

By MAT D. BLOSSER
The meeting of the Manchester and surrounding towns...

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1911

Beginning the 45th Year.
With this issue the ENTERPRISE begins its 45th year...

While our advertising patronage is not what we would like to be...

From a Former Manchester Boy.
Friend Max - I see by the ENTERPRISE that the 24th of this month...

In the death of Hon. A. J. Sawyer, dean of the Washington county bar...

There has been but little attention paid to the breeding of trotting stock by the farmers of this locality...

James B. Finley the mining expert engineer from New York who was retained by the state tax commissioner...

Robbie wasn't it? Somebody was fanning the prison mutton catch at Jackson and some of the treated convicts were sent out at night to trap the thief and they did it. The old "dog", it takes a thief to catch a thief.

President Tatt went to the wolf tariff bill and the house attempted to carry the bill over but lost out by a vote of 207 to 120.

PERSONAL MENTION

Wm. Youns visited friends in Chelsea last Thursday.
Miss Emma Seifried of Detroit spent Sunday with Mrs. Ed. Braun.

Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Hann attended a family reunion at Morenci last Thursday.
Pablo Smith and Mrs. Barbara Ulrich of Greenville are visiting at J. P. Kern's.

Mr. & Mrs. Fred Rehms of Cleveland are visiting their parents Mr. & Mrs. Wm. B. Rehm.

Mr. & Mrs. Roland Lehr of Detroit are spending the week with their parents Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Lehr.

Mr. & Mrs. H. D. Withaler and daughter of Chelsea are visiting her father Leonard Herman and other relatives.

Mr. & Mrs. Ed Logan and Misses Nora Logan, Almada and Nora Walworth were on an excursion to Niagara Falls last week.

Mr. Goodell and daughter Miss Maude expect to start Saturday on a pleasure trip to Toronto, Niagara Falls and Perth.

Miss Francis and Louise Goodyear and Alice Oasa returned from a pleasant vacation at Bay View, last Saturday.

Mr. Post of Sandusky, Ohio, came here last week to visit his parents Mr. & Mrs. A. Sloan and the two ladies and little Lucile Post, went to Jackson and Addison, Saturday to visit her Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. O. W. Christy of Chicago have been visiting at Mr. B. Wallace's for the past two weeks or more.

New Grocery Store
East Side of Jefferson and Water Streets
Low Prices
YOUR TRADE IS SOLICITED
J. H. DELKER

Your Engagement Ring
Call for Them Early
Haeussler & Son

We Are Now Showing
A new line of Printed Scrim
SUNBURST SILKS
YOCUM, MARX & CO.

JOHN DEERE IMPLEMENTS
Not What You Pay
The CAREY-MORAN GRANITE CO.

.SPECIALS.
We have a few White Summer Waists left that we will sell as follows:
All 50 cent Waists at 39c
All 75 " " 29c
All 85 " " 69c
All 1.00 " " 79c
All 1.50 " " 1.19
All 2.25 " " 1.79

AT THE SHARON STORE
I have a large quantity of Standard Binder Twine
7 Cents
R. C. ORDWAY

GO TO THE
Manchester Flouring Mills
FOR ALL KINDS OF Feeds, Hay and Straw, Fertilizers, etc.

Lonier & Hoffer
It Beats the World for Rheumatism
The Cure is San - Jak

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAASHAW.
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washaw...

Hives and Prickly Heat Relieved Free
There are no conditions attached to this offer...

That Brass Bedstead
shown in our window is a beauty, the last word in elegant furnishing.

E. C. Jenter
Underwriter
It Beats the World for Rheumatism
The Cure is San - Jak

Manchester Enterprise
Published weekly at Manchester, Mich.
By MAT D. BLOSSER
THURSDAY AUGUST 24, 1911

BRIEF LOCAL ITEMS
Homesick has a new advertisement.
Have you read "the fair" advertisement...

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAASHAW.
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washaw...

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAASHAW.
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washaw...

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAASHAW.
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washaw...

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAASHAW.
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washaw...

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAASHAW.
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washaw...

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAASHAW.
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washaw...

You Will Like Manchester
Homecoming Day at Manchester Aug. 24, 1911
PROGRAM
The Village of Manchester and committee of arrangements extends a hearty welcome...

