

The more moral impulses in me is of no force unless it can be translated into action. It is immoral to propose for the United States something that is not of benefit for the whole United States. It is immoral to promote legislation for your business unless it is also for the interest of the rest of the country. Our government is not a paternal institution.—WOODROW WILSON.

THE BUSIEST MAN IN TOWN IS THE COOLEST MAN THESE DAYS

We have the word of a Chicago authority, a physician, that if people would give the matter of hot weather scientific study, they could greatly minimize both the danger to which they expose themselves and the discomfort they suffer.

The first essential, this authority says, is for every one to keep his mind off the heat.

While it is no doubt a fact that mental suggestion of heat annoyance and constant worry are in large responsible for many of the fatalities and prostrations, summer suffering will be found in a majority of instances to be due to intemperance in eating and drinking.

Then there is also the matter of foolishness in dress to be remedied. As a matter of fact there are rules for the hot months which cannot be overlooked, disregarded or broken if one is to keep as comfortable as possible, any more than a locomotive engineer could disregard the rules governing his responsibility and keep out of accidents.

- There are rules for the housewife to observe.
- There are rules for the mothers of babies to observe.
- There are rules for the society woman to observe.
- There are rules for the business man to observe.
- There are rules for every one of Detroit's near half-million either to observe or have observed in their behalf.

We have at hand some things to do and some things that ought not to be done at this time of the year.

We have saved them for you—**for advice for the hot weather.**

First we would say to the housewife:

- Don't remain in a heated kitchen any longer than necessary.
- Don't keep the gas burning any longer than necessary.
- Don't do any work that is not essential or necessary.
- Don't cook heat-producing foods.
- Don't expose yourself to the sun after hard work.
- But—
- Keep the blind down and the sun out.
- Keep all the windows open.
- Cook vegetables for the husband and children.
- Feed your family plenty of watermelon.
- Give them ice water, iced tea and lemonade.
- Do your housework early in the day; rest in the afternoon.

Our advice to mothers is:

- Don't swathe the baby in lots of clothes.
- Don't let it lay in the sunshine.
- Don't keep it in the kitchen or laundry.
- Don't overfeed it.
- Don't play with it very much.
- Don't try to quiet it with soothing syrup if it cries.
- But—
- Strip it of all the clothing possible.
- Give it Pasteurized milk.
- Give it ice cooled water—(not water with ice in it)—and put out meal in the water.
- Place it in a shady place outside and let it sleep.

The rules we find for the society woman are these:

- Don't go to many social functions.
- Don't wear tight clothes or corsets.
- Don't lace to tight.
- Don't suffer for the sake of social convention.
- Stay at home, rest and read light fiction.
- Drink cooling drinks in moderation.
- Eat candies if you must, but not too much of them.

Now to the business man:

- Don't walk in the sun, on the way to and from work.
- Don't hurry after a car or hurry across the street.
- Don't get excited.
- Don't be annoyed by the blunders of your stenographer.
- Don't eat heavy lunches.
- Don't drink alcoholic stimulants, alleged "cooling drinks."
- But—
- Leave your coat at home.
- Go to your office in a negligee shirt and wear light weight trousers.
- Drink lemonade, ice water and iced tea.
- Eat cold meats and vegetables.
- Rest whenever you are able.

Move your desk out of the sun.

- And to Detroit's near half-million let us say:
- Don't talk about the "hot spell."
- Don't sleep in stuffy rooms.
- Don't use alcoholic stimulants.
- Don't wear heavy clothes.
- Don't eat heavy foods and eat sparingly of light foods.
- Don't look at the thermometer.
- Sleep outside if possible.
- Patronize the river boats.
- Spend an hour bathing in the river if possible.
- Get out of the city whenever possible.

The best advice of all for everybody is to **KEEP BUSY**. Have your mind on some kind of work. The hardest working man in town will come pretty close to being the coolest man in town.

Editorials By the People.

Detroit Needed His Kind.

