

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

VOLUME XXVI., No. 21

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1914

WHOLE No. 1375



The Musical Instrument New Edison DIAMOND-DISC

Records can be played 2000 times. (Compare this feature with the 200 or 500 times of the ordinary needle record.) A 10-inch record has as much recorder on one side as any other 12-inch needle record made.

If there is a lingering doubt in your mind as to the musical value of the New Diamond-Disc, we will gladly send an Edison to your home any time for comparison. Then you pass your own judgement.

May Records Now on Sale.

BEYER PHARMACY

Phone No. 211 28. *The Rexall Store* Block South of P. M. Depot

Mother's Day

Six years ago there was instituted a movement to observe one Sunday in the year as Mother's Day. In this short space of time the movement has grown until it is observed among many people all over the world, and in the literature of many languages. Everywhere it is considered most appropriate to have such a day of memorial.

The memory flower is the white carnation, a fitting emblem of the purity of motherhood. These fragrant beauties adorn home, persons, churches, stores, clubrooms and even spread to prisons on this sacred day.

Nearly every governor in the United States writes a proclamation or a letter announcing this day. One governor has said: "No memorial day can be richer in personal experience than this one in which we hear again mother's voice which is stilled, and feel the touch of her vanished hand; or, if she be living, give her the day with your present loving reunion—one day for the many she gave you; or send her a line of greeting, warmer than you have been want to do."

The Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches of Plymouth will observe this day next Sunday with appropriate addresses. You are most cordially invited to attend the services on this day of memory for mother.

The pastor of the FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH will speak upon these themes:

10 a. m.—"The Possibilities of Motherhood"

7 p. m.—"Grieving Mother"

WELCOME

CANDY SALE

SATURDAY, MAY 2nd, '14

60c Pound Boxes of Val Dona Chocolates at 29c.

Also the new Ruffmade Chocolates at 39c a box.

These candies are strictly fresh and of superior quality.

This low price is for May 2nd only.

Pinckney's Pharmacy

THE VAL DONA STORE

ALWAYS OPEN FREE DELIVERY



OUT OF A
JOB
AND
NOTHING
SAVED

THERE IS NO telling when just such a condition may comfort you. No man's position is absolutely secure.

If you begin NOW to lay a little aside each week adversity will hold no terrors for you, for there will be no adversity.

THIS BANK will gladly accept your deposits—even if it's only a dollar at a time, and will pay you interest on your savings.

Married or single—family or no family, you owe it to yourself to start a bank account right now.

The Plymouth United Savings Bank



The above out shows a T-Bar Roller, this implement is new in some localities and is fast gaining popularity wherever introduced. It is a perfect roller, and packs the soil in a most perfect manner, and is a saving in time and labor. The rollers are reversible from a smooth roller of equal length. The ends and center brackets are malleable which insures long durable service. And I guarantee this roller to give perfect satisfaction and sell it absolutely on its merits, and are always glad to give you any further information you may desire.

E. H. LANGWORTHY

Implement Store & General Auctioneer Wayne, Mich.

New Teachers

Following is the corps of teachers engaged by the Plymouth school board for the coming year:

Chas. F. Rees, Superintendent
Anna Lappeus, Principal
Isabelle Hanford, Aest. English and History
Helen Ward, Aest. Science and Agriculture
Nina Muech, Assistant
Nellie Rooke, 8th grade
Helen Nichols, 7th grade
Ella Oaks, 6th grade and manual training
5th grade not filled
Genevieve McClumba, 4th grade
Anna Smith, 3rd grade
Gladys Cook, 2nd grade and Domestic Science
Florence Caster, 1st grade
Lena Drake, kindergarten
Bulah Palmer, music and drawing

BRIGHTEN UP

Brighten up Week is a serious as well as a joyous matter. It really means a good deal to any town that takes hold of it as should be done. It means more than gathering up the tin cans that have accumulated during the winter. It is something more than cutting the grass and raking the dead leaves. It means something to the property owners and taxpayers of the town to have every place in it kept up spick and span; to have homes painted when they need it; to have walks fixed when they need it; to make the whole town look as though people lived in it who felt a pride in their town as well as their own property. A town like that is a pretty good place in which to live. It keeps the property owner on his mettle to see that his place looks as attractive as that of his next door neighbor. It makes renters take better care of the homes, if they see a whole community striving to better conditions. To go into a house and find it neat and clean and smelling fresh, always leads to a remark on the way home of what an excellent house keeper Mrs. Blank is. And when you drop into a town and the streets paved and cleaned, the lawns smooth and velvety, the homes painted—you make up your mind that the citizens are pretty tidy housekeepers, and that you would like to live in a town like that. Detroit has its greatest fame from the fact that its citizens take pride in keeping up their own premises just as well or a little better than their neighbors. This "brightening up" idea makes for better towns. It is a good thing to foster. What is the matter of Plymouth having a brighten up week?

The advertisement of Thos. Balis, Jr., appears again in another column in corrected form.

Mrs. M. J. Richards of South Lyon, and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Holmes of Salem, visited Mrs. Fred Williams last Wednesday.

On A Dark Night

It is very distressing to have some one in the family awake with an attack of Cholera Morbus, Cramps or Dysentery and it is worse when you have to travel a mile or two for medicine. A bottle of RENNE'S PAIN-KILLING MAGIC OIL kept in the house saves a world of trouble. It quickly checks Diarrhoea, relieves cramps and eases pain. It is also for rheumatism, lame back, sprains, cuts or wounds. Price 25 cts. per bottle. Sold by J. W. Blickenstaff & Co. and Beyer's Pharmacy. - Advt.

O. E. S. Celebrated 20th Anniversary

The twentieth anniversary of the order of the Eastern Star in this place, and installation of officers was held at Masonic hall last Tuesday evening. A banquet was served at six-thirty to about one hundred members. At eight o'clock the meeting was called to order by Geo. Richwine, retiring Patron. Twelve charter members were present, who were invited to the East and given the Chautauqua salute, after which the officers elect were installed by Maude Pettigill, retiring Worthy Matron, assisted by Edna Richwine as Marshal, and Alida Ford as Chaplain. After the installation of officers two beautiful solos were rendered by Calvin Whipple, a brief but interesting history of the order was read by W. J. Burrows, a short history of Plymouth Chapter was given by Mary Brown and a paper on the objects and teachings of the order was given by Ada Murray. The following officers were installed for the ensuing year:

Sarah Cook—Worthy Matron
Chauncey Rauch—Worthy Patron
Anna Mummaek—Associate Matron
Mary Brown—Secretary
Clara Taylor—Treasurer
Almeda Travis—Conductress
Sarah Whipple—Asso. Conductress
Edna Richwine—Chaplain
Flora Rattenbury—Marshal
Florence Caster—Organist
Ada Murray—Adah
Carrie Hillmer—Ruth
Lena Willett—Esther
Luella Chappel—Martha
Florence Lee—Elector
Anna Steyens—Warder
Karl Hillmer—Sentinel

Death of Mr. Dean

Wm. Day Dean passed away at his home on Maple avenue, last Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Dean has been in failing health for some time but has been confined to his home for only a few days. He is survived by his wife and five children, Mrs. Clarence Messer, Geo. Dean and B. L. Dean of Detroit, E. A. Dean of South Lyon, and H. B. Dean of Monticello. The funeral services occurred at the Presbyterian church yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. B. F. Farber conducting the services. Interment in the Baptist cemetery.

Mrs. M. A. Harper and Claude Williams of Detroit, and Geo. Williams of Northville, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Hillmer, daughter Rose and Mrs. Edward Tigue went to Sheldon last Wednesday to attend the funeral of their uncle, Mr. Haywood of Wayne.

Mr. Fox of the Fox-Phlow Gas Co., has finished conveying the village for gas tanks and installation very successful. It is expected that work on the gas plant will be begun about July 1st.

Iva Huston, the fourteen year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Huston, was operated on for appendicitis at their home in Canton last Monday morning by Dr. Brooks of Harper hospital. She is in a very serious condition at this writing.

TODAY'S REFLECTIONS

Nearly everybody went to church Sunday.

The new pavement that is going to be built on Penniman avenue is going to add much to the town's appearance.

Walled Lake fish are just waiting to be caught.

Brighten up.

Ice cream soda is beginning to make itself heard.

Don't complain if it gets dusty, you have been kicking on the other.

Are you using booster envelopes?

When in doubt, do a little cleaning up.

And then brighten-up.

We need a little more rough-riding.

Well, this week starts like real spring.

Clear the cans.

The churches were well filled Sunday.

Mrs. John McLeod of Sheldon, was the guest of her son, Jesse McLeod and family last week.

The Pythian Sisters will give their last card party Friday evening, May 1st, 1914. Everybody welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre S. Bennett are entertaining the latter's sister, Miss Harriet Bennett of Traverse City.

The thimble party to be given by the Lutheran Ladies Aid society will be held at Mrs. Conrad Springer's home next Wednesday afternoon, May 6th instead of this week as previously announced. Each lady is requested to bring her thimble and needle.

A Successful Farmer

Gives as much attention to his stock as he does to his crops. All stock loses condition at times and it is the good manager that applies the remedy before there is any serious loss of time. The successful men in the New England States use HARVELL'S CONDITION POWDER for stock and poultry. A package goes a long way because it is all medicine, not a food. It puts working animals in good spirits and flesh. Keeps poultry free from diseases and increases the yield of eggs. Price 25 cts. Sold by J. W. Blickenstaff & Co. and Beyer's Pharmacy. - Advt.

Beautiful Monuments

Are often marred by ill shaped and poorly cut letters. Note the work we have erected; or better still, visit our works and see the class of work we are turning out in this line.

All Raised Work

Every letter and figure raised, cut deep and on the best quality of granite obtainable. We have a reputation for doing good work, and we are bound to keep it. Before placing your order, call on the house where quality prevails and get the best.

LYON GRANITE CO.

Two Shops' Position, Rear of Fontaine Green Laundry. Phone 1237, Plymouth, Mich. Street Phone 215.

The Meeting Place For Soda Lovers

If you want the Best Cream, The Best Soda, The Best Sundaes, Come and bring your friends to

Our Soda Fountain

and enjoy a treat that's worth having, one that will tickle the palate to perfect satisfaction, and make one feel that life's worth living.

Just received a new assortment of FELT PENNANTS, selling for 50c. each.

J. W. Blickenstaff & Co.

THE PENSALAR STORE

Open Every Night and Sunday

New Spring Goods

All departments of our store are represented with new spring goods that will appeal to the trade. Look us over now and anticipate your wants.

New Carpets, Rugs, Mattings, Linoleum, Lace and Muslin Curtains & Draperies

Ladies' Coats and Suits

Beautiful line of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Spring Coats, Suits and Skirts—the popular Redfern Garments priced at with very lowest prices.

New Spring Clothing

New spring clothing for Men, Young Men and Boys. The very best makes and very lowest prices. Look at our great values in Men's Blue Serge Suits at \$10 and \$12. They are world beaters at the price.

Spring Wash Goods

Look at our new line of Spring Wash Goods, New Waists, Wash Dresses for street and house wear. New Laces, Embroideries and Trimmings New Spring Underwear, Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Men's Furnishings.

Shoes and Oxfords

For everybody. The finest here we have ever shown

You save money by trading at this store.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN **E. L. RIGGS**

Try a Want Ad
in the Mail.

BLACKFEET the ARISTOCRATS of the RED RACE



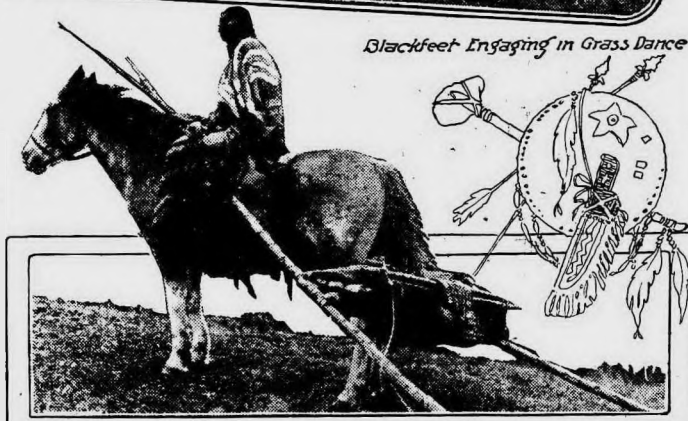
Chief Three Bears—95 Years Old



Lazy Boy



Blackfeet Engaging in Grass Dance



Blackfeet Maiden Transporting Bundles

SO FAR as can be learned from history that section of the Rocky mountain range now designated as Glacier National park has been the exclusive home of the Blackfeet Indians since the first record of its habitation by man.

And the word exclusive is used with its full meaning, especially in the legends of these redmen who proudly relate that the Blackfeet braves have "held the fort" on the roof of the Rockies in northwestern Montana against all invading tribes for so many moons that it is ancient history.

The Blackfeet of the Rockies enjoy the distinction of being the aristocracy of the American red race.

It is a strange coincidence that on the reservation which adjoins Glacier park there now are only 400 fullbloods left. They have had translated to them the significance of the meaning of "the 400" in English and the little band of tribal aristocrats feels very proud of this numerical distinction.

Three Bears probably is the most interesting Indian that is left among the Blackfeet, and he is the oldest. He declares the Indians of other tribes always were jealous of the Blackfeet and coveted their position of contentment amid the luxuries which this great natural game preserve of the Rocky mountains furnished in the way of wild animals from which the Blackfeet got a bountiful food supply and the finest skins for their raiment and shelter.

Three Bears does not talk a word of English, but through an interpreter he will tell you of the Sioux, Crow, Nez Perces, Kootenais and other of the Blackfeet, who, by the way, boast proudly of the fact that they never went to war with the white people.

Members of the other tribes hated the Blackfeet because they always dressed so well in deer skins, and lived on the fat of the land.

In the days of the buffalo that animal furnished almost entirely the food supply and shelter for the prairie Indians and the tribes of the Sioux nation often found the buffalo leaving the burnt grass plains to graze up under the shadows of the Rockies where the grass grows green. Thus, in their hunts, the Sioux had to encroach east, but tribes from south north and west upon the Blackfeet's domain. And that meant war.

It was not only against the Sioux from that the Blackfeet had to wage war. They were almost constantly on the warpath to hold their own country against invasion in the early days, Three Bears says.

And, at this juncture of his story, old Three Bears will proudly tell his listeners that the Blackfeet never were routed from their Rocky mountain homes. Often they fell back into Cut Bank canyon, the Two Medicine valley or some of the other Rocky mountain fastnesses, but always as a ruse. There they would lie in ambush and slaughter their enemy at a psychological moment.

Three Bears is one of the few remaining Indians of the bow and arrow days. He has strung at his belt the claws of six grizzly bears he killed with the bow and arrow. He must have been a powerful man sixty years ago, when he was in his early thirties, if his physique of today is any criterion. Notwithstanding that he is bearing the century mark, he stands almost erect, his spine frame having shrunk very little from his original height of six feet four.

Lazy Boy, another Blackfeet of the older generation, who was a boy when Three Bears was in his prime, says the old chief was known far and wide for his strength. He says the squaws used to gather the heaviest berries bushes

to get poles big and strong enough to make bows for Three Bears. This giant of his tribe used a bow made of a pole nearly an inch and a half in diameter and the arrows he shot were heavier than those used by the ordinary Indian. They were 24 inches long and tipped with a long, sharp, spear-shaped flint stone. Three Bears used a 40-inch bow and on gala events, when the tribe was assembled and games and sports were in order, he used to amuse his people by shooting arrows so far into the sky that even the keenest sighted young brave could not see them. His bows and arrows, Lazy Boy says, were the wonder of the younger Indians. He always wrapped the center of his bow with rawhide for a hand-hold and the thong he made of sinew from the bull buffalo, a snakeskin or two always were wound around the bow that Three Bears "drew." And an eagle feather dangled from the upper end of the thong. That was significant—because it was regarded as "good medicine."

Lazy Boy says he never saw Three Bears kill bear with his bow and arrow. That was before Lazy Boy was born, but he says he heard much about it, for the stories of Three Bears' prowess with the bow and arrow have been handed down among the Blackfeet, who cherish the greatest respect for this old Indian. Lazy Boy, however, is a living witness of the fact that Three Bears has killed many buffalo and even mountain goat with his bow and arrow. While the killing of buffalo with the bow and arrow, as any old Indian knows, required mostly strength in "drawing the bow," the highest form of skill in marksmanship had to be employed to bring down mountain goat from the ledges high up on the mountain sides.

When the Indian trader invaded the Blackfoot country with his old flint lock guns, about forty years ago, Three Bears was quick to bring in all the buffalo hides he could that his tribesmen might be armed with these more deadly weapons. A trader whom Three Bears and his people called Buffalo Brown, because of his shaggy eyebrows, sold many guns to the Indians. Three Bears says, exacting 15 buffalo skins for each gun. For each horn filled with powder the Indians paid one or two skins extra. But the Sioux were pressing them pretty hard about that time, so the Blackfeet were glad to exchange buffalo hides for firearms. The man known as Buffalo Brown now is a millionaire and owns a string of banks in Montana.

