The Royal Oak Press.

Edited by Albert E. Hayes.

Village Officers.

President—CHARLES A. ALLEN.
Trustees—LOUIS STORZ.
ROBERT McCLURE.
J. S. McCLELLAN.
JOSEPH STAUCH.
EDWARD ROY.
REUBEN A. RUSSELL.
Marshal—ALEXANDER LEWLESS.
Street Commissioner—ROBERT HAWTHORNE.
Clerk—GEORGE A. DONDERO.
Treasurer—WILLIAM BELTZ.

LITTLE ACORNS.

By mistake of the printer last week the rate on a two-party business telephone was quoted at $12 per annum. It should have been $18, which, with the discount, would bring it down to $15 net from October 1.

The Royal Oak Club met last week and elected George Dondero President, Kirt Netzel Secretary, John Mow Treasurer, and leased for one year the lower floor of Merrill's store, corner of First and Main Streets, the place to be ready for occupancy October 1.

A FIRE DEPARTMENT FOR ROYAL OAK

The recent blaze in the village demonstrated to many that the time isn't far distant when Royal Oak should have some sort of fire protection. A fire starting on the premises of Jacob Lawson, Louis Storz or in the block bounded by Main, Williams, Third and Fourth streets would cause a heavy loss, outside of the insurance carried, to the property owners. A cistern or tank of water in the center of the business district with enough hose and a hand engine would be of great value in case of emergencies and save thousands of dollars to the property owners. The Detroit Suburban Telephone Company will do all they can to assist by having the operator telephone around the village that there is a fire if any one will notify the central office.

Remuneration.

Knicker—How are your boys getting on?

Docker—One gets a five dollar salary and the other ten-dollar wages. —N. Y. Sun.

POOR MOTHER!

Caller—Is your mother at home, Johnny?

Johnny—Mother is ill very ill. The doctor says she has got an eternal chill.—Scraps.

He Does.

"What looks more ridiculous than a peek-a-boo waist?"

"Well, a man in white canvas shoes, passionate socks and turned-up trousers, smoking a cigarette, crowds it mighty close."—Houston Post.

For All He was Worth.

"Yes," said the man who had failed in business, "I was trying to get into politics."

"And couldn't you?"

"No; politics got into me."—Houston Post.

Didn't Have To.

Dottie—Dick's an impudent thing, isn't he?

Lottie—Oh, I don't know.

Dottie—Didn't he try to kiss you?

Lottie—Not very hard.—Cleveland Leader.

Time's Healing Power.

"But she appeared to be heartbroken and said she could never love again."

"I know; but that was last week."—Houston Post.

A great many persons who have been misspelling English words nearly all their lives have suddenly found out that they were reformers.

FIRE PROTECTION

Village Council Takes First Steps Toward Solving the Problem for Royal Oak.

At the Council meeting Thursday, the 20th inst., the matter of of fire protection for the village was taken up by the Council, and all citizens present were called upon to express their views, which seemed to be unanimous for some sort of protection. Ira T. Johnston, representative of the Stempel Fire Extinguisher Company, was on hand to set forth the merits of his apparatus. He seemed quite confident that the 60-gallon tank of his company would handle any fire that might occur for some time in Royal Oak. The matter was discussed, pro and con, and the Council was urged to provide ladders and buckets until something is done in providing more up-to-date protection. It was stated that had there been a ladder available at the time the Martin house was burned the building could have been saved. The meeting was adjourned to Thursday evening of this week, when a citizens' meeting is called for further discussion of the matter.

ALL READY FOR THE GRID-IRON.

Below we publish a letter addressed to the sporting editor:

DETROIT, Sept. 20, '06.

Royal Oak Press, Sporting Editor:

Dear Sir—Please insert an ad't in the sporting column for the Partridge & Blackwell football team, of Detroit. We would like a game with a Royal Oak team averaging 140 pounds or over, to play at Royal Oak. Open dates—October 7, all Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day. Yours in sport,

C. HOGG,
Of Partridge & Blackwell, Detroit.

It is now up to the Royal Oak boys to accept the defi and wipe the earth with the P. & B. team.

