



VOL. 36.-NO. 52.

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MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1933.

WHOLE NUMBER 1926.

Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

Societies.

MANCHESTER LODGE NO. 148, F. & A. M. met at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, before full moon. Visiting brothers were: T. B. BAILEY, W. M. Ex. E. Root, Secretary.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER NO. 40, R. A. M. met at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, before full moon. All visiting brothers were warmly welcomed. MAT D. BLOSSER, H. R. Ex. E. Root, Secretary.

DOMINION COUNCIL NO. 24, R. A. S. M. met at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening, before full moon. All visiting members were warmly welcomed. J. H. KINGSLY, T. L. M. Ex. E. Root, Secretary.

MANCHESTER CHAPTER NO. 101, O. E. S. met at Masonic Hall, Friday evening, before full moon. All visiting members were warmly welcomed. Mrs. SARAH HENDERSON, W. M. Ex. E. Root, Secretary.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN met in their hall over Haasman's store, Monday evening, before full moon. Visiting members were warmly welcomed. J. H. KINGSLY, T. L. M. Ex. E. Root, Secretary.

WATER TEST NO. 141, K. O. T. M. met at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, before full moon. All visiting members were warmly welcomed. J. H. KINGSLY, T. L. M. Ex. E. Root, Secretary.

MANCHESTER HIVE NO. 885, I. O. O. F. met at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, before full moon. All visiting members were warmly welcomed. J. H. KINGSLY, T. L. M. Ex. E. Root, Secretary.

COMSTOCK POST NO. 358, G. A. R. met at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, before full moon. All visiting members were warmly welcomed. J. H. KINGSLY, T. L. M. Ex. E. Root, Secretary.

COMSTOCK W. R. C. NO. 830 met at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, before full moon. All visiting members were warmly welcomed. J. H. KINGSLY, T. L. M. Ex. E. Root, Secretary.

Business Cards.

A. F. & F. FREEMAN, ATTORNEYS
and Counselors at Law, Office over Peoples Bank, MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

A. J. WATERS, ATTORNEY
and Counselor at Law, Office over Union Savings Bank, MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

B. A. TRACY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office and Residence on Ann Arbor Street, Office Hours from 10 to 6 A. M., from 12 to 2 and 7 to 9 P. M.

E. M. CONKLIN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office hours: 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 P. M. MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN 4N.

C. F. KAPP, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at Residence on Union Street, Room 203, A. M., and from 10 to 12 P. M. MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

W. A. KLOPFENSTEIN, ROMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office and residence over Young Marx & Co. store, hours: 10 to 11 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M.

JOHN L. TUTTLE, JR., M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Graduate of Jefferson Medical College Philadelphia. Special attention given to diseases of the nervous system, stomach and kidneys.

G. E. KUHL, DENTIST.
Will be in Manchester every Wednesday and Thursday.
Office over Union Savings Bank.

GEO. A. SERVIS, D. D. S., DENTAL WORK.
Is prepared to do all kinds of dental work. General and Local Anesthesia for Painless Extraction. Office on stairs in new Service Building, in Clinton street Tuesday.

F. D. MERITHEW, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Manchester, Mich.
Selling in village or country will be promptly attended on reasonable terms.
Selling can be made at the Enterprise Office.

GRANT SUTTON, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Selling Real Estate, Farm, Village Property and Automobiles. Dates made at Enterprise Office, Manchester, Mich.

J. J. BRIGEL, FREEMAN HOUSE BARBER.
Shaving, Shampooing, Haircutting, etc., in the Freeman House.

ALBERT M. KIEBLER, CENTRAL MEAT MARKET.
Selling Meats, Poultry, Fish and Seafood. Wholesale and Retail.
ICE FOR PRIVATE FAMILIES.

Gibbon's Rome was not built in a day.

The Stevenson who collaborates is lost.

A Meridian doth good like medicine.

Hoi brings rain in the autumn lists.

A little more than Poe and less than poet.

A little Tolstoy is a dangerous thing.

Virtue is its own Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Where there's a Zangwill, there's a way.

Roe's by any other name would sell as well.

Don't kill the goose that wrote the Golden Girl.

Michigan Happenings

The New Normal.

"Deatur is the only town which stands a show of getting the new \$40,000 normal school," said Henry Russell, chief counsel of the Michigan Central Railroad Co. Deatur town is located 12 miles west of Albion, 24 miles east of Niles and 168 miles west of Detroit. The State Gazetteer gives the population as 1,400; location, Van Buren county, 10 miles southwest of Paw Paw, the county seat, and 24 miles from Kalamazoo. Incorporated as a village in 1893. Half Adventist, Catholic, Christian, Free Methodist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Universalist churches, a public library, a bank, a weekly newspaper, an opera house and a brick town hall. Stage daily to Holland, Prairie Ronde and Marquette, Mich. Telephone connection, Wm. H. White, postmaster.

The Lumber Is Gone.

Estimates by conservative lumbermen show that the days of lumbering in the upper peninsula will soon be past. Before five years have passed there will be practically no timber left standing in Baraga, Houghton and Keweenaw counties, large enough to make a log. Menominee county, which about ten years ago was the largest lumber producing district in the world, has lost its timber. It now produces scarcely a tenth of its former amount. The mills which were located there have been moved to Louisiana and Washington. Baraga has timber enough to keep its few mills running for a few years more, but like all the other parts of the state where lumbering has been carried on its end is near. Every season makes the timber tracts of Houghton county smaller.

A Political Salary.

Joseph M. Weiss, of Detroit, is preparing to press a claim for \$7,025 against the estate of the late Senator McMillan, with whom he was closely identified in a political way for years. According to the statement presented to the commissioners on claims against the estate the amount named represents a balance due him for four years' services during from July 1, 1928, to July 1, 1931, at an agreed compensation of \$3,000 per year. The statement shows that Weiss received, "by payment from time to time," \$4,975. The commissioners turned the claim down. Recently Weiss filed notice of an appeal from the decision and is now preparing to prosecute his claim in the circuit court where it can be reviewed by a jury.

Did the Legislature Forget?

The police having been raised here that the legislature at the late session failed to pass a bill authorizing the secretary of state to conduct a census of the state, local politicians have looked the matter up and have learned that the legislature two years ago provided for a census, but they failed to find a record of any appropriation to pay expenses. Therefore, they are now asking the state auditors to allow him. If this is true, Warner loses a chance to appoint over 1,800 census enumerators, who would be exceedingly useful for him next year in his gubernatorial campaign.

Farmers to Control Crops.

Maj. Geo. H. Winans is conducting the organization of "Equity" clubs in Livingston and Washtenaw counties. The members of these clubs are to hold the products of the farm for higher prices. It is argued that if one-third of the wheat supply can be controlled in this way, the farmers can rule the market as they see fit, and thus get the profits that non-producers pocket through gambling manipulations.

Clearer Crop Is Promising.

Farmers near Albion are rejoicing over the prospects for a big crop of cloverseed, which has been a comparatively high crop hereabouts for many years. The average yield promises to be about three bushels to the acre, though some farmers will get as much as four or a little better. They can sell now for \$2 a bushel.

Small, Not Dangerous Plaything.

Oliver Chapman, aged 33, son of George Chapman, cashier of the Peoples Savings bank at Cadillac, accidentally exploded a small can of powder yesterday afternoon. His face and hands were badly disfigured, but the doctors have hopes of saving his sight.

Grand Rapids Seeks Coal Combile.

In reply to advertisements for the city's supply of coal, 44 of the coal dealers sold in identical bids. The council rejected all bids and adopted a resolution calling the attention of the prosecuting attorney to the situation which suggests a combine among the dealers.

Hay Fever Association Opens Its.

The formal opening of the Western Hay Fever Association season occurred at their auditorium at St. Ignace. The mayor made the address of welcome. There is a large attendance of hay fever sufferers and the luncheon is filled.

Remorse Overtakes the Ex-Mayor.

Wm. A. Stewart, a former mayor of Old Fort Gratiot, took a dose of poison in a saloon at Port Huron, but a doctor pumped him out and he will survive. He had been drinking heavily.