That Three Bears and his people became as good marksmen with the flintlock guns is shown by one of the many battles which Three Bears relates, they had with the Sioux. There is part of an entrenchment now standing on the mountainside in the Cut Bank canyon from behind which Three Bears and 30 Blackfeet braves ambuscaded 250 invading Sioux. They nearly annihilated the Sioux warriors, killing all except 45. During the recent land show held in Chicago there was in attendance at the Glacier National park exhibit, a band of Blackfeet Indians. Three Bears had been picked by the Indian agent to be one of this party, but the old chief was not feeling well, so he did not go to Chicago. His failure to visit the Windy City was a great disappointment to members of the Adventurers' club, who had planned to make him an honorary member of the organization, which consists of some of the best known war correspondents, military heroes and scientists, men who have seen service in all parts of the world. Theodore Roosevelt was the first and only honorary member this club had adopted. The members, most of whom know Three Bears, regarded him as the one American Indian upon whom they could confer this honor.

However, Lazy Boy, Three Bears' old friend, who was one of the visiting band of Blackfeet, was finally selected for the distinction, inasmuch as the organization's by-laws made it obligatory that the candidate be present for initiation. The ceremony was conducted by Medill McCormick, who also had the honor of officiating when Mr. Roosevelt was made an honorary member of the club. Mr. McCormick regards Lazy Boy as the best type of American Indian he ever saw.

Lazy Boy's qualifications for membership in the Adventurers' club embrace adventures in many Indian battles against the Sioux, Crow, Nez Perces and Kootenai tribes, but the one incident he rested his laurels upon was a night attack by himself, his brother and two Indian companions upon a band of 200 Crows in 1876. They crawled out upon the shelf rock of Mt. Henry, which is nine miles from Glacier park station, Montana, and opened fire upon their enemies, who were sleeping in 20 lodges in the Two Medicine valley, 1,000 feet below.

Lazy Boy's brother was killed beside him and his two companions were wounded. Lazy Boy's shirt was riddled. The Crows came up the mountain side and Lazy Boy in retreating dragged the body of his brother with him and hid it among the rocks, so the Crows could not scalp it. He and his two companions escaped to their camp in the Cut Bank country. The next day they returned with reinforcements and drove the Crows over the Divide, compelling them to leave 100 dead behind them.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Peacock Alley Gets Its Annual Spring Cleaning

NEW YORK—When George W. Boldt of the Waldorf-Astoria decided several years ago that he would put an end to the business of numerous individuals who were fleecing his patrons out of several millions a season, he did things thoroughly. He hired Joe Smith of Scotland Yard, and told him it was worth \$25,000 a year to have the famous hostelry cleaned of vermin: Joe Smith organized a squad of ten men and women, known to Mr. Boldt and himself about the Waldorf, where they circulate in Fifth avenue clothes. Mr. Smith and his squad have just finished their annual spring clean-up. Kitty Quick, "Lord Harry" Havens, and a third suave gentleman were at the head of the procession of ejected.

They were sorely nettled at being prevented from consummating a plot to sell stock in an imaginary gold mine for \$10,000.

A week previous one of the Smith women agents, passing herself as a shopper who took tea in the Waldorf frequently, observed Kitty, "Lord Harry" and three others, two women and a man, very active in entertaining a wealthy patron. They had the plot so far along that the victim was about to consult a "lawyer." She satisfied herself that the lawyer the wealthy patron would consult (of his own volition, as he thought) would be a confederate of "Lord Harry," he of the mauve spats and English walking suit and the elegantly gowned Kitty.

Joe went into his office and studied the Waldorf collection of 5,000 photographs. These show faces of confidence persons, hotel thieves and international crooks, and Joe has been 20 years in assembling them. He also looked over the imposing finger-print art gallery of the hotel secret service, consisting largely of interesting duplicates from the police headquarters of the metropolises.

Kitty was there, and so was Harry. A few hours later a captain of waiters removed from the table at which the confederates were dining a set of glasses of which they had just time to take one sip. He used gloves.

The glasses were soon in Joe Smith's studio. They were dusted with a prepared powder and photographed. Joe smiled.

That afternoon Joe, who is a polished gentleman in appearance as well as in reality, strolled up Peacock alley and met Kitty of the \$150 Paris hat.

"Madam," said the Scotland Yard man, quietly, "the management would like to know your precise business in this hotel?"

"What have you got on me?" she replied, descending to the vernacular. "A photograph and two fine sets of finger prints." Peacock alley had had its annual spring cleaning.

\$11,000 Found in "Hump" on a Beggar's Back

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—William Kahler, an old hunchback beggar, who has tottled these twenty years or more along the streets of San Francisco with the aid of a cane and battered as himself, stepped the other night from his lowly estate of a mendicant into the class of capitalists.

For more than twenty years Kahler had kept pretty much out of everybody's way, gathering a nickel here and a dime there from the good people who took compassion on a feeble old cripple with a grizzled, ragged beard, dressed in tatters. The police never troubled Kahler unless it was to throw him a coin.

Then Kahler was arrested—by a mistake. The man who arrested him did not know Kahler. Desk Sergeant Dunne at the central police station was about to chide Policeman Oliver Cox, who made the arrest, and then Dunne thought Kahler would be just as well off in a cell as sleeping under some sidewalk or in some tumble-down barn. Being a methodical person, Dunne, from force of habit, started to search Kahler perfunctorily.

The desk sergeant's hands struck something hard under Kahler's ragged vest. Dunne patted his hand over the beggar's back. It was hard. He rapped it. The hump sounded like a tin pail. Kahler was divested of the rag that once was a coat and of the aged vest, shiny with dirt, and wrinkled and misshapen to fit the deformity of its owner's back.

When the vest came off there was disclosed a neatly made artificial hump of tin, strapped to Kahler's body over his shoulders and under his arms. It opened with an ingenious clasp at the top. Dunne opened it, and when he and Cox looked, they nearly fainted.

Within were layers on layers of greenbacks of all denominations, from \$5 to \$500. The policemen started to count. They found just \$11,000, and discovered that Kahler was as straight as an arrow.

Wife Tells How Her Husband Made Spurious Cash

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mrs. Lulu Bush of 366 Carrie avenue told Police Captain O'Brien the other day of watching her husband make counterfeit money almost nightly for five months in their home. The husband, William C. Bush, was arrested after a policeman had found a mold for making counterfeit half dollars, two spurious half dollars and one spurious nickel in the Bush home.

Bush's home was searched by Policeman Pribble after an informant had told him there was a counterfeiting plant at the Carrie avenue address. The mold, made of wood and consisting of two pieces, was found in a bureau drawer. The counterfeit coins were under a carpet near the bureau.

Bush denied knowledge of the mold or bad coins. Pribble took Mrs. Bush to Captain O'Brien. She gave a detailed story of her knowledge of the counterfeiting. She said that she did washing to support herself and the two children, a sixteen-year-old boy and a baby girl, and that her husband had not worked for six months.

"I warned him against making the money," she said, "but he told me to mind my own business. He said it was an easy way to get money."

Story of How Ticklish Angler Lost Big Pickerel

CHICAGO.—A sergeant of police at one of the stations is reputed to be the most ticklish policeman in the Chicago department. No one can touch him in the ribs without having him almost turn a somersault. He is pestered to death by the other members of the force at the station, who delight in seeing his contortions. Recently this policeman went on a fishing trip with a friend. The two passed a couple of weeks at Pelican lake, Wisconsin. It was the last day of their sojourn that they had the experience of their trip.

They were in a boat and the sergeant cast a line to which was hooked a frog as bait, when a large pickerel seized the frog and jumped about three feet out of the water. The angler became excited, stood up in the boat and shouted for help. His partner, who had just completed a perfect cast, reeled in his line with all speed and in turning to put his rod down in the boat accidentally poked his friend in the ribs with it.

It was too much for the police sergeant. He started to laugh and before his friend knew what was happening, the policeman, who weighs close to 200 pounds, performed the prettiest "Brodie" that had been seen in those parts and disappeared after the escaping fish. He came to the surface and heard his comrade shouting. Disgusted, he swam to shore. The fish got away.

BUSINESS ABOVE ALL THINGS

Farmer Willing to Let Wife Sob Her Fill if He Got the Price for the "Coo."

The farmers met in the market town, and there was a calculating look in the eyes of both as they faced each other. "About that there coo I was talking to you the other day," began Farmer Dobbins; "will you take twelve pounds for her, George?" "No, no. OI couldn't part with 'er for that—not by a long chalk." "But fother day you told me you might let 'er go for that." "Something's happened to the coo, since then." "Hurry on us, George, what's the matter? Coo dead?" "Worse, 'n that," said George. "You see, my old missus can't bear to part with 'r old coo. It 'ud break 'er heart 'she'd sob 'erself into a fit over it." "Well, well, I suppose that ends the business?" "Well, I'm not so sure of that, Farmer Hayseed. Look 'ere. Make it twelve pun' ten, and let the missus sob."—London Tit-Bits.

ECZEMA ON BACK AND CHEST

Pierson, N. Dakota.—"The eczema started on my scalp. It finally went on to the back of my neck, then on to my back, arms and chest. It broke out in pimples first and then seemed to run together in some places, making a sore about the size of a dime a time the itching and burning were so intense that it seemed unbearable. The more I scratched it the worse it became, and there would be a slight discharge from it, especially on my scalp, so as to make my hair matted and sticky close to the scalp. The hair was dry, lifeless and thin. My hair was falling so terribly that I had begun to despair of ever finding relief. My clothing irritated the eruption on my back. The affected parts were almost a solid scab.

"I had been bothered with eczema for about a year and a half. Then I began using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used them daily for two months and I was cured." (Signed) Miss Mildred Dennis, Apr. 30, 1913.

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

Disfigurements.

Don C. Seitz of New York, was praising the newspaper advertisement. "But billboards," he said, "bring small returns, and, besides, they disfigure the landscape.

"In a recent play the stage manager staged a meadow with chewing-gum and cold-cure and cigarette ads. on every rock and tree and fence.

"Hold, hold, said the star. 'Ads. in our meadow scene! That's carrying commercialism a bit too far.'

"Commercialism nothing," said the stage manager. "I'm a realist, I am, and I want that meadow to look like a genuine one!"

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Eberle's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules. Adv.

Not Guilty.

Mother—Well, Bobbie, I hope you were a good boy at Mrs. Bond's and didn't ask for two pieces of pie.

Bobbie—No, ma, I didn't ask for two pieces; I only asked if there wasn't goin' to be any.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

But They Both Get It.

Some people jump at conclusions; others are more leisurely in making their mistakes.—The Pelican.

WOMAN COULD NOT SIT UP

Now Does Her Own Work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

Ironton, Ohio.—"I am enjoying better health now than I have for twelve years. When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I could not sit up. I had female troubles and was very nervous. I used the remedies a year and I can do my work and for the next eight months I have worked for other women, too. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for I know I never would have been as well if I had not taken it and I recommend it to suffering women."

Daughter Helped Also. "I gave it to my daughter when she was thirteen years old. She was in school and was a nervous nervous and could not sleep nights. Now she is so healthy that even the doctor speaks of it. You can publish this letter if you like."—Mrs. EMMA BOWMAN, 111 S. 5th Street, Ironton, Ohio.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and drag on a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing the fourth of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Central Ave. (confidentially) Lynn, Mass. For advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a physician and held in strict confidence.

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Throw away your washboard—it ruins your clothes—it gives you a backache to look at it. Use RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPHTHA SOAP. No rubbing required. Clothes on the line quickly—fresh, sweet and clean.

RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPHTHA SOAP should be used freely for washing the finest fabrics. It does no harm to it and needs no hot water. Carbo Disinfects Naptha Cleans RUB-NO-MORE RUB-NO-MORE Carbo Naptha Soap Washing Powders Five Cents—All Grocers The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES Men's \$12.50 to \$15.00 Women's \$10.00 to \$12.50. Includes an image of a man's face and a shoe.

1913 Magnificent RECORD Crops in all Western Canada. All parts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have produced wonderful crops of wheat, oats, barley and flax.

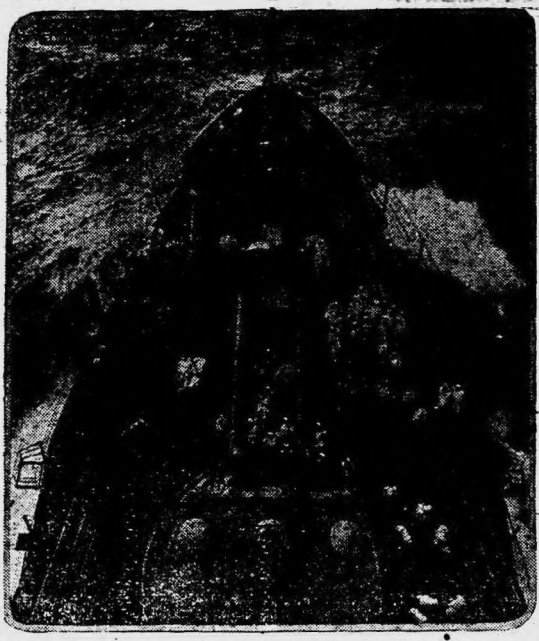
The World's Remedy You make no risky experiment when you use occasionally—whenever there is need—the most universally popular home remedy known—Beecham's Pills, which have stood the test of time with absolute success and their world-wide fame rests securely on proved merit.

BEECHAM'S PILLS relieve the numerous ailments caused by defective action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Cleansing the system, they purify the blood and tone body, brain and nerves. Beecham's Pills act quickly; they are always safe and reliable, and you may depend upon it they

Will Benefit You Sold everywhere. In some 100, 25c. Everywhere else, 50c. per box. Should read the directions with every box.

Don't Get Out A SORE THROAT, CAPSICUM, HOOK OR SORETHROAT FOR ABSORBINE will remove them and leave no blisters. Reduces any puff or swelling. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2.50 per bottle. Book 6K free. ABSORBINE, INC., 100 South Main Street, Boston, U.S.A.

FORWARD DECK OF THE U. S. BATTLESHIP MISSISSIPPI



NATION AWAITS OUTCOME OF PEACE EFFORTS OF S. AMERICAN REPUBLICS

Soldiers Landed at Vera Cruz Amid Great Cheering by Blue-jackets and Refugees. Gen. Villa Plans to Move on to Mexico City with Eighteen Thousand Men and Plenty of Ammunition

Washington—With the swinging of the pendulum in the Mexican crisis—Huerta's formal acceptance of the good offices of the South American diplomats—President Wilson and his advisers await the setting of the stage on which representatives of Argentina, Brazil and Chile hope to pave the way to peace.

Huerta's reply, conveyed through his minister for foreign affairs to Mr. Riano, Spanish ambassador in Washington, was received late Monday night. Its tenor was expected because Mr. Riano had received private advices the night before that Huerta would accept, and the South American envoys had been at work all day on that assumption. The text of the acceptance was not made public, but Huerta's minister was said to have thanked the South American envoys and the Spanish ambassador for their good offices and to have referred to the "real spirit of solidarity between peoples of a same race."

When news of Huerta's acceptance was taken to President Wilson, he declared himself greatly pleased. However, he made no further comment and White House officials let it be known that no announcement of points to be insisted upon in proposed mediation would be made that might embarrass the representatives of the South American countries. In official and diplomatic circles, expression were heard that whatever had been accomplished by the peace makers up to this point must have a good effect on the situation.

The arrival of the land forces added to the picturesque quality of the scene in the Vera Cruz harbor. Small boats, with the United States flag floating at the stern, dashed among the ships bearing officers or written dispatches. The Kilpatrick anchored closest to shore. This transport bore Brig-Gen. Funston as well as Col. Cronan and the troops of the Seventh. Lying in line with her were the McClellan, carrying the Twenty-eighth; the Meade with the Fourth on Board, and the Sumner, bearing the Nineteenth.

The Meade also brought 12 machine guns. Co. D, of the signal corps, a field hospital corps and a bakery outfit. Sailors and marine eyed the swarming ships as they speculatively discussed the work in store for the soldiers or commented on the arrival of the land forces.

Both marines and jackets were glad to see the land forces of Uncle Sam at hand, for they have grown fatigued driving out "snipers," policing the city collecting contraband arms, cleaning up the streets and doing the numerous other duties which fall to the lot of sailors or soldiers holding a hostile city.

Huerta is Losing Support. Five Americans who arrived by train from Mexico City Monday, were virtually expelled by Gen. Huerta. They had been arrested at Pachuca for no known cause. They are Dr. Hoskins, R. Chatterton, J. Punnett, G. G. Smith and Mr. Maddox. Dr. Hoskins was subjected to rougher treatment than the others, because in his pockets were found papers indicating that he had once served as surgeon in the United States army of volunteers. These men were sent in the capitol from Pachuca, where Huerta told them he would not hold them, but ordered them to leave the country.

CRAB APPLE CIDER

By J. C. PLUMMER.

George Washington Bangs, cook of the schooner Jersey Belle taking a cargo of lumber at Newberne, carried breakfast into the cabin and Mr. Bowen, chief officer, had started in to eat it before Captain Wales awoke from a lethargic slumber.

As the skipper was a member of the church in Belleport and had often addressed the Sunday school scholars on the subject of cleanly life, it seems cruel to say he resembled a man just awakening from a drunken stupor, but a glance at his blotched and turgid face, his bleared eyes and his whole appearance as he tumbled out of his bunk—he had turned in all standing—certainly gave grounds for the assumption.

Steadying himself on his feet and uttering a groan as an introductory, the skipper entered the cabin. "Good mornin', Cap'n," saluted the mate, cheerfully.



"I'm Ashamed of You."

old gentleman. A real nice old man with a long white beard and a sharp blue eye—he had only one eye, George, and he started to talk about a church back in the country that he was a tryin' to build. You know how interested I am in churches, George, so we talked a long time and at last he says he had some very fine cider in his wagon that he had made on his farm and he wanted me to taste it.

