

ELKS' FAIR.

Continued From Third Page.

cess indicative of superb skill in the artist. He was vigorously applauded by the large crowd. The refulgence of the pyrotechnic display was an ecstatic inspiration to all who witnessed it. Mr. Phillon's act will be a great favorite with the thousands who visit the fair.

Streets of India.

The Streets of India were very popular Tuesday evening, with their elephants, camels, donkeys, magicians, acrobats, Arabs, Hindus and fakirs.

Hassan Ben Ali's troupe of Arabian acrobats do some of the best tumbling acts ever exhibited to the public. The concluding feature of each performance is indeed a great climax. It is a human pyramid, whose only support is Hassan Ben Ali. He holds his entire troupe and the aggregate weight is almost two tons.

Prince Ishmael, the Hindoo magician, performs some very clever tricks, which are a source of great entertainment to the visitors.

Ride on the Elephant.

Many visitors to the Streets of India enjoy a ride on the backs of the elephants and camels. In riding they not only enjoy themselves but also furnish lots of amusement to the crowd, especially those who ride the camels.

Venetian Gondola.

Just outside the midway is located the Venetian Gondola, which is one of the gayest and enjoyable features of amusement on the ground. The Gondola was imported from England, and is under the management of Fred Lewis. While the Gondola is much like a merry-go-round, it is also quite different. The carriage seats are whirled around same as those of the merry-go-round, but run on wheels over a circuitous course which is up and down, up and down. Those who have ridden on the Gondola pronounce it good sport and it is being well patronized.

The merry device is lighted brilliantly by electricity produced by its own dynamo. A large steam engine furnishes the power to operate the Gondola. So inside the circuit of seats there is a small electric power house, boiler room and engine room.

The midway was well patronized Tuesday night, and its amusements are becoming more interesting with each performance.

The German village was crowded with people during the entire evening. The Tyrolean singers with their jolly songs continue to delight the crowd and the refreshments are becoming famous.

About 10 o'clock the fire works display began. It was continued for about an hour and was one of the finest ever witnessed in Akron.

It is expected by the Elks, exhibitors and show people that the attendance this evening will be the largest of the week.

Clevelanders Coming.

A large contingent of Clevelanders are expected tomorrow afternoon, and they will remain over for the evening performance on the Midway. Cleveland has a street fair in contemplation, and the visitors will undoubtedly make careful note of the manner in which affairs of this kind are conducted in large cities.

New Effects.

Achille Phillon introduced some new effects in his fire works display last evening. The A. L. Due Co. of Cincinnati, have lately introduced a new effect on an illuminating piece, the lighting power of which equals the candle power of two arc lights. Mr. Phillon used several of these last night with telling effect.

Admitted the Children.

Col. Gaskill endeared himself to the children yesterday afternoon. When the hour arrived for the performance on the Streets of India three or four hundred children were outside gazing hungrily at the entrance. The warm-hearted colonel gave orders to let the children in and they poured in through the entrance, a stream of joyous, happy, shouting humanity. The acts of the Arabs drew forth their hearty applause and Ishmael, the Hindoo magician, was also liberally rewarded. Col. Gaskill's name will live in the memory of the youngsters as "de guy dat let de kids in free," as one urchin expressed it.

Riding Parties.

The elephant and camel riding craze has struck the visitors to the Streets of India. A number of riding parties were out last night, and arrangements are being made in advance by contumelated parties to secure the animals for certain hours.

Largest Wardrobe.

Bebe, the golden haired dancer in the Congress of National Dancing Girls, boasts of the largest wardrobe carried by any actress on the road. She is the proud and happy possessor

of 82 costumes, requiring 10 big theatrical trunks to transport them. Her dance is one of the most interesting of any on the Midway, being full of merit and introducing some startling surprises.

Camels.

The riding camels on the Streets of India answer to the names of "Holy Moses" and "Lillian Russell," while the elephants are known as "Jess" and "Babe."

Big Crowd Today.

The big show started out with its usual vigor this afternoon, and large crowds are in attendance. Delegations of Elks from Ravenna and Massillon are present, and delegations from other places are expected Thursday.

Notes.

A number of events that are of interest to Cleveland people have succeeded in gaining the sanction of the Central Passenger association for a reduced fare, says the Leader. The first is the Elks' fair at Akron on Friday, for which the Cleveland Terminal & Valley will run a special train down, the rate being one fare for the round trip.

The war exhibition produced by electricity in the Elks' midway, was the center of attraction in that thoroughfare of nations last night. The battle productions are wonders. A genuine Spanish bull fight is also produced.

