

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

VOLUME XXVII. No 41

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1915

WHOLE No. 1428

The Fountain at the Rexall Store



## Call and Hear the Edison Diamond Disc

You cannot realize what a musical triumph Mr. Edison has achieved until you have actually heard the New Edison, with its wonderful diamond re-producer: he has made of the phonograph a real musical instrument. A tone that is true, life-like, human, natural. Just what music lovers, have been waiting for. It opened a new era in music. Call and hear this New Edison. NEW RECORDS JUST OUT.

**BEYER PHARMACY**

FREE DELIVERY.

Phone No. 211 22R. *The Rexall Store* Block South of P. V. Depot

## Do You Believe This?

A man who practiced law ten years, then took a medical course, and after a medical practice of ten years changed again in time to take a theological course said after a pastorate of ten years, that he had discovered that, on an average, a man would pay 90 cents on the dollar to save his property, 50 cents to save his life, and 10 cents to save his soul. Surely, it is true. Men pay more to save the material than they do to redeem the spiritual. Thus, we prove our foolishness. How does this apply in your case?

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Sunday, Sept. 19th:

10:00 a. m.—Representative of Anti-Saloon League speaks.

7:00 p. m.—Union service in Methodist Church in interests of Anti-Saloon League movement.

**WELCOME**

## OUR LIBRARY

In order that the people of Plymouth may have an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the latest in fiction, we have placed in our library, the latest books by the best authors of the day, which we are going to rent to the public. Here are two of them: Michael O'Halloran by Gene Stratton Porter and The Rainbow Trail by Zane Grey. We have on sale a large selection of 50c popular copyright books.

"The Store with the Yellow Front"

**Pinckney's Pharmacy**

THE VAL DONA STORE

Always Open.

Free Delivery.

## THE HEATING SEASON

IS NEARLY AT HAND

Steam, Hot Water, Warm Air

Experts in any one line.

**H. E. Newhouse**

Phone 287. The Sanitary Plumbing Shop.



After having secured your lot, now is a good time to secure your LUMBER and other MATERIAL for that new house.

**Plymouth Coal & Lumber Co.**  
CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager

## WE WANT

Wheat, Oats, Rye, Corn, Buckwheat, and all kinds of grain. Call us before selling. We will meet competitive prices.

As soon as new hay is ready to bale we will be in the market. If you have any to sell call us up. We will buy it now and bale it about Aug. 15th, if well cured.

Our prices on Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Chick Feed, Scratch Grain, Cotton Seed Meal, Dairy Feed, Oil Meal, Calf Meal, are low and stock complete. We want your order.

### Our Threshing Coal

is as good as any \$4.50 coal sold. It costs you \$3.50 at the bin.

See us about your Coke, Pocahontas, Massilon Lump or Washed Nut, also your hard coal. We carry the best grades of each at lowest possible prices.

**J. D. McLaren Co.**  
TELEPHONE 91.

### The Labadie-Ross

Entertainment

The entertainment given at the opera house last Friday evening by the Labadie-Ross Motion Picture players, was fairly well attended considering the unpleasant weather. The heavy rain storm early in the evening doubtless kept many away. The three-act comedy, entitled "Casey Jones," was very laughable and the parts were well taken. Messrs. Thompson and Fisher announced that this company would return to Plymouth in the near future, and it is hoped that a larger house will greet them.

### National and State Potato Associations

Both of these associations will hold their next annual meeting together at Grand Rapids December 1, 2 and 3.

The state association has inaugurated a plan of state inspection and certification along the same lines as laid down by the federal department of agriculture, the object being to have potatoes true to type and free from disease.

This work will be of great benefit to the potato growers of the state. Every progressive farmer should join the State Potato association. The dues are only \$1.00 per year.

There will be a potato exhibit held in connection with the Grand Rapids meeting in which all potato growers are invited to take part. A. L. Hopkins, Bear Lake, is the president of the state association, and Prof. C. W. Waid, East Lansing, Mich., is the secretary. Prof. Waid will be glad to furnish full particulars about the Grand Rapids meeting.

### A Good Pledge

I believe in my town. I believe in the goods sold in my town, and I buy them:

Because I can get more and better values; because I want to see the goods; because I want to get what I buy when I buy it; because if I sell my goods here I ought to buy here; because the man I buy from pays his part of town, county and state taxes; because the man I buy from stands back of his goods and he is here in my town; because every dollar I spend at home gives me another chance at that dollar; because my home dealer "carries" me when I run short, and out-of-town dealers will not; because the community which is good enough for me to live in is good enough for me to buy in; because the man I buy from in my town helps support my church, my school, my lodge, my home; because every dollar I spend at home stays at home and makes more money for the community in which I live; because when bad luck comes, or misfortune or bereavement overtakes me, the man I buy from in my town is here with kind greetings, his words of cheer, and his pocketbook if need be.

Here is my pledge: Here I live and here I buy; I believe in my town; I buy at home.—From The Banker Farmer.

### Couple Re-Married

Elizabeth W. Brennan of Ann Arbor, and J. E. Brennan of Detroit, were quietly re-married in Detroit last Saturday evening, Sept. 11th, by Rev. Rowlands, pastor of the Cass Avenue Methodist church. Mrs. Brennan was formerly Miss Elizabeth Wagners of this place, and her friends here wish her happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan will reside in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Eugene Hodge of East Orange, New Jersey, is visiting the Misses Harbrough and Mrs. Mary Hodge. Mrs. Emily Hodge of California is also making a two week's visit there.

### Lightning Strikes Farm Barn

A large barn owned by M. C. Jones, who resides on the Ann Arbor road, about two miles east of here, was struck by lightning early last Friday evening and was completely destroyed. The barn was filled with grain, which was also lost and several hogs and chickens perished. A grain separator owned by Bunyee & Smith, was also burned. The loss is estimated at \$5,000.

### Some Talk of a Fair

There has been some talk of organizing a fair association in Plymouth again. A number of places, who like Plymouth have had a fair in years past, have lately organized associations and are meeting with great success. Plymouth used to have a splendid fair that attracted large crowds of people every year, and with the good roads and better railroad service of the present time, it would seem that a fair here now would be a winner. There are several good sites that could be secured for a fair ground in the event of an association being formed here. The old-fashioned country fair is coming back into its own, and if Plymouth should decide to revive the fair interest again, there is no reason why we could not have a successful one.

### Lots Nearly All Sold at Elm Heights

The sale of lots in the New Elm Heights subdivision still continues, and there are only a few lots now left for sale. The interest shown in the opening of this new addition to the village of Plymouth, not only by the people of Plymouth, but outside people as well, has been somewhat remarkable. Every day and evening numerous people visit the grounds and express themselves as delighted with its attractiveness. The contractors are making rapid progress in the laying of cement walks and the new addition begins to look like a real city allotment. The Plymouth Realty Co. have closed a contract for a large number of Elm trees, which are to be set out on the new subdivision.

### Plymouth Band Re-organizes

At a meeting of the Plymouth band Monday evening, it was decided to re-organize the band with the addition of several new members. This will be welcome news to the people of Plymouth, who are desirous of an organization of this kind in the village, and we are sure that they will lend their hearty support in its maintenance. The boys will secure the latest and most popular band music and will commence practice at once and continue throughout the winter months. It is possible that some kind of an entertainment will be put on later to help defray the expense of new music, etc.

### The Plymouth Gun Club Weekly Shoot

We give below the scores made at the meeting of the Plymouth Gun Club, held last week:

Merrill Murray	40 out of a possible 50
W. W. Murray	39 " " 50
W. T. Pettigill	38 " " 50
Frank Rambo	38 " " 50
J. M. Youngs	31 " " 50
Mark Powell	30 " " 50
John Patterson	21 " " 50
Orr Passage	18 " " 50
Warren Baxter	16 " " 25
Orrie Chilson	20 " " 25
T. P. Sherman	9 " " 25

Mrs. E. C. Dickerson of Salem, visited Mrs. Charlotte Passage, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The lobby of the postoffice has been redecorated and presents a much better appearance. Tims Ruff was the artist.

### Lecture Course

Dates Decided Upon

At a recent meeting of the Citizen's Entertainment committee the dates for the various attractions on the 1915-1916 lecture course were decided upon as follows:

Colonial Band—Monday, Nov. 1.  
Beulah Buck Quartette Co.—Tuesday, Nov. 16.  
Geo. L. McNutt, Lecturer—Friday, Dec. 10.  
The Carroll Glee—Tuesday, Jan. 25.  
Charles R. Taggart, Lecturer—Tuesday, Feb. 22.  
The Smith-Spring Holmes Orchestral Quintette—Wednesday, March 23.  
In connection with the above numbers on the course there will be an extra number by a lecturer from the University Extension service on some date the latter part of October, which will be free to the public.

### Schools Have Enrollment of 518

The Plymouth schools re-opened Monday morning, after having been closed last week to allow the teachers to attend the state teachers' meeting held in Detroit. The school work in all departments is progressing nicely and there is every indication that a most successful school year will result. There is a total enrollment of 518. Of this number 144 are in the High school. This is about the same number as last year. There are 80 non-resident pupils in the High school.

## For Exchange

Eighty acres, good soil, fine eleven room house and fair barns. Located 34 miles north of Grand Rapids and 1 mile from Howard City. Will except good house and lot or other property in exchange.

This is an exceptional opportunity. Write or phone for particulars.

**R. H. BAKER,**

Phone 70

Northville, Mich.

## PHOTO -- FINISHING

We have every facility for turning out high-grade work. All work entrusted with us receives immediate attention and is handled with the utmost dispatch. Quality, however, is not sacrificed for speed.

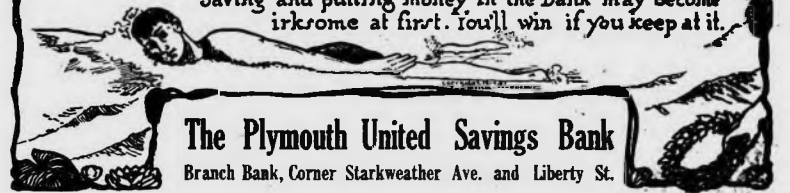
Our Store and Laboratory are on second floor of the Daggott building, with an entrance between Gayde Bros. and R. W. Shingleton's tailor shop.

**HILLMER PHOTO SUPPLY CO.**

## He kept on after he was tired

"The long distance swimming championship of America was won by a boy who did not consider that he was defeated until all his vitality was depleted. He kept on after he was tired. And therein lies the key to all victory." —Herbert Kaufman

Saving and putting money in the Bank may become irksome at first. You'll win if you keep at it.



**The Plymouth United Savings Bank**

Branch Bank, Corner Starkweather Ave. and Liberty St.

## ROCKWELL PHARMACY

**MR. MAN!**

Don't you love CHOCOLATES? Your wife, mother or sweetheart does. Why not buy them a pound for

**19c**

VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM.

Phone 123. **O. M. ROCKWELL, Ph. C.**

"NYAL QUALITY STORE."

# SEALS ACT MUCH LIKE SUBMARINE

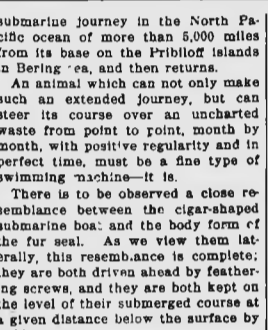
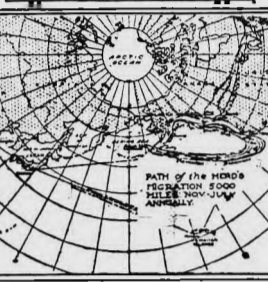
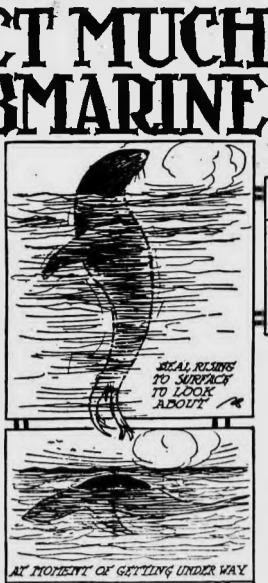
**T**HAT albatross, gliding planes, and aeroplanes have been suggested to man by the flight of birds is well understood by us. That the dead-end submarine of our present maritime war has been suggested to us by any form of natural animal life is not so patent. Doubtless it has often been in the minds of fishermen and whalers when tempest tossed and severely driven. Certainly it would be a happy ship for them that could be so constructed which would safely dive with all on board to the quiet depths below, there to rest content and easy until the "clouds rolled by" above.

We have come to regard the soaring albatross or the condor as the prototype of the aeroplane. When we look for a natural model for the submarine we find it well made in the body of the fur seal and fully suggested by its method of progression in the sea. For it travels there only when wholly submerged.

Unlike, however, the "Unterseeboot" the fur seal is not fitted for swimming on the surface; it only rises there to survey, to breathe, and to sleep; it never attempts to swim with head above water on any course, no matter how short. It rises, when undisturbed or not alarmed, looks about with head and neck well stretched up above the surface of the sea, fills its lungs with air (literally compressed), turns its head down, and with its powerful flippers, drives it below the surface to the depth of five or ten feet, then ahead on that level; just submerged, the body of the seal glides through the water as swiftly as a swallow in the air—it is a vanishing streak to our eyes.

How long it remains thus submerged when traveling, no one has any definite knowledge, but the best consensus of opinion gives it a rise at intervals of every three or four minutes to breathe—that is, a pause of less than two or three seconds with barely more than its nose and eyes above the surface, for exhalation and renewed inhalation—when down goes the trim body to speed ahead again.

When our submarines were first brought out, a trip of more than 300 miles from base was the utmost limit of their cruising. Today, they have been so perfected by the Germans that we know they can cruise safely more than 3,000 miles from that base. Therefore, in this connection it is interesting to know that the fur seal makes a



submarine journey in the North Pacific ocean of more than 5,000 miles from its base on the Pribilof islands in Bering sea, and then returns.

An animal which can not only make such an extended journey, but can steer its course over an uncharted waste from point to point, month by month, with positive regularity and in perfect time, must be a fine type of swimming machine—it is.

There is to be observed a close resemblance between the cigar-shaped submarine boat and the body form of the fur seal. As we view them laterally, this resemblance is complete; they are both driven ahead by feathering screws, and they are both kept on the level of their submerged course at a given distance below the surface by rudders.

Then we observe that the periscope, to which the submarine craft owes all its efficiency, is duplicated exactly by the seal's nose and eyes, and which are all that it ever lifts above the surface when started, and in flight or passage.

Again we note that the fur seal as



as we have any proof. That it can remain that long has been well known to us by the evidence curiously given to us by the seals themselves. They have a habit of turning themselves head down in the sea, with their hind flippers lifted up entirely out of the water, completely reversing their normal attitude when rising to breathe and survey. This habit is to enable them better to scratch their sides and loins with the fore flippers than they can when not thus inverted, because the hair and fur open better in this queer position under water when rubbed by their flippers. A great many stop-watch records have been made of the time under water which a seal would keep its head when thus scratching, and the limit of four to five minutes was frequently made—never longer.

With reference to the powers of destruction, of course our fur seal boat has no torpedo tubes, but it can and does "shoot its mouth off" at fish with a deadly certainty.

In this connection it is interesting to note that seals do not catch fish by pursuit of them—not at all; they shoot down, from above, upon the backs, or up from below, to strike at the bellies of their finny prey.

How fast these phocine submarines can speed up under the stimulus of excitement or fear no one knows. But it is well known when a vessel is coming down before a gale of wind from the islands, logging 14 to 16 knots, that a bevy of fur seals will often follow the ship for hours, and repeatedly swim by it, swim around it, and then reverse the chase and circling of it.—Henry W. Elliott in New York Times.

**Desert Lighthouse.** The long canvas-covered wagons which cross the deserts of Arizona are called, are guided by the only desert lighthouse in the world. The lighthouse marks the position of a well, the only place where water can be found for 33 miles to the eastward, and 30 miles in any other direction.

Many a wayfarer in this vast, waterless region has died of thirst practically within sight of the well, the whereabouts of which he was ignorant. It was a tragedy of this sort which led to the erection of the beacon. A boy, perishing of thirst, had fallen in the last stages of exhaustion. When night came, he noticed the light from the well keeper's cabin burning dimly in the distance. With a last heroic effort, the boy reached the cabin. This gave the well keeper an idea, and now every night a light flashes out from the only desert lighthouse in the world.—American Boy.

**The Way It Goes.** The girls demand that the men they wed shall be tall and distinguished looking, with curling locks and gold galore, and have perfect dispositions and soulful eyes, dance divinely, be masterful, yet tender, and otherwise more or less resemble Greek gods and heroes. And then they marry us poor, skinny, blundering, shambling, mishapen, awkward rascals, with our sins and foolishness heaped upon us, and look as fondly triumphant, bless 'em, as if they had each won a capital prize!—Kansas City Star.

**Less Than Human.** Tom, the country six-year-old, presenting himself one day in even more than his usual state of dust and disorder, was asked by his mother if he would not like to be a little city boy, and always be nice and clean in white suits and shoes and stockings. Tom answered scornfully; "They're not children; they're pets."—Harper's Monthly.

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**as to his knowledge of his duties.** "You know your duty here, do you, sentinel?" "Yes, sir." "Well, now, suppose they should open on you with shells and musketry, what would you do?" "Form a line, sir." "What! One man form a line?" "Yes, sir; form a bee line for camp, sir."

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# GETTING A START

By  
**NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, Jr.**

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## THE DIARY OF AN AMBITIOUS BOY.

Monday—Change of time table. Train I used to take starts ten minutes late. If not on time I'll be late at office, so left earlier. Arrived at office fifteen minutes ahead of time, but got busy. Mr. Smith was late. Thanked me for doing some of his work. He looks tired. Guess he's worried. Doing all I can to make things easier for him. Maybe I don't do much, but I try to. He's all right when he isn't nervous, but think he has cause to be. Just back from Debating club meeting. Enjoyed it very much. John Morgan had the affirmative and I had the negative. John won. Next time I'll do better.

Tuesday—Worked hard up to five o'clock. Mr. Smith looked all tired out. Asked him if I couldn't stay and help him. He thanked me and said "Yes." Stayed until 6:30. Mr. S. took me out to supper, and said he didn't know I was so quick at figures. He's all right. Guess I'm going to be able to help him more than I ever did. When I got home I read one of the trade papers. Going to do it regularly. Didn't know there was so much in it worth while.

Wednesday—Didn't have much to do this afternoon, so went through the letter file. Found three letters that hadn't been answered. Told Mr. S. and he seemed much pleased. Took Marion to the movies. Had a good time. She's a fine girl. Guess I'll see more of her. She seems interested in what I do.

Thursday—Mr. Smith trusted me with a confidential errand. I was pleased because he is slow at trusting people. I guess I delivered the goods, because he smiled when I made my report. Walter came in this evening. He has a job like mine, and we compared notes as far as we could do it without giving away the business.

Friday—Things as usual in the office. Mr. S. out of town. He didn't get back until after five o'clock, and found me there, as I had stayed to finish up some work. Seemed pleased. He is paying more attention to me than he used to. Called on Marion. It does a fellow good to be with a sensible girl. Getting to like her much more. She has some brains. Got home early. I'm no good if I don't get to bed in decent season.

Saturday—Got in early. Mr. Smith caught me working. Smiled again. Before I left he called me into his office and showed me a reply to one of the unanswered letters I gave him the other day. He had answered it and a big order had come in. Said he was going to raise my pay the first of the month and make me his private secretary. That suits me all right, all right. Don't know of anything that would suit me better just now. Guess I'm getting there. Told Marion about it. She was tickled to death. Some girl.

**COLLEGE EDUCATION.** I asked three questions of Arthur T. Hadley, LL. D., president of Yale university:

"Why would you advise a boy who intends to enter a profession to graduate from college?" "Why would you advise a boy who intends to enter business to graduate from college?" "Why would you advise a boy who intends to enter some mechanical trade or business to graduate from an institute of technology or other high scientific school?"

