

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

TOM BLAKE, who has a sturdy regard for the truth.  
MR. AND MRS. BLAKE, his parents.  
MARJORIE LAMPSON, Tom's playmate, friend and sweetheart.  
HARRY LAMPSON, her brother.  
MR. LAMPSON, her father.  
ROGER LAMPSON, her uncle.  
JAMES SULLIVAN, a customer of Roger Lampson's firm.  
LIZETTE FORTESCUE, known to the police as "Light-Fingered Liz."

publicly expelled from the university.

He himself brought home the news. His mother burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh!" she sobbed. "What have I ever done that this disgrace should fall on me? I have trained you so carefully! I have taught you truth and honesty and uprightness from your very cradle. And now you bring this horrible shame on us, in spite of all I have done for you!"

His father, as stirred as she, took the matter more stoically. "Here!" he said, curtly. "Take this money. It is \$100. Take it and get out. I don't want a black sheep in my fold. You have made your bed, lie in it. I'm done with you."

"But, Father!" persisted Tom. "I've done nothing wrong. I'm innocent."

"They don't expel innocent boys from college," retorted his father. "I am innocent," insisted Tom, desperately. "I give you my word. Please believe me. I've never lied to you. Don't send me away like this. You promised to take me into the business and—"

"The business I built up," snapped his father, "is not for ne'er-do-wells to tear down. I take back that promise. You will leave the family you have disgraced. I don't want you under my roof another night."

While Tom was miserably packing his few belongings a note was delivered to him. It was from Marjorie. Tom read:

"Dearest—I'm a coward, and I don't suppose you can ever forgive me. But you don't know what Dad is, when he's in one of his rages. There is nothing he wouldn't do if he found out I'd disobeyed him. I couldn't help you, Tom. I just couldn't. But there's something I can do. And I've done it. Uncle Roger was my godfather, and he loves me better than anyone else. I've just been to him and told him all the whole story."

"He was splendid about it. He said: 'I'll help you both out. Send Tom Blake to me and I'll give him a—'"

Weeping, she surrendered; fear overcoming loyalty.

The university town's two morning papers next day contained lurid accounts of what they termed a "student riot;" and they added to information that Thomas Cowperthwaite Blake, a senior at the university, had been the ringleader and had been arrested for assaulting Officer Hutch. Also, that the magistrate had taken pity on Blake's youth and on his family's social standing and had let him off with a suspended sentence.

When Tom, after a hideous scene at home, went to the university he found a summons to report at once at the office of the institution's president. To the president's displeased inquiries, Tom merely said:

"I had nothing to do with the fight. I was on the other side of the street when I first saw it. I tried to get an acquaintance out of danger. And, in the scuffle, I was caught and arrested. I give you my word I had no part in any of the rest of it."

"None of them ever has," said the president. "They are always innocent."

"I hope, sir," answered Tom, "you are not implying that I haven't told you the truth."

"I am implying nothing," said the president. "If you are really innocent you probably have witnesses to prove it. You say you were on the other side of the street when you first saw the fight. Were you alone?"

"No, sir."

"Then surely the person or persons with you can prove your innocence."

"Yes, sir, if necessary. Though I don't like to bring her into this, I was with a lady. If you will let me go into your telephone booth there and call her up, I will tell her you wish to ask her a few questions over the phone. You can prove my story, then. But I beg you will not let her name be mentioned outside in connection with this."

"I agree to that," assented the president.

Tom entered the office booth and called up the Lampson home. Marjorie herself answered the ring. In a few hurried words he explained the situation and finished by saying:

"All you need do, dearest, is to answer truthfully the questions he'll ask. Just say you were with me and that I interfered in the fight at your request. You needn't say Harry was in it."

"But, Tom!" came the quivering reply over the wire. "I can't, dear. I can't! The president knows Dad. He'd be certain to mention it to him, and then I'd be in awful trouble. That's why I didn't interfere last night. Harry threatened to tell Dad I was with you. And—"

"All right, sweetheart," said Tom gently. "Don't be frightened. I'm not worth it. I'll manage somehow without your testimony. I've told him the truth. And the truth is always sure to win out. Don't cry. It's all right."