There is entertainment for our next-door neighbors to the northwestward in the assurance of Dr. Hayes, of the geological survey, who has announced that the next country to be visited by an earthquake will be Mexico. The mountain system regarded as the backbone of the continent is suffering from an attack of incipigitis. Along this mountain chain the earth's crust is thin, and when the great strains accumulate something has got to go. With the roots of the mountains getting too thin to dwell on, and with the valleys unsafe if the mountains topple in, life is getting precarious, and even the programme of the new political parties offers no information on how we are going to be saved.

'PHONE USERS

ATTENTION

All those wishing to have their names in the new Birmingham-Royal Oak Directory must subscribe at once. A solicitor is now in the field. It is expected that the new directory will contain 500 names.

ALBERT E. HAYES,
Mgr. for Royal Oak.
GEO. H. MITCHELL,
Mgr. for Birmingham.

T. Alger

Photographer

Royal Oak, Mich.

Gallery and methods up to date in every respect. Work speaks for itself. Also handles the Premo and Hawkeye Cameras, which are the finest in the market. Give us a call.

NOTE—The cuts in this paper are from photographs by Alger.

OCTOBER 2 AND 3

Date When the Oakland County S. S. Association Will Be Entertained at R. O. M. E. Church.

The Sunday Schools of Royal Oak will, on October 2 and 3, entertain the Oakland County Sunday School Association at the M. E. Church. The following are the officers and a list of the committees having matters in charge; also the program to be rendered:

President, Burton D. Snook; Secretary, Mrs. C. E. Phipps; Treasurer, E. S. Ladd.

Chairman Local Committee, Earl F. Sinclair.

Music of the Convention in charge of Mrs. John Benjamin and Miss Clara Starr.

Entertainment Committee—Mrs. Rose, Chairman; Mrs. Hough and Mrs. Cole.

Reception Committee—Mrs. Goodfellow, Chairman; Mrs. Groves and C. J. LeRoy.

Decoration Committee—Mrs. Benjamin, Chairman; Mrs. Grefke and William Blackman.

TUESDAY—MORNING SESSION.

10:00. Devotional and Praise Service. Rev. A. Smith.
10:30. How Sunday School Work May Be Advanced. Rev. W. N. Ferris.
11:00. Social Hour—to get acquainted.

TUESDAY—AFTERNOON SESSION.

1:30. A Half Hour With the Word. Rev. W. H. Jamieson.
2:00. Words of Greeting. E. J. LeRoy.
2:10. The Word We Study and Teach. Arthur Johnson.
2:40. Teacher Training Class, taught by Miss Mary Barnett.
3:30. Appointment of Committees.
3:40. Practical Primary Plans. Miss E. Williams.
4:15. Primary Class, taught by Mrs. H. J. Davis.

Question Drawer. (Primary Work.)

TUESDAY—EVENING SESSION.

Song and Praise Service, led by Dr. St. John.
Address. Rev. J. M. Barkley, D. D., Detroit.

WEDNESDAY—MORNING SESSION.

9:00. Devotional. Rev. Francis B. Cutler.
9:30. Glimpses of the Field, by President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Delegates.
10:00. Between Sundays. (10-minute papers.) The Superintendent. A. E. Vantine. The Teacher. Mrs. C. H. Baird. The Scholar. Mark Shattuck.
10:30. Our Sunday Schools and Our Public Scools. Mrs. J. B. Morley.
11:00. How to Encourage Interest Among Young Men. C. A. Stringer.
11:30. Home Department. Mrs. G. W. Chisholm.
11:45. Report of Delegates to State Convention. Election of Officers.

WEDNESDAY—AFTERNOON SESSION.

1:00. Devotional. Rev. O. J. Roberts.
1:30. Consecration—For What? Rev. W. R. Kedzie.
2:00. Teachers' Meeting. Mrs. R. M. Traver. Rev. O. J. Roberts.
A Square Look at Sunday School Questions. C. A. Stringer.

Each Township Association is entitled to two delegates besides its officers, and every Sunday School in the county should send its Superintendent and one other delegate. Entertainment will be provided.

A large attendance is anticipated, and there is no doubt the delegates will have a high appreciation of Royal Oak's hospitality. Let all who can turn out and help make the occasion the success it deserves.