"Cider," exclaimed the mate. "Yes, cider," repeated the captain, with increasing sternness. "I make cider myself on my farm in Jersey, and I know something about it. I always wanted to taste this North Carolina cider to compare it with my Pippin cider. I'll give you a gallon of that Pippin cider of mine when we get home, George."

my sickness to my wife. She's always worried about my eating or drinking anything in these southern towns. She's afraid I might get yellow fever. "I'll not say a word," promised the mate.

"You are a good fellow, George," said the skipper, "and now, I'm going to drink a cup of tea and take a nap." "That crabapple cider must taste like whisky, don't it?" asked Mr. Brown, "I smelt whisky when I helped you over the rail last night?"

"I was up town on business," continued the captain, eyeing the mate with sternness, "and had just started back for the schooner when I met an

"Go into the galley, Bangs," said the mate, "the captain'll let up on you, for he knows you were sick."

IN HIS PRIVATE CAPACITY

English Magistrate Could Command Youthful Culprit Whom He Had Been Found to Fine. That "grand old man," Sir George Birdwood of England, who, at eighty-one, is still full of "go," once figured in the dock as a juvenile offender.

Blessed Are the Peacemakers. Five-year-old Margaret, who lives in the vicinity of North Woodward avenue, overheard her parents having a somewhat heated argument. She stood it as long as she could, then, walking unannounced into the next room, she went straight to her mother: "Mamma, don't you pay any 'tention to what daddy has been saying." Turning to her father, she continued: "And, daddy, I just don't want you to pay any 'tention to what mamma said, either."

Animal Idiosyncrasies. Many are the idiosyncrasies of animals. Some horses are afraid of a dog, some of a bit of paper, some of a bear, some of a car. I have known two mules to shy at a big yellow cucumber on a fence, and a cow we formerly owned could not endure to see any man's hat removed.

Her Experience. Ethel—Man proposes—Marie—Yes, but he needs encouragement.—Boston Evening Transcript.

The fellow who tells a girl he would die for her wants to be killed with kindness.

900 DROPS. ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT. A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.

SPHON'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. "Wormy," that's what the matter of 'em stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as dandruff. Does you too much to feed 'em. Look bad—'re bad. Don't physic 'em to death.

Correct. "Ah," he said rapturously as they danced, "I feel as though I were gliding on velvet." "You are," she replied, taking a tighter grip on her skirt.—New York World.

There may be some statesman who had rather be right than president, but there are others who seem to have no ambition in either direction.—Washington Herald.

LINES IN THE FACE Make Women Look Old and they show the effect of unnatural sufferings—of headaches, backaches, dizziness, hot flashes, pains in lower limbs, pains in joints, bearing-down sensations.

Henswork Is a Burden. It's hard enough to keep house in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering from an aching back has a heavy burden.

AN INDIANA CASE. Mrs. Mary A. ... in St. Paul, Ind., says that she has Doan's Kidney Pills with great and was convinced to buy them. I was in a hurry to get them and I was not at all surprised to find that I had a symptom of kidney trouble during the past few years.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Plummer. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

WORMS. "Wormy," that's what the matter of 'em stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as dandruff. Does you too much to feed 'em. Look bad—'re bad. Don't physic 'em to death.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up. That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. With Dr. J. D. Kellogg's NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., L.L., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The Vegetable Remedy for Women's Ills that relieves nervous exhaustion and irritability and removes other disturbing symptoms due to disturbed condition of the delicate feminine system.

Moving Picture Entertainment

Monday, May 4th at 7:30 p. m.

At Plymouth Opera House

"Through the Furnace to the Farm"

5000 feet of films in five reels

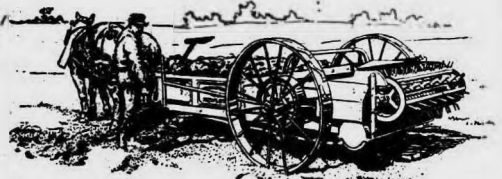
Prospecting for iron ore, mining with great steam shovels to the finished product on the farm. See the great improvement made in all forces bearing the name of American Steel and Wire Co. We have arranged with the American Steel and Wire Co. to show the most striking and interesting moving pictures of the age.

You are invited and tickets may be secured free of charge at our store, if you have not already received one through the mail.

HUSTON & CO.

The Spreader Sensation of the Year—we have it, it is the

Steel Frame New Low Manure Spreader...



Surface conditions and lay of the land do not effect the New Low apron driving mechanism. It is a positive type. The multiple disk, and worm gear type. We can tell you more about this if you will call. It will stand the most critical inspection. We also carry a full line of TILLAGE TOOLS, HARVESTING MACHINES, WAGONS, HARNESS, GAS ENGINES and REPAIRS. Come in and see them. Remember the place

OPPOSITE PARK

D. L. DEY

TELEPHONE 336.

Get A Vacuum Sweeper

Guaranteed for Service, Efficiency and Satisfaction.

Since first announcing the sale of these sweepers two weeks ago we have received our third shipment from the factory. Everyone is a winner and giving the best of satisfaction.

Three Days Trial Free

You may take one home and keep it three days for trial and if not as represented send it back. We have sold them all this way and have yet to get the first one returned from a prospective buyer. Talk with an owner and be convinced. We will give the names of all who wanted. Lessen the Burden of House Keeping

for \$6.50

Spring Time Is Clothes Time

Remember the Edessa line is open for your inspection and comparison with other lines. We want you to look them all over before buying for we are certain you will come back as most of them are doing who want a good "made to measure" suit.

A special line of Fine Blue Serges \$15 to \$40

D. A. JOLLIFFE & SON

PHONE 99

FREE DELIVERY

FARMERS!

We will carry in stock this season

Agricultural Lime

in the form of finely ground limestone. In 100 lb. paper bags, \$5.00 per ton. In bulk from car \$3.50 per ton.

Fertilizer from \$16.00 to \$60.00 per ton.

G. C. RAVILER

Telephone No. 177.

TAILORING

When you are ready for your next Suit call and see my line of Woolens. I'll be glad to have you compare my values with those offered by any other tailoring house. You'll be sure of having your measure taken correctly and I guarantee satisfaction in every detail or more.

A modern method of French Dry Cleaning. 20 pound electric irons for pressing.

ALTERATIONS REPAIRING

Phone No. 237

R. W. SHINGLETON

Work Called for and Delivered

Local News

Wirt Lee of Detroit, Sundayed at home.

Geo. Richwine was a Detroit visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Terry is visiting relatives in Detroit.

Regular meeting of the O. E. S. next Tuesday evening, May 5th.

Mrs. Jennie Voorhies was a Detroit visitor the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pettungill visited relatives in Detroit over Sunday.

Mrs. Belle Cahoon of Alma, has been a guest at C. J. Buynya's this week.

Born, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Coello Hamilton, Saturday, April 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Patterson and little son visited relatives here last Sunday.

Miss Anna Johnson of Northville, visited at Wm. Smitherman's over Sunday.

Miss Florence Cook of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday with Rev. A. L. Bell and family.

Mrs. P. A. Yorton of Detroit, was as over Sunday guest of Mrs. M. A. Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moore of Wayne, were guests at James McKeever's last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orwin Withey of Selkirk, are moving here and will reside in north village.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pitcher of Flint, were over Sunday visitors of relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Typer and Mrs. Lottie Burns of Detroit, visited friends here last Monday.

John Gill of Detroit, a former Plymouth resident, was calling on old friends here last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Watson and daughter Dorothy of Detroit, were Plymouth visitors last Sunday.

Mrs. Robt. Baird and little daughter of Howell, are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. F. A. Dibble.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dunn have moved into part of the Coleman house vacated by Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Bennet.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johns and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Campbell of Detroit, were Sunday guests at Wm. Pettungill's.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Stimpson left the latter part of last week for Lowell, Mass., where he will play ball this summer.

Whitney I. Smith of Lansing, was a Plymouth visitor this week and attended the Eastern Star meeting Tuesday evening.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will have a bake sale at the express office Saturday afternoon, May 2nd.

Mrs. Wm. Felt will take orders.

Dexter Peck had the misfortune to seriously injure his right hand while working on the buffing wheel in the Daisy factory last Saturday afternoon.

Miss Zsarina Penney went to Detroit last week where she was invited to play before the ladies of the New Century Club at one of their interesting meetings.

The I. O. O. F. lodge entertained the members of Rebekah lodge at cards last week Thursday evening. Refreshments were served and the evening was enjoyed by all present.

B. A. LaBundy of Berrien Springs, will commence work for H. E. Newhouse Wednesday. Mr. LaBundy is a first class plumber and steam fitter and comes with the best recommendations.

John Quibel, Sr. has purchased the barn at the rear of Miss Vern Holly's residence on Ann Arbor street and will move it onto his lot on Maple avenue, where he will remodel it into a dwelling.

Go-to-Church Sunday was well observed last Sunday by the people of Plymouth. The churches were well filled at both services. Special music was provided in the different churches and some of them were tastefully decorated with ferns and flags.

Most Prompt and Effective Cure for Bad Colds.

When you have a bad cold you want a remedy that will not only give relief, but effect a prompt and permanent cure, a remedy that is pleasant to take, a remedy that causes no injury to the system, a remedy that restores the system to a healthy condition. This remedy has a wide-spread use and use, and can always be depended upon. Sold by all druggists. Adv.

Wm. Glympse is having his house wired for electric lights.

Born, Sunday, April 25th, a girl, to Mr. and Mrs. Archie Collins.

Mrs. Fletcher of Detroit, visited Mrs. J. D. Horan last Saturday.

Ira Shaffer has sold his property on Maple avenue to W. W. Murray.

Miss Roekle of Adrian, was a guest of her brother, J. J. Roekle and family the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Monte Wood and children of Detroit, are visiting relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Wingard have returned home from a few days visit with friends at Saginaw and Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse McLeod were called to Ypsilanti last Saturday to attend the funeral of the latter's brother-in-law.

Albert Reddeeman who fell and was seriously injured a few weeks ago, went to Ann Arbor hospital for consultation the first of the week.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of L. B. Samsen, editor of this paper, and Mrs. Bertha Bartholomew of Adrian, Mich., which occurred, Saturday, April 18th.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Walter Brown, a new pupil, has entered the sixth grade. The grade has been studying stereopticon views of the south.

The seventh grade has a half holiday on the 14th of May.

The eighth grade boasts of a new magazine rack, made by the manual training boys.

"Uncle Josh," a four act play given by the Northville Seniors last Friday at the Plymouth opera house was well attended and finely acted. Seats were sold by the Juniors of Plymouth High who received ten dollars as their share of the receipts.

When the names of the graduates of '14 were inserted in the paper last week, Miss Ruth Watson's was unintentionally omitted. We wish to draw your attention to correction of that error.

The high school is committing Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "Footpath to Peace" to memory.

May 22nd is the day set for Open Night this year. A speaker will be present from out of town.

The school, as heretofore, will have charge of the Decoration Day program.

Miss Ward's Agriculture Class was recently taught how to score horses. In order that the work might be carried out in a practical way, a driving horse and two draft horses were displayed before the pupils. Equipped with score cards, the students scored the horses according to their good and bad points and obtained valuable experience in the art of judging a horse. The horses judged were found to be of good stock.

COST OF WAR DURING 1913

Many Converts Made to Peace Cause by the Fierce Struggle in the Balkans.

The Balkan war has made innumerable converts to the peace cause, declares Frederick Lynch in the Yale Review. It has revolted the twentieth century conscience. It has made thousands ask the question that Life asked under its famous picture: "Must It Always Be?" More men than ever have said: "Surely there must be some better way!" Many are saying: "In what one gets worth the price paid for it?" This change of heart has been noticeable in the daily press. There has been a distinct progress toward the advocacy of judicial methods during the year. This has not all been due to the exhibition of savage hatred in the Balkans, nor to the inhuman atrocities perpetrated by all concerned, but it was partly come about from the revelation of the futility of it all. Hundreds and thousands of lives have been lost; thousands of homes are fatherless and poverty stricken; the nations are bankrupt and without resources for the future; for the best hundred years past, will be of abnormal proportions; worst of all, there are no young men left to break a future race. It has all ceased many to ask: "What are we accomplishing in the long run that could not much better be gained by judicial and peaceable methods. I have a harking suspicion; from what I heard in Italy last year, that many Italians feel the same way after the war in Tripoli. Everywhere, in England and America, as well as in Germany, many have been asking: "Who starts war against? Who smokes the gun of armaments and big war?" Yes, "Who originates wars themselves?"

Mrs. Jack Kraemer of Toledo, Ohio, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Robinson.

Miss Madeline Barnum and Miss June Filkins of Northville, were guests of Mrs. Chas. Burch the latter part of last week.

Dr. J. J. Travis attended a meeting of the Wayne County Medical society held in Detroit last Monday evening and listened to an illustrated lecture on methods of operation on the various forms of cleft palates, given by Dr. Truman Brophy, dean of the Chicago Dental college, and one of the world's most eminent oral surgeons.

The next meeting of the Woman's Literary Club will be held at the opera house on Arbor Day, May 8th, at 2:15 p. m. The two great organizations for young people—"The Boy Scouts," and "The Campfire Girls"—will be the subjects of the afternoon's program. Rev. Farber will give a short talk on the Boy Scouts, and Mrs. V. M. Bristol, of the Y. W. C. A., of Ann Arbor, will give a talk on the Camp Fire Girls and what the movement stands for. Also a number of Camp Fire Girls from Ann Arbor will give demonstrations of the work. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion

FOR SALE—House and lot on Main street. Enquire of E. K. Bennett. 15

FOR SALE—Hay and Rhode Island Red eggs. N. I. Moore. 18

FOR SALE—House and lot, 11 Mill street. Enquire of H. B. Jolliffe. 18

All kinds of cement work and plastering done. August Micoli, 14 Holbrook avenue. 18-2t.

FOR SALE—The Sophronia C. Passage property on East Ann Arbor street. E. N. Passage. 20

TO RENT—Room to rent, 107 Main street. 21-1t

FOR SALE—Eighty acres in Oakland county, twenty-five acres timber. Will exchange for city property. Mrs. Chas. Greenlaw. 21-3t

FOR SALE—Two good brood sows. E. F. Runour. Phone 314-F13. 21-1t

FOR SALE—One cow. Also want young calves. C. W. Honeywell, Route 1. 21-1t.

FOR SALE—A five piece parlor suite cheap. Enquire of Mrs. E. O. Huston. 21-2t

Notice to Water Takers

Notice is hereby given to water takers that the hours of sprinkling will be the same as last year and that the same will take effect now instead of June 1st. T. F. Chilson, Supt. Water Works.

Wanted Small Farm

From five to forty acres. Will trade flat in the city which rents for \$85.00 per month or pay cash. Call or write R. H. Baker, Northville, Mich., phone No. 4-W. 20-2t

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS Successful EVERYWHERE

Everywhere people are talking about Foley Kidney Pills, telling how quickly and thoroughly they work. You can not take them into your system without good results following.

That is because Foley Kidney Pills give to the kidneys and bladder just what nature calls for to heal these weakened and inactive organs.

Try them for Good Health.

For Sale by J. W. BLICKENSTAFF & CO.

SPRING TERM

merges into the Summer Session offering continuous opportunity for any one to enjoy all the advantages of a course of business training which will positively lead to a good married position through the

Detroit Business University

65-69 West Grand River Ave. Detroit, Mich.

Write for Catalog E. E. SHAW, President

GALE'S.

We Have In Stock

June Clover Seed, Mammoth Clover Seed, Alsike Clover Seed, Alfalfa Clover Seed, Timothy Seed. We are buying the highest grade of seed on the market and are selling it as cheap as possible.

Wall Paper Wall Paper

We have a large stock of Wall Paper at cheap prices. Lots of patterns at 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c double roll. Varnish Tile Bath Room Papers. Imported Oat Meal Paper. At cheaper prices than last year.

New stock of China and Glassware. Come and see our 100 piece Dinner Sets.

Just received a 100 paper covered books, standard stories in wild west, detective and romance at 10c and 15c.

For Groceries Go to Gale's.

JOHN L. GALE

Phone 16



THE HOME of Quality Groceries

THOSE AFTER MEAL SIESTAS

With Gigar or Pipe in Easy Chair

Will Be Found Much More Enjoyable if Said Meals

Consist of Our Quality Groceries

Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40

Free Delivery

House Cleaning Suggestions

Something new in Shelf Papers. Have a look at them.

Plain and Decorated Crepe Papers.

Passé Partout Binding, Rings and Stickers, Library Paste, Glue, China Cement, Transparent Tissue for repairing music and books. Silver Cream Silver Polish.

SPECIAL UNTIL MAY 1st

1-4 Off on Clock Repairing

This is our dull and your busy season. You have several clocks in the house that are not in running order. Here is a proposition to help you out: Any person bringing two or more clocks at once, before May 1st, 1914, we will repair same at the regular price.

C. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist.

148 Main st.

Phone 247

FERTILZIER

Homstead, Horseshoe,

Best Potato Fertilizer.

10 Per Cent. Potash Fertilizer.

Pure Winner

Gods that can stand the test at rock bottom prices.

..SEEDS..

Clover Seed, Alfalfa and Alsike

Enquire for our prices.

BENTLEY BROS.

Telephone

ELM, MICH.

AMERICAN ARTILLERYMEN WORKING A FIELDPIECE



Regular army gunners from the forces Dow in Texas, loading one of their efficient fieldpieces.