"I regret, sir," said Tom, "that my witness cannot testify. But I have given you my word of honor that I—"

"That will do," the president cut him short. "Good day."

At a meeting of the faculty that afternoon Tom Blake was duly and

chance in my own office. Since you believe in him, so will I. And in a year you'll be of age. Then you can marry anyone you want to. By that time, if he's any good, he'll be making a marrying salary. Tell him to come and see me tomorrow. Please go to him, Tom. It's our one chance.—heartbrokenly. "MARJORIE. "P S—I love you."

The next year was one of tireless work and steady achievement for Tom Blake. He more than justified the "chance" that Roger Lampson gave him by bringing to his new job a restless energy, enthusiasm and adaptability that quickly won his employer's approval.

"I thought I was doing you a favor, Marjorie," Roger Lampson said to the girl one day, "by hiring young Blake. But it was you who did me a favor by getting me such a man to work for me. He's had two promotions this past year. And he's going to get a third and bigger raise next month."

"Next month?" echoed Marjorie. "Why, that's June. The month of weddings."

"And the month of your birthday," supplemented her uncle. "You'll be of age the first of June, won't you? Well, take my advice—marry Tom Blake that day. And I'll make you peace with your father afterward."

Marjorie sped to Tom with this inspired suggestion. And the wedding date was accordingly fixed for June 1.

Tom, aglow with delight at the prospect, and at the promise of a raise in pay, hurried back to the office after his lunch-time chat with Marjorie.

It was a busy day, and, during the afternoon a detail of work arrived that had to be completed in haste. Tom at once volunteered to stay after hours to finish it.

When the rest of the staff departed he bent over his desk, unweariedly tackling the overtime job. His heart was light, his brain brilliantly active. He verily believed he was the happiest man in all America. One year ago he had been disgraced and cast out of his home. Today he was a success, was on the high road to promotion, and in three weeks was to marry the girl he adored. Small wonder he whistled merrily over his work!

As he at last laid aside the completed task and reached for his hat and coat he heard a rap at the door of the outer office. Answering the summons he admitted James Sullivan, a customer of the firm.

(To Be Continued.)

## LITTLE STORIES FOR BEDTIME

The News of Peter's Sickness Spreads.

(Copyright, 1916, by T. W. Burgess.)

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

"This when you're sick you learn to know how quick is sympathy to flow."

It is just the same way among the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. Sammy Jay had gone over to the dear Old Briar Patch to have what he called "fun" with Peter Rabbit. Of course you know what he meant. He intended to tease Peter and try to make him angry, a pretty poor kind of "fun" but a kind that a great many people seem to delight in, just why I never could understand. But the very instant that Sammy discovered that Peter was sick he quite forgot that he had come to tease. Right away he was full of sympathy. Instead of screaming as he usually does he stole away softly so as not to disturb Peter and then flew straight up to Farmer Brown's garden to see if he could find out what had made Peter sick. There he discovered Old Mr. Toad grumbling and quite out of sorts because Farmer Brown's Boy had put poison on the cabbage leaves to kill the worms that were eating them. You see he felt that Farmer Brown's Boy had interfered with his business, which was to eat those worms. This he couldn't do now because of the poison. When he heard that Peter Rabbit had eaten some of those leaves and now was very sick he knew right away that Peter had been poisoned and he and Sammy Jay shook their heads sadly as they talked the matter over and hoped that Peter hadn't eaten a great deal.

Now Old Mr. Toad and Peter Rabbit are the best of friends and right away he made up his mind that he must go down to the dear Old Briar Patch and tell Peter how sorry he was. It was a long journey for Old Mr. Toad, but he didn't stop to think of that. He just made up his mind that he would go down that very night and he would start just as soon as the Black Shadows began to creep out from the Purple Hills. You know Old Mr. Toad cannot stand the heat of Jolly, bright Mr. Sun or he would have started at once.

