



MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1907.

WHOLE NUMBER 2125.

VOL. 41.-NO. 45.

Manchester Enterprise  
By MAT D. BLOSSER

## MANCHESTER

In the south-west corner of Washtenaw County, 23 miles from Ann Arbor, the County seat and University City, 25 miles from Ypsilanti and the Normal School; 20 miles from Jackson, the Prison City; 44 miles from Detroit, 10 miles from Toledo.

At Junction of Jackson and Tiptonville branches of the Lake Shore R.R., Bell and U. S. Lines. Distance, telephone, U. S. Tele. Graph. Three Good Water Powers, Rich Farming, Fruit and Stock Section. Everything Up-to-date.

## Societies.

**MANCHESTER LODGE NO. 148, F. & A. M.**  
Meet at Masonic Hall, Monday Evening, or before full moon. Visiting brothers are invited. FRANK E. SPARFORD, W. M.  
Ed. R. Root, Secretary.

**MANCHESTER CHAPTER NO. 45, R. A. M.**  
Meet at Masonic Hall, Wednesday Evening, or before full moon. Visiting members are invited. FRANK E. SPARFORD, W. M.  
Ed. R. Root, Secretary.

**ADONIRAM COUNCIL NO. 24, R. A. S. M.**  
Meet at Masonic Hall, Friday Evening, or before full moon. All visiting companions invited. MAT D. BLOSSER, W. M.  
Ed. R. Root, Secretary.

**MANCHESTER CHAPTER NO. 101, O. E. S.**  
Meet at Masonic Hall, Friday Evening, or before full moon. Visiting members are invited. JULIA CONKLIN, W. M.  
ELIZABETH FARRELL, Secretary.

**MANCHESTER HIVE NO. 626, L. O. T. M.**  
Meet at Maccabees hall second and fourth Tuesday Evening of the month. Visiting members invited. JOSEPH W. SCHMIDT, W. M.  
Mrs. JOSEPH W. SCHMIDT, Recorder.

**COMSTOCK POST NO. 358, G. R. M.**  
Meet at Maccabees hall every evening of each month, at half over Bowler's meat market. Commodore invited. FRANK E. SPARFORD, W. M.  
Ed. R. Root, Secretary.

**COMSTOCK W. R. C. NO. 320** meets first and third Tuesday afternoon of month at hall over Bowler's meat market. Visiting members invited. NELLIE STRENGTH, Pres.  
ELIZABETH FARRELL, Secretary.

## Business Cards.

**A. J. WATERS**  
ATTORNEY  
And Counselor at Law. Office over Union Savings Bank.  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

**FREEMAN & WATKINS**  
Managers, Mich.  
Attorneys and Counselors  
A. F. FREEMAN, J. W. WATKINS  
A. F. FREEMAN, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

**LEOL WATKINS**  
LAWYER  
Office in Watkins Block over Paul Brothers Store.  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

**E. M. CONKLIN M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Office Hours: 1 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

**W. A. KLOPFENSTEIN**  
ROMANOPATH  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Office at Residence one door west of City Hotel. Hours: 2-4 p. m., 1-3-7-9 p. m.

**B. A. TRACY**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN  
Office and Residence on Ann Arbor street. Office hours from 7 to 9 a. m., from 12 to 2 and 7 to 9 p. m.

**C. F. KAPP M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Office at Residence on Clinton street. Hours: 7 to 9 a. m. and from 12 to 2 p. m.  
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

**G. E. KUHL**  
DENTIST  
Will be in Manchester every Wednesday and Thursday.  
Office over Union Savings Bank.

**GEO. A. SERVIS D. D. S.**  
Is prepared to do all kinds of  
DENTAL WORK  
General and Local. Office at Palace Hotel. Location: 1000 Main street, new Servis Building.

**F. D. MERITHEW**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER  
Manchester, Mich.  
Sells all kinds of property. Will be promptly attended on reasonable terms.  
Dates can be made at the ENTERPRISE Office.