Extraordinary : Fall : Opening : Sale

END-OF-SEASON PRICES ON NEW GOODS FOR QUICK SELLING
YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THE OPPORTUNITY

Saving Offers in

LINENS

50 Doz. Fringed Damask Doilies, worth 10c each; our special, ***25c dozen,*** or, each... **3c**

18x45 Hemstitched Scarf, with fancy border; always sells for 50c; special, each **33c**

Bed Spreads, slightly soiled; were $1.50; specially priced at..... **98c**

Bed Spreads, full 12-4 size, fringed; $3 values; slightly soiled; special at, each **$2.19**

Hemstitched Pattern Cloths, 2x2½; 4 Napkins to match; $3.50 values; specially priced at, set..... **$2.89**

Special Prices on

New Draperies

Ruffled Muslin Curtains, plain and fancy, 2½ yards long, 5-inch ruffle; 85c values; special, pair..... **49c**

Scotch Mull, very fine and sheer; $1.15 values; specially priced at..... **85c**

Fancy Jacquard Figured Mull; a special showing of $1.25 values, at..... **98c**

Fine Cable Net Curtains, Swiss point effects; $2.50 qualities; priced at..... **$1.98**

Persian Banded Portieres, mounted in heavy tapestries; new patterns; $5.50 and $6.00 values, at..... **$3.95**

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Given every attention and satisfaction guaranteed.

TRY ONE

J. Sparling & Co.

155 Woodward Ave. 157

DETROIT

HORRIBLE TORTURE INFLICTED ON BOY.

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF NEGRO TO OBTAIN CONFESSION.

CHOKED TILL EYES BULGE

Texas Officers Perform Outrageous Acts in Their Anxiety to Make Him Admit Murder—Finally Rescued by Rangers.

Fort Worth, Tex.—Tortures as diabolical as religious fanatics ever visited upon a heretic having failed to make Monk Gibson, a negro boy, confess the slaughter of Mrs. J. F. Conditt and her four children last September, the crime has been laid now upon Felix Powell, another and older negro. Only Gibson's survival of the tortures inflicted upon him led to the discovery of what the authorities believe is positive evidence of the other negro's guilt.

The Negro Was Bound to the Floor and Lashed.

Monk Gibson worked for Conditt, and when the family was murdered he rushed breathlessly to the house of a white neighbor and said he had seen a negro chasing Mrs. Conditt about the yard. When neighbors reached the house they found the entire family had been murdered most brutally. Blood on Gibson's clothes at once cast suspicion on him.

Gibson said the murderers, who he said he did not know, had dragged him into the house, compelled him to witness the murders, and after wiping blood upon his clothing, had set him free.

The boy was tortured. Stripped and bound to the floor, the lash fell across his back until the flesh was cut and he fainted, but he remained steadfast in his last statement. He was allowed to recover and was fed well. Again he was "examined." Men wearing large Texas spurs jumped upon his prostrate and bleeding body. He screamed in pain, and begged for mercy. He said he had told all he knew. He prayed aloud in his cell, asking God to assist the officers in their search for the guilty persons, in order that he might be cleared. The authorities did not believe his story. He was tortured again.

This time a noose was prepared and he was strung up until his eyes bulged from their sockets so horribly that even the hardened officers of Texas justice turned away. The boy's tongue protruded from between his swollen lips and he lost consciousness, and when he recovered, still steadfast, he lay near death for weeks.

Gov. Lanham then ordered Texas rangers, under Capt. McDonald, to save the boy from further torture. Officers and guards had started with the boy across country to escape lynching, and the boy escaped. He was retaken by a squad of rangers, and Capt. McDonald reached the conclusion that the boy was innocent.

Monk Gibson was indicted on the charge of murder, and his trial was transferred to San Antonio. His neck was saved by the fact that the bloody imprint of a hand on a board of the Conditt farmhouse did not correspond to the imprint of his hand.

Capt. McDonald, a veteran Texas ranger, was sent by Gov. Lanham to investigate the murder. The minute he set eyes on Felix Powell and his crooked little finger, mishaped by a felon, McDonald asked for his arrest. The ranger found a bloody shirt hidden under a culvert. It was too large for Monk Gibson and he had blood on the shirt he was wearing when arrested. When McDonald produced the shirt, tied in a bundle, Powell said: "That ain't my shirt!"

