

**LEGAL NOTICES**

**NOTICE OF FILING OF AND HEARING ON DITCH PETITION.**

**NOTICE.**

Notice is hereby given that a petition, of which the following is a copy, has been filed in the office of the County Auditor of Brown County, State of Minnesota, and that a hearing will be had upon said petition before the County Board, at the office of the County Auditor of said County, in the City of New Ulm on the 22nd day of June A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock A. M.

Dated at New Ulm, Minn., this 26th day of May 1916.

(Seal) **LOUIS G. VOGEL,**  
County Auditor.

**PETITION FOR PUBLIC DITCH.**

To the County Board of the County of Brown, State of Minnesota:

The undersigned land owners, whose lands will be liable to be affected by, or assessed for, the expense of the construction of the tile drain and ditch hereinafter described, would respectfully represent that the public health, convenience and welfare and the reclamation of wet and overflowed lands require the establishment and construction of the tile drain and ditch along the following described route in the Town of Milford in said County of Brown and that the construction of the same would be of public benefit and utility.

For the public health, convenience and welfare and the reclamation of wet and overflowed lands.

A general description of the proposed starting point, route and terminus of said ditch is as follows: Commencing in the center of the Southwest quarter (SW 1-4) of the North-west Quarter (NW 1-4) of Section Number Sixteen (16) Township One Hundred and Eleven (111) North, Range Number Thirty-one (31), in said Brown County, Minnesota; thence running in a North-easterly direction across said forty (40) acre tract; thence over and across the North-west Quarter (NW 1-4) of the South-east Quarter (SE 1-4) of the North-west Quarter (NW 1-4) of said Section Number (16) to a point at the center of the North Line of said last described forty (40) acre tract; thence North-easterly across the South-east Quarter (SE 1-4) of the South-west Quarter (SW 1-4) of Section Number Nine (9), Township Number and Range as aforesaid; thence North-easterly across the South-west Quarter (SW 1-4) of the South-east Quarter (SE 1-4) of said Section Number Nine (9), to a point in the center of the North Line of said last described forty (40) acre tract; thence North and Northerly across the North-west Quarter (NW 1-4) of the South-east Quarter (SE 1-4) and across the South-west Quarter (SW 1-4) of the North-east Quarter (NE 1-4), all of said Section Number Nine (9) to a point in the center of the North Line of said last described forty (40) acre tract; thence North and Northerly across the North-west Quarter (NW 1-4) of the North-east Quarter (NE 1-4) of said Section Number Nine (9) to a public highway crossing said last described forty (40) acre tract; thence Northerly across said highway and across said last described forty (40) acre tract to a point located in a ravine known as Fremming's Ravine, 8 rods North of said public highway and terminating there; the said ditch and drain to be a tile ditch and drain throughout.

And your petitioners pray that you will proceed to establish such tile ditch and drain and cause the same to be constructed as provided by Chapter Two Hundred Thirty (230), of the General Laws of Minnesota for 1905 and acts amendatory thereof

Dated May 22nd 1916.  
Gustav Radke,  
W. F. Neumann,  
Mrs. Johanna Lueder,  
Fred Roloff,  
Math. Arnoldi,  
Charles Stuebe, Sr.,  
Charles H. Stuebe,  
Robert Albrecht,  
A. J. Vogel,  
Gustav Stuebe.

22-24 Petitioners.

**INCENDIARISM SCARCE.**

**Habit of Raising Money on Fire Insurance is Becoming Out of Date**

The crime of arson is rapidly disappearing in Minnesota. This is due primarily to the growing unpopularity of this form of raising money. It is too risky also, in the opinion of Robert W. Hargadine, State Fire Marshal.

"A comparison of the number of incendiary cases brought to the attention of this department so far this year, with the corresponding period in 1915 shows a remarkable decrease," said Mr. Hargadine. "For many years incendiaries were found in practically every community. Some were purely pyromaniacs, who started fires simply through the insane desire to see something burning; others were fire-bugs for profit. Of recent years this form of realizing on insurance has been fought vigorously by the state and local authorities in all the states. Minnesota was no exception and the problem of eliminating arson from the list of crimes committed in this state has always been a difficult one to solve."

