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Connections at Put-in-Bay with steamers for Cleveland, Toledo and Lakeside.

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(After July 4th)

A special excursion is made every Friday to Cedar Point—the fresh water rival to Atlantic City—the finest bathing beach in the world—large summer hotels, groves, and all outdoor amusements. Four hours at Cedar Point and seven hours at Put-in-Bay! Leaving Cedar Point at 5 p. m. and Put-in-Bay at 7 p. m.; arrive back in Detroit 10:30 p. m. Fare—Cedar Point, $1.75 round trip; Put-in-Bay, 80 cents.

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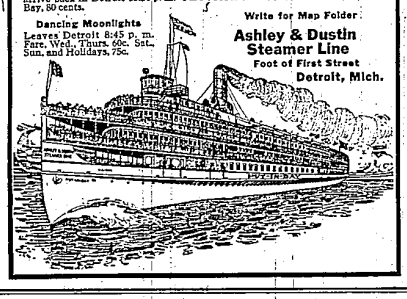

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TEN-MILLIONTH FORD ON FINAL STRETCH

The ten-millionth Ford is on the final stretch of its epoch-making tour from coast to coast on the Lincoln highway.

After a trip through snow banks at a 12,000 foot elevation in the mountains out of Laramie, the car which signifies a new accomplishment in motor transportation rolled on across the remaining miles of Wyoming's broad stretches to Salt Lake City, where Secretary of State, S. E. Crockett, and Mayor Nelson extended an official welcome to Wyoming's capital. Lated, Frances Renault, vaudeville star, made her initial bow to a Salt Lake City audience from the car which was introduced into her act, and was driven onto the stage at Pantages' theatre by Frank Kulick, old time driver of Ford racing cars, who is piloting the ten-millionth on its way to the coast.

With the exception of Salt Lake City, where the secretary of state was on the job, the car has been welcomed by the governor in every state capital through which it has passed. In Trenton Governor George Silzer did the honors, while Governor N. E. Kendall of Iowa, headed the committee of welcome at Des Moines, and Governor W. E. Ross of Wyoming at Cheyenne.

Amon the thousands of members of the great Ford family that have joined in the honor parades that have featured this historic trip, was an antiquated car with six-cylinder model N motor, number 539. This was at Omaha, and the old Ford product of 1906 vintage, by perfect behavior and performance in the parade, seemed to scorn the passing years.

At Rawlins, Wyo., a unique feature of the welcome was the appearance in the parade of the original Deadwood stage coach, which was driven by cowboys in full regalia, guns, sombreros, chaps and all.

Farmers along the Lincoln highway have turned out in great numbers to do homage, through the passing car, to Mr. Ford, who has given them transportation facilities and traction unguessed and undreamed of but a few years ago. A one place the parade was joined by a number of farmers with a Fordson tractor coupled to a trailer loaded with heavy horses. In this emphatic manner the tillers of the soil told the world of the complete triumph of Ford traction units over horseflesh on the farm.

The tour, which celebrates a ten-millionth production of the Ford Motor Company, is scheduled to end Tuesday, July 29, when the ten-millionth Ford enters San Francisco, where a big reception awaits it, and Frank Kulick delivers to the mayor that city a letter from the mayor of New York, and then drives the celebrated car out to the end of the Lincoln highway.

MARKET GARDNERS TO HAVE FIELD DAY

A market gardeners' field day, the first of its kind ever held in the state, has been called at the Michigan Agricultural college for August 20.

Material of interest to all vegetable growers in the state is being planned for the day's program. A general afternoon meeting, inspection of extensive experimental plats in the gardens of the college horticultural department, a basket picnic lunch at noon, and other features are listed.

The experimental work to be studied will include tests on extra early varieties of tomatoes and on newer strains of extra early sweet corn. A number of plant breeding experiments which have a direct bearing on the problems of the trucker, as well as tests on truck crop fertilization, will be shown.

Plans for the "first annual" market gardeners day are being made by Pro. George Starr of the M. A. C. horticultural staff, who is also one of the best known practical truck gardeners in the state.

Expert Coaching

"Shall I mention to your father that I have no bad habits?" he asked after she had accepted him. "Better not, dear," she replied thoughtfully. "Of course I want him to think you will be a good husband; at the same time I'd leave him some hope of finding you good company."