Sammy Jay flew over to the Old Orchard where he told Johnny Chuck. "Too bad, too bad!" exclaimed Johnny Chuck. "It is a long way down to the dear Old Briar Patch but if Peter is sick I simply must go to see him. Without wasting any time Johnny Chuck started. Half way down the Crooked Little Path he met Jimmy Skunk so far from his home, for you know he rarely goes more than a little way from his own doorstep. Jimmy at once demanded what had happened to take Johnny so far from home.

"Peter Rabbit is sick and I'm going down to the dear Old Briar Patch to take him some sweet clover," replied Johnny Chuck.

"I'll go with you," said Jimmy Skunk promptly. "I wish I knew of something to take him, but he doesn't like fat beetles or eggs or any of the things I like, so I guess I can't take him anything."

So Jimmy Skunk and Johnny Chuck went on down the Crooked Little Path together and Johnny was glad of Jimmy's company for he felt safer. You know no one ever bothers Jimmy Skunk. They went slowly for Jimmy Skunk never hurries and Johnny Chuck was too fat and roly-poly to hurry. By and by they came to the house of Danny Meadow Mouse.

"Where are you fellows going?" asked Danny, his bright little eyes full of curiosity.

"To call on Peter Rabbit and tell him how sorry we are that he is sick," replied Johnny Chuck.

"Peter Rabbit sick?" exclaimed Danny Meadow Mouse. "Wait a minute and I'll go with you." He disappeared but in a few minutes he was back and his cheeks were puffed out as if he had the toothache on both sides of his face at once.

Jimmy Skunk stared at him. "What's the matter with you? What have you got?" he demanded.

"Seeds," mumbled Danny Meadow Mouse. "I'm taking Peter Rabbit some of my very best seeds. He won't eat them, but they are all I've got to take him, and I want to take him something."

"Oh!" said Jimmy Skunk, and looked thoughtful. Present as they went on a fat beetle ran across the Crooked Little Path. In a twinkling, Jimmy Skunk caught it. But he didn't eat it. Instead he carried it very carefully. Johnny Chuck noticed this. After a while he ventured a question.

"What are you going to do with that fat beetle?" he asked.

"Take it to Peter Rabbit," replied Jimmy with a funny glance at Danny Meadow Mouse. "He won't eat it, but he'll know I wanted to bring him something."

Next story: Two Funny Processes.

"I'll go with you," said Jimmy



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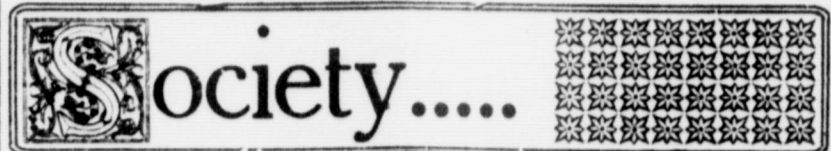
## EXTREME! YES, RATHER!



If you like to rush to the extreme fashion vagaries here's a model to lead the merry chase.

Her three-cornered hat is that odd shade of blue variously called "old blue" and "art" blue and "Alice" blue, according to your taste in names.

The soft crown and the "pigtail" is maize color silk. The parasol is cubistic in colors and the cuffs and collar of chiffon cloth match the blue of the hat.



Mr. and Mrs. Wade Mills are in New York.

The League of Catholic Women will meet Saturday morning, at 10:30 o'clock, in the Hotel Statler.

Mrs. William Clay and the Misses Josephine and Eleanor Clay will leave July 5, for Seal Harbor, Me., to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gray, and son, David Gray, Jr., of Grosse Pointe, left Thursday for Saconnet, for the summer.

Mrs. L. L. Grinnell gave a dinner Wednesday evening, entertaining 14 guests in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Herman H. Brown and Mrs. Belle McNeil, of Chicago.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bernice Gilmore Brownlee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Brownlee, to Paul H. Toepf, son of Mrs. P. Henry Toepf, of South Bend, Ind., the marriage to take place in the fall.

The philanthropic committee of the Detroit New Century club entertained the children of the Florence Crittenton kindergarten, and their mothers, Saturday, at a picnic in Palmer park. The committee has raised sufficient funds to keep open the kindergarten in the home during the summer months.

