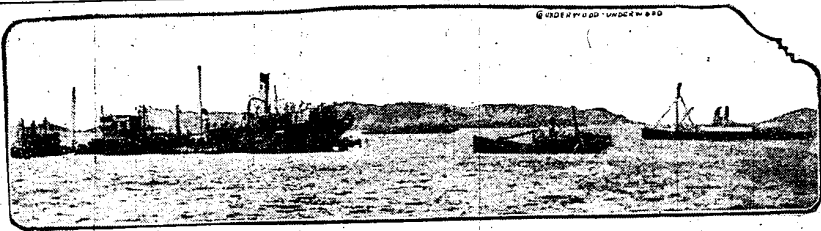


ENGLISH PATROL BOATS TRYING TO TOW TORPEDOED U. S. STEAMER GULFIGHT INTO PORT



After the Germans torpedoed the American steamer Gulfight on May 1, English patrol boats saved the crew, with the exception of the captain and two other men who needlessly sacrificed their lives, and tried to tow the sinking vessel into the port of St. Mary's, Scilly Islands. The effort was unsuccessful, and the ship soon went to join the many others which German torpedoes have sent to the bottom of the sea.

An Aggravating Misunderstanding

It happened over a year ago, when I was spending my summer vacation near Milton, on the Maine coast. I was sojourning at a rural boarding house, in which were several boarders. One morning, while out for an early stroll, I made my way to a cliff overlooking the sea. While contemplating the beautiful marine view, a church clock at some distance rang out the hour of six. It was at least half a mile away, and I wondered that I could hear it so distinctly.

The next instant I started violently and found round, for a woman's shrill, penetrating voice, coming from a distance, had called: "Murder! Murder! Murder! Oh, he is going to kill me!"

For a moment, as I looked eagerly, frantically around, I could see no living thing except a solitary gull wheeling here and there and some indistinct figures on a country road, but then I saw a man on a slight that made my heart leap with fear and horror.

On one of the grassy knolls—the most distant but one, it seemed—were a man and a woman. They were both dressed in dark clothes and were far from distinct, but I could see that one was a woman, the other a man.

They were now about a yard apart, and the woman's arms were raised in tragic gesture. Then I saw the man suddenly raise his right hand. Something that he held in it glittered in the slanting sun rays. The next instant he had stepped up to the woman and—how distinctly I seem to have seen it all!—had plunged what was evidently a weapon into her breast.

She sank listlessly to the ground. Great heaves of grief had been mounded before my eyes.

Until now I had stood horror-stricken, rooted to the spot; but as the woman dropped over her victim—I suddenly awoke to the full consciousness of what I had seen.

I could hardly see the two now—they only made a blur in the rounded curve of the knoll; but, without the least thought of what I intended to do, I tore madly down the slope, to maintain my speed by my efforts to maintain my speed up the slope, but still ascent, for I am not an athlete, and a rapid run over such ground was no light matter to me.

I had but one idea in my mind—to reach the spot where the woman lay, perhaps already dead, perhaps dying for want of aid.

The brute! How I should like to have my fingers at his throat, choking the life out of him! What effrontery—what audacity! With an air of exaggerated courtesy he had lifted his cap, and was bowing to me quickly across the meadows toward the road that led to Milton.

IS NEW CHIEF OF A "HIGH BROW" BUREAU



Dr. E. Lester Jones is the new chief of the U. S. coast and geodetic survey, described aptly by a Washington newspaperman as "one of the government's extremely 'high brow' bureaus of public service." Born in New Jersey, Dr. Jones early began a course of intensive study that took him through several schools in this country and then carried him through a postgraduate course at Heidelberg, until now at the age of forty he is one of the foremost scientists in the whole government service.

thought and thought of this strange little incident, and especially of the mischievous gleam in those blue eyes, and I wondered if I had been tricked. Had she been lying there laughing under that Tam-o'-shanter at my mad race?

Well, the explanation of it all came a few days later. Staying in the same boarding-house as myself was a pretty little girl with whom I had become rather chummy—a fellow is apt to do so at these times—and one day when I was with her she received a letter from a friend of hers who was staying in a hotel, saying that she was taking part in some amateur theatricals to be given in a public hall for the benefit of some local charity. She enclosed some tickets.

My companion, of course, explained it all to me, and—naturally enough, perhaps—we went. It was a rather poor show. The amateurs had made a singular selection, for the piece was an old-fashioned lurid melodrama crammed with incident. But my companion's friend, a "Miss Nora Payton" according to the programme, had a big part, and was really good in it.

