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"Sweet Girl Grad"

Holds Supreme in East Jordan This Week.

Baccalaureate Sermon, Salutatory, Class History and Valedictory, Published in Full.

The Baccalaureate Sermon, given by Rev. Warren W. Lampport, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, at the Presbyterian church last Sabbath evening, was the "beginning of the end" of Commencement Week for the Class of 1908. The church was, as is customary on such occasions, packed to overflowing with patrons and those interested in our schools. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was exceptionally fine. Rev. Lampport took for his theme "The Choice of Moses" and held the close attention of his audience throughout his 35-minute address. Below is the sermon in full.

"The Choice of Moses."

"By faith Moses, when he had come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."—Heb. 11: 23, 24, 25.

There are many mountain peaks, but Mt. Everest overtops them all. So stands Moses among his fellows, the greatest man of human history.

It was Moses' fortune to be born during the sojourn of his people in Egypt and under that royal decree which doomed every male Hebrew child to death at birth. His mother, moved not less by the Holy Spirit than by maternal impulse, placed him in a little ark and hid him in the bulrushes of the Nile. And the little life thus strangely cast adrift was taken up by the infinite God and dedicated to the grandest mission ever given to mortal man.

God's plan was to give the child a two-fold shelter. In the palace of his intended destroyer he was to find all temporal good, and in the arms of his mother he was to find comfort and love and be instructed in the history of his people and in the fear and worship of Jehovah. In due time therefore Pharaoh's daughter comes down to the water's edge, hears the wailing of the child, draws it ashore, is struck by its beauty and adopts it. Then appears Miriam, the guardian sister, who as a messenger seeking a Hebrew nurse comes back with the child's mother who, unknown to the princess, becomes his keeper. And thus safeguarded by maternal and royal hands the little boy starts out on his wonderful career.

As a prince of the royal line it is necessary that he be educated, and in due time he is sent to Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, where he pursues a course in mathematics, astronomy, physics, agriculture, medicine, jurisprudence, architecture, painting and sculpture; which along with a great deal of idolatrous theological rubbish constitutes the learning of Egypt. And, as the heir to the throne of the Pharaohs, he must also have been instructed in the art of governing and in military tactics. So that he comes to his majority with a mind as well stored and keenly polished as any in the land.

But along with this scholastic training comes another, the training by his mother. It is hers to teach him of the true God; to tell the story of the fall, and of the flood; to recount the call and covenant of Abraham, and of Isaac and Jacob, and of the youthful Joseph sold into Egypt—to tell, as only fathers of old knew how to tell, each detail of national history, each promise and providence of God. And so faithfully does she do her work that not all the schools and logic of the philosophers, nor the crafty teachings of the priests, nor the magnificence of their temples, nor the splendor of their worship, can ever eradicate the knowledge of Jehovah, nor overcome the love of his people which she instills into him. Oh, that mothers might realize more fully the tremendous power they wield over the character and destiny of their children!

Our text introduces Moses just as

he has reached his majority. He has come to years. Educated and trained in the schools, he is ready for a career in the royal court that shall fit him for final sovereignty when the crown of empire shall be placed upon his head. But just at this point a problem arises. Shall he, a child of the Hebrews, remain a prince of Egypt; or, dedicating the honors of Pharaoh's court, shall he cast in his lot with the people of God and strike for their national freedom? Worldly wisdom would have said, "Remain and serve your people, as Joseph served them, from the throne." But the voice that calls suggests another career. The purpose of Israel's bondage is now fulfilled. In the fires of slavery they have been welded into racial unity. By bitter experience they have been prepared to appreciate a loving deliverance by the hand of Jehovah. Beyond the sea and the deserts lies a land of promise pledged to Abraham as a land wherein his seed shall mul-



REV. WARREN W. LAMPOR

tiply as the stars of heaven. And the time is come, when Israel must rise and leave Egypt for their inheritance. And he, Moses, must be the man of God to lead them forth. Shall he go? Shall he go?

