The GLOW of the RUBIES

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And This Was the Frump's Father.

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprises to the wearer. Lightnut dons the pajamas and late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant Jenkins comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas, in a message from his friend, Jack Billings. Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Frances and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Frances. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut burns to the loss to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls to spend the night with Lightnut. They discover priceless rubies hidden in the buttons of the pajamas. Billings dons the pajamas and retires. Lightnut later finds in his apartment a beefy person in mutton-chop whiskers and wearing pajamas. Jenkins calls the police, who declare the intruder to be a criminal, called "Foxy Grandpa." The intruder declares he is Lightnut's guest and appeals to the latter. In the morning Lightnut is astounded to find Billings gone, and more astonished when he gets a message from the latter, demanding his clothes. Lightnut, bound for Tarrytown, Billings' home, discovers "Frances," the girl of the pajamas, on the train. Lightnut speaks to her and alludes to the pajamas. She declares indignantly that Lightnut never saw her in black pajamas. At Tarrytown Frances is met by a husky college youth, who calls Lightnut as "Dicky." The latter ignores the boy, who then threatens to thrash him for offending Frances. Lightnut takes the new arrival home. He storms over the outrage of his arrest. He and Lightnut discover mysterious Chinese characters on the pajamas. Professor Docsenbery is called in to interpret the hieroglyphics. He raves over what he calls the lost silk of Si-Chi. The writing declares that a person wearing the pajamas will take on the semblance of the previous wearer. Frump promptly borrows the pajamas for experiment. "Billings" dressed in pajamas is found in the professor's room and is taken home in an automobile with Frances and Frump. Lightnut calls "the frump." Lightnut is angered by "the frump's" slander, on talk about "Frances." Frump, he takes, to his room. A servant tells Lightnut that a message has just been received stating that Billings was under arrest in New York for stealing a suit of black pajamas. Judge Billings astonishes Lightnut with a tale of Frances' downfall, and grants permission to speak to "Frances." The judge declares that "Frances" has been spoiled by reading Billings' room. Lightnut has an interesting hour with Frances. He tells of the things the judge has been saying about Frances, much to "Frances'" amusement. Judge Billings refuses to intercede for a man under arrest claiming to be his son Jack. The Judge implores Jack to wear the pajamas that night. Next morning Lightnut finds Frances in his room (Lightnut) fighting with a youth in the library during the night. Jack Billings tells Lightnut that the judge is going to send Frances to a reformatory. Lightnut is attacked by a man he takes for the chauffeur, who objects to his attentions to Frances.

CHAPTER XXX—(Continued).

"I'd—I'd have got 'em to you soon-er," I faltered, swallowing, "but they've been lost a day or two—they stole them from my rooms, you know."

"How on earth did you ever get hold of them? I never expected to see those pajamas again. Oh, you must tell me all about how you managed it!"—and we moved away—"I just wish father were here!"

I didn't! Dash it, it made me squirm to think of his return.

As we left the pergola behind, I looked backward through its arch, and there was the chauffeur, standing in the shadows, looking after us. And long after, as we turned from the straight avenue leading through the pergola, I descried his figure, still looking after us, unchanged, immovable.

It was rum!

But I had other things to think of as we sat out in the loggia—chiefly of her, herself; which wondering gloomily what her father would say when he found I had disobeyed his injunction about not speaking to her. Presently the summons to luncheon came, and we went in.

From up-stairs came sounds indicating great hilarity on Billings' part. In fact, we could hear him slapping his knee and screaming. The frump looked at me anxiously.

"Why, I understood he was all right again," she said aside.

I shook my head dubiously. I had seen in the past day or two how rapidly Billings' moods shifted. Twenty minutes since he had looked enraged. "Oh, this is too good—but keep it mum!" we heard. "Come on, Professor!"

"Professor?" The frump looked at Frances, then at Wilkes inquiringly.

"I didn't know, miss," he murmured contritely. "I'll say I didn't mention it."