FAREWELL TO THEIR BLUEJACKET BOY



This scene, of a father, mother and sisters bidding farewell to the young bluejacket, who is about to sail away for service against the Mexicans, is being repeated over and over these days at every navy yard.

REAR ADMIRAL MAYO



Rear Admiral Henry T. Mayo, in command of the American warships at Tampico, whose demand that Huerta salute the flag precipitated the trouble with the Mexican dictator.

ON THE QUARTERDECK



Some on the quarterdeck of one of Uncle Sam's dreadnoughts in Mexican waters.

LEADER OF CRACK AMERICAN TROOPS



This is Captain Smith of the Twentieth United States Infantry, one of the most efficient regiments now on the Mexican border.

TWO OF THE FEDERAL GENERALS



Gen. Teodor Quintana (left) and Gen. Miguel Alvarez (right) two of Dictator Huerta's commanders in the field.

203 MEN PERISH IN COAL MINE FIRE IN WEST VIRGINIA

Fifty-nine are Saved Before Flames Force Rescuers to Quit

GAS EXPLOSIONS IN DEEP SHAFT WRECK TWO MINES

Of 190 Men Working in One Property One One is Saved—Second Largest Disaster in History of State.

Eccles, W. Va.—All hope for the rescue alive of the 203 miners entombed by an explosion Tuesday in mines Nos. 5 and 6, of the New River collieries company here was abandoned late Tuesday night. Rescuers were unable to force their way into the burning shafts.

Fifty-nine men, all severely burned, were rescued alive from No. 6 mine and are receiving medical treatment in improvised hospitals. Four bodies were recovered from the same shaft.

The disaster, the second largest in the mining history of West Virginia, was caused by a gas explosion in the 600-foot level of mine No. 5. It was followed five minutes later by a second explosion, which completely wrecked this mine and partially demolished mine No. 6, a connecting operation.

One hundred and ninety men were at work in mine No. 5, and not one of them reached the surface. The mine immediately caught fire and attempts at rescue were futile. Late Tuesday night all hope of getting the miners out of mine No. 6 was given up and rescue parties, driven back by the intense heat and deadly gases, were forced to halt their effort to reach the entombed men.

REFUGEES REACH VERA CRUZ

All Americans Believed to Be Out of Surrounding Territory.

Washington—Arrival of 109 Americans at Vera Cruz at 5 p. m. Tuesday was reported to the navy department by Admiral Fletcher. Of these 63 were from Lomo Punito, 11 from Potrero, and the remainder from Cordoba, Tierra Blanca and outlying districts.

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MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts, 780; cow stuff steady; others 10@15c lower; milch cows \$5 per head lower; Best steers and heifers, \$8; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$7.40@7.65; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$7.25@7.60; steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6.50@7.25; choice fat cows, \$6@6.50; good fat cows, \$5.50@5.75; common cows, \$5 @5.25; canners, \$3@4.25; choice heavy bulls, \$6.75@7; fair to good hologna bulls, \$6@6.25; stock bulls, \$5.50@6.50; choice feeding steers, 600 to 1,000 lbs., \$6.85@7.10; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$6.60@6.90; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6.50@6.75; fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6@6.25; stock heifers, \$5.50@6; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$65@75; common milkers, \$04@55.

Veal calves—Receipts, 424; market steady, best, \$8.50@9; others, \$6@8.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,615; market steady; best wool lambs, \$8 @8.15; fair lambs, \$7.50@8; light to common lambs, \$6.50@7.25; yearlings, \$7.25; fair to good sheep, \$5.50@5.75; culls and common, \$4.50@5; clipped lambs, \$6.50@7; clipped sheep, \$4.50 @5.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,537; all grades, \$8.60@8.85.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts 4,000; heavy grades steady; butchers 10c higher; prime steers, \$8.75@8.90; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb do. \$8.40@8.60; best 1,100 to 1,200-lb do. \$8@8.50; coarse and plain weighty steers, \$7.65 @7.90; fancy yearlings, baby beef, \$5.25@8.50; medium to good, \$7.75@8; choice handy steers, \$7.80@8; fair to good, \$7.70@7.80; extra fat cows, \$6.75@7.25; best cows, \$6@6.25; butchers' cows, \$5@5.50; cutters, \$4.15 @4.30; trimmers, \$4@4.25; best heifers, \$7.50@8; medium butcher heifers, \$6.75@7; stock heifers, \$6.25@6.50; feeding steers, \$7@7.85; stock steers, \$6.50@7.50; extra bulls, \$7@7.25; hologna bulls, \$6.25@6.50; stock bulls, \$5@6. Milkers and springers, \$4.50@9.

Hogs—Receipts, 16,000; market steady; heavy and yorkers, \$9.10@9.15; pigs, \$9.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 15,000; lambs 15@20c lower; sheep steady; wool lambs, \$8.50@8.75; clipped, \$7.40 @7.60; yearlings, \$6.50@6.75; wethers, \$5.60@5.75; ewes, \$5@5.25.

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Corn—Cash No. 3, 67c; No. 2 yellow, 1 car at 69c; No. 4 yellow, 67c.

Oats—Standard, 41 1/2c; No. 3 white 1 car at 40 3/4c closing at 41c bid; No. 4 white, 40@40 1/2c.

Rye—Cash No. 1 Michigan, 67c; No. 2 Michigan, 66c; No. 2 western, 65c.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$1.98; May, \$2.02.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, 50 bags at \$7.75; October, \$8; sample, 20 bags at \$7.40, 15 at \$7.20; prime alsike, \$10; sample alsike, 10 bags at \$9.

Timothy—Prime spot, 100 bags at \$2.30.

Alfalfa—Prime spot, 40 bags at \$7.75.

Hay—Carlota, track Detroit; No. 1 timothy, \$16@16.50; standard, \$15@16.50; No. 2 timothy, \$13.50@14.50; light mixed, \$15@15.50; No. 1 mixed, \$13.50@14; No. 1 clover, \$13@13.50; rye straw, \$8@8.50; wheat and oat straw, \$7@7.50 per ton.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 98 pounds, jobbing lots: Best patent, \$5.30; second patent, \$5; straight, \$4.75; spring patent, \$5.10; rye, \$4.40 per bbl.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$20; standard middlings, \$20; fine middlings, \$20; cracked corn, \$20; coarse cornmeal, \$22; corn and oat crpp, \$26.50 per ton.

General Markets.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 9@10c; heavy 8@8 1/2c per lb.

Cabbage—New, \$2.50 per crate; in bulk, 1-2@3c per lb.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey kiln-dried, \$1@1.10 per hamper.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 12@12 1/2c; common, 9@10c per lb.

Potatoes—In bulk, 63@65c per bu in sacks, 68@70c per bu for carlots.

Honey—Choice to fancy new white comb, 15@16c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 6@7c per lb.

Nuts—Shellbark hickory, 3c; large hickory, 1@1 1/2c; Spanish chestnuts, 8@9c; walnuts and butternuts, 1@1 1/2c per lb.

Apples—Steele Red, \$4@5.50; Spy, \$5.50@6; Greening, \$4.50@5; Baldwin, \$5.50@6; Ben Davis, \$4@4.50 per bbl.

Live Poultry—Spring chickens, 18 @19c; heavy hens, 13c; medium hens, 17@18c; No. 2 hens, 12c; old roosters, 11@12c; ducks, 17@18c; geese, 14@15c; turkeys, 19@20c per lb.

Cheese—Wholesale lots: Michigan flats, 16 1/2c@17 1/2c; New York flats, 19@19 1/2c; brick, 16@16 1/2c; Limburger, 14 1/2@15c; imported Swiss, 24@24 1/2c; domestic Swiss, 19 1/2@20c; long horns, 20 1/2c; daisies, 13 1/2@13c per lb.

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WILLIAM STRENG

Local Phone 90-F2 Free Delivery

Detroit United Lines

Plymouth Time Table

Effective May 27, 1913

EAST BOUND

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

NORTH BOUND

Leave Plymouth for Northville 6:08 a.m. and every hour to 7:08 p.m.; also 9:08 p.m. and 10:41 p.m.

Leave Detroit for Plymouth 8:30 a.m. and every hour to 5:30 p.m.; also 9 p.m. and 11 p.m.

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

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At a fancy dress ball for children a policeman stationed at the door was instructed not to admit any adult. An excited woman came running up to the door and demanded admission. "I'm sorry, man," replied the policeman, "but I can't let anyone in but children." "But my child is dressed as a butterfly," exclaimed the woman, "and has forgotten her wings." "Can't help it," replied the policeman; "orders is orders; you'll have to let her go as a caterpillar."

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Woe's Knowledge

Every person, when he takes up his cards at a game of whist holds one out of \$25,012,550 possible hands. As for the total number of variations possible among all players, it is so enormous as almost to exceed belief. Mr. Babbage calculated that if 1,000,000 men were to be engaged dealing cards at the rate of one deal every minute, day and night, for 100,000,000 years, they would not have exhausted all the possible variations of the cards, but only one one hundred thousandth part of them.

Switched the Beverage

Two old Scotch fishermen, having imbibed overmuch, were at their own home, and overcome with a great desire to sleep, accordingly they stretched themselves on the sofa, head ends and were soon snoring heavily. The wife sat up, wondering the one nearest the door as a woman, dashed a quantity of the salt water into his mouth. "What's that?" asked the man, saying: "It's time we were awa' out!" "This time," replied the other, "it's time we were awa' out!" "The drink is us!"

AMERICAN ARTILLERYMEN WORKING A FIELDPIECE



Regular army gunners from the forces Dow in Texas, loading one of their efficient fieldpieces.

FAREWELL TO THEIR BLUEJACKET BOY



This scene, of a father, mother and sisters bidding farewell to the young bluejacket, who is about to sail away for service against the Mexicans, is being repeated over and over these days at every navy yard.

REAR ADMIRAL MAYO



Rear Admiral Henry T. Mayo, in command of the American warships at Tampico, whose demand that Huerta salute the flag precipitated the trouble with the Mexican dictator.

ON THE QUARTERDECK



Scene on the quarterdeck of one of Uncle Sam's dreadnaughts in Mexican waters.

LEADER OF CRACK AMERICAN TROOPS



This is Captain Smith of the Twentieth United States Infantry, one of the most efficient regiments now on the Mexican border.

TWO OF THE FEDERAL GENERALS



Gen. Teodor Quintana (left) and Gen. Miguel Alvarez (right) two of Dictator Huerta's commanders in the field.

203 MEN PERISH IN COAL MINE FIRE IN WEST VIRGINIA

Fifty-nine are Saved Before Flames Force Rescuers to Quit

GAS EXPLOSIONS IN DEEP SHAFT WRECK TWO MINES

Of 190 Men Working in One Property One One is Saved—Second Largest Disaster in History of State.

*Eccles, W. Va.—All hope for the rescue alive of the 203 miners entombed by an explosion Tuesday in mines Nos. 5 and 6, of the New River collieries company here was abandoned late Tuesday night. Rescuers were unable to force their way into the burning shafts.

Fifty-nine men, all severely burned, were rescued alive from No. 6 mine and are receiving medical treatment in improvised hospitals. Four bodies were recovered from the same shaft.

The disaster, the second largest in the mining history of West Virginia, was caused by a gas explosion in the 600-foot level of mine No. 5. It was followed five minutes later, by a second explosion, which completely wrecked this mine and partially demolished mine No. 6, a connecting operation.

One hundred and ninety men were at work in mine No. 5, and not one of them reached the surface. The mine immediately caught fire and attempts at rescue were futile. Late Tuesday night all hope of getting the miners out of mine No. 6 was given up and rescue parties, driven back by the intense heat and deadly gases, were forced to halt their effort to reach the entombed men.

REFUGEES REACH VERA CRUZ

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Flour—in one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 pounds, jobbing lots: Best patent, \$5.30; second patent, \$5; straight, \$4.75; spring patent, \$5.10; rye, \$4.40 per bbl.

Feed—in 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$20; standard middlings, \$28; fine middlings, \$30; cracked corn, \$30; coarse cornmeal, \$29; corn and oat crop, \$28.50 per ton.

General Markets.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 9@10c; heavy 8@8 1-2c per lb.

Cabbage—New, \$2.50 per crate; in bulk, 2 1-2@3c per lb.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey kiln-dried, \$1@1.10 per hamper.

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The MAID of the FOREST

By RANDALL PARRISH
ILLUSTRATED by D. J. LAVIN
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SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States Army, on his way to Fort Harmer, meets Simon Grity, a renegade who has been connected with a number of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harmer, with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harmer's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auvey, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmer to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wa-pa-tee-tah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut. It proves to be Raoul D'Auvey, a former French officer who is called by the natives "White Chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistence that they have met before. Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wa-pa-tee-tah. Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Grity. Brady's evidence convinces the girl that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward, who resembles the American. They find escape from the island out in a British uniform and leaves him for dead after a desperate fight.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

The three guns spoke at once, the smoke of their discharge for an instant blotting out the scene, yet not before I saw war-bonnet crumple up beside the stump, and a warrior just behind him leap into the air with both arms flung out. I gripped the fresh gun beside me, and fired again into a huddle of fleeing figures, hearing the sharp crack of the two others, as the blue smoke blew back into my eyes. One Indian fell forward clawing at the ground; another staggered wildly, yet kept his feet. A chorus of yells rent the air, and the fleeing forms vanished into the fringe of woods.

Brady glanced about from his loophole, and motioned me with his hand. I crossed hurriedly to join him, again the soldier.

"What is it? Can you guess what they mean to do?"

"No, but they seem to be forming there to the right; bend down here; see, back among those trees. Ay! and your red-cape is among the devils, I've caught glimpse of him twice."

I grasped the situation in a glance. Brady moved to the next loophole, and knelt down. Opposite me I could distinguish an Indian or two, skulking in the tree shadows, well out of range—sentries, no doubt, stationed to guard against any possibility of our escape. Yes, and there were others also along the fringe of forest to the left, although only occasionally did a half naked form fit into view. They were forming for assault, for a swift rush forward, trusting that the suddenness of their attack would put them across that open space without great danger. They had tried stealth and failed; now they would try recklessness.

I pressed back the wooden shutter, kneeling to look out. For an instant, blinded by the bright light, I saw nothing, then, back in the edge of the timber, I could dimly distinguish the



The Door Crushed In.

groups of savages, stripped for fighting, their naked bodies gleaming. I knew little then of Indian warfare, yet it occurred to me that the representatives of each tribe were gathered together, and I watched the war-bonnets moving from group to group, as final orders were passed among them. Only once did I catch a glimpse of the red jacket, as the warrior stood at the foot of a large tree, suddenly outlined by a ray of sun finding opening through the leaves above. As I caught view of him, he swung up one red arm, a rifle grasped in his hand, and, as if it was a signal, voice after voice yelped in savage yell, the noise blending into

one fierce scream, horrible and menacing. Above even this mad volume of sound there was a shout of command, emphasized by the discharge of a dozen guns. Then out of the smoke, springing forth into the open, I saw the devils come. It was as if hell had broken open and belched them forth. "Shawnees!" roared Brady. "Give it to 'em!" and he pulled trigger.

Describe what followed no man could. It was pandemonium, uproar, action, no two seconds the same. I fired twice, three times, leaping back to grasp a gun from the bench, and groping my way through smoke. My eyes smarted, perspiration streamed down my face. I heard the bark of rifles, voices calling within, wild echoing yells without. Over the barrel of my rifle I could distinguish the naked forms of savages leaping amid the smoke wreaths, stumbling, clutching at the air with empty hands. Then all at once they disappeared, vanished as if by magic. Smoke clung to the ground, yet amid its swirls I could perceive no movement; the fierce yelling ceased. What this sudden cessation meant I could not guess, but my hand reached instinctively for powder and ball. Then another yell, louder, more deadly with ferocity, smote my ears; bullets chugged into the logs, some one near me gave utterance to a roar of pain, and blows crashed against the barred door. I thrust my rifle forward—a tomahawk struck the protruding barrel as I pulled trigger, and I was flung backward to the floor, blood streaming from my shoulder. I could hardly breathe in the thick smoke; I could see nothing, yet out of the babel of noise I was conscious of Brady's voice yelling an order:

"The door! Barricade the door!"

I staggered to my feet and dragged the bench forward; some one gripped the table along with me, and together we hurled it on top, our bodies holding it there. I had dropped my rifle, but some one thrust another into my hand. Blood streamed down into my eyes from a cut on my forehead, blinding me so I saw nothing, yet my fingers touched a hand. Even then I felt the thrill of that contact.

"You, Rene! Go back! For God's sake, go back!" I scolded breathlessly.

Just an instant she grasped me, clung to me, her head pressing against my sleeve.

"Yes, monsieur!"

Then she was gone; I reached out for her, but she was no longer there. Tomahawks crashed into the wood of the door; there was a sound of splintering. Brady ripped out an oath, a wild yell of triumph echoed without. Through a nearby loophole some savage thrust his gun, and fired blindly, the sudden flash lighting the murk. In the instant red glow I caught a glimpse of the interior—of a body lying on its knees, rifle in hand, of Brady gripping an ax, his head bare, a ghastly wound on the side of his face. Then the smoke hid all.

Something crashed against the door, shaking the whole cabin; again and again the blow fell, the tough wood bursting asunder, the stout bar bending, yet snapping back once more as the sockets held. Amid the din of shouts, the crash of wood, my eyes met Brady's.

"You're hurt!"

"Ay!" spitting out blood before he could answer. "Jaw shot!"