I fancy the question is not settled without a struggle. I see him facing the problem, "I am legally the son of Pharaoh's daughter," he says. "Yonder palace may some day be my palace. Yonder throne may be my throne. From it I may someday wield scepter over the mightiest people of the earth. I may have all the honors of royalty and the luxuries of wealth. But I am the son of a Hebrew woman. Yonder people are my people; their God is my God; their hopes are my hopes; their sorrows are my sorrows. Can I renounce my kindred and the mother who bore me?" Oh, a great question is that! Yonder pathway leads to honor; this to obscurity in the desert. Yonder pathway leads to pleasure; this to toil and pain, to poverty and want. Which shall it be? Which shall it be? He bows his head in perplexity and trembles under the emotions of his heart. And then, I fancy, a foregleam of that prophetic fire which burned on Nebo comes upon him and he looks up. He looks up above Egypt, and beyond the desert. He sees the children of God in their Canaan home; sees that temple whose glory out-rivals the palaces of Pharaoh; sees a ritualism more splendid than all the pomp of Egypt's pageantry. He sees a star guiding the wise men of earth to the birthplace of heaven's Son. He sees a cross uplifted and on its regal sufferer's head the crown of universal empire. He sees a flash of light, as the sword of Justice smites the serpent sin; sees a fountain open for the cleansing of sin. And then heaven's gates swing back, and out of every nation, kindred and tongue he sees the ransomed of earth, forgiven and purified and white-robed, passing up into the presence of the Infinite God. And as the stars fade when the king of day appears, so in the splendor of that vision all the honors and pleasures of Egypt fade from his sight, and he whispers "I can. I will. I can. I will." And bidding farewell to the dreams of his youth, farewell to palace and to court and to the temples of the gods, he chooses the honors of a kingdom that shall not pass away, a glory that shall endure when Egypt and her pyramids are forgotten and when earth itself, as a morning cloud, shall have dissipated in the dim distances of the past.

By faith Moses when he was come to years refused to be called the son of

Pharaoh's daughter, choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

I choose this text tonight because I am addressing a company of youths who like Moses are "come to years." You have passed our common schools and are facing the problem of the future; and I would have you ask "What shall that future be?" I do not mean what profession or business shall you pursue. I remember how a class-prophet once said I was to become a great and renowned superintendent of schools. But down in my heart I said "I guess not, that isn't what I want. I am going to be an editor. An uncle thought I ought to be a physician and offered to help educate me for one. And then a phrenologist came along and got me upon a platform with some others. He looked me over, examined my limbs and my bumps, and said I was just adapted to farm work or a day laborer of some kind. But none of us saw as God saw. When I got right with God and consecrated my life to his service, willing to go anywhere and do anything, he made plain the pathway of the Christian ministry. A voice as clear as that which spoke to Moses spoke to my inner sense and said, "Go preach my gospel." So you may not just know tonight where God wants you; and so far as I am concerned it is immaterial whether you are to be a doctor, a lawyer, a teacher, a merchant or a housewife. The real question is one of character and duty. Shall you devote your lives to selfish aims, or consecrate them to high and noble purposes?

Now, I like this choice of Moses because it was an unselfish choice. He put Moses out of sight and thought only of duty. And as ever against the riches and pleasures of Egypt Moses saw set a life of unselfish devotion, a life of toil and sacrifice, so ever against self and the world God will set you some alternative. What shall be your choice? O let me beseech you to resolve that whatever your lot or calling you will live to do good; that, renouncing ease and carnal pleasure, you will devote yourselves to the service of men and the glory of God. As President Dickie once said to the Albion graduates, "Self-surrender will continue to be the sure road to the noblest success. The lives that have lifted the world and that the world will always love, have been those ever ready to forget the 'me' and the 'mine' and to tread with no thought of self, whatever path stern duty pointed out."

Devote then, your lives to unselfish purposes. You owe it to yourselves that you do so.

You owe it to your teachers, who have rendered such kind and patient service in guiding you through the paths of learning. You owe it to your parents, who have sacrificed ease and comfort, as well as money, to keep you in school and provide you with every means of successful graduation. It is estimated to cost no less than fifteen hundred dollars to feed, clothe, educate and bring up a child to where you are tonight. That may seem to you like quite a sum of money; and yet the money interest is only a small part of the real interest your parents have in you. Parental affection, parental pride, parental hopes, all demand of you an honorable and successful career. See to it that you do not disappoint them.