We were crossing the great hall in the direction of the beautiful dining-room beyond—Elizabethan. I think Frances said it was. We all paused expectantly as Billings rolled down the stairs in his usual jolly, elephantine way. And then on the landing appeared an apparition—not only an apparition, but, by Jove, a scarecrow, as well!

Professor Doozenbery, blandly smiling—his rail-like figure shrouded flabbily in one of Billings' largest and loudest suits! Billings went through the form of introductions, clinching officially the while. But the professor scarcely noticed any one but the frump.

"Don't wait, Wilkes," Billings directed. His nod beckoned me aside. "Gentleman sulking in his tent over here I want you to meet," he said. And I followed him to the library. A figure pacing the floor turned sharply. By Jove, it was the chauffeur, and how he did scowl at me!

"Now, young man," said Billings sternly, "perhaps you'll have the nerve to tell me before Mr. Lightnut himself that you were his guest on your way home from Harvard."

"I certainly was!" He made the statement, chin up and eyes blazing. "I was his guest at the Kaboka Wednesday night, and he knows it."

Billings looked at me and shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't bother denying it, old man," he said. "It's all right."

"Oh, but I say—It isn't!" I exclaimed in disgusted amaze. "Dashed impertinence, you know—never saw this fellow before the morning at the —er—boat, and day before yesterday when I—" I halted, remembering.

But the fellow was shaking his finger at me.

"A-a-a!" he jeered like a school-boy. "Why don't you finish? Bet you didn't know, Jack, that this paragon friend of yours was here on the train day before yesterday." Billings stared, for he did not know.

The chap grew more impudent. "Yah, see him turn red!"

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, warming up, you know. "Say, Billings, who the devil is this fellow?" And I advanced angrily—dashed annoyed, you know.

Billings interposed. "My brother," he said quietly.

"Yes, his brother," almost shouted the other. Then he lowered his voice at Billings' command: "And I say, you didn't tell Jack you were on the train yesterday, posing as a 'Mr. Lightnut,' that you insulted Frances." He shook off his brother's hand angrily. "Oh, yes he did—sister told me about it! I knew it was you when I got to thinking about it this morning!" He panted for breath. "I can't call you a liar, Lightnut, when you say I wasn't at your rooms, because you're a quicker hitter than I am, and—" He looked around and shrugged. "And because we are in this house. But you're an infernal hypocrite, and I want Jack to know it." He laughed mockingly and faced his brother. "Ask your friend, Mr. Lightnut, about that girl in black pajamas in his rooms!"

And he flung himself from the room with a Parthian shot: "Ask him to tell you about her as he did me. Ask him who it was!"

Billings seemed to ground. "More black pajamas!" he muttered.

I faced him eagerly. "I never told him about her—I'll swear I didn't," I pleaded miserably. "You know all there is to know, Jack. I wouldn't tell anybody in the world a thing like that. I—love her too well. Much less would I go and tell her own brother."

"Wha-a-a-at?" Billings' fat body almost leaped into the air. "What the devil—say, old chap, what are you talking about?"

"And, besides, she's forgiven me," I persisted gloomily. "And I love her—and—and we're going to be married—or I hope so, dash it!"

Billings stared at me with popping eyes for an instant. Then he lifted my chin and looked at me anxiously. "Are you quite well, old man?" he asked. "Headache, or anything like that? By George, it's from sitting out in the sun without a hat. Marry my sister?" He wagged his head lugubriously. "What—Elizabeth? Oh, good heavens!"

"No—Frances," I explained anxiously.

He stared. "Francis?" Then his arm led me out. "Come along, old chap," he said with an air of concern. "We'll get a little ice—"

There was a bustle near the hall entrance, and I heard a commanding voice I recognized as that of Judge Billings:

"Come right in, Colonel, and we will try to make you forget that little exasperation—do you know I just can't get over the idea that I've seen you somewhere and recently— Hello, Jack! Colonel Kirkland, my eldest boy, Jack—named after his mother, Johanna. Look here, Jack, has everybody on the blithering police force gone crazy about pajamas? Most infernal outrage—pardon me, Colonel Kirkland—three policemen wanted to arrest him on description—dragnet order, they said—for stealing a pair of silk pajamas. Even hear the like of that?"