Berries Berries.

The season of 1933 has been a most marvelous one in raspberries and blackberries, and Berrien county did a great business. The crop harvested was 120,000 bushels, of 80 per cent of the total production of the state. The fruit matured earlier than ever before, and the flavor is surprisingly fine. The quality created a great demand, and the average market price was \$1. This brought a return of \$120,000 to this county. Some farmers netted \$103 an acre. This season 3,000 acres were set in blackberries, and in another year the acreage promises to be double.

J. S. Stevens, the alleged defaulting cashier of the Shipping Beef Co., to the amount of \$2,100, has been released from jail and the charge against him dropped. His relatives settled with the company.

Fire at Chassel destroyed Eli Ruelle's livery barn and his house. John Burgen's candy store, Madie Ruelle's blacksmith shop and the home of John Fisher and William Halopka's houses. Loss about \$5,000.

Atain Ricardo, an animal trainer with a carnival company showing in Jackson, was severely bitten by a jaguar that he was trying to train. Attendents saved him from being chewed up.

The Michigan Fruit Growers Co. has been organized with \$25,000, and it will boom the fruit lands in the Mackinac district. It will begin by planting trees on one tract of 330 acres.

Manistique has its first automobile. The thirtieth annual reunion and encampment of the Tri-State Soldiers and Sailors' association begins at Montgomery September 2, continuing three days.

A cashbox has finally been provided at Camden for the detention of folks who break the peace.

The experiment of sprinkling the streets with oil instead of water to lay the dust will be tried at Ludington.

Sylvester Campbell, a retired farmer, and a pioneer of Allegan county, is dead. He was a Democratic leader.

Mrs. Mary Newman, aged 69, widow of Sidney S. Newman, died at Portland. She had resided there since 1897.

Notwithstanding the open season is still two months distant, quail are being shot in great numbers in Huron county.

Lightning set on fire and burned two large barns on Mrs. Julia Bidwell's farm, six miles north of Brighton. Loss, \$3,000.

The Michigan commission for the St. Louis fair is considering three sets of plans for the state building, which is to cost \$30,000.

John Waterman, of Ithaca, is proud of the fact that five generations of the Waterman family have fought for their country in five different wars.

Commercial fishermen at Ludington say that never before has the fishing business been so poor as this summer, and they are unable to account for it.

It is authoritatively announced that a railroad will be built from Lakeview, where the Lakewood Lumber Co.'s mills are located, to Cheboygan.

An incoming excursion train on the Grand Trunk line at Saginaw killed Peter Sluski, an employee of the company. Sluski was walking on the track.

The sale of the Montague property at Caro yesterday realized about 60 per cent of the appraised valuation of the stock, as valued by Charles Montague.

John French, of Hillsdale, who has been working on J. Powers' farm, in Remington township, was placed under arrest Friday, as he had suddenly become violently insane.

A horse belonging to Harry Burke, of Owosso, was stung to death by bees. Burke had tied the animal securely near bee hives, and when he returned he found it dead.

Albert Vosburg, a Pere Marquette brewer, was knocked from a train four miles south of Newaygo Tuesday evening, by striking a bridge and killed. His home was in Allegan.

The steamer Glenn, operating between St. Joe, South Haven and Holland, was taken off the east shore route and will run between Glenn pier and South Haven, in the peach trade.

Another Battle Creek industry, the Advance Pump & Compressor Works, joined the force of shops that work night and day. There are now several industries that never close their doors.

For the third time this summer the awnings in front of J. V. DeRo's store at Adrian burned Sunday afternoon, and from the same cause, viz., cigarette smokers in rooms above dropping their stumps down.

The board of supervisors of Bay county have laid down the law for searching automobiles with a vengeance. It is that the limit of speed on country roads anywhere in the county shall not exceed 20 per cent.

Convict George Dwight, familiarly known as "Frenchie," was captured near Aurdin, a little village 20 miles north of Jackson. "Frenchie" is in company with Convict Schuman, took French leave of the prison on the 14th inst.

John, a married son of J. R. McArthur, the well-known Cheboygan lumberman, is charged with having maltreated the 12 and 13-year-old daughters of a poor gambler while they were working for him on his father's farm in Munroe township. He cannot be found.

It is explained in Washington that although Gov. Pies was inclined to treat the matter as a joke, he is inclined under the law to a pension of \$12 a month for the reason that he is no longer able to perform manual labor. The injuries he received at a Fourth of July celebration had nothing to do with it.

George W. Rutison, member of the legislature in 1920 and 1921 for the second district of Houghton, died suddenly at Houghton of heart disease. He was 62 years old and had been a western miner and school teacher before coming to Houghton in 1896. He had been county clerk, supervisor, school trustee and judge of the peace.

The 14-year-old son of Del Walh, a Chester township farmer, who has been blind for several years, accidentally fell from a window at a height of 10 feet and broke his back. His body below the break is paralyzed, but his still lives. The attending physician says there is no hope of his recovery.

Antony Brown, of Portland, is dead, aged 85 years. She came to Oakland county from Onondaga county, N. Y., in 1837, and to Ionia county, 1838. She was charter member of the Baptist church of Portland, organized about 60 years ago, and she was the last surviving constituent member.

Three young men, Edward Mitchell, a negro day laborer, of Grand Rapids, married a prepossessing white girl, named Rieck, the wife died and now Mitchell has married Gertrude Rieck, a sister of Rieck, and a remarkably pretty woman of 24 years. Mitchell is 22, as black as they make, and a handsome looking.

According to a statement of Winnow, of Kalamazoo, Tax Commissioner, Emmet has threatened to resign rather than enforce the present law relating to the taxation of credits, and admitted that his decision regarding the assessment of the Bowman private bank was made after a conference between the commission and private bankers.

Investigation is being made into the somewhat suspicious death yesterday of Ed Logan, a middle-aged lumber worker near Cadillac. A bad gas in Logan's skull, just over the eye. He is said to have been last seen carrying with some other workers in the woods.

Court McDonald, of Flushing, kept his cigarette papers and paper money in the same pocket, but now they are separated. A stranger asked him for a cigarette paper. Court, in assuming, mistaking him, exposed a \$2 bill. The stranger grabbed the bill and ran.

Negro pickpockets came down from the wreck of the Pike special train from Chicago took possession of Mrs. George Burton's lawn, despite her protest and two women assaulted Mrs. Burton. City Marshal Kelley arrested them, but was at once attacked by a crowd of 300 negroes, who succeeded in releasing the prisoners, leaving Kelley unconcious upon the ground. Later Sheriff Robert Burke, with a posse of 45 citizens, arrested three negroes, taking them from a train at Batavia after a desperate battle with would-be lynchers. In the railway coaches and on the depot platform.

The steamer Carolina, with 317 passengers on board, mostly Americans, went ashore at the Saginaw river, six miles from Ludenore. Most of the passengers landed on the rocks in their night gowns, wrapped in rugs and blankets, and suffered considerably from the cold.

William H. Gross, proprietor of the Lee Marble Works in Lee, Pa., and railroad man, is soon to marry his stenographer, Miss Katherine Foley, aged 40. He has just settled a breach of promise suit in which Miss Helen Potter, of New York, said now to be in a sanatorium, was plaintiff.

Miss Ruth Breaux, aged 19, oldest daughter of William Jennings Bryan, is to join the Hull house staff in Chicago in the fall, and take up settlement work.

Eleven strikers were killed and 12 wounded during a riot in Ekaterinodar, Russia, which was quelled by troops. A law legalizing strikers is in preparation.

A special newspaper strike on the New York Central railroad was wrecked at Gulf bridge in Little Falls, N. Y. Engineer Robert Luby and Fireman Peter Conley, both of Albany, were killed.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM MANY STATES

Important News Gathered from Abroad for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Reliance Wins First Race.