Doctor Hadley's reply was brief and concise:

"I think that every boy, no matter what his trade, ought to be technically trained, even at great pecuniary sacrifice. I think that the majority of boys who can afford a college course are better off with it, whether they intend to enter professional life or business life; but I should not make the answer to this question by any means so general and unreserved as that to the other."

I most heartily agree with the president of Yale university. Unquestionably a college education will be of value in after life to every boy, whether he intends to enter a business or a profession.

The college, rightly used, broadens one's horizon, disciplines one's mind, and enables one to grasp a situation and to handle it better than he would be likely to do if he were unacademically trained.

I should not, however, advise any boy, if he is to enter business, to make

nounced its irregularity, its drinking habits, and its indifferent output. They forgot that you cannot take an underfed workman. Both his physical condition and his habits stand in the way. The fact is being slowly brought home to us, with the result that caustics are now springing up in all parts of the country, mostly under government auspices.—London World.

**Almost Impossible Task.** The twenty-six letters of the alphabet may be transposed in so many millions of ways that all the inhabitants of the globe could not in a thousand million years write out all the possible transpositions of the twenty-six letters, even supposing that each wrote forty pages daily, each page containing forty different transpositions.

**Hard Job.** A Long Island man promised to return to his wife if she would acknowledge that he was boss. It is pretty hard to change natural facts by an acknowledgment of the opposite.—Minneapolis Journal.

**WAR TAKES WELL-FED MEN** The Nations Involved in Conflict Have Found It an Asset in Economic Efficiency.

When we come to make up the profit and loss account on the war it is to be hoped that people will not forget to include the very valuable social lessons that we have learned, lessons which, if we can profit from them in peace time, will be incalculable benefit. There is one which may be overlooked, and which even now is only partially appreciated, so it is perhaps desirable to lay stress on it—it is the proper feeding of the working classes.

This is no recommendation of Socialism. It is merely the obvious truism that it pays the manufacturer to see that his workmen are well fed, since thereby even in peace times he gets regularity of attendance and effective discharge of duties. When the best men of the country went to war there were many people who were surprised at the inefficiency of much of the labor which was left. They de-

# HAVE SAVED MOUNT VERNON

Potomac Was Threatening to Cut Away the Whole Bluff—Good Engineering Work.

The high bluff on which stands Mount Vernon, the home of our first president, has for years been in danger of gradually sliding into the Potomac.

This danger became acute a few years ago when it was discovered that a new landslide was beginning that threatened to destroy the broad lawn in front of the mansion, if not the foundations of the mansion itself, and engineering work, recently completed, was begun at that time to save the historic site from further damage.

The ground slopes from the mansion to the edge of the bluff, and from this point drops steeply for a hundred feet or more to the edge of the Potomac. The river at this point is a wide tidal estuary and the action of the waves has caused a steady erosion at the foot of the bluff.

Underlying the bluff are strata of sand, clay and soft sandstone, which, on investigation, were found to be saturated with water, and this, combined with the erosion of the waves, has resulted in landslides that have doubtless been going on intermittently for ages.

To cure the trouble a small drainage tunnel was first driven in the bottom of the sandstone stratum and carried back from the river front a distance of about 200 feet.

From this tunnel a heavy flow of water immediately started, and this flow continued for several months. At the end of that time the flow diminished to a moderate amount, and has remained practically constant ever since.

To prevent further erosion at the

foot of the bluff through the action of the waves a heavy masonry wall was then built along the edge of the river. It is hoped that danger of future slides has been eliminated.—Popular Mechanics.

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nounced its irregularity, its drinking habits, and its indifferent output. They forgot that you cannot take an underfed workman. Both his physical condition and his habits stand in the way. The fact is being slowly brought home to us, with the result that caustics are now springing up in all parts of the country, mostly under government auspices.—London World.

**Almost Impossible Task.** The twenty-six letters of the alphabet may be transposed in so many millions of ways that all the inhabitants of the globe could not in a thousand million years write out all the possible transpositions of the twenty-six letters, even supposing that each wrote forty pages daily, each page containing forty different transpositions.

**Hard Job.** A Long Island man promised to return to his wife if she would acknowledge that he was boss. It is pretty hard to change natural facts by an acknowledgment of the opposite.—Minneapolis Journal.

**WAR TAKES WELL-FED MEN** The Nations Involved in Conflict Have Found It an Asset in Economic Efficiency.

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Swift Uppercut. "I see you have your arm in a sling," said the inquisitive passenger. "Broken, isn't it?" "Yes, sir," responded the other passenger. "Meet with an accident?" "No; broke it while trying to pat myself on the back." "Great Scott! What for?" "For minding my own business."—Ram's Horn.

He Let It Go. Fault Finder (in front of 'airy restaurant)—I notice the word dairy on your new sign is spelled d-i-a-r-y. Proprietor—I know it is. I was going to have it changed, but the painter convinced me his way of spelling the word was more suggestive. Fault Finder—More suggestive? Proprietor—Yes; he said it conveyed the idea of putting hings down.—Judge.

# Don't Poison Baby.

**F**ORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without your or your physician's knowledge of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

# Time and Trial Prove

the unequalled value of Beecham's Pills as the best corrective of ailments of the digestive organs so common—and the best preventive of lasting and serious sickness so often resulting from defective or irregular action of the stomach, liver or bowels.

# Beecham's Pills

have a great record. For over half a century they have been used with entire satisfaction in thousands of homes. A few doses will prove to you that you can find prompt relief from the headaches, depression of spirits and general no-good feelings caused by indigestion or biliousness. Try them, and you will know what it is to have at your command such

# An Invaluable Aid to Health

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

# YARB DOCTAH WAS TO BLAME

Second Mistake That Medical Adviser of Negress Had on Record Against Him.

Guy Hoerner, South Philadelphia apothecary, was urbanely dispensing a postal card to a "flapper" when an Amazonian negress in a calico wrapper of morning-glory pattern entered and bulked herself against the counter.

"I wants a 'description' filled foh half-dozen five-ounce quinine pills," she announced. "Why, woman, that pill would paralyze an ox; what's the matter with you?" asked the astonished chemist.

"Nothin' do matter wif me," she answered. "It's foh mah daughter, and she's some left. Gladys, she takes atah me. Mah husband's bench-kneed and insignificant."

"But, quinine comes in grains, not ounces." "Well," was the scornful rejoinder, "it's jest another mistake of dat fool yarb doctah. Last yeah, when she had only a misery in her stomach he got her to swallow a spoonful of bird shot; said her lights was riz and she had to weight 'em down."

**Cold Douche.** President Wilson tells of a famous Princeton professor who supplied the pulpit one Sunday in the hamlet of Penn's Neck.

He preached his finest sermon and thrilled the congregation in the little country church as it had never been thrilled before. At the close of the service he was feeling particularly well satisfied with himself when the leading elder approached and asked him:

"Well, doctor, what's the damage?"

Definition. "Pa, what's a sige gun?" "It's a mechanical device used for altering maps, my son."

Paderewski could play the piano when he was three years old.

# IT SLUGS HARD.

Coffee a Sure and Powerful Bruiser.

"Let your coffee slave be denied his cup at its appointed time! Headache—sick stomach—fatigue. I know it all in myself, and have seen it in others. Strange that thinking, reasoning beings will persist in its use," says a Topeka man.

He says further that he did not begin drinking coffee until he was twenty years old, and that slowly it began to poison him, and affect his hearing through his nervous system.

"Finally, I quit coffee and the conditions slowly disappeared, but one cold morning the smell of my wife's coffee was too much for me and I took a cup. Soon I was drinking my regular allowance, tearing down brain and nerves by the daily dose of the narcotic beverage.

"Later, I found my breath coming hard, had frequent fits of nausea, and then I was taken down with bilious fever.

"Common sense came to me, and I quit coffee for good and went back to Postum. I at once began to gain and have had no returns of my bilious symptoms, headache, dizziness or vertigo.

"I now have health, bright thoughts, and added weight, where before there was invalidism and the blues.

"My brother quit coffee because of its effect on his health and now uses Postum. He could not stand the nervous strain while using coffee, but keeps well on Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 20c and 50c tins. Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers.

Concerning Women on Juries. "Do women have to sit on juries if they vote?" Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National American Woman Suffrage association was recently asked.

"Not necessarily," said Doctor Shaw; "but I have seen a lot of juries which needed to have someone sit on them, and I have known women who have had to stand up at most difficult and disagreeable employments who would be glad to sit on juries and receive about double the price they get by standing. And these men and women who prey upon the virtue of girlhood and boyhood would rather face Satan himself than a jury of mothers. Yes, we need women on some juries."

**A Fighting Submarine.** "I bear you caught a 40-pound catfish in your gill-net." "We did." "Make much of a fuss?" "Tore the net all to shreds. For a while we thought we had snared a submarine."—Kansas City Journal.

Strangely enough, there is no similarity between our mansions in the sky and our castles in the air.

# Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** will put you right in a few days. They do for their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

**ASTHMA** Coffee a Sure and Powerful Bruiser.

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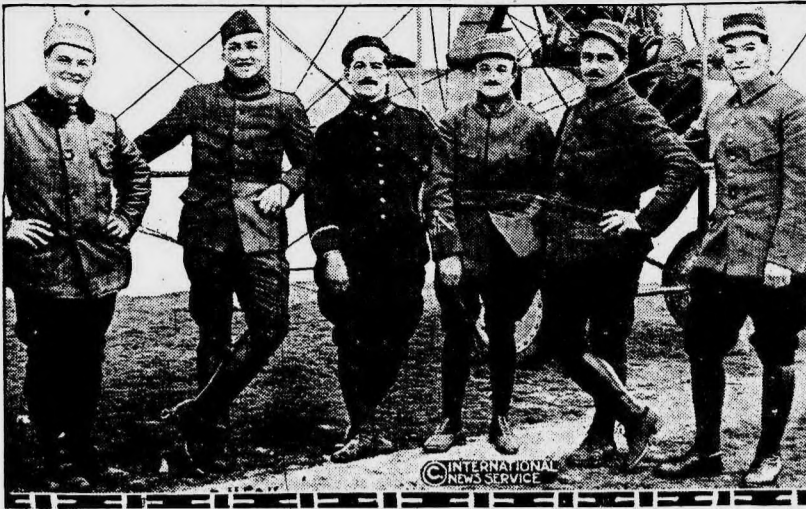
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**DEVELOPING** ANY SIZE ROLL 10+ **BLACK'S** VIRGINIA FARMS and TIMBER LANDS Improved and well watered. \$5 an acre and up. Rich lands, heavy crops, healthy climate, happy farmers. Colonial homes. Catalogue free. B. T. WATERBURY & CO., INC., 235 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FRENCH SPORTSMEN AS WAR AVIATORS



This photograph, taken at an aero base in northern France, shows a number of celebrities in the French sporting world who are serving their country as army aviators.

TRAINING MEN IN THE ART OF BOMB THROWING

Anarchist's Weapon in Warfare Has Become as Respectable as the Rifle.

FINE POINTS OF THE GAME

The Absent-Minded Fellow Makes Trouble—Bombs Well Behaved if You Treat Them Right—First Chuck Is Really What's Important.

By FREDERICK PALMER. (International News Service.)

British Headquarters, France.—It was at a bombing school on a French farm where chosen soldiers brought back from the trenches were being trained in the use of the anarchist's weapon which has now become as respectable as the rifle.

Present was the chief instructor, a young Scotch subaltern with blue eyes, a pleasant smile and a cock of the north spirit.

Also present was the assistant instructor, a sergeant of regulars—and very much of a regular—who had three ribbons which he had won in previous campaigns.

"If you don't drop it, why it's all right," said the sergeant. "Of course, if you do not."

"And when you throw it, you must look out and not hit the man behind and knock the bomb out of your hand."

"Yes, sir, I've read things like that in some of the accounts of the reporters who write from Somewhere in France. You don't happen to know where that is, sir?"

"Must Treat Them Right. 'Have you ever been hurt in your handling of bombs?' one asked. Surprise in the bland, blue eyes.

"Oh, no, sir! Bombs are well behaved if you treat them right. It's all in being thoughtful and considerate of them."

Meanwhile he was jerking at some kind of a patent fuse set in a shell of high explosive.

"This is a poor kind, sir. It's been discarded, but I thought that you might like to see it. Never did like it! Always making trouble!"

More distance between the audience and the performer.

"Now I've got it, sir—get down, sir!"

and some fragments of earth were tossed into the air.

In a small affair of two hundred yards of trench the other day it was estimated that the British and Germans together threw about five thousand bombs in this fashion.

"Do your men like to become bombers?" one asked the subaltern.

"I should say so. It puts them up in front. It gives them a chance to throw something—and they don't get much cricket in France, you see.

"What if a German shell should strike your storehouse?" it was suggested.

"Then, sir, I expect that most of the bombs would be exploded. Bombs are very peculiar in their habits. What do you think, sir?"

"It's important that you and not the Boches chuck the bombs over first," explained the subaltern.

"With the bombs bursting in their faces the Germans who are not put out of action are blinded and stunned. In the moment when they are thus off guard the aggressors leap around the corner."

"Stick 'em, sir!" said the matter-of-fact sergeant. "Yes, the cold steel is best. And do it first. As Mr. McPherson said, it's very important to do it first."

"It has been found that something short is handy for this kind of work. In such cramped quarters—a ditch six feet deep and from two to three feet broad—the rifle is an awkward length to permit of prompt and skillful use of the bayonet."

"Yes, sir, you can mix it up better with something handy, sir—to think British soldiers would come to fighting like assassins, sir," said the sergeant.

"You must be spy on such occasions. It's no time for wool gathering. Not a smile from him or the subaltern all the time. They were the kind you would like to have alone in a tight corner whether you had to fight with knives or fists or seventeen-inch howitzers."

The sergeant took us into the storehouse where he kept his supply of bombs.

"What if a German shell should strike your storehouse?" it was suggested.

"Then, sir, I expect that most of the bombs would be exploded. Bombs are very peculiar in their habits. What do you think, sir?"

"It was no trouble to show stock, as the clerks at the stores say. He brought forth all the different kinds of bombs which British ingenuity has invented—but, no, not all invented. These would mount into the thousands. Every British inventor who knows anything about explosives has tried his hand at a new kind of bomb. One means all the kinds which the British war office has considered worth the practice test."

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"There were yellow and green and blue and black and striped bombs, egg-shaped, barrel-shaped, conical and concave bombs; bombs that were exploded by pulling a string or pressing a button—all these to be thrown by hand, without mentioning grenades and bigger varieties which were thrown by mechanical means which would have made a Chinese warrior of Confucius' time or a Roman legionary feel at home."

"This was the first born," the subaltern explained—"the first thing we could lay our hands on when the close quarters trench warfare began."

"It was as out of date, now, as grandfather's smoothbore—the tinpot which both sides used early in the winter. A wick was attached to the high explosive wrapped in cloth and stuck in an ordinary jam can."

"Quite homemade, as you see, sir," remarked the sergeant. "Used to fix them up ourselves in the trenches in odd hours—saved burying your refuse jam tins according to medical corps direction—you threw them at the Boches. Have to use a match to light it—very old-fashioned, sir. I wonder if that old fuse has got damp. No, it's going all right, and he threw the jam pot which made a good explosion."

Later when he began hammering the end of another he looked up in mild surprise at the dignified back stepping of the spectators.

"Is that fuse out?" someone asked. "Yes, sir; of course, sir," he replied. "It's safer. But here is the best; we're discarding the others," he went on as he picked up another bomb.

It was a pleasure to throw this crowning achievement of the experiments. It fitted your hand nicely; it threw easily; it did the business; it was foolproof against a man in love or a war poet."

"We saw as soon as this stytyle came out," said the sergeant, "that it was bound to be popular. Everybody asks for it—except the Boches, sir."

ON WRONG LAND 12 YEARS Hohbater in Oregon Improves Land He Didn't Own and Pays Taxes on Another Piece.

McMinnville, Ore.—Twelve years ago Josef Henrich bought eight acres of school land from the state, located, paid taxes and improved the place.

In the 12 years Henrich had built a home on the Smith place, cleared some of the timber and cultivated the land. The Henrich tract in the meantime has not been improved.

GIVES MONKEY TO ZOO



Seaman W. J. Downey of the U. S. supply ship Celtic has just presented to the Boston zoo a monkey which he captured on the beach at Vera Cruz after a lively chase. The picture shows Seaman Downey and the monkey.

ROMANCE OF THE EXPOSITION

Officer and Young Lady, Separated for Seventeen Years, Meet at Fair and Wed.

San Francisco.—Capt. George Steunenberg, U. S. A., known as "the poet of the army," and Miss Florence Alexander of Boise were married a few days ago.

Osseward of Alcatraz island in the presence of many friends of the couple.

Until they met recently at the exposition, Captain Steunenberg and Miss Alexander had not seen each other for seventeen years. With the blowing up of the Maine, Captain Steunenberg, then a young midner, joined the Idaho volunteers and went to the war. Miss Alexander took to the stage as a professional whistler, and fate held them apart for many years.

The Nutts in Trouble.

Minneapolis.—Hazel Nutt, twenty years old, is defendant in a suit for divorce by Ashley T. Nutt, twenty-two years old, filed in Hennepin county district court. Hazel Nutt was married at Everett, Mass., August 25, 1910, when only fifteen years old. There is one little Nutt, Vincent, who is now three years old. The husband alleges he was deserted on Thanksgiving day, 1913. Ashley asserts he has not seen Hazel Nutt since that day.

Libby's Vienna Sausage and Sliced Dried Beef. Both contain less heat producing properties than heavy meats. Try them for summer luncheons and picnic tidbits. Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago.

Boss Tweed's Old Home to Go. Boss Tweed's old home at Fifth avenue and Forty-third street, New York, soon will give place to the 16-story office structure of the Guaranty Trust company. The house, one of the city's landmarks, covers a space of 62x123 feet and was sold by the notorious Tammany chieftain to Richard T. Wilson some years ago for \$1,200,000. The exterior of the place has not been altered since Tweed escaped from the police. He requested that his guards permit him to pack some clothes. They waited a long time at the front door and then realized that the prisoner had fled. Tweed had escaped to Forty-third street and then to the river, where his yacht was ready to sail. He reached Spain, was caught and returned to the United States.

EDUCATOR SHOE. You'll Appreciate This Good Advice. ABOLISH your foot agony by abandoning narrow, pointed shoes which bend the delicate foot-bones and build bunions, corns, ingrowing nails, falling arches, etc. Then put on Educators which "let the feet grow as they should," never causing foot ills. For men, women, children. \$1.35 to \$3.50. But be sure EDUCATOR is branded on sole. If not, you have not the genuine orthopedically correct Educator, made only by Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 15 High St., Boston, Mass.

His Cruel Treatment. Some time since a pretty young wife brought suit against her husband for divorce on the ground of cruelty, and when the case was called the fair petitioner was put on the witness stand. "You say in your petition, madam," interrupted the judge at one interval, "that your husband treated you with great cruelty?" "Yes, sir," was the soft and meek rejoinder of the witness, "he was cruel to me very often."

Wasting Time. "Friction always takes time. An object rolling down a smooth hill goes much faster than when it bumps along over stones and cobbles. A courteous remark will carry you quicker to the bargain than querulous bickerings over prices which the saleswoman cannot control. When you allow the saleswoman to bring out dozens of \$40 to \$50 suits when you know you will not pay a cent over \$25 you are wasting your own time and hers. When you chat with an acquaintance at the glove counter and ignore the girl's "Do you wish eight or twelve buttons?" you are wasting time again and depriving the girl of another customer.