MAUD MULLER OF THE LINKS

Maud Muller, on a summer day, Was out in the meadow raking hay.

Beneath her straw hat gleamed a wealth of large, red freckles and rustic beauty.

Singing, she raked and didn't see The judge addressing at the tree.

But at last she glanced across the links And saw the judge and sighed: "Oh, pinkie!

"I'll bet if I hit that ball a whack They'd never succeed in getting it back!"

The judge moved upward stroke by stroke Until he got bunkered behind an oak.

When he stopped for awhile and scratched his head, And Maud got scared at the things he said:

He stood and fanned himself in the shade, And, looking over, he saw the maid.

He asked for a drink from the jug she had. 'Twas cider she'd carried out to her dad.

She offered to let him use her cup, But he took the jug, and he turned it up.

She thought of the job he had in town, While his Adam's apple went up and down.

The judge drank on till she feared he'd burst. For the giddy gets a terrible thirst.

Then he spoke of the grass, the ferns, the bees, Of footies and strokes and putts and tees.

And Maud forgot the unraked hay And wished she could have a chance to play.

The judge said, "Camel" and he pinched her cheek, And also stepped away with the judge's check.

They sent the rubber along ahead, So he couldn't hear what either said.

And they walked and talked and roared around And sat and talked on the tennis ground.

She signed, and she thought to herself: "Ah, ah! Than I the judge's wife might be!"

"We'd fit up bunkers on father's place, And I'd sit him down a beautiful pace.

"My brother should be a caddy man, And I'd stand with ladies and gentlemen."

But the judge at last resumed his play, And Maud went back to raking hay.

"Bunkered!" she sighed, and stamped, foot by foot, and would, Maud Muller, for you!"

The judge walked slowly over the hill, And he thought, sometimes, as judges will.

He thought of Maud Muller's plump, brown arms, And her freckles, and her other charms.

But there were his sisters, cold and proud, Up at the clubhouse with the crowd.

So he left the woman that he had found And married a woman who housed him round.

Oh, what a time, in the game, he had! He longed for the older jug instead!

Maud married a man who couldn't speed, And she kept him harrowed by to bed!

She rode the circle and really crones As she peddles the holes in life pantaloons.

And off she ran down the road, she thinks Of her father's links, out on the links.

And for mankind! Ask the judge! The Old Homestead man and the reasonable wife!

Oh, pinkie! When you walk and raze up all Who sit the work instead of the ball!

Just all and none in those scenes mixed, 'Tis in the wedding on the link!

For a time will you be man and maid, When every game will be fairly played!

Green ball, white ball, or all together, And approach me never fouled there!

—N. E. Rice in Chicago Times-Herald

Story.



Turtle-Say, Monk, is my waist getting any smaller?—New York Journal.

On the Broadway Cable. Woman (angrily)—Conductor, you've only given me 95 cents from that dollar I gave you.

"Well, ain't that right? Yer don't want ter ride free, do you?"

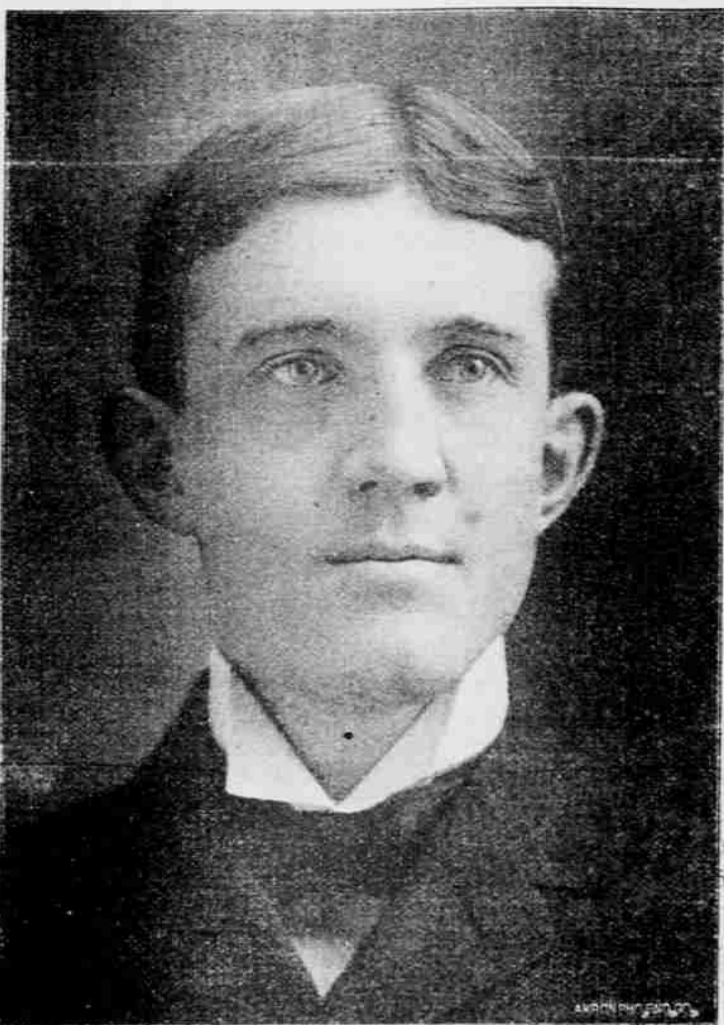
After another mental calculation she blushingly subsided, and the conductor, as he reaches the platform, mutters: "And them's the things as wants ter vote."—Brooklyn Life.