The door crashed in, the great butt of a tree coming with it, and half blocking the passage. All that remained was instantly filled with savage figures. Into the mass of them I fired my last shot, the flame of discharge searing the hideous faces. Then I was hurled to the right, shoulder to shoulder with Schultz, gripping my gun barrel with both hands, springing like a fall. I crushed the skull of a savage, drove the butt into the face of another; saw the flash of a tomahawk, held up for an instant the soldier's reeling body, only to throw it aside, smashed the red head held out to grip him as he went down; drew back a step in search of more room, and with one mighty sweep of my weapon cleared a circle before me. God! It was ghastly, inhuman, devilish! Those behind pushed and yelled; there was no escape! I saw painted faces, naked shoulders; wild eyes glared hatred into mine; tomahawk and knife flashed. The butt of my gun smashed, I gripped the iron, my teeth clinched, and blood on fire. I had no sense of fear left, no consciousness of peril. I wanted to strike, to kill, to bruise those hideous faces, to batter them into pulp. The rage of conflict seized me; there swept over me the ferocity of the insane.

there was a gun shot, the sudden flash flaming into my eyes; twice tomahawks, turning in the air, grazed my cheek; a knife, desperately hurled from out the ruck, struck the iron, slashing my arm as it fell. I felt no pain, no weakness; I was going to die, but it would not be alone. I rushed forward, treading on bodies, battering at shoulders and heads. I heard yells, shrieks, groans, cries of horror and agony. The frenzied war-whoop rang in my ears; an order roared out over the babel. I have no recollection of being touched, yet some force hurried me back. I stumbled over the bodies, yet somehow kept my feet. I was breathless, weak, reeling upon my legs, everything before my eyes shrouded in mist. Yet the instinct to fight remained; I knew nothing else.

Suddenly I became aware that Brady and I were together, that we were foot to foot, his deadly ax rising and falling as though he was a woodsman in the forest. Out of the mad din in my ear came the sound of his voice in broken, breathless sentences.

"Good boy! Good boy! Ay! That was a blow. Stand to it, lad; they'll tell of this fight on the border. Oh, you will, you painted devil—that finished you! Do you see Red-Coat back there, Hayward? Ay! I'd like one swipe at him, but the coward keeps safe. Strike lower man! They're creeping in on us. That's the kind. Ah! I thought so; they're taking us from behind—quick, lad, back to the wall!"

I got there; God only knows how—but I was alone. I felt the force of the rush that struck him down; it had lifted me bodily and hurled me against the logs. Yet I kept my feet, my grip on the twisted iron, and struck blindly. The whole cabin seemed jammed with red demons; they piled on me, jerked the bar from my grasp. Once, twice, I sent clenched fist against painted faces; then it was over with. I never saw or felt the blow that felled me; I went down into darkness, and they trampled me under foot.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Help of Mademoiselle.

The sound of a voice speaking, apparently far off, was the first thing of which I was dimly conscious. The language was French, and, for what seemed a long time, no word sounded familiar. My mind was blank of any distinct impression, although there appeared to float before me, in recollection of some former existence, the face of mademoiselle. Her wonderful eyes were gravely smiling through a strange mist that appeared to hide all else in its circling folds. I could not get away from their silent pleading, their invitation. Then somehow that speaking voice became hers, and I picked out a word here and there, detached, meaningless, and yet recognizable. I struggled to arouse myself to her actual presence.

The struggle must have been physical as well as mental, for I became conscious of pain, a sharp pang shooting through my body, as if a knife had been twisted in a deep wound. The agony brought me wide awake, my eyes open, staring about, yet scarcely realizing where dream and reality met.

"Monsieur," the voice was a whisper at my ear; I could even feel her soft breath on my cheek. My eyes instantly opened, and looked into her face as she bent above me. "Do not move, do not speak aloud—but listen. I knew you were not dead; I found you first and kept them away, but there is no time now for me to explain. Are you badly hurt?"

"I cannot tell, mademoiselle—those heavy blows will not let me move."

"She glanced about swiftly, as if in fear of being seen; then released my limbs, dragging the two dead Indians aside. I felt cramped, lifeless below the waist, yet as the blood began to circulate I knew there was no serious injury. She stared into my face as I worked the numbed muscles, and her eyes told me that she was frightened.

"We are alone here?"

"Yes, for the moment," breathlessly. "It is your only chance; I have prayed and schemed to get to you. We must not lose an instant. Can you move, monsieur? Can you even crawl a dozen feet?"

And when I finally gave out, helpless to advance another inch, my face came down hard on a slab of stone beside the chimney. She uttered a low sob of despair, and left me an instant.

"I—I am so sorry, monsieur," she faltered. "But you must hold out—you must!"

"Is it any farther? What do you want me to do?"

"No, no—only you will need strength; it will only take a minute now. See, monsieur."

She gripped the flat stone against which I had fallen, prying it with the broken blade of an Indian knife that lay on the floor, until her fingers found hold, and ended it up against the chimney. A narrow black opening was exposed. I started down with lack-luster eyes, started, but unable to realize the purpose. Driven by fear she wasted no time in either explanation or urging. Doubtless my face told its own story, and made her desperate.

With a strength I had not supposed her slender body possessed, she dragged me about, until my feet dangled helplessly in the opening.

"Now push yourself down, monsieur! I say you must! It is not far, not more than four feet—it is not to hurt, no. You will come easy to the bottom. Good! That is the way. See, I will hold tight to you like this."

Helped by her, yet exercising all my remaining strength, and now comprehending her plan, I sank slowly into the hole, but so numb were my limbs, that the instant the girl released her grasp, I sank limply to the bottom.

"Good Boy! Good Boy! Ay! That Was a Blow."

resting there, leaning against the side wall, looking eagerly up at her face framed above me in the narrow opening.

"You are safe, monsieur? You are not hurt?" she asked in trembling anxiety.

I murmured a word or two, for I had exhausted all my strength. She must have accepted this as reassurance, for she lifted her head, and glanced swiftly about. Then she reached down to me the pannikin of water.

"I cannot wait longer," she whispered. "Some one will come. Here, take this, monsieur, put it down carefully—ah! that was fine. Wash out your wounds, and the blood from your face. It will be dark, but fear nothing. I will come again to you soon."

"Where does this tunnel lead?" I asked, as her hand grasped the stone slab.

"To the cave cellar at the rear; where we first met—but you must wait for me to come, monsieur."

I saw the shadow of the stone descending, shutting out the light.

"Just one question more, mademoiselle," I managed to articulate. "Is Brady dead?"

I could dimly perceive the outline of her face.

"No, monsieur, he is a prisoner."

Making Tomorrow's World

By WALTER WILLIAMS, LL.D.
(Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri)

IN THE LAND WHERE LABOR RULES



Brisbane, Australia. — "You Americans," said the secretary of the hair dressers' union at Brisbane, "live to work. In Australia we work to live."

A hair-dresser in Australia is a barber. This barber, perched comfortably in a red-plush chair (made in St. Louis), continued: "You use your spare time in making money and we use our spare time in enjoying life. I do not make as much money in a week as I did when I lived in London—I'm a Cockney, not a Colonial—but I work fewer hours. I make more per hour, but less per week. I have time of my own in which I may enjoy myself. Why, during ten years I was at work in a London shop I never saw a cricket game! Here we work only eight hours a day and the shop closes at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon and remains closed until Monday morning. If an employer works his men overtime he is fined \$5 for each offence. We have no overtime in consequence. The trades union has brought this about. Our wages are fixed, not by the employer, but by a court of arbitration which fixes also hours of labor and conditions under which we work. The minimum wage for hair-dressers, below which no employer can go and no employe can accept employment, is \$14 a week of 48 hours."

"A Working Man's Paradise."

This is the case for labor. The state, not the individual, determines the minimum wage and the working conditions. The result is, as a rule, improved conditions for the working man. Strikes have not been abolished

and numerous powers. The breadth of its jurisdiction may be seen from the Commonwealth definition of "industrial matters":

"All matters relating to work, pay, wages, reward, hours, privileges, rights or duties of employers or employes, or the mode, terms and conditions of employment or non-employment; and, in particular, but without limiting the general scope of this definition, the term includes all matters pertaining to the relations of employers and employes, and the employment, preferential employment, dismissal or non-employment of any particular persons, or of persons of any particular sex or age, or being or not being members of any organization, association or body; and any claims arising under an industrial agreement; and all questions of what is fair and right in relation to any industrial matter having regard to the interests of persons immediately concerned and of society as a whole." Surely, this definition is broad enough to satisfy any workman.

The object of the court, to summarize further provisions of the law, is to endeavor to prevent and settle industrial disputes; and when they have occurred to reconcile the parties. The court may fix and enforce penalties for breaches of awards, restrain contraventions of the acts and exercise all the usual powers of a court of law. The court may prescribe a minimum rate of wage; it may, also, as regards employment, direct that preference of employment or service shall be given to members of unions. An opportunity is offered for objection to a preference order, and the court must be satisfied that preference is desired by a majority of the persons affected by the award who have interests in common with the applicants. The court is to bring about an amicable agreement, if possible, to conciliate and not to arbitrate, and such agreement may be made an award.

Wages Increased.

The results of compulsory arbitration is not an academic question in Australia. The fruits of this and other labor legislation are here. First, as to the wage earner, the most important fruit is that wages have been increased. Among the minimum wages established by courts or wages boards a few representative ones may be quoted. In most cases an increase of 10 to 30 per cent.

Bricklayers, \$3 a day; carpenters, \$2.75; painters, \$2.50; plasterers, \$3; stonemasons, \$2.50; milliners, for women, \$3 a week; bookbinders, \$16 for men, \$6 for girls; brickmakers, \$13.50; butchers, \$14; cigarmakers, \$12; gardeners, \$11.50; farm laborers, \$6 a week, with rations.

Incivility and Class Discord.

Not only have wages been increased and conditions of labor improved, but the workman has gained an independence into incivility and brutality. He has not, as a mass, learned how to use his leisure hours for other things than gambling, sporting and loafing. As a result of or accompanying the new labor legislation, laziness has increased and sickness of work is observable in many quarters. That gentle manners have not come to the Australian workman might well be expected. He will lay down his life for a woman, but he will not stoop to pick up her handkerchief. And most women, in Australia, would rather have their handkerchiefs picked up daily than their lives saved once in a long while. Civility the workman mistakes for servility—and of the latter he will never be guilty. Gentleness is a plant of slow growth and not a product of acts of parliament.

The class spirit enhanced if not engendered by labor legislation makes, for the present at least, a bitterness between employer and employe that does not argue well for the future. The common interests are not yet generally recognized. This class spirit is encouraged by many paid officials of the trades unions who find their occupations gone in times of industrial peace, and hence seek to upset court awards, defy court judgments, promote strikes and stir up strife.

The necessary wounds made by legislation would heal much less if the paid agitators could be allowed to refrain from tearing open. Strikes continue and—serious condition—capital, which working with labor Australia cannot develop or prosper, hesitates.

The Danger Ahead.

The compulsory arbitration laws called measures have greatly improved conditions of living in Australia," said a distinguished labor leader, "but they are in the first place an experiment. If they can be successfully administered in the interests of society as a whole by disinterested judges, with obligations equally to be observed by and penalties equally enforceable against both parties, then their success is abundantly assured. But the tyranny of labor may be as dangerous to the new-world society as was the tyranny of capital to the society of the old world. Immigration and capital are imperative if the white man is to take and hold Australia—more money and more men. And if labor's policy is carried so far as to frighten away capital and deter immigration, your Brisbane hair-dresser friend, and his children, will have plenty of holiday hours to see cricket matches and eat make a living dressing his own hair!"

That utterance of a labor minister, not then a candidate for office, may be accepted as a fair summing up of conditions created by later legislation in Australia. It is the shadow of the future that affrights.

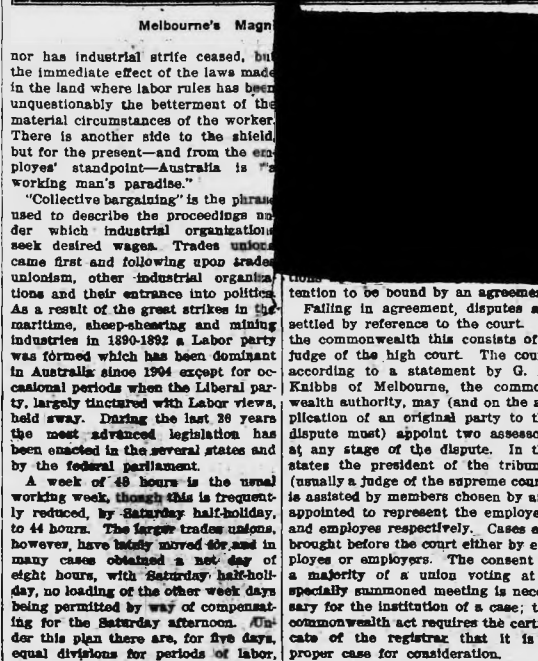
work on Saturday, making a working week of 44 hours. For linotype operators and in some technical callings the working week has been fixed at 42 hours. The closing time of shops (6r stores) is fixed at 6 p. m. on four days in each week, 9 p. m. or 10 p. m. on one day, and 1 p. m. on one day. Sunday is an absolute holiday. Measures for the protection of the life, health and general well-being of the worker and for compensation for injuries exist not unlike those existing in most of the American states. The most striking difference is as to legislative regulation of wages and terms of contract.

Regulating Wages and Contracts.

Two systems, based upon somewhat different principles, have existed in Australia for the regulation of wages and general terms contracts and employment, the wages board and industrial arbitration court. In the more recent legislation in the several states both systems are embodied. The arbitration court of the commonwealth has power to review decisions in matters of interstate concern. The wages board is composed of an equal number of representatives of organizations of employers and employes, nominated by themselves, and one of the state court judges as chairman, with vote only in case of tie. This board has power to regulate hours, wages and conditions of labor and employment upon petition from the parties interested. Such regulations are set out in the form of agreements which must be obeyed by all parties, under penalty for violation of agreement.

Compulsory Arbitration.

The chief feature of the arbitration court system is the provision for compulsory arbitration with or without petition from interested parties. The arbitration act, framed to encourage collective bargaining, to facilitate applications to the court, and to assure the worker such benefits as may be derived from organization, virtually creates the industrial union. This may or may not be a trades union,



Melbourne's Magnificent

nor has industrial strife ceased, but the immediate effect of the laws made in the land where labor rules has been unquestionably the betterment of the material circumstances of the worker. There is another side to the shield, but for the present—and from the employes' standpoint—Australia is "a working man's paradise."

"Collective bargaining" is the phrase used to describe the proceedings under which industrial organizations seek desired wages. Trades unions came first and following upon trades unionism, other industrial organizations and their entrance into politics.

As a result of the great strikes in the maritime, sheep-shearing and mining industries in 1890-1892 a Labor party was formed which has been dominant in Australia since 1904 except for occasional periods when the Liberal party, largely fractured with Labor views, held sway. During the last 36 years the most advanced legislation has been enacted in the several states and by the federal parliament.

A week of 48 hours is the usual working week, though this is frequently reduced, by Saturday half-holiday, to 44 hours. The large trades unions, however, have lately moved this and in many cases obtained a net day of eight hours, with Saturday half-holiday, no loading of the other week days being permitted by way of compensation for the Saturday afternoon. Under this plan there are, for five days, equal divisions for periods of labor, recreation and rest and four hours'

of sleep.

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WORLD'S LARGEST IRON MINE

Enormous Supply of Rich Ore is Located at Kiruna, Lapland.

The richest and probably the largest iron ore mine in the world is located at Kiruna, Lapland, in latitude 68 1/2 degrees north, which is about the same as the northernmost boundary of Alaska.

BOOSTED UP THE PRICE

When You Come to Think of It the Article Was Worth the Increased Amount.

Hot and stuffy was the auction room, and packed, too—yes, even packed to its utmost capacity.

Because It Was Underweight.

Under the pure food and drugs act, ten cases were recently brought against a New York city firm, which is in the candy business, making a specialty of what is known as "peany goods."

Mackintoshes Expensive to Make.

Mackintoshes are made of cloth coated with rubber. It is a heavy material and is very expensive to make.

Sign From Providence.

The Dyak who will argue that because his grandfather died after climbing a tree neither to climb trees if they wish to live and enjoy health, recalls the "dour" old Scot who had steadfastly refused to insure his boat.

STILL USE HORSE AND WAGON

Transportation Methods of Old Days Yet Employed by Majority of Mountain.

The history of highway transportation since the days of the Roman empire exhibits few changes and great turning points which have marked new eras in progress, in efficiency, in convenience or economy.

When the revolving wheel was applied to vehicles a great impetus was given to highway transportation and for 4,000 years at least, until very recently, highway transportation saw very little change or improvement.

If we carefully compare the methods of highway transportation in the days of the Roman empire and the year 1912 we find that the greater percentage of the world is still using the horse and wagon very much after the fashion of the Romans; we see no great evolution in highway transportation paralleling the wonderful advance that has been made in power transportation by rail or trolley.

The development of this efficiency tool has gone on so quietly and at the same time so thoroughly that the world at large, grounded in horse traditions, has not yet been informed on motor transportation.

Sublime Effrontery. Labouche's grandfather, Pierre Caesar, was one of Napoleon's brokers.

Curiosity of Fashion. One of the curiosities of fashion is the return of the walking stick to favor. It has had its ups and downs ever since the days of Pericles.

It is certainly not the undergraduate who is bringing the former fashion in again for his pose in a Norfolk jacket and a sloach in slippers—and without a hat.