Health First! The first essential to proper care of the body is nourishment that goes directly to the upbuilding and maintenance of muscle, brain and nerve cells. Grape-Nuts and Cream is a powerful, self-sufficient ration. It contains all the rich nutritive elements of whole wheat and malted barley, including the mineral salts so essential to thorough nourishment, but so lacking in white bread and other common foods. It is partly pre-digested in its making and agrees with child and adult alike—a delicious, healthful dish for any meal. A 10 days' trial shows "There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts Sold by Grocers everywhere.

Every woman's pride, beautiful, clear white dresses. Use Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv. More the Merrier. "Have you got quarters for a dollar. old man?" "Certainly, dear boy—lots of room." DO NOT HESITATE To Use Cuticura on Skin-Tortured Babies. Trial Free. A hot bath with Cuticura Soap and gentle application of Cuticura Ointment at once relieve, permit rest and sleep and point to speedy healing of eczemas, rashes, itching, and irritations of infants and children, even in severe cases. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv. Just So. "I saw a professor of magic remove 30 yards of ribbon, 14 plumes and 7 buckles from a hat." "Enough material to trim it nicely." commented the party of the feminine part.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

OH! MY BACK A stubborn backache is cause to suspect kidney trouble. When the kidneys are inflamed and swollen, stooping brings a sharp twinge in the small of the back, that almost takes the breath away. Soon there may be other symptoms; scanty, painful or too frequent urination, headache, dizziness, or rheumatic pains. Don't wait for these troubles to become serious—use Doan's Kidney Pills at once. You'll find no better recommended remedy. A Michigan Case Mrs. Mary E. Bittley, 123 E. Church St., Adrian, Mich., says: "There was a dull, dragging feeling across my back, and for months I was in misery. Often the doctor had to give me opiates to relieve the pain. Finally, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they helped me more than anything had taken. The pain gradually left me and now I am free from it. I give Doan's Kidney Pills all the credit." Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

5 Women Avoid Operations

For years we have been stating in the newspapers of the country that a great many women have escaped serious operations by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is true.

We are permitted to publish in this announcement extracts from the letters of five women. All have been recently received unsolicited. Could any evidence be more convincing?

- 1. HONOLULU, ME.—"I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached and I was so nervous I could not sleep, and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation, but I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Hodgdon, Me. 2. SHELBURVILLE, KY.—"I suffered from a severe female trouble. My right side hurt me badly—it was finally decided that I must be operated upon. When my husband learned this he got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and after taking it a few days I got better and continued to improve until I am now well."—Mrs. MOLLE SMITH, R.F.D., Shelbyville, Ky. 3. HANOVER, PA.—"The doctor advised a severe operation, but my husband got me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I experienced great relief in a short time. Now I feel like a new person and can do a hard day's work and not mind it."—Mrs. ADA WILT, 803 Walnut St., Hanover, Pa. 4. DECATUR, ILL.—"I was sick in bed and three of the best physicians said I would have to be taken to the hospital for an operation as I had something growing in my left side. I refused to submit to the operation and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and it worked a miracle in my case, and I tell other women what it has done for me."—Mrs. LUCIA A. GRISWOLD, 2437 East William Street, Decatur, Ill. 5. CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"I was very irregular and for several years my side pained me so that I expected to have to undergo an operation. Doctors said they knew of nothing that would help me. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I became regular and free from pain. I am thankful for such a good medicine and will always give it the highest praise."—Mrs. C. H. GRIFITH, 1668 Constant St., Cleveland, O.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Tame Description. "I saw your husband at the ball game yesterday." "What was he doing?" "Why, he seemed to be an interested spectator." "That doesn't describe my husband. He's a cyclonic rooster." His Mild Request. "My dear," he began mildly. "Well?" she snapped. "I don't mind your borrowing my Panama hat. But when you return it please remove the veil and the hatpins. I don't care to wear such equipment downtown again."—Louisville Courier-Journal. Where He Lies. "The man who is always punctual in keeping an appointment never loses anything." "No, only half an hour waiting for the other fellow to show up." Nothing Doing. "Then your husband won't make a garden?" "No; when it comes to spades he declares a chicanery."

10c Worth of DU PONT Will Clear \$1.00 Worth of Land. Get rid of the stumps and grow big crops on cleared land. Now is the time to clean up your farm while products bring high prices. Blasting is quickest, cheapest and easiest with Low Freezing Du Pont Explosives. They work in cold weather. Write for Free Handbook of Explosives No. 69F, and name of nearest dealer. DU PONT POWDER COMPANY WILMINGTON DELAWARE

When Your Dreams Come True. When you make a purchase, do you look ahead into the future making calculation upon the service you are to obtain measuring up to the price you are to pay? It is a disappointment to find after a while that for some reason you could not foresee, your calculations are not to be realized. Take no chances in buying footwear, but get shoes of known reputation for quality. Rouge Rex Shoes have that reputation, a reputation founded upon the satisfactory experience of thousands of wearers. A reputation that we, as manufacturers, are bound to maintain by putting every ounce of genuine service into the shoes that modern methods of tanning and shoemaking make possible. Ideal shoes for this time of year are our No. 487, black and tan blucher shoes. The leather is a combination tannage of close fibre and made as nearly waterproof as leather can be made. They have half double soles, double tips and full bellows tongues. Write for descriptive Rouge book and dealer's name. HIRTH-KRAUSE COMPANY 812 So. State Street GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

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Sundays by appointment.  
Telephone 22.

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL  
—BY—  
F. W. SAMSEN  
L. B. SAMSEN, Editor and Manager

LUKE AND HIS LEGACY

By MERTON LEE DANFORTH.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)  
"Oh, Luke!" cried Vera. "I hope you haven't parted with the price of your whole future happiness?"  
"Vera," spoke her lover gravely. "If you measure love and happiness with dollars, I am afraid you will never find much in life. My uncle left me five hundred dollars. There was a poor consumptive cousin who had come to the reading of the will expecting a legacy. He was left nothing. His doctor had told him that only a change to another climate would save his life. Vera, if you'd seen the tears run down his cheeks at his disappointment, you'd feel sorry, as I did."  
Vera tossed her head angrily.  
"Anyhow, I got talking with him. He was an honest, truthful man. It seems that he had been for years living on a small ten-acre place in a town called Benham. It had a pretty good cottage on it, but he said that his ill health and lack of capital had prevented him from working the place as a farm for a railroad. He told me frankly that the place was scarcely salable at any price, as it was located near an old abandoned colliery. Well, I bought it. That's all."  
"And I suppose," flared up Vera, "you expect me to go and live in that outlandish place?"  
"Or rent it," replied Luke quietly. "He left the house of his sweetheart that night pretty well disillusioned as to the amiable qualities of Miss Vera Moore. She had treated him coolly. He doubted if she had ever really loved him. The next time he called, her sister Norma informed him that Vera was not at home. She made it pleasant for him the brief time he stayed. Luke could not but notice that she was trying to apologize for her high-tempered sister and cheer him up at the same time.  
She was older than Vera, but for the first time he observed her gentle, sympathetic face. She talked to him about the little home he had bought, and said wistfully:  
"I do hope Vera will come around to finding love in a cottage a real happiness," but Luke doubted that.  
He heard later that Vera had been out promenading with two young men of the town. She was insolently neglectful of him at times. Then came bad news. The little cottage at Benham had burned down. No insurance. Two days later Luke received a brief note. It was from Vera, and it ran: "I ask to be released from our engagement."  
Luke Maydwell read the note with satisfaction and was ashamed of himself—further, with a sense of relief, and was surprised. He made a gentlemanly reply to the note in harmony with the wishes of his imperious lady love of the past. He called upon Vera and in a frank manly fashion tried to make her feel that he did not blame her.  
"I'm pretty poor, that's a fact," he told her, "but I would have worked for you my hardest."  
A young man called just then to take Vera out driving. She put on her things and left Luke with a heartless nod.  
"Norma will entertain you, Luke," she said, and turning to the sister in question, Luke saw shining in her tender eyes a trace of tears.  
"I am ashamed of her, Luke," she spoke quite indignantly. "You are too good for her."  
It was wonderful how well they got on. A natural sequence resulted. Within a month Luke Maydwell was the happiest man in the world. He had found real love at last. Vera had become engaged to a new flame. Six months later Luke and Norma were arranging for their wedding.  
She had induced him to go down to Benham and arrange to build a new cottage.  
Norma met him at the door when he returned from his visit to Benham. His honest heart warmed as he contrasted the glad welcome she gave him with that past, forgotten and forgiven reception awarded him by her sister on a previous occasion.  
"Well, dear," she chirped happily—"the cottage?"  
"Can't be built," reported Luke, shaking his head positively.  
"Oh, how you disappoint me!" murmured Norma. "I had so set my heart on day by day working to make one small beginning a task of pleasant duty and ambition."  
"I am thinking of buying the house left vacant by Judge Sherman," remarked Luke.  
Vera, who was listening to the conversation, gave Luke a sarcastic smile, for he had named one of the show places of the town.  
"Certainly!" she sneered ill-naturedly. "As a millionaire, undoubtedly you can afford it!"  
"I'm not quite a millionaire," replied Luke in a blunt, practical way, "but I can afford to buy the judge's house, and another like it, if I wish. The fact is, Norma," he added, "we can't build the cottage we planned, for I have sold the land at Benham."  
"Sold it!" echoed his fiancée, wondrously.  
"Yes, for fifty thousand dollars. That ten acres, it has just been discovered, is the best coal tract of its size in the state, and we are rich, love."  
"And happy—oh, so happy!" cried the loyal Norma, bursting into tears and nestling into his strong, protecting arms.  
The Milford fair managers have secured Don McGee, the young Saginaw aviator, to make flights at their coming fair, Sept. 28 to Oct. 1st, inclusive.

Local News

There is a scarcity of local news this week.  
Mrs. Mary Chaffee visited friends in Pontiac last week Thursday.  
Mrs. Oliver Wingard is spending the week with her sister at Bay City.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Samsen visited relatives at Adrian over Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Herbert have moved into their home on Holbrook avenue.  
James Chase of Novi, visited his brother, Gifford Chase, last Monday.  
Fred Chlosett of Bay City, visited Mrs. Peter Gayde and family last week.  
New stock of Tumblers, 30c, 50c, 60c, 75c per doz; also fruit cans, etc., at Gales.  
Mrs. E. E. Wilson left yesterday for a two weeks' visit with relatives at Olivet.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blakely of Detroit, were guests of friends here last Wednesday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Kingsley were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boyle of Salem, Sunday.  
Miss Ruth Willett has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Howard Glass, in Detroit, this week.  
Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wolgast, Jr., of Detroit, spent Sunday with the former's parents here.  
Mrs. C. F. Reebbs leaves next Monday for Battle Creek, where she goes to attend the wedding of a sister.  
Miss Mabel Gottschalk has gone to Milford, where she has a position as trimmer in a millinery store.  
Miss Bessie Paulger, who was the guest of friends here last week, has returned to her home in Redford.  
Mrs. Monte Wood and children of Detroit, have been guests of her parents here for the past two weeks.  
Mrs. Byron Willett of Detroit, is visiting her sister, Miss Eva Willett, whose condition remains about the same.  
The Misses Hazel and Inez Kingsley were in Detroit last week, the guests of their grandmother, Mrs. Caroline Milward, and other relatives.  
The ladies of the Baptist church will serve a chicken-pie dinner, Friday, Sept. 24, at 5:30 o'clock, in the church dining room. Don't miss it.  
The second division of the L. A. S. of the Methodist church will have a bake sale in the Tighe building on Pennington avenue, Saturday afternoon, Sept. 18th.  
The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Monte Wood will be interested to know that they have moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where Mr. Wood has a position with the Burroughs Adding Machine Co.  
John Lassett and family of Detroit, visited Mr. and Mrs. Titus Ruff, last Sunday. Their daughter, Olga, who had been spending the past four weeks here, returned home with them.  
The Ladies of the M. E. church will meet Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8 o'clock at the church, to clean the same. As many ladies as possible are urged to be present. A pot-luck dinner will be served.  
Mrs. Mary Robinson, who had been living in Detroit for some time past, has come to Plymouth and is living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bunyee. She has gone into the telephone office, where she is learning to be an operator.  
Many out of town friends attended the Mission Festival held at the Lutheran church last Sunday afternoon. A collection was taken for missionary work. The members of the church feel that the meeting was a very successful one.  
The Alter Motor Car Co. have installed several fire hydrants about the factory buildings and have had water piped into the interior of the buildings for fire protection. With plenty of fire hose the Alter Co. are better prepared for fighting a fire at their plant than they have been since the factory has been doing business here.  
Business men of Plymouth and vicinity should attend the service of St. Johns Episcopal Mission on Sunday morning to hear Rev. F. O'Meara, district minister of the Sheldon school, a well known institution organized for the study of business physiology. The Rev. O'Meara is a forceful speaker, who impresses upon his hearers the close relation between business and religion. Every business man, as well as every worker should not miss the opportunity of being present next Sunday morning, as it is seldom so engaging a speaker occupies a Plymouth pulpit.  
Carleton will soon be lighted with electric lights.

CHURCH NEWS

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.  
First Church of Christ, Scientist corner Main and Dodge streets. Sunday morning service 10:30 o'clock. Subject, "Matter." Sunday-school at 11:30. Wednesday evening testimonial service, 7:10. Reading Room in rear of church open daily except Sunday, from 2 to 4 p. m. Everyone welcome. A lending library of Christian Science literature is maintained.  
METHODIST.  
Rev. Joseph Dutton, Pastor.  
11:15, Sunday-school, 6 p. m., Union Anti-Saloon League meeting, addressed by Detroit speakers. Owing to the pastor's absence at the annual conference, there will be no morning preaching service.  
BAPTIST.  
Rev. Archibald L. Bell, Pastor.  
Morning worship, 10 a. m. As this is Anti-Saloon League Sunday in Plymouth, one of the Anti-Saloon League speakers will deliver the address. 11:15 a. m., Sunday-school, 6 p. m., Young People's Bible Study class meets. 7 p. m., Union meeting in the M. E. church. Mid-week prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7 p. m.  
PRESBYTERIAN.  
Rev. B. F. Esler, Pastor.  
Services will be held in this church on Sunday, Sept. 19th, as follows: Morning worship at 10 o'clock. A representative of the Anti-Saloon League speaks at this service. Sunday-school at the close of the morning service. Evening service at 7 o'clock in the Methodist church. This is a union service and a representative of the Anti-Saloon League is the speaker. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. The public is most cordially invited to attend these services.  
BIBLE STUDENTS.  
How many have a real thirst for more bible knowledge? How many have read Chapter IX of Vol. II, Pastor Russell's Studies. If you have we are sure you were surprised at what you found. If not, read at once and see for yourself, and then pass it on to others. It is what some of the dear Lord's sheep have been looking for for centuries. Let us renew our determination to become better bible scholars and then we shall not need to be urged to go to the house of God, but will have such a desire to go that, indeed, it would be hard to keep us away.  
ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL MISSION.  
R. Midworth, Missions.  
Sunday, Sept. 19—Divine service at 10:15. The Rev. O'Meara will be the preacher. Every person should make a personal sacrifice to come and hear him. Everybody welcome.  
EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.  
English services will be held in St. Peter's Evangelical Lutheran church next Sunday morning at 10:15 local time. The pastor will preach. Sunday-school at 9:30. In the evening the service will be given in German, and it will be the beginning of a series of sermons on the life of Joseph. An invitation is extended to the public to attend the above services.  
South Lyon's handsome new school building was opened for school last Monday.



F. O. NIELSEN Presents SELIG'S PRODUCTION  
**"THE SPOILERS"**  
IN NINE REELS

Rex Beach's Thrilling Tale of the Alaskan Gold Field Mingling Love, Life, Liberty and Romance.  
A stellar cast including William Farnum and Kathlyn Williams supported by Thos. Santechi and Bessie Eyton.  
**Monday, Evening, Sept. 20**  
AT 8:00 SHARP  
Evening Prices: 20c on ground floor and 15c in the gallery  
**Special Matinee at 3:30 P. M.**  
This matinee has been put on especially for the school children. Prices for matinee: Children, 10c; adults, 15c.  
**Reserved Seats Now on Sale at Pinckney's Pharmacy.**

Steam and Hot Water Heating  
Round Oak Warm Air Furnaces  
**Geo. E. Humphries**  
Plumber and Tinner  
'Phone 275W Plymouth, Mich  
Eave Trough, Conductor Pipe, Tin, Copper and Sheet Metal Work.

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 good and deep and square in 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: Pontiac, Rear of Pontiac Steam Laundry. 'Phone 12827. Plymouth, Main street. 'Phone 215.

Subscribe for the Mail  
**\$1.00 per Year.**

People Ask Us  
What is the best laxative? Years of experience in selling all kinds leads us to always recommend  
**Rexall Orderlies**  
as the safest, surest and most satisfactory. Sold only by us, 10 cents.  
Boyer Pharmacy.

**Auto Owners**  
**Take Notice!**  
I have taken possession of the Bonafide Garage in this village, which will hereafter be conducted under my name. I have engaged the services of an expert automobile repair man from Detroit, and after next week, will be able to take care of all repair work in a manner that will be satisfactory as to work and price. Give us a trial and be convinced.  
**Wm. J. Beyer**  
PLYMOUTH, MICH. 'PHONE 87

Bringing Greater Attractiveness and Joy to Thousands of Homes—The Best of All Fall Purchases For YOUR HOME—  
**Grinnell Bros**  
**Upright Pianos**  
And, in increasing the charm and pleasure of your home this Fall with this high-grade instrument, you obtain, as well, the maximum of Piano value.  
For here is quality that places this instrument among the established leaders of the Piano world; and you buy at FACTORY-TO-YOU PRICE. It's a choice that will pay you big in saving, as well as in full and lasting satisfaction. Uprights and Grands, the new models the most beautiful of all. Especially easy terms. Liberal allowance on other instruments in exchange.  
Like the Thousands of Others, You, Too, Will Find Many Advantages in the Selection of a Grinnell Bros. (own make) this Fall!  
**GRINNELL BROS.**  
Also Exclusive Michigan Representatives for Steinway & Sons  
Ypsilanti Store, 210 West Congress Street

If You  
are troubled with heartburn, gas and a distressed feeling after eating take a  
**Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet**  
before and after each meal and you will obtain relief. Sold only by us, 10c.  
Boyer Pharmacy.