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAASHAW.
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washaw...

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAASHAW.
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washaw...

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAASHAW.
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washaw...

COMING...
Sharpsteen's Comedy and Novelty Co.
MANCHESTER
Monday, Aug. 28
IN TENT 1 WEEK

Wait, Watch for Small Bills!
A man of mystery is among you. He has more surprises for you than any man here in your town before...

OVERLAND
The Overland Line for 1912 consists of Three Models.
Model 59, 30 h. p., \$ 900. 106-Inch Wheel Base.
Model 60, 35 h. p., \$1,200. 114-Inch Wheel Base.
Model 61, 45 h. p., \$1,500. 118-Inch Wheel Base.

Homecoming Day Prices!
at "The Fair."
Men's Heavy Suspenders, 50c quality 25c
Men's Work and Fancy Shirts 38c
All Silk Taffeta Ribbons, 10c, 40, 60 and 80, per yd. 10c
Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 10c quality, special price 5c
Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, all sizes, per pair 10c
Stavans Linnen-Crash Toweling, per yd. 10c
Cotton Crash Toweling, per yd. 5c
Ladies' and Children's Sunbonnets 10c and 19c
Infants' White Muslin Bonnets 10c
Turkish Bath Towels 5c and 10c
Stamped Linnen Centerpieces, all sizes and prices. 10c and 25c
Embroidery Silk, 3 skeins for 10c and 25c
Pillow Covers 10c
Alger's Bound Books for Boys 10c
China Cups and Saucers 10c
China Dinner Plates 10c
Good Quality Dinner Plates 4c
7 bars Lennox Soap 25c
6 packages Naphtha Washing Powder 25c
1 lb. Cane Paraffin 10c
Pure Candies, strictly fresh, per lb. 10c
Lion Brand Salted Peanuts, per lb. 19c

The Peoples Bank
LOOK AT YOUR BANK ACCOUNT
Is the service which you now receive satisfactory? Do you contemplate making a change? Do you desire a bank that is CONSISTENT WITH GOOD BANKING which will give you the most service for the least money? This will interest you. Ask us about it.

The Girl of My Dreams

A NOVELIZATION OF THE PLAY BY WILBUR D. NESBIT AND OTTO HAUERBACH
NOVELIZED BY WILBUR D. NESBIT
COPYRIGHT BY W.D. NESBIT

SYNOPSIS

Harry Swift is expecting a visit from his fiancée, Lucy Medders, a Quakeress who he met in the country. His auto crashes into another machine containing a beautiful woman and a German count. The woman is ruined, and Harry escapes. His sister, Caroline, arrives at his home to find the Count. The Count and Mrs. Gen. Blazes, who demands her hat, a duplicate of which she says has been delivered to her by Harry. The Count in great fear lest her husband hear of her escapade, Lucy Medders and her father arrive and the Count is hidden in one room and Mrs. Blazes in another. Harry is forced to do some fancy lying to keep Lucy from discovering the presence of the woman. The milliner, Daphne Daffington, who proves to be an old flame of Harry's, arrives to trace the missing duplicate hat and more complications ensue. Daphne is hidden in the room occupied by the Count. The latter, with whom Daphne had flirted at one time, demands the return of a ring he had given her on that occasion. She tells him that she gave the ring to General Blazes. As the Count had given the ring to Harry, a duplicate of the ring he becomes somewhat excited. Daphne leaves the room and seeks refuge at the home of the Count. Mrs. Blazes discovers the Count, who is introduced as Harry's German tutor. General Blazes arrives and accuses Harry of concealing his wife. Daphne steps out and the general is dumfounded. Lucie gives way to tears. The Count takes the blame for the whole affair upon himself, but the verdict is reserved until Harry can vindicate himself. General Blazes admits to Harry that he has flirted with Daphne, and Mrs. Blazes overhears the talk. Mrs. Blazes attempts to escape with the aid of the Count and the latter is mistaken for a burglar. The duplicate hat arrives and Harry saves that mess.

CHAPTER XIII.