After a glorious contest over a 30-mile windward and leeward course, the Reliance won her first race for the American cup. Saturday, defeating Shamrock III, by exactly 9 minutes, 41 seconds, and 7 minutes, three seconds, corrected time. The race was by no means as one-sided as the final figures would seem to indicate, as the challenger did remarkably well in the thrash to windward. The net result of the race showed that Shamrock III, in the windward work and had been beaten more than five and a half minutes to leeward.

Reliance Wins Second Race.

It is expected the next race will be sailed on Tuesday.

Lord Salisbury Dead.

Lord Salisbury, one of the last of England's great statesmen of the past generation, is dead, under the burden of his advanced age. He had been ill since early last winter, but his condition was not regarded as serious until early in the present month. According to the medical journals he suffered from intestinal paresis, which developed from the illness following the death of his wife in 1900. The end of the distinguished statesman was a peaceful one, without the slightest evidence of pain.

Secretary Root Has Resigned.

Secretary Root, under date of Aug. 19, presented his resignation formally to the president. The resignation was accepted by the president with the understanding that Mr. Root continue as secretary of war at least until Jan. 1.

Gor-Gen Wm. H. Taft, of the Philippines, Will Succeed Secretary Root as Secretary of War.

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London in Two Minutes.

Lon Dillon trotted a mile at Reading, Mass., in two minutes flat, cutting the world's record down 2.4 seconds. The fastest trotting mile before this was made by Crescens.

Streets Streets With the Dead.

The Turks are reported to have massacred all the women and children in 22 villages of the districts of Florina and Monastir and to have afterwards burned the villages. They are also alleged to have killed a number of prisoners.

The Streets of Kryniovo are said to be strewn with dead and the survivors are afraid to bury the bodies fearing to incur the displeasure of the Turks.

Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., is on his way to Headwood, S. D., where he goes to spend three weeks with Mrs. Kellar, Capt. Seth Bullock. To gratify Teddy, Capt. Bullock has arranged a horseback ride through the hills that will exceed by 10 miles the longest ride ever taken by the president, and to be done, if possible, in exactly the same length of time. This is to please the boy, who has expressed an earnest desire to outdo his father.

Olaf Mosher, who was shot Monday by Deputy Sheriff Annis, of Battle Creek, while trying to escape from an officer, who arrested him for stealing a bride from a farmer's wagon, died Tuesday night of the wound. There is a good deal of feeling that any man should be killed for such a petty offense.

The store of the Pittsburg & Lake Superior iron Co. at Detroit, raided by burglars Tuesday night. The safe was blown open and \$1,500 and hundreds of stamps were taken. The store was used as the postoffice. Tuesday was pay-day at the mine, which accounts for the fact that so much money was on hand.

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A Nitro-glycerine Horror.

By a stroke of fortune, 300 Detroit capitalists, business men and oil well promoters, who left Detroit Saturday noon to inspect the oil fields about Leamington, Ont., and see a "gusher" tumbled off on the land operated by the Leamington Oil Co. Limited, escaped being blown to atoms.

A formation can be nitro-glycerine, which was being lowered into an oil well was exploded. The 52-foot high derrick, the engine house and all the drilling apparatus were wrecked. Two men lost their lives, being killed and mangled to pulp. Fifteen minutes later the train bearing the Detroiters arrived, stopping at a roadside crossing only a short distance away from the oil fields. As the crowd piled off the train they were informed of the accident, and of the fact that two men had been blown to tatters. The party were only in time to see the remains of the two victims gathered up from various parts of the derrick lot.

Offer Jews an Asylum.

Great Britain has offered the Jews a vast tract of territory in East Africa for colonization. If the Jews accept the offer Great Britain pledges herself to grant an autonomous government, subject only to British suzerainty. This means that the Jews, for the first time since the days of the Roman conqueror, would have a country, a ruler and a flag of their own, with a government of their own choosing. The offer of the British government was made to the sixth Zionist congress, which assembled at Basel, Switzerland, with 500 delegates, representing nearly every country in the world.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Caleb Powers will make a speech to the jury in his own defense in the Goebel murder trial at Georgetown, Ky.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Yvesville is again in eruption. Saturday night frequent explosions were heard and stones were thrown to a height of 600 feet above the crater.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Eleven Whitecaps, prominent white planters of Poinsett county, Ark., have been arrested for attempting to drive negro mill hands from the vicinity.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles has been named as a possible nominee for governor of Massachusetts on the Democratic ticket by Democrats of that state, in which he was born.

CONDENSED NEWS.

A negro who confessed to cutting the throat of little Mary Griffin, aged 13, at Halifax, N. C., after he had assaulted her, was taken from jail and hanged and his body riddled with bullets.

CONDENSED NEWS.

In the charge of the American hospital at Ypsilanti, Mich., a nurse and a patient, wrote his own death certificate and then died, a martyr to his devotion to his patients.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Maj. Samuel Reber, signal corps, general staff officer, has been detailed as secretary of the army war college. He is a son-in-law of Lieut. Gen. Miles, retired, and formerly was his military secretary.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Chicago sympathizers with Macedonia held a meeting and framed resolutions denouncing the sultan's government, which they will send to President Roosevelt. The powers are asked to interfere for the sake of humanity.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Because she is alleged to have produced J. B. Strode, a farmer, with

FOR YOUNG READERS

WESLEY AND CHRISTIAN UNITY.

TRAVEL IN MOROCCO

WILD AND PICTURESQUE

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

BREAKS ALL RECORDS

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC IN THREE DAYS' TIME.

Account of Most Remarkable Long Distance Run in History of Railroad.

All previous records for railroad time from Atlantic to Pacific coast were broken on Friday, August 7, when the H. P. Lowe special rolled into Los Angeles over the Santa Fe at 1:06 p. m.

Henry P. Lowe, of the Engineering Company of America, left New York Tuesday afternoon, August 4, at 2:45, immediately upon hearing of his daughter's fatal illness in the distant California city of Los Angeles. Catching the Twentieth Century Limited over the New York Central and Lake Shore Railroads, he raced westward to Chicago at an average speed of 48.8 miles per hour, arriving in Chicago on Wednesday forenoon. Hurrying from the Lake Shore to the Santa Fe depot in a cab which was being held in waiting for him, the anxious father boarded the special and was outward bound—twenty-three minutes after reaching the "Windy City." Composed of coach and hotel-car "Rocket" and drawn by a powerful iron greyhound, with Engineer Duggan at the throttle, the Santa Fe special leaped into the race, with orders to make no stops except those to take water and coal and to change engines and crews.

Leaving Dearborn station, Chicago, the train struck out toward the Southwest, with a whirl and a rush. Swiftly rising to the level of the elevated roadbed, it was off on its way toward Joliet before the grief-stricken passenger had had time to settle down for his long ride. Indeed, it cannot be said that he settled down at all, for in his anxiety to cover the ground in the shortest possible time, Mr. Lowe repeatedly urged that the speed be increased, and for a great share of the distance he rode in the engine cab, the rumble and roar of the mighty locomotive soothing, in a measure, his troubled mind.

Faster and faster the giant ten-wheeler flew. Faster and faster the local way stations whizzed by the windows in an indistinct blur. Crossing the State of Illinois in a space of time heretofore unequalled, the special rolled across the Mississippi at Fort Madison, clipped off a section of Iowa, traversed the northern part of the State of Missouri, bridged the broad Missouri river and steamed into Kansas City Union depot.

With scarcely a halt in its wild flight it was off over the rolling prairie land of Kansas and on toward Colorado, climbing the ever-increasing grade as the Rockies were approached. "On and on it sped, not only maintaining the schedule laid out, but gaining with every mile it flew. La Junta was reached at 9:10 a. m., August 6, and veering toward the southwest the special splashed the solitude of the Colorado and New Mexico wilderness, plunging into Albuquerque at 5:37 p. m. From Albuquerque straight west, crossing the desert of New Mexico and Arizona, surmounting the range of the Gila mountains, the train reached Seligman in western Arizona at 4 a. m., Aug. 7. Leaving here it climbed the Williams grade and entered the Golden State across the Colorado river.