To the Editor of The Times: Please accept my thanks for publishing my words of praise for Mr. J. E. Hudson, entitled "True Philanthropy." His death is a great surprise and shock to everyone. My sorrow, like that of thousands of others who respected and revered Mr. Hudson for his beautiful generous soul, is very great. It will take Detroiters a long time to become reconciled to his loss. To our dim sight

it seems cruel to have such men die because they are needed so very much right here. Detroit is a better and more beautiful city because he lived in it and his influence must live on to inspire others to tread in his footsteps the pathway that leads to the heights eternal.
MARGARET F. MCAULEY.
839 Brooklyn-ave.

The more a woman loves her husband the more she doesn't want him hanging around when a bunch of women meet at the house.—Chicago News.
Twelve hundred reinforced concrete piles, some of them 75 feet long and 17 inches in diameter, will be used as foundation for the new marine station at Dover, England.

WHA--WHAT'S THAT?



Sketches from Life of Certain Prominent Citizens Upon Hearing Woodrow Wilson's Remark That He Would Carefully Scrutinize All Campaign Contributions.

Municipal Ownership of Franchises

By J. E. BIRD, IN THE GATEWAY.

The root of evil in cities is bad government. The root of bad government is poor citizenship. Light, cleanliness and order make the difference between the miserable squalor and comfortable home. A city is in duty bound to make and keep good streets in even its slums. The price of useless and harmless practice and habits would buy an earthly paradise.

With the war powers of Europe devoted to public improvements, the life of man there would average one hundred years. In this connection we should reflect that while 1776 won the political rights of the individual and by a sentiment, the individual has been exalted, there also exists the fact of the rights of the community. This latter fact is persistently if not systematically overlooked or disregarded, in dealing with public franchises and the issues arising from them. So far has this become a custom that parties to a controversy, as for instance the striking employees of a street railway system, as well as the company, whose duty it is to operate that railway, ignore completely or perhaps never think of the rights of the people who gave the permission in the beginning.

In the case of the street railway, these rights are the unquestioned

ownership of all that makes that railway valuable and the right specifically stated in a contract to have it kept steadily in operation.

Some time it will be impossible to ignore or forget the public whose rights are certainly paramount to all others, then...

Many cities in this country have grown from nothing within the lifetime of many now living. The number of such cities is not small. Chicago, for instance, has living within its limits, a number of persons who came to its shores when only a few huts or trading stations were to be found. When the ground upon which Chicago stands was in a state of nature, no one was seeking grants of franchises there. Nothing was there to give a franchise any value. The value came when the people came.

The collecting of people at this locality created this value. If they had never gathered there, the value would never have existed. If the people should disperse and the city cease to exist, this value would disappear. Whatever value a franchise in the city of Chicago, Detroit or any other place may have, belongs to the people of that city in a very peculiar and intimate sense. It is a value belonging to them in such an intimate sense that it is impossible for them

to divest themselves of the title to it regardless of the claim put forth by a well known constitutional lawyer of this state. The same is also true of a larger community as a commonwealth or a nation. The gathering of the people creates this value. It is theirs only. Without the people there will be no value. So intimately do the people possess this value, they cannot dispose of the title to it and they can only destroy it by dispersing.

Not only do the people own these things called franchises but this is confessed every time a grant of a franchise is asked for and made. One would not think of asking for something from those who do not own it. No one would think of granting something he does not own. So it is that this double indisputable ownership is doubly confessed in both the petition and grant.

Lorimer

The senate has no further excuse for delaying the Lorimer case. The appointed time has come when it must go squarely on record. For three years Lorimer has been permitted to hold a seat in the senate to which his title was tainted with bribery. In the face of plain proofs of fraud and corruption in his election, he has exercised all the rights of a senator and has played the part him there. The senate itself is on trial. If it retains a vestige of self-respect, it will no longer tolerate Lorimer's presence. If it fails to oust him, by formal vote it will condone bribery in the election of its members. It cannot clear him without convicting itself.—New York World.