Statement of Ownership, Management, Etc., of the Plymouth Mail, published weekly at Plymouth, Michigan, by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor, L. B. Samsen, Plymouth—Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, L. B. Samsen, Plymouth.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of April, 1914.

Health a Factor in Success. The largest factor contributing to a man's success is undoubtedly health.

FRAIN'S LAKE

Mrs. Ed. Lyke went to Detroit Tuesday to see her sister, Mrs. Fred Lagness who underwent a serious operation at Harper hospital.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fishbeck, April 27th, a 7 1/2 lb. son. Mother and babe are doing fine.

Mrs. Will Gale entertained Sunday at dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Will Sockow, Ray Gale and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gale of Salem.

Miss Orrel Galpin is at home again.

Burton Galpin is again on the sick list.

Mrs. Charles Freeman will entertain the Jolly Larkin Club Thursday.

Mrs. Burton Galpin will entertain the Gilt Edge Club Saturday.

Helps Kidney and Bladder Trouble—Everybody Satisfied. Everywhere people are taking Foley Kidney Pills, and are so satisfied they urge others to take them also.

WEST PLYMOUTH.

Mr. Gebhart is going to live with his daughter, Mrs. Fred Whitmore.

Wilbur Ebersole is convalescing from the scarlet fever and Dist. No. 7 resumed work Monday as no more cases of fever have been reported.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Lucas of Dearborn, visited at Emory Spook's Saturday and Sunday.

Helen Smith and Mary Brown were Detroit visitors Saturday.

Mrs. D. Murray and Elizabeth visited Mrs. Valentine in Plymouth the fore part of the week.

Mrs. John Robinson was able to visit one of her neighbors last Friday, the first time she has been able to be out of the house since autumn.

Feel Dull and Sluggish? Start Your Liver to Working!

It beats all how quickly Foley Cathartic Tablets live your liver, overcome constipation—make you feel lively and active again.

LIVONIA CENTER. Mrs. Will Smith of Waterford is a great sufferer with rheumatism.

There was a large turn out to the German church last Sunday to witness confirmation.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ash of Plymouth, visited at Ernie Mansel's Sunday.

Avery Chilson was on our street Tuesday.

Charles Pankow is still on the shelf and Dr. Holcomb is in attendance.

Ed. Long is helping out at Joe Mc Buchrams, as Joe is quite poorly this spring.

Paul Helm is improving in health under Dr. Tupper's treatment.

Aldert Maynard is feeling lots better since he has been taking the herb treatment procured at the town hall of Mr. Steele.

LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

Mrs. Ed. Lyke called on Mrs. Frank Murray Sunday.

Mrs. Jennie Smith was a South Lyon shopper Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Sockow spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Gales.

Mrs. Andrew Heddie who is spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Gale, spent from Saturday till Monday with her husband in Clyde.

The little Misses Ruth and Esther Casteline spent from Wednesday till Sunday with their aunt in Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Casteline of Northville, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Casteline.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bird entertained the former's brother and wife of Ann Arbor, Sunday.

Mrs. Burt Nelson spent Sunday and Monday in Detroit visiting her mother and sister-in-law, both who have recently underwent serious operations.

Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Savary of Dexter, was seen on our streets Monday in their new automobile.

It is hoped there will be a large attendance at the Farmer's Club and those interested in the corn contest at the town hall in Salem on the first Wednesday in May.

A good program is being prepared by the school children of the township. It is hoped that those who attend will be particularly liberal in furnishing for the dinner which will be served at noon.

Health a Factor in Success. The largest factor contributing to a man's success is undoubtedly health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Is the Housewife's Greatest Help. WHAT so tempting to the laggard appetite as a light, flaky, fruit short cake or a delicate hot biscuit?

NEWBURG. Go-to-Meeting Sunday was well observed at Newburg. The pastor preached a fine sermon, the subject being "The Soul of a Man."

Lawn Mower Time in Plymouth. You will soon have to be cutting your lawn again, and if you are going to need a new lawn mower, we have a line that will please you.

Follow the Crowd where the business grows daily, because I do the Best work, use the Best kind of Leather and let you pay the Best Reasonable Price.

PINE FLAVOR IN BAKING—It is always due to extreme care in milling the flour you bake with. In milling Agents Flour we are more careful than other millers to put delicious flavor into our flour.

SPECIAL SALE Another line of those \$3.50 and \$5.00 Hats for Saturday and Monday. Klenzona Cleaning Preparation. Ladies Home Journal Patterns.

A Money-Saver for Dairymen Malt Sugar Grains. Protein 20 to 30%. Fat 6 to 12%. Cost Less Than Bran. Has double the protein—Twice the Feeding Value.

BERTHA F. I. Pianist and Accompanist. Teacher of Piano. Studio, 8 Mill Street.

Mrs. John Pat Music Teacher. 54 Penniman Ave.

MABEL K. CONNER. Piano Soloist. Teacher of Singing. Studio, 54 Penniman Ave.

Commissioner's Notice. In the matter of the estate of John E. Nash, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the probate court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioner to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of John E. Nash in the Village of Plymouth, in said County, on Monday, the 15th day of June A. D. 1914, and on Saturday the 13th day of August A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and adjusting said claims and that four months from the 15th day of April A. D. 1914, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Indian Fanner Ducks. Layers of large white eggs and are the best laying fowls in the world. Eggs for hatching \$1.00 per setting. E. J. Burr, Plymouth, Mich.

AMERICAN ARTILLERYMEN WORKING A FIELDPIECE



Regular army gunners from the forces down in Texas, loading one of their efficient fieldpieces.

FAREWELL TO THEIR BLUEJACKET BOY



This scene, of a father, mother and sisters bidding farewell to the young bluejacket, who is about to sail away for service against the Mexicans, is being repeated over and over these days at every navy yard.

REAR ADMIRAL MAYO



Rear Admiral Henry T. Mayo, in command of the American warships at Tampico, whose demand that Huerta salute the flag precipitated the trouble with the Mexican dictator.

ON THE QUARTERDECK



Some on the quarterdeck of one of Uncle Sam's dressnights in Mexican waters.

LEADER OF CRACK AMERICAN TROOPS



This is Captain Smith of the Twentieth United States Infantry, one of the most efficient regiments now on the Mexican border.

TWO OF THE FEDERAL GENERALS



Gen. Teodor Quintana (left) and Gen. Miguel Alvarez (right) two of Dictator Huerta's commanders in the field.

203 MEN PERISH IN COAL MINE FIRE IN WEST VIRGINIA

Fifty-nine are Saved Before Flames Force Rescuers to Quit

GAS EXPLOSIONS IN DEEP SHAFT WRECK TWO MINES

Of 190 Men Working in One Property One Is Saved—Second Largest Disaster in History of State.

Eccles, W. Va.—All hope for the rescue alive of the 203 miners entombed by an explosion Tuesday in mines Nos. 5 and 6, of the New River collieries company here was abandoned late Tuesday night. Rescuers were unable to force their way into the burning shafts.

Fifty-nine men, all severely burned, were rescued alive from No. 6 mine and are receiving medical treatment in improvised hospitals. Four bodies were recovered from the same shaft.

The disaster, the second largest in the mining history of West Virginia, was caused by a gas explosion in the 600-foot level of mine No. 5. It was followed five minutes later by a second explosion, which completely wrecked this mine and partially demolished mine No. 6, a connecting operation.

One hundred and ninety men were at work in mine No. 5, and not one of them reached the surface. The mine immediately caught fire and attempts at rescue were futile. Late Tuesday night all hope of getting the miners out of mine No. 6 was given up and rescue parties, driven back by the intense heat and deadly gases, were forced to halt their effort to reach the entombed men.

REFUGEES REACH VERA CRUZ

All Americans Believed to Be Out of Surrounding Territory.

Washington—Arrival of 109 Americans at Vera Cruz at 5 p. m. Tuesday was reported to the navy department by Admiral Fletcher. Of these 63 were from Lomo Ponto, 11 from Potrero, and the remainder from Cordoba, Tierra Blanca and outlying districts.

Admiral Fletcher announced that all Americans are now believed to be out of the country lying between El Burro and Cordoba, as well as that between Cordoba, Tierra Blanca and Vera Cruz. He added that as far as could be discovered no Americans had been injured.

Practically all foreigners in the vicinity of Durango and Torreon have now left Mexico, according to a telegram from Consul Edwards at Juarez.

The telegram was as follows: "Special trains arrived Tuesday morning from Torreon, bringing 65 Americans and 25 other foreigners. About a third of the Americans will probably ask for transportation to their homes in the United States. This brings out nearly all of the foreigners from Durango and Torreon. Fully 200 refugees have crossed the border from this district during the past week. All of them report courteous treatment by the natives during their journey. Those expressing their determination to wholly abandon Mexico or remain away until peace is fully restored are largely in the majority. There is very little military activity and no alarming symptoms in the local situation."

To Guard Against Disease. Washington—A new phase of the Mexican problem was brought to the attention of congress Tuesday when Secretary McAdoo, on behalf the house to appropriate and make "instantly available," \$100,000 to prevent the introduction and spread of epidemic diseases. The current year fund for this purpose is exhausted.

"The danger to this country from the introduction of smallpox and typhus fever," Mr. McAdoo reported, "is greatly augmented on account of the arrival of refugees and persons returning from Mexico to the United States ports."

Secretary McAdoo also asked \$25,000 for establishment of quarantine facilities at Providence, R. I. He proposed to use for that purpose the old cruiser Newark, now at the Norfolk navy yard.

ITEMS OF STATE INTEREST

Paul Wiegman, of Holt, who graduates from Albion college in June, has accepted the position of athletic coach and teacher of science in Ionia high school for next year.

Judge Sessions Tuesday at Grand Rapids, imposed fines of \$8,000 on both the Saginaw Beef Co. and the Ann Arbor Railroad Co. for violating interstate commerce regulations pertaining to freight shipments. There were 10 counts against each of the defendants.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Live-Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle—Receipts, 780; cow stuff steady; others 10@15c lower; milch cows \$5 per head lower; Best steers and heifers, \$8; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$7.40@7.65; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$7.25@7.60; steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6.50@7.25; choice fat cows, \$6@6.50; good fat cows, \$5.50@5.75; common cows, \$5 @5.25; canners, \$3@4.25; choice heavy bulls, \$6.75@7; fair to good hologna bulls, \$6@6.25; stock bulls, \$5.50@6.50; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$6.85@7.10; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$6.50@6.90; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6.50 @6.75; fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6@6.25; stock heifers, \$5.50@6; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$65@75; common milkers, \$4@55.

Veal calves—Receipts, 424; market steady; best, \$8.50@9; others, \$6@8.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,615; market steady; best wool lambs, \$8 @8.15; fair lambs, \$7.50@8; light to common lambs, \$6.50@7.25; yearlings, \$7.25; fair to good sheep, \$5.00@5.75; culls and common, \$4.50@5; clipped lambs, \$6.50@7; clipped sheep, \$4.50 @5.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,507; all grades, \$8.60@8.65.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts 4,000; heavy grades steady; butchers 10c higher; prime steers, \$8.75@8.90; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb. do., \$8.40@8.60; best 1,100 to 1,200-lb. do., \$8@8.50; coarse and plain weighty steers, \$7.65 @7.90; fancy yearlings, baby beef, \$5.25@5.50; medium to good, \$7.75@8; choice handy steers, \$7.80@8; fair to good, \$7.70@7.80; extra fat cows, \$6.75@7.25; best cows, \$6@6.25; butchers' cows, \$5@5.50; cutters, \$4.15 @4.50; trimmers, \$4@4.25; best heifers, \$7.50@8; medium butcher heifers, \$6.75@7; stock heifers, \$6.25@6.50; feeding steers, \$7@7.85; stock steers, \$6.50@7.50; extra bulls, \$7@7.25; hologna bulls, \$6.25@6.50; stock bulls, \$5@6. Milkers and springers, \$45@50.

Hogs—Receipts, 16,000; market steady; heavy and yorkers, \$9.10@9.15; pigs, \$9.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 15,000; lambs 15@20c lower; sheep steady; wool lambs, \$8.50@8.75; clipped, \$7.40 @7.60; yearlings, \$6.50@6.75; wethers, \$5.60@5.75; ewes, \$5@5.25.

Calves slow; tops, \$8.75@9; fair to good, \$7.50@8.50; grassers, \$5.50@6.50.

Grains Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 98 1-2c; May opened with an advance of 1-2c at 98 1-4c and advanced to 98 3-4c; July opened at 88 1-2c and advanced to 89 1-4c; No. 1 white, 98c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 67c; No. 2 yellow, 1 car at 69c; No. 4 yellow, 67c.

Oats—Standard, 41 1-2c; No. 3 white 1 car at 40 3-4c, closing at 41c bid; No. 4 white, 40@40 1-2c.

Rye—Cash No. 1 Michigan, 67c; No. 2 Michigan, 66c; No. 2 western, 65c.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$1.98; May, \$2.02.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, 50 bags at \$7.75; October, \$8; sample, 20 bags at \$7.40, 15 at \$7.20; prime alsike, \$10; sample alsike, 10 bags at \$9.

Timothy—Prime spot, 100 bags at \$2.30.

Alfalfa—Prime spot, 40 bags at \$7.75.

Hay—Carlots, track Detroit; No. 1 timothy, \$16@16.50; standard, \$15@15.50; No. 2 timothy, \$13.50@14.50; light mixed, \$15@15.50; No. 1 mixed, \$13.50@14; No. 1 clover, \$13@13.50; rye straw, \$8@8.50; wheat and oat straw, \$7@7.50 per ton.

Flour—In one-eighty paper sacks, per 198 pounds, jobbing lots: Best patent, \$5.30; second patent, \$5; straight, \$4.75; spring patent, \$5.10; rye, \$4.40 per lb.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$20; standard middlings, \$29; fine middlings, \$30; cracked corn, \$39; coarse cornmeal, \$29; corn and oat crop, \$28.50 per ton.

General Markets.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 9@10c; heavy 8@8 1-2c per lb.

Cabbage—New, \$2.50 per crate; in bulk, 2 1-2@3c per lb.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey kiln-dried, \$1@1.10 per hamper.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 12@12 1-2c; common, 9@10c per lb.

Potatoes—In bulk, 63@65c per bu in sacks, 68@70c per bu for carlots.

Honey—Choice to fancy new white comb, 15@16c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 6@7c per lb.

Nuts—Shellbark hickory, 3c; large hickory, 1@1 1-2c; Spanish chestnuts, 8@9c; walnuts and butternuts, 1@1 1-2c per lb.

Apples—Steele Red, \$6@6.50; Spy, \$5.50@6; Greening, \$4.50@5; Baldwin, \$5.50@6; Ben Davis, \$4@4.50 per bbl.

Live Poultry—Spring chickens, 18 @19c; heavy hens, 19c; medium hens, 17@18c; No. 2 hens, 12c; old roosters, 11@12c; ducks, 17@18c; geese, 14@15c; turkeys, 19@20c per lb.

Cheese—Wholesale lots: Michigan flats, 16 1-2c@17 1-2c; New York flats, 19@19 1-2c; brick, 16@16 1-2c; Limburger, 14 1-2c@15c; imported Swiss, 24@24 1-2c; domestic Swiss, 19 1-2c @20c; long horns, 20 1-2c; daisies, 18 1-2c@19c per lb.

Lumber & Shingles
All Kinds of Building Material
Can't Sag Gates,
Beaver Board,
Wall Board
Drain Tile, 3, 4, 6 and 8 in. sizes in stock.
Largest and Best Stock of FENCE POSTS ever in Plymouth.
If you are going to use any of the above mentioned, it will pay you to see us before you buy.
Plymouth Lumber & Coal Co.,
CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager

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

At The New Meat Market
You Can Get the Choicest Cuts of
Fresh and Salt Meats
Try our Home-made Sausage. It is fine.
Try our Pure Home-rendered Lard and you will use no other.
PHONE US YOUR ORDERS.
WILLIAM STRENG
Local 'Phone 90-F2 Free Delivery

Detroit United Lines
Plymouth Time Table
Effective May 27, 1913
EAST BOUND
For Detroit via Wayne: 6:30 a.m. and every hour to 7:50 p.m.; also 8:44 a.m. and 11:33 p.m. changing at Wayne.
NORTH BOUND
Leave Plymouth for Northville: 6:08 a.m. and every hour to 7:08 p.m.; also 9:08 p.m. and 10:44 p.m.
Leave Detroit for Plymouth: 6:30 a.m. and every hour to 6:50 p.m.; 7:30 p.m.; also 9 p.m. and 11 p.m.
Leave Wayne for Plymouth: 6:44 a.m. and every hour to 6:44 p.m.; 8:44 p.m.; also 10:15 p.m. and 12 midnight.
Cars connect at Wayne for Ypsilanti and points west to Jackson.

DR. W. FRED DODSLEY
DENTIST
Office and Residence 138 Main Street, Plymouth, Mich.
R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE OVER BAUCE'S STORE
Bell Phone 36; Local 180.
Dr. A. E. PATTERSON
Office and residence, Main street, next to Express 661 N.
Hours—until 9 a. m., 3 to 6 p. m. and after
Telephone 88, Plymouth, Mich.

TRY MAIL LINERS
All He Wanted.
Newly arrived from the Highlands, Jack McTavish wandered about the big city until fairly tired out. Long had he hesitated about entering any of the brilliantly lighted restaurants, but at length he mustered up courage and was ushered to a table. The waiter handed him the menu card, which was a foreign language to McTavish. Finally, in desperation, he said to the hovering waiter: "Ah'm no hungry, no hungry at all. Just bring me a plate o' whisky an' a wee spoon!"
Let Her Go.
At a fancy dress ball for children a policeman stationed at the door was instructed not to admit any adult. An excited woman came running up to the door and demanded admission. "I'm sorry, mam," replied the policeman, "but I can't let anyone in but children." "But my child is dressed as a butterfly," explained the woman, "and has forgotten her wings." "Can't help it," replied the policeman; "orders is orders; you'll have to let her go as a caterpillar."