Holy Trinity Alumnae association will hold the annual reunion and banquet, Thursday evening, in the Henri II room, in the Hotel Statler. The members of the June graduation class of Holy Trinity academy will be the guests of honor. An informal program of speeches and music will follow the dinner.

Special cars carrying members of the Girls' Friendly society and their friends, went out to Pine lake, Thursday afternoon, for the formal opening of the season of Holiday house, the summer home maintained by the society to provide vacation accommodation for business women. Mrs. Orla B. Taylor and Mrs. Charles Mellish were in charge of the party.

Miss Alice May Harman presented Miss Florence Howard and Miss Olga Werner, of her vocal classes, in a song recital Tuesday evening, in her studios, in the Valley building. Miss Lydia Muellenhagen, pianist, assisted. Mrs. E. F. Burghardt, soprano, who is studying with Miss Harman, sang at a concert in the First Baptist church, Toledo, Friday evening.

A party of 30 Detroiters left, Wednesday evening, by boat for Cleveland to attend the outdoor performance in that city, Thursday, of Wagner's "Siegfried." The cast for the opera will include such well-known Wagnerian singers as Schumann-Helk, Hempel, Kurt, Reiss, Whitehill, Braun, Goritz and Sembach, and the Metropolitan opera house orchestra, under Arthur Bodansky.

Among those in the Detroit party were Mrs. Max Brook, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Hand, and Mr. and Mrs. James E. Devoe.

Mrs. Belle S. Evans will present a number of pupils from her piano class, in a recital, Thursday evening, in her home studio, No. 384 Lincoln ave. Miss Z. Morrison will assist with violin solos accompanied by Mrs. S. A. Thomas. Those to participate include Helen Guoin, Gertrude Miller, Pauline Reissman, Antoinette Churchill, Ruth Hagarty, Marjorie Churchill, Dorothy Leith, Jean Leith, Mary Schilke, Isobel Nichol, Lucile Chalmers, Clarence Temme, Clara Sullivan, Helen Emerson, Fern Adair, Franklin Berkeheimer, Eva Rubin, Bessie Nichol, Viola Sprunk, and Ruth Battishill.

A pretty home wedding took place Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Rose, No. 60 Sterling ave., when their niece, Miss Carey Lucille Drummond, daughter of Mrs. Rozella Siebert, was married to Herman Kramer, Jr., the Rev. Mr. Edwards, rector of St. Paul's cathedral, officiated. The bride was attended by Mrs. Raymond Woolfenden, as matron of honor, and Miss Hazel Denison, as maid. Mrs. Woolfenden wore a pretty gown of pale green marquisette, and Miss Den-

son pale pink embroidered net. They carried pink roses and lilies of the valley. The bride's gown was of ivory brocade, with trimmings of pearls and silver lace, the long train veiled in maid o' the mist. Little Misses Margaret and Gladys Curdy were flower girls. Walter Kramer was best man, and Leonard White, groomsmen. A reception was held in the evening. Among the out-of-town guests present were Mrs. Louis Schlossstein, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Stella Kramer, Norfolk, Va.; Miss Margaret Gibson, Delaware, Ont., and Miss Eva Macdonald, Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Kramer will motor in the east and as far south as Virginia, and after Aug. 1, will be at home at No. 1097 Helen-ave., until their home now in course of erection on the Grand-bld., is ready for occupancy.