"Through the co-operation of the people generally, and the local officials in particular, this department is ready to go on record now as reporting that fires resulting from arson are being materially reduced. Long prison sentences, the danger of discovery and the general desire of the people to aid in stamping out this crime, have brought about the decrease in the number of fires attributed to arson."

**MENACE TO ORCHARDS.**

**Tent Caterpillar Nest Should Be Destroyed Before Hot Days Develop Larvae.**

This is the season of the year when the larvae and small nests of the tent caterpillar are likely to be found upon orchard and other trees, especially in localities where the caterpillars were present last year. With the first warm days of spring the larvae escape from the eggshells in which they have lain dormant during the winter. Trees infested with larvae during the early part of the year, or those in the immediate vicinity, are perhaps more likely to be chosen by the parent moth for the deposition of her eggs, and such trees at least should be searched.

The recommendations of the department's entomologists for the control of this pest are, briefly, as follows:

As soon as small nests are detected, they should be destroyed, as this prevents further defoliation of the tree. When in convenient reach, the nests may be torn out with a bush, with gloved hand, or otherwise, and the larvae crushed on the ground, care being taken to destroy any caterpillars which have remained on the tree.

The use of a torch to burn out the nests will be found convenient when they occur in the higher parts of the trees. In using the torch great care is necessary that no important injury be done to the tree; it should not be used in burning out nests except in the smaller branches and twigs, the killing of which would be of no special importance. Nests in the larger limbs should be destroyed by hand, as the use of the torch may kill the bark, resulting in permanent injury.

Tent caterpillars are readily destroyed by arsenicals sprayed on the foliage of trees infested by them. Any of the arsenical insecticides may be used, as Paris green, Scheele's green, arsenate of lead, etc. The first two are used at the rate of one-half pound to 50 gallons of water. The milk of lime made from 2 to 3 pounds of stone lime should be added to neutralize any acetic effect of the arsenical on the foliage. The paste form of arsenate of lead is used at the rate of 2 pounds to each 50 gallons of water, and the powdered form at one-half this quantity.

On stone fruits such as cherry, peach and plum, arsenicals are likely to cause injury to foliage and must be used with caution, if at all. On such trees the arsenate of lead is preferable, as it is less injurious to foliage, and on all trees sticks wood better. In spraying for the tent caterpillar only, applications should be made while the caterpillars are yet small, as they then succumb more quickly to poisoning than when more nearly full grown, and prompt treatment stops further defoliation of the trees.



**SYNOPSIS.**

Mary Page, actress, is accused of the murder of James Pollock and is defended by her lover, Philip Langdon. Pollock was intoxicated. At Mary's trial she admits she had the revolver. Her maid testifies that Mary threatened Pollock with it previously, and Mary's leading man implicates Langdon. How Mary disappeared from the scene of the crime is a mystery. Brandon tells of a strange hand print he saw on Mary's shoulder. Further evidence shows that horror of drink produces temporary insanity in Mary. The defense is "repressed psychosis." Witnesses describe Mary's flight from her intoxicated father and her father's suicide. Nurse Walton describes the kidnapping of Mary by Pollock and Amy Barton tells of Mary's struggles to become an actress and Pollock's pursuit of her. There is evidence that Daniels, Mary's manager, threatened Pollock. Mary faints on the stand and again goes insane when a policeman offers her whisky. Daniels testifies that Pollock threatened to kill Mary and Langdon and actually attempted to kill the latter. Two witnesses describe Mary's flight to the street from the hotel and her abduction by men from a gambling place nearby. Further evidence seems to incriminate Daniels.

To Mary Page alone the name Barker meant nothing, and the sudden eagerness in her manner was due not to the expectation of a bit of sensational testimony, but because this was the woman she had been supposed to be on the night when the police dragged her to jail.

This new witness was, however, not a woman to bring from Mary anything but an uncontrollable shudder of aversion. For she was of the hard-mouthed, bold-eyed type whose profession it is to make herself attractive to men. She was the decoy of the great gambling hell back of the Hotel Republic, and Mary wondered vaguely what on earth she could possibly know of the tragedy, that after so many weeks seemed no nearer a solution.