**J. J. BRIEDEL**  
FREEMAN HOUSE BARBER  
Shaving, Shampooing, Haircutting, etc.  
and in the most modern manner.  
Hot and Cold Baths.

**ALBERT M. KIEBLER**  
CENTRAL MEAT MARKET  
Sausage Maker. Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats. Wholesale and Retail.  
Ice for Private Families.

Underneath the reassuring reports as to Mr. Chamberlain's health given out by his family there circulate persistently rumors of the incurable nature of his malady. One statement very strongly made in England, in private circles, is that Mr. Chamberlain is dying from cancer.

One woman who applies for a divorce says that her husband took her home on their wedding day and that his former wife was at the door and wouldn't let her in, but took back her husband. Some men are so careless about doing things of that sort.

The Pace Gets Swifter.  
It requires more energy for a man to succeed to-day than it required 30 years ago, more talent, more capital of brains and faculty; the competition is keener, the race is swifter, the life is faster. Hence the list of sacrifices to the Moloch of overwork.

Breaking the News.  
"She let fall a few remarks."  
"Is that why she spoke in such broken tones?" Baltimore American.



WITH unfathomed seas to the east,  
With the cross of St. George to the north,  
With unpenetrated forests to the west,  
And the yellow banner of Spain to the south.  
Such were the narrow confines of the country, the new-born nation of freemen, over which Old Glory was first unfurled.  
When those fifty-six sires of a nation signed that imperishable document at Philadelphia in 1776 they were dreaming of a principle, not of territory.  
Little did the comrades of Washington think that the starry banner, then meaningless save to one people, then despised and spat upon by many of the monarchies of Europe, was destined to encircle the world; to spread its protecting folds from ocean to ocean; cross the broad Pacific and cover the islands of that mighty sea, then practically an unexplored waste of waters.

But where flies Old Glory to-day?  
Westward the star of empire took its way.  
The hardy pioneer with gun and axe penetrated the forests and blazed the trail for the flag of civilization.  
He planted his banner on the top of the Alleghenies.  
He guided his canoe down the swirling waters and planted it again in the fertile valley of the Mississippi.  
Westward, ever westward, marched Old Glory.  
Across the broad stream the lilies of France offered defiance for a short time, and then gave way before the advancing power that brooked no opposition.  
Beneath its protecting folds he built his rude cabin.  
Beneath it he turned the virgin soil of the prairie.  
It floated from the flagstuffs of the growing villages.  
Under it cross-road settlements grew into cities; schools and churches thrived; industries prospered; and a nation grew strong and great.

Braving every peril, ever westward,  
From the top of the lofty summits of the Rockies this agent of civilization looked down upon golden California, and advanced.  
From the shores of the broad Pacific waved Old Glory.  
To the south the banner of Spain had given way before it; to the north the banner of St. George had been crowded back, and its territory sharply defined; to the southwest Mexico had made way for it. It



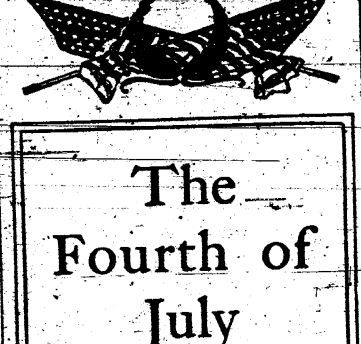
floats unchanged from the flagpoles that stretched from ocean to ocean. To every section of a broad nation it carried its guarantee of freedom.

But where flies Old Glory to-day?  
It has given to Hawaii a freedman's rule.  
It floats from the flagstuffs of the Somos.  
It has displaced the rule of tyranny in the Philippines.  
It represents justice and equality in Porto Rico.  
From the mastheads of the ships on every sea, in every port, flies Old Glory. It is respected in every land and by every people. To its protecting folds flock the downtrodden and oppressed of all nations, and to all that are worthy it offers a welcoming hand. It represents to-day a world power, greatest in the counsels of nations. A power whose word is unquestioned; whose might has been proven.  
But Old Glory has represented more than an expanding nation. It has created a new hope in the breasts of men.  
It has disputed the God-given rights of kings.  
It has overthrown the absolutism of Europe.  
It has driven Spain from the new world, and founded new nations.  
It has dictated equitable terms of peace to nations at war.