At 1:06 p. m. on Friday, August 7, the train rolled into Los Angeles ten hours ahead of the schedule as originally planned, the distance from Chicago to the Pacific coast (2,265 miles) having been covered at an average of 48.8 miles per hour, beating the time of fifteen hours and sixteen minutes by fifteen hours and sixteen minutes. While he was still in the station of the Rocky mountains it was known that Mr. Lowe's daughter had passed away. Messages were hurried ahead of the special. As the wires were down, the sad word was not received by Mr. Lowe until he had reached Las Vegas, New Mexico.

In spite of his disappointment, however, Mr. Lowe expressed his gratitude to the Santa Fe officials who had tried to the utmost to assist him in his trouble.

"The time made by the Lowe special is an achievement of which we are justly proud," said Passenger Traffic Manager Nicholson of the Santa Fe. "Our only regret is that the extraordinary speed could not avail Mr. Lowe as he hoped it might."

This crossing of the American continent in seventy-three hours and twenty-one minutes establishes a record for the trans-continental trip that will not be surpassed for many days to come. When it is considered that the time was brought down to this remarkably low figure only by extraordinary speed on the level prairies and the broad tablelands some idea of the tremendous strain may be gathered. For long distances a speed of considerably over a mile a minute was maintained. The push from the Mississippi to the Continental Divide is up-grade with much steep mountain climbing in places.

In 1909 a remarkable run was made by the Peacock special from West to East, its average speed being 41.7 miles an hour between Los Angeles and Chicago. This train, however, had the advantage of the down-grade from the Rockies to the Mississippi valley.

The famous Nellie Bly special made the trip from San Francisco to Chicago in sixty-nine hours at an average speed of 37.13 miles an hour.

By a comparison of these schedules a fair idea may be gathered of the remarkable record of the Lowe special. This achievement will go down in red letters in the annals of railroad-ing.

Valuable Georgia Marble.
As a marble-producing state, Georgia may rival Vermont. The marble belt is about sixty miles in length, extending from a southwesterly direction from the North Carolina line through Pickens county. The supply is practically inexhaustible, as the depth of the deposit in many places is over 100 feet. Both white and colored varieties are found. The characteristics of the Georgia marbles are purity of chemical composition, uniform texture and peculiar crystalline structure, rendering it remarkably durable because of its slow absorption of water.

The Point of View.
A boy believed that he was quite a big fellow. He played his part just as the birds or common grass, the hidden grain, the sprout, the drop of rain, the fragile little daisy of snow.

Another thought that all the seas and every plain and every hill, all the flowers and all the trees, the mountains and the streams and all the things that walk and fly and crawl were made to serve beneath his will.

One of the twins has broad estates, and servants run when he commands. The other toils and humbly waits for crumbs that fall from Fortune's hands.

Which of them, think you, serves and which is envied by the world and right?

—S. E. Kiser.

The Marching Card.

Take the queen of hearts and fasten to it by means of a little wax a long auburn hair. The other end of the hair you attach to your coat button.

Place the card upon the complete pack, shuffle carefully, so that the card keeps its place upon the top, and then lay the pack upon the table and cry "March!" You do not move, and of course the card remains quiet. You repeat the order "March!" several times, but the card is motionless.

You appear to be surprised, reflect a while, however, and then say, that probably the card is a lady, and of course not accustomed to obey orders; that she must be treated with more politeness. You then approach the table, take up the top card, when it will appear that the card in question is a lady. You then exclaim: "Very well, I shall persuade her, however, for no lady refuses a polite and courteous request." "My dear madame, I beg you will have the kindness to promenade a little!" You now walk around the table, and the lady actually as requested, and to the surprise of the spectators promenades slowly upon the table.

Soap-Bubble Over a Flower.

A very pretty experiment is making a big soap bubble with a flower inside.

It is as follows: Take a flower, such as a carnation, and place it in the center of the plate, and over it place an ordinary tin funnel.

Blow gently into the small end of the funnel, and lift it slowly and gradually at the same time. Keep on blowing until a good-sized bubble has formed, and then gently disengage the funnel. This may be done by turning it at right angles, but you must be very careful to avoid breaking the bubble.

When the funnel has been disengaged there will be a large bubble on the plate, in the center of which is the flower, and those who did not see the bubble blown will wonder how the flower got there.

The Obsequious Ball.

For the purpose of this trick a wooden ball, two inches or so in diameter, will be required; an old croquet ball will suit the purpose admirably. This ball must be bored with a red hot iron, not straight from end to end, but so as to form a sort of angle in the middle, but the points where the hole begins and ends should be opposite each other.

Through the hole thus formed pass a piece of thin cord or string, and at each end of the string a large knot, so as not to allow any of the ends to pass through the hole in the ball.

Now you are ready to perform the trick. Place one end of the string under your foot and raise the other in your right hand, holding the string rather taut. Lift the ball up to the top of the string, and let it go. It will of course fall rapidly down the string.

Repeat this several times in order to show the audience that the ball runs down the string quite freely, and tell them that you can cause the ball to become quite obsequious to your will.

Again raise the ball to the top of the string, and allow it to run down quite freely, as before, until it reaches the center, then, when the string is gripped by the hand in the center of the ball, which will thereby be prevented from falling further down the string. Ask the ball to drop to the bottom, slacken the string and the ball will obey you. Raise the ball again, and ask it to run down the string slowly, this is easily done by keeping the string moderately taut.

Invite any of the company to select a particular spot on the string at which the ball must remain stationary, this being accomplished by tightening the string as before when the ball has reached the desired spot.

The trick can be repeated as often as desired, as it gives no clue to the secret. If the slackening and tightening of the string be properly managed, it will be unobscured by the company.

Pinhole Photography.

Photography without a lens would seem at first glance to be impossible.

It is so generally understood that for good work a good lens is necessary that it is scarcely credible that some of the finest photographic work is obtained without the use of a lens at all, merely by the aid of a minute hole in a figure and fastened to the sides of the box like books, hold an eggshell, the contents of which you have sucked out, leaving a little hole on one side, as shown in figure. The shell is filled with water up to the little hole and

the side of a light-tight box, which is arranged to contain a sensitive plate. But the practicability of this method of photography is amply proved by the fine specimens that accompany an article on the subject, by Juan C. Abel, in the May Delicador. One of the distinct advantages of pinhole photography is the slight expense incurred in apparatus; any kind of a light-tight box will suffice, provided it can be opened to insert the plate. Explicit directions for procedure are given in the article.

Clock Puzzle.

There is represented on this clock face twelve household articles. When the names of the articles are written

in their proper order the initials will spell what Shakespeare calls "time" in his play of "Twelfth Night."

How to Raise Rabbits.

Wild rabbits are much more intelligent than others, and if you get one or two wild baby bunnies and feed them on milk they will soon get quite tame.

Bunnies should have their coats brushed every day, just like you have your hair combed and brushed, for it makes their fur grow and keeps it soft and shiny.

Bran, grain, peas, parsley, carrots, turnip-tops and a few cabbage leaves are the things that rabbits like to eat, and a dish of clean water should always be kept in the hutch.

The bunnies should be allowed to run about outside their hutch for half an hour every day, and only one family at a time, or else, I am sorry to say, there'll be ructions, as rabbits are rather naughty about fighting.

A good hutch can easily be made from a grocer's box, by covering the open front with some wire netting and making a little door.

The hutch should be raised a few inches from the ground, and holes bored in the bottom for drainage. Line it with plenty of clean straw, and in wet or cold weather bunny's house should have a cloth thrown right over it at night to keep it warm. Keep the hutch very clean.

The Pictorial Letter.

Following is a letter which a gentleman sent to his clever nephew, knowing that his young relative was clever at solving picture puzzles, the uncle instead of writing his message

in the ordinary way, drew several picture puzzles in place of the most important words. Can you read it?

A Composite Game.

This is an impromptu game, that is to say, it may be played at any time or anywhere without preparation, and therefore is just the game for boys and girls to have ready when invited on for something to amuse a company.

Eight players take part in it. They seat themselves in a row for a circle, and the first player whispers to his neighbor the name of the article "the."