The quaint little Grosse Pointe Evangelical church was the scene, Wednesday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, of the marriage of Miss Josephine Alger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Alexander Alger, Jr., to Henry Francis Chaney. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Thomas G. Sykes, pastor of the church. Pink and white pennies were used in the greatest profusion in the church, the body of which was filled to overflowing with a fashionable gathering. The bridal party was a large one, and included Miss Fay Alger, the bride's sister, as maid of honor, and the following bridesmaids: Miss Josephine Carpenter, Augusta, Ga.; Miss Isabel Bridgman, Norfolk, Conn.; Miss Dorothy Newbold, Philadelphia; Miss Sarah Whitaker, Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Frances Sales and Miss Annette Sheldon, Detroit. This charming bevy of girls wore gowns of varying shades of pink tulle over pink taffeta, the bouffant drapery caught with pale blue satin roses. The brides wore coats of white lace, and the hats were of white neapolitan adorned with a single large pink rose. The bouquets were of lilies of the valley and maiden hair fern. Little Miss Frances Alger was flower girl. The bride wore a lovely gown of white tulle and satin, embroidered in pearls, and with a court train of the satin veiled in tulle. She carried white orchids. George Chaney attended his brother as best man, and the guests were seated by Raymond Dykema, Harry Pinkenstadt, William Hendrie, Elliot S. Nichols, Alger Sheldon and Harold Shearer, of New York. Following the church ceremony, a large reception was held in the family home. Following a wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Chaney will make their home at No. 205 Van Dyke-ave.

In St. Paul's cathedral, Wednesday afternoon, was celebrated the marriage of Miss Rhena Story Matthews, daughter of John A. Matthews, No. 359 Montclair-ave., to Carl J. Spitzley, The Rev. John McCarrill, canon of the cathedral, performed the ceremony. Mrs. Jesse E. Hoyt attended her cousin as matron of honor, and wore a charming frock of pink tulle. Miss Bernice Brownlee was maid of honor, and wore turquoise blue taffeta and silver lace. Miss Ruth Torrence and Miss Gladys Bruce, the bridesmaids, wore frocks of pale green and yellow, respectively. All of the young women in the bridal party wore hats of pale pink crepe with long streamers of tulle, and carried bouquets of sweet peas tied with varicolored ribbons, the idea being to carry out the effect of rainbow colors in the gowns and the floral decorations. The bride wore a lovely gown of white satin veiled in tulle, with pearl trimming. Her veil was held in place with an ivory Spanish comb. She carried lilies of the valley and bride's roses frilled in lace. Paul H. Toepf was best man, and the ushers included Jesse A. Hoyt, Arnett Nail, Dr. Clarence Elsmann, Bert C. Spitzley, Martin Houseman, Ray L. Spitzley, and Carl Nichols. A small reception followed in the bride's home. Mr. and Mrs. Spitzley will motor through the east, and after Sept. 1, will be at home at No. 359 Montclair-ave.

A statue of Senator Zebulon B. Vance, a gift from North Carolina to the nation, is to be unveiled today in Statuary Hall in the national capitol.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

Jim Wants to Know the End of the Story.

"Now that you are here, Jim, I want you to hear the first few chapters of a serial I am writing for Pat's paper," I said.

"Say, Margie, you are not going to write one of those husband and wife things, are you?"

"Why not?" I asked, wishing to hear what he had to say about "those husband and wife things."

"Well, in the first place, most of them that I have read seem to have been written by girls of 16 who have had no experience, or damsels of 36 who are looking for experience."

"Jim, you are incorrigible!" "Well," continued Jim, belligerently, "did you ever read one of those husband and wife things that was human? They either make the woman—an angel and then, of course, the other must be a demon. Then they put them through a lot of silly adventures that don't mean anything and finally leave them in each other's arms expecting you to think that you have been looking at a slice of life. You might possibly write a serial, Margie, having real characters, real psychology, real life in it, but you would not dare to publish it if any one would print it for you, because if you did you would smash to atoms a lot of the false ideals so many of us pretend to worship nowadays."

I thought of you, little book, and wondered if I ever did publish you if your readers would stand for the truth (as I see it) which is written herein.

What I said, however, was, "My story is not the conventional one between a man and his wife. It mostly concerns the experiences of a girl who has to earn her own living."

"That ought to be interesting," said Jim, "if you are sure of your facts."

"I am going to tell the life story of a friend."

"Well, 'spiel' away; what are you going to call it?"

"Any Girl."

Jim gave an approving smile. "You see, it might be any girl, and although my heroine is of the better class—that is, I mean a girl who has been brought up in a wealthy home and has had the advantages of travel and education—yet these work against her many times, and her experiences in the main are not much different from any girl who starts out to make her own way."