**Coming Events at the Village Hall**  
Thompson & Fisher Announce Some Special Features They Have Booked  
"WHEN BROADWAY WAS A TRAIL"  
The next special feature will be given next Saturday evening, Sept. 18th, when the World Film Corporation presents, "When Broadway Was a Trail," a Shubert feature with Barbara Tennant and O. A. C. Lund in five acts. The characters in the picture are drawn from the Dutch world of New Amsterdam and the Puritan stronghold of Danvers, which is today Salem, Mass. Admission 10c. Two shows each night, 7:00 to 8:30 and 8:30 to 10:00.  
"THE CHRISTIAN"  
Hall Caine's superb love-story, "The Christian," is one of the big attractions in moving pictures. "The Christian" will be shown here Monday evening, October 4th.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION  
—OF THE—  
**Plymouth United Savings BANK,**  
At Plymouth, Michigan, at the close of business Sept. 1, 1915, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.  
RESOURCES:  
Loans and Discounts, viz:  
Commercial Department \$12,902 62  
Savings Department 88,900 00  
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz:  
Commercial Department 29,000 00  
Savings Department 425 00  
Premium account 425 00  
Overdrafts 209 56  
Real estate 8,562 00  
Furniture and fixtures 3,318 12  
Items in transit 23,232 08  
RESERVE  
Commercial:  
Due from banks in reserve cities \$7,444 55  
U. S. and National bank currency 14,249 00  
Gold coin 1,989 00  
Silver coin 2,359 45  
Notes and cents 80 44 \$1,493 55  
Savings:  
Due from banks in reserve cities 50,551 88  
U. S. and National bank currency 10,000 00  
Gold coin 13,000 00 \$4,551 88  
Checks and other cash items 28 99  
Total \$84,480 05  
LIABILITIES:  
Capital stock paid in \$15,000 00  
Surplus fund 20,000 00  
Undivided profits 30 00  
Dividends unpaid 30 00  
Commercial deposits subject to check 812,729 49  
Certificates of deposit 44,252 70  
Certified checks 512 00  
Savings deposits (book accounts) 44,378 31  
Savings certificates 46,227 43 218,679 94  
Total \$84,480 05  
State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss:  
I, E. E. Bennett, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.  
E. E. BENNETT, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of Sept., 1915.  
F. W. SAMSEN, Notary Public.  
My commission expires March 1917.  
Correct—Attest:  
D. D. ALLEN  
J. W. HENDERSON, Directors

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN  
Notice is hereby given that it is the intention of the Common Council of the Village of Plymouth, State of Michigan, to open Elizabeth street from the present end thereof and extending thence southerly to Ann Arbor street. That of the expenses of the opening of said street, the entire expenses thereof, shall be assessed upon the following described private property, lots or lands, which said private property, lots or lands are hereby designated as a special assessment district for the purpose of making said improvement, to-wit: All property, lots or lands abutting on both sides of Ann Arbor street from Pennington avenue to Depot street; on both sides of Elizabeth street from Ann Arbor street to Roe street; and on both sides of Roe street from Union street to Depot street. Said assessment to be made in proportion, as near as may be to the benefits which each of the aforesaid pieces or parcels of land will receive by reason of the construction of said public improvement. That maps, plans and estimates of the cost of said public improvement are now on file in the office of the village clerk, subject to public inspection, and that the Common Council of the village of Plymouth will meet at the council chambers in said village on Monday, the 27th day of September, A. D. 1915, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of hearing objections or suggestions relative to said public improvement.  
C. A. HEARN, Village Clerk.

**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

**NOTICE!**  
**\$250--\$500**  
Near Ford Tractor plant, 40 acres of the Zanger holdings are on the market and for sale now. Lots with streets graded, shade trees and sidewalks, 30, 35 and 40 feet. 10% secures contract, \$10 monthly. These will double in value within 90 days. Five blocks from the Ford roller mills. Phone me or mail in slip below for complete information.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
**G. H. GRIFFIN**  
Phone 192-J Local Representative Plymouth, Mich.  
Ridley Lockrow Co., 30 Bagley Ave., Detroit  
Ground Floor Zanger Building.

**Fresh and Salt Meats**  
If you care to enjoy utmost satisfaction in buying meats you will intrust your orders to us. Call and leave your order for a Roast, Steak or whatever you may want.  
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 C. PFEIFER**  
Local 'Phone 90-F2 Free Delivery

# The "Rude" Wide-Spread Low-Down Manure "Spreaders."

The only spreader made using small beaters. Small beaters make light draft. No gears inside or between the beaters. It spreads beyond the wheels, not just between them. Spreads 7 feet wide—Bed 3½ feet wide.

Come in and let us show you this Spreader before you buy one.

OPPOSITE  
PARK

**D. L. DEY**  
TELEPHONE 336.

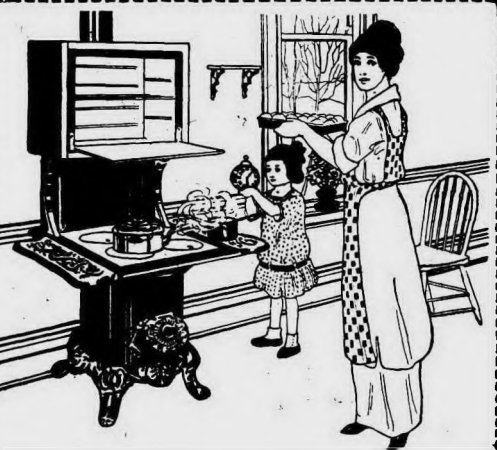


## Don't Spoil Her Sweet Visions

by forgetting to bring that box of fresh bonbons from Murray's. If you do, you'll be sorry. If she's used to the best, then she surely will expect the Murray kind. Made in a thoroughly sanitary kitchen by candy "artists," who makes sweetmeats as carefully as your mother would make cake or bread. Costs no more than less known brands, so buy here.

Strawberry, Chocolate and Vanilla Ice Cream at all times.

**Murray's Ice Cream Store**  
Penniman Ave., Plymouth.



## Quicker Than a Gas Range

**Breakfast  
Biscuit  
Quick**

and perfectly browned  
top, bottom and sides,  
in oven with

## Cole's High Oven Range

### Quick Heating Oven

No anxious waiting for oven to heat up. Breakfast biscuit steaming on your table in much less time than with a gas range.

Oven heat can be regulated instantly. Range is sanitary, easily cleaned and occupies small space. It enables wife or mother to prepare breakfast in a comfortable room.

Come in and see one on display—it's well worth your while.

See the name "Cole's" on the oven door—none genuine without it.

**The Conner Hardware  
Co. Ltd.**

Plymouth,

Michigan



Ask the best dressed people of Plymouth about my work.

# R. W. SHINGLETON'S TAILOR SHOP

with a MODERN DRY CLEANING PLANT operated in connection.

A business which owes its successful growth to  
Work of Merit and Satisfied Customers.

'PHONE NO. 237-F2

## REAL ESTATE

**FOR SALE**—80 acres improved and under cultivation in Wash-taw county. 10 acres nice, hardwood timber and 10 acres in a fine young orchard, 5 acres old orchard. A good clay loam, containing just the right amount of gravel. An elegant 8-room house with good basement and fine milk cellar. Two barns, two chicken houses and a large woodshed, all in a No. 1 condition. Good fences and plenty of good water. School house near. Price, \$110 per acre, on easy terms.

**FOR SALE**—200-acre stock farm with a fine sod of Kentucky blue-grass. 15 acres hardwood. Running water. Price \$35 per acre. Terms to suit purchaser.

**FOR SALE**—116 acres in Wayne Co., one mile from town. Two good houses, 3 barns besides cribs, hog houses, etc. Good heavy soil. Gravel roads. Running water and two wells. Price \$125 per acre, part cash. A number of other well-located farms that can be bought at rock bottom prices. Call and see photos of these places and let me explain the details of the one you are interested in.

## R. R. PARROTT

62 Church St. Phone 339-W  
Plymouth, Mich.

## Local News

Auto livery. Phone 12-W.  
Adrian Anderson has moved his family to Flint.

Mrs. Ella King spent Sunday with relatives at Salem.

Mrs. August Schaufele visited her daughter and family at Wayne last Sunday.

The Conner Hardware Co. have something to say about gas stoves this week. Read this ad.

L. V. Carver of Atlanta, Ga., is visiting at August Schaufele's and other relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burch and Mrs. Ella King visited friends in Detroit a few days this week.

Mrs. Chas. Holloway has returned from a two weeks' visit with her sister in Elkhart, Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wilcox and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Conner at Walled Lake over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Gates, with their guests, enjoyed a motor trip to Farmington, Redford and Detroit, last Sunday.

Miss Arbutus Wolfe and J. J. LaFollette of Detroit, were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Chambers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Bryan and daughter motored out Saturday and were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Gates.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Sarah Royal have gone to Milan, their former home, for a two weeks' visit with friends.

John E. Wilcox has returned home from Twin Falls, Idaho, where he has been visiting his son, George, for the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rambo and Mr. and Mrs. Wyman Bartlett were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bennett in Detroit last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Huston of Birmingham and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Huston of Canton, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Huston.

Mrs. Barrie Shaw and daughter, Lillie, and Mrs. L. Piper and two children of Lansing, were Saturday and Sunday visitors with Mrs. E. R. Terry.

The box social that was to be held at Fred Forbe's last Friday, was postponed on account of the rain, and will be held this (Friday) evening, the 17th.

Stanley Chambers, who has been in the employ of the Bonafide Mfg. Co. here for some time past, has accepted a position in the McKahan, Garage in Northville.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burch entertained at a family dinner last Sunday about twenty guests. The following relatives were present: Mr. and Mrs. Bert Brink and daughter, Marian, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. VanHove and little son of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jones and son and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Carpenter and children of South Lyon, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ely and children of Northville.

Auto livery. Phone 12-W.  
Ed. Chase is driving a new Ford run-about.

Dr. R. E. Cooper was a Toronto visitor this week.

James Dunn of Detroit, visited relatives here this week.

LeRoy Dunham has moved his family onto a farm near Belleville.

Chas. Merritt took two carloads of cattle to Cleveland last Saturday.

We have been enjoying the warmest weather of the summer this week.

Gladys Brown of Wayne, visited her cousin, Mildred Hood, over Sunday.

Mrs. L. C. Hall has returned home from a few days' visit with friends in Toledo.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Anderson and little Catherine visited friends at Flint last Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Rhoades of Detroit, was a week-end visitor with her sister, Mrs. James McKeever.

The small home can frequently be heated by one stove. Get Cole's High Range and both cook and heat.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Holloway and little daughter of Walkerville, Ont., spent Sunday at Chas. Holloway's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cooley, who have been residents of Plymouth for several months past, have moved to Chelsea.

Mrs. Louis M. Peters of Detroit, was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Floyd B. Sherman on Thursday and Friday of last week.

Harry Willis has sold his tenant house on Deer street to Mr. Lorenz, the blacksmith, who will take possession immediately.

First Church of Christ Scientist announces a free lecture on Christian Science, this (Friday) evening, Sept. 17, at eight o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Killian and children of Toledo, were guests at W. Shower's and C. J. Bunyes's, the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Shattuck returned last week from a two weeks' trip in the Upper Peninsula, visiting at Calumet and Lake Linden.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Willis expect to leave for Grand Rapids tomorrow (Saturday) where they will visit their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Willis.

Mrs. A. F. Laley and daughter, Helen, of Frontier, Wyoming, were guests of Mrs. Frank Palmer and other friends here the latter part of last week.

A. H. VanVoorhis will have for delivery, Saturday, Peerless apples, which are very fine for eating and cooking. If you want some of this delicious fruit, call phone 307-F22.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Eddy have moved into the east part of the Voorhis house on Penniman avenue. Miss Edith Pickett and mother of Newburg, will occupy the west part vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Eddy.

There was a large crowd of people on the streets last Saturday night to hear the concert given by the Plymouth band. The band rendered a fine program and their excellent music was thoroughly enjoyed by the crowd.

Miss Lena Lukshe and Jack Young were quietly married in Detroit last Saturday. The bride was formerly a resident of Plymouth, and is a sister of Mrs. B. J. Havershaw and Mrs. Fred Kaiser. Mr. and Mrs. Young will reside in Detroit.

Steel need not rust! Wood need not rot! Nor concrete "dust"! When properly protected. Keep protected with Noyal Remedies. We guarantee them. Rockwell Pharmacy.

Mrs. J. J. Travis, president of the Woman's Literary club, assisted by the 1914-15 officers, will entertain the members of the club at a thimble party to be given at the former's home next Thursday afternoon, Sept. 23, at 2:30 o'clock. All members are cordially invited to be present.

The Woman's Mission Circle of the Baptist church have secured Mrs. Francis E. Preston of Detroit, to tell about "Woman's Work in the South," at the Baptist church Sunday evening, Sept. 26th. Mrs. Preston is well known in Plymouth and a good attendance is hoped for.

George Richwine goes as delegate from the Plymouth Methodist church to the Lay Electoral Conference at Port Huron. This conference is a quadrennial meeting and meets Friday, Sept. 17th, simultaneously with the ministerial conference of the Methodist Episcopal church.

It is not generally known, but a law which was passed by the last legislature and which went into effect on Aug. 24, says, among its other provisions: "An automobile may be equipped with a single light in front or two if desired, but the electric lights in front must be equipped with dimmers, and it will be the duty of the driver of a car so equipped to dim his light when approaching another automobile or vehicle of any kind." The law says nothing about the dimming of gas equipped cars.—Exchange.

Auto livery. Phone 12-W.  
W. C. Brown left last Wednesday for a trip on his boat, "Helen C."

Rev. Joseph Dutton is in Port Huron this week attending the Detroit conference.

No fishing allowed on Church street between Blunk avenue and Penniman avenue.

Mrs. David Westfall has been seriously ill the past week with bronchial pneumonia.

Sunday callers at H. C. Hager's were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Johnson and Mrs. C. Pinekney.

Dr. and Mrs. S. E. Campbell and son, Fletcher, visited Miss Grace Campbell in Detroit, last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brennan of Ann Arbor, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Wagenschultz, this week.

Mrs. L. C. Hough and Dr. and Mrs. John Olsvager are now occupying their new bungalow on Main street.

Henry Tanger is improving the appearance of his home at the corner of Maple and Deer street, by the addition of a large porch.

Mrs. Ida Chandler, Mrs. S. Y. Cotton, Mrs. Kate Weidette and Mrs. S. R. Wilson of Saline, spent part of last week with Mrs. O. M. Rockwell.

Mrs. W. A. Preston, Wm. J. Whitney and Jay Church of Detroit, and Chas. W. Whitney of Hudson, were guests of W. A. Preston, last Sunday.

R. R. Parrott and family have moved into R. O. Mimmack's newly remodeled house on Church street. Louis Chambers will move into the house vacated by Mr. Parrott on the same street.

Chas. Thume, former conductor on the D. U. R. line from Detroit to Northville, has taken charge of the local freight, with headquarters in Detroit. He moved his family to that city this week.

While doing carpenter work on Wm. T. Conner's house last week Thursday, George Gebhardt accidentally ran a rusty nail in his left foot. He has since been confined to his home on account of it, but no serious results are apprehended.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hager entertained at a six o'clock dinner Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. VanDeCar and family and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beals and Miss Bertha Beals. Later in the evening Miss Beals and Lester VanDeCar gave a fine musical program, which was very much enjoyed by all present.

The Plymouth & Northville Gas Co. are making rapid progress in extending the main pipe line to Northville. The big trench digger is approaching our neighboring village at the rate of about 2000 feet a day. The officers of the company hope to have the line to Northville completed by Sept. 25th, and expect to be able to furnish gas to the Northville people by the middle of October.

## Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion

LOST—Saturday night near Murray's store, purse containing about seven dollars in bills and change. Finder please return to Rauch's store. Reward. 41w1p

FOR RENT—A front parlor suitable for two gentlemen. Also lace curtains stretched. Mrs. Wm. Hetzler, 18 Union street. 41w1

WANTED—Ten men at the Daisy Mfg. Co., at once. Apply in person at the office.

FOR SALE—One bedstead, springs and mattress, two 8x12 rugs, half tree, coal stove, one light wagon, one buggy, two single harness, one light and one heavy. D. M. Berdan. 41w1

FOR SALE—My 12 h. p. portable Fairbanks Morse gasoline engine; also Bowsler feed grinder. N. C. Miller, Plymouth. 40t

FOR SALE—A good cook stove in fine condition. Will be sold cheap. O. M. Rockwell. 40

FOR SALE—A new house on South Mill street, with modern conveniences. Enquire of Ed. Bauman. 35w8

FOR SALE—Potato Crates, 14c and 17c each. Enquire of George Helm, ½ mile north of Stark station. Post-office, Plymouth, Mich., Route 3. Nov1

FOUND—Pocketbook. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this ad.

HOUSE FOR RENT—Telephone No. 229.

FOR SALE—One good house with large lot on Starkweather avenue, cheap at \$2500; a fine one on Penniman avenue at \$3000; one on Main street at \$4500; a few good building lots for sale, prices and terms are right, house and lot on Blunk street at \$2300, and house and lot on south Main street at \$1,100. E. N. Passage. 46-ft

FOR SALE—Two Duroc boar pigs. Enquire of F. L. Becker. 40t

LOT FOR SALE—On Adams street. Inquire of Ernest Burdet. 39t4

Build a home outside the corporation—escape city taxes. I have for sale north of my residence on Plymouth avenue, lots, size 50x200 ft., for \$300 each. On car line, within walking distance of town. C. B. Sheppard. 40w6p

# GALE'S. SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES

School Book time is coming on again and at Gale's you will find a full stock of School Books and School Supplies. Tablets, Ink, Erasers, Pencils, Crayons, Blackboard Erasers, Rulers, Book Straps, Pens, Compasses, Book Bags, Composition Books, Note Books, Examination Tablets, Box Paper, Envelopes, Etc.

Just received new stock Tuna Fish, 10c and 15c a can.

Sugar is going up but we are still selling at the old price.

We have just started a quick auto delivery. All goods delivered up to 12 o'clock. Goods delivered in afternoon ordered before 3 o'clock.

Phone 16

**JOHN L. GALE**



To supply your table with the necessities of a meal and the luxuries that adorn it, will leave a considerable saving of the family funds if your groceries are wisely bought. Now this month—in investigate this Fair and Square Grocery Store.

A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF  
Spices for Pickling  
Comprador Tea 50c  
B & P Coffee

THE HOME OF QUALITY GROCERIES

## Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40. Free Delivery

## AUTUMN WEDDINGS

Engagement Rings, daintily fashioned and set with diamonds or gems of your choice.

Wedding Rings of standard sizes and best quality.

Wedding Silverware and Cut Glass, beautiful new patterns in these wares that will make the bride rejoice.

Wedding China—See our patterns in Haviland China. We sell from samples. Get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember our store for Birthday and Wedding Gifts.

No trouble to show goods.

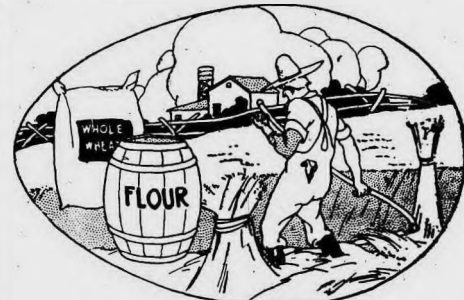
All goods guaranteed to be as represented.

## C. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist

140 Main st

## Flour of the Nourishing Kind



RUINING the beneficial qualities of flour is one of the easiest things in the world to do. So far as we are concerned we supply only the kinds that are refined by the latest methods. Flour of every description, by the barrel or by the pound, the products of the best known millers.

North Village  
Phone 53

## GAYDE BROS.

C. G. DRAPER  
JEWELER and  
OPTOMETRIST

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON  
Office and residence, Main street,  
next to Express office.

Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after  
Telephone 88, Plymouth, Mich.

## Rent Receipt Books

Get them at The Mail Office

**Roxall**  
Dyspepsia Tablets  
Will Relieve Your Indigestion  
Boyer Pharmacy.

Diese Abteilung ist für die Familienglieder, welche am liebsten Deutsch lesen.

Wißtrauen und Angst unter dem englischen Völk.