Worth Knowing.
Every person when he takes up his cards at a game of whist holds one out of 25,012,558,800 possible hands. As for the total number of variations possible among all players, it is so enormous as almost to exceed belief. Mr. Babbage calculated that if 1,000,000 men were to be signed leading cards at the rate of one deal every minute, day and night, for 100,000,000 years, they would not have exhausted all the possible variations of the cards, but only one one hundred thousandth part of them.
Switched the Beverages.
Two old Scotch fishermen, having imbibed overmuch, were on their way home, and overcame with a great desire to sleep, accordingly they stretched themselves on the warm beach sands and were soon snoring heavily. The tide crept in, awakening the one nearest the water as a wave dashed a quantity of the salty liquid into his mouth. Half asleep, he started to arise, saying: "It's time we was awa' out! I'll have to let her drink on us!"



The MAID of the FOREST

By RANDALL PARRISH
ILLUSTRATED BY D. J. LAVIN
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SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Harmer, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with the manner of atrocities also headed for Fort Harmer, with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harmer's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Avray, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmer to Sandusky where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wap-tah-tah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not a prisoner. Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and an Indian among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but as a British soldier. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut. It proves to be Rene D'Avray, a former French officer who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistence that they have met before. Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wap-tah-tah. Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Girty. Brady's existence convinces the girl that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward, who resembles the American. They finally escape from the island cut off. Reconnoitering around the cabin at night Hayward discovers a white man in a British uniform and saves him for dead after a desperate fight.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

The three guns spoke at once, the smoke of their discharge for an instant blotting out the scene, yet not before I saw a bonnet crumple up beside the stump, and a warrior just behind him leap into the air with both arms flung out. I gripped the fresh gun beside me, and fired again into a huddle of fleeing figures, hearing the sharp crack of the two others, as the blue smoke blew back into my eyes. One Indian fell forward clawing at the ground; another staggered wildly, yet kept his feet. A chorus of yells rent the air, and the fleeing forms vanished into the fringe of woods.

Brady, glanced about from his loophole, and motioned me with his hand. I crossed hurriedly to join him, again the soldier.

"What is it? Can you guess what they mean to do?"

"No, but they seem to be forming there to the right; bend down here, see, back among those trees. Ay! and your red-coat is among the devil; I've caught glimpse of him twice."

I grasped the situation in a glance. Brady moved to the next loophole, and knelt down. Opposite me I could distinguish an Indian or two, skulking in the tree shadows, well out of range-sentries, no doubt, stationed to guard against any possibility of our escape. Yes, and there were others also along the fringe of forest to the left, although only occasionally did a half naked form fit into view. They were forming for assault, for a swift rush forward, trusting that the suddenness of their attack would put them across that open space without great danger. They had tried stealth and failed; now they would try recklessness.

I pressed back the wooden shutter, kneeling to look out. For an instant, blinded by the bright light, I saw nothing, then, back in the edge of the timber, I could dimly distinguish the



The Door Crashed In.

groups of savages, stripped for fighting, their naked bodies gleaming. I knew little then of Indian warfare, yet it occurred to me that the representatives of each tribe were gathered together, and I watched the war-bonnets moving from group to group, as final orders were passed among them. Only once did I catch a glimpse of the red jacket, as the warrior stood at the foot of a huge tree, suddenly outlined by a ray of sun finding opening through the leaves above. As I caught view of him, he flung up one, red arm. A rifle gripped in his hand, and as if it was a signal, voices after voices whooped in savage yell, the noise blending into

one fierce scream, horrible and menacing. Above even this mad volume of sound there was a shout of command, emphasized by the discharge of a dozen guns. Then out of the smoke, springing forth into the open, I saw the devils come. It was as if hell had broken open and belched them forth.

"Shawnees!" roared Brady. "Give it to 'em!" and he pulled trigger.

Describe what followed no man could. It was pandemonium, uproar, action, no two seconds the same. I fired twice, three times, leaping back to grasp a gun from the bench, and groping my way through smoke. My eyes smarted, perspiration streamed down my face, I heard the bark of rifles, voices calling within, wild echoing yells without. Over the barrel of my rifle I could distinguish the naked forms of savages leaping amid the smoke wreaths, stumbling, clutching at the air with empty hands. Then all at once they disappeared, vanished as if by magic. Smoke clung to the ground, yet amid its swirls I could perceive no movement; the fierce yelling ceased. What this sudden cessation meant I could not guess, but my hand reached instinctively for powder and ball. Then another yell, louder, more deadly with ferocity, smote my ears; bullets chugged into the logs, some one near me gave utterance to a roar of pain, and blows crashed against the barred door. I thrust my rifle forward—a tomahawk struck the protruding barrel as I pulled trigger, and I was flung backward to the floor, blood streaming from my shoulder. I could hardly breathe in the thick smoke; I could see nothing, yet out of the babel of noise I was conscious of Brady's voice yelling an order:

"The door! Barricade the door!"

I staggered to my feet and dragged the bench forward; some one gripped the table along with me, and together we hurried it on top, our bodies holding it there. I had dropped my rifle, but some one thrust another into my hand. Blood streamed down into my eyes from a cut on my forehead, blinding me so I saw nothing, yet my fingers touched a hand. Even then I felt the thrill of that contact.

"You, Rene! Go back! For God's sake, go back!" I sobbed breathlessly. Just an instant she grasped me, clung to me, her head pressing against my sleeve.

"Yes, monsieur!"

Then she was gone; I reached out for her, but she was no longer there. Tomahawks crashed into the wood of the door; there was a sound of splintering. Brady ripped out an oath, a wild yell of triumph echoed without. Through a nearby loop-hole some savage thrust his gun, and fired blindly, the sudden flash lighting the mark in the instant red glow I caught a glimpse of the interior—of a body lying before the fireplace, of Schultz still on his knees, rifle in hand, of Brady gripping an ax, his head bare, a ghastly wound on the side of his face. Then the smoke hid all.

Something crashed against the door, shaking the whole cabin; again and again the blow fell, the tough wood bursting asunder, the stout bar bending, yet snapping back once more as the sockets held. Amid the din of shouts, the crash of wood, my eyes met Brady's.

"You're hurt!"

"Ay!" spitting out blood before he could answer. "Jaw shot."

The door crashed in, the great butt of a tree coming with it, and half blocking the passage. All that remained was instantly filled with savage figures. Into the mass of them I fired my last shot, the flame of discharge searing the hideous faces. Then I was hurled to the right, shoulder to shoulder with Schultz, gripping my gun barrel with both hands, swinging it like a flail. I crushed the skull of a savage, drove the butt into the face of another; saw the flash of a tomahawk, held up for an instant the soldier's reeling body, only to throw it aside; smashed the red hand held out to grip him as he went down; drew back a step in search of more room, and with one mighty sweep of my weapon cleared a circle before me. God! It was ghastly, inhuman, devilish! Those behind pushed and yelled; there was no escape! I saw painted faces, naked shoulders; wild eyes flashed into mine; tomahawk and knife flashed. The butt of my gun smashed, I gripped the iron, my teeth clenched, and blood on fire. I had no sense of fear left, no consciousness of peril. I wanted to strike, to kill, to bruise those hideous faces, to batter them into pulp. The rage of conflict seized me; there swept over me the ferocity of the insane.

I gave back, compelled by the mere force of numbers hurled against me, yet kept clear a space no savage left unhurt. I felt in my arms the strength of a dozen men, and not the grip of a red hand reached me. The fende swayed and struggled, but the fierce swing of the iron bar crushed them back. It was twilight when I stood at bay, the narrow opening, almost blotched out by those struggling figures striving to enter, to me, was a mere blotch, an interstice of movement and sound. Through a dim, red haze, where blood dripped before my eyes, I had glimpses of uplifted arms, of distorted faces, of glittering weapons. Once

there was a gun shot, the sudden flash flaming into my eyes; twice tomahawks, turning in the air, grazed my cheek; a knife, desperately buried from out the ruck, struck the iron, slashing my arm as it fell. I felt no pain, no weakness; I was going to die, but it would not be alone. I rushed forward, treading on bodies, battering at shoulders and heads. I heard yells, shrieks, groans, cries of horror and agony. The frenzied war-whoop rang in my ears; an order roared out over the babel. I have no recollection of being touched, yet some force hurled me back. I stumbled over the bodies, yet somehow kept my feet. I was breathless, weak, reeling upon my legs, everything before my eyes shrouded in mist. Yet the instinct to fight remained; I knew nothing else.

Suddenly I became aware that Brady and I were together, that we were foot to foot, his deadly ax rising and falling as though he was a woodsman in the forest. Out of the mad din in my ear came the sound of his voice in broken, breathless sentences.

"Good boy! Good boy! Ay! That was a blow. Stand to it, lad; they'll tell of this fight on the border. Oh, you will, you painted devil! That finished you! Do you see Red-Coat back there, Hayward? Ay! I'd like one swipe at him, but the coward keeps safe. Strike lower man! They're creeping in on us. That's the kind. Ah! I thought so, they're taking us from behind—quick, lad, back to the wall!"

I got there; God only knows how—but I was alone. I felt the force of the rush that struck him down; it had lifted me bodily and hurled me against the logs. Yet I kept my feet, kept my grip on the twisted iron, and struck blindly. The whole cabin seemed jammed with red demons; they piled on me, jerked the bar from my grasp. Once, twice, I sent clenched fist against palated faces; then it was over with. I never saw or felt the blow that felled me; I went down into darkness, and they trampled me under foot.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Help of Mademoiselle.

The sound of a voice speaking, apparently far off, was the first thing of which I was dimly conscious. The language was French, and for what seemed a long time, no word sounded familiar. My mind was blank of any distinct impression, although there appeared to float before me, in recollection of some former existence, the face of mademoiselle. Her wonderful eyes were gravely smiling through a strange mist that appeared to hide all else in its circling folds. I could not get away from their silent pleading, their invitation. Then somehow that speaking voice became hers, and I picked out a word here and there, detached, meaningless, and yet recognizable. I struggled to arouse myself to her actual presence.

The struggle must have been physical as well as mental, for I became conscious of pain, a sharp pang shooting through my body, as if a knife had been twisted in a deep wound. The agony brought me wide awake, my eyes open, staring about, yet scarcely realizing where dream and reality met.

"Monsieur," the voice was a whisper at my ear; I could even feel her soft breath on my cheek. My eyes instantly opened, and looked into her face as she bent above me. "Do not move, do not speak aloud—but listen. I knew you were not dead; I found you first and kept them away, but there is no time now for me to explain. Are you badly hurt?"

"I cannot tell, mademoiselle—those heavy bodies will not let me move."

"Where—where do you want me to go?" I asked faintly, inspired to effort by the firm, eager grip of her hand. "Tell me, I'll try."

"There—just to the left of the fireplace. It is the one chance, monsieur. They will be back, those devils, they will burn the cabin. Mon Dieu! Try! Try!"

And when I finally gave out, helpless to advance another inch, my face came down hard on a slab of stone beside the chimney. She uttered a low sob of despair, and left me an instant.

"I am so sorry, monsieur," she faltered. "But you must hold out—you must!"

"Is it any farther? What do you want me to do?"

"No, no—only you will need strength; it will only take a minute now. See, monsieur."

She gripped the flat stone against which I had fallen, prying it with the broken blade of an Indian knife that lay on the floor, until her fingers found hold, and ended it up against the chimney. A narrow black opening was exposed. I started down with lackluster eyes, startled, but unable to realize the purpose. Driven by fear she wasted no time in either explanation or urging. Doubtless my face told its own story, and made her desperate. With a strength I had not supposed her slender body possessed, she dragged me about, until my feet dangled helplessly in the opening.

"Now push yourself down, monsieur! I say you must! It is not far, no more than four feet—it is not to hurt, no. You will come easy to the bottom. Good! That is the way. See, I will hold tight to you like this."

Helped by her, yet exercising all my remaining strength, and now comprehending her plan, I sank slowly into the hole, but so numb were my limbs, that, the instant the girl released her grasp, I sank limply to the bottom.

resting there, leaning against the side wall, looking eagerly up at her face framed above me in the narrow opening.

"You are safe, monsieur? You are not hurt?" she asked in trembling anxiety.

I murmured a word or two, for I had exhausted all my strength. She must have accepted this as reassurance, for she lifted her head, and glanced swiftly about. Then she reached down to me the pannikin of water.

"I cannot wait longer," she whispered. "Some one will come. Here, take this, monsieur; put it down carefully—that was fine. Wash out your wounds, and the blood from your face. It will be dark, but fear nothing. I will come again to you soon."

"Where does this tunnel lead?" I asked, as her hand grasped the stone slab.

"To the cave cellar at the rear; where we first met—but you must wait for me to come, monsieur."

I saw the shadow of the stone descending, shutting out the light.

"Just one question more, mademoiselle," I managed to articulate. "Is Brady dead?"

I could dimly perceive the outline of her face.

"No, monsieur, he is a prisoner."

Slowly I made effort to explore my wound. This was most painful, as my rough shirt was held to my flesh by congealed blood, and had to be torn away. I possessed no knife, but stuck to the work manfully, my teeth clenched, my face beaded with perspiration, until I separated the last shred, and could explore the wound with my fingers. It proved deep and ragged enough, but had penetrated nothing vital. If I could staunch the flow of blood, and bind it up so as to prevent its being reopened, there should be no serious result. I went at this as best I could in the dark, and by sense of touch, groaning at the pain. I swabbed out the wound until it practically ceased to bleed, and then bound it up with a silk neckerchief and a strip torn from my shirt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Air Brakes for Aeroplanes.

A highly ingenious device is about to be embodied in a new British aeroplane now nearing completion. A difficult problem, which has always confronted the aeroplane designers, has been that of enabling machines to land at a reasonably slow speed and yet fly as fast as possible. The necessity of this provision may be gauged from the fact that the modern aeroplane, with its full load, weighs the better part of a ton, and that the usual flying speeds range from sixty to eighty miles an hour. Accordingly, Mr. A. V. Roe, the well-known designer, has adopted the expedient of providing his latest biplane with what he termed "air brakes." These consist of flaps hinged to the rear of the planes, capable of being turned at right angles to the direction of flight, with the object of enabling the pilot to reduce his speed materially preparatory to alighting.

Making Tomorrow's World

By WALTER WILLIAMS, LL.D.
(Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri)

IN THE LAND WHERE LABOR RULES



Brisbane, Australia. — "You Americans," said the secretary of the hair dressers' union at Brisbane, "live to work in Australia we work to live."

A hair-dresser in Australia is a barber. This barber, perched comfortably in a red plush chair (made in St. Louis), continued: "You use your spare time in making more money and we use our spare time in enjoying life. I do not make as much money in a week as I did when I lived in London—I'm a Cockney, not a Colonial—but I work fewer hours. I make more per hour, but less per week. I have time of my own in which I may enjoy myself. Why, during ten years I was at work in a London shop I never saw a cricket game! Here we work only eight hours a day and the shop closes at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon and remains closed until Monday morning. If an employer works his men overtime he is fined \$5 for each offence. We have no overtime in consequence. The trades union has brought this about. Our union is registered under the law. Our wages are fixed, not by the employer, but by a court of arbitration which fixes also hours of labor and conditions under which we work. The minimum wage for hair-dressers, below which no employer can go and no employee can accept employment, is \$14 a week of 48 hours."

"A Working Man's Paradise." This is the case for labor. The state, not the individual, determines the minimum wage and the working conditions. The result is, as a rule, improved conditions for the working man. Strikes have not been abolished

work on Saturday, making a working week of 44 hours. For linotype operators and in some technical callings the working week has been fixed at 42 hours. The closing time of shops (or stores) is fixed at 6 p. m. on four days in each week, 9 p. m. or 10 p. m. on one day, and 1 p. m. on one day. Sunday is an absolute holiday. Measures for the protection of the life, health and general well-being of the worker and for compensation for injuries exist not unlike those existing in most of the American states. The most striking difference is as to legislative regulation of wages and terms of contract.

Regulating Wages and Contracts. Two systems, based upon somewhat different principles, have existed in Australia for the regulation of wages and general terms contracts and employment, the wages board and the industrial arbitration court. In the more recent legislation in the several states both systems are embodied. The arbitration court of the commonwealth has power to review decisions in matters of interstate concern. The wages board is composed of an equal number of representatives of organizations of employers and employees, nominated by themselves, and one of the state court judges as chairman, with vote only in case of tie. This board has power to regulate hours, wages and conditions of labor and employment upon petition from the parties interested. Such regulations are set out in the form of agreements which must be obeyed by all parties, under penalty for violation of agreement.

Compulsory Arbitration. The chief feature of the arbitration court system is the provision for compulsory arbitration with or without petition from interested parties. The arbitration act, framed to encourage collective bargaining, to facilitate applications to the court, and to assure the worker such benefits as may be derived from organization, virtually creates the industrial union. This may or may not be a trades union.