Billings' voice murmured something, and then I was dully conscious of my name being passed and of the fact that I was limply shaking a hand. But I don't remember uttering a word —couldn't, by Jove, for my jolly tongue was paralyzed. Didn't know what to do; didn't know what to say, you know, for there before my eyes, recognizable and unmistakable, despite frock coat and white choker tie, was the figure of "Foxy Grandpa."

The beefy face, white mutton chop whiskers and bald head were as indelibly imprinted on my memory as the sunburn line that fenced his fiery face.

And this was the frump's father, and it was for him she was scheming to make a home!

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Club.

I didn't go in to luncheon.

Instead, I lay down up in my room, wondering what Jenkins would think when he saw Foxy Grandpa a guest with me under this roof, and wondering also what I ought to do, or if I should do anything. I came to the conclusion finally that I wouldn't say anything for the present, for I had about all the complications I could carry.

Presently I went down to the living-room, where they were all assembled, and my heart leaped as I thought I detected a brightening in Frances' face as I entered.

Billings was waving the frump away with his fat hand. "Take it away," he said. "I hate bugs."

"But, Jacky," said the frump pleadingly, "I think it's a phasiotus gloriosa."

"I don't care if it's a giraffe," said Billings rudely.

But the professor was already across the room to the rescue.

"Ha! not a gloriosa," he said antimatedly, as he snooped over the little greenish thing in the frump's hand. "Observe the shortened prothorax and mesothorax and—"

"And metathorax," chimed in the frump, her head close to his. "Hence—"

"It is a phanaeus carnifex," said the professor positively.

By Jove, it looked to me like what we used to call a dung beetle!

And then the two cranks went out in the sun with butterfly nets, and Frances and I drifted out to our pavilion overlooking the broad sweep of the Tappan Zee. As yet, her father had said nothing to me, but I knew that the blow might fall any moment. Only the arrival of the frump's father had so far saved me.

In the evening, the younger brother showed up at dinner, but sulked, which I thought under the circumstances was about the most considerate thing he could have done.

Once during the evening, Billings, who had been talking with the professor, turned to me. "By the way, Dicky—those pajamas, you know—what did you do with them this morning?" He and the professor whispered again, then Billings turned back. "Gray paper parcel—um—you know?"

Know? Dash it, of course I knew, but I—

"Why, I have them now," came quietly from my companion, "thanks to Mr. Lightnut. He gave them to me this morning."

"Gave them to you!" gasped Billings. He whispered to me: "But the rubies, you cuckoo—you didn't give her those?"

Rubies? Dash it, I had to think hard to remember what had become of the rubies. But I got the idea.

"Why, the professor has those," I reminded him. "The red pajamas, you know—don't you remember?" I drew him aside.

Billings stared. "But he says he returned them," he exclaimed, cutting an odd sidewise look at the professor, who was talking to Frances and the frump. Billings frowned.

"Haven't seen them," I said carelessly, for I wanted to talk to her. "Oh, dash the rubies—wait till morning!"

Billings looked sourly at the professor and went off and sat alone. He seemed to put out about the old boy not returning the garments. Never seemed to occur to him that the professor was a devilish busy and absent-minded old chap. Might not return them for a month. I knew that.

"Oh, really, Frances?" the frump was saying. "How exceedingly nice of you, dear!" The professor was occupied for the moment with a moth. "I hope I won't frighten you in them as you say your maid was frightened you. If pajamas are unbecoming to you, why put me in them!"

By Jove, I was devilish glad I was not supposed to hear; for I didn't want to be required to imagine it. But as for them being unbecoming to my darling—well, I knew she knew what I thought!

Later, when the evening had shaded off and the ladies had left us, we sat in the smoking-room talking till late. I was astonished to find Foxy Grandpa devilish entertaining and clever—not a bad sort at all. He seemed to have no recollection of me at all, and therefore no grudges. I had made up my mind by this time I wasn't going to marry the frump, no matter what came or what Billings wanted, and I would tell him so in the morning. But whoever did marry her—and it looked like it was going to be the professor—would have some sort of compensation in Foxy Grandpa's entertaining stories of Eastern scandal.