Gradually the plot was worked up, and in due time the third act was reached. Here we were evidently in for something supremely sensational, for the programme gave the scene as:

"Night—on a lonely moor." Up went the curtain and on came my companion's friend, flurried and frightened looking. A few flummie sentences—not remarkable for their originality—were uttered, and then a man entered, young and heroic-looking.

Voluntarily following, at first passionately loving, then passionately angry. And then came this astonishing incident. The girl threw up her hands tragically. The man stepped back and put his hand into the breast of his coat.

"Murder! Murder! Murder!" the girl shrieked. "Oh, he is going to kill me!"—and her shrill voice echoed back from the end of the room.

The man raised his hand above his head and plunged a stiletto into the breast of the girl, who dropped instantly at his feet. It was exactly the scene that I had witnessed from Hunton's Cliff.

What happened after this point in the play I haven't the least idea, and never had. The only things I remember are the uproarious applause that greeted the conclusion, a pair of laughing, mischievous eyes looking at me over the footlights, and my companion saying:

"I must stay and speak to Nora and congratulate her! Isn't she clever? I was not loath to remain, and so in due course I was introduced to Miss Payton and her fiancé—'Mr. Lugard—the horrid murderer!'"

Miss Payton gave no sign of recognition, and the two girls chatted on. "You did that murder scene just splendidly, Nora!"

"Did I? Well, so we ought to have done, for Jack and I have rehearsed it no end. Do you know, we actually got up at five—just one morning when Jack had to go to Mechanics on business, and rehearsed it in a lonely spot near Hunton's Cliff. And I shrieked 'Murder!' so loudly that I really believe I could have been heard at Milton!"

Not a New Invention. It is claimed that a way has been found to turn soft coal smoke into paint. Nobody will doubt that it is observed when a speck of soot could do to a white collar.

MICHIGAN NEWS

1915 STATE TAX IS LARGEST IN HISTORY OF MICHIGAN LEVIES

There Will Be 83 Items on List This Year as Compared With 57 of Them Last Session.

Lansing, Mich.—The state tax this year will be the largest in the history of the state, \$9,598,568.10, or an increase over last year of \$3,469,339.98, or 56 per cent increase over 1914. These figures are given out by Auditor General Fuller and are approximately correct, the exact sum will not differ from the above figures more than a few thousand dollars at the most.

Last year the state tax was \$6,129,228.11, and according to Auditor General Fuller the 1915 state tax will be higher by \$1,009,000 than ever before in the history of the state.

However, here is a consoling statement. Auditor Fuller says the 1915 state tax will be far less, approximately \$7,202,000, if nothing happens out of the ordinary in the meantime to raise the amount.

WILL STAND BY U. S.

Lansing, Mich.—Expressions from leading German residents indicate that if war should result between Germany and America German Americans of Central Michigan, of whom there are many, would not sever from their allegiance to the United States.

MONROE'S NEW TIME

Monroe, Mich.—The city commission in special session, in compliance with the unanimous action of the Merchants and Manufacturers' club, and the concurrence of bankers and business men, adopted as the official time of the city, eastern standard time, being an hour faster than the present standard time.

LADIES! IMPORTANT

Our readers are assure that the new style book of Newcomb-Endicott will go to every lady who requests one. No charge will be made. Special numbers have been reserved so you are sure of receiving your copy. The new book will be out June 1st, and as it is the finest book on new styles ever published, write the postal now and mail it in, mentioning this paper. But don't delay, for these valuable and interesting books are limited in number. Address Newcomb-Endicott Co., Detroit, Mich. Du it now.

Smoked 628,713 Cigars.

At Vienna there is dead in his seventy-third year an old man. From his twenty-seventh year he kept an exact count of his consumption of beer and tobacco. In his fifty-fourth year he became a teetotaler, after having drunk 23,780 glasses of ale—a very moderate tally, working out at but three a day. But it is his immovable smoking, which he continued till his death, that we have to speak, says London Tid-Bits.

In forty-five years he smoked no fewer than 628,713 cigars, or 13,971 a year, giving an average of 38 a day. Out of this gigantic total 43,500 were given him at various times, leaving 585,213, which, although his American droptee at the shrine of "My Lady Nicotine" never paid more than a penny for each one, cost nearly \$10,000.

