

NEW LINEUP OF EXHIBITS AT FAIR INSURES SUCCESS

Ohio State Fair Opens Monday, Aug. 28, With Promise of Greatest Exposition In History.

When the greatest industrial and agricultural exposition in the country opens in Columbus, Monday, Aug. 28, the people of Ohio will have an opportunity of seeing the most wonderful collection of exhibits ever shown at the Ohio State Fair.

Not only have all the records been broken for the number and comprehensive display of Ohio made and raised products, but prospects for the largest attendance in the history of the State Fair are visible.

The largest collection of farm implements, vehicles and machinery will be on the grounds. Housed in the seventeen large, permanent stone, brick and steel exhibition buildings will be the handwork of hundreds of industrious Ohioans.

The finest corn, the best of all the wheat grown in Ohio, will be on exhibition.

Millions in Horse Exhibit. In the cattle pens will be seen the greatest collection of cattle ever displayed. In the horse barns will be housed a million dollar exhibit of heavy draft horses alone.

Automobile Show. An automobile show, the most comprehensive and complete ever held in Ohio, barring none, will be seen at the State Fair. Every well known make of automobile will be shown.

There will be the tractor section, a threshermen section; heavy machinery will be seen—the requirements had to cut down the size of their displays and others had to be content to house them in a huge tent.

The poultry exhibits promise to eclipse anything ever shown. The dairy section will be complete. The state exhibits will be better than ever.

Better Amusements. The amusements offered are better and more entertaining than ever before. Nothing has been overlooked to make the Ohio State Fair of 1916 the exposition which will be the most talked of and the most appreciated by the many thousands who attend.

MANY "SPECIAL" DAYS AT OHIO STATE FAIR

Record Crowds Expected Each Day, and Interesting Programs Are Arranged For All.

The various "special" days of the State Fair, commencing Monday, Aug. 28, and ending Friday evening, Sept. 1, are as follows:

Monday is Ladies' Free day, and all ladies and girls will be admitted free of charge.

Tuesday is Rotary and Interurban day. Rotarians from all over Ohio are expected to attend. A special program has been arranged by the Columbus Rotarians.

Wednesday will be known as Columbus day; Threshermen's day; Kiwanis day and Retail Grocers' day. Special programs are being prepared.

Special Programs. George Durbin, secretary and treasurer of the Threshermen's association, advised Wm. Kinman, manager of the fair, that the threshermen are going to do everything in their power to make the 1916 fair the greatest of them all. A special program will be arranged for the day, which will include a number of addresses by prominent threshermen and others.

Governor's Grange, Farm Women's and Hillikin's day is on Thursday. A special program has been arranged for this day, in honor of the four events. Hon. Duncan Marshall, minister of agriculture, Canada, is the principal speaker of the day.

Last year was a record year for the Grange attendance at the State Fair, over 2,000 having registered. L. J. Taber, master of Ohio State Grange, expects at least 5,000 to register this year.

Friday will be Old Soldiers' and Children's day.

Just the Thing for Diarrhoea. "About two years ago I had a severe attack of diarrhoea which lasted over a week," writes W. C. Jones, Buford, N. D. "I became so weak that I could not stand upright. A druggist recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The first dose relieved me and within two days I was as well as ever. Many druggists recommend this remedy because they know that it is reliable. Obtainable everywhere.—adv.

The more checks a spendthrift has the faster he travels.

Dispatch job printing will please you.

BOTH SIDES CLAIM GAINS IN BALKANS

Report Says Roumanian Army Is Mobilized and Ready to Strike for Allies.

Amsterdam, Aug. 23.—Belligerents from nearly all capitals of Europe are flashing to neutrals claims of brilliant successes in the Balkans, now the bloodiest center of the world war.

Reports of fierce Bulgarian drives in the strategic Struma valley come closely on the heels of reported allied victories on the blood-soaked heights west of the Vardar river.

Roumania Reported Ready to Strike. Both reports compete with the significant dispatches piercing the Roumanian close veil of censorship that that nation is completely mobilized and ready to strike for the entente.

Immediately north of Saloniki, in the Doiran region, Serbian troops are reported to have captured two forts, while in the heaviest fighting reported on the left bank of the Struma, the Anglo-French forces are attacking the Bulgarians northwest of Sores, which is 45 miles northeast of Saloniki.