Old Glory!  
God bless the flag. God keep it right, and strong and powerful in the right.

May its white stars be never soiled by injustice to the weak.  
May their blue field be ever as expansive as the sky of heaven.  
May its red stripes ever represent the strength of a just cause.  
Symbol of a people's freedom, of a nation's power, of its greatness, of its justice, of God-given equality, its meaning is known the world over.

To-day the sun never—and may it never—sets on Old Glory.  
WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.



The Fourth of July  
By T. C. HARBAUGH

Old Glory is waving on land and on sea,  
The hope of the Nation, the pride of the free,  
Our fleets bear it outward to harbors afar,  
And dear to the eye is the gleam of each star;  
In beauty it floats over hemlock and pine,  
Adown to our orange-fringed tropical line.  
Our fathers beneath it were willing to die,  
And new luster it gets on the Fourth of July.

The Old Continentals! methinks that they come  
Out of the past at the tap of the drum.  
Their swords are aloft and their bayonets shine  
And Washington rides at the head of the line;  
There Sumter and Schuyler are fighting again,  
And yonder is charging "Mad Anthony" Wayne!  
They fought and they fell 'neath the Union's blue sky,  
And gave to Columbia her Fourth of July.

We reach out from ocean to ocean afar,  
A nation of freemen all matchless in war,  
Our eagle's a-wing, of his grandeur unshorn,  
For never by foe has his plumage been torn;  
And woe to the hand that would tetter his flight,  
Or sully the banner he guards in his might.  
He watches our land from his eagle on high,  
And our flag waves for him on the Fourth of July!

Our forefathers gave us this home of the free,  
And tenderly guarded young Liberty's tree;  
Undaunted in battle heroic they stood,  
And nourished the soil with the best of their blood;  
Blow, blow the wild bugles, but not for the fray,  
The morning has dawned upon Liberty's day;  
Unfurl the proud emblem that kisses the sky,  
For this is the world's only Fourth of July.

The rollicking drums! let them sound in their might,  
And rally the people, but not for the fight;  
The land is ablaze, and the rocket's fierce fire  
Will show where our eagle mounts higher and higher;  
And listen! over Broadway's historic plain  
The old Continentals are swarming again;  
With the tread of the brave and the soldier's true eye,  
They march, as it were, to our Fourth of July.

The Past is our pride and the cycles of fate  
Await us inside of the Century's gate;  
We dress in the colors that flutter and shine,  
While Liberty's stands at the head of the line;  
Look up at the flag that will never grow old,  
As long as the tale of our fathers is told;  
As long as our land is our home may it fly,  
To crown with its glory each Fourth of July.

Don't allow the firecrackers to go off in the grass unless you want the lawn ruined.  
Don't wear a thin inflammable frock. Put on a cloth skirt if there are firecrackers about.  
Don't attempt to set off complicated pyrotechnics without thoroughly comprehending the process.

Don't lay away left-over fireworks for another year. They are dangerous things to pack away where mice can get at them. Buy only so many as can be used on the day appointed.

Mere Pleasantries.  
Sky Rocket—Ah! I'm going off on the Fourth, and have a high old time.  
Pin Wheel—Bah! You're always shooting off about yourself. I never blow about it, but generally have a gay little whirl myself.

Don't's for the Fourth  
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YALE'S CREW WINS  
MAGNIFICENT RACE

DEFEATS HARVARD BY ONLY A SCANT BOAT LENGTH IN FOUR MILES.

E. H. Harriman Arrested—Magnate Ignores Course Rules and Is Made Prisoner by President Roosevelt's Naval Aide.

New London, Conn., June 28.—Before the largest crowd that ever witnessed a race on the Thames river the Yale crew Thursday evening, rowing on an average of four strokes to the minute less than Harvard, held the big Cambridge eight even against the last half mile, when the blue lot out their speed and won a magnificent contest by a scant boat length.