Billings' cub brother smoked in a corner of the room by himself and drank innumerable slugs of whisky straight. Once I saw his father go over to him and seem to remonstrate, but without effect.

Billings handed his father to try my special import of cigarettes, so I sent for Jenkins, who had arrived, to bring some down. And when he saw Foxy Grandpa calmly sitting there by me, pulling at a straw, he almost lost his balance. But I shook my head with covert warning.

"Ever see me before—eh?" asked the cub harshly, as he waved aside the cigarettes Jenkins extended: "Last Wednesday night—remember?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jenkins, hesitatingly. Then he rallied an eye at me and corrected himself hastily but firmly:

"No, sir; I don't recall ever seeing you before, sir."

Of course, I knew he had not, but the cub got up with a sour laugh. Then with a murmured gruff apology he withdrew, saying he had a headache and was going to bed. And, by Jove, what a look he gave me from the door!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Mountains Were Named

Interesting to Trace Derivation of the Famous Ranges of This Country.

Adirondacks: Derived from the Caniengа (Mohawk) language, in which the original form is ratirontaks, meaning "bark eaters."

Alleghany: A corruption of the Delaware Indian name for Allegheny and Ohio rivers, the meaning of the name being lost.

Appalachian: The name was given by the Spaniards under DeSoto, who derived it from the name of a neighboring tribe, the Apalachi. Brinton holds its radical to be the Muscogee apala, "great sea," or "great ocean," and that apalache is a compound of this word with the Muscogee personal participle "chi," and means "those by the sea."

Blue Ridge: So called from the hue which frequently envelops its distant summits.

Catskill: The mountains were called katabergs by the Dutch, from the number of wildcats found in them, and the creek, which flows from the mountains, was called Katerskill, "tomcats' creek."

Ozark: The aux arcs was said to refer to the bends in White river, and was applied to the Ozark mountains, through which the river pursues a wandering course—in other words, to the mountains at the bends of the river.

Sierra Nevada: A Spanish term signifying "snow-clad range."—Geological Survey.

Wisdom Born of Experience.

"Ah, Jack, old fellow! Haven't seen you since your wedding two year ago. How goes matrimony?"

"Very well, thanks; but, Jove, it's expensive comfort. The dressmakers alone! If I had only known—"

"You would have remained single, eh?"

"No, no—but I would have married the dressmaker."—Judge.

Not Much Relieved.

"I suppose you felt when you got back from Reno as if a great weight had been lifted from your mind?"

"Oh, no, I really didn't notice much of a difference. You see he hadn't made any effort at all to get possession of the children."

THE MARKETS.

DETROIT.—Cattle—Extra dry fed steers, (unsalable), $8@8.25; steers and heifers, 1000 to 1200 lbs., $7.50@8; steers and heifers, 800 to 1000 lbs., $6@7.50; steers and heifers, 600 to 800 lbs., $5@6; fat, 500 to 700 lbs., $3.75@4.75; choice cows, $5@6; good to choice fat cows, $4@4.75; common cows, $3.25@3.75; canners, $1.75@2.25; choice heavy bulls, $6@6.50; fair to good bologna bulls, $5.50@6; stock bulls, $3.50@4; choice feeding steers, 900 to 1000 lbs., $6@6.50; fair to good feeding steers, 800 to 900 lbs., $5.50@6; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., $5@5.50; fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., $4.50@5; stock heifers, $4.50@4.75; milkers, large, young, medium flesh, $60@90; common milkers, $25@35.

Spring lambs, best, $10@11; others, $4.50@9.50.

Sheep—Good lambs—Best lambs, $6.50@6.75; fair to good lambs, $5.75@6.25; best to common lambs, $4@5.50; fair to good sheep, $2@3.50; yearlings, $5@6; culls and common, $1.15@2.75.