Alternative Hypotheses. "I love you!" he whispered. Ernestine trembled and regarded him perplexedly.

"Do my ears deceive me?" she asked herself. "Or does my complexion deceive him?"

For it was her misfortune to lack confidence in herself.—Detroit Journal.

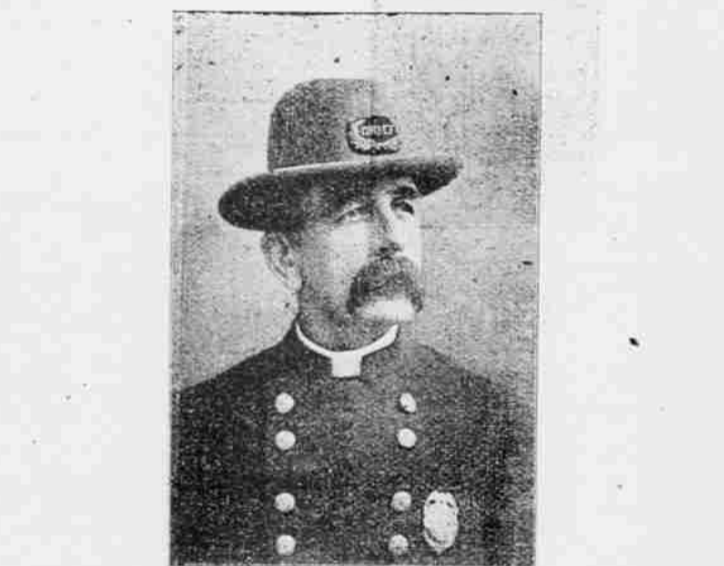
Hezekiah a Waterworks Engineer. Hezekiah, king of Judah, who reigned in the years 717 to 688, B. C., was a pioneer in constructing a system of waterworks, bringing water into the city of Jerusalem. In the holy book we read: "He made the pool."



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EX-SOLICITOR A. J. ROWLEY.



CHIEF OF POLICE H. H. HARRISON.



PRISONKEEPER JOHN E. WASHER.

dult and brought the water into the city, stopping the upper part of Ghion, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David. And Hezekiah prospered in all his works." From the "pools of Solomon," near Bethlehem, water was conveyed to Jerusalem, a distance of six or seven miles, through a conduit of earthen pipe about ten inches in diameter. The pipe was incased within two stones, hewn out to fit it, then covered over with rough stones cemented together. Even in those days "boil the water" was a well known injunction.—Seattle Post Intelligence.

Won in Spite of His Lawyer. A well known attorney is telling a good story on himself. He had been retained to defend a counterfeiter and advised him to plead guilty. His client did so, and as there was in the mind of the court a fixed idea that a prisoner pleads guilty he does so because he has no attorney the judge asked him why he made that plea.

"Because my lawyer told me to." "Did he give you any reason for it?" "Yes. He told me I would have no show before this judge." The court flared up and ordered a

LOST—A POCKETBOOK.

"Dear me! I am constantly astonished to see how careless women are with money," ground the girl in gray.

"I don't know," replied the girl in blue. "My old aunt seems able to take very good care of hers."

"Only think! I found a pocketbook lying on the sidewalk in front of Bargain & Co.'s a bit ago. It has \$64 in it, and no card or other marks of identification."

"Speaking of pocketbooks makes me think of Irene. She had only 94 cents to her name and needed a lot of things which she had quite forgotten while her money held out. She had a delicacy about asking her husband for any more until he had paid and forgotten one or two little bills, so she decided to lose her pocketbook, which was shabby enough. Then she thought how her husband would feel. Somehow she seems to have got the impression that there was \$15 in it."

"Goodness! Then he told her to advertise it?"