On the western end of the line the Bulgarians claim notable advances, some of which are conceded. They have pressed southward from Florina, occupying Kastoria and Koritsa.

The allies have captured a series of heights west of the Vardar river on the Saloniki front, says a French war office statement. On both wings advance detachments have fallen back before the counter offensive of the Bulgarians.

Early dispatches bring news Greek troops are also engaged in the fighting about Sores.

Allies Report Gains. For the moment at least operations on the eastern and western fronts are overshadowed by those in the Balkans. The entente offensive, however, is proceeding uninterruptedly on both those fronts. The French have resumed infantry activity along the Somme, capturing trenches near Fattress and Soyecourt, south of the river. They have also made progress north of the stream in the outskirts of Clercy, an important immediate objective in their drive for Peronne.

The British on the Somme front are slowly creeping nearer to Thiepval, on their left flank, their latest advance bringing them within 1,000 yards of the place.

They also report a considerable gain near Pozieres, where they have pushed forward along a half mile front. Guillemont, northwest of Combes, is still holding out, although the British are fast hemming it in and report the Germans in the town suffering heavily from artillery fire.

Latest dispatches report a further British advance between Martinpuich and Basentin, where they captured 100 yards of German trenches.

Petrograd reports the situation unchanged in Galicia, Volhynia and in the Carpathian region, but claims the gain of further ground from the Turks in southern Turkish Armenia, west of Lake Van.

VILLISTAS ARE VICTORS

REPORT SAYS FORCE OF BANDITS DEFEATS CARRANZA GOVERNMENT TROOPS.

El Paso, Texas.—A force of 60 Villa bandits engaged and defeated a larger command of government troops in the vicinity of Santa Ysabel, Chihuahua, last Friday, according to private dispatches here. The de facto command approximated 100 men and lost 20, while the outlaws, under J. Dominguez, lost but 12.

The government troops commanded by Col. Charles Carranza, a nephew of the first chief, had been pursuing the bandits west along the line of the Mexican Northwestern railway. The outlaws reached a secluded canyon and, choosing their positions, gave battle, routing the Carranza command.

Mexican authorities here and in Juarez said they had received no reports of the engagement, although Col. Carranza has been operating in the district west of Chihuahua City.

Eight Killed, 13 Injured. Jackson, Tennessee.—Eight men were killed, 13 injured, two probably fatally, and several workmen are missing following an explosion of three boilers in the engine room of the Harlan & Morris woodworking plant here. The mill was completely wrecked.

From Saloon to Pulpit. Chicago.—"It isn't what you used to be, it's what you are today," runs the song.

And that sentiment seemed exactly to express the views of members of the Avondale Presbyterian church, whose pastor, Rev. William M. Saunders, not so long ago was the proprietor of a hotel and saloon at Uniontown, Pa. Rev. Mr. Saunders came to Chicago and entered McCormick Theological Seminary. He was graduated last April, was ordained and now is pastor of the little Avondale church.

Score of Barns Burned. Columbus, O.—Fully a score of barns were burned by incendiaries throughout the state the past week, according to the state fire marshal.

At Toledo a man and 50 horses were burned in a livery stable fire, for which Mrs. Vera Smith has been arrested. At Springfield eight barns were burned.

At Chillicothe two barns were destroyed by fires of mysterious origin and two horses were lost. In several other communities barns were destroyed with contents.

Hub! "What would you do if you were in my shoes?" whined the shabby man. "I believe I'd go get a shine," replied the well-dressed man.—Enquirer.

The curiosity of others enables some men to make a good living.

Loyalty

From Life.

They had been playing "cut in" Bridge until the Carlton's went home, at midnight. Instead of following them Norris returned to the library with Steuler and his wife. In the old days Barclay Norris had asked Barbara to marry him; but Steuler's impetuous love making appealed to her imagination, and Norris had remained their loyal friend. In the library Steuler yawned without apology. Extracting a suit case from the coat closet, he started for the stairs.

"You and Barbara may sit up all night, my friend; but me—I had been traveling, I cannot keep my eyes open. Good night!"

Norris stopped him with a slight motion of the head, nodded to a chair by the table, lighted a cigar very deliberately, and sat down.