Salt on Roads

The bureau of public roads says that common table salt—sodium chloride—is used on gravel roads to absorb the night moisture in order to keep the roads packed and flat and so that they will not become so dusty during the day.

True Economy

The handy man removes the rubber heels from his shoes and shifts them to the opposite feet when they begin to run down on one side. Then the reverse side gets the wear and he gets double value out of one pair of rubber heels.

No Need to Be Drag

I may be unable to lend a helping hand to those who direct the state; but I should be ashamed to make myself one of a noisy multitude to hollow and hearten them into doubtful and dangerous courses.—Burke.

Musical Tone Opens Lock

A newly invented lock for safes has just been exhibited at Birmingham, England, the peculiarity of which is that, instead of opening to a numerical combination, it does so to a musical tone. In other words, if the crackaman who attempts to open a safe door sings a G sharp when the lock has been attuned to G flat he will be thwarted. Safeblowers of the future, instead of carrying a kit of jimmies and "nitro," will have to have a set of tuning forks.—Musical America.

Good for Tender Feet

From London comes the report of a new invention that promises to add more than a mite to the comfort of humanity. It is a pedoscope Roentgen apparatus that shows the exact position of the bones and muscles of the foot when trying on new shoes. It is asserted that this device facilitates not only a perfect fit, but also the correction of foot deformities by suitable footgear.—The Living Age.

The Rose in History

The rosary of religious services is named for the rose, crushed roses, according to chroniclers, having been strung before the advent of beads. And we are told that the expression, "sub rosa" came about because the Romans used to paint a large rose on the ceiling of their banquet halls as a reminder to those present that what occurred was not to be repeated.

Not Much Change

"Some people say boys are different nowadays," said the old gentleman, "but I say no. They still risk their necks, and destroy private property, climbing as high as they can in any building under construction and carving their initials in the wood. What do I mean, they haven't changed much? Well, I did the same thing when I was a kid."

First Gas Stove

The first gas stove on record was used in 1876 by a baking powder company to demonstrate cake baking at the Philadelphia Centennial exhibition. At that time the gasoline stove was in general use, and until the end of the century the gas stove made no great headway.

True Words

Don't wear a long face. It will get you nothing, no matter what your troubles. Rather radiate pleasantness in spite of your troubles. This will more quickly bring you sympathy and assistance. "Smile, and the world smiles with you."—Pennsylvania Grit.

Important Manuscript

The Flateyjarbok, a manuscript of the Fourteenth century, found on the Island of Flatey off the northern coast of Iceland, is one of the principal sources of information of the discovery of America by the Norsemen.

Build Nests in Cactus

Birds of New Mexico build their nests in the spiny branches of the cactus, where their eggs are safe from the many animal thieves who are not brave enough to encounter the needle-like spines even for a delicious meal.

Slow London Traffic

Street traffic in London is said to be the slowest in the world, with an average speed of from four to five miles an hour. When congestion is most acute, traffic moves at the rate of only three miles an hour.

Early Swimming Tank

The earliest known English public swimming pool was advertised in London May 28, 1742, to be open and that "waiters attend daily to teach or assist gentlemen in the said swimming bath if required."

Not Precarious

"Your life hangs by a thread," said the doctor. The patient breathed a sigh of relief; he was married, and often had buttons remain that way for a long, long time.—Boston Transcript.

A Lost Art

The Guide—Look at that half-ruined castle—it must be at least eight hundred years old. Believe me, lady, they don't build such ancient castles these days!—From Pasquino, Turin.

Opinion and Heresy

They that approve a private opinion, call it opinion; but they that mislike it, heresy; and yet heresy signifies no more than private opinion.—Thomas Hobbes.

Take Brides Unseen

Brides-to-be of the Jews or Mohammedans in Tunis are usually chosen by the mothers and are rarely ever seen before marriage.

Decidedly Not

Just because you can brush up a few facts you shouldn't make sweeping statements.—Boston Transcript.

The Kit-Kat Club

The Kit-Kat club was the name of a famous London club founded in 1688 at the shop of a pastry cook.