The Prosecutor wondered much the same thing, and the Judge made a



"Somebody tipped me off that the air was fresher at a cabaret."

mental note to warn Langdon that witnesses whose characters were not beyond reproach detracted from rather than added to a case.

And he made that resolution in the face of the twinkle of amused recognition that Maggie Hale had shot him when she took the stand. For all kinds and all classes met at Barker's, and it was with this famous place that Langdon's first question dealt.

"As secretary to Mr. Barker you must have been frequently at his establishment back of the Hotel Republic, were you not?"

"I was," the witness answered readily. "But mostly in the daytime. I had my evenings free."

"There were evenings when you were there, though, were there not?"

"Oh, lots!" Her tone was freighted with easy amusement. "Sometimes I met up with a party for dinner or a show, and then we'd drift about to try and bank at The House."

She smiled, and several men in the courtroom smiled too.

"Miss Hale, were you a friend of James Pollock?"

"I knew him; knew him pretty well. He was at Barker's a good bit."

"Were you at Barker's on the night that he was shot?"

**The Strange Case of MARY PAGE**

The Great McClure Mystery Story, Written by **FREDERICK LEWIS** In Collaboration With **JOHN T. M'INTYRE**, Author of the Ashton Kirk Detective Stories. *Read the Story and See the Essanay Moving Pictures*

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"Yes, but early. Somebody tipped me off that the air was fresher at a cabaret."

A snigger of repressed mirth filtered through the room at this hint of the big raid, but Langdon frowned.

"Had you seen Mr. Pollock that day?"

"No. Not since the night before."

"Miss Hale, isn't it true that you were to have joined the supper party for the company that Mr. Pollock and Mr. Daniels were giving?"

"No. I wanted to, but he said it was purely theatrical. Then I bet him I would come anyway."

"Why were you particularly anxious to attend that party—on Mr. Pollock's account?"

"Not on your life! I knew that there was going to be some crooked work pulled off, but I couldn't prove it. I had a grudge against someone who was in on it, and I wanted to queer the deal."

"Will you tell us please what that deal was?"

The woman twisted her hands together nervously, and her eyes darted among the spectators as if searching for a menacing face, then she said slowly:

"The deal wasn't pulled off, and I'd rather tell it without any names, if I've got to tell it. I'm not keen about snatching on people."

"I think you may tell it as you please! Should it become necessary to reveal the name I will ask for it."

"That's the ticket. Well, you see it was this way."

Miss Hale settled back in her chair, as though she really enjoyed the interest she was creating.

"Barker knew a fat lot of crooks of all kinds, and he had one pal called Budge Dudley who wasn't all he might have been, but Texas stuck to him because he'd helped him once a long time ago. It was the same with Larry the Josh. Larry had a soft job at The House, and Texas kept him for old time's sake."

"Well, that's got nothing to do with it, except that these fellers cooked up a plant by which they were to get a girl into Jim's party. This girl is about the cleverest dip in New York, and she was to lift the jewels and the watches and the money and everything she could get those swift hands of hers on, when the party got warmed up."

"It was a part of the game for her not to be seen going in or coming out of the hotel, so it was fixed to get the fire-escape down and let her go up it. When she came down again she was to be swung up into Barker's in a swing that is used sometimes to get important people out of the way if unexpected visitors arrive."

She smiled grimly.

"And then she was to walk boldly out the front door. Now this girl—"

"Sadie!" breathed Mary Page suddenly, and at the name the witness paled and, swinging about stared at Mary.

"How do you know—" she began, but Langdon interrupted quickly:

"You say that the girl failed to carry out her part of the plot. Will you tell us why, please?"

"Why? Why, because Jim wasn't at the banquet and she couldn't get in. There wasn't anybody else there who recognized her, and she was counting on Jim. It was fixed with him, but I guess he forgot, so she was left out in the cold. She stuck around till pretty late, hoping to have a chance to get in on the game anyway, and then when she tried to go down the fire-escape she found it about as quiet as Broadway around eight o'clock. It was full of bulls and people and lights, so she had to go downstairs and out the regular way with nothing to pay for a wasted evening."

"Were you in the hotel that night?"

"I was. But not at the banquet."

"Where were you?"