Hogs—Light to good butchers, $8.30@8.65; pigs, $7.75@8; light yorkers, $8.50@8.60; stags, 1-3 off.

EAST BUFFALO, N. Y.—Cattle—Receipts, 1250 to 1500 lbs., steers, $8.75@9.40; good to prime, 1200 to 1300 lbs., $8.50@8.75; good to prime, 1100 to 1200 lbs., steers, $8.15@8.40; medium butcher steers, 1000 to 1100 lbs., $7@8.25; butcher steers, 900 to 1000 lbs., $6.25@6.50; light butcher steers, $6.25@6.50; fancy fat cows, $6.50@6; good to choice cows, $5@5.50; common to fair cows, $4@4.50; trimmers, $2.50@3; best fat heifers, $7.50@7.75; fair to good do, $7@7.25; light butcher heifers, $4.25@4.75; best feeding steers, $7@7.25; prime export bulls, $7.50@8; best butcher bulls, $4.75@5.25; bologna bulls, $4@4.50; stockers, $3.75@4.25; best milkers and springers, $75@90; fair to good kind, $25@60.

Hogs—Strong; heavy, $8.90@9; yorkers, $8.75@9; pigs, $8.60@8.75.

Sheep—Strong; spring lambs, $7.25@7.50; yearlings, $5; wethers, $4.75@5; ewes, $3@4.50.

Calves—$5@12.

GRAIN, ETC.

DETROIT.—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, $1.03½; September opened with an advance of 2c at $1.03½, declined to $1.03¼, and closed at $1.03¾. December opened at $1.11¾, declined to $1.11¼, and closed at $1.11⅜. May opened at $1.11¾, declined to $1.11¼, and closed at $1.11⅜. No. 1 white, cash and closed at $1.03; No. 3 white, 1 car at 98c. Corn—Cash No. 3, 81c; No. 2 white, 1 car at 84c; No. 3 white, 1 car at 84c; No. 2 yellow, 3 cars at 83½c; sample, 1 car at 85c.

Oats—Standard, 4 cars at 37c; September, 10,000 at 36½. No. 2 white, 2 cars at 38½c; No. 3 white, 2 cars at 35c; sample, 1 car at 33c.

Rye—No. 2, 1 car at $1.40.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, $7.65; October, $7.30; November, $7.17; December, $7.19.

Clover seed—Prime October, $13.90; prime alsike, $11.

Timothy seed—Prime spot, $2.50.

Flour—In 98-lb. cotton-eighth paper sacks, per 196 lbs., jobbing lots—Best patent, $5.50; straight, $5.40; clear, $5; spring patent, $5; rye, $5.

Feed—In 100-lb. sacks, jobbing lots—Bran, $26; coarse middlings, $28; fine middlings, $31; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, $34; corn and oat chop, $31 per ton.

GENERAL MARKETS.

Butter—Extra creamery, 28c; first creamery, 25c; dairy, 24c; packing stock, 22c per lb. Receipts, 4,000 lbs.

Eggs—Fresh, 30c per doz. Receipts, 10,000 cases; candled, 22c per doz.

Live poultry—Broilers, 16@17c per lb.; hens, 13@14c; No. 2 hens, 12c; ducks, 14@15c; old ducks, 12c; young geese, 14c; old geese, 10@11c; turkeys, 19@20c.

Hay—Carlot prices, track, Detroit: No. 1 timothy, $17@18; No. 2 timothy, $15@16; No. 1 clover mixed, $15@16; straw, $9@10; No. 1 wheat and rye, $13@14; oat straw, $8@9.

Cheese—Michigan flats, fancy, 24c; New York flats, fancy, 25c; brick cheese, 27c; Limburger cheese, 25c; imported Swiss, 50@52c; domestic Swiss, 35@36c; 2@3c per lb. discount for boxes.