The race was accompanied by one disagreeable incident. This was the arrest of E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, by Lieut. Bulmer, President Roosevelt's naval aide. Lieut. Bulmer, who was in charge of the revenue cutters, had warned every boat owner not to follow the race. The big variety struggle had scarcely been started when Mr. Harriman, in a powerful motor boat, started to follow the race.

Lieut. Bulmer and Chairman Schweppes, who were aboard the regatta committee's boat, the Arrow, repeatedly warned Mr. Harriman to stop his engine and get out of the course. Mr. Harriman not only paid no attention to them, but took a position right alongside of the revenue cutter's boat and held it. On the navy yard light Bulmer signalled for a launch and tooted the revenue cutter whistle, which finally caused Mr. Harriman to look around.

"You are under arrest, sir," shouted Lieut. Bulmer. "You will give yourself up to this man, who will take you aboard the Gresham to await my orders."

Mr. Harriman saw nothing more of the race, but was detained as any ordinary prisoner aboard the Gresham until after the race was over, when Lieut. Bulmer went aboard the Gresham and released him, but ordered his boat tied up at the navy yard. The incident may cost Mr. Harriman a fine of \$500. This was the penalty imposed on a yacht owner at last year's race for transgressing the rules governing the course.

Henry Divided Friday.  
New London, Conn., June 29.—Harvard won the freshman eight by one and a half lengths, and Yale the varsity four-oared race by perhaps ten lengths on the morning tide on the Thames river Friday, and the result confirmed the predictions.

Holds War Tax Illegal.  
Decision Rendered by Judge Pollack, of Federal Circuit Court.

St. Louis, June 29.—A decision was handed down Friday by Judge Pollack, in the United States circuit court, holding that the tax of \$3,173.39 levied upon the estate of Judge George A. Madill, as a Spanish-American war tax, was an illegal action. The suit was instituted originally as a test case by the Union Trust company, executor for the Madill estate. It has gone through the federal courts and to the United States supreme court twice, the supreme court dividing each time. If Judge Pollack's decision is affirmed by the supreme court the result will be that \$7,000,000 collected by the United States as a war tax must be returned.

Fifteen Hurt in a Wreck.  
Springdale, Ark., July 1.—A school-bound passenger train on the Frisco road was wrecked Sunday at Johnson Station, five miles south of here, by the spreading of the track, causing the dining car, two sleepers and two coaches to leave the rails and fall on their sides. Fifteen persons were badly bruised.

Francis Murphy Is Dead.  
Los Angeles, Cal., July 1.—Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer, died at 10:38 a. m. Sunday.

For Direct Election of Senators.  
Madison, Wis., June 29.—The assembly Friday by a vote of 69 to 35 passed the senate resolution providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote.

Arizona Town's Saloons Burn.  
El Paso, Tex., June 28.—Fire Wednesday night destroyed the entire saloon section of Morenci, Ariz. The losses aggregated \$100,000. Twenty-seven buildings were wiped out and there was only \$3,000 insurance.

Cincinnati Professor Dies.  
Cincinnati, June 29.—Prof. Thomas B. Evans, of the University of Cincinnati, who had just been granted a year's leave of absence for the benefit of his health, died at his home in this city Friday.

## MICHIGAN EVENTS NOTED

GRAND LEDGE HAS A MYSTERY IN THE DEATH OF TOAZ, DETROITE.

IS IT MURDER OR SUICIDE

Officials Call It Suicide, But Wife Says He Was Murdered, and There Are Evidences of a Struggle.

The Compton Case His Last.  
Tom J. Toaz, constable and detective, and the best known peace officer in Eaton county, was shot in the head and instantly killed in his home in Grand Ledge about 2 o'clock Thursday morning.

The shooting is a mysterious affair, as there are evidences of a desperate struggle, yet the doors were locked and when Toaz was found he held a revolver in his right hand. The bullet had entered his right temple. It was extracted and was found to be the same caliber as Toaz's revolver, which had one chamber discharged.