"There's a matter I want to discuss with you, Max—now. . . Don't go away, Bab. It concerns you—rather deeply." He inspected his cigar critically during a few moments of silence.

"Max, you may have heard that my law practice brought me occasionally in touch with the government, but you didn't know I was officially connected with the secret service. When we were drawn into this war your probable sympathies were considered, but you enlisted for the Spanish War, though you never got further than Chattanooga. You took the oath of allegiance. We considered your loyalty had been demonstrated, so we trusted you. We've had a constant fight against treachery, however, in the most undreamed of places. You were again suspected. Is it necessary for me to say more? Lieutenant Schmidt was arrested ten minutes after you left him this morning. I saw you receive from him specifications for the Wright Multiplane, the Maxim Clorox Shell and the perfected 'Lake Submarine. I also know you have a copy of the State Department's code book."

Barbara Steuler had remained standing at the end of the table, her eyes dilating with an expression of incredulous outraged amazement.

"Barclay! Are you insane? Are you accusing Max of these horrible things? My husband?"

Norris spoke gently but firmly. "I'm stating facts, Bab—not accusing. Because I've been your friend, and his, I'm giving him this chance to return the papers and code before it's too late. At this moment I'm the only one who really knows. He meant to sail on Grunwald's yacht for Christiansia at sunrise. There's still time for him to get aboard and escape. I'm personally answerable for the unknown man I've been following today!"

She whirled upon her husband, saw, with horror, that he was making no denial, that he was looking at their old friend with a gleam of hatred in his eyes. Presently he pulled open a drawer in the table, thrusting one hand into the back part of it.

"So! You often suspect where I put the code book? Yes? Well, it lies the fortune of war, I suppose. You think I will not arrested be, if I reach the yacht before morning? Nein? You are the only one who knows—yet? Und suppose I never come back? My wife I must leave with the man who always had loved—?" There was a flash, a stunning report. Norris staggered up from his chair and pitched headlong upon the floor.

"Max! Max! A traitor! A murderer! My God!"

He took a canvas bound book from the drawer, thrust it hastily into the suit case, then fetched overcoat and hat from the closet. In his hurry he overlooked the automatic pistol which lay upon the table. So intent was he upon escaping with what he had that he seemed to have forgotten her entirely. But a low gasping voice made him whirl about at the door.

"Another step—and I'll—kill you!" The pistol steadily covered his heart. (He'd seen her shoot.)

"Put that book on the table." He hesitated, meditating a spring through the doorway. "When I count three! One! . . ." With a muttered curse he took the code from the suit case.

"Empty your pockets!" There was no mistaking the expression in her eyes. He emptied his pockets.

"Now—go! Without the suit case!" "Barbara! You would haf me leave you! Like this!" Her face was colorless, in her eyes a brooding horror, a dazed consciousness of that motionless body on the floor behind the table.

"My people fought at Lexington an' Concord—for principles dearer than life to them. You swore allegiance to those principles, to their flag. And you are—this! You've murdered our loyal friend—when he was giving a traitor a chance, at great personal risk! Go! Quickly!"

As the front door slammed she ran to the window, watched him down the block. A man who did such things might return later, catch her unawares, secure the papers. Her brain worked automatically. There was no safe place to conceal them. They must be destroyed at once! Tearing the book to pieces she piled the leaves upon the andirons in the fire place with the other papers, then she lighted the heap. When they were entirely destroyed a pattern of footsteps echoed from the stairs; a little figure in pajamas came peering around the portiere (A thrill of passionate thankfulness ran thru her that he remembered her people, with no trace of the alien blood.)

"Mother! What was that big noise?" "Possibly some one's automobile, dear—a blow out or a back fire, you know." She forced herself to speak quietly, standing so that he couldn't look behind the table.

"Mother, who was down here wiv you?" "Uncle Barclay, sweetheart. But—oh, God!—he's gone now." (Norris's love had been the truer, deeper affection; she'd known it for some time.) "Run along back to beddy, darling. Mother will come up presently."

She had a feeling of suffocation as the boy hugged her impetuously and padded softly upstairs. As she listened to his careful progress another sound, a faint rustling from behind the table, made her heart stop beating for a second. With trembling limbs she leaned across the table and looked. The dead man lay in a slightly different position; there was a barely perceptible movement of the chest. She reached breathlessly for the telephone. "Give me Bryant 8702, please! Yes! Doctor Marvin's house! Quickly!"

