreens and hardwoods—cottonwood, sycamore, beech and poplar, this last of enormous growth never seen in the north. Spruce pine grows here, too, with gray bark instead of red-brown; sometimes beaded up, at 65 feet above the ground, into a bit of a dense greenery like a clipped evergreen on a lawn; and ancient cypresses, with their low trunks spreading out into deep flutings, like wooden buttresses. The cheerful trees, however, are the broad-leaved evergreens—magnolia, holly and bay; clothed in dark green, incredibly polished leaves, the sunlight striking from them all over little gleaming points. And draped from tree to tree, over the flowering wild plum, the red blossoms of the buckeye, and the milk-white starry dogwood, the yellow jasmine flaunts its golden trumpets.—Ethel Puffer Howes, in Atlantic Monthly Magazine.

### Making a Report.

Once, in the good but crude days of the Brooklyn police department, a new patrolman named Maloney found a negro lying in Kosciuszko street in a state of alcoholic coma. Asking a chance pedestrian to watch the man, Maloney hastened to the station house to report.

Attempting to do this verbally, he was told that he would have to do it in writing.

He wrote for five minutes; then he approached the desk. "Say, sergeant," he began, "how do you spell Kusyusgo?"

"I don't remember," said the sergeant. "Go in and ask the captain."

"Captain," said Maloney, "I want to make a report, but I can't spell Kusyusgo."

"Nayther can I," said the captain. "What's the nearest street to Kusyusgo?"

"Bedford," answered Maloney.

"Well, then, it's aisy enough," said the captain. "Just go and drag the man into the other street. Then come back and report."—Judge.

### Busy Human Heart.

Every one of us has a little engine which pumps 11,680,000 tons a year, and it weighs only from eight to 12 ounces and needs no engineer. It lasts a lifetime and is on the job every minute of the day and night, never waiting to be coaxed up or oiled. The little machine, which outwards the big ones made of steel, is the heart, and by its 72 beats a minute the little dynamo of life pumps 2 1/2 pounds of blood through the body, purifying it and impatiently taking on another quarter of a pound of the red fluid the next minute. There are four gallons of blood in the average body and the busy little heart is running all the time, putting the blood in condition to keep the human machine going.

### Helpful Home Remedies in Verse.

The head of a family, who thought to save some of his hard-earned dollars by trying out simple home remedies when one of his household became ill, came in a few nights ago with a book under his arm, which he handed to his wife, remarking: "Here is a work on burns. I found it at an auction this afternoon. As one of the children is almost sure to get burned sooner or later, I thought it would be a good investment. Look it over carefully and be prepared in case of an accident."

The wife opened the volume dutifully and then exclaimed: "How odd! It's all poetry!"

### Stevenson's Manuscripts Fritzed.

That interest in Robert Louis Stevenson has by no means waned was shown by the sale in London the other day of one of his letters for \$250. It was written from Davos to his cousin, R. A. Stevenson, and refers to his amateur printing and wood engraving. The manuscript of two of his poems, "My Body Which My Dungeon Is" and "The Sick Child," brought \$125 each.

### Vast Steel Production.

The total production of steel in the United States in 1911 was 23,678,601 long tons. This was 3,419,418 tons, or 16.6 per cent less than in 1910, but only a little below the total of 1909, and was slightly above that in the boom years of 1907 and 1908. The last biennial fact indicates the increase in capacity in the last three years, since the mills in a year considered to be one of comparative depression exceeded that of years when all our works were being forced to their full capacity.

# EMPEROR OF JAPAN DIES; ILL 10 DAYS

END COMES AT 12:43 TUESDAY;  
WAS ONE HUNDRED AND  
TWENTY-FIRST EMPEROR.

CROWN PRINCE YOSHIHITO HAS  
SUCCEEDED TO THRONE.

Japan's Awakening From the Barbaric State Was One  
Feature of His  
Long Reign.

The mikado died at 12:43 Tuesday morning, July 30, after struggling for 10 days for life. The cabinet and many of the leading nobles were in the palace waiting for the end, which had been expected at any moment since early Sunday.

Acute nephritis was given as the cause of the mikado's death. The crown prince, Yoshihito, has succeeded to the throne.

Mutsuhito, the one hundred and twenty-first emperor of Japan, was born at Klotu, Nov. 3, 1852, and his reign, beginning in 1867, on the death of his father, Kamei, has extended over almost the whole of the awakening and modernizing of his country. Coming to the throne when he was but 15 years old his part in the struggle which took place during his earlier years was certainly small, and little is known of it. It was nearly over by the time he became of an age to take any active part in public affairs, but since that time he has accepted with apparent enthusiasm the place of a constitutional monarch, and has taken a leading part in the development of the kingdom during the last 35 years.

The mikado's tastes have been largely military, rather than administrative, and his part in the internal government is understood to have been identified chiefly with the development of the magnificent army and navy which astonished the world in the war with Russia.

### Navy Exhibit at State Fair.

State Fair officials have been notified that the United States Navy Department is preparing an exhibit for the Michigan State Fair during the week of Sept. 16.

The exhibit will consist of several working models of the U. S. Battleships, Florida and Oregon, the Old Maine; the torpedo boats Decatur and Holland and the Cruiser Salem.

There will be an electrical exhibit including the latest wireless apparatus and electrical devices now used in the Navy. The floor space required for this exhibit will be about 450 feet.

An exhibit from the Artificer's school will consist of one complete boat outfit; shuttle butts, esel blocks assorted, blacksmith's outfit and all the different kinds and sizes of lead and brass pipes used in this school to instruct marines.

The seamen gunner exhibit consisting of forging, castings, models of field guns and cannons, also samples of smooth bore guns of large and small caliber mounted on gun carriages will require a space of 300 feet. There will also be an exhibit from the Machinist's school, but the details have not been received.

The entire exhibit will be under the supervision of Lieut. H. E. S. Wallace, U. S. N.

### Killing Deer Out of Season.

The state game, fish and forestry department is receiving monthly reports of deer being killed in the upper peninsula. Several state deputies have been dispatched to the northern country to stop the practice. Four arrests and convictions have already been secured.