The second player whispers to his left-hand neighbor an adjective; the third a noun in the singular num-

ber, the fourth a verb, the fifth an adjective, the sixth a number, the seventh an adjective and the eighth a noun in the plural number.

You may imagine that these whispering words, when joined in a sentence, will make an amusing mixture for no one knows, of course, what word his neighbor on the right has. Suppose, for example, the first player whispers the article "the," the second "intellectual," the third "camel," the fourth "waltzed," the fifth "amiably," the sixth "fifty," the seventh "downhearted," the eighth "hyenas." There you have the completed sentence.

"The intellectual camel waltzed amiably fifty downhearted hyenas."

One ridiculous sentence after another may be formed in this way until the party tires of the game.

Riddles and Things.

Can April March?—No, but June May.

When is a man thinner than a lath?—When he is shaving.

When does a chair dislike you?—When it cannot bear you.

Why is a sheet of stamps like distant relatives?—Because they are only slightly connected.

Why is a whale like a water lily?—Because it always comes to the surface to blow.

What is, better than presence of mind in a railroad accident?—Absence of body.

Needles as Spear.

Take a darning needle of medium size and stand three yards away from a door, holding the needle between the thumb and index finger. Throw the needle like a spear and try to fasten it onto the door. You will never succeed, no matter how hard you try.

But by putting a piece of thread through the eye of the needle you will always succeed in sticking it in the wood.

Another spear can be made of a writing pen and four paper wings, as shown in the figure.

To Guess Several Drawn Cards.

For this trick you employ a pack, consisting entirely of similar cards, from which you let two or three persons draw cards. They should not sit too closely together, however, lest one should see the cards drawn by the others. They note their cards and replace them in the pack. You turn, and while pretending to look through the pack, you take two other cards which you must have at hand, place with them a card out of the pack, and approach those persons who have drawn cards, asking each if his card is not among the three. On receiving an answer in the affirmative you point out the drawn card.

A Few Conundrums.

What bird has always been successful?—Victories.

What sect are people striving to exterminate?—Insects.

What stream of water is made from the union of two liquors?—Brandywine creek.

When does a gentleman dress in feathers?—When he wears a swallow-tail coat.

When does a little girl become a city of China?—When she is Pekin (pecking).

What tree answers the questions, "Which would beat in a race, a cat or a cur?"—Dogwood.

When is a doughnut like one of Dickens' characters?—When it is all of a twist (Oliver Twist).

Why is a barrel better than a battering ram?—Because two heads are better than one, if you is a sheep's head.

What expression placed in the center of a forest tree brings it into good repute?—A U (you) in the center of poplar makes it popular.

Helped to Lessen Bitterness and Draw Good Men Nearer Together.

It would be unjust to ignore what John Wesley did for Christian unity. Religious differences were more rancorous in his day than in ours. Many of our forefathers, but he did not exaggerate in describing the old-time country squire whose animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews.

It did not require much provocation for a mob to pull down a dissenting chapel or throw stones at a Roman Catholic priest. In this world of fierce denunciation moved a scholar who gladly acknowledged his indebtedness to good men of widely different tenets. Wesley had learned a good deal from the early fathers; he had read the great divines of the Church of England, some of his warmest friends were Moravians, he admired the saintly characters of the Roman and of the undivided Catholic church, his sympathies, naturally quick, had been broadened by reading. Since De Maistre warned the Roman church not to forget the claims of her Anglican sister, since the Evangelicalism gave new force to the Church of England, since the Oxford divines made dry bones live, many lessons have been learned. An increasing number of persons are gradually awakening to the difference between the faith once delivered to the saints and the opinions which merely date from Augustine or Calvin. John Wesley was in advance of his time. Should organic unity come within a century or two, he will be counted among those who helped to lessen bitterness, and to draw good men nearer together. The Living Church (P. E.).

Brain Was Still Working.

Conductor's Eyes Were Poor, But He Was Not Useless.

As the conductor received the fares he gently scratched each coin on the edge with the nail of his forefinger.

"That some now good-luck sign that you are working?" asked the man who rides on the platform and asks questions.

"No, but I'll tell you what it is, though. It's one way of beating the company. The fact of the matter is, I am getting old. The company does not know how old I am. If they did they'd fire me mighty quick. Then where would I be? I am getting so old my sight is falling fast. If I put on glasses it would be a giveaway on my age. I can't tell by sight whether a coin is a quarter or a nickel, nor the difference between a new one-cent piece and a dime; so I just scratch the edge."

"What good does that do?"

"Why, it's simple enough. The silver pieces are all milled on the edge, while the nickels and coppers are smooth."—Philadelphia Press.

The Emperor and I.

Within the self-same year were born, beneath the self-same sky, mine is by long odds twice as fair. A Kaiser he, of high estate, and I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a prince; and mine—stars still are stars, although some shine.

My sire will only come to those who argue, cavil all you can. My sire was just as good a man.

The German Emperor and I. Eat, drink, and sleep the self-same way. For bread is bread, and pie is pie. And kings can eat but these few days. Whose mouths and stomachs are not foes.

I rise at six and go to work. At five and five and does the same. We both have cured we cannot drink. Mine are for loved ones, his for fame. I may live best, I cannot tell. I'm sure I wish the Kaiser well.

I have a wife, and so has he. And yet, if pictures don't err. As far as human sight can see, I'm sure I trade those eyes dark brown.

Not an empress and her crown. And so the Emperor and I. On this one point could I not agree. Moreover, we will never try. His fraid suits him and mine suits me. And though his sons are gay my son stands Al in public school.

So let the Kaiser have his way. But kings and nations tumble down. I have no more and his crown. For I unknown in time or war. Live where each man chooses his.

Disagreements Among Scientists.

Who is going to decide when scientists disagree? Here we find one group of investigators, moved by recent discovery, such as the remarkable properties of the substance known as radium, figuring out that the earth and all that is in it must rest on themselves into their original elements, confusion of elements, and that we shall have chaos come again. Another group of scientists declares that this is utter nonsense and those who entertain such theories are dreamers. So it goes. Every discovery is met by scientific doubt as well as scientific belief and the unknown is to be forgiven for not knowing where he is "at." But he can probably rest his soul in the calm confidence that the old world will go on for some time to come at least much as it there were no scientists and no new and startling theories.

—Troy Times.

Her Vacation.

"You say you don't think you will be any more comfortable at a summer resort than you were at home?"

"I never could see much difference. The little woman with the palest smile."

"Then why do you insist on going?"

"So that my husband will have to make his complaints to strangers about the way the house is run."

Other Things in Life.

A story is being told at the expense of Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, who, though punctilious as to his duties, has his lighter moments. It seems that a waiter once complained of the small attention paid by his confederates to religion, to which the Senator replied: "My friend, religion is an excellent thing if a man remembers that it is not his regular job."—New York Times.

Chinese Sailors.

Over 1,500 British vessels plying in eastern waters are manned by Chinese crews.

In a city like Tangier, where the rumors have the same relation to the truth that the sack had to the bread in Falstaff's famous tavern bill, it is well-nigh impossible to form an accurate estimate of the native attitude toward the Moorish Pretender. Tangier is excited, nervous and disposed to credit every man who can maintain a fiction stoutly. Moreover, the city lies within easy reach of certain hill tribesmen, men of Anjara and the Rif, who have never been subdued by the sultan of Morocco within the memory of living Moor, and when, in times of trouble, armed bands of these unbroken mountaineers come into the outer Sokk as though they had conquered it, or march down the main street to interview Sidi Mohammed Torres, the aged deputy minister for foreign affairs, the local sense of security is not flattered. Two or three weeks in Morocco's diplomatic capital and its environs left me more than ever convinced that few people knew the truth, or, knowing, cared to impart it. So I resolved to go down to Marrakesh by way of Mazagan, and return to the coast by way of Mogador, to see and hear for myself in five of the most important provinces of the sultan's kingdom.

I chose Djedida (Mazagan) as starting place, for the landing is easier than at Safi, and the road inland is

fine quality of the mules that are to take us to the capital.