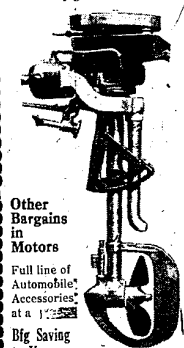
But even this marvelous record is beaten by that of Mylnerus Van Klats, known by the nickname of the "King of the Smokers." He was 81 at the time of his death, and sometimes smoked as much as ten pounds of tobacco in a week.

Some matrimonial bonds are very good divided payers. Many a man falls to get there because he never starts.

Revenge is sweet only to the very small individual. When a man gets fresh he's apt to get a fight.

\$75 Row Boat Motor

Complete, while they last. Come while they last. Fully guaranteed. \$30



Other Bargains in Motors. Full line of Automobile Accessories at a Big Saving to You. Mail Orders a Specialty. NICHOLDS 422-424 Grand River Avenue DETROIT, MICH.



Camping Outfits exclusively—highest quality fishing tackle. L. T. FARRELLY, 119 Jefferson Ave., E. Detroit. Write for circular.

DOUBLE YOUR MILEAGE. By making use of your old tires and prevent blow-outs with the two in one tire. Let us show you how. The Two in One Tire Co. 207 Jeff. Av. D. J. Moran, Mgr. DETROIT

LIBRARY PARK HOTEL. OPPOSITE HUDSON STORE. Rates 75 up. Noon Lunch 35c. A. E. HAMILTON

AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL. DETROIT Y. M. C. A. DAY & EVENING CLASSES. For Salesmen, Chauffeurs, Mechanics and Owners. Enter any time. For Particulars, Address Y. M. C. A. Automobile School Room 303 Detroit, Mich.

BRING YOUR OLD TIRES. From 2 old tires we make one double tread tire, which we guarantee, WILL outwear any new tire. We are the original double tread MFRS so don't be misled. Send for circular. AUTO TIRE EXCHANGE 90 Larned St. and 237 E. Jefferson Av. Phone Cadillac 2424 Detroit, Mich.

Don't Think. Me egotistical or conceited, just because I sound such loud praises about the USED AUTOMOBILES I SELL.

I am enthusiastic about them. I just can't help it. I know what I sell is true; that I give the best value in Detroit. I sell the cream of used cars, many of them not driven over 500 miles. I sell them for 30% to 75% of their list price. I have now a bunch of 1913-14-15 cars with not a broken or badly worn place in them. They all have electric self-starters and will give as good service as a new car. You will think you have bought a new car, yet you have saved enough on the purchase price to run it a year. You can't get more elsewhere but you can pay more. I deal in bargains. I turned down over 1000 Ford's because they were "shot." Some one gets them. Do you?

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Auto Owners and Dealers! Tires of all kinds; the popular Johnson Shock Absorbers and Accessories of all kinds for all makes of automobiles. We make a specialty of Vulcanizing and Tire Repairing. All work fully guaranteed. DEALERS—We have an interesting proposition to offer you on Imperial Tires and Johnson Shock Absorbers. Call in or write for details. H. & H. TIRE SALES CO. 577 WOODWARD AVE. DETROIT, MICH.

Complete with Priming Device. Absolutely Guaranteed. WRITE FOR AGENCY PROPOSITION. Start your car from the seat with a Jiffy Safety Starter and eliminate the danger of injury from cranking. Live agents wanted everywhere. Territory you want may still be open. Can make deliveries in any quantities at once. Call or write for discounts. Ho'der & Clouse, 835 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Phone, Cadillac 1047

Two thousand Detroiters, on five special trains and during one hundred and fifty automobiles, will attend the five hundred mile Indianapolis race May twenty-ninth at an expense of \$100,000.

DETROITERS' INTEREST IN SPEEDWAY CONTESTS

IS SHOWN BY THE ABOVE

This movement of men and money also goes to prove that the new speedway here is going to be all kinds of a success.

That the local Speedway corporation is bound to earn handsome dividends for people investing in its stock.

All America Awake and Talking Speedway

Isn't it proper that the finest, fastest and greatest Speedway in the world should be located in the Automobile Hub of the universe?

FIRST RACE Labor Day, '15

Purse of \$75,000

This will bring 100,000 Strangers to Detroit; all people with Ready-Cash for Local Merchants.

Controling interest in the new Corporation has been reserved for the local investors. It is one of the best propositions ever offered to the public at par. Leading local merchants and manufacturers are among the stockholders.

You are invited to visit the office and look into this enterprise that is going to do big things for Detroit. If you cannot call, then phone or write for a Speedway man.

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20x3 1/4	10.10
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