"It has been the practice among the upper peninsula residents for years to kill deer," says Warden Oates, "and it has been next to impossible to stop the custom because the local wardens would not enforce the laws against their neighbors. It is different with the state officials who are under no obligations to the huntman. We expect to stop the practice entirely within the next few months. Our plan is meeting with considerable opposition among the residents because they consider the game laws only for the visiting huntmen."

### Advocate Publicity Before Pardons.

D. N. Travis of Flint, member of state board of pardons and paroles said Friday that he believes the legislature should amend the indeterminate sentence law to require more publicity in the matter of securing paroles and pardons.

He urges that the law should require notice to be published in a newspaper in the community from which the applicant was sentenced.

Sarah Bell Coole, 20, of Port Huron, thought she had recovered from an attack of typhoid fever, and started to help her stepmother, Mrs. John Coole, with the housework. Mrs. Coole left the house for a few minutes, and when she returned found the young woman lying dead on the floor. Her death resulted from heart failure and exertion.

Charles S. Fales, of Houghton, for 12 years general superintendent of the Copper Range railroad, has resigned and is succeeded by A. H. Ehlert, former assistant superintendent.

Mack McIntosh, of Allegan, has two new motor car patents almost ready for the patent office. One is a coil of springs which will do away with the pneumatic tire. The other is an attachment which will enable a car to carry from two to eight persons.

Dr. C. H. Johnson, of Grand Rapids, sufficient to remedy conditions heard, declares that Gov. Osborn's statement that the institution is all right is all "rot." He blames the governor for blocking legislation which would make appropriations from the state sufficient to remedy conditions complained of.

# AMERICA FOREIGN TRADE

Exports for the Fiscal Year Exceed  
a Billion.

Exportation of manufactures in the fiscal year just ended more than justified the estimate of the bureau of statistics, department of commerce and labor, that the total value would in 1912 for the first time cross the billion dollar line. The bureau, which has just completed its figures, states the total value of manufactures exported in the fiscal year at \$1,021,753,918, of which 674,302,903 was the value of manufactures ready for consumption and \$347,451,015 that of manufactures for further use in manufacturing.

This does not include foodstuffs which have undergone a process of preparation or manufacture, since the bureau groups articles of that class under the general heading of "food stuffs" exported. Value of manufactures exported in the fiscal year 1912 is more than double that of 1903.

### Many Candidates File Petitions.

Seekers after places on the primary ballot as candidates for nomination by the Progressive party as congressmen and state senators are filing petitions with Secretary of State Martin.

E. N. Dingley of Kalamazoo has filed for the congressional nomination in the Third district; Robert A. Smyth for state senator in the Seventh district; George W. Wood of Lake City for senator in the Twenty-seventh; Dr. Nelson Abbott for representative in the Missaukee district; John W. Patchen, of Traverse City, for the congressional nomination in the Ninth; J. Mark Harvey of Kalamazoo for senator in the Sixth. Senator M. H. Moriarty of Crystal Falls in again out for Republican nomination in his district, and L. C. Cramton has filed for the Republican congressional nomination in the Seventh. The petitions of P. H. Kelley for Republican nomination for congressman-at-large have been found sufficient.

### State Officials May Get After Sheriffs.

Following the report of Secretary Dixon, of the state board of health, M. T. Murray, secretary of the state board of corrections and charities, summoned Sheriff Barnes to his office for a conference relative to situations in the Mason jail. Murray investigated the situation himself and then sent Dr. Dixon over to get a medical examination.

He informed the sheriff that it was up to him to relieve the prisoner who is suffering from a loathsome disease or the state officials would take a hand in the case. Several jails have been closed recently by the board and the secretary intimated drastic action on the part of the state officials if another warning was necessary.

# MISS LILLA B. GILBERT



Miss Gilbert, who inherited \$15,000 from her father, is to marry Howard P. Renshaw of Troy, N. Y.

### Discovers Flaw in Election Law.

A curious complication in the law pertaining to the selection of county drain commissioners has been discovered by Ferdinand Mats, Macomb county commissioner and candidate for re-election.

The law reads that drain commissioners in the various counties shall be elected every two years and shall hold office for four years. Mats was elected two years ago, but in order to be safe he will run again. The law he refers to was enacted at a regular session of the legislature in 1909.

### New Party Has 50 for Legislature.

According to reports from Lansing there will be more than 50 National Progressive party candidates in the field at the coming election to the state legislature.

Theodore M. Joslin of Adrian, the party candidate for United States senator, is much worried over this fact, and is keenly disappointed, as it means that unless the other two parties split nearly even he would not have enough votes to elect him to the coveted position.

Dr. Hans Blume, professor of political economy in the Bertha university, and a personal friend of the patient, is lying in Bellevue hospital, New York, with a fractured skull received in a street car accident.

R. E. Summer, Emmet county farmer, drank a large quantity of chloroform. When he was brought to his senses he was unable to remember any events leading up to his attempt at self-destruction. It is thought overwork unbalanced his mind.

Twenty years ago Wallace Cleveland, owner of a grist mill at Marquette, near Alton, was caught in the mill machinery and lost a leg. He is now suffering from another similar accident to an arm, and physicians say it will be necessary to amputate one of his hands.

# NEW YORK POLICE MILLIONS IN GRAFT

LIEUT. BECKER ARRESTED FOR  
THE MURDER OF ROSENTHAL,  
THE GAMBLER.

PRISONER CALLED ARCH-PLOT-  
TER BY JACK ROSE.

Story of Cold-Blooded Crime is Being  
Rapidly Revealed as Details  
Are Brought to  
Light.

Lieut. Charles A. Becker, whose arrest came as a dramatic climax to the past fortnight's investigations of the gambler Rosenthal murder, has been a member of the New York police force for nearly 20 years, his appointment dating back to Nov. 1, 1893. The first serious case in which Becker was concerned was the shooting dead of a young plumber's helper, John Fay, who was killed in a burglar chase. Becker and another policeman were suspended following an investigation, but were later reinstated.