A short while later Harry left his guests gathered about the piano, singing and quietly slipped outside. The Count made an excuse and left the room also. Harry went immediately to the front of the house and threw a pebble against Mrs. Blazes' window. "St!" she cautioned, as she appeared. "Oh, dear! I'm distracted!" she said almost hysterically. "How do you think I feel?" he asked. "Listen, I've got the hat. I put it in my sister's room, until I get a chance to give it to you."

"Why can't I have it right away?" she asked. "Some one would see me getting it to you. We can't take a chance. General Blazes is in there with the rest—don't you hear him singing?" "Oh, yes. It is such a blessing that the dear old fellow can forget his troubles."

"He'll remember them soon enough." Around the corner of the house came Count von Fritz, laboriously carrying a long ladder that he had found. "By gracious!" Harry said. "You're not such a fool after all. Here! I'll help you." "Now you see," said the Count. "I've got her out."

"Well! I'll bet you the scoundrel doesn't wish it on any other woman!" The General tore the offending ring from his finger and threw it away. It rolled directly to the Count, who grasped it fervently and whispered to Harry.

"For dies I forgit him all der rest!" Harry kicked him, as a gentle signal for silence.

"I suppose," the General accused her, "you are back here looking for him, eh?" Lucy opened the door and looked out, evidently wondering where Harry might have gone. She thought he would be waiting for her on the lawn bench. Seeing the General and Daphne she drew back, but she heard his question about the hat, and Daphne's answer.

"No," Daphne said, "I brought this hat for Harry Swift." Lucy silently came down the steps and stood in the shadows.

"What?" the General asked. "Is he getting up a hat trifle? He must think a lot of that little fiancee of his." "Oh," Daphne explained carelessly, "it isn't for her. He told me it was for another woman."

thing. You know how I accidentally ran over her hat this morning. You know that you, yourself, sent to this house a duplicate of that hat, and that I never met the woman before in my life. And you came here to see her and that was how you happened to be in that room with her. And you know that everything I have done, and all the lies I have told, and all the suspicions I have endured, have been because of my honest effort to protect her good name."

"Still, appearances are against you," Daphne argued. Lucy smiled with joy, however. Amos Medders strolled out and saw Lucy.

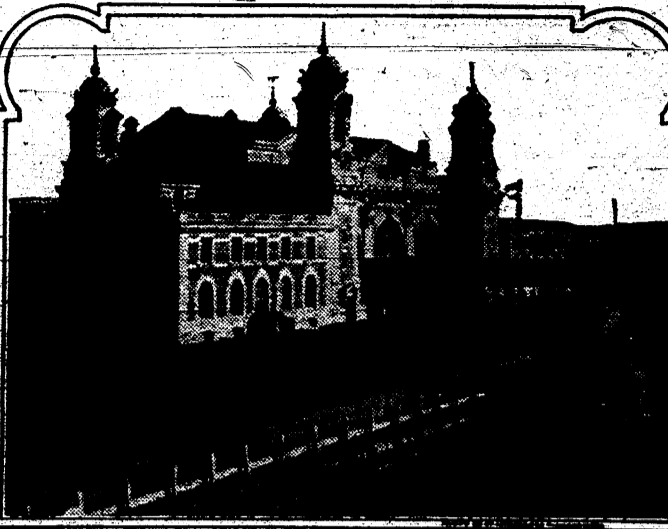
"Daughter," he said, "art thou not afraid of catching cold?" Harry and Daphne turned, almost guiltily.

"What? Bless my soul!" Harry said. "I didn't see you folks come out." "I just come," Lucy told him. "And what art thee getting, Harry?" "He's buying a hat," Daphne said. "What? Another hat?" Medders asked.

"Oh—yes, certainly," Harry replied. "And for Lucy?" "If you will let me give it to her, sir."

"What? Two? Why, Harry, my boy, thee art extravagant." "Two?" Lucy asked. "I wanted you to have your choice, Lucy," Harry said. Daphne maliciously opened the box and placed the hat on Lucy's head. From her window Mrs. Blazes watched the proceeding in abject despair.

HOW WE GUARD AGAINST CHOLERA



DOCTORS BOAT LANDING LINES.