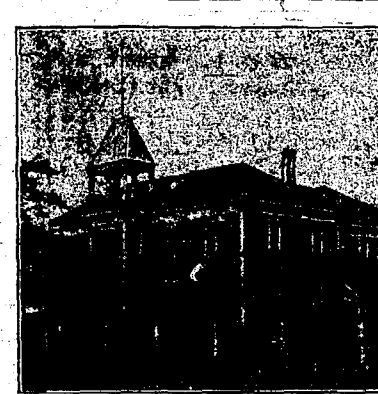
Then you owe it to the state, which has provided you such noble and free institutions of learning that you return her the highest possible citizenship. America glories in the intelligence and culture of her people. But what America needs today is conscience—cultured men and women of conscience, citizens who are quick to discern the right, who at any time would rather be in the right than in the majority. Who would rather be right than be village president, or representative, or governor, who, like Henry Clay, would rather be right than be president of the United States; or like Gov. Hughes of New York, who recently said he would rather stay where he is and fight the gamblers than be president.

Now, as I have said, I like this choice of Moses because it was of this kind. It was an unselfish devotion to service. He would rather be right than be Pharaoh of Egypt. And

I like it more because it was a religious choice. It was pre-eminently a choice between God and Mammon, between sin and holiness, between earth and heaven, time and eternity. He chose to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. He esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.

And let me say that no life is complete until it is crowned with a religious experience and an absolute devotion to God. However honest, amiable and upright one may be, our thing is lacking until, like Mary, we choose the better part. To Nicodemus, the man of wealth and culture, of social refinement and high official position, Jesus said, "Ye must be born again." In renouncing Egypt Moses sought and obtained that better part. And let us see what that exchange signified.

The Renunciation: We are told that in renouncing Egypt he renounced the pleasures of sin. Not all pleasure is sinful. But sin has its distinctive pleasures. The god of this world knows how to entice souls, so he offers pleasures that will fall in with the cravings of our perverted and car-



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

nal natures, pleasures that appeal to our pride, our passions and our lusts. And he strews them along the broad way in such seductive guise that multitudes are deceived and go in thereat. In renouncing Egypt Moses renounced the riches of this world, for wealth—true toil and sacrifice, and

will give up health and peace and domestic happiness and social enjoyment and the soul itself. Men lie and cheat and gamble and steal and oppress the hireling in his wages, all to pile up greater fortunes than their neighbors. No wonder our Lord speaks of the "deceitfulness of riches" and says, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." Now, the riches of Egypt might have been at the command of Moses, but he turned from them all to become poor in the service of his God.

And in renouncing Egypt he also renounced the honors of the world. Not all worldly honors are corrupting. But many a man to gain them has sold himself, soul and body; has bartered health and wealth and honor, and all that gives true manhood its priceless value. Better die without one single wreath than to have sullied manhood to gain it.

Now do not misunderstand me. I would not teach that the man of God may not have pleasure nor wealth nor honor, for he may honestly come into possession of them all. Abraham was rich in cattle and in silver and in gold, yet he was a pious man. He was a man of such strong faith and religious devotion that he was called "The friend of God."

When Theodore Roosevelt was a young man his college mates called him a "sisy" because he insisted on going to Sunday school and teaching a class. But he stuck to his job just the same. And most of us think he turned out to be quite a man; after all. So you may be true to God and yet prosper in the things of this life; only let everything that is sinful and that wars against the high purpose of life be laid aside, as Moses put them aside. For, "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Moses renounced the world that he might suffer with the people of God. For him—the pathway led to the desert, to poverty and hardship, to cares and mental suffering. And if we think we can serve God, and al-

ways have an easy-time of it, we are sadly mistaken. A great many people are trying to get to heaven on "flowery beds of ease," while Jesus said "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." "Unto you," says Paul, "it is given in the behalf of Christ not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake." And we may expect sometimes to suffer; to be sneered at and neglected, to suffer in business and in the loss of friendships. But does it pay? Does it pay? You know that is a great question men are asking everywhere "Does it pay?" Does it pay to renounce the pleasures of sin for the reproaches of Christ?

Yes it pays, over and over and over again it pays, and for many reasons.

The Reward: It pays, for after all the thing of this world are but tran-

sient and unsatisfactory. They dazzle to deceive; they allure to destroy. History's pages are filled with the lamentations of those who have wasted all in riotous living and found nothing but husks and swine at the end. "Vanity of vanities" cried the great devotee of pleasure, "all is vanity." But over against these, and over against the losses and crosses of the narrow way, are pleasures that



H. H. FULLER
Superintendent Public Schools.

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Art in America

It Appeals Strongly to the Artists of Japan

By T. HASEKAWA, Distinguished Artist of Japan.



To explain about American art is very difficult for me, as I am studying in it at present; therefore it seems to me every year that my admiration for American art is different so that I do not willingly express my opinion of it in public.