Becker was placed in charge of the so-called strong arm squad on June 30, 1911. Since that time he has been much in the public eye, making many spectacular raids. Last March a man was killed by a bullet fired during one of his raids. Becker was relieved from charge of the squad for a time, but was later reassigned to it.

During the year he was in charge of the strong arm squad Becker made more than 75 raids, including the attack on Rosenthal's gambling place on April 15.

Herford Marshall, counsel for "Jack Sullivan" (Jacob Reich), the go-between between Lieut. Becker and Jack Rose, now held in the Tombs in connection with the case, announced that Sullivan was ready to tell all he knew on the witness stand and that his story would prove more astounding than any yet told. Sullivan, he said, would not talk to the police or the district attorney.

The indictment and arrest of Police Lieutenant Charles A. Becker for the murder of the gambler, Herman Rosenthal, soon after the confession of "Bald Jack" Rose, "Bridgie" Webber and Harry Vallon, revealed by District Attorney Whitman the "police system" in all its hideousness.

The public prosecutor, following the trail of the three confessions, continued his search for evidence that would implicate those higher up than Becker, and more indictments of police officials are expected by the district attorney.

### New York Police Got Missions in Graft.

When Jack Rose made the confession that put Lieut. Baker in the Tombs for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the New York gambler, Rose said that Becker had told him that \$2,400,000 was the yearly police graft from gambling, disorderly houses and other forms of blackmail. Rose swore that Becker had confided to him the loot was divided among four police officials; Becker himself, the policemen of higher rank and a minor official who does not wear a uniform.

"Jack," said Becker, "the rakeoff is so good that my own share was \$600,000 and the others got the same."

Becker's collector having handled a good deal of the money himself, does not think that Becker or any individual pocketed \$600,000 in any one year, but that Becker and his connections were distributing agents, and that the \$600,000 each received was subdivided.

There is just one chance for Becker to save himself. The district attorney may conclude to deal leniently with the lieutenant if he can and will tell the truth about who else received the profits of blackmail.

### Settle Sugar Frauds.

Alleged sugar frauds at Philadelphia under investigation by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh and Attorney-General Wickersham for the last year have been settled by the payment of nearly a quarter of a million dollars to the United States government by the sugar refining companies involved.

This announcement was made by the treasury department Tuesday. Investigation of alleged sugar frauds at New York and New Orleans, it was reported, are approaching conclusion. These constitute the final act of the nation-wide inquiry that resulted in the revelations of abuses in sugar importations at New York several years ago.

commerce commission. He favors appeals only from such decisions as involve questions of law.

J. Warren Jenkins, of Cheyenne, Wyo., was sentenced to be hanged Oct. 11 for the murder of his wife. Possession of his wife's \$20,000 estate was advanced as a motive for his crime.

A jury in Judge Humphries' court in Adrian found H. H. Spencer, a druggist of Morenci, guilty of selling ice cream containing less than 15 per cent of butter fat, as required by the state pure food law. He was fined \$41, including costs, or ordered to spend 300 days in jail.

Attorney-General Wickersham has advised congress that he does not approve any proposition to give shipper a blanket right of appeal to the commerce court from all so-called negative rulings of the interstate commerce board.

State Treasurer Sleeper is out with his report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912. He is one of the few department heads to get his report out so early. The total receipts for the past year were \$14,190,495.57, as against \$12,544,492.94 for the previous year. The report shows a total of 175 departments for state money among the various state boards.

# CROPS RUINED

Cyclone Does Great Damage in Gladwin County.

A terrific cyclone, accompanied by hail, went through Gladwin county Monday evening. It went the entire width of the county, taking a strip about two miles wide and 20 miles long. It hit Grant township, the best part of the county. The damage to buildings was slight, although a number of houses and barns were blown down. The principal loss was on the crops. All kinds of grain and fruit were totally destroyed, in many places trees being uprooted and in others the bark torn off. The damage in this county is over \$250,000. No lives were lost, but many persons were injured. Many people were knocked unconscious by the hail. It was the worst storm of the kind ever experienced here, as it hit the best farming district in the county. It will probably cripple local finances.

### Lifer Makes Escape.

W. D. Riley, aged 45, a lifer at Jackson state prison, walked out of the yard and has not been captured. He was convicted of robbery, having been sent up 17 years ago from Lehigh county. He has been employed as a trusty and was working about the deputy warden's residence a short time before he made his escape.

The Chassell State Bank has been incorporated with a capitalization of \$20,000.

# THE MARKETS.

## LIVE STOCK.

DETROIT.—Cattle—Extra dry-fed steers, \$16.50; average and heifers, 15.00 to 1.200 lbs. \$6.50; 1.500 to 2.000 lbs. \$6.50; 2.000 to 2.500 lbs. \$6.50; 2.500 to 3.000 lbs. \$6.50; 3.000 to 3.500 lbs. \$6.50; 3.500 to 4.000 lbs. \$6.50; 4.000 to 4.500 lbs. \$6.50; 4.500 to 5.000 lbs. \$6.50; 5.000 to 5.500 lbs. \$6.50; 5.500 to 6.000 lbs. \$6.50; 6.000 to 6.500 lbs. \$6.50; 6.500 to 7.000 lbs. \$6.50; 7.000 to 7.500 lbs. \$6.50; 7.500 to 8.000 lbs. \$6.50; 8.000 to 8.500 lbs. \$6.50; 8.500 to 9.000 lbs. \$6.50; 9.000 to 9.500 lbs. \$6.50; 9.500 to 10.000 lbs. \$6.50; 10.000 to 10.500 lbs. \$6.50; 10.500 to 11.000 lbs. \$6.50; 11.000 to 11.500 lbs. \$6.50; 11.500 to 12.000 lbs. \$6.50; 12.000 to 12.500 lbs. \$6.50; 12.500 to 13.000 lbs. \$6.50; 13.000 to 13.500 lbs. \$6.50; 13.500 to 14.000 lbs. \$6.50; 14.000 to 14.500 lbs. \$6.50; 14.500 to 15.000 lbs. \$6.50; 15.000 to 15.500 lbs. \$6.50; 15.500 to 16.000 lbs. \$6.50; 16.000 to 16.500 lbs. \$6.50; 16.500 to 17.000 lbs. \$6.50; 17.000 to 17.500 lbs. \$6.50; 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# SERIAL STORY

# EXCUSE ME!

Revised from the City of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs by Harry W. Savage

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## SYNOPSIS.