"Well, trot her out," said Jim, as he settled himself beside my bed, lighted his cigaret and began to pull to pieces one of the beautiful pink roses—a great sheaf of which he had thrown across my bed as he came in.

"Don't do that, Jim!"

"Why not?" "It hurts me. In some way it seems wanton cruelty to tear a beautiful rose to pieces and I don't like to think you are cruel, Jim."

Jim looked at the leaves crushed in his hand a little quizzically and then threw the great fragrant mass over me. They dropped softly on my white coverlid and looked so exquisitely lovely that I could not help exclaiming:

"There, when you see them adding to your pleasure instead of mine, you don't think it is so cruel do you, Margie?" he asked, rather maliciously.

I owned up like a good little girl and proceeded to read Jim the first chapters of my story.

"My heroine's name is Paula Newton," I said.

"Oh, I say, Margie, you don't mean that this is to be the story of that Paula Newton that used to live in that grand house on the hill that we used to call Newton's Folly?"

"The same, my dear Jim. Paula and I were friends while she lived there and was supposed to be the richest girl in town. I lost sight of her after the terrible tragedy of her parents' death, but only the other day she came to see me and I told her what I intended to write."

"She told me something of her struggles and I asked her if I could write them. She said, 'I'd love to have you if you think it would help and give courage to any other girl.'"

"Is she in town?" asked Jim rather eagerly.

"Now, Jim," I said, "don't go about building air castles until I read you some of this story. I'll tell you this, however, she is in town and prettier than ever."

"Married?" was Jim's laconic question.

"Why, man, do you suppose I am going to spoil my story by letting you read the last page? I'm not going to tell you anything about her. You will have to read her story in the Daily Blank."

"But first I'll whet your appetite by reading you a few chapters as I have written them."

(To Be Continued.)

The annual convention of the Virginia Bankers' association is to begin at Old Point Comfort today and continue in session until the end of the week.

Smoked Hams—Half or whole, 20c  
Salt Pork—Nicely streaked, 2 to 4 lbs., 16c  
Beef Steak—Choice, lean piece, 13c  
Leg of Lamb—With mint, 26c  
Grape Juice—Best Concord, quiet bottle, 33c  
Maple Sugar—20c  
Fly Paper—16 sheets poison paper, 5c  
Fig—For cooking, lb., 8c  
Peaches—Large firm on cling, 12c  
Jelly—Pure fruit flavors, 8c  
Barley—Best one lb., 4c  
Tapioca—Best quality, lb., 9c  
Apple Butter—Kenwick's best, 25c  
Crisp seeds, 10c  
Grape Fruit—New less, each, 10c  
Peaches or Plums—Sweet California, per basket, 15c

Apples—Fancy Steel Reds for eating, basket, 20c  
Butter—June Rose Creamery, 33c  
Pickles—Fancy sweet sliced, 15c  
Cheese—Michigan mild flavor, 22c  
Sausage—Frank's Milwaukee Ham Bologna, 24c  
Pigs' Feet—Best jelly, lb., 20c  
Cod Fish—Clean, boneless bits, lb., 13c  
Fancy thick middles, lb., 20c  
Monsters—Fancy imported, each, 7c

Crackers—Sunshine Oatmeal, 12c  
Ginger Snaps—Fresh and crisp, 2 lbs., 15c  
Candy—Honey-comb mixture, 15c  
London Butter-cups, lb., 35c  
Tea Rings—Fresh twice daily, 15c  
Cake—Silver loaf cakes, each, 15c  
Bread—Fresh nut bread, loaf, 6c  
Tzatz Coffee—None better at the price, lb., 35c  
Nero Coffee—Our 35c value, lb., 25c  
Fancy Tea—Black, green or mixed, lb., 50c

Apples—Fancy Steel Reds for eating, basket, 20c  
Butter—June Rose Creamery, 33c  
Pickles—Fancy sweet sliced, 15c  
Cheese—Michigan mild flavor, 22c  
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