I am surprised at the progress of American art in the modern centuries. I believe American art will conquer throughout international art in the near future.

I have seen many exhibitions in America and every artist's style is different, but his expression of nature or feeling is just the same.

On the contrary, Japanese artists in their expression of nature do not express so much as American artists, but their beauty of line surpasses. So their work is nice for decorative art, but it is not good in landscape painting or portrait painting, for much of the Japanese original art lacks perspective or shadowing.

Concerning that point I do not continue forever with Japanese art, though many American artists have told me it is better to continue Japanese original art. But in Japanese art, it is impossible to express natural beauty without perspective or shadowing, therefore, we Japanese must take more civilized art, such as American. I believe that this is the foundation of Japanese art in the future.

I came to America in order to study natural expression, so I do not pay much attention to brush marks or style, because to express feeling very strongly in their paintings is the principal duty of artists. So rough marks or smooth are not of much account compared to feeling, which most American painters have.

I think that every foreigner deeply admires our art and hopes that it will not lose its special excellence and notable features. But since we awakened from our long peaceful dream by the knocking of western civilization, in spite of fearful oppression, we recognized that we were obliged to change our condition politically and socially, and for our art.

The fact that Japanese art is far behind the art of America, especially in expressing nature, is a notable feature. Any element which teaches us to make our art improve in some way or another, with preservation of our original strong points, is welcome. That is why so many of our young art students are trying here in this country to suck in the special excellence of western art.

I wish to conclude my statement with this, that our people, especially the youth, have the principle of open door to everything, so that they may improve and elevate their conditions.

Misfits That Are Not Misfits

By George Eibelbert Walsh.

The round peg in a square hole or the square peg in a round hole is a concrete illustration to show the impossibility of a misfit making a success in life. Life is full of misfits, of men and women trying to fit in round holes which their angular natures are not suited to.

The misfit who fails in life is with us always, but the successful misfit is quite another creature. He apparently breaks all the laws of business and professional life. He does not succeed, however, by

wearing the square peg round to fit the circular hole in which he finds himself early in life, but he wriggles out of the hole and finds another one more suited to his angularity. Such men, we might say, would succeed anywhere, but their success, so far as we can see, was due to their ability to adjust themselves to conditions that suited them.

As a misfit Edison early discovered the necessity of climbing out of successive holes which circumstances thrust him into, from newsboy to printer, and thence to telegrapher and finally inventor. Speaking of this he once said: "I was climbing all the time, but I didn't know exactly what my life work was to be. I think sometimes the restless boy is simply a misfit trying to find what he is fitted for in life."

But life's successful misfits are not confined to any profession or business. Take authorship. Half our successful writers were trained for the law, medicine or some business or left to drift hopelessly on the sea of life until they got their bearings through accident or effort.

The successful misfits are as difficult to explain as genius. They arrive in spite of themselves, and in spite of their early false start. "You must put a genius in a hole to make him climb high," is an old Spanish saying. It has an application that plays an important part in the scheme of life. Who can say how much good the early work of Benjamin Franklin at tallow-chandlery had in developing his remarkable talent as an inventor, scientist and statesman, or what lasting influence the mercantile career of James K. Polk had in training him for the presidency? From these examples one can draw the consolation that an early false start does not necessarily spoil a career. Indeed, it seems as if it stimulated the misfit to greater effort to work his way out of the uncongenial work. It is only the weak and inefficient whose back is broken by the uncongenial labor; the strong will work the harder to free himself from the slavery and drudgery.

Religion of the Rich

By DR. M. M. MANGASARIAN, Chicago.

There is nothing interesting about the religion of men of great wealth, and that is the pity of it. It indicates the intellectual barrenness of the average millionaire and also his moral indifference. It is rarely that a Morgan, a Rockefeller, or a Vanderbilt will change his church or denomination. He conforms. It is not he who asks for a revised Bible. He is content with the religion of his own clique or church. All that the millionaire does for the church is to carpet it, or to put in memorial windows of stained glass, to build a belfry high and mighty, to present it with a louder bell or a bigger organ.

To its progressive life, to its honest evolution, he gives less than nothing, if such a phrase could be used. Of all the churches supported by the millionaire we may justly say that they are prosperous financially, but dead morally and intellectually.