Lieut. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of taxicab prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train. Transcontinental train is taking on passengers. Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man. The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train. "Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maudlin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears. She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb. Letter blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory decorate bridal berth. Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling. Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell. Passengers join Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding blessing. Marjorie is distracted. Ira Lathrop, a woman-hating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Anise Gattie, a fellow passenger. Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers. Mrs. Wellington hears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb. Mallory reports to Marjorie his failure to find a preacher. They decide to pretend a quarrel and Mallory finds a vacant berth.

## CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

And now he was sprawled and snoring majestically among his many luggage, like a sleeping lion. Beverage tasted good to the humble porter; it tasted like a candied yam smothered in possum gravy. He smacked his thick lips over this revenge. With all the insolence of a servant in brief authority, he gloated over his prey, and prodded him awake. Then murmured with hypocritical deference: "Excuse me, but could I see yo' ticket for yo' seat?"

"Certainly not! It's too much trouble," grumbled the half-asleep. "Confound you!"

The porter lured him on: "Is you sho' you got one?"

Wedgewood was wide awake now, and surlily as any Englishman before breakfast: "Of course I'm shaw. How dare you?"

"Too bad, but I'm blegged to ask you to gimme a peek at it."

"This is an outrage!"

"Yassah, but I just nachelly got to see it."

Wedgewood gathered himself together, and ransacked his many pockets with increasing anger, muttering under his breath. At length he produced the ticket, and thrust it at the porter: "Thah, you idiot, are you convinced now?"

The porter gazed at the billet with ill-concealed triumph. "Yassah, I's convinced," Mr. Wedgewood settled back and closed his eyes. "I's convinced that you is in the wrong berth!"

"Impossible! I won't believe you!" the Englishman raged, getting to his feet in a fury.

"Perhaps you'll believe Mistah Tick-et," the porter chortled. "He says numba ten, and that's ten across the way and down the road a piece."

"This is outrageous! I decline to move."

"You may decline, but you move just the same," the porter said, reaching out for his various bags and carryalls. "The train moves and you move with it."

Wedgewood stood fast: "You had no right to put me in here in the first place."

The porter disdained to refute this slander. He stumbled down the aisle with the bundles. "It's too bad, it's suttinly too bad, but you sholy must come along."

Wedgewood followed, gesticulating violently.

"Herv, wait—how dare you! And that berth is made up. I don't want to go to bed now!"

"Mistah Ticket says, 'Go to bed!'"

"Of all the disgusting countries! Heah, don't put that thah—beah—"

The porter fung his head anywhere, and absolved himself with a curt, "I's got obha passengers to wait on now."

"I shall certainly report you to the company," the Englishman fumed.

"Yassah, I p'mise so."

"Yo' berth is empty, sah. Shall I make it up?"

Mallory nodded, and turned to Marjorie, with a sad, "Good night, darling."

The porter rolled his eyes again, and turned away, only to be recalled by Marjorie's voice: "Porter, take this old handbag out of here."

The porter thought of the vanquished Lathrop, exiled to the smoking room, and he answered: "That belongs to the gemman what owns this berth."

"Put it in number one," Marjorie commanded, with a queasily gesture.

The porter obeyed meekly, wondering what would happen next. He had no sooner deposited Lathrop's valise among the incongruous white ribbons, than Marjorie recalled him to say: "And, porter, you may bring me my own baggage."

"Yo what—missus?"

"Our handbags, idiot," Mallory explained, peevishly.

"I ain't seen no handbags of yours," the porter protested. "You-all didn't have no handbags when you got on this cah."

Mallory jumped as if he had been shot. "Good Lord, I remember! We left 'em in the taxicab!"

The porter cast his hands up, and walked away from the tragedy. Marjorie stared at Mallory in horror.

"We had so little time to catch the train," Mallory stammered. Marjorie leaped to her feet: "I'm going up in the baggage car."

"For the dog?"

"For my trunk."

And now Mallory annihilated her completely, for he gasped: "Our trunks are on the train ahead!"

Marjorie fell back for one moment, then bounded to her feet with shrill commands: "Porter! Porter! I want you to stop this train this minute!"

The porter called back from the depths of a berth: "This train don't stop till tomorrow noon."

Marjorie had strength enough for only one vain protest: "Do you mean to say that I've got to go to San Francisco in this waist—a waist that has seen a whole day in Chicago?"

The best consolation Mallory could offer was companionship in misery. He pushed forward one not too immaculate cap. "Well, this is the only I've got."

"Don't speak to me," snapped Marjorie, beating her heels against the floor.

"But, my darling!"

"Go away and leave me. I hate you!"

Mallory rose up, and stumbling down the aisle, plunged into berth number three, an allegory of despair.

About this time, Little Jimmie Wellington, having completed more or less chaotic preparations for sleep, found that he had put on his pyjamas hind-side foremost. After vain efforts to whirl round quickly and get at his own back, he put out a frowny head, and called for help.

"Say, Porter, Porter!"

"I'm still on the train," answered the porter, coming into view.

"You'll have to hook me up."

The porter rendered what aid and correction he could in Wellington's hippopotamine toilet. Wellington was just wide enough awake to discern the undisturbed bridal-chamber. He whined:

"Say, porter, that rice-trap. Aren't they going to flop the rice-trap?"

The porter shook his head sadly. "Don't look like that fopper's a'goin to flop. That dog-on bridal couple is done divorced a'ready!"

## CHAPTER XVI.

Good Night, All!

The car was settling gradually into peace. But there was still some murmur and drowsy energy. Shoes continued to drop, heads to bump against upper berths, the bell to ring now and then, and ring again and again.