Wages Increased. The result of compulsory arbitration is not an academic question in Australia. The fruits of this and other labor legislation are here. First and to the wage earner, the most important fruit is that wages have been increased. Among the minimum wages established by courts or wages boards a few representative ones may be quoted, in most cases an increase of 10 to 30 per cent:

- Bricklayers, \$3 a day; carpenters, \$2.75; painters, \$2.50; milliners, \$3; stone-masons, \$3.50; milliners, for women, \$8 a week; bookbinders, \$16 for men, \$8 for girls; brickmakers, \$13.50; butchers, \$14; cigarmakers, \$12; gardeners, \$11.50; farm laborers, \$6 a week, with rations.

Inactivity and Class Discard.

Not only have wages been increased and conditions of labor improved, but the workingman has gained an independence which sometimes degenerates into inactivity and idleness. He has not, as a mass, learned how to use his leisure hours for other things than gambling, sporting and loafing. As a result of or accompanying the new labor legislation, idleness has increased and slackness of work is observable in many quarters. That gentle manners have not come to the Australian workingman might well be expected. He will lay down his life for a woman, but will not stoop to pick up her handkerchief. And most women, in Australia, would rather have their handkerchiefs picked up daily than their lives saved once in a long while. Civility the workingman mistakes for servility—and of the latter he will never be guilty. Gentleness is a plant of slow growth and not a product of acts of parliament.

The class spirit enhanced if not engendered by labor legislation makes, for the present at least, a bitterness between employer and employe that does not argue well for the future. The common interests are not yet generally recognized. This class spirit is encouraged by many paid officials of the trades unions who find their occupations gone in times of industrial peace, and hence seek to upset court awards, delay court judgments, promote strikes and stir up strife.

The necessary wounds made by labor legislation would heal much less slowly if the paid agitators could be compelled to refrain from tearing them open. Strikes continue and—most serious condition—capital, without which working with labor Australia cannot develop or prosper, hesitates.

The Danger Ahead. "The compulsory arbitration laws and allied measures have greatly improved conditions of living in Australia," said a distinguished labor minister, "but they are in the first stages of experiment. If they are to be impartially administered in the interests of society as a whole by disinterested judges, with obligations equally to be observed by and penalties equally enforceable against both parties, then their success is abundantly assured. But the tyranny of labor may be as dangerous to the new-world society as was the tyranny of capital to the society of the old world. Immigration and capital are imperative if the white man is to take and hold Australia—more money and more men. And if labor's policy is carried so far as to frighten away capital and deter immigration, your Brisbane hair-dresser friend, and his children, will have plenty of holiday hours to see cricket matches and ride home a living dressing his own hair."

That utterance of a labor minister, not then a candidate for office, may be accepted as a fair statement of the conditions created by late legislation in Australia. It is the shadow of the future that frightens.

(Copyright 1914 by James B. Dowling)



Melbourne's Magnificent

nor has industrial strife ceased, but the immediate effect of the laws made in the land where labor rules has been unquestionably the betterment of the material circumstances of the worker. There is another side to the shield, but for the present—and from the employes' standpoint—Australia is "a working man's paradise."

"Collective bargaining" is the phrase used to describe the proceedings under which industrial organizations seek desired wages. Trades unions came first and following upon trades unionism, other industrial organizations and their entrance into politics.

As a result of the great strikes in the maritime, sheep-shearing and mining industries in 1890-1892 a Labor party was formed which has been dominant in Australia since 1904 except for occasional periods when the Liberal party, largely tainted with Labor views, held sway. During the last 30 years the most advanced legislation has been enacted in the several states and by the federal parliament.

A week of 48 hours is the usual working week, though this is frequently reduced, by Saturday half-holiday, to 44 hours. The larger trades unions, however, have lately moved first and in many cases obtained a net day of eight hours, with Saturday half-holiday, no loading of the other week days being permitted by way of compensation for the Saturday afternoon. Up to this plan there are, for five days, equal divisions for periods of labor, recreation and rest and four hours

Falling in agreement, disputes are settled by reference to the court. In the commonwealth this consists of a judge of the high court. The court, according to a statement by G. H. Knibbs of Melbourne, the commonwealth authority, may (and on the application of an original party to the dispute most) appoint two assessors at any stage of the dispute. In the states the president of the tribunal (usually a judge of the supreme court) is assisted by members chosen by and appointed to represent the employers and employes respectively. Cases are brought before the court either by employers or employes. The consent of a majority of a union voting at a specially summoned meeting is necessary for the institution of a case; the commonwealth act requires the certificate of the registrar that it is a proper case for consideration. The arbitration court has varied

and numerous powers. The extent of its jurisdiction may be seen from the Commonwealth definition of "industrial matters."

"All matters relating to work, pay, wages, reward, hours, privileges, rights or duties of employes or employees, or the mode, terms and conditions of employment or non-employment; and, in particular, but without limiting the general scope of this definition, the term includes all matters pertaining to the relations of employers and employes, and the employment, preferential employment, dismissal or non-employment of any particular persons, or of persons of any particular sex or age, or being or not being members of any organization, association or body; and any claims arising under an industrial agreement; and all questions of what is fair and right in relation to any industrial matter having regard to the interests of persons immediately concerned and of society as a whole." Surely, this definition is broad enough to satisfy any workman.

The object of the court, to summarize further provisions of the law, is to prevent and settle industrial disputes; and when they have occurred to reconcile the parties. The court may fix and enforce penalties for breaches of awards, restrain contraventions of the acts and exercise all the usual powers of a court of law. The court may prescribe a minimum rate of wage; it may, also, as regards employment, direct that preference of employment or service shall be given to members of unions. An opportunity is offered for objection to a preference order, and the court must be satisfied that preference is desired by a majority of the persons affected by the award who have interests in common with the applicants. The court is to bring about an amicable agreement, if possible, to conciliate and act to arbitrate, and such agreement may be made an award.

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WORLD'S LARGEST IRON MINE

Enormous Supply of Rich Ore is Located at Kiruna, Lapland.

The richest and probably the largest iron mine in the world is located at Kiruna, Lapland, in latitude 68 1/2 degrees north, which is about the same as the northernmost boundary of Alaska.

STILL USE HORSE AND WAGON

Transportation Methods of Old Days Yet Employed by Majority of Manifold.

The history of highway transportation since the days of the Roman empire exhibits few phases and great turning points which have marked new eras in progress, in efficiency, in conveniences or economy.

When the revolving wheel was applied to vehicles a great impetus was given to highway transportation and for 4,000 years at least, until very recently, highway transportation saw very little change or improvement.

If we carefully compare the methods of highway transportation in the days of the Roman empire and the year 1912 we find that the greater percentage of the world is still using the horse and wagon very much after the fashion of the Romans; we see no great evolution in highway transportation paralleling the wonderful advance that has been made in power transportation by rail or trolley.

BOOSTED UP THE PRICE

When You Come to Think of It the Article Was Worth the Increased Amount.

Hot and stuffy was the auction room, and packed, too—yes, even packed to its utmost capacity.

Suddenly through the crowd pressed a large, important-looking person and he conversed with the auctioneer—converse, low, deep and awe-inspiring.

Then up spake the auctioneer to the multitude assembled: "Gentlemen," he said, "I am informed that a pocketbook has been lost in this hall tonight containing \$200 in bank notes."

A great hush fell upon the assembly. "Yes," continued the custodian of the hammer, "and, owing to other valuable documents it contains, the gentleman will offer \$50 to anyone who returns it, while no questions will be asked."

Again a silence, deep and unbroken. Then a fellow at the rear of the hall spoke up: "I bid \$51," he said.—Answers.

Because it Was Underweight. Under the pure food and drugs act, ten cases were recently brought against a New York city firm, which is in the candy business, making a specialty of what is known as "penny goods."

A great hush fell upon the assembly. "Yes," continued the custodian of the hammer, "and, owing to other valuable documents it contains, the gentleman will offer \$50 to anyone who returns it, while no questions will be asked."

Mackintoshes Expensive to Make. Mackintoshes are made of cloth coated with rubber. It is sixty years since Charles Mackintosh of Glasgow took out his patent for the cloth that has ever since borne his name.

The rubber used has first to be purified by maceration in water at an expense proportionate to the amount of impurity present, and it has then to be converted by use of a solvent into a dough. In this plastic form the rubber has to be spread upon the cloth, layer after layer, by repeated passages through the spreading machine.

It is certainly not the undergraduate who is bringing the former fashion in again, for his pose in a Norfolk jacket and a slouch in slippers—and without a hat. A "clouded case" would be out of place with such accompaniment. Nor do we think it is the actor, which has always stood out—literally—against the support of the stick in the streets, knowing that its "stick" will spoil his "actor."

Curiosity of Fashion. One of the curiosities of fashion is the return of the walking stick to favor. It has had its ups and downs ever since the days of Pericles, when no Athenian gentleman dared be seen abroad without it.

It is hoped there will be a large attendance at the Farmer's Club and those interested in the corn contest at the town hall in Salem on the first Wednesday in May.

A good program is being prepared by the school children of the township. It is hoped that those who attend will be particularly liberal in furnishing for the dinner which will be served at noon.

Health a Factor in Success. The largest factor contributing to a man's success is undoubtedly health. It has been observed that a man is seldom sick when his bowels are regular; he is not well when they are constipated. For constipation you will find nothing quite so good as Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only move the bowels but improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. They are sold by all druggists.—Advt.

FRAIN'S LAKE

Mrs. Ed. Lyke went to Detroit Tuesday to see her sister, Mrs. Fred Lagasse who underwent a serious operation at Harper hospital.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fishbeck, April 27th, a 7 1/2 lb. son. Mother and babe are doing fine.

Mrs. Will Gale entertained Sunday at dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Will Sockow, Ray Gale and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gale of Salem.

Miss Orrel Galpin is at home again ill. Burton Galpin is again on the sick list.

Mrs. Charles Freeman will entertain the Jolly Larkin Club Thursday.

Mrs. Burton Galpin will entertain the Gilt Edge Club Saturday.

Helps Kidney and Bladder Trouble—Everybody Satisfied.

Everywhere people are taking Foley Kidney Pills, and are so satisfied they urge others to take them also. A. T. Kelly, McIntosh, Ala., says, "I recommend them to all who suffer from kidney trouble and backache for they are fine."

WEST PLYMOUTH.

Mr. Gebhart is going to live with his daughter, Mrs. Fred Whitmore.

Wilbur Ebersole is convalescing from the scarlet fever and Dist. No. 7 resumed work Monday as no more cases of fever have been reported.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Lucas of Dearborn, visited at Emory Shook's Saturday and Sunday.

Helen Smith and Mary Brown were Detroit visitors Saturday.

Mrs. D. Murray and Elizabeth visited Mrs. Valentine in Plymouth the fore part of the week.

Mrs. John Robinson was able to visit one of her neighbors last Friday, the first time she has been able to be out of the house since autumn.

Feel Dull and Sluggish? Start Your Liver to Working!

It beats all how quickly Foley Cathartic Tablets live your liver, overcome constipation—make you feel lively and active again. J. L. McKnight, Ft. Worth, Texas, says: "My disagreeable symptoms were entirely removed by the thorough cleansing, Foley Cathartic Tablets gave me." They're a wonder. J. W. Blickenstaff & Co.—Advt.

LIVONIA CENTER.

Mrs. Will Smith of Waterford is a great sufferer with rheumatism. Miss Eva Mellow is helping out for a few weeks.

There was a large turn out to the German church last Sunday to witness confirmation.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ash of Plymouth, visited at Ernie Mansel's Sunday. Avery Chilson was on our street Tuesday.

Charles Pankow is still on the shelf and Dr. Holcomb is in attendance.

Ed. Long is helping out at Joe McEachern's, as Joe is quite poorly this spring.

Paul Helm is improving in health under Dr. Tupper's treatment.

Albert Maynard is feeling lots better since he has been taking the herb treatment procured at the town hall of Mr. Steele.

LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

Mrs. Ed. Lyke called on Mrs. Frank Murray Sunday.

Mrs. Jennie Smith was a South Lyon shopper Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Sockow spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Gates.

Mrs. Andrew Fieddie who is spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Gale, spent on Saturday till Monday with her husband in Clyde.

The little Misses Ruth and Esther Casteline spent from Wednesday till Sunday with their aunt in Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Casteline of Northville, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Casteline.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bird entertained the former's brother and wife of Ann Arbor, Sunday.

Mrs. Burt Nelson spent Sunday and Monday in Detroit visiting her mother and sister-in-law, both who have recently underwent serious operations.

Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Savary of Dexter, was seen on our streets Monday in their new automobile.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Is the Housewife's Greatest Help.

WHAT so tempting to the laggard appetite as a light, flaky, fruit short cake or a delicate hot biscuit?

Royal makes the perfect short cake, biscuit and muffin, and improves the flavor and healthfulness of all risen flour-foods.

It renders the biscuit, hot-bread and short cake more digestible and nutritious, at the same time making them more attractive and appetizing.

Royal Baking Powder is indispensable for the preparation all the year round of perfect foods.

NEWBURG.

Go-to-Meeting Sunday was well observed at Newburg. The pastor preached a fine sermon, the subject being "The Soul of a Man." Interest is keeping up in Sunday-school. Time to be planning for Children's Day exercises, the little folks are beginning to think about it.

Mr. DeGraw of Plymouth, led the Epworth League meeting last week. All report a fine meeting. Miss Nellie Huger of Plymouth, sang a solo. Wm. Hayball is leader for next week, May 3. Everyone invited to attend.

The L. A. S. will hold their regular meeting at their hall, Friday, May 8th. A picnic supper will be served. Everyone invited to attend.

Mrs. Royal had the misfortune to fall recently and dislocate her shoulder, also break a bone in her arm and otherwise injuring herself. This unfortunate lady

has been sick all winter, making this accident doubly hard for her.

Miss Helen Farrand has been engaged to teach Newburg school the coming year.

C. Mackender went to Stockbridge Saturday last to see his sister, who is very ill.

W. I. Smith of Lansing, visited friends from Sunday until Thursday around Newburg.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Johnson and daughter Mildred of Livonia Center, attended church services at Newburg Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lange and family of Lansing, also Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lange and children were over Sunday visitors at the parental home.

Mrs. Wm. Farley has been quite ill the past week.

Now is the time to subscribe for the Mail.

Lawn Mower Time in Plymouth..

You will soon have to be cutting your lawn again, and if you are going to need a new lawn mower, we have a line that will please you. We have all the best makes.

Prices from \$3.50 to \$7.00

Grass Catchers at 65c and 75c

A full line of Garden Tools

MAIL BOXES

We have a line of sample Mail Boxes that sell for 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Leave your order now.

Plymouth, Michigan GAYDE BROS.

Follow the Crowd

where the business grows daily, because I do the Best work, use the Best kind of Leather and let you pay the Best Reasonable Price. The good is always the best.

I am also agent for the WEAR-UP-WELL SHOE CO., the Best Shoes ever made for the price.

Plymouth Shoe Repair Shop Fenniman Ave. James Adam, Prop.

PINE FLAVOR IN BAKING—

It always does to increase sales in milling the flour you bake with. In milling Arden Flour we are more careful than other millers to put delicious flavor into our flour. For example, the proportion of GLADIN in the grain is carefully adjusted to produce whole wheat, soft wheat flour that will IMPROVE the quality of your BREAD, BISCUITS and PASTRY.



This Trade Mark

on Every Sack

SPECIAL SALE

Another line of those \$3.50 and \$5.00 Hats for Saturday and Monday

Klenzona Cleaning Preparation

The wonderful cleaner which cleans Kid Gloves, Ruffings, Chiffons and Ostrich Plumes without injury to color or fabric. Try a bottle, only 50c.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns

Criterion of Fashion, Home Style Book, Children's Clothes for May.

Elizabeth Giles Chriswell

A Money-Saver for Dairymen Malt Sugar Grains

Protein 20 to 30% Fat 6 to 12%

Cost Less Than Bran

Has double the protein—Twice the Feeding Value

Cows eagerly eat MALT SUGAR GRAINS and thrive wonderfully when it is regularly fed to them. Their milk yield immediately shows a marked increase.

Comprises of Barley, Corn and Malt Grains. Contains no screenings, sweepings or foul stuff of any kind. A clean, wholesome, safe feed, thoroughly cooked and highly digestible. Has no equal at the price.

Malt Sugar Grains are a bulky feed, and can be used to lighten up the heavier feeds, the same as bran. Can be used alone as a grain ration, or combined with any other feed desired.

The dairy cow relishes wet grains. One of our successful dairymen advises that he has received the best results from Malt Sugar Grains by feeding them wet.

In a feed test at one of Ohio's big dairy farms the highest milk record was made with Malt Sugar Grains. The owner of the farm is now a car lot buyer.

W. J. Mann, Dairyman, Jackson, Mich., increased the milk production of his whole herd nearly three quarts per cow per day on a 10 day's milk test with Malt Sugar Grains.

H. J. WOODS & SONS, Stark, Mich.

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

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Auto For Sale

Best 31 good condition, newly painted, very stylish and full equipment. Five passenger. Will sell this car at a bargain. Come and see me. F. W. Conner, 18-21 114

Commissioner's Notice.

IN the matter of the estate of John E. Nash, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the probate court for the county of Wayne State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of John E. Nash in the Village of Plymouth, in said County, on Monday, the 18th day of June A. D. 1914, and on Saturday the 13th day of August A. D. 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims and that four months from the 13th day of April A. D. 1914, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims for examination and allowance. Dated April 15th, 1914. JOHN E. WILCOX, JOSEPH QUARTILL, Sr. Commissioners.

Indian Runner Ducks

Lays of large white eggs and are the best laying fowls in the world. Eggs for hatching \$4.00 per setting. E. J. Burr, Plymouth, Mich.