Over the Alps by Water. That most wonderfully useful of all the servants of men, water, which seems to have been discovered, as such, only in very modern times, and which is now accomplishing marvels undreamed of a decade or two ago, has just been set a new task in little Switzerland, at which the scientific world is again opening its eyes in astonishment. So writes H. G. Hunting in the Technical World Magazine. A tube—or rather two tubes—full of water, are to be made to lift and lower boats, burdened with an international commerce, over the most formidable mountain range of Europe, the Alps. Actually the liquid element is to pick up the loaded craft in Italy and to deposit them in Germany by its own natural power without the use of propelling machinery. Balancing the waters of the mountain lakes against each other, Italian engineers propose to create a new road for commerce, which will become almost literally an artery of world traffic, with an ebb and flow that will draw and push the currents of trade back and forth, like the beat of a great heart feeding the veins of two nations. It is a most remarkable enterprise, and the method by which the feat of taking boats over the mountains is to be accomplished is an extraordinary invention.

Teaching Journalism. Yale is not to have the field of practical teaching of journalism to herself. The University of Missouri also has a plan perfected and instructors appointed for a four years' course, journalism to be on an equal footing with the departments of law, of engineering and the other professions. Col. Harvey's idea of a daily newspaper as a training field will be followed, an experienced Missourian editor having been called to the position of dean and editor of the college paper. The four years' academic course will include lectures upon history, economics, sociology, public law, etc., as well as upon the technical details of newspaper work. This is the practical plan, remarks the Boston Herald, and it should succeed. Naturally, graduates will still have something to learn in the vicissitudes of actual newspaper life, something which they could never learn in the made-to-order environment of the college newspaper office. But the university is only a training school for any profession. There is no reason why it should not successfully perform that service for the newspaper profession.

A National Art Gallery. President Roosevelt, Secretary Walcott of the Smithsonian Institution and the advisory committee of the National Art gallery, representing the National Academy of Design, the Fine Arts Federation and the National Sculpture society, have just had an important conference as to the disposition of collections which already have come to the national gallery, now valued at \$1,500,000. The Smithsonian institution regents have decided to give up the whole of the old building for the art gallery as soon as the new national museum building is completed, and the Freer collection will be near by in a building given by Mr. Freer. Americans, declares the Boston Herald, cannot take too lively interest in this interesting new phase of life at the national capital.

Strange to say, women bear the reverse of fortune far better than men. A woman performs little acts of self-denial as a matter of course; she gives up her personal luxuries, and sometimes even necessities, without comment or complaint; therefore, her deeds of unselfishness often escape notice. The average man cannot do this. He may relinquish some big thing without a growl; his conduct in a great renunciation may be characterized by the same exemplary patience which marks women at such a time; but, should the sting of unaccustomed poverty be so severe as to take from him any of the trifles which he treats as a necessity, he becomes morose, and his temper suffers in consequence.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., says: "Marriage is one of the things that can only continue pleasantly with the simple life." But even the simple life doesn't seem to be a positive guarantee that it is going to be pleasant—if the troubles of some of the simple indicate anything.

Henry J. Byron, one of the witliest of English playwrights, of a score of years ago, remarked on one occasion: "A play is like a cigar. If it's good, everybody wants a box. If it's bad, all the puffing in the world won't make it go."

A Detroit man wants a divorce because his wife refused to put a porous plaster on his back. He would have had a much better case if he had waited till she insisted on pulling a plaster

DOING AWAY WITH GREASE. Care in Cooking Will at Least Reduce It to Minimum.

The objection of many housekeepers to fried things is often a question of not really knowing how to fry. Properly done there should be little or no grease on the cooked article, and absolutely no taste of the fat.

For slow frying, such as cutlets or potatoes, butter is preferable to lard. If the pan be put on the back of the stove there is less danger of burning. This is particularly necessary in doing raw potatoes in a plain fry; French fried ones are cooked in deep lard or other medium, at boiling-point.

For deep frying a kettle at least eight or ten inches deep is essential to prevent splashing over of the grease. A wire frying basket that fits into it closely should also be used; with it there is greater ease and less danger of bad burns.

Whatever the frying medium—lard, olive oil, or any of the commercial productions—it is important to have the proper temperature. This must be beyond boiling point, and should reach 380 degrees. Lower than that the food will be unbearably greasy. Over 400 degrees the fat is apt to burn.

The surest test of temperature is made by a thermometer, but if that is not convenient the fat will be found to be right if a small piece of bread dropped into it turns instantly a golden brown.

These few rules insure success: Deep, boiling fat; not too much in the frying basket at once; immediate draining on brown paper.

WHEN LAMB IS THE JOINT. Forequarter Should Always Be Given the Preference.