THE development of a few cases of Asiatic cholera in the government's hospitals in New York harbor, as the result of infection brought from abroad, resulted in calling to public attention two intensely interesting discoveries made in recent years in connection with the disease.

The first is that the ailment is not nearly as likely to spread in centers where it is not actually epidemic as has generally been believed heretofore; the second is the fact that there are persons who are "cholera carriers," accounting in many instances for a longer incubation period than the formerly accepted one, which was from a few hours to five days.

These gains in knowledge should have a most reassuring effect on the public mind. It has been learned that cholera is not carried along by the wind; and persons who have been in the vicinity of cholera patients do not carry the germs of cholera away with them in their clothing—unless such clothing has been contaminated by infected discharges from the sufferers.

The disease must be taken in through the mouth, so that, although extremely virulent and fatal, it is only infectious in the same manner in which typhoid and some of the other fevers are transmissible.

The recognition of a class of persons known as "cholera carriers" has resulted in a determination to extend the detention of all persons suspected of having been in direct contact with the disease until its presence or absence can be certified to after searching bacteriological tests. This extended detention period goes a long way toward eliminating the danger of permitting the disease to gain a foothold within our gates.

HAYSEED FARMER IS EXTINGUISHED

Our Agriculturists Now Even Have Dining Clubs With Gigs and After-Dinner Speeches.

One of the American characters disappearing from the world's stage is the "hayseed." He still inhabits the comic supplement and the imagination of people reared in pant-u-sats, but he is nearly extinct in the hamlet, the cross-roads general store and the village postoffice. The daily newspaper, the daily mail, the rural delivery, the telephone and the trolley have nearly annihilated him.

One of the recent developments of country life is the organization of farmers' dining clubs. Think of Uncle Josh, by heck, as a clubman! This farmers' dining club idea appears to have originated in Kansas, the parent state of many strange ideas. And this particular idea, as strange ideas commonly do in Kansas, seems to spread. And every one knows, especially a number of standpatters, that when a strange idea begins to spread in Kansas it keeps on spreading.

At these farmers' clubs there is a good dinner—no light lunch, mind you—but a plethora of boiled and baked food—meat, potatoes, cabbage, greens, etc., and perhaps onions, too. After the dinner cigars are served—cigars not made of hemp—none of your Savannah reflectors with long alfalfa filler and jimpeon weed wrapper—but a real cigar that a man can smoke without waking up the board of health.

After dinner the agricultural clubmen make speeches. This is a human failing. Life would be happier for all men who have to listen if other men did not insist on making speeches, but some men are always indifferent to the comfort of their fellows. When the club meeting begins to break up the farmers rush home in their automobiles, making poor pedestrians jump out of the road and killing chickens on the way.—Washington Star.

He, Too, a Burglar. All was quiet within the house, and the night was far spent. Thus fortune favored the burglar as he stealthily acquired the plate and valuables and put them in his capacious bag. But oh, the horrible thrill he got when an icy-cold hand grasped his wrist!

"Oh, my poor, misguided friend," murmured the intruder sorrowfully. "Would you rob me of my valuables? Think, my man, what you are doing. If you have a wife and child, what would they do if I sent you to prison?"

Then without a word our friend made a hasty exit by the window. The kind, loving, charitable old man, having quietly lifted the swag on his shoulder, after cranking it to its utmost capacity with useful articles, also took his departure. For behold, he, too, was a burglar.

Humor Amid Danger. One of the characteristics of my old comrade, Amos Stillman, Co. A, 23d Mass. volunteers, was brovery in actual fighting service," said the old soldier.

Alsatian Tree of Liberty. The tree of liberty at Wissembourg, in Alsace, has been condemned. It was planted in 1792, conformably to a decree of the national convention to commemorate the abolition of the monarchy and the proclamation of the French republic.

So Impractical! "You can't please some men," says the strong-jawed woman. "Now, take my husband, for example. He is never satisfied with what we have for dinner."

He, Too, a Burglar. "Binks was wild with rage when he saw the cartoon which he had pictured him hobnobbing with a big monkey."

He, Too, a Burglar. "Yes, I should imagine a picture like that would put him fairly beside himself."