Hides—No. 1 cured hides, 12½c; No. 2 cured hides, 11c; No. 1 cured bulls, 11c; No. 2 cured bulls, 10c; No. 1 cured horsehair, 32c; No. 2 cured horsehair, 30c; No. 1 cured tallow, 6c; No. 2 cured tallow, 5c; No. 1 green calf, 18c; No. 1 horsehair, 30c; horsehides, $5@5.50; sheepskins, 25@50c; No. 1 kips, 10@11c; No. 2 kips, 9c; No. 1 deacons, 50c; No. 2 kip and calf, 15c off.

Onions—Egyptian, $1.25 per bu. and $2.25 per sack; Spanish, $2.25 per crate and $1.25 per hamper.

Potatoes—$1@$1.25 per bbl.

Dressed calves—Ordinary, 15@16c; fancy, 17@18c per lb.

New potatoes—Southern, $2.50 per sack; Michigan, 75@80c per bu.

Beans—$7.50@8 per bu.

Honey—Choice factory comb, 15@16c per lb.; dark, 12@13c.

Apples—New, fancy, $2.25@3 per bbl.; common, $1.25@2 poor, $1@$1.25; fancy, good, $2.50@3; fair to good, $2@2.25; 300 to 350 per bbl.

Peaches—Elberta, fancy, $2.25; A.A., $2; A., $1.75; B., $1.25@$1.50 per bu.

Pears—Bartlett, $5@$5.50 per bbl.

Plums—$1.25@$1.50 per bu.; 25@30c per 11-lb. bu. basket.

Cantaloupes—Rocky Fords, $2.25@$2.50 per crate; Jumbos, $3 per crate; Little Gems, 50@60c per basket.

Watermelons—40@60c each.

Huckleberries—$2.25@$2.50 per bu.

Blackberries—Cumbers, 100@120c per bu.; green onions, 10c doz.; radishes, 25@30c per doz.; green beans, $1 per bu.; wax beans, $1 per bu.; cucumbers, $2 per bu., home grown celery, 25@30c per doz.

Provisions—Family pork, $22@$23; mess pork, $19.50; clear backs, $21@$22; smoked hams, 15@16 lbs., 19c; hams, 12@13c; shoulder, 13c; bacon, 17@18c; lard in tierces, 13½c; kettle rendered, 13c per lb.

Flour—In ¼-bbl. paper sacks—Best patent, $5.80; straight, $5.40; clear, $5; spring patent, $6; rye, $5.40 per 196-lb. bbl.

Feed—Jobbing lots, in 100-lb. sacks—Bran, $26; coarse middlings, $28; fine middlings, $31; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, $34; corn and oat chop, $31 per ton.

Schooner Wrecked.

The 50-ton steamer Julia Larsen, bound from Spanish river to Sarnia, with lumber, was wrecked on the rocky ledge at the southern end of Thunder Bay island Monday night. Five lives were in danger for a time, but remarkable work on the part of Capt. Thomas and the Thunder Bay island life-savers averted a tragedy. Mrs. Thomas Swanson, wife of the captain, and her two children were in the cabin at the time. Her husband and brother had been struggling with the little craft on the deck above. Mrs. Swanson with her children, aged four and six years, had been lying on a cot. When the vessel struck her children were torn from her side by the force of the inrushing water and were washed about the cabin for several minutes, before she could again get her arms around them.

The Michigan State Telephone Co. is installing a new $60,000 telephone system in Cheboygan. Owing to the increase of rates many are ordering their phones removed.

Work has begun in North Dakota on a railroad extension that will connect the Great Northern with the Grand Trunk Pacific on the Canadian side of the border. The extension, which is 72 miles long, begins at Niobe, Ward county, N. D., and will join the terminus of the southern extension of the Grand Trunk Pacific 12 miles west of North Portal, Saskatchewan.

From present indications the Port Huron and Sarnia Ferry Co. will not run any boats across St. Clair river for at least a week, both the company and the Sarnia town council refusing to yield in their respective attitudes.

The price of rice in Japan, according to mail advices, has advanced to a figure never before known, failure of the crop in Siam and Burma being given as the reason, and large shipments of wheat and flour from the North Pacific Coast to Japan are looked for. An advance of fifty cents a ton in wheat and flour rates to the Orient will take place in September.