The Maaleim is a very little man, no more than five feet high, with olive brown complexion, milk-white teeth, and coal-black beard. Most men have their vices-hashes in the Maaleim's failing, and it has lighted in his eyes the fires that never go out. He has his gifts; he can swear with a diversity of expression that I never heard equalled in the sultan's kingdom. The poor water-carriers' grandparents, parents, brothers, sisters, wives, children and grandchildren are comprehended in fluent anathema until he slinks off discomfited and the Maaleim returns to the story of his arrangements. His own mule, reserved for my special use, has the swiftness of the camel of the Sahara, and an amble that would delight the sultan himself. Saddle and bridle are fit for a Kaid. The Basha himself would not despise them. The other animals he has hired for the journey are no whit inferior in quality or accoutrements, and all will be ready at daybreak, for he will rise when the mueddir has called for "Zir," the prayer that precedes the dawn. Will I not then give him two-thirds of the money down instead of the half arranged by the Consul of the Nazarenes? My good man Salam Shawi, the Rifian, at once interprets, servant, cook and friend; stands

between me and the picturesque Maaleim, whose tongue has honey on one side and vitriol on the other. We will believe in the quality of the mules when we have tested it. Half the money will be paid at daybreak, and half when the mules return to Mazagan, and with this final decision the Maaleim must content himself, and make his best way home.

For us there is a prolonged stroll through unvarnished streets, hemmed in by high white walls. In fondak and market place tired animals are resting; there is no light save of moon and stars. A few lads linger long in their play and flit like ghosts round the corners of street and square. From the prison tower the warden cries to the watch below: "Be vigilant and shun the dangers of sleep," but so far as I can see the slumbers of the watch do not suffer by the warning, though it is repeated at short intervals.

Now and again one hears a cry of human being or animal in pain, the sudden startling plea of a beggar sitting sleepless and unseen in the shadow of the tapia wall; the flash of a lamp reveals some wealthy Moor who is being lighted home by his slaves from a friend's house; these sounds and sights are all that disturb the night's tranquility. The guards sleep peacefully behind the high walls built by the Portuguese in the years when they had power in the land. There is no suggestion here of a disturbed country.

Kabyle Woman.

almost level, though, past Dukala, where it passes through the desolate Rahamaga country, dry, stony and without shade. Djedida itself is a very Moorish seaport. About once a week boats land a party of tourists, who devote their few hours on shore to riding camels and wondering why the ungainly tinkered ships of the desert make them feel so seasick. Grave Moore who knows better than to ride camels, leaving such mad feats to the Susi and Saharawi, who have no other way of earning a living, look on in amazement, and curse the Nazarenes, their ancestors and descendants, with fervor, eloquence and conviction. In the shade of the Kasbah wall the very old Basha dispenses Moorish justice in slow deliberate fashion; as though time were waiting for him. He is a wealthy man, owner of many farms, ruler of many lives. The fear of him extends from Azilmoor in the north even unto Safi, and under a vigorous sultan he would have been sent long since to the interior of his Kasbah, but as things are he knows his safety is assured.

"Ben Hamara, what have we to do with him?" says one intelligent Moor whom I question. "Yes, we have heard of him. Our master, the sultan, has sent down to Dukala and Oulad bou Sba for soldiers, and the harvest will suffer if the men are taken from the fields. Allah send our master the victory speedily. The Kassi (cousins) who came yesterday from

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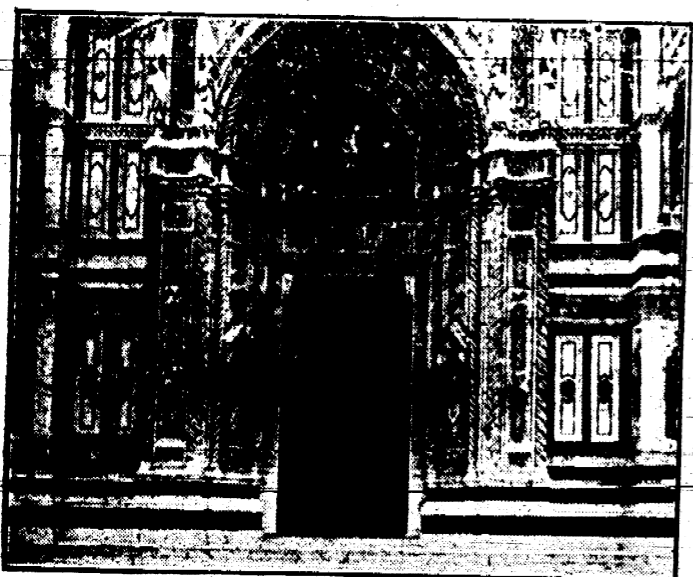
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ART OF OTHER DAYS

SOME GREAT MASTERPIECES

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

The adornment of church doors is an art of ancient date that still flourishes in Italy. The Church of Santa Sabina, on the Aventine at Rome, has a door of cedar-wood carved with scriptural scenes, and the work dates from the fifth century. A few days ago, at an interval of fifteen centuries, the central door of the Florentine cathedral was unveiled in the presence of King Victor Emmanuel III, and its



Door of Florentine Cathedral.

bas-reliefs in gilded bronze show that the art of adorning doors has not yet died out of Italian art.

As an engraved frontispiece to a book giving hints of the beauty that was within, the door or door frame of an ancient church was made a work of art. In that old carved cedar door of Santa Sabina on the Aventine Hill at Rome—a site which is notable for its memories, dating back to the foundation of the city—we get illuminating glimpses of the art of the period. That, apart from the evidence it furnishes to the religious thought of the time, is the special value of the designs with which it is adorned.

The art of the catacombs is ended; sculpture following the decline of painting is rapidly going down; architecture, the last of the fine arts to suffer decadence, is still vigorous. At this moment, when the arts are forsaking Rome to seek a home in Ravenna, where they will find a new development, but not the most esthetic, the carved door of Santa Sabina stands, a landmark between the two styles, and a fruitful theme for the art critics and students of today.

It was in 1180 that Bonanno of Pisa made the gates of the duomo in his native city; 200 years later, save two—that is, in 1378, the greatest maker of bronze doors that the world has yet beheld was born at Florence, Lorenzo Ghiberti.

Brunelleschi, born a year before Ghiberti, who will come into competition with him later, is distinguished in the history of art for the construction of the grandiose cupola on the Cathedral of Florence, the prototype of Michael Angelo's cupola of St. Peter's in Rome. Pontello, the marvelous sculptor, whose influence has been as new wine among the artists of his time, was eight years younger than Ghiberti.

The contest of competing artists for the commission offered by the signoria for two bronze doors of the baptis-

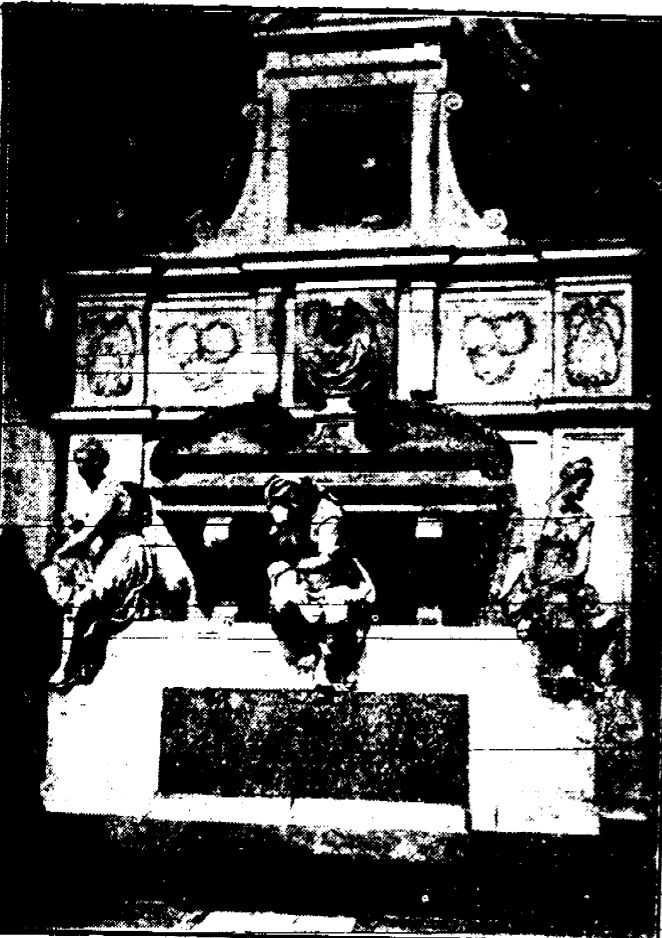
mission for it on Nov. 23, 1403, and the contract obliging him to begin the work on the 1st of December following, and continue it without intermission—feast days excepted—until its completion. This door, divided in the center, consists of twenty-eight bas-reliefs, arranged in chronological order, each possessing a special frame, adorned with a band of ivy leaves, and having at each angle the head of a