BAIT IS A HUMBUG

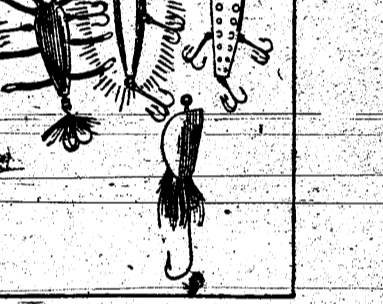
Queer Freaks in Lures That Tempt Finny Tribe.

Piscatorial Brood Eagerly Jump for Hobgoblin Monstrosities That Would be Food only for Billy Goats.

St. Paul, Minn.—Why does a fish bite? Of course there is the angler's dexterity, adroitness, luck, experience, personal magnetism and all that, and everyone can tell why a fish doesn't bite; there are as many jinxes as there are fishermen. But why does a fish bite? What is the psychology of bait? Doubtless angling, originally consisted in offering something to tempt the appetite of the piscatorial brood. But that idea seems almost to have dropped out of the world-old business of fishing. For of all the hundreds of lures used by casters for fish few would satisfy hunger. If the game sought were billy goats or ostriches, the combinations of rubber, tin, glass, paint and feathers might be tempting. But why any sane fish will jump for a red and green hobgoblin that resembles nothing it ever has seen before, is a mystery to fishermen. And why it will grab it today and pass it by with cold disdain tomorrow is as deep a mystery.

They're inconsistent, too, and you've got to give them something new all the time. Now, the fish fly is the hobble skirt of angling. Last year it was the bucktail, and the year before something else. You've got to keep up on the fashions in flies if you want to catch fish.

There is a story of the buck tail's origin that, being a fish story, cannot be questioned as to its authenticity.



Some Freak Artificial Baits.

A hunter in the north, stalking deer, saw a herd in a lake and while getting range saw a large fish jump repeatedly at the tail of a buck. After bringing down the deer he fixed the tail on a hook; it proved the best bait he ever had used. The buck tail fly, a brown and white tuft of hair, is a good bait, though there is no insect listed that it could have been copied from.

But the buck tail and fish fly are attractive morsels to human eyes, compared with the monstrosities that the fish have been invited to bite at in seasons past. Any self-respecting fish getting in early from a little crowded supper of the night before might not be blamed for mistaking an ibis or a buck tail for something he had seen in pairs, or fours, at some other time. But the fish that strikes at a "hooker" or a "yellow kid," two freak baits, probably has had domestic troubles.

The Freak of fish bait fashions is in the east, and it is a notable fact that none of the frivolous things have come from prohibition territory. The inventor of fish lures has a temperament that is not fostered in dry countries. Take the "coaxer." It resembles a miniature rooster in profile; a hunk of white wood is set off by a part tail of red feathers and two cute little suggestions of wings of red felt. Natural histories show no freaks that could have been the inspiration for this. And the coaxer is some persuader, anglers will tell you.

From the impressionistic school comes the "roamer," the motif of this is purely allegorical. In your worst nightmares you may have seen the roamer family in various countries. The roamer also is cigar-shaped; it has a round head with protruding eyes and a fan tail that is a beauty. Six wriggly red legs—guaranteed to wriggle—add to the grotesqueness and hide the hooks. The prevailing color is a mottled green with white underneath. Somehow the roamer makes a strong appeal to the fish.

And in all this catering to the whims of the haunTERS of deep pools, the designers have not forgotten the tender phase that has a part in the fish's existence—the season of sentiment. For this there is the moonlight minnow—they even gave it a poetic name. For night fishing this bait has succeeded, and typifies earthy love. Ungainly and of a dead white in the day time, it glows into a graceful shape as it is drawn along the surface of the water at night. Several hooks are hidden in its scabbiness, but the fish don't know it.

Man Decides Her Case. Sharon, Pa.—After much conflicting testimony had been given by two neighbors who claimed the ownership of a hen, Justice of the Peace Burnside, following the footsteps of Solomon, took the hen to a point midway between the houses of the contending parties and turned her loose. Watched by many spectators, the hen waded through a hole in the fence of Mrs. Mary Romanick and Justice Burnside put the case of the hen on Michael Fisher, who had claimed the hen.