The forequarter of lamb is much sweeter than the hindquarter. For a number of persons the whole quarter should be purchased, which will give nine chops. The marketman will remove the shoulder bone, which should be cracked and sent home with the meat to be used for broths with the scraps left from serving.

Wipe off the meat with a damp cloth, place in pan, inside of meat downward, dust with pepper, add one-half pint of water, and place in a quick oven until crusted over, then dust with salt and baste every ten minutes with the drippings.

Reduce the heat after it is nicely browned, and continue to cook until a knife run into the shoulder will not show traces of red juice. For a dinner when the tastes of the guests are not known, it is better to have the lamb well done rather than rare. This meat must be watched that the chops do not scorch before the shoulder is done.

Remove meat to a hot platter and place where it will keep hot. Run off the fat and dust the bottom of the pan with flour; set over the fire to brown delicately; then pour in one pint of the strained soup stock and stir until creamy, adding more flour rubbed smooth with butter if needed; then add salt and pepper if needed, and one tablespoonful finely chopped parsley.

Rhubarb Sherbet. Peel and cut into pieces sufficient rhubarb to measure one quart. Add three cupsful of water and simmer until very tender, then strain, pressing to obtain all the liquid. Return to the fire with one cupful and a half of sugar, boil up once, add one teaspoonful of granulated gelatine soaked in a little cold water and stir until dissolved, then set aside. When cold add four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one cupful of orange juice and cold water, if needed, to make three pints. Freeze, repack and let stand for two or three hours before serving. This sherbet may, if desired, be tinted to a delicate green by the use of a very little green color paste.

A Variation of Baked Apples. Peel and slice apples to just fill a gallon stone jar; add one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves or cassia and one-half teaspoonful of soda (a little more if the apples are very sour). Shake the jar, so all will be well distributed through the apples, then put in the oven and bake slowly six hours. Turn out, and when cool it is pleasing to the eye and taste. A bean pot does very well in place of the jar.

Peanut Soup. Peanuts may be used for a soup, somewhat resembling bean soup, but more delicate. Grind the raw hulled peanuts fine. Add plenty of onions and other vegetables. When cooked in this way, the distinctive peanut flavor, to which some object, is lost. Or you may use peanut butter in soup. It is, however, rather rich.

Delicate Dumplings. Into one pound of raised biscuit dough work one cup of well-washed currants and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of spice. Shape into very small balls and steam them 20 minutes. These may be served with any hot liquid sauce made rich with butter and flavored with lemon.

To Clean the Spider. When an iron spider becomes rough and heavy from long use, try cleaning it off by setting on the hot coals for an hour or two, turning occasionally. When taken out it is claimed it will be as smooth and as clean as new.

Don't Heat Cake Pans. Never heat cake pans before putting in the batter, but grease well while cool with clear lard, then dust well with flour. The cake will not stick even if the pan has been used for other purposes.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

MAY LET FORTUNE SLIP



James Armstrong Chanler, descendant of John Jacob Astor, brother of the lieutenant-governor of New York, Columbia, Esq., and grand husband of Amelie Rives, the author of "The Quick or the Dead," goes about free and untrammelled in 45 states of the union. In the forty-sixth state, New York, where property interests of a million dollars in value are held in his name, his presence would be the signal for quick descent by the legal authorities and incarceration in Bloomingdale insane asylum. To regain the right to legal sanity and to recover the property, which is now administered by a committee, he has instituted suit in New York state. He must attend in person, but he says he would rather give up his million dollar estate than be returned to an asylum.

Mr. Chanler is a son of John Winthrop Chanler, who died in 1877. His mother was Miss Ward, a granddaughter of John Jacob Astor. His brothers are Lieut.-Gov. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler of New York, Congressman William Astor Chanler and Winthrop Chanler. To his brothers and his cousins, the Astors, Chanler attributes his troubles, and the book which he published, "Four Years Behind the Bars of Bloomingdale; or, The Bankruptcy Law in New York," was a bitter attack upon his relatives and upon the conduct of his keepers while he was under restraint.

When Chanler was 28 years of age, he took in marriage Amelie Rives, who stood at the height of her public fame by her daring novel, "The Quick or the Dead." The hero of the story, Jock Dering, was Chanler.