The porter paid little heed to it; he was busy making up number five (Ira Lathrop's berth) for Marjorie, who was making what preparations she could for her troussousless, husbandless, dogless first night out.

Finally the Englishman, who had at most rung the bell dry of electricity, showed from his berth his indignant and undignified head. Once more the car resounded with the cry of "Paw-tah! Paw-tah!"

The porter moved up with noticeable deliberation. "Did you ring, sah?"

"Did I ring! Paw-tah, you may draw my tub at eight-thirty in the mornin'."

corridor, and a man in checked overalls dashed into the car.

His car was slightly red, and he held at arm's length, as if it were a venomous monster, Snoodleums. And he yelled:

"Say, whose durn dog is this? He bit two men, and he makes so much noise we can't sleep in the baggage car."

Marjorie went flying down the aisle to restrain her lost lamb in wolf's clothing, and Snoodleums, the returned prodigal, yelped and leaped, and told her all about the indignities he had been subjected to, and his valiant struggle for liberty.

Snoodleums, seeing only Snoodleums, stepped into the baggage car, and one, and held no need to be laughing ribbons. Marjorie, eager to restore himself to her love by loving her dog, crowded closer to her side, making a hypocritical ado over the pup.

Everybody was popping his or her face out to learn the cause of such clamor. Among the baggage heads suspended along the curtains, like Dyak trophies, appeared the great snout of Little Jimmie Wellington. He had been unable to sleep for mourning the wanton waste of that lovely rice-trap.

When he peered forth, his eyes hardly believed themselves. The elusive bride and groom were actually in the trap—the hen pheasant and the chanticleer. But the net did not fall. He waited to see them sit down, and spring the infernal machine. But they would not sit.

In fact, Marjorie was muttering to Harry—tenderly, now, since he had won her back by his efforts to console Snoodleums—she was muttering tenderly:

"We must not be seen together, honey. Go away, I'll see you in the mornin'."

And Mallory was saying with bitter resignation: "Good night—my friend."

And they were shaking hands! This incredible bridal couple was shaking hands with itself—disintegrating! Then Wellington determined to do at least his duty by the sacred rites.

The gaping passengers saw what was probably the largest pair of pyjamas in Chicago. They saw Little Jimmie, smothering back his giggles like a schoolboy, tiptoe from his berth, enter the next berth, brushing the porter aside, climb on the seat, and clutch the ribbon that pulled the stopper from the trap.

Down upon the unsuspecting elopers came this miraculous cloudburst of ironical rice, and with it came Little Jimmie Wellington, who lost what little balance he had, and catapulted into their midst like the offspring of an iceber.

It was at this moment that Mrs. Wellington, hearing the loud cries of the panic-stricken Marjorie, rushed from the Women's Room, absent-mindedly combing a totally detached section of her hair. She recognized familiar pyjamas waving in air, and with one faint gasp: "Jimmie! on this train!" she swooned away. She would have fallen, but seeing that no one paid any attention to her, she recovered consciousness on her own hook, and vanished into her berth, to meditate on the whys and wherefores of her husband's presence in this car.

Dr. Temple in a nightgown and trousers; Roger Ashton, in a collarless estate, and the porter, managed to extricate Mr. Wellington from his plight, and stow him away, though it was like putting a whale to bed.

Mallory, seeing that Marjorie had fled, vented his wild rage against fate in general, and rice traps in particular, by tearing the bridal bungalow to pieces, and then he stalked into the smoking room, where Ira Lathrop, homeless and dispossessed, was sound asleep, with his feet in the chair.

He was dreaming that he was a boy in Brattleboro, the worst boy in Brattleboro, trying to get up the courage to spark pretty Anise Gattie, and throwing rocks at the best boy in town, Charlie Selby, who was always at her side. The porter woke Ira, an hour later, and escorted him to the late bridal section.

Marjorie had fled with her dog, as soon as she could grope her way through the deluge of rice. She hopped into her berth, and spent an hour trying to clear her hair of the multitudinous grains. And as for Snoodleums, his thick wool was so bed-soiled that for two days, whenever he shook himself, he sneezed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Discomfited Masher.

A gray-haired masher, easily over sixty years of age, was given a cold reception when he endeavored to become acquainted with the wife of a well-known newspaper man recently.

The day was cold and rainy. The newspaper man's wife was standing holding an open umbrella. She was waiting for her car. The gray-bearded individual unannounced stooped under her umbrella, and stood beside her for an instant before he remarked:

"You seem to be waiting for some one."

He was nearly taken off his feet when the woman with a quick reply said, "I think you are mistaken, Santa Claus."

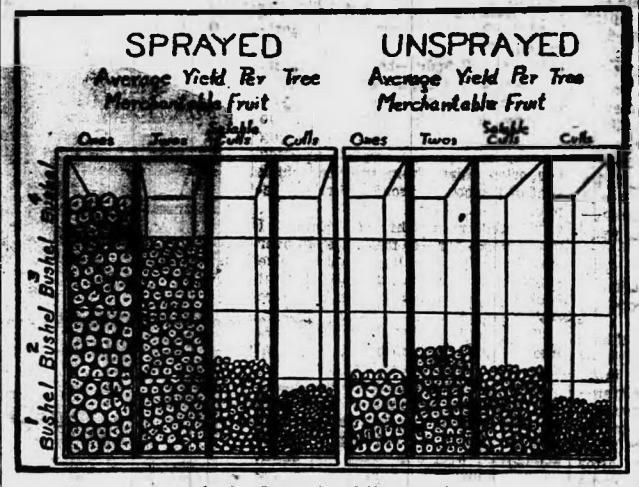
The gray-bearded individual left sadly.

Worse Than English Sparrow.

Rabbits were originally introduced into Australia by a squatter, near Melbourne, who thought that the sight of them would remind him of home. They did, but they cost him \$250,000 before they were done with him, and that little remittance is costing the colonies \$1,500,000 per annum. A pair of rabbits in five years are capable of producing a progeny of 20,000,000, and in Australia they seem to have acted up to their capacity.