BOYS' STATE FAIR SCHOOL

Also the Miniature Model Farms Are a Big Feature at The Michigan State Fair.

(By J. E. Hannon, Secretary and Manager Michigan State Fair).

Two weeks from next Monday the Michigan State Fair opens its gates to the public for the 53rd time and I believe firmly that this will be the greatest State Fair ever known, not only in Michigan, but in the United States. At this Fair the public will have the opportunity to pass judgment on one of the greatest questions that has ever been presented to the American public. "What will the public do in these United States, when the increase in population has overtaken the grub rate?" Here we have a question that must be settled and that is one in mind the Michigan State Fair prepared to educate the minds of the boys of the state in scientific agriculture and the Fair intends to follow up the lead of this year with other things another year. We also have continuing the Boys' State Fair School and the Miniature Model Farms, the former for country boys and the latter for the city boys. We propose to educate the young, to show them that in agriculture they are undertaking a business which is just as honorable as working in a city. We propose to wipe out that old-time feeling, which exists today to some degree, that the country boy is a rube with the hayseed sticking out all over him, unsanitary and unsmooth. Our farmers of today are men who pass in the city the people of the city and who is there who will tell the man from the farm apart from the man from the city. Farming is not what it used to be, for science has stepped in and today our farmer has his telephone, his automobile, his free mail delivery and daily paper, and he is the man who is envied above the man held tight to the city. The people of the city are trying to get out into the country and we must do all possible to check this exodus of the boys and girls of the country to the large cities. The time is fast approaching when it will be necessary to look to other districts for the foodstuffs unless steps are taken to farm our own country and the boys and the girls must be taught that in farming they have independence which does not come to them in the city. The public must depend upon the farmer to produce the necessities of life and we of the Michigan State Fair believe that a great amount of good will result from our efforts this year.

Big Drop in Fruit Shipments.

Traffic scouts of the Pere Marquette railroad have found that Michigan growers along its lines will ship by freight over this system about 1,600 carloads of fruit within the next six or eight weeks.

These figures, to a certain extent, illustrate the effect of the unusually adverse winter in Michigan orchards, as well on the resultant traffic of railroads, for these shipments will be barely a third of the tonnage of 1911, which year produced an abnormally bountiful crop. The Pere Marquette carried over 40 per cent of the fruit which was hauled by rail in 1911.

This year the Traverse City district will supply 70 carloads of apples and 50 carloads of peaches will originate from Ludington. The Pentwater district will yield 115 carloads of apples and peaches; Muskegon and White Cloud district, 60 carloads of peaches and apples and Grand Rapids and White Cloud territory a similar amount.

Three hundred and fifty carloads of peaches, apples and grapes are expected from the Grand Rapids-Benton Harbor section. The Michigan vineyards, along 18 miles of the line, will yield 300 carloads of grapes, while the Benton Harbor and New Buffalo section will yield 600 carloads.

Jealous Man Shoots Lover.

In a fit of jealous rage Frank Bliss, aged 73, shot and perhaps fatally wounded Edward Willette in Muskegon in the presence of Bessie Stoddard, aged 20, whom Willette was to have married.

Despite the fact Willette was shot just above the heart he leaped on his aged assailant and overpowered him, taking the revolver from him. He held the enraged man until the police arrived and was then removed to a hospital.

Bliss, who is a farmer, formerly employed the girl as housekeeper. He apparently lost his reason when the girl left his home to wed her lover. It is believed Bliss intended the shot for the girl, but hit Willette, who was shielding her.

Grand Rapids Bank Was Heavy Loser.

The Old National bank of Grand Rapids lost about $25,000 in the collapse of the American Electric Fuse Co. of Muskegon, according to the testimony of Cashier George F. McKenzie, in the case of Charles L. Johnson, the former Chicago banker, who is on trial charged with conspiring with Frank G. Jones, the active head of the fuse company, to secure money under false pretenses.

Mr. McKenzie declared that the Muskegon concern carried a line of $30,000 direct credit and about $5,000 representing indorsed paper when the failure came.