prophet or a sibyl. Twenty of the subjects are taken from the New Testament; the others represent the evangelists and the doctors of the church. One of the most striking of these is the "Annunciation," which, like the Charles Perkins of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and correspondent of the Institute of France, describes as being equal to the best representation of this work, whether painted or modeled, that has been made in Italy at any period. Its supreme qualities are simplicity and gracefulness, as well as a strict interpretation of the text of the gospel.

The "Baptism of Christ" begins to show the tendency of Ghiberti to the pictorial rather than the sculptural style of expression. The perspective of the scene is felt, and the movement of the arm of the Baptist is quite in the favorite manner of the master. The movement of the angels on the left presents these combinations of rounded lines which Ghiberti favored.

Then come the second or eastern doors of the same baptistry, executed by the same artist, and on which he spent close on twenty years. While Ghiberti was at work on the first gate Brunelleschi had been rendering possible to apply the rules of perspective to the arts of design, and thus the great master of bronze work became in his newer effort the supreme type of the "palestrator-sculptor."

The second gate contains only ten panels, but any one who studies them will see that they contain certain scenes, and that they resemble pictures as well as bas-reliefs. See the marvelous use made of perspective in the History of Joseph, where the great building in the background seems to stand out full and rounded. Or note again the deep distance into which the eye seems to penetrate within the portico in the background of the history of Jacob and Esau. Volumes might be written upon the subjects treated and mode of their treatment.



Tomb of Michael Angelo.

istry of San Giovanni is well known. Every visitor to the National Museum of the Bargello in Florence may compare the specimens of workmanship sent in by the two prominent rivals, Brunelleschi and Ghiberti.

The subject chosen was the Sacrifice of Isaac. "This story," says Vasari, "comprising landscape with human figures, nude and clothed, as well as those of animals, the foremost of these figures was to be in full relief, the second in half-relief, and the third in bas-relief." The award was given to Ghiberti.

The outcome of the success gained in the first gate which Ghiberti wrought, receiving the com-

mission for it on Nov. 23, 1403, and the contract obliging him to begin the work on the 1st of December following, and continue it without intermission—feast days excepted—until its completion. This door, divided in the center, consists of twenty-eight bas-reliefs, arranged in chronological order, each possessing a special frame, adorned with a band of ivy leaves, and having at each angle the head of a

OUR NATIONAL GAME

"Yes," said the Suburban Philosopher, as he watched the growing youth of the village tramp down his grass plot, "all the world's a baseball game, and all the men and women merely players; they have their innings and their outs, and one man in his time makes many errors."

"That's so," said the next-door neighbor as he leaned heavily on the handle of the lawn mower. "Life is a baseball game and some of us seldom score. Fate does the pitching, and it is sometimes a swifter ball than is sent across the plate; one we cannot hit, and the umpire, that silent voice within us that says 'Yes' and 'No' to all things, puts it down as a strike, and we go wondering and wondering along."

"Many's the time," said the Suburban Philosopher, as he brought out the family horse and began trotting scallops in the dust, "we've been to bat and the ball wasn't slow. The ball, you know, is opportunity in our game, and sometimes fate sends it fast and sometimes slow. Many times it is tossed to us as if some child had pitched it in play. We lay back with it, hit it for all it is worth, and it goes right in the hands of some lucky fellow out in the center field of prosperity, and we are down and out and back on the players' bench with the sweaters and the sponges."

"And again," said the next-door neighbor, as he carelessly tore down about three yards of the trailing honeysuckle, "we do make a good hit, send the ball of opportunity whizzing along through the grass past the second baseman, burning the shortstop's hands, and we manage to get as far as second base. Doing pretty well, established a nice little thing of our own, got the rent paid in advance, employing a bookkeeper, and putting money in bank and paying the interest on all our notes. It seems so nice. Then we get ambitious and we know so surely that we can get to the third base. Increase the capitalization and make the competitor across the street look like thirty cents. We think the

third baseman isn't looking, and we do know that the whole world, including the family, is perched on the grand stand. We make the run, the baseman sees us, we make a wild leap in the air, fall on the bag with all the skin knocked off our nose, blow the dust from our eyes, rise with a smile of victory, and then fall back to earth as we hear the umpire say 'Out.' Life and baseball, it is all the same."

"But," again, said the Suburban Philosopher as he pulled some stray weeds out of the walk, "we sometimes do pass third base and even get to the home plate and score. The crowd on the grand stand goes wild and we go out and purchase a larger hat, come home and spend the change, and get mad with the wife because she does not seem to appreciate what a good man she married. Look at that fellow across the street with the freckled wife and six children. Been playing hard for years and never even scored. The last time he was at bat, made a foul hit and was out the first ball fate sent him. We got mighty proud over that one run we have made. It has tied the game and we have the others guessing. Great players we in the ball game of life. Got the other nine working like sin to get one run ahead. The game is fierce. We forget all about time, we are so busy batting at the balls of opportunity and making money. The sun goes down and the evening shadows come. We keep on playing. What do we care about the shadows. We have got to beat the other fellows. We must make more runs than they. We are going to do more business than the other fellow if it kills us. The shadows grow thicker, the ball comes fast over the plate, we strike at it, but we merely fan the air, and then that same umpire in a voice that is deep and sad, calls the game on account of darkness and we are done."

"Yes," said the neighbor, as he took a seat on the bottom step of the porch, "in the game of life as in the ball game after all, what is the use?" —Wells Hawk.

Corn Valuable as Fuel

Substitutes for coal have for many years commanded attention and especially so during the eight or nine months in the United States when coal prices were at abnormal figures as a result of the anthracite miners' strike. Peat and briquetted sawdust, wood-oil and many other substances have been under consideration, and among them also corn, this last particularly having been spoken of as something quite new, though, as a matter of fact, corn has for a long time been used as fuel in the farming districts of the western sections of the United States, and that, too, with very satisfactory results.

In a general way, it was recognized there that when corn was abundant and cheap and coal was expensive, the former made a cheaper fuel than the latter, although no scientific determination of their relative efficiency had been made until a short time ago. When tests were made by the department of agriculture of the University of Nebraska, says Cassier's Magazine, that of corn, which, if burned, will yield from 22,512,000 to 45,024,000 units, not counting the heat that could be obtained from the stalk. Since a ton of good coal will give up from about 20,000,000 to 26,000,000 units, an

acre of ground is each year capable of producing fuel which is equal to 0.87 or 1.28 to 1.74 or 2.56 tons of coal. The stalk will probably increase this amount by one-fourth or one-third.

The experience gained from boiler tests with corn fuel made it appear doubtful whether corn would be a practical fuel for the generation of power, unless it were burned in some special furnace that would insure the perfect combustion of the volatile matter which forms so large a percentage of the whole corn, and which is driven off at a comparatively low heat. Some form of automatic stoker would also be desirable, since the corn burns rapidly and must be frequently fired, making the work of the fireman very arduous, and at the same time tending to cause incomplete combustion by the excess of cold air entering through the fire door. Undoubtedly corn may, at times, be a cheap and economical fuel for domestic use. It is cleaner and more easily handled than coal and contains but a very small amount of ash. It burns rapidly with an intense heat, and this is apt to be destructive to the cast-iron linings of the stove. Here, again, therefore, some special form of fire-box, that will not be injured by the heat, and that will utilize as much of the heat as possible, should be used.