# EXPERIMENTS SHOW SPRAYING SAVES MUCH OF APPLE CROP

Results in Kansas Give Increase in Actual and Relative Amount of Fruit Raised—All Seriously Injurious Insects and Fungus Diseases Have Been Markedly Reduced.



Apples Sprayed and Unsprayed.

For the purpose of showing the farmer and fruit grower how he might save that part of the apple crop which is usually sacrificed to insects and fungi, most excellent experiments were made during one entire season, by the Kansas College of Agriculture, the college men going into the field and personally carrying on the work of spraying. The results of the spraying were uniformly good, and the owners of the sprayed orchards were well pleased.

The following splendid results of this work are valuable to farmers and fruit growers in every other state in the union as well as Kansas, for they demonstrate beyond a doubt the helpfulness of spraying.

Commercial results from seven widely separated orchards, including both commercial and home types and composed of the varieties of apples recognized as standard in Kansas, carefully sprayed showed an average gain of four bushels in actual yield of merchantable fruit per tree, or 37 per cent compared with untreated parts of the same orchards. Not only was the actual and relative amount of merchantable fruit materially increased, but the average percentage of number 1's and number 2's, which are the high-priced grades, was also increased by 15 per cent and 6.6 per cent, respectively.

The average net profit from spraying was shown to be \$1.62 per tree, or \$97.20 per acre when the fruit was sold as "orchard run," and to be almost doubled when properly graded and marketed.

All seriously injurious insects and fungous diseases have been markedly reduced and most of them have been made almost negligible.

Prepared lime-sulphur plus arsenate of lead has produced the best results on apples subject to Bordeaux injury and nearly free from apple blotch, while Bordeaux mixture plus varieties attacked by apple blotch.

## ECCENTRIC FARM WORK THAT PAID

English Gentleman Used Novel Method of Ridding Farm of Injurious Potato Beetle.

(By J. H. HAYNES.)

On a neighboring farm lived an English gentleman who certainly had some novel methods of working.

His farm consisted of some clay lands. In the center of this farm was a very rich, black field that had formerly been a swamp.

The soil was mainly made up of decayed vegetation, and when drained was as loose as an ash heap.

In this field he annually grew potatoes and watermelons. When the Colorado potato bug came around he headed them off in this way:

He planted the potatoes in drills and leveled the land smooth. When the potatoes began to come up he ran along the rows a cultivator and covered all the young shoots under.

In a week or so when they made a second appearance he did the same thing, using a larger shovel on the cultivator. This was done the third time using a single shovel plow which left the rows properly hilled up.

The bugs never got a chance at the potatoes—got disgusted and looked for other fields to work on.

The covering of the shoots seemed to help, for when they were left to the light and air they grew tremendously thrifty.

He raised watermelons and lots of them, but not for the usual purpose they are grown.

He pressed the juice from the melons, boiled it down in copper evaporators to a fair syrup, and with this syrup he used apples for thickening, to make apple butter, and it was of a quality hard to beat.

He supplied large quantities of it to the beef markets and at good prices. The syrup was of finest quality and much of it was used.

## SUBSOILING WITH DYNAMITE



A method of subsoiling that is attracting a great deal of attention is dynamite blasting. The claim made for this practice is that it virtually changes a farm from a 6 or 8-inch layer of top soil to a 6-foot layer because of the food in the lower strata made available by blowing daylight into them. The dynamite has a three-fold effect on the soil. It not only pulverizes it, making it ideal for root growth, but it irrigates and drains it at one and the same operation. The cost of "shooting-up" an acre of ground, labor and all included, is said to approximate 250 or more. So far

## CARING FOR PIGS DURING SUMMER

Business Should be Conducted in Careful and Business-Like Way for Ultimate Success.

(By A. J. LEGG.)

Many farmers think that they cannot afford to feed the pigs liberally during the summer season. The pigs are allowed to shift for themselves in many instances and of course do not make much growth but one may see a pretty good profit in feeding at the present high prices of both feed and pork.

The hogs will just about live on the pasture they can gather from the field and what grain is given them goes to growth and any one who has tried it has found that only a moderate ration fed to the hogs on pasture will make a good growth throughout the season.

Early spring pigs of any good breed can be made to average a pound of gain a day by the time they are eight or ten months old and a large part of this can be made on pasture.

The pig that is fed enough food to keep it growing rapidly from the start to finish is usually the most profitable porker.

In some sections where there is sufficient waste crop to fatten the hogs it may be profitable to allow the hogs to shift for themselves.

However, usually the hogs that are allowed to shift for themselves and get fat on the waste are easy victims of cholera and swine plague. There is a section in the western part of my country in West Virginia where the hogs are allowed the free range of the forests and that locality is visited by cholera every year or two.

There are quite as many hogs that die from cholera there as ever reach the pork barrel. Hog raising as a business must be treated in a business way and if it is conducted without cost there is little profit.

Effective Background.

"Do you think your audience enjoy the statistics you quote in your speeches?"

"No," replied Senator Borah; "I just put 'em in to make the spot of my remarks seem more interesting by contrast."

Still Hoping.

"Pa, are you an optimist?"

"Yes, I am still hoping to be able some time to attend a national convention at which no hand will be permitted to play 'Dixie.'"

He Knew.

The owners of a certain farm had better and eggs brought them daily by the daughter of the farm. A trained nurse had a case at the owner's home. One day the farmer's wife and daughter were discussing this, when the little boy, who had been listening, said: "Rita, if I go with you tomorrow, will you show me the trained nurse?" The girl said she would, and the next day he accompanied her. The nurse came into the kitchen, said a few words to him, and went out. He ran home at once, and arrived breathless. "Mother," he cried, "the trained nurse is nothing but a girl!"—Harper's Bazar.

Charlotte J. Cipriani of the University of Paris says: "It may prove instructive to call attention to the fact that of the three oldest universities in Christian western Europe, Salerno, Bologna and Paris, two—Salerno and Bologna—were thrown open to their origin to women, both as students and professors. Nor did the women fail to take advantage of this opportunity."

High-Handed Justice at the Canal.