Henry A. Bachelor, a pioneer lumberman of Saginaw, died after a long illness from a complication of diseases.

State to Stand Pat in Kalamazoo Tax Case.

The state tax commission is sure to stand pat on its assessment of the Kalamazoo properties, which is meeting such serious opposition on the part of the taxpayers, according to the assistants in the tax commission office.

They say it has long been known that Kalamazoo was one of the "most under-assessed communities in the state." Conditions there, according to the reports of the experts on the work, show that the assessments have been grossly unfair to the small property owners.

Sam Scheppe Is Given Immunity.

Sam Scheppe has been promised full immunity in the Rosenthal case in New York. Before testifying before the grand jury, where he furnished corroboration to the confession of "Bald Jack" Rose, implicating Police Lieutenant Becker in the killing of Rosenthal, Scheppe obtained a written agreement from the district attorney's office that he was not to be indicted.

General William Booth, commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army is dead.

More often it is the man who gets justice that kicks.

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

A woman's mind is continually running to clothes. If she isn't talking through her hat she's laughing in her sleeve.

CURES ITCHING SKIN DISEASES.
Cuticura Soap clears, stops itching and makes the skin smooth. All druggists. 25 and 50c.

Patriotism.

Marks—So your Italian barber refused to shave you. Why was that?

Parks—I told him I'd just had a Turkish bath.

The woman who cares for a clean, wholesome mouth, and sweet breath, will find Paxtine Antiseptic a joy forever. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Envious, Perhaps.

"I'm afraid our friend Scrapsley is a Socialist.

"No. You misjudge Scrapsley. What makes him sore is the fact that in spite of the high cost of living, some men manage to lead double lives."

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

No Concern.

"Mr. Mips must be a singularly pure and upright man."

"Why do you think he is unusually so?"

"Somebody told him there were well-defined reports that a Burns detective had been operating secretly in the neighborhood he frequents, and he said it was nothing to him."

Opening Up Lhasa.

Lhassa, which is the capital of Tibet, for generations was known as the Forbidden City, because of its political and religious exclusiveness. In 1904 a British military expedition opened the mysterious old city. Previous to that time practically every European traveler had been stopped in his efforts to reach the place. The population in Lhasa is about 35,000.

A Word to the Wise.

The proverbial advice, "Cobbler, stick to your last," had an opposite exemplification in the following anecdote, for which Zion's Advocate is responsible.

A colored man was brought before a police judge, charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty, and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window to their owner's house when there was a dog in the yard.

"Jedge, it wouldn't be of no use, judge," said the culprit, "to try to 'splain dis thing to you, for you jes' plain was to try it, like as not you would get yer hide full o' shot, an' git no chickens, neither. Ef you want to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."

Barber Shops in China.

Since the Chinese revolution a great many Chinese have had their cues cut off, and this has led to the opening of a large number of barber shops throughout the far east wherever Chinese are located, says an exchange. Several progressive business men of Singapore, anticipating this, imported a large number of American barber chairs, and they are now unable to get supplies quickly enough. It has also been learned that the Chinese insist on having American hair clippers, and refuse all other makes offered to them. It would seem that American manufacturers of barbers' supplies should experience a large increase in their Oriental trade.

The Unthinkable Need Food.

An officer of the French colonial army brought a letter from the chief of a group of missionaries in the southern islands of the Pacific not long ago, which winds up as follows: "I regret to tell you that our little company can do little against the fanaticism of these poor wretches. Moreover, famine is ravaging the country, for the harvest has been destroyed. Therefore the dispatch of more missionaries has become urgent."—La Petite Republique.

The Natural Inference.

While out motoring the other day, I ran across an old friend of mine."

"Was he much hurt?"

Comparative Possession.

"I have an abstract theory."

"That's nothing. I've got a concrete cellar."

A Large Package
Of Enjoyment—
Post Toasties
Served with cream, milk or fruit—fresh or cooked.
Crisp, golden-brown bits of white corn — delicious and wholesome —
A flavour that appeals to young and old.
"The Memory Lingers"
Sold by Grocers.
Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.