HOPE

From Life

"Here's a pathetic case of chronic melancholia," the doctor continued, as we walked among the inmates. "That white haired woman has been here twenty-six years. She is entirely tractable with one obsession. Every Sunday she writes this letter:—"

"Sunday. Dear John: I am sorry we quarreled when you were going away out west. It was all my fault. I hope you will forgive and write. Your loving, ESTHER."

"Every Monday she asks for a letter and, though receiving none, becomes radiant with hope and says: 'It will come tomorrow.' The last of the week she is depressed. Sunday she again writes her letter. That has been her life for twenty-six years. Her youthful face is due to her mental inactivity. Almsheerly she does whatever is suggested. The years roll on and her emotions alternate between silent grief and fervid hope."

"This is the male ward. That tall man has been here twenty years. His history sheet says from alcoholism. He went to Alaska, struck gold and returned home to marry the girl he left behind. He found her insane and began drinking, lost his fortune and then his reason and became a ward of the state, always talking about his girl and events that happened long ago."

"He is the 'John' to whom 'Esther' writes her letter. 'They meet every day. 'They will never know each other.'"

"Simplicity. 'Ains!' exclaimed the proud mother. 'Why, my Elsie for all her learning, hasn't any more airs than her poor old dad.'"

"Then she won't turn up her nose at her old friends?" inquired the visitor. "La, no!"

"How refreshing! Most girls who go thru college nowadays will hardly look at you after they're graduated."

"Well, they ain't like my Elsie, that's all I can say," retorted Elsie's mother. "She's become a carnivorous reader, of course, and she frequently importunes music. But stuck up—my Elsie Not a bit! She's unanimous to everybody, has a most infantile vocabulary, and what's more never keeps a caller waiting while she dresses up. No, she just runs down, nom de plume, as she is."

All Were Wrong "London's a dreary sort of place, and the smoke's something awful!" the returned countryman was telling his awed village friends. "It's so thick, the air is, that I wonder anything grows there. I planted some corn in a box on my window sill, to remind me of home, and what do you think came up!"

One suggested wheat, while another thought oats more likely. But most of them remained silent, looking at their venturesome friend with respect.

"All wrong!" said the returned traveler, presently. "A policeman came up and told me to take the box down at once!"

In Favor of the Horse. The cabby and the chauffeur had a slight altercation, and the former, in approved sarcastic style, inquired: "And what's that pretty tling stuck on the side?"

"Why that's a spare rim and tire in case any of the wheels go wrong—as any sensible man knows."

"Well, I've drove 'esses for nigh on twenty years, an' I never carried a spare leg for one of 'em yet!"

She Knew Little Nellie had lived long enough to gain some knowledge of human nature. One day at school her teacher asked her:

"Now, Nellie, tell us what a minute man is."

"A minute man," replied the little girl, without hesitation, "is a man who wants everything done right away."

Full Decollete. "I'm afraid." "What of?" "That next thing our young men will be wearing is shirts that are held up by shoulder straps."

Millie Had "Bitten." She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them" papa had said, "you must say, 'No thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated. "Come along, Mildred," said her little friend's father, "you must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the little girl with dignity; "I have already bitten."

Brother Lobstock—"How did yo' all got yo' nose busted?" Brother Tump—"I done slipped down an' plum lit on my back."

Brother Lobstock—"But, name a an' goodness, sah—yo' nose isn't located on yo' back!" Brother Tump—"No, sah; an' need er was Brudder Wack."

The people who brood over their troubles evidently want to hatch out more.

Subscribe for the Dispatch.

McKelvey's THE BIG STORE. FASHIONS-- The New Ones for Autumn. This is a day of "Newness"--things new in origin as well as manufacture--things a trifle different--and from the Fashion critics favorable comment "more in keeping with the advanced ideas of the women of today." We invite you to see the New Fashions that are in-- some in all departments--we believe the selection provided here will be approved by all the women who see them. THE NEW SUITS \$25.00--\$35.00--\$42.50--and up. Deliveries by Automobile to Canfield Every Tuesday and Thursday. T E G. M. McKELVEY COMPANY Youngstown, Ohio.

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