Mrs. Toaz says that her husband heard a noise and went down stairs to investigate. He called back that there was some one in the house, and told her to remain at the head of the stairs, then he went to the dining room and Mrs. Toaz heard a crash and one shot was fired. She ran out and called to a neighbor for help and they found the dining room table had been overturned and Toaz was lying inside the back door in a pool of blood.

Prosecutor Peters, of Charlotte, was at once summoned and a coroner's jury was impaneled. It was the opinion of Sheriff Sloan, Prosecutor Peters and the coroner that Toaz had shot himself. Mrs. Toaz insists that he was murdered. She and Miss Minnie Tillman, a clerk who boards in the Toaz home, say they heard Toaz exclaim, "What are you doing here?" Then there was a sound as of a struggle and the table was upset with a crash.

Toaz had returned early in the evening from Charlotte, where he had been attending the Compton murder trial, he having been instrumental in bringing Silas Compton back from Pennsylvania for trial for the murder of Miss Lampham 15 years ago, and he was also the officer who worked up the case in 1892 that sent John Butler to Jackson for life for the same crime.

Found the Plunder.  
While waiting home just after midnight Albert West, an elderly man of Battle Creek, was stopped by an attractive young mulatto woman, who asked him to go with her. West pushed her aside and went home, but on arriving there found his pockets had been cut open and his roll of bills, amounting to \$350, removed. Police Capt. Byrner sent patrolmen to all the colored resorts and Officers Hamilton and Abbey arrested Marion Miller, of Cleveland, who answered the description. A stoop-hole hole in one room had a suspicious appearance and the officers found the amount of money West said he had lost.

Conscience Stricken.  
Homer Town, now a prosperous citizen of Battle Creek, Mich., lived at New Carlisle, Ind., fifteen years ago. He suddenly disappeared one day, leaving a number of unsettled obligations. Town is now making regular remittances to his former creditors, writing them that he can no longer endure the sting of his conscience, and that he cannot go to his grave with a single stain upon his life. He was supposed to have been fondly dealt with after his disappearance from New Carlisle.

Gave the Babe Away.  
In Justice Bartford's court, Battle Creek, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Blodgett, the former a railroad man, signed away their rights to their child, aged four months. Neighbors saw the infant was starving and notified the police, who asked Miss Bertha Babcock, serving as probation agent, to investigate. She reported fifth and starvation, saying the child was almost a skeleton. The parents did not fight the police plan, being too glad to escape a charge of neglect. A family alarm advanced against the family, the house being unkempt and neglected.

Lillian Slater, the alleged diamond thief of Chicago, who broke from the Muskegon jail Saturday morning, is a desperate character and much wanted woman, according to Sergt. Finn, who tells stories of her alleged past history that would fill a book. She was arrested on the charge she is now going back to face, but jumped her bail bond. Sergt. Finn wouldn't allow her to be confined in the county jail, so she is confined in the same cell she escaped from in the city hall.

Adrian's Home-Coming.  
Adrian's home-coming celebration brought in 2,500 people. At least 2,500 former residents returned to greet each other and old home friends and relatives. The most interesting personage was Will Carleton, the poet, now of New York, who read an original poem written for the occasion, "Forest and Homestead."

R. R. Commissioner Blace Start on July 8 for an inspection of all of the railroad lines in the state. It's the first in three years.

James White, aged 33, of Kalamazoo, says that religion was the cause of the separation of his wife and himself eight years ago. She became a convert to the Seventh Day Adventist faith and insisted that he share their home with a "brother" of that belief and his wife. White refused and his wife went to Wisconsin. They have a child 8 years old which White has never seen.

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Stolen Gold Ore Worth \$50,000 Recovered at Goldfield, Nev.

Goldfield, Nev., July 1.—Five assay-ers were arrested Saturday and 1,500 pounds of high grade ore alleged to have been stolen from Little Florence mine and valued at \$50,000 was recovered. The men under arrest are M. J. Smith, S. H. Prince, C. J. Frank, Henry Lutzenheiser and Fred Lutzenheiser. All gave bail in the sum of \$1,000 and the cases were set for hearing on July 12.

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