"How did you know it was a shirt?" asked the ranger. "Didn't your mother sew on these buttons?"

The negro looked askance and replied: "Maybe she did. Did she say so?"

The plans were laid to take an impression of Powell's hand, and it was through an adroit arrangement that the imprint was secured. Camphor smoked paper was spread on a table at the window, and then Capt. McDonald asked: "Who is that coon, Felix?" pointing out the window. It was necessary for the prisoner to lean over the table to see in the direction indicated, and in doing this his hand was so placed as to secure the desired imprint. It corresponded exactly with the bloody imprint on the Conditt house.

RISKS LIFE ON NARROW LEDGE TO SAVE BABY.

Chicago Court Clerk Rescues Child Who Had Found New Place to Play—Crowds Cheer Act.

Chicago.—Seventy-five feet in the air, above the confusing whirl of traffic in the street below, Margaret Keesey, two years old, whose father and mother are about to fight for her custody in the divorce courts, was rescued from a ledge less than a foot wide, on which she sat, by George Wise, custodian of the chancery files of the circuit court, on the fourth floor of the Monadnock building.

As she sat there, clapping her hands in babyish glee, and laughing at the sights that were strange to her, wholly unconscious of her peril, great crowds gathered in the street below, fascinated by her danger. Women who were passing ran from the scene, and many of them, not wishing to witness her death, took refuge in near-by stores, fearing the child would fall.

He Eventually Reached Margaret.

When Wise came through the window and crawled on his hands and knees to where the child sat, they stood with bated breath, powerless to assist, and keenly watching his every move. It seemed hours before the space between the child and the window was covered by the man, and when he finally reached her a great sigh of relief was heard.

Wise could not turn around. To attempt it meant certain death for himself and the baby. Steadying himself as best he could on the narrow ledge he took Margaret firmly about the waist and painfully worked his way back to the open window.

The baby, unconscious of her danger, laughed in her delight over the novelty of the situation. She pulled Wise's hair and made several attempts to stick her finger in his eye.

The window, which is on a level with the platform, was open, and Margaret crawled through it and out onto the ledge. When out a little way she sat up and waved her hand to the men who were at work on a building across the way. An iron worker who was riding on a suspended beam yelled and attempted to attract the attention of the mother, but no attention was paid to his shouts.

Crowds began to gather in the street, but they were afraid to shout for fear they would frighten the child. Margaret seemed to be having the time of her life. Once she laughed so loud that her voice attracted her mother, who turned from Wise, and, on seeing the danger of the child, swooned.

Wise, who is a stockily built man, is anything but athletic, but when he caught sight of the baby, he jumped over a table that stood between him and the window, and was on the ledge in a few seconds. The chiseled stone cut into his hands and knees, and under his great weight every move was torture. He eventually reached Margaret, and, gathering her up in one arm, crawled slowly back with her. As he disappeared through the window with the baby waving his hand the crowd in the street sent up cheer after cheer, and refused to move until policemen ordered them away.

Overcoat of Navy Blankets.

Lieut. W. R. Henderson, who arrived from the orient on the transport Thomas, brought an overcoat made out of two British navy blankets. Henderson is "more than common tall," and would be noticeable without the cream colored sack that he is taking to his home in the east to keep him warm when skating time comes.

The coat is quite a startling affair, much affected by British officers, but seldom seen in this part of the world. If you see a tall, handsome young fellow, wearing a loose fitting garment that suggests memories of the exodus from the Occidental hotel on the morning of April 18, you'll know that he is not a belated refugee, but a gallant navy officer.—San Francisco Call.

Man Shot by a Woodchuck.

New Haven, Conn.—George Adams, of Waterbury, lies fatally wounded at the home of Clifford Barnum in Middlebury. Adams was shot by a woodchuck. He went to Middlebury a few days ago on business. The other night with two farmhands and his wife he went in pursuit of a woodchuck which was in a burrow in a lot a quarter of a mile from the Barnum home. The men poured bucket after bucket of water into the woodchuck hole and soon had the animal gasping to keep his head above water at the mouth of the hole. Adams tried to push the woodchuck under the water with the butt of his rifle. As he did so the woodchuck, Adams says, seizing the rifle trigger with its claws, discharged the rifle.

Women "Ride Man on a Rail."