Mr. Bishop, characterizing Col. G. W. Goethals, emphasizes especially the big man's many-sidedness. Besides putting through the biggest engineering job in the world, he has been, during his years at Panama, a staunch fighter for the laws of economic decency.

Colonel Goethals is a fighter and he will fight a trust as readily as he will fight a labor union. Whole cargoes of tainted meat have been shipped back by the commissary, because the beef trusts' goods were not up to sample. Thousands of square yards of screening were condemned and left unspilled for, as soon as it was discovered that the copper trust had put in so much iron that they were rapidly falling to pieces with rust. Colonel Goethals is determined that no contractors shall become rich by supplying the Panama canal with rotten food and shoddy material, as so many did in the days of the De Lesseps company.

World's Debt to Books.

How safely we lay bare the poverty of human ignorance to books without feeling any shame. They are masters who instruct us without rod or ferule, without angry words, without clothes or money. If we come to them they are not asleep; if you ask and inquire of them they do not withdraw themselves; they do not chide you if you make mistakes; they do not laugh at you if you are ignorant.—Richard De Bury.

Love Element in Writer's Lives.

Alfred de Musset's love for irresponsible George Sand gave his thoughts such an extraordinary elevation that he wrote many brilliant poems in consequence. Chaucer sang the praises of many queens, but his one great love was Philippa Picard de Rouet, the Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Anne of Bohemia. He waited nine years to marry her, but made it a matter of complaint in several poems.

The Downtrodden Farmer.

An Ottawa man heard that a farmer wanted to sell a motor car. He sympathized with the poor farmer and his family because they were forced to part with the machine for financial reasons, he believed, and went out to the farm to buy it. The farmer was not at home, but his daughter was there. "I came out to buy your car," he said. "Which one?" asked the girl.—Kansas City Star.

Sight of the Color Blind.

A color blind person sees light as either white or gray and dark colors appear either as dark gray or black. This mental sensitiveness is due to the fact that the light nerves and color nerves are closely interwound, but there is a different set of nerves for both light and color, just as there are different sets of nerves for temperature and for touch.

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**OVERHEARD ON THE STREET**

The Sort of Conversation That Occurs Between Two Dear Friends of the Feminine Persuasion.

The two dear, dear friends had not met in a long time, and when they at last encountered each other on the avenue they both began to talk simultaneously, as follows:

**First Lady**—How perfectly jolly to see you again! It seems ages since we met. But after all—it's not so strange, because, you know, dear, I've been travelling all winter. We spent December in Italy, and about the first of January we went over to Egypt, where we passed two perfectly delightful months, going to the Riviera in March. We came back to America about April 10th, and went immediately down to Alken, where George got in a lot of golf, and I just reveled in the horseback riding. Later on we came north again, and ever since I have been resting up at mother's up in the Berkshires. April is a trifle early for that part of the world, but everything was so quiet, and I was so tired from the constant travel, that it was refreshing to the last degree up there.

**Second Lady**—Why, you dear thing! I haven't seen you for a month of Sundays—but that wasn't your fault. I have had such a miserable winter—have hardly been out of the house a minute. I very foolishly managed to catch the whooping-cough from Tommy shortly after Christmas, and after I got through with that the baby came down with the measles, and again I was laid up, catching that infantile disease myself, with the result that when March came along and I was able to go out I was so run down that I caught a terrible cold, which developed into something very like pneumonia, and until a week ago last Thursday I spent most of my time in the hands of two doctors and a trained nurse.

(Pause for a long breath.)

**First Lady** (resembling)—And how have you been all winter?

**Second Lady** (simultaneously resembling)—And where have you been all this time—wintering in town?—Harper's Weekly.

**Origin of "Hoosier."**

When the Indiana Society of Chicago held its annual outing and feed June 1, Charles Healy told a new version of how the term "Hoosier" came to be applied to Indians.

"An old river pilot gave me the story," said Mr. Healy, "and it sounds pretty reasonable. In the early days when Indiana was only sparsely settled along the southern border, most of the trading was done in the Kentucky towns just across the river. Naturally, when the settlers went to town they cut up all sorts of capers and one of the new stunts in those days was for a man to jump up in the air and try to kick his heels together twice before touching the ground.

"One day a crowd of Indiana settlers arrived in town, and some one offered to bet that a member of the Indiana crowd couldn't kick his heels together twice and say 'Hussar' two times before coming down. He performed the stunt all right, with the exception of saying 'Hussar.' In his excitement he mispronounced the word and said 'Hoosier, Hoosier.' That's how the famous nickname originated, according to the river pilot, and from that time on all Indiana people were called 'Hoosiers.'"

**Tips as Strike Breakers.**

Not a few men who are accustomed to give liberal tips were heard to express themselves bitterly on the subject of the waiters' strike.

One of the managers at the Waldorf was talking yesterday about hearing one of the best-known brokers in New York, known as one of the most generous tippers about the hotel, declare emphatically that he had vowed never again to tip a waiter who had struck. Some doubt was expressed, and the manager washed away and brought up the broker.

"Yes, I said it," the latter agreed, "and, furthermore, I mean it. In the course of the last twenty years I have given away thousands of dollars in tips to waiters—never less than a quarter, and sometimes as much as \$5 at a time. Yet what did it count for me to spend a lot of money on men just for bringing me a few plates of food? Hereafter I shall look every man who serves me whether he was a striker. If he was, I shall not give him a cent, and I can tell you I have talked with hundreds who feel just the same as I."—New York Sun.

**Babism.**

Babism was founded in Persia about 1846, by Sayid Mirza Ali. He took the name of Báb, (the gate of the faith), whence he became known as the "Báb," and his disciples as the "Babis." The Báb, who during his life maintained the highest reputation for purity and gentleness of character, was murdered at Tabriz, July 8, 1850. It will be impossible to give anything like an intelligent account of the teachings of Babism. Indeed, mystical, it takes an Oriental or the Oriental to even approximately understand it, or to even half-way explain it. The Babis have teachers in every country, and you might consult one if you have a desire to know the cult is.