Ein Norweger, der mit seinen politischen Sympathien zur englischen Seite neigt, schreibt das Folgende: Ich hatte in den letzten Monaten Gelegenheit, nach England und nach Deutschland zu reisen, und die Wahrnehmungen, die ich dort machte, haben mich, wie ich getrieben war, recht nachdenklich gestimmt. Man hat kaum den Boden Englands betreten, so merkt man sofort, daß das Land in hohem Grade nervös ist. In den Straßen sieht man nicht nur die Soldaten, sondern auch die Zivilisten, die mit einem gewissen Schein der Unruhe umgehen, als wären sie in einem Kriegsgebiet. Die Engländer sind nicht immer glücklich, die Fremden in England jetzt überall beobachtet, ausforscht, verdächtigt; Englands alte Gostfreundschaft gegen Ausländer gehört der Vergangenheit an. Ich war Zeuge, wie zwei norwegische Kapitäne, nur weil sie in ihrer Muttersprache sich miteinander unterhielten, von Geheimpolizisten auf der Straße festgenommen und ungeachtet ihres energischen Widerspruches zur Polizei gebracht wurden. Diese Repressalien und Ueberreiztheit unter der äußeren Ruhe des täglichen Lebens auf Schritt und Tritt zu merken, Gegenwärtig glaubt der Engländer alles und fürchtet alles. England hat Angst; wohin ist jenes Gefühl der Sicherheit, der Unangreifbarkeit und Unbesiegbarkeit geschwunden, das mir früher immer als ein charakteristisches Merkmal der Engländer erschienen ist? Die Presse stellt die Stimmung des englischen Volkes nicht dar, wie sie ist. Ich habe von Regierung und Siegesbericht nichts finden können, am allerwenigsten aber in den streifen vornehmlicher Bildung, mit denen ich engere Bekanntschaft habe. Die Grundstimmung, die ich dort überall antraf, war die, daß man den Krieg und Englands Anteil daran auf das allerletzte bedachte. Ich habe dort niemals gehört, daß man von den Deutschen so verächtlich und beschimpfend sprach, wie es die Zeitungen tun, und ich fand, daß man auch über die Anklagen gegen die Deutschen recht stetig dachte. Natürlich verheißt man sich mit politischen Urteilen dem Ausland gegenüber zurückhaltend, aber hinter allem, was ich hörte und sah, fühlte ich die schärfste Kritik gegen die Politik, die England in den Weltkrieg geführt hatte. Die Presse nach Deutschland machte ich über Kopenhagen, betrat also den deutschen Boden in Warnemünde. Dort wurden alle Reisende untersucht. Die Untersuchung war streng und genau, aber sie wußte sich in völliger Gütlichkeit, Ruhe und Ordnung. Es fehlte dabei sogar nicht an Wohlwollen und selbst an Humor. Kaum hatte sich herausgestellt, daß ich ein Norweger sei, als mich einer von den "Bedragenen", die die Untersuchung befragen, zu meiner Ueberzeugung auf Norwegisch anredete! Ein anderer fand in meinem Koffer unter anderen Wollstoffen ein Stück von Brahm's; "Schönes Vieh!" bemerkte er lächelnd, indem er auf die roten zeigte. Ich war durch diese Beobachtungen recht überrascht, denn beide Soldaten schienen mir ganz einfache Leute zu sein. Nach Berlin reiste ich mit sehr genüßlichen Verhältnissen; ich hatte in Norwegen, auch von Leuten, die in Berlin gewesen sein wollten, recht beachtenswerte Dinge gehört. So z. B. sollten überall in Berlin Anschläge zu sehen sein, worin das arbeitende Volk den Frieden verlangt, die Revolution anführt u. s. w. Ich weiß nicht, was die Leute, die Gerüchte erzählen, gesehen haben -- ich für meinen Teil habe Berlin nach allen Umständen durchstreift und nie auch nur die Spur eines solchen Anschlagesehens gesehen. Nun könnte man meinen, daß die Regierung sie vielleicht entfernt hat; dem widerspricht aber die Stimmung der Bevölkerung selbst aufs Entschiedenste. Ich habe mit zahlreichen Männern aus allen Berufsständen, von hohen Regierungsbeamten bis zum Handwerker und Arbeiter, mich unterhalten und ich kann nur sagen, ich bin überall auf dieselbe Entschlossenheit, Siegesgewissheit und Einmütigkeit getroffen. Ein Maurer sagte mir: "Früher war ich ja auch Krieger (Söldnerdienst), aber jetzt, wo es Krieg ist, ist's damit aus." "Hochachtung ist die Ruhe, die in Deutschland herrscht, dem Fremden ganz erstaunlich; Berlin ist die ruhigste und geordneteste Stadt der Welt. Soviel ist gewiß: Deutschland ist nicht nervös."

händen, daß diese Geierzeit berechtigt war, denn alles, was von Brot nicht erzählt wird, ist fabelhaft. Die Geschmäcker sind verschieden und die Ansprüche, die ich zu Hause an das Brot stelle, fann ich natürlich an das deutsche Kriegsbrod nicht stellen -- aber mir ist es als ein wohlgeschmecktes, kräftiges und beförmliches Brot erschienen. Uebrigens habe ich auf dem Lande, nicht weit von Bremen, noch schmackhafteres Kriegsbrod gegessen als in Berlin. Dort habe ich auch in den Bauernhöfen die Stuben derartig voll von Schinken und Speckstücken, von Rauchfleisch und Würsten hängen sehen, daß ich die Hände über dem Kopfe zusammengeschlagen habe. Die Bauern erzählten mir, es sei weniger als in anderen Jahren; aber ob dabei nicht ein wenig Kofektorie mitgespielt hat? Jedenfalls, wenn man mir wieder mit Nahrungsmitteln in Deutschland und vom Auswanderungslande zu sprechen beginnt, dann denke ich an die Schinken und die Würste der Bauern im Bremerhagen. Die deutsche Finanzlage. Berlin. Georg Fernholz, einer der hervorragenden Finanzkennner in Deutschland, sagt, daß die vom Schatzamtssekretär Seltschick in seiner Rede im Reichstage gemachte Erklärung, daß Deutschlands Feinde den größten Teil der Kriegskosten Deutschlands und Deisterreichs zahlen würden, der Wahrheit näher komme als von vielen Feindstimmen gegeben werde. Deutschland nehme weite und wertvolle Gebiete im Osten und Westen ein. Wenn diese Gebiete den Nationalanleihen vermehre, werde der tatsächliche Betrag der Steuerentnahmen unter Anwendung der Finanztechnik moderner Zeiten, welche die Regelung der Zahlung solcher Schulden ohne Störung des Geldumlaufes gestattet, genügend sein, um die Föpfung des Herrn Seltschick zu erfüllen. Kopenhagen. Der nächste populäre Kriegsheld in Deutschland, dem ein mit goldenen, silbernen und eisernen Ringen zu bedeckendes Denkmal errichtet werden wird, ist Kapitän Otto Weddigen, der als Kommandant des U-Bootfahrers "U 9" an einem Tage drei britische Kreuzer in die Tiefe versenkte, und später als Kommandant des "U 29" ungenommenen ist. Die "Nieler Zeitung", welche dieses Vorhaben anführt, sagt, das Denkmal werde in Kiel errichtet werden und die Form eines Arienkranzes des "U 9" haben. Die Kränze sollten das Modell, und es wird Ende September eingeweiht werden. Der Vertrag der Nibel, welche für Geld in das holländische Zentralgefängnis werden, ist zum Besten der Häftlinge in Dänemark bestimmt. Wiederrug des Embargo. Washington. Von Vorkäuferen in London ist die definitive Information eingelaufen, daß Großbritannien jetzt gemäß der informellen Vorbedingungen der Berater des Staatsdepartments für auswärtige Angelegenheiten von Waren deutschen und österreichischen Ursprungs, welche amerikanisches Eigentum sind und jetzt unter der britischen Exekutiv-Council in neutralen Häfen festgehalten werden. Es liegen zur Zeit Waren der erwähnten Art im Wert von \$167,000,000 in neutralen Häfen fest. Winterkleidung für den Winterfeldzug. Berlin, via Saragolle. Sowohl die Feeder- als auch die Mottenerverwaltung geben bekannt, daß genügend Vorräte an modernen Uniformen, Schuhen, Unterzeug, Zäden, Handschuhen, Pelzen, Ohrschloßchen und sonstigen Kleidungsstücke vorhanden sind, um mit Hilfe eines zweiten Winterfeldzugs entgegenzusetzen zu können. Diese Vorräte sind in einer Sitzung des Budget-Komitees den ungetheilten Verkauf aller Parteien, sogar der Sozialisten. Frächtige Weinernte in Deutschland. Berlin. Wenn nicht die Witterungsverhältnisse des Späthabes sich außergewöhnlich ungünstig gestalten, so wird die diesjährige deutsche Weinernte eine ganz vorzügliche werden, sowohl in bezug auf Qualität, wie auch auf Quantität. Seit 20 Jahren waren die Anstehen in der Rhein-, Mosel- und Saargegend nicht so vielversprechend wie heuer. Alle Anzeichen lassen darauf schließen, daß der "1915er" den "1893er" feil Nachzuehen der feinsten "Nahrgang" in den Schuppen stellen wird.

LETTER FROM STATE CAPITOL

SECRETARY VAUGHAN GIVES DETAILS OF NEW LOAN SHARK LAW.

PAWN BROKERS EXEMPTED

Inspectors of Dairy and Food Department Must Limit Expenses to \$1.00 Per Day for Room.

[By Gurd M. Hayes.] Lansing -- Secretary of State Vaughan has received numerous requests for information concerning the so-called "loan shark law" passed by the last legislature and which went into effect August 24.

The bill, which exempts pawn brokers, provides that in every city of 15,000 population or over, every person, partnership or corporation making loans of \$300 or less where an interest rate of more than seven per cent is charged, shall first obtain a license from the city clerk in the city where the business is to be carried on.

The bill provides that the fee for such a license shall be \$50 per year and that a bond of \$1,000 shall be given by the loan agent or agents before a permit to do business shall be issued.

Every person, partnership or corporation licensed to conduct a loan business is required to give each borrower a card on which shall be written the name of the person making the loan, amount and date of each payment to be made, amount of expense charged exclusive of interest, time for which such charge is made, and the date when payable. Upon the back of each card must be printed in English the words: "If interest or charges in excess of the amount fixed by the laws of this state are charged or received, this loan is void and of no effect, and the borrower cannot be made to pay back the money loaned, or any interest, or any charges, or any part thereof."

No licensed loan agent shall receive any assignment of salary or wage in blank, but all blank spaces shall be filled in with ink or typewritten with the paper names and figures, showing the name of the person, partnership or corporation by whom the person making the assignment is employed. If the borrower is married, the assignment shall be void unless it contains the signature of the husband or wife, as the case may be, of the borrower.

The law provides that where a loan does not exceed \$100 the rate of interest shall not be more than three per cent per month and not to exceed two per cent per month is more than \$100 or less than \$300. Interest on any loan shall not be payable in advance, and shall be computed on unpaid monthly balances only, but without compounding of interest. The agent is not entitled to any examination fee or to make any charge whatsoever unless a loan is actually made.

Owing to the fact that there are comparatively few hotels in the state where a room with a bath may be obtained for \$1.00, employees of the state dairy and food department can no longer perform their morning ablutionary functions at state expense. If inspectors of the dairy and food department feel in need of a bath while on the road for the department, they will have to pay for it out of their own salaries or take a plunge in the river, unless they are fortunate enough to encounter a hotel where room and bath may be had for \$1.00 per day.

Dairy and Food Commissioner James Helme visited Lansing Wednesday for the first time in several weeks and he issued an order to his employes that hereafter no expense accounts would be approved where hotel bills exceeded \$1.00 per day. The employes are also limited to fifty cents per meal and are cautioned not to eat more than three meals per day.

In his order Helme says that he never has any trouble in obtaining a room for \$1.00 and he is of the opinion that the employes of the department should be able to live as economically as their boss. He says that the appropriation for the department was cut by the legislature and it is necessary to cut down expense items.

As a general rule state employes are allowed \$4.00 per day for expenses while traveling on department business in Michigan. The board of auditors has set \$5.00 per day as a maximum outside the state.

It has been suggested that the inspectors of the dairy and food department be equipped with portable bath tubs so that they will be able to bathe regularly while on the road and at the same time keep their hotel bills within the maximum set by Dairy and Food Commissioner Helme.

Local boards of supervisors have added \$256,688,983 to the tax rolls since the assessment of 1914, according to reports on file at the office of the state tax commission. The total assessed valuation of all real and personal property in the state in 1914 as fixed by the boards of supervisors was \$2,677,867,954, while this year it was increased to \$2,934,436,937.

By the state tax commission this is taken as an indication that the local assessing officers are making better efforts to place all property on an actual cash basis. As compared to last year's assessment by the local board of supervisors Bay county has increased from \$45,816,195 to \$45,817,195. Genesee county has increased from \$64,478,255 to \$66,659,089. Ingham has increased from \$63,421,033 to \$65,263,360. Jackson has increased from \$63,824,441 to \$64,321,045. Kent has increased from \$148,871,861 to \$213,156,773. Lenawee county has increased from \$56,363,576 to \$57,166,511. Muskegon county has advanced from \$27,729,422 to \$29,702,494. Saginaw has increased from \$81,703,075 to \$83,258,476. St. Clair has been boosted from \$33,762,355 to \$41,005,272. Wayne has increased from \$630,478,978 to \$686,989,190.

Dr. William De Kleise, who has charge of the state wide tuberculosis campaign announces that the first county campaign will be started in Westford county within the next two weeks. The county headquarters will be at Cadillac. Following the Westford county campaign the fight will be carried to Barry county. Commissioner Winslow has received a query as to whether insurance companies may have a minimum premium rate whereby on a small policy, when the premium is less than \$2.00, they can charge \$2.00 as the minimum rate for which the policy will be written. He has made a ruling that companies cannot have a minimum rate, as it would not only be a violation of the anti-discrimination law, but would also be a violation of Act No. 285 of the Public Acts of 1913, which prohibits the collection from the insured of any fee or charge in addition to the regular premium charge made for assuming the risk.

CLAIM HESPERIAN WAS SUNK BY MINE

GERMAN GOVERNMENT MAKES DISCLAIMER OF RESPONSIBILITY.

NO SUBMARINE IN VICINITY

In Note From Foreign Office Delivered Tuesday Berlin Claims Explosion.

Berlin, (via London).--The German government, in a note from the foreign office to Ambassador Gerard, delivered at noon Tuesday, made a qualified disclaimer of responsibility for the sinking of the steamship Hesperian.

On the face of the evidence thus far at hand the government is satisfied that the Hesperian was not sunk by a German submarine. The German position, as semi-officially stated, follows: "As we are informed from a competent source, the news already received, taken in connection with facts officially known, seems to exclude at most absolutely the possibility that a German submarine could under any circumstances have been concerned in sinking the British passenger steamer Hesperian."

"Firstly, according to the pre-arranged distribution, no German submarine should have been, on September 4, in that part of the ocean in which the Hesperian sank. "Furthermore, the explosion, according to description received from British sources, was of such a nature as to indicate from its effects that it was rather of a mine than of a torpedo."

"The circumstance that, according to these descriptions, the vessel was struck near the bow and that the bow compartments filled with water, goes to confirm this assumption. "The note contains, in addition to the effect that all the submarines that were at sea on September 4, have not yet returned, but that there is no reason to expect that the reports which they will supply will change the situation."

The note is a simple recital of the facts as the German government sees them, without any expression of sentiment or comment on the German submarine policy.

SOUTH CAROLINA GOES DRY

By Big Majority Voters Decide to Abolish Liquor Business.

Columbia, S. C.--By a vote of two and one-half to one South Carolina Tuesday voted for prohibition in the state-wide election ordered by the last general assembly. The vote was not heavy, only about 60,000 votes being cast. In Dorchester the vote was close while Charleston went against prohibition by a vote of 10 to 1.

The prohibition law will take effect on January 1. Twenty-nine South Carolina counties already have prohibition. All of these voted for its continuance. In 15 counties are dispensaries operated by the counties and remaining open from sun up to sun down. With partial returns reported from 43 out of 44 counties, the vote for prohibition is 33,565 and against prohibition 13,960.

Lake Steamer Is Sunk.

Duluth, Minn.--Steamer Onoko, owned by the Nicholas Transit company, Cleveland, sank off Knife Island, Lake Superior, 14 miles from Duluth harbor, at 12:30 o'clock Friday, with 110,000 bushels of wheat. The crew escaped in boats and were picked up a few minutes later by the oil steamer Renova. The cause of the ship's sinking is unknown, according to Captain W. R. Dunn. The ship went down within a few minutes of the time that the engineer discovered a leak under the engine.

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

Milan, via Paris.--Crown Prince Humbert passed through Milan Thursday with his tutor, going to Udine, his intense desire to join the king at the front having been granted.

After 20 years spent in active newspaper work with the Pontiac Press Gazette and its predecessor, the Oakland County Post, Byron J. Kelly, well known throughout the state as a newspaper man, has resigned as business manager to take up the management of the Matthews Abstract Co., which he recently purchased.

Melbourne, Australia.--The entire membership of the House of Representatives of the federal parliament, the legislative body of the commonwealth of Australia, has pledged itself never again to purchase German goods.

Manchester, via London.--The government has issued a new order requiring that every exportation of cotton cloth to places other than British colonies or dependencies must be covered by a certificate guaranteeing that the cloth will not reach the hands of an enemy power.

London.--A Pekin dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph Co. states that 700 Germans have been arrested in Tsing-Tsau, charged with falsely representing themselves as non-combatants. It has been proved that they participated in the defense of Tsing-Tsau.