People With Odd Beliefs

In his article on "Our Appalachian People," in Harper's Magazine, for June, Julian Ralph tells of the curious shyness of these people of the Cumberland mountains, and of their fear of anything new and advanced.

"Incidents illustrative of some of these traits are the following," he says: "A man living on Hell-for-sartin Creek refused to allow his sick baby to be taken to a hospital at Berea college, 'because,' he argued, 'if she's a-going to live, she'll get well, anyhow. I reckon, and I don't guess, if she's a-going to die, nothin' we kin do won't save her.' Again, a man on Bullsikin creek, in explaining why his child died, said that 'no one couldn't make her take no medicine.' She just wouldn't take it. She was a Baker through and through, and you never could make a Baker do nothin' he didn't want to do. A mountaineer in the Tennessee heart his wife complain-

that, no matter how hard she churned and no matter what she did, she could not make butter come that day. 'That thar's Nance Clay's doin's,' said the husband, 'it'll soon fix her.' He proceeded to draw the figure of a woman on a sheet of paper, and when he finished he marked with an oval the place where her heart would be. He pinned the paper on the wall of his log cabin, melted a silver coin into the form of a bullet, took down his rifle, aimed at the drawing, and shot the bullet through the oval. He believed that a neighbor named Nancy Clay—presumably an aged spinster of shrewish temper or meddling disposition—had bewitched the milk, and that by shooting her through the heart in the drawing he could cause her to sicken and die. This is a very ancient notion found in one form or another among the red Indians, the negroes, the Astorians and many other old races."

The Puget Sound Salmon

The man who has fished for brook trout all his life is apt to think that he knows at least a little bit about fishing, but he has only been going to kindergarten until he gets in the game with a big, lusty salmon in the bright, new end of a September morning on Puget sound. He needs a four-ounce lancewood rod, 300 feet of green line and a large steel reel if he really wants to find out what a big salmon is good for. If he has never hung on to the business end of a rod while a salmon was doing round and lolly tumbling at the other end, or has never been in the whole industry he wants to multiply all his previous experience by whatever number suits him best, for his work is cut out for him the minute that salmon finds that the spoon he grabbed is loaded.

Anybody can get 1500 of a salmon or any number of them by going out to the sound in a rowboat as the tide comes in and any place in the bay is a good place, so no one can make a mistake until he hooks his fish, then—well, a good many men make a lot of mistakes from that time on because they can't keep up with the antics of the party of the second part. That is the reason many folks wait a 15-minute rod out there and a lot of other things they think are needed to beat the game. They miss half the fun, though, for they do not let the fish have a chance, and just fight him with tackle that gives him no show at all, him the minute that salmon finds that and stream.

Harry Metzel of Boston went to the Mountain Tea hills yesterday in search of mountain tea. He was accompanied by a young beagle hound, the hound became separated from Metzel and soon attracted him by its yelping. He found the hound in a small open space in the underbrush, and when he stepped toward the animal a large snake.

Flood Benefits One Man. The Missouri river flood has given P. C. Nuckles of Rochefort, Mo., a new house, completely furnished. The high water drove Mr. Nuckles away from his farm, and when he returned he found on his land a comparatively new house, which was in good condition, despite its watery journey. There is nothing about it to indicate who the owner is.

Snake Captures Dog.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX. AUG. 30—DAVID SPARES SAUL.

Golden Text—"Love Your Enemies. Do Good to Them Which Hate You"—Luke. 6:27.—The Victory Over One's Own Spirit.

1. "David's Exile Experience and What It Taught Him."—In this lesson, as in the last, we have two parallel experiences with very different results. To Saul these years brought many trials from within and from without, but he fell before temptation, he was defeated in the moral battle, he let evil overcome good, he grew worse under the discipline instead of better. To David the same years brought trial after trial, danger, temptation, exile, enemies, suffering, but he stood the test, he won the victory on the battlefield of the heart, he overcame evil with good, and came forth a conqueror, trained and fitted to be a wise and great king.

2. Flight to Nob. Immediately after David's parting with Jonathan at Gibeah (our last lesson), David and Jonathan went to Nob, Nob was the religious capital of the nation, where were the high priest and the tabernacle with its services. In his terror and distrust he told a falsehood to Ahimelech the high priest, and as a friend and relative of the king he was allowed to eat of the sacred showbread and to take with him the sword of Goliath. The fruit of this lie was the massacre by Saul of the high priest and his family (save Abiathar), and the ministering priests, eighty-five in all (1 Sam. 21, 22).

3. Flight to Gath. David hastened away from Nob, and fled southwesterly to a city of Philistines, the old residence of Goliath.

4. The Cave of Adullam. Leaving Gath, David returned to the tribe of Judah, and took refuge in the cave of Adullam. Being near his boyhood's home, David was probably well acquainted with this cavern. Here they gathered around him a large band of discontented people, mostly victims of Saul's oppression, and of the growing discontent with his rule, on account of his recurring paroxysms of insanity, and consequent inability to rule his kingdom well.

5. Experience at En Gedi. Near the western shore of the Dead Sea. Here he spares Saul, as in the lesson for to-day.

6. "David's Battle with Temptation."—1 Sam. 21:1-8. The scene, David, pursued by Saul for years, was now in hiding in the wilderness of Ziph, about four miles southeast of Hebron, east of the town of Ziph.

7. The Pursuit. For some reason, perhaps from the lawlessness of David's band, perhaps from the desire to curry favor with the king, perhaps from gratitude for Saul's victory over their enemies the Amalekites a few years before, some of the inhabitants of the village of Ziph sent word to Saul at a court in Gibeah, 1 Sam. 22:1-5, and fought the Philistines at Keilah, on the western border of Judah. In this forest he and Jonathan met for the last and only time during his exile, and renewed their covenant of friendship.

8. "God-hath-delivered," by his guiding providence, "thine enemy into thine hand." But an angel do a wrong deed does not make it right.

9. Our highest and deepest longings—as for love, for usefulness, for success, for glory, for spheres—may be gratified in wrong ways, of wrong character, and by low, outward, instead of holy spiritual methods.

10. "Who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed?" (the divinely appointed king) and be guiltless? David, restrained his officer from doing what he was unwilling to do himself.

11. "Take now the spear." Of specially heathenish character, manliness, distinguishing the king. "And the sword." Akin to "crucible," a small jar or jug.

12. "And no man saw it, nor knew it." David and Abiathar were practiced scouts who could do such work noiselessly, like the early American Indians.

13. Thus David gained a great victory over himself, a greater than his famous victory over Goliath. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

14. Overcoming Evil with Good.—Vs. 21-25. David and Abiathar went a safe distance from Saul's camp to another hill, and then called to Abner, Saul's general, and upbraided him for his carelessness. He showed the spear and the water cruse, to make known how Saul had been in his power, and at the same time that he had refused to harm the king.

15. "Then said Saul, I have sinned." I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly." Saul was doubtless sincere so far as his present feelings were concerned, but his repentance was like the early dew, or the lights that glorify the surface of the summer sea, and pass away with the setting sun.

16. "The Lord render," etc. Better "shall render." David committed his case wholly to God. He would not take vengeance into his own hands. This was another proof of David's innocence of the charges against him. A guilty man does not wish the Lord to judge his cause. "Delivered into my hand." I have been faithful to you.

17. "So let my life." So may the Lord cause Saul to spare David's life, and deliver me from all tribulations he was enduring as an outlaw.

18. "Blessed be thou, my son David." There is a ring of fairness, and this was evidently the impression made on the outlaw, for he not only silently desired the royal overtures, but almost immediately removed from the dominions of Saul altogether, feeling that for him and his there was no longer any home of security in the land of Israel so long as his foe King Saul lived.—Elmhurst.

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