**Natural Mistake.**

At a magnificent row of chrysanths just above the hedge, there were the heads of the players sitting just back of the bench.

**Marrying a Plain Man**

"My land, Minerva!" cried Miss Emily. "Why didn't you let me know, so's I could have come an' held your bokay? But you never was like other folks."

Minerva Grigsby—born an Ackien, married to a Biggers and then to a Crook, and only yesterday to Jeremiah Grigsby, so that her friends said she was determined to take a wedding journey through the alphabet—lifted her crisp skirts from the inch thick dust of the country road before she replied.

"Twa'n't no earthly use, Em'ly. I never was a hand to make a to-do over marry'n'. It's just like anything else—soon's you get in the habit it just comes second nature. Besides there wa'n't no bokay."

"Still," sighed Miss Emily, "I always like to stand by my friends in tryin' moments. No flowers, you say?"

"Not less you count the tuberoses in Mr. Grigsby's buttonhole. But don't let that mislead you into thinkin' he's like the others. If you're goin' to get acquainted with him today you might as well know beforehand what to expect."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Emily. "Tell me the worst."

"There ain't no worst, Em'ly; it's all best," beamed the bride of two days. "Jeremiah ain't no author like my first, an' he ain't no artist like my second. He's just a plain man. I'm that glad when I think about it I'm right giddy. 'Happiness at last,' says I to myself, 'with just a nice, plain, disagreeable man!'"

Minerva Grigsby's triple plated matrimonial experience sat lightly on her, to judge from the amplexes of her figure and the unworried smoothness of her brow. The cheerful philosophy or philosophical cheerfulness that looked out on the world from her mild brown eyes proclaimed her unshaken faith in mankind.

"I thought 'twould a' been real nice to married a genius," ventured Miss Emily.

"A genius is a prenuptial ornament exclusive," announced the bride, emphatically. "He don't have no wearin' qualities. There's Mr. Biggers, as was always writin' 'literchoor,' an' namin' himself 'Sidney Biggers the third.' I asked him if the other two was similar to him, an' when he says they was I told him I thought there'd been a plenty of that kind. No, Em'ly, I ain't been about bein' married to 'literchoor.'"

"An' Mr. Grigsby is—different?"

"He's just as plain as this gold ring he engaged me with. I left him this mornin', 's long's he said the sun was too hot to come to church, with the potatoes to scrape an' the corn to shuck an' a few other things to fix for dinner. But I ain't complainin' of the other husbands. I always feel about husbands same's I do about troubles, take 'em as they come."

"I never knew much about Mr. Crook. Painted for a livin', didn't he?"

"J. Marcus, he was, partin' his name in the middle same's he did his hair. He painted, all right, but not for a livin'. No, Em'ly, I have a home an' a good farm, an' I've always kiplled the livin'. I told J. Marcus he better give up paintin' an' take to somethin' else. But he said it wasn't his idea of a wife to interfere with a husband's rights, an' he wished I'd stay on the pedestal where he'd always placed woman. 'My land!' I says. 'We ain't got room up there. Men are so conceited they've scourged us clean off.' But here we are, 'most home."

Round the house the bride led the way to the kitchen—smiling as if she expected the odor of cooking food to greet her nostrils. Miss Emily meekly followed in the walks of Minerva's white muslin wedding dress as she whisked its skirts from side to side with an air of assurance that she could now show a man who knew how to be a husband instead of a genius.

But Minerva's assurance was short lived. As they rounded the corner of the house they caught sight of the lank figure of the bridegroom stretched full length under a tree near the kitchen door. Under his head was one of Minerva's freshly laundered sofa cushions. With his left hand he held between his teeth a jewsharp, while his lean right hand lazily twanged the tongue of the instrument with measured strokes as the soothing strains of "Rest for the Weary" floated out upon the air. Minerva's quick eye glanced through the window, where unscrapped potatoes and the unshucked corn lay on the kitchen table just as she had left them. With a sigh that stirred her ample figure from center to circumference she turned to Miss Emily.

"Well, of all the luck!" she said. "Now, here I've gone an' married a musician! Ain't husbands the strangest race of people!"—Chicago Daily News.

**Recent Judge's Sermon.**  
An old lady, brought up as witness before a bench of magistrates in England, when asked to take off her bonnet, refused to do so, saying:

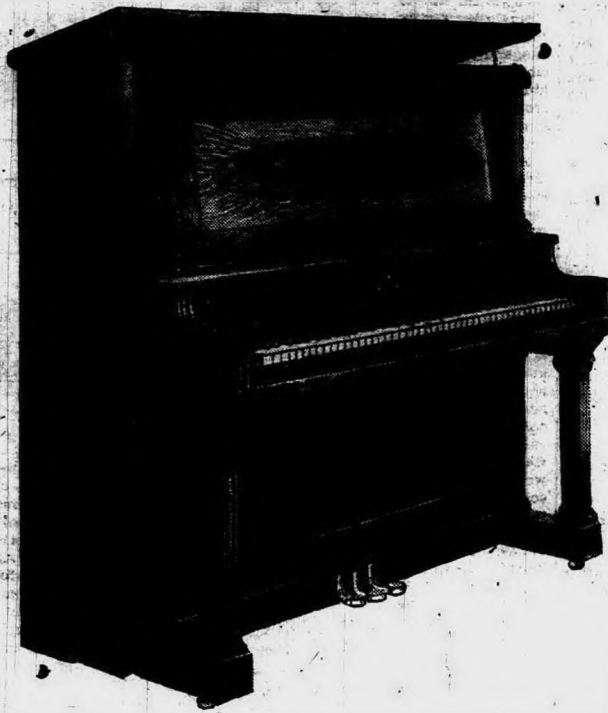
"There's no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet."

"O," said the judge, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up here and touch us?"

"No, thank you, sir," replied the lady, "there are old women enough there already."

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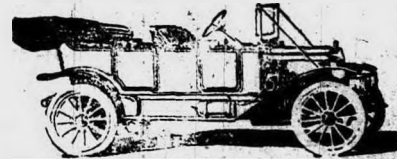
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