"In the ladies' writing-room on the second floor," the witness answered without the slightest hesitation.

"That's around the corner from the banquet room."

"How near is that to what is known as the 'gray suite,' do you know?"

"Of course I do. It's at the end of that corridor."

"Can you reach the fire-escape from it?"

"No. There's a fire tower at the other side of the building that you are supposed to use. But I didn't know that when I was seized with a desire to write letters in that room."

"What time did you go in there?"

"Oh, I don't know—round about eleven o'clock or so."

"Did you look out the window?"

"Sure I did, lots of times. I had to do something to prevent death from boredom with my own company."

"It was then that you found you could not reach the fire-escape, was it?"

"Yes. But I could see it and that was just about as important for me. All I wanted was to have the goods on a woman that had been blabbing too much about me."



"You say that the girl failed to carry out her part of the plot."

"Miss Hale, did you at any time when you looked out at the fire-escape hear any conversation?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Well, I wasn't wearing my wrist watch that night so I can't tell you the exact time. It was pretty late, after midnight. I had about decided that



James Pollock, Mary Page and Philip Langdon.

the game was due to come off pretty quick or not at all, and had leaned out of the window to take a last look when I saw the lights flash up in the next suite."

"Were the windows open?"

"Yes."

"And you could hear talking?"

"Yes."

"Was it a man and a woman?"

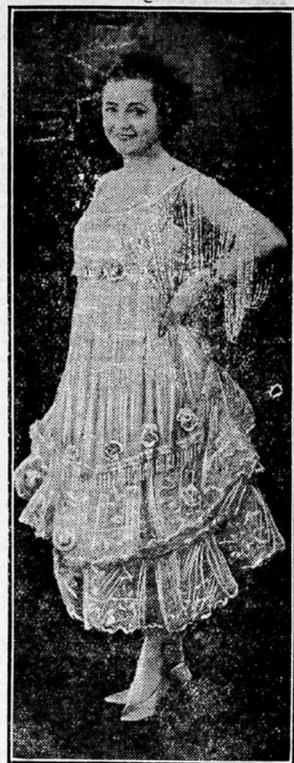
"No; two men. One was shouting pretty loudly and the other seemed to be promising him something or reassuring him. One voice seemed kind of familiar, but I didn't place it then because it was thick, like a man with an edge on. The other voice I didn't recognize. At any rate, I heard the lush say,

"Now beat it, and don't you let anybody butt in this time. Stay where I told you to, and for the Lord's sake don't get run in as a sneak. Do you get me?"

"I got you the first time," growled the other fellow. "What the dickens has got into you tonight, Jim? I believe you've got something up your

sleeve you're not telling."

"Well," says the drunken voice, "you've been keepin' a few things up



Mary Page.

your sleeve for a long time. I haven't had an accounting for that money yet."

"At that the other growls something and they both came to the window."

"Could you see them?" Langdon's voice shook a little in his excitement.

"No. I couldn't see anything but their shadows. A tall one, kind of wavering, and a shorter one."

"Did you hear any more?"

"No. Because just then I heard someone laugh in the corridor, and I know the banquet must be arriving, and I wanted to keep tabs on the guests."

"Did you see the defendant, Mary Page, pass?"

"Yes."

"Was she alone?"

"No; Daniels, the theatrical feller, was with her."

There was a slight pause.

"Now, Miss Hale," Langdon's voice was serious, but deep with an emotion that stirred the bewildered spectators with the sense of something big and important even though they could not grasp it, "did Mr. Daniels show any emotion when he passed the door of the gray suite?"

"I don't know as you would call it emotion exactly. He acted like a man that hears a familiar voice. To come down to facts, he stopped short and listened, and it wasn't till he noticed that Miss Page had stopped too that he laughed loudly as if to cover up something and hurried her along to the banquet room."

"Did you see Mr. Daniels again?"

"Yes; a little later. I went across to the window to get an eye-full of what was going on out there, but couldn't see a thing, and after waiting a bit I went back to the door."

"Was anyone in the corridor?"

"Yes. A kid was walking along towards the stairs and Daniels was standing by the door of the gray suite with one hand on the knob and with his ear flat against the panel."

To be Continued.

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