Married life of the couple was happy for a time. They came the Dakota divorce, which Chanler did not resist. Mrs. Chanler shortly afterward married Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, a member of the Russian nobility. Then came Chanler's commitment to the Bloomingdale asylum. Finally he escaped and went to Lynchburg, Va., where he remained six months before his identity was discovered. In Virginia the law declared him sane and fully capable of taking care of his own business. Not so in New York, however. The trustee refused to recognize the Virginia decree.

In his Virginia home Mr. Chanler is a devoted horseman and a close student. His divorced wife, the Princess Troubetzkoy, was in a private sanitarium for some time, under treatment for a complaint similar to that alleged against Mr. Chanler.

CLAIMS GREAT DISCOVERY



Rudolph M. Hunter of Philadelphia claims to have discovered the secret for which mankind has been seeking vainly since the days of the ancient Egyptians, that of the transmutation of the baser metals into gold. What the process is he alone knows; for even to his sons he has confided only a part of it. It is his intention that the secret shall remain in his own family. If Mr. Hunter's claim be justified, and he is recognized as a responsible man with a wonderful inventive genius, he will demoralize the currency systems of all the countries in the world; they will have to find a new metal as the basis of their currency, for if gold is produced in large quantities it will depreciate in value more than even silver has done. It will be no more valuable than copper.

The indications are, too, that Mr. Hunter intends to do that very thing, for he announces his intention of producing gold at the rate of \$100,000,000 a year. At that rate it will be a matter of a few years only before the coffers of the banks are filled with the once precious metal for which little or no employment can be found.

Mr. Hunter is referred to in the National Encyclopedia of American biography as an inventor of high standing in the world of electric development, a man whose patents are numbered by the hundreds and date back into the '70s, although he is only 54 years of age. The trolley car of to-day was invented by him in all material respects in 1881.

In 1883 he brought out the first smokeless powder and carried on successful experiments in this country and France. In 1881 he invented the alternating system of electrical transmission. In 1881 he developed the direct method of generation of electricity from slow or cold combustion of carbon. He has been active in the automobile industry and controls 70 important patents.

DEFENDER OF PRESIDENT



Senator Samuel H. Piles of Washington is one of President's Roosevelt's strongest supporters. He thinks it a shame the president can't have all the battleships he wants. Mr. Piles fears that the state he represents will prove so attractive to the orientals that they will swarm in by thousands and that the effort to keep the Pacific slope a white man's country will sooner or later involve this country in war with Japan. He has visions in the night of a Japanese fleet sailing up Puget sound and Japanese soldiers fortifying the passes of the Rocky mountains and overrunning all the country between them and the Pacific ocean. To avoid this terrible possibility he would have the coast studded with battleships.

It is only natural that there should be something of the fire-eater in Senator Piles, for he was born in Kentucky. The family was very wealthy and hundreds of slaves joined in the celebration when he was born. At the age of three the civil war swept over that part of the country and the Piles family was reduced almost to beggary. Sometimes they did not even have enough to eat. They continued, however, to give their boy an education. He went through college, graduating when he was only 19. His troubles were not over yet, however, for Kansas, where he settled, did not prove a remunerative field. He next tried Arizona, but that also proved disappointing. Then he settled in Washington, took root there and grew up with the country. He is now one of the ablest lawyers in his section of the country.

PLAYWRIGHT AND POLITICIAN



Augustus Thomas, the greatest of American playwrights, has entered politics as a champion of W. J. Bryan. He is president of the Bryan Progressive League.

Mr. Thomas has had a varied career, having been at different times page boy for congress, railroad man, special writer and illustrator for several of the leading papers, candidate for the legislature, newspaper editor and proprietor, playwright and member of the National Institute of Art, Science and Letters. He has lived in the west, in the east, in the south and in France. St. Louis, Kansas City, New York, London and Paris each have known Mr. Thomas in one capacity or another, and from each of these cities he has drawn material for the plays that made him famous.

Mr. Thomas has turned out wild west melodramas, society plays, farce comedies and a little of everything else. He wrote "In Missouri" for Nat Goodwin, "The Earl of Pawtucket" for Lawrence D'Orsay, "The Rangers" for Dustin Farnum, and in fact has written for nearly all our American actresses of note. In "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" he gave a boost to osteopathy, because an osteopath had saved the life of his child. In each of his plays his aim was to instruct as well as to amuse, and he has had an almost unbroken run of successes.

Augustus Thomas was born at St. Louis in 1859, was educated in the public schools and studied law with his father-in-law, John Colby, but never practiced. His versatile mind having been diverted to other pursuits, which was probably a good thing for himself as well as for the public.