New York.--Ignatius T. T. Lincoln, a former member of the British parliament, who recently admitted he had been a German spy, was Friday ordered by Federal Judge Vander Broeklyn, to be extradited to England to stand trial on a charge of perjury.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock. DETROIT--Best heavy steers (dry fed), \$7.50@8; best handy weight butcher steers, \$6.50@7; mixed steers and heifers, \$6@7; handy light butchers, \$6@6.50; light butchers, \$5@5.75; best cows, \$5.50@6; butcher cows, \$4.75@5.25; common cows, \$4@4.50; canners, \$3@4; best heavy bulls, \$5.50@6; bologna bulls, \$5@5.25; stock bulls, \$4.50@5. Veal Calves--Best selling at \$11 and \$11.50; bulk of good grades bringing \$11. Best Lambs, \$8.50; fair lambs, \$7@8.25; light to common lambs, \$6@7; fair to good sheep, \$4.50@5; culms and common, \$2.50@3.50. Pigs were very dull at \$7@8; yorkers and mixed, \$7@8; heavy grades at \$7.75. Grass pigs should be kept at home; they are very dull and have to be sold at a very low price. EAST BUFFALO--Receipts of cattle, 4,000; market, 25@40c lower; choice to prime shipping steers, \$9@9.35; fair to good, \$8@8.50; plain and coarse, \$7.50@7.75; prime handy steers, \$7.75@8; fair to good grassers, \$6.75@7.25; light common grassers, \$6@6.25; yearlings, dry-fed, \$9@9.50; common, dry-fed, \$7.50@7.75; prime fat heifers, \$7@7.50; good butcher heifers, \$7@7.25; light grassy heifers, \$5.25@6; best fat cows, \$6.50@6.75; butcher cows, \$5.50@6; cutters, \$3.75@4.25; canners, \$2.50@3.50; night bulls, \$7; sausage bulls, \$5.50@6; light bulls, \$4.25@5.50. Hogs: Receipts, 15,000; heavy grades steady; light 10@15c lower; heavy, \$7.75@8.25; mixed, \$8.40@8.50; yorkers, \$8.35@8.50; pigs, \$7@7.50; roughs, \$6.40@6.50. Sheep: Receipts, 8,000; market 15c lower; top lambs, \$9@9.10; culms to fat, \$5.50@6.75; yearlings, \$6.50@7.35; wethers, \$6.25@6.50; ewes, \$5.25@6.75. Calves: Receipts, 1,200; market 50c lower; tops, \$10@11.50; fair to good, \$9.50@10.50; grassers, \$4.25@5.50. Grains, Etc. DETROIT--Wheat--Cash No 2 red, \$1.08; September opened with a drop of 1/2c at \$1.07 and advanced to \$1.08; December opened at \$1.01 1/2 and advanced to \$1.02 1/2; No 1 white, \$1.05. Corn--Cash No 3, 75c; No 3 yellow, \$1 1/2c. Oats--Standard, 37c; No 1 white, 35 1/2c; September, 35 1/2c; No 1 white, 33@33 1/2c; sample, 30@32c. Rye--Cash No 2, 90c; September 90c. Beans--Immediate and prompt shipment, \$2.95; October, \$2.80. Cloverseed--Prime spot, \$10.10; October, \$11; prime alaska, \$9.25. New Hay--No 1 timothy, \$18@19; standard timothy, \$17@18; light mixed, \$14@15; No 2 mixed, \$12@14; No 1 clover, \$12@14; rye straw, \$7.50@8; wheat and oat straw, \$6.50@7 per ton. Old Hay--No 1 timothy, \$24@25; standard timothy, \$23@24; No 2 timothy, \$22@23; light mixed, \$23@24; No 1 mixed, \$18@19; No 1 clover, \$11@14; No 2 clover, \$12@13; rye straw, \$7.50@8; wheat and oat straw, \$6.50@7 per ton. Flour--In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 lbs. jobbing lots: First patent, \$6.90; second patent, \$5.60; straight, \$5.20; spring patent, \$5.60; rye flour, \$6.20 per bbl. Feed--In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$25; standard middlings, \$29; fine middlings, \$32; coarse cornmeal, \$34; cracked corn, \$24.50; corn and oat shop, \$31.60 per ton. General Markets. Plums--Home-grown, \$1@1.25 per bu. Huckleberries--\$3.50@3.75 per bu. Blackberries--\$1.50@1.75 per 16-quart case. Pears--Bartlett, \$1.50@1.65 per bu, \$4.50@4.75 per bbl. Cabbage--\$1.25 per bbl. Mushrooms--45@50c per lb. Green Corn--\$1.25 per sack. Tomatoes--\$1.25@1.35 per bu. Celery--Michigan, 15@20c per doz. Onions--Southern, 85@90c per sack. Lettuce--Head, \$1.60@1.75 per case; leaf, 75c per bu. Dressed Calves--Fancy, 14@14 1/2c per lb; common, 13@13 1/2c. Maple Sugar--New, 14@15c per lb; syrup, \$1@1.10 per gal. Sweet Potatoes--Jersey, \$1.65@1.75 per hamper; Virginia, \$3.50 per bbl. Live Poultry--No 1 broilers, 16c; No 2 broilers, 14@14 1/2c; heavy hens, 15c; medium hens, 13 1/2@14; light hens, 12@12 1/2c; ducks, 14@15c; geese, 10c; turkeys, 15c per lb. Cheese--Wholesale lots: Michigan, 12 1/2@13c; New York tats, 14 1/4@14 1/2c; brick, 14@14 1/2c; Ilmburger, 2-lb pkgs 12c, 1-lb 12 1/2@13c; imported Swiss, 33c; domestic Swiss, 17 1/2@22c; long horns, 14 1/2@15c; daisies, 14@14 1/2c per lb. Honey--Choice to fancy new white comb, 14@15c; amber, 8@9c; extracted, 5@6c per lb. Hides--No 1 cured, 13c; No 1 green 15c; No 1 cured veal kip, 18c; No 1 green veal kip, 16c; No 1 cured murrain, 14c; No 1 green murrain, 12c; No 1 cured calf, 15c; No 3 green calf, 16c; No 1 horsehides, \$2.50; No 2 horsehides, \$2.50; No 1 and No 2 kip and calf 1 1/2c higher than the above; sheepskins, as to amount of wool, 25@75c. Apples--Fancy, \$2.25@2.50 per bbl and 75@80c per bu; common, \$1@1.50 per bbl and 40@50c per bu. Nearly 200 county superintendents of the poor attended the annual convention in Ludington and listened to addresses on topics connected with their work. The convention closed Thursday night with the election of officers as follows: President, D. R. Hazen, Centerville; vice-president, Dr. A. Elgas, Hartford; secretary-treasurer, W. C. Conrad, Ludington.

Michigan News Tersely Told

Lansing.--An aged man, apparently a tramp, was killed by a Grand Trunk passenger train west of Lansing. West Branch--Orville Moffat, twenty-eight, of Rose City, in jail here on a statutory charge, worked his way out of the bricks in the walls of the corridor and escaped. Muskegon.--An effort is now being made to secure the Elks temple as the convention hall for the state grange, which holds its annual session in Muskegon the week beginning December 7. Jackson.--Women were eliminated from the board of education at the election. Three male trustees were chosen over as many woman candidates. The board now has no woman members for the first time in 25 years. Albion.--Word was received here that the following of this city have been elected to the general conference of the Methodist church, which is to be held at Saratoga, May, 1916: Dr. Hugh Kennedy, Dr. Samuel Dickie and Dr. F. S. Goodrich. Muskegon.--For the second time within two years Lake Harbor is being seined for obnoxious fish. Every effort is being made to spare game fish. A number of bass were raised in the net recently, but were returned no worse for the experiment. Saginaw.--The mysterious disappearance of John McRe of Flint, ten days ago, was cleared when his body was found in the Saginaw river. McRe came here from Flint and disappeared, and all efforts to find him were fruitless until the river gave up the body. Lansing.--State Fire Marshal Winslow ordered a complete change in the seating arrangement of a local tabernacle erected by Lansing churches for an Evangelistic campaign next week. Winslow declared the structure to be a panic menace. Port Huron.--A bronze portrait memorial has been unveiled at the University of Illinois in honor of the late Col. Edmund G. Freshet, instructor of military science at the university for ten years. Colonel Freshet formerly resided in Port Huron. Lansing.--The total revenue raised for the public schools of Michigan last year was \$21,881,635.03, and the local school tax, \$12,812,310.96. These figures were tabulated by Auditor General Fuller at the request of the secretary of state of Missouri. Charlevoix.--The seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Bartholomew, this city, was accidentally shot while hunting. A 22-rifle in the hands of his companion was discharged, the bullet entered near the groin, passing entirely around the hip bone, where it was extracted. The boy will recover. Grand Rapids.--Rt. Rev. Michael James Gallagher, who was consecrated Bishop coadjutor of the Grand Rapids diocese, announced that he has presented \$2,500 of the new \$1,000 purse which he received, to the orphanage of this diocese, and priests of the poorer missions. Grand Rapids.--Rev. Edwin W. Merrill, for the last year assistant to Dean Francis T. White of St. Mark's Episcopal church of this city, has received an appointment from Bishop John McCormick to be the pastor of the Episcopal church at Ludington. He will assume his duties October 3. Muskegon.--The Muskegon Woman's club, the second oldest organization of its kind in the state, will celebrate its silver anniversary soon. Prominent women of western Michigan, in addition to the officers of the state federation, will speak. The club, now presided over by Mrs. E. G. Thayer, has a membership of 500. Grand Rapids.--Isaac Henry Quigley, eighty-nine years old, the oldest Michigan member of the Masonic lodge, died at the home of his son, Mr. Quigley had been a resident of Grand Rapids for 72 years. He had always taken an active interest in Masonic affairs, although unable to attend meetings in recent years. Detroit.--Six-months' search by Post Office Inspector Vernon Albert of Chicago ended in the arrest of Charles Abramson, alias Sam Pollock, wanted in Chicago for misuse of the mails. According to Inspector Albert, Abramson left Chicago with about \$2,000, proceeds of the sales of butter and eggs he purchased but did not pay for. A letter addressed to a Michigan farmer offering to pay a high price for eggs led to the arrest of Abramson, who was found to be conducting a produce store here. Bay City.--Governor Ferris was the guest of honor at the celebration of Bay City's golden jubilee and homecoming. Fully ten thousand people gathered in Wenona park to hear his address, but were forced to seek shelter by a driving rain. The governor gave his talk in the armory. He felicitated Bay City on its progress during the half-century of its existence and the spirit manifested in the celebration this week. He made a strong plea for keeping up and increasing agriculture. Ann Arbor.--Every alumnus of the University of Michigan in Newberry, Mich., has pledged a \$50 contribution to the Michigan Union building fund. Saginaw.--Michael Stankov was given 90 days in the county jail by Judge Gage for stabbing Nathan Crampton, St. Charles marshal, in the hand. Clinton.--County School Commissioner George Tripp is working on a centralized school program for Lenawee county, as has been tried out successfully in the rural communities of other states. The plan is to transport the children to one large and well-organized institution. Flint.--A "bite" by a fisherman on a lake near Flint, in "dry" Genesee county, proved to be a sack containing 12 bottles of cold beer. Everyone is wondering. Alpena.--Walter Fleming, brought from Detroit a month ago to answer to a charge of larceny, was sentenced by Judge Emerick to Ionia reformatory for one year. Alpena.--About 15,000 pieces of cedar, property of David Greene of Alpena, were destroyed by fire on the Wolverine branch of the D. & M. railway, west of Tower, according to word received here.

# The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE  
ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES

### SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Securities in the president's private office and escapes with \$100,000 in cash. He goes aboard the *Belita*, which is a steamer, and Charlotte Farnham of Wahaska, Minn., who had seen him in Galbraith's check in the bank, recognizes him, and sends a letter of rebuke to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested at St. Louis, but escapes from his captors. He decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and takes the train. He falls ill on the sleeper and is cared for and taken to her home in Wahaska by Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska. Margery finds the stolen money in Griswold's suitcase. Broffin, detective, takes the trail. Margery asks her father to get Edward Raymer into financial no man's land and then help him out of it. Griswold recovers to find the stolen money gone. He forms a friendship with Raymer, the iron manufacturer. Broffin comes to Wahaska in search of the woman who wrote the anonymous letter to Galbraith. Margery takes Griswold to the safety deposit vault and turns the stolen money over to him. Charlotte leaves out Broffin and Margery begins to watch him. Griswold puts his money in Raymer's plant and continues to write his book. Griswold is not sure that Charlotte has not recognized him. He uses Margery and Charlotte as models for the characters in his book and reads the manuscript to them. Broffin spies on Margery, who throws him out of the apartment Griswold.

### CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"And that was when you began to suspect?" queried Raymer.

"That was when the suspicion began to torture me. I thought it, oh, you don't know how hard I fought it! There he was, lying sick and helpless; utterly unable to do a thing or say a word in his own defense, and yet, if he were the robber, of course, we should have to give him up. It was terrible!"

"I should say so," was Raymer's sympathetic comment. "How did you get it straightened out, at last?"

"It hasn't been altogether straightened out until just lately—within the past few days," she went on gravely. "After he began to get well, I made him talk to me—about himself, you know. There didn't seem to be anything to conceal. At different times he told me all about his home, and his mother, whom he barely remembers, and the big-hearted, open-handed father who made money so easily in his profession—he was the Griswold, the great architect, you know—that he gave it to anybody who wanted it—but I suppose he has told you all this?"

"No; at least, not very much of it," Miss Grierson went on smoothly, falling sympathetically into the reminiscent vein.

"Kenneth went to college without ever having known what it is to lack anything in reason that money could buy. A little while after he was graduated his father died."

"Leaving Kenneth poor, I suppose; he has intimated as much to me, once or twice," said Raymer.

"Leaving him awfully poor. He wanted to learn to write, and for a long time he stayed on in New York, living just any old way, and having a dreadfully hard time of it. I imagine, though he would never say much about that part of it. That is why he thinks he is a socialist. At last I felt that I just must know, at whatever cost. One day when we were driving, I brought him here and—introduced him to Mr. Galbraith. I was so scared that I could taste it—but I did!"

Raymer laughed. "Of course nothing came of it?"

"Nothing at all. And then, right out of a clear sky, came another proof that was even more convincing. Do you happen to know who the young woman was who discovered the bank robber on the steamboat?"

"I? How should I know?"

"I didn't know but she had told you," was the demure rejoinder. "It was Charlotte Farnham."

"What!" ejaculated Raymer. But he was not more deeply moved than was the man behind the window curtains. If Broffin's dead cigar had not been already reduced to shapeless inutility, Miss Grierson's cool announcement, carrying with it the assurance that his secret was no secret, would have settled it.

"It's so," she was adding calmly. "I found out. How do I know? Because her father bought the draft at poppa's bank, and in the course of time it came back with the Bayou State Security's dated paying stamp on it. See how easy it was!"

Raymer's laugh was not altogether mirthful.

"You are a witch," he said. "Is there anything you don't know?"

"Not very many things that I really need to know," was the mildly boastful retort. "But you see, now, how foolish my suspicions were."

Raymer nodded. Though he would not have admitted it under torture, the entire matter figured somewhat as a mountain constructed out of a rather small molehill to a man for whom the subtleties lay in a region unexplored. He wondered that the clear-minded little "social climber," as his sister called her, had ever bothered her nimble brain about such an abstruse and fat-headed question of identities.

"You said, a few minutes ago, that Griswold calls himself a socialist. That

isn't quite the word. He is a sociologist."

Miss Grierson ignored the nice distinction in names.

"Socialism goes with being poor, doesn't it?" she remarked. "Since Mr. Griswold's ship has come in, I suppose he finds it easier, and pleasanter, to be a theoretical leveler than a practical one."

"That is another thing I have never been quite able to understand," said the iron founder. "You say his father left him poor; where did he get his money?"

"Why, don't you know?" was the innocent query. And then, with a pretty affectation of embarrassment, real or perfectly simulated: "If he hasn't told you, I mustn't."

"Of course, I don't want to pry," said Raymer, loyal again.

"I can give you a hint, and that is all. Don't you remember 'My Lady Jezabel,' the unsigned novel that made such a hit last summer?"

"Why, bless goodness, yes! Did he write that?"

"He has never admitted it in so many words. But I'll divide a little secret with you. He has been reading bits of his new book to me, and pshaw! a blind person could tell! I asked him once if he could guess how much the author of 'My Lady Jezabel' had been paid, and he said, with the most perfectly transparent carelessness: 'Oh, about a hundred thousand, I suppose.'"

"Tally," said Raymer, laughing.

"Griswold has put an even ninety thousand into my little egg basket out at the plant. But, of course you know that, everybody in Wahaska knows it by this time."

Miss Grierson did not reply, and for a little while they were both silent.

Then Raymer said:

"I wonder if McMurtry doesn't think I've dropped out on him. I guess I'd better go and see. Don't wait any longer on my notions, unless you want to, Miss Margery."

When Raymer had gone, the opportunity which Broffin had so lately craved was his. Miss Grierson was left alone on the big veranda, and he had only to step out and confront her. Instead, he got up quietly and went back through the lobby with his head down and his hands in his pockets, and the surviving bit of the dead cigar disappeared between his strong teeth and became a cud of chagrin. There had been a goal in sight, but Miss Grierson had beat him to it.

And the winner of the small handi-cap? With a deep breath-drawing that was almost a sob, Miss Grierson sprang up, stole a swift confirming glance at the empty chair behind the window hangings, and crossed the veranda to stand with one arm around a supporting pillar. And since the battle was fought and won, and the friendly devil gave its way and shelter, the velvety eyes filled suddenly and the ripe red lips were trembling like the lips of a frightened child.

### CHAPTER XXI.

All That a Man Hath.

For four entire days after Margery Grierson had driven home the nail of the elemental verities in her frank criticism of the new book, and Charlotte Farnham had clinched it, Wahaska's public places saw nothing of Griswold; and Mrs. Holcomb, motherly soul, was driven to expostulate scoldingly with her second-floor front who was pushing the pen feverishly from dawn to the small hours, and evidently—in the kindly widow's phrase—burning the candle at both ends and in the middle.

Out of this candle-burning frenzy the toiler emerged in the afternoon of the fifth day, a little pallid and tremulous from the overstrain, but with a thick packet of fresh manuscript to bulge in his pocket when he made his way, blinking at the unwanted sunlight of out-of-doors, to the great house at the lake's edge.

Margery was waiting for him when he rang the bell; he guessed it gratefully, and she confirmed it.

"Of course," she said, with the bewitching little grimace which could be made to mean so much or so little. "Isn't this your afternoon? Why shouldn't I be waiting for you?" Then, with a swiftly sympathetic glance for the pale face and the tired eyes: "You've been overworking again. Let's sit out here on the porch where we can have what little air there is. There must be a storm brewing; it's positively breathless in the house."

Griswold was glad enough to acquiesce; glad and restfully happy and mildly intoxicated with her beauty and the loving rudeness with which she pushed him into the easiest of the great lounging chairs and took the sheet of manuscript away from him, declaring that she meant to read it herself.

When it was over, and he could not tell whether the interval should be measured by minutes or hours; the return to the realities—the hot afternoon, the tree-shaded veranda, the lake dimpling like a sheet of molten metal under the sun glare—was almost painful.

"It is wonderful—simply wonderful!" he said, drawing a deep breath; and then, with a flush of honest confusion to drive away the poor pallor: "Of course, you know I don't mean the story; I meant your reading of it. Hasn't anyone ever told you that you have the making of a great actress in you, Margery, girl?"

"No."

She was smiling across at him, level-eyed. "Let me pass it back to you, dear boy," she said. "You have the making of a great novelist in you. It may take years and years, and—and I'm afraid you'll always have to be helped; but if you can only get the right kind of help..."

She looked away, out across the lake where a fitful breeze was turning the molten-metal dimples into laughing wavelets. Then, with one of her sudden topic-wranchings: "Speaking of help, reminds me. Why didn't you tell me you had gone into the foundry business with Edward Raymer?"

"Because it didn't occur to me that you would care to know, I guess," he answered unsuspectingly. "As a matter of fact, I had almost forgotten it myself."

"Mr. Raymer didn't ask you for help?"

"No; it was my own offer."

"But he did tell you that he was in trouble?"

"Yes," hesitatingly.

"What kind of trouble was it, Kenneth? I have the best right in the world to know."

Griswold straightened himself in his chair and the work-weariness became a thing of the past.

"You can't have a right to know anything that will distress you."

"Foolish!" she chided. "You may as well tell me. Mr. Raymer had borrowed money at poppa's bank. What was the matter? Did he have to pay it back—all at once?"

There seemed to be no further opening for evasion. "Yes; I think that was the way of it," he answered.

Griswold expected something in the nature of an outburst. What he got was a transfusing glance of the passionate sort, quick with open-eyed admiration.

"And you just tossed your money in to the breach as if you had millions of it, and by now you've almost forgotten that you did it!" she exclaimed. "Kenneth, dear, there are times when you are so heavenly good that I can hardly believe it. Are there any more men like you over on your side of the world?"

At another time he might have smiled at the boyish frankness of the question. But it was a better motive than the analyst's that prompted his answer.

"Plenty of them, Margery, girl; too many for the good of the race. You mustn't try to make a hero out of me. Once in a while I get a glimpse of the real Kenneth Griswold—you are giving me one just now—and it's sickening. For a moment I was meanly jealous; jealous of Raymer. It was only the writing part of me, I hope, but—"

He stopped because she had suddenly turned her back on him and was looking out over the lake again. When she spoke, she said: "See! The breeze is freshening out on the water. You are fagged and tired and needing a brace. Let's go and do a turn on the lake in the Clytie."

From where he was sitting Griswold could see the trim little catboat, resplendent in polished brass and mahogany, riding at its buoy beyond the lawn landing-stage. He cared little for the water, but the invitation pointed to a delightful prolongation of the basking process which had come to be one of the chief luxuries of the Mercedes afternoons.

At the landing stage Griswold made himself useful, paying out the sea line of the movable mooring buoy and hauling on the shore line until the hand-

sounding thumps; that the wind was rising, and that the summer afternoon sky had become suddenly overcast. The pretty tiller maiden was pushing the helm down with her foot and hauling in briskly on the sheet when he sat up.

"What's this we're coming to?" he asked, thinking less of the changed weather conditions than of the charming picture she made in action.

"Weather," she said shortly. "Look behind you."

He looked and saw a huge storm cloud rising out of the northwest and spreading like a great gray dust curtain from horizon to zenith.

"There's a good bunch of wind in that cloud," he said, springing to help his companion with the slatting mainsail. "Hadden't we better lie up under the island and let it blow over?"

"No," she snapped. "We'll have to reef, and be quick about it. Help me!"

He helped with the reefing, and the great mainsail had been successfully reduced to its smallest area and hoisted home again before the trees on the western shore began to bow and churn in the precursor blasts of the coming storm.

"It will hit us in less than a minute," how about weathering that island?" he asked.