Justice Day as a Fan. Associate Justice William R. Day is the leading baseball fan on the United States supreme court. Some time ago two of Justice Day's sons were seated in his study engaged for a heated baseball argument while their learned parent was endeavoring to get some work done. The dispute was about what team a certain player was with in 1894. One of the boys was strongly of the opinion that the man played center-field for Baltimore, and another recalled distinctly that it wasn't Baltimore at all, but Boston, and that it was third base he played.

All this argument was extremely distracting to an associate justice trying to turn out a workmanlike decision and finally Justice Day exclaimed in a tone of exasperation: "Oh, stop your talk, boys, and give me a chance to think." The fellow played second base for Kansas City.—Fred C. Kelly in the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Many a woman is moved to tears when it isn't her move.

The MAN in the BROWN DERBY

By WELLS HASTINGS

Author of

The Professor's Mystery

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CHAPTER XXX. (Continued.)

"Mrs. Lathrop," I said, "you are going to have a great honor. You're to be the only guest at our wedding. Nancy thinks that Doylestown is the best place to be married in, so if you will come that far and be matron of honor or something like that, you can start with us on our honeymoon; and we'll drive out to Buckingham after the wedding and leave you there before we go home. Even with the car acting this way we should be in Doylestown by 1 o'clock."

Mrs. Lathrop flushed quite unexpectedly. "I should love to do it," she said, "but I'm not hardly what you'd call dressed for a wedding."

Nancy looked down at her own striped gingham dress.

"Do you think this is a pretty wedding dress?" she asked.

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Lathrop emphatically, "and that settles it. We stop at Buckingham whether that young man wants us to or not. It doesn't make any difference how much of a hurry he is in. I'm not going to see you married in that convict dress. Why," she went on, with rising indignation, "that Mrs. Olsen were one cut off the same piece of goods. O'Y're a mite taller than I am, but I guess I can fix you."

And so it was arranged. To reach Buckingham needed but a slight detour, and we drew up before Mrs. Lathrop's handkerchief of a lawn a few minutes before noon. I waited in the car while Nancy and Mrs. Lathrop, their arms about each other's waists like two girls, disappeared into the house. After a not inauspicious time, they came out to the car again, Nancy swathed in a long raincoat, with the hood drawn up over her head, little satin slippers peeping beneath the hem, and Mrs. Lathrop bonneted and shawled and in the conscious dignity of a silk dress.

The car had cooled during the wait, and we ran to Doylestown without a stop, finding the rector at his very gate. He called his wife as our other witness, and unlocked the door of the dim, lovely little church for us.

In the light of the vestibule Mrs. Lathrop stepped Nancy, and unhooking the raincoat, carefully turned over her head and took the hood off her shoulders, with all the loving solicitude and triumphant pleasure of a true fairy godmother. And it was indeed as if she waved a wand; for Nancy stepped from the dark garment like a newborn flower, her bride-veil a floating, almost impalpable thing behind her, which scarcely dimmed the luster of her hair, and fell in nebulous softness to the sweeping, embroidered satin train. There were tears in Mrs. Lathrop's eyes as she kissed her.

"My own dress, dearie," she said, "and I never thought to see any, one so lovely in it."

There were tears in Nancy's eyes, I think, too, happy tears as she stood shyly proud before me; and half afraid, I stretched out my hand to her, and together we walked up the aisle to where, at the altar, the rector already awaited us.

I made my responses as well as I was able before the soft and glowing wonder of her, and like a swift dream it was over and I found myself once more with all the brightness of sunshine with Nancy surely my wife. It was in a sort of golden daze that I drove the car back to Buckingham, where Mrs. Lathrop waved us an au revoir from her front gate. I was an irresponsible driver, I am sure, for I must look constantly from the road to Nancy sitting beside me, to assure myself ever and again that this was not some dream.

It was this mental detachment, I suppose, that made me utterly forget our troubles with the car, so that before I had noticed the laboring of the motor it came dully to a stop near the railroad station in Doylestown.