Weight of Cob Output

Corncobs produced in the United States each year weigh more than 20,000,000 tons.

Armed for the Fray

We know one who has a shotgun in her hope chest.—Defiance Crescent-News.

Colette Was His Actress Sweetheart

By ANTHONY REIMUT

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

"MY GOD, Parrish!" Sergeant Smith stared at the constable who had entered the office. "Jameson's mother? Mother?"

"That's so, sergeant. Come from Ontario to see her son."

"What's she like, Parrish?"

"One of those dear old ladies you read about."

"And him waiting to go down under escort to be hanged," muttered the sergeant. "Parrish," he said, suddenly, "that woman hasn't come two thousand miles to learn that. Listen!"

Jameson, in his cell, sat with his head in his hands. He had shot the storekeeper in a fit of frenzied jealousy over Colette, the little actress who had somehow drifted north, a derelict. Since then his fate had been inevitable. He had been tried and found guilty. Colette's frenzied pleas had not saved him. The girl had been sent south, and in a week's time Jameson must start on his own grim journey unless—

The cell door opened. Sergeant Smith stood there. "Jameson, your mother's here from Ontario."

"God!" The constable sprang to his feet.

"She doesn't know. And we're not going to let her know. We're giving out you've got to start north on patrol this evening. Till then you're a free man, so long as you don't stray from the post. I'm trusting you, Jameson. Keep up the bluff. You'll pretend to start tonight under charge of Smith—and we'll hustle her out on the boat tomorrow. Savvy?"

Jameson nodded like a man in a daze. The sergeant removed his shackles. He went out. In the office the little, gray-haired old woman was waiting. With a cry she fell upon his neck. The sergeant turned his head away.

"Guess he can't beat it," he told Parrish, "but keep an eye on him."

All that afternoon the old woman and the constable strolled about the fort. Sometimes they were out of sight for a few minutes, but it was clear Jameson had no intention of trying to make a get-away.

"I'm so proud and happy to see my son doing so well," the old woman told the sergeant gratefully.

"It's a pity he's got to start on patrol tonight," said Smith, "but that's orders from district headquarters."

"My son must do his duty," she answered proudly. "I'd be the last one to try to prevent him."

They had given the old lady the visiting inspector's empty room. The two sat there most of the afternoon. Toward dusk Parrish saw the old lady cross the parade ground toward the store.

"Guess she's going to buy him something," he meditated. He took the precaution to look in at the window of the inspector's room, however. Jameson was crouching there, his head in his hands, sobbing.

"Poor devil!" thought Parrish.

Smith came out of the office. "Time to start that fake patrol," he told him. "Hustle him a mile out of camp, come back round the cut-off and lock him into the cell again."

Parrish nodded. "Old woman's at the store," he said.

"Wait till she gets back. Then it's good-by." He crossed to the inspector's room. Just then the new storekeeper came hurrying up.

"Say—you know about old Mrs. Jameson?" he asked.

"Eh? What d' you mean?"

"No business of mine," grumbled the dull-witted man. "Only she went down the road and I heard a horse going like h—l for leather a few minutes ago in the direction of the brush, too."

"Wha-at?" The sergeant and the constable burst into the inspector's room. Jameson was still sitting there, his back toward them, his face hidden in his hands.

"Jameson!"

As the constable did not look around the sergeant advanced and shook him by the shoulders. Slowly Jameson turned his head.

They stared with stupefaction. They yelled with fury:

"You!"

Colette, the little actress, smiled. "You'll have hard work catching Jim in the dark," she smiled. "That's a good horse I brought him."

Appreciated Effort

A pastor was called to a former charge to officiate at a burial. He arrived in town in time to chat with old friends, but soon saw a funeral party coming. He hastened to the cemetery and informed the undertaker he was to officiate. He performed his duties with usual sincerity.

As he was leaving the cemetery he saw another funeral procession approaching, and it dawned on him that he had participated in the wrong service.

The next day the undertaker, who had been in charge of the first funeral received a letter from the surviving relatives, thanking him for his thoughtfulness in having the pastor at the grave who spoke such words of comfort to them.—Indianapolis Star.

A Somebody

A somebody is one whose physician thinks a subpoena more dangerous than germs.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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