"We've got to weather it," was the instant decision; "we can't go around." Then, the catboat still hanging in the wind's eye: "Help me get her over."

"Hadden't you better let her fall off a little more and run for it?" he suggested, and he had to shout it into the pink ear nearest to him to make himself heard above the roaring of the wind and the crashing plunges of the boat.

She shook her head and made an impatient little gesture with her elbow toward the storm-lashed raceway over the bows. Griswold winked the spray out of his eyes and looked. At first he saw nothing but the wild waste of whitecaps, but at the next attempt he made out the hotel steam launch, half-way to the entrance of the southern bay and a little to leeward of the Clytie's course. The small steamer was evidently no sea-boat, and with more courage than seamanship, its steersman was driving straight for the Inn bay without regard for the direction of the wind and the seas.

"That's Ole Halverson!" cried the tiller maiden with scorn in her voice. "He thinks because he happens to have a steam engine he needn't look to see which way the wind is blowing."

"She's pitching pretty badly," Griswold called back. "If he only had sense enough to ease off a little..."

Suddenly he became aware of the finer heroism of his companion. He knew now why she had refused to take shelter under the lee of the island, and why she was holding the catboat down to the edge of peril to keep the windward advantage of the laboring steamer. "Margery, girl, you're a darling!" he shouted. "Take all the chances you want to and I'm with you, if we go to the bottom!"

She nodded complete intelligence and took in another inch of the straining main sheet.

Griswold looked again, this time over the catboat's counter, and saw a big schooner, close reefed, hauling out from a little bay on the north shore. The launch's plight had evidently impressed others with the necessity of doing something. The need was sufficiently urgent. Once again the Swedish man of machinery in charge of the craft in peril was inching his helm up in a vain endeavor to hold the course, and the little steamer was rolling almost funnel under. Griswold forgot his companion was a woman and swore rabidly.

"Look at the fool!" he yelled. "He's trying to come about! If he gets into the trough—"

The thing was done almost as he spoke. A wilder squall than any of the preceding ones caught the upper works of the launch and heeled her spitefully. At the critical instant the steersman lost his head and spun the wheel, and it was all over. With a heaving plunge and a muffled explosion the launch was gone.

Once again Griswold was given to see the stuff Margery Grierson was made of in the finer warp and woof of her.

"That's for us," she said calmly, and then: "Help me get another inch or two on this sheet. We don't want to let those people on the Osprey do all the heroic things."

Together they held the catboat down to its work, sending it rippling through the crested waves and fighting sturdily for every foot of the precious windward advantage. None the less, it was the big schooner, thrashing down the wind with every square yard of its reefed canvas drawing, which was first at the scene of disaster. Through the rain and spray they could see the schooner's crew picking up the shipwrecked passengers, who were clinging to lifebelts, broken bulkheads and anything that would float. So swiftly was the rescue effected that the rescuer had luffed and filled and was tearing on its way down the lake again when the close-hauled Clytie came up with the first of the floating wreckage. The tiller maiden's dark eyes were shining again, but this time their brightness was of tears.

"Oh, boy, boy!" she cried, with a little heartbroken catch in her voice; "some of them must have gone down with her! Can you believe that the Osprey got them all?" And then, with the sweet lips trembling: "I did my best, Kenneth; my very best—and it wasn't—good enough!"

She was putting the catboat up into the wind, and Griswold stumbled forward to get the broader outlook. Suddenly he called back to her:

"Port—port your helm hard! There's a man in a lifebelt—he's just out of

reach. Hold her there—steady—steady!" He had thrown himself flat, face down, on the half-deck forward and was clutching at something in the heaving seas. "I've got him!" he cried, and a moment later he was working his way aft, holding the man's face out of water.

It asked for their united strength to get the gray-haired, heavy-bodied victim of the capsize over the Clytie's rail. They had to bring the lifebelt too; the old man's fingers were sunk into it with a dying grip that could not be broken. At first Griswold was too much preoccupied and shocked to recognize the drawn face with its hardened mouth and long upper lip. When he did recognize it the gripping fear was at his heart—the fear that makes a cruel coward of the hunted thing in all nature.

What might have happened if he had been alone; if Margery, taking her place at the tiller and busying herself swiftly in getting the catboat under way again, had not been looking on; he dared not think. And that other frightful thought he put away, fighting against it madly as a condemned man might push the cup of hemlock from his lips. Forcibly breaking the drowned one's hold upon the lifebelt, he fell to work energetically, resorting to the first aid expedients for the reviving of the drowned as he had learned them in his boyhood. Once, only, he flung a word over his shoulder at Margery as he fought for the old man's life. "Make for the nearest landing where we can get a doctor!" he commanded; and then, in a passion of gratitude: "O God, I think that I am not a murderer!—he's coming back! He's breathing again!"

A little later he was able to leave off the first-aid arm-pumpings and chest-pressings; to straighten the limp and sprawling limbs, and to dive into the cuddy cabin, under Margery's directions, for blankets and rugs. When all was done that could be done, and he had propped the blanket-swathed body with the cushions so that the crash and plunge of the pitching catboat would be minimized for the sufferer, he went aft to sit beside the helmsman, who was getting the final wave-leap of speed out of the little vessel.

"He is alive?" she asked.

"Yes; and that is about all that can be said. He isn't drowned, but he is old, and the shock has gone pretty near to snapping the thread."

"Of course, you remember him?" she said, looking away across the leaping waters.

Griswold, with his heart on fire with generous emotions, felt the cold hand gripping him again.

"He is the old gentleman you introduced me to at the Inn the other day; Galbraith; is that the name?"

"Yes," she rejoined, still looking away; "that is the name."

Griswold fell silent for the time; but a little later, when the catboat was rushing in long plunges through the entrance to the Wahaska arm of the lake, he said: "You are going to take him to Mercedes?"

"Yes. He is a friend of poppa's. And, anyway, it's the nearest place, and you said there was no time to lose."

Griswold helped the bearers lift the blanket-draped figure out of the Clytie's cockpit, and while he was doing it, the steel-gray eyes of the rescued one opened slowly to fix a stony gaze upon the face of the man who was bending over him. What the thin lips were muttering Griswold heard, and so did one other. "So it's you, is it, ye murdering blue-eyed devil!" And then: "Eh, man, man, but I'm sick!"

Griswold walked with Margery at the fall of the little procession as it wound its way up the path to the great house.

"You heard what he said?" he inquired craftily.

"Yes; he is out of his head, and no wonder," she said soberly. Then: "You must go home and change at once; you are drenched to the skin. Don't wait to come in. I'll take care of your manuscript."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Valley of Dry Bones.

The cyclonic summer storm had blown itself out, and the clouds were beginning to break away in the west, when Griswold, obeying Margery's urging to go home and change his clothes, turned his back upon Mercedes and his face toward a future of thickening doubts and unerving possibilities.

Griswold had not deceived himself, nor had he allowed Margery's apparent conviction to deceive him. The old man's mind had not been wandering in the eye-opening moment of consciousness regained. On the contrary, what he had failed to do under ordinary and conventional conditions had become instantly possible when the plunge into the dark shadow had brushed away all the artificial becloudings of the memory page. What action he would take when he should recover was as easy to prefigure as it was, for the present at least, a matter negligible. The dismaying thing was that the broad earth seemed too narrow to hide in; that invention itself became the clumsiest of blunders when it was given the simple task of losing a single individual among the millions of unrelated human atoms.

Thus the threat of the peril which might be called the physical. But beyond this there was another, and, for a man of temperament, a still more ominous foreshadowing of evil to come. Of some subtle, deep-seated change in himself he had long been conscious. Again and again it had manifested itself in those moments of craven fear and ruthless, murderous

promptings, when kindness, gratitude, love, all the humanizing motives, had turned suddenly to frenzied hatred, and the primitive savage had leaped up, fiercely raging with the blood-lust.

For a long time after he had reached his room, and had had his bath and change, Griswold sat at his writing table with his head in his hands, thinking in monotonous circles.

The tiny chiming clock in his dressing case in the adjoining bedroom had tinkled forth its 10 tapping hammer strokes when he heard voices in the lower hall, and then a man's footsteps on the stair. To a hard-pressed breaker of the traditions at such a moment an unannounced visitor, coming up in the dark, could mean but one thing. Griswold silently opened a drawer in the writing table and groped for the mate to the quick-firing pistol which after the change of wet clothing, he had put aside to dry.

The visitor came heavily upstairs, and Griswold, swinging his chair to face the open door, saw the shadowy bulk of the man as he came through the upper hall. When the bulk filled the doorway it was covered by the pistol held low, and Griswold's finger was pressing the trigger.

"Asleep, old man?" said the intruder in Raymer's well-known voice.

There was a sound like a gasping sob, and another as of a drawer closing softly. Then Griswold said: "No; I'm not asleep. Come in. Shall I light the gas?"

"Not for me," returned the odd-time visitor, entering and groping for the chair at the desk-end, into which, when he had placed it, he dropped wearily. "I want to smoke," he went on. "Have you got a cigar—no, not

When the Bulk Filled the Doorway It Was Covered by the Pistol

the pipe; I want something that I can chew on."

A cigar was found in the drawer which had so lately furnished the weapon, and by the fare of the match in Raymer's fingers Griswold saw a face haggard with anxiety.

"What is the matter, Edward?" he asked.

"A mix-up with the labor unions. It's been brewing for some little time, but I didn't want to worry you with it. Unless we announce a flat increase of 20 per cent in wages to-morrow morning, and declare for the closed shop, the men will go out on us at noon. I've seen it coming."

If the god of mischance had chosen the moment it could not have been more opportune for the fire-lighting of Malvolence. Griswold's swing-chair righted itself with a click.

"We'll see them in hell, first, Raymer! The ungrateful beggars are merely proving that it isn't in human nature to meet justice and fairness and generous liberality half way. If they want a fight, give it to them. Hit first and hit hard; that's the way to do. Shut up the plant and make it a lockout."

"I was afraid you might say something like that in the first heat of it," said the young ironmaster. "It's a stout fighting word, and I guess, under the skin, you're a stout fighting man, Kenneth—which I'm not. Where are your convictions about the man-to-man obligations? We've got to take them into the account, haven't we?"

"Damn the convictions!" snapped Griswold viciously. "If I've been giving you the impression that I'm an impracticable theorist, forget it. These fellows want a fight; I say give them a fight—all they want of it and a little more for good measure."

Raymer did not reply at once. This latest Griswold was puzzling him, and with the puzzlement there went sorrowful regret; the regret that has been the recaster's portion in all the ages. When he spoke it was out of the heart of common sense and sanity.

"I know how you feel about it. I don't dare to pull down a fight which may not only shut us up for an indefinite time, but might even go far enough to smash us."

Griswold took his turn of silence, rocking gently in the tilting chair. When the delayed rejoinder came, the harshness had gone out of his voice, but there was a cynical hardness to take its place.

"It's your affair; not mine," he said. "If you've made up your mind not to fight, of course, that settles it. Now we can come down to the cause. You've been stabbed in the back. Do you know who's doing it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLAVOR FOR WINTER MENUS

Few Things Are Better Than the Elderberry—How to Use it to the Best Advantage.

Elderberries are not eaten very widely, but they possess a delightful flavor, and the housekeeper with time—and elderberries—on her hands will do well to preserve them in several different ways, for they will furnish an unusual flavor to her winter menus.

Grape and Elderberry Preserve.—This is delicious. To make it allow equal quantities of elderberries and grapes and use a grape with decided, even tart, flavor, for the sweetness of the elderberry makes up for much tartness of grape. The grapes must be opened with a very sharp knife and the seeds must be removed. Allow as much sugar as the elderberries and grapes together weigh. Put the fruit in a preserving kettle and barely cover with cold water. Bring to the boiling point, skim and add a fourth of the sugar. Bring to the boiling point again, add another quarter of the sugar and boil for 20 minutes. Repeat until the sugar is all used and then boil until a little of the sirup jellies on a plate on the ice.

Back into jars. Be careful not to break the grapes more than is absolutely necessary in the cooking.

Elderberry Jelly.—For this use half as much wild green grape juice as elderberry juice. Use a pound of sugar to each of juice and cook, skimming as the sirup simmers, until it jellies when tested on ice.

Elder Blossom Wine.—Pick from the stems enough blossoms to fill a quart measure when pressed down; add one gallon of cold water and steep 24 hours. Strain and add four pounds of sugar, three sliced lemons and one cup of yeast. Set away for two weeks, then strain carefully, pour into a jug and, after several months, bottle.

Canned Elderberries.—One peck of firm, ripe elderberries and one pint of strong vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar and one quart of molasses. Boil all together for five or ten minutes and bottle. The elderberries should be measured after picking from the stems.

SIMPLE PUDDINGS THE BEST

Housekeepers Are Coming to Appreciate the Merits of Dishes That Are Plain and Inexpensive.

The American housekeeper is learning to appreciate the value of simple puddings. She finds them much less expensive and more wholesome for the daily menu than rich creams and other elaborate desserts.

Puddings of rice and macaroni are easily made and inexpensive. Rice is a valuable item in the daily dietary and a pleasant one if properly cooked. Ordinary rice puddings should never be made with eggs; the addition of eggs turns the pudding into a custard, and as a rice pudding needs such long cooking the custard becomes hardened. Rice needs slow cooking for two and a half to three hours. Adding milk is an improvement and makes the pudding more nourishing.

Skim milk is often used in these puddings, but in this case sweet or a good piece of butter should be put in as when the cream has been taken from the milk it loses in fat and nourishment, though it retains much of its strengthening properties. Smaller grains, such as semolina, fine sago and ground rice will cook in a much shorter time than rice—about 12 minutes will do. Large sago or tapioca takes about 20 minutes.

A good recipe for rice pudding is: Four cups milk, one-third cup rice, one-half cupful seeded raisins if desired, one-third cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt. Mix ingredients in a baking dish and cook in a very slow oven for four or five hours. It will be necessary to stir occasionally to prevent rice and raisins from settling to bottom of dish. If raisins are not used some flavoring should be added.

Poor Man's Pudding.

Two quarts of sweet milk, two-thirds of a cupful of whole rice, one cupful of sugar, butter the size of a walnut, a little salt and grated nutmeg or a section of lemon peel. Put all together in a baking dish and bake until the rice is cooked through. A shorter way to make this pudding is to boil the rice first. The sweet can also be covered with a meringue flavored with lemon juice if the peel is used in the pudding.

Pineapple Peel Juice.

Cut the peel of the pineapple into small pieces. Weigh and take same quantity of sugar. Make a sirup of one cupful of water to each pound of sugar, then add pineapple or sirup. Boil 15 minutes, slow, steady boiling. Let stand over night, then strain and squeeze in cheese-cloth. Bottle and put on ice, or in a cool place. This makes a fine pudding sauce and is delicious on boiled rice.

Orange Cake.

One-half cupful butter, one cupful sugar, three eggs, one-half cupful milk, one and one-half cupfuls flour, three-fourths teaspoonful baking powder. Stir butter and sugar to a cream, beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and add them to the sifted flour and baking powder, with the milk, alternately, to the creamed butter and sugar. Bake in two equal-sized tins.

Stewed Peppers and Corn.

Remove the seeds from two large peppers, and cut them in small pieces. Cut the corn from half a dozen ears and put on to boil with the peppers till both are tender. About fifteen minutes will suffice for this. Drain off the water and add a large tablespoonful of butter and a little milk; also salt to taste. Serve immediately.

Italian Roast.

Take a nice piece of veal, cut around the bone and put in a small piece of garlic, salt and a few slices. Make incisions in several places, putting in the seasoning; tie a leaf of celery on top of the roast, with a small red pepper. Pour over a little olive oil and cook until tender, according to the size of the roast.

Woman's Home Companion.

### CURIOUS REASON FOR MURDER

Surely Slayer Never Gave More Whimsical "Excuse" Than That Offered by Englishman.

The "Brides Bath" murder trial in London with one Smith charged with slaying for the sake of insurance and three of his six wives—who regard those three in the bathhouse of Bridging house—recalls the singular case of Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, dramatist, art critic, forger, politician,

a member of the circle to which Lamb, Hazlitt, Hood and others belonged, Philip Hale observes in the Boston Herald. Among those whom he poisoned for insurance money was young Helen Abercrombie. When he was asked how he had the heart to kill such a fair and innocent creature, he answered, after mature reflection: "Upon my soul, I don't know, unless it was because she had such thick ankles."

It is said that Wainwright was the original of Bulwer Lytton's Varney,

and the husband of that author's Lucretia Clavering; that Dickens' "Hunted Down" was suggested by Wainwright's career. Oscar Wilde wrote a whimsical if not wholly sympathetic essay about Wainwright, and there is an account of him by W. Carew Hazlitt prefixed to a collection of the politician's essays and criticisms published 35 years ago. Wainwright had a son who entered the British navy. Anxious to escape the dishonor attached to his name, he came to America and, it is said, married a woman of means.

If he is living he would now be about eighty years old. Has his history in this country ever been traced?

### Coal Tar Once Thought Wants.

About a century ago coal tar was considered almost a waste product, and no one had thought it worth while to experiment with it. At that time gas was being introduced as a new light and Frederick Accum, who wrote one of the first books on gas lighting, suggested the boiling of the tar in a still and the condensation and collection

of the volatile products. The experiment was made and the process yielded two oils. One was heavy and the other light. It was soon found that the heavy could be satisfactorily used as a preservative for wood that had to be fixed underground or submerged in water and was used extensively in preserving piers and wharfs.

### Two of a Kind.

The visitor claimed to be a good pianist with unusual ability in reading music at sight. Seeing a sheet of

music on the piano rack, she sat down and began playing, pounding the keys with little regard for correctness of time. Observing the small daughter of the household watching her earnestly, the would-be admired player pressed harder on the loud pedal, lifted her hands higher, and ended with a flourish.

Whirling around on the stool, she bestowed a patronizing smile upon the child, who looked up and naively remarked: "I can't play that, either."—Woman's Home Companion.

**The Garland gives Satisfaction all Around**

Everybody's Happy in the Home that Boasts a **Garland Gas Range**

Daddy smiles at the size of his gas bill—Mother likes to cook on a stove that guarantees a perfect oven—And all the children grow fat and happy "cause everything tastes so good."

IT'S ECONOMICAL—COOKS PERFECTLY—IS EASY TO CLEAN AND LASTS A LONG LONG TIME.

Just come in and we'll tell you why.

**THE CONNER HARDWARE CO.**

SEE OUR SPECIAL WINDOW DISPLAY

# Save Time

WHEN the thermometer is nearing the hundred mark, no woman enjoys cooking over a coal range.

If gas is available, NO WOMAN SHOULD BE EXPECTED TO DO SO.

The use of an Acorn Gas Range means kitchen comfort.

Light the gas range only when you are ready to cook. When you have finished, shut off the gas.

Your fuel expense and heat stop instantly. And you can cook and bake in 20 to 30 per cent less time on an Acorn Gas Range.

Come and see the new samples.

**You Credit is good with the Gas Co.**

Office and Salesroom,  
146 Main Street.

**The Plymouth & Northville Gas Company.**

TELEPHONE NO 37.

**If You Want to Buy, Sell or Rent, Try a Liner in the Mail.**

**Mrs. John Patterson Music Teacher**  
54 Penniman Avenue

**Detroit United Lines**

**Plymouth Time Table**  
(EASTERN STANDARD TIME)  
EAST BOUND

For Detroit via Wayne 5:08 a. m. 6:14 a. m. and every hour to 7:48 p. m. also 9:41 p. m. and 11:30 p. m. on days as above.

NORTH BOUND

Leave Plymouth for Northville 5:08 a. m. and every hour to 7:38 p. m. also 9:48 p. m. and 11:34 p. m.

Leave Detroit for Plymouth 6:28 a. m. and every hour to 8:58 p. m. also 10:51 p. m. and 11:37 p. m.