When I got out the water was boiling furiously in the radiator, sending a jet of steam from the vent in the cap.

I stooped and bent my back to the crank, heaving senselessly against the overheated engine. Nancy gave a sharp little scream, and still stooping, I glanced over my shoulder.

Erskine Bond was standing on the sidewalk behind me and as I saw him he shot.

There came a sting of pain in my shoulder, and I remember thinking with satisfaction that the bullet had

touched no bone, but in that photographic flash I saw that it had gone through me, cutting obliquely through the soft metal of the radiator. Then a blinding puff of steam rose before my eyes; and over my hands, which still clutched the crank, poured a small cascade of boiling water.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Home. I opened my eyes and lay staring up wearily at the white calcimined ceiling, where just above me the run of an irregular crack drew the grotesque profile of an old man, a profile that seemed to my thinking a caricature of Ephraim Bond. The blinds were drawn and the room was in semi-twilight; but a broken shutter slat let in a single bar of the bright sunshine without, throwing a narrow wedge of light across a patch of the old-fashioned, flowered paper of the wall. In a room near by some one was singing, singing softly a merry, contented little song, so softly that I could not hear the words, but only the happiness and lulling cadence of it. I closed my eyes again to listen. I thought it very sweet and wondered languidly who was the singer.

As I wondered my mind harked back, with memory struggling for some solid event to lay hold upon, but for a long time all mental effort was blocked by a solid wall of nightmare. I had dreamed and dreamed badly, that I knew. Titanic, murderous struggles swayed and leaped before me, furious and futile combats, shadowy, unending, useless give and take of blows, chasms of darkness or panels of brilliant light, striped and tortured with bars, reached infinitely before my mental vision, and through it all like a wicked unrecurrent ran the rhythmic jogging and the regular froshed hoof-beats of a horse, the jolt and jar of a broken-springed carriage with the poignant throbbing of exquisite pain. But with the memory of that pain came the faint, indescribable scent of lavender, and fainter still, the sweet fragrance of orange blossoms, the touch of a soft arm about me, and beneath my cheek a warm resting place of satin. I drew a long breath and opened my eyes; for memory had returned to me.

"Nancy!" I cried out, and tried weakly to sit up in bed.

The shout which I had intended sounded weak and faint, but she heard it; for the singing abruptly stopped, and I turned my head slowly to find her by the bedside. She put her hand to my face and gently stooped and kissed me, and as she did so, a tear fell on my cheek.

"What is it?" I whispered anxiously; "what is it?"

"Nothing, dear," she said, "only gladness, gladness to find you so."

"I'm all right," I answered. "I remember everything perfectly now, Nancy. At least, I think—" and broke off, obsessed by a sudden fear.

"What is it?" said Nancy gently. "We were married yesterday, weren't we?" I asked. "We really were married, and everything is all right? I know we were. I remember all about it."

Nancy kissed me again. "Certainly we were," she said; "beautifully married, but I do not think you should talk any more."

"Certainly I can talk," I said. "I remember it all now. He shot me, didn't he? That's why I feel a little weak this morning, but I'm feeling quite strong again now, and I want to talk." And, indeed, with Nancy close beside me, my fallen strength seemed to come surging back over me again like a wave.

"I don't think you should," Nancy said doubtfully. "I think you ought to try to go to sleep."

"Sleep?" I repeated; "why, I've slept all night and had bad dreams. I certainly do not want to sleep any more. I want you to tell me about it. Did he go away?"

She bowed, I suppose, to the inevitable. "Yes, dear," she said quietly; "he got away. He thought he'd killed you, I think, and was frightened at what he had done; for he turned and ran before anybody else came up."

"Well, how did I get here," I asked.

"People came," Nancy said, "and I sent some one for a carriage." (Continued.)

Missouri, Idaho, Arizona and Utah, in the order named, led the states in the production of lead last year.

How to Win the 5-Mile Race at the Olympic Games--Use a Motorcycle!

By Condo