"Worse! He advertised it himself. Still, Irene didn't feel very badly about it, for she always forgets to keep a card in her pocketbook. But this time it happened to contain a note concerning her arrangements for the summer trip which she had not yet looked to her husband. Somehow she found it, of course, and brought it to the reward. Of course there was only 94 cents in it, and just as Irene came in her husband was about to send for a policeman to arrest the finder. She had to confess and."

"What happened then?"

"Oh, Irene says the temperature of the house has gone down so much that she thinks she will not need a summer trip anyway. Isn't that a story without a moral?"

"It is, dear. If her name and address had not been in the pocketbook she might have been a summer trip and \$50 better off and nobody the worse."

"Except her husband, M'hn! By the way, I saw you walking with Jack Treadway yesterday."

"Did you? Yes, we happened to meet—recollecting, I—er—oh, I hope you will understand. Evelyn, Jack and I are 'real platonic friends, and'"

"I was sure of that, dear, when I saw how beautifully you blushed when he spoke to you."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean by blushing. I—ah—I might have choked or something just then. I am glad that I am not one of those people who find it impossible to appreciate platonic friendship. The impurity seems unable to understand it."

"But what shall you do with the pocketbook you found?"

"I shall take it home and read all the last advertisements in the morning paper. When I find its owner, I shall return it to her with a scolding rebuke for her carelessness. She quite deserves it."

"I know, but what if you meet some really sensible better choice a man. He takes it so much more easily. Oh, by the way, have you met Jack's sister? She is here, isn't she, and she is so devoted to her, and she has enormous influence over him, they say."

"I met her yesterday, just for a moment. The first time that I am waiting for her now. We are to meet her brother and all three and then go to the matinee together."

"How nice! Especially as you are only platonic friends and she will not be in the way. I wonder, I can't help thinking of the woman who lost that pocketbook. Her name was?"

"She didn't describe it. I shall tell her so I have lost a pocketbook or a card of notes in my fire. Oh, I do hope Miss Treadway will really like me. I am prepared to like her enormously."

"Yes, you are sure to be congenial. She talks about her brother all the time. I have intended that when people are platonic friends they"

"Are naturally rather interested in each other," said the girl in gray stiffly.

"Exactly. Why, here comes Miss Treadway now. How queer she looks!"

"Oh, something must have happened to Jack. Suppose he?"

"No, sorry to keep you waiting," cried the girl in brown, looking in. "But something dreadful has happened, and!"

"Is he much hurt?" stammered the girl in gray.

"Why, no. What made you think that? He is in Seattle, and. Oh, please! You must mean Jack. He is all right. When you said 'he,' I naturally thought of Angus."

"How what has happened?" asked the girl in blue calmly.

"I've had my pocket picked. I never could have lost my pocketbook any other way. I am so careful. What shall I do, girl? I haven't had it since leaving Bargain's, and the thief!"

"Was it a real leather, silver trimmed one?" asked the girl in gray eagerly.

"Yes, and I'm sure my card was in it, though the card might have forgotten to impress me. I am so careful that I don't know how well. I must just get Jack to replace the money, that is all. He is paying now too. I don't see why. He has no relatives, either, with a woman who loses money, and it had \$64!"

"Sixty-four dollars! Then I found it," said the girl in gray.

"It was lying on Bargain's pavement, and"

"Oh, you darling!" cried the girl in brown. "Give it to me quick, and we will go to meet Jack. I shall tell him what a jewel you!"

"Why, where is it? I—oh, Evelyn! Did you notice it when we sat down?"

"Why, no," said the girl in brown. "You said you found it, and"

"It isn't here. I put it carefully in my pocket and now it is gone. Oh, what will you think of me? I've lost your pocketbook again!"

"I think it was extremely careless of you, that is all," said the girl in brown jolly. "And here comes Jack. Miss Armstrong in New York Journal."

A Well Fed Father. The father of a family, becoming annoyed at the fault finding of his children over their food, exclaimed in a rage one day at dinner:

"Your children are intolerable; you turn up your noses at everything. When I was a boy, I was often glad enough to get dry bread to eat."

"Poor papa!" said Rose, the pet of the family. "I am so glad you are having such nice things now, living with mamma and us.—What to Eat."

All Down. Mrs. B.—Just look, George, at these beautiful pillows I bought at today's sale.

Mr. B.—But really, my dear, I think we have plenty of pillows now.

Mrs. B.—Oh, but I couldn't resist buying these. They were all marked down.—Chicago News.

"Strife," he said as he finished reading the peace conference report, "is a necessity."

"Not at all," replied Henry Peck absently. "There's no law compelling a man to marry."—Philadelphia North American.

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