Leave Wayne for Plymouth 5:44 a. m. and every hour to 8:44 p. m. also 10:15 p. m. and 12:05 a. m.

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

If you want to achieve business success, it will pay you to write to

**The Business Institute**  
163-169 Cass Ave., Detroit.

for their handsome catalog.

The Business Institute is the largest, best-equipped business school in Michigan, and is one of the leading schools of the kind in America. During the past six months there were approximately a thousand applications for institute students to fill positions. This certainly should interest young men and women.

**Bargains in Real Estate**

Two lots, size 36x145 each, a two room house on one; 12x30 chicken house; good garden with raspberries and strawberries. Bargain if taken soon.

A farm of 111 acres on the good roads near Plymouth, good 12-room house, cellar, four wells on place, good barns, from five to seven acres muck land, good fences, gravel and sand pits, and timber.

90 acres only a half mile from Plymouth good road, two greenhouses, good buildings, stream of water running through pasture, good barns, silo, gravel and lake, muck soil, good fences, four or five acres of timber.

Good house on West Ann Arbor street, hot water bath, bath room, half acre of ground; large brown house and acre of ground.

Good house on East Ann Arbor street, large lot 60x200; nice shade trees. This place can be bought right.

Seven-room house on car line near Plymouth; chicken houses and an acre of ground.

Two houses in north part of town; modern in every respect; furnace heat; bath room; good electric lights, etc. one bringing \$15 a month and the other \$16 a month. Reasons for selling, owner moved away.

In north village, 8-room house; 3 rooms down stairs; 1 bath and clothes press; large attic.

Good new house on Harvey street, lot 66x180; bath, electric lights and furnace heat; fine location.

A good nine-room house on West Ann Arbor street; quarter of an acre of ground; good shade trees; rain and city water in house; electric lights and bath.

Modern house on Union street, in good location; lot 62x110; electric lights; steam heat; bath room, etc.

3/4 acre, 4 miles from town; no buildings. For any of the above property, inquire of **MRS. E. L. BROWN**, Plymouth, Mich.

Phone 86, F3.

**Commissioner's Notice.**

In the matter of the estate of Charles F. Smith, deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, to receive and distribute the assets of said estate, and to pay the same to the persons entitled thereto, will meet at the office of E. H. Pennington, in Plymouth, Michigan, in said County, on Saturday, the 21st day of November A. D. 1915, at two o'clock P. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four weeks from the 7th day of September A. D. 1915, were allowed said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated September 7, 1915.

**LOUIS BILLINGS**  
**ALBERT GAYD**

**COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.**  
(OFFICIAL)

Plymouth, Michigan, Sept. 9, 1915. Adjourned meeting of the Common Council of the village of Plymouth, Michigan, was held Sept. 9, 1915. Meeting was called to order by President Louis Hillmer.

Members present: President Louis Hillmer, Trustees Arthur V. Jones, John G. Lang, George H. Robinson, William Streng, Edward H. Tighe. Absent, Trustee Robt. S. Todd.

The following appointments were proposed by the president: Special assessors, Asa Joy, Geo. W. Richwine. Moved by Trustee Geo. H. Robinson, supported by Trustee Wm. Streng, that the appointments be confirmed. Carried.

Moved by Trustee E. H. Tighe, seconded by Trustee Geo. H. Robinson, that the village attorney be instructed to negotiate with Dr. S. E. Campbell for the purchase of a parcel of land with a fifty-foot frontage on Ann Arbor street, and running south to the south-east end of his property, at a price of four hundred and fifty dollars; and August Schiffe for property at a price of three hundred fifty dollars, and to secure a deed from Messrs. Geo. Jackson and Czar E. Penney for necessary property requirements to open Forest avenue extension. Ayes: Jones, Lang, Streng, Robinson. Carried.

**RESOLVED**, By the Common Council of the Village of Plymouth, State of Michigan, That it is the intention of said Common Council, to open Elizabeth street in said village from the south end of May subdivision, so-called, extending thence south to Ann Arbor street in said village; be it further

**RESOLVED**, That in the opinion of said Common Council it is a public necessity that said street be opened at once as above described; be it further

**RESOLVED**, That the expense of opening the same shall be assessed upon the private property, lots or lands particularly benefited by the opening of said street, as hereinafter described and which said property, lots or lands are hereby designated as a special assessment district. Said assessment to be made in proportion, as near as may be, to the benefits which each of said pieces or parcels of land will receive by reason of the making of said public improvement; be it further

**RESOLVED**, That the special assessment district to be assessed for said street opening, shall be made up of the following described property, lots or lands, to-wit: All property, lots or lands abutting upon both sides of Ann Arbor street from Penniman avenue to Depot street, on both sides of Elizabeth street from Ann Arbor street to Rose street, on both sides of Rose street, on both sides of Depot street; be it further

**RESOLVED**, That said street be constructed in accordance with maps, diagrams and drawings, as prepared by Herbert L. Russell, civil engineer, and that said maps, diagrams and drawings of the same be deposited in the office of the village clerk, subject to public inspection; be it further

**RESOLVED**, That the Common Council of said village of Plymouth will meet at the council chambers on Monday, the 27th day of September, A. D. 1915, at 7:30 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of hearing objections or suggestions relative to said public improvement; be it further

**RESOLVED**, That the village clerk cause the following notice to be published in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper published and circulating in the said village of Plymouth, on each week for two weeks in succession: (Notice in another column of this paper.)

Moved by Trustee E. H. Tighe, seconded by Trustee Geo. H. Robinson, that the resolution as read be adopted. Ayes: Jones, Lang, Robinson, H. Robinson, Wm. Streng, E. H. Tighe, Nay: J. G. Lang. Carried.

Moved by Trustee E. H. Tighe, seconded by Trustee J. G. Lang, that the marshal be instructed to refer all complaints against the Pere Marquette R. R. company regarding the holding of crossings or the violation of the same, to Paul King, Receiver. Carried.

Moved by Trustee A. V. Jones, supported by Trustee George H. Robinson, that the attorney be instructed to notify the Detroit United Railway to place all tracks within the village limits in passable condition. Carried.

Moved by Trustee E. H. Tighe, seconded by Trustee Streng, that the time for the payment of village taxes be extended to September 25, 1915. Carried.

Moved by Trustee J. G. Lang, seconded by Trustee Geo. H. Robinson, that all bill boards be prohibited in the village of Plymouth. Motion lost.

Moved by Trustee E. H. Tighe, seconded by Trustee Wm. Streng, that Fisher & Jones be permitted to build a bill board east of the village hall. Motion lost.

Moved by Trustee Geo. H. Robinson, seconded by Trustee Wm. Streng, that the bill of \$14.67 to H. C. Robinson be paid. Carried.

Moved by Trustee E. H. Tighe, seconded by Trustee Wm. Streng, that the sum of \$186.21 be placed in the sinking fund of the village. Carried.

Moved by Trustee G. H. Robinson, supported by Trustee J. G. Lang, that we adjourn to Sept. 27, 1915. Carried.

C. A. HEARN, Village Clerk.

**WEST PLYMOUTH.**

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Jewell, Mr. and Mrs. Ford Becker and Paul Becker of Plymouth, were Sunday visitors at F. L. Becker's.

West Plymouth was well represented at the state fair.

Lyman O'Bryan visited his grandparents in Wayne and his aunt in Detroit, the first of the week.

Mrs. D. F. Murray and little daughter, Elizabeth, of New Hudson, are visiting at Mrs. C. F. Smith's, this week.

Louise Butler is visiting her aunt Mrs. R. L. Sackett of Detroit.

Charles Porter of Cleveland, Ohio, spent the latter part of the week with his aunt, Mrs. George Innis.

**Chamberlain's Liniment.**

If you are ever troubled with aches, pains or stiffness of the muscles, you will appreciate the good qualities of Chamberlain's Liniment. Many sufferers from rheumatism and sciatica have used it with the best results. It is especially valuable for lumbago and lame back. For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

**FRAIN'S LAKE**

Miss Emily Freeman, Ralph and Lloyd Lyke, LeRoy Gale and Ivan Galpin have commenced their first year's work at the Central High school in Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Wm. Gale entertained Mr. and Mrs. Mayhorne of Cherry Hill, Sunday.

Fred Fishbeck and family and Chas. Freeman and son, Glenn, were state fair visitors, Saturday.

The Dixboro L. A. S. held their election of officers Wednesday at the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gale and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lyke were state fair visitors, Monday.

The funeral of Mrs. James Wilbur was held last Wednesday, Sept. 8th. Burial at Ypsilanti.

The Misses Quackenbush gave a china shower for Miss Golden Tait last Wednesday, at their home in Dixboro.

Mrs. Emma Campbell of Dixboro, who underwent a serious operation last week, is gaining nicely.

Mrs. Edward Lyke entertained her sister, Mrs. Henry Fair, and family of Wyandotte, last week.

**NEWBURG**

There will be no church service or Sunday-school next Sunday on account of the absence of the pastor attending conference. The year closed in good shape financially. The committee on the building fund would like the money subscribed paid in as soon as possible, as there is much to be done before cold weather sets in.

About fifty partook of a fine supper at the L. A. S. meeting Friday last. They decided to hold their bazaar Oct. 22.

Miss Hattie Hoisington requests anyone having books for the album quilt, will kindly hand them in as soon as possible.

Anyone having pans or basins that they would contribute to the hall kitchen, would confer a favor on the L. A. S.

James LeVan left for Saginaw Monday morning, where he will visit his niece, Mrs. Guy Casterline, for a few days.

We are having the kind of weather now that we should have had in July and August.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones have the sympathy of everyone in the loss by fire of their large barn, which was struck by lightning last Friday night.

Mrs. Elmer Gline of Detroit, is spending a few days at the LeVan home.

Mrs. Mackender and Fay Ryder were on the sick list the first of the week.

A large number of people from around here attended the state fair. The Ford tractors claimed a large share of attention. It looks as if farming would be made easy when they come into general use.

Deo Duryea motored out from Detroit, bringing his grandmother and aunt and arriving home in time for breakfast.

School opened Monday morning, with an enrollment of 41.

Roy Matten has a new house that would do credit to any village.

Everyone is hustling with the silo filling and threshing.

**LAPHAM'S CORNERS.**

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lyke and son were Ann Arbor shoppers, Thursday.

Coda Savery and wife and Charles Bovee and wife, also John Renwick motored to Detroit and the state fair, Thursday.

Misses Ruth and Cora Renwick, Mrs. Myrtle Savery, Mrs. Myrtle Lyke, Mrs. Cora Gale, Mrs. Nellie Bird, Miss Virginia Shoebright and Mrs. Otho Cole and two daughters, Mrs. Whitaker and Mrs. Curtis, attended a kitchen shower on Saturday, given by Mrs. Iva Whitaker at her home, in honor of her sister, Miss Golden Tait, whose marriage to Nelson Bender of Highland Park, occurred on Wednesday evening of this week.

Mrs. Angie Blunk and daughter visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murray, last week, and attended the shower for Miss Golden Tait.

A. N. Brown was a Port Huron motorist this week.

C. F. LaPeyer has commenced the foundation for a new house on Forest avenue. A. W. Vardoe has the contract.

**BABY BROUGHT PEACE**  
By EUSTACE LIVINGSTONE.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)  
"Think twice, Betty."

"I have thought (till my brain is weary and my heart is sore. I have decided—it is the better way."

"Very well," said John Randall, "go the road you have chosen. I will take mine. There need be no scandal—you are a lady, I try to be a gentleman. Remember, though, neither will ever turn back to retrace the mistaken path."

The woman put out her hand as if moved by some pleading influence, but the man was gone. Before nightfall the home they had shared for eight years was in the hands of carpenters, masons and decorators. Before a week had passed by a partition, roof-high, divided the big double house into two parts. On one side lived the wife, on the other the husband. Then people began to talk.

"There's something under the surface," spoke Mrs. Judge Bascom to her husband—"some dark drama."

"Get it out of your mind, wife," was the blunt retort. "There are no two better people in the world than my worthy friend Randall and his wife."

"Then, why—"

"Pride. Neither will seek to remove the barrier they have raised in their own self-willed natures. Mrs. Randall would die by slow tortures before she would unbend from what she considers to be true womanly dignity. Her self-centered consciousness has repelled Randall and has made him believe she no longer cares for him. One good heart-to-heart talk would settle everything—such as you and I engage in when we're not fighting our usual family battles!" and the good-natured judge laughed in his whimsical way.

The old jurist was correct in his surmises, but he had not gone deep enough into the proposition. When John Randall married Betty Morse they had been very much in love one with the other. Then there had been a disappointment. No children had blessed their family hearth.

The judge's wife was distressed at the news that came to her. Once the Randalls had been close friends of the family. With a woman's ready wit she delved deeper into affairs than her happy-go-lucky husband. Within her own mind she framed up a plan to remedy the outlook. It might prove an experiment, but she hoped for the best.

One cold winter's night John Randall sat in his cheery but lonely living-room, gazing stolidly into the blazing grate fire. He knew that on the other side of the partition his wife was probably passing her time in the same spell of gloomy reverie.

"What is that?" suddenly exclaimed Randall.

It was a hard, harsh sound, as of someone pounding with a club or stone on the front porch. Randall arose and went to the door and opened it, first turning on the porch light. He fancied he saw a woman's figure scurrying past the gate. He looked down to note a basket containing a blanket and counterpane covered with a filmy scarf. Stooping, his heart beating rapidly, he knew not why, as he drew this aside.

"A baby!" he exclaimed—"abandoned!"

At that moment the next door opened. Mrs. Randall, too, had heard the noise on the porch. She came into view, she caught a glimpse of the child in the basket. A great cry of pity, yearning, love burst from her lips. With hungry heart, jealous, enraptured in possession, quickly Randall snatched up the basket.

"I saw it first!" he cried, almost fiercely. "It is mine!"

Then he went in with the child and closed the door against the longing woman. He stirred up the fire, he turned on all the lights. Suddenly a new motive for living bubbled in his heart. He felt as one intrusted with a great treasure. Planning the many things he must do with the morning—secure a nurse, buy an outfit for the baby, provide for all its care—Randall basted about. The child woke up. It began to cry.

The door opened. For the first time in two years Mrs. Randall stood with- in the room.

"Oh, John!" she cried piteously, "I can't endure it! The cries of this dear little child!"

He relinquished the child to those tender, loving arms. He sat in a new warm haze of contentment, watching his wife as she gazed the babe in a motherly way, hastening into her own apartments, returning with a bottle of milk, and soon had the little one cooing contentedly in its downy nest. As the child fell asleep, husband and wife stood leaning over the slumbering cherub.

"John," she said, "I was all in the wrong. I've known it for a long time, but was too proud to speak."

"And I was hard, harsh, resentful, Betty," he breathed remorsefully.

"Let me stay!" she pleaded.

"Here, where you belong!" and he took her in his arms, and the little stranger that had come to bless their new life smiled in its sleep.

At her home the judge's wife smiled happily, also, next day, when she heard the news.

"I found them a child needing a home, a poor, little orphan, whom no one can take away from them," she told her husband, and he kissed her and loved her more than ever.

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"I advised the 'best' when they were hospitalized for the Spanish war by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with them, and have received many thanks for the advice given," writes J. H. Houghtland, El Paso, Texas. "No person, whether traveling or at home, should be without Chamberlain's Colic Remedy." For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

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"I was annoyed for over a year by attacks of acute indigestion, followed by constipation," writes Mrs. M. J. Gallagher, Geneva, N. Y. "I tried everything that was recommended to me for this complaint, but nothing did much good until about four months ago I saw Chamberlain's Tablets advertised and procured a bottle of them from our druggist. I soon realized I had gotten the right thing for they helped me at once. Since taking two bottles of them I can eat heartily without any bad effects." Sold by all dealers.—Advt.

**Pump Wild Geese.**

Seven wild geese caught on an island in the Platte river, Nebraska, weighed 74 pounds.

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**HER DREAMS CAME TRUE**  
By DONALD ALLEN.

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Mrs. Matilda Fletcher was washing windows, mopping the floors and doing a general cleaning up for the widow Perkins. Mrs. Fletcher was a married woman who went out by the day at a dollar a day.

Mrs. Perkins lived on a small income, and so far as the people of the town of Mason had settled the matter in their minds, she did not intend to marry again. She had been asked time and time again by Mrs. Shoemaker, Mrs. Schofield, Mrs. Kirk and others if she didn't feel it better to take a husband to build the fire in the morning.

"If you were Mr. Perkins up in heaven and saw some other man building the fire and filling the teakettle for breakfast wouldn't you be mad about it?" she had made answer.

After Mrs. Fletcher had stood on a chair for an hour and washed windows she entered the house. "Mrs. Perkins, would you be mad if I rested my back for a few minutes?"

"Why, of course not."

"Ever since that California earthquake I have felt a weakness in the neck and back. It was the jar, I suppose, though I did not wake up. Are you affected by earthquakes?"

"Not in the least. The only thing that affects me is my dreams."

"You don't say? Do you have bad dreams?"

"Sometimes, and sometimes very happy ones. You clean house for the Widow Jackson every Saturday, don't you?"

"I do, and a nice man he is."

"Mrs. Fletcher, if I should tell you something could you keep it to yourself?"

"You ought to know, Mrs. Perkins, that I am no blabber."

"Well, I have dreamed that Mr. Jackson rescued me from a ferocious bull, at the risk of his own life. I awoke calling him a brave man."

"Mrs. Perkins!"

"Then I dreamed that Elder Bascombe's horse ran away, and was about to run over me when Mr. Jackson caught him by the bridle."

"Did I ever!"

"And I was so weak in the knees over my narrow escape that he had to put his arms around me for a few minutes."

"And he was saying that he loved you?"

"I think he was."

"Good! Mrs. Perkins, you are a widow and Mr. Jackson is a widower. Fate is trying to bring you together."

"It may be so," was the quiet response. "Do you suppose Mr. Jackson would be interested to know that I dreamed of him?"

"Surely he would. It is a great compliment to a man to be dreamed of by a woman."

"You could manage it somehow to tell him that I had dreamed of him?"

"I could. He is quite a man for mysteries."

"If you could manage it, Mrs. Fletcher, and say that I have told you one but you, and be sure to remember what he says."

"I can."

"My cow is getting rather old, and my brother over in York is going to send me another, and I will give the old one to you."

"May heaven bless you! I shall bring it about or die in the attempt."

Mrs. Fletcher swept and dusted and baked bread for the widower on Saturday, as usual, and after her day's work was done she hastened to the house of Mrs. Perkins.

"I told him," explained Mrs. Fletcher as she entered the house. "I found out that he believed in dreams, and I went at it and told him all that you had told me."

"And what did he say?"

"He heard me all through and then says, 'Mrs. Fletcher, there's much in dreams.'"

"There surely is, sir," says I.

"It wouldn't be so queer if I should dream about her?"

"Not so very queer, sir. That's what he said, Mrs. Perkins—the very words, and he said them kindly."

"Very well, Mrs. Fletcher. Just as soon as the new cow comes you shall drive the old one home."

There were two things Mrs. Fletcher wanted right bad. She wanted to help out the widow, and she wanted that cow. She knew it was an old cow, and that her milking days were over, and that the best thing about her was her fly-swatter, but it would be the first cow she ever owned. Mrs. Fletcher was born with a gift of gab and imagination, and she had related that dream with suchunction and dramatic effect that it lifted the widower off his heels. At any rate he appeared at the Widow Perkins' house before midday.

"I think I want to borrow your garden rake—I think I do."

"Why, with the greatest pleasure," was the reply.

"And if I don't want to borrow your garden rake I sure do want to talk about dreams."

"Oh, dear me! Did that foolish Mrs. Fletcher go and tell you about my dreams?"

"She did, widow."

"But you don't believe in them?"

"Most firmly—most firmly."

And Mr. Jackson proved that he did.

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