Charter Oak, Ia.—Smashing down the doors of a room in which he had taken refuge, a mob of 200, mostly women, dragged Fred Kellar, of Sioux City, from his hiding place and rode him on a rail two miles out of the city. Kellar returned to the home of his deserted wife and attempted to induce her 15-year-old daughter to live with him. When baffled in this he began selling the woman's furniture. This aroused the women of the town and they, with the help of a few men, summarily banished him.

Gossip from Washington

Interesting Items Gathered at the Capital—Social Leader of the White House Must Be a Single Man—Cleaning Up the Executive Mansion.

WASHINGTON.—It is openly declared that the president has decreed that the major domo of the White House must be a single man. Those who make this assertion point to the removal of Maj. McCawley, for nearly four years leader of social functions at the White House, who recently married the widow of Judge Davis, as their proof.

No recent White House announcement has created has as much comment and concern official and high social circles as the order deposing Maj. McCawley. It was upon Maj. McCawley that most of the important details connected with the Roosevelt-Longworth wedding devolved. Maj. McCawley has held a much similar relative position in the White House under the Roosevelt regime as Harry Lehr holds in Mrs. Astor's "400." Without him no social function could have succeeded half so well. He is handsome, dashing, a divine dancer and as a cotillon leader his reputation in Washington is unequaled.

And now his romantic marriage at the height of his popularity to the widow of Judge John Davis, of the court of claims, has been followed by the much discussed official announcement transferring Maj. McCawley to the Marine barracks at Washington, and placing a new major domo at the White House.

"Beau Brummel is paying the penalty of getting married," is what official Washington is whispering. It should perhaps be explained that Maj. McCawley has long been honored with the title of the Beau Brummel of Washington, and very deservedly, too.

The incoming holder of that distinguished position is Capt. Frank McCoy, of the Third cavalry, now at Lewisport, Pa.

Maj. McCawley was an obscure officer in the Marine corps until a little more than four years ago, when largely through the record and high standing of his father, the late Col. McCawley, of the Marine corps, he was chosen aide to the president. Since then he has loomed high in the social firmament at the capitol.

Much interest has attended the courtship of Maj. McCawley and the famous beauty. Although Mrs. Davis is nearly 60 years old, her wonderful beauty, black hair and splendid carriage would lead an observer to place her on the sunny side of 30. She is extremely wealthy, having a fortune of several million dollars in her own right, and occupies a high position in the most exclusive social sets in Washington. Her name figures among the lists of the capital's most assiduous hostesses, and wherever she goes a murmur of admiration follows.

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You follow the historic Santa Fe Trail over the shortest line to Southern California.

You can visit the Grand Canyon en route.—Harvey serves the meals.

Ask F. T. Hendry, 151 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich., for a Tourist Sleeper folder.

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Scientifically distilled; Naturally aged; Best and safest for all uses.

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BLOOD DISEASES CURED

Drs. K. & K. Established 25 Years.

NO NAMES USED WITH OUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

Before Treatment.

After Treatment.

He was surprised at how the sores healed—"I took your New Method Treatment for a serious blood disease with which I had been afflicted for twelve years. I had consulted a score of physicians, taken all kinds of blood medicine, visited Hot Springs and other mineral water resorts, but only got temporary relief. They would help me for a time, but after discontinuing the medicine the symptoms would break out again—running sores, blotches, rheumatic pains, weakness of the hair, swellings of the glands, palms of the hands scaling, itchiness of the skin, dyspeptic stomach, etc. I had given up in despair when a friend advised me to consult you, as you had cured him of a similar disease 5 years ago. I had no faith, but took his advice. In three weeks' time the sores commenced to heal up and I became encouraged. I continued the New Method Treatment for four months and at the end of that time every symptom had disappeared. I was cured 5 years ago and no disease since. My boy, three years old, is sound and healthy. I certainly can recommend your treatment with all my heart. You can refer any person to me privately, but you can use this testimonial as you wish." W. H. S.

We treat **Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Stricture, Vital Weakness, Blood and Skin** diseases, **Urinary, Bladder and Kidney** complaints of men and women.

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write us an honest letter. Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—The Golden Monitor (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Sealed Book on Diseases of Women. Free.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. Everything confidential. Question List and cost of treatment FREE.

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