"GLAD TO SEE YOU" SAYING "HOW-DE-DO" IN MANY ODD WAYS AND IN MANY ODD CORNERS OF THE WORLD. BY E. S. MERRIAM



The extreme of formal courtesy is practiced by our Japanese cousins.



Hebrews in Jerusalem greet each other with a warm embrace.



Greetings of an expansive German for an embarrassed American officer.

Photographs Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Listener: "Why, they're so stolid they passed a law once that a man shouldn't kiss his own wife on a Sunday. And one man-who-had just got home on Sunday from a long journey broke the ordinance and was hauled up in court for it. Fact. It was a good while ago, though."

"Frenchmen kiss each other—I've seen them. And Italians—why you'd think to see a couple of noble Palermians fling themselves into each other's arms that you were witnessing the end of some soul-stirring drama, whereas it only means 'all right.' What in creation those mercurial people keep saved-up, to express their feelings in a great crisis, I simply can't imagine."

The plump matron giggled.

"They say King Edward has the true British dislike of sentimental poses, but when he goes over to Germany a-cousining among the royalties he remembers his own German ancestry and he and the mighty Kaiser Wilhelm embrace like a couple of gushing school-girls. It must be a sight."

"Speaking of kissing, didn't you suppose everybody knew that a kiss on the stage of a theater is just a hollow show, as little like the real thing as a painted tree? Some friends of ours a little way out-of-town got up a very clever play last winter and had a professional coach and all that. It was for a charity hospital. Well, Mrs. Smith and her husband were both in the cast, but Mrs. Smith's best scene was with the hero, her lover. The play was a great success, but poor Mrs. Smith found a queer chill in the air when the affair was talked over afterwards with some of the women on the board-of-directors at the hospital. It was only later still and in a roundabout way that she found they thought her beautiful kiss was far too real to be proper. And wasn't her husband mad when he heard of the gossip! Why—you know the stage effect is the emptiest show. As a matter-of-fact all that happened when his face bent so close over hers was her own frantic whisper, 'For heaven's sake let me straighten your wig; it's sliding over one ear.'"

"Did you ever see them rub noses in New Zealand? That's the limit. Of course you don't often have the chance, for it's only the aborigines—the Maoris—that do it, and now a good many of them are civilized out of all their native picturesqueness. Just as our American Indians, etc. But out in the mountain district where you go to see the geysers and hot springs there are a few that keep up a queer mixture of store-clothes and primitive manners. There's a native girl there who acts as a guide through the geysers—she's really quite well educated and up-to-date, but—don't you know how some coquettish French and German girls deliberately keep up a foreign accent when they speak English, because they know it's rather fetching? Well, this Maori girl will rub noses with you in the most demure fashion if you signify that you're interested in anthropology or sociology or whatever head covers the subject."

It is really curious when you come to think of it, how many ways the human creatures have of saying How d'ye do. The traditional cowboy fashion of firing a revolver into the air outside your door would seem to city dwellers as extraordinary as the Maori nose salute. But as a rule we Americans have reduced the custom of salutation to its barest and lowest terms, cutting out pretty much all the fanciful formalities of other lands and indeed of earlier times in our own land. We bolt into shops, tell the clerks what we want, with no pretense of greeting them like human beings, and then bolt out again in the same time-saving but mannerless style, which makes any well-bred Frenchman wonder and think things about us. At least, he wonders for a few days, then he catches the mirage. At first, when he enters an American elevator, he says to the boy, "Good morning. Will you be so kind as to take me to the eleventh floor."

"Thank you." But the next week he knows his lesson. He, too, bolts in, and merely grunts, "Leven." He is Americanized.

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The Maori greeting in New Zealand is to rub noses together.



"If a body meet a body Comin' through the rye, If a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?"

IS NOT LUMINOUS

SOME CONFUSING POINTS IN BRYAN PLATFORM.

Also Convenient Lack of Memory Can Be Seen in Neglect to Indorse Policies Heretofore Upheld by the Candidate.

Mr. Bryan, it is said, intends that the Omaha platform shall be the platform of the national convention of the Democratic party. He may consent to some slight alteration or to some addition, but the voice of Omaha is to be, if he can have it so, the voice of Denver. Naturally enough. At Omaha, the Nebraska state Democratic convention beheld in Mr. Bryan, so the resolutions read, "the ideal American, the ideal Democrat," and it "rejoiced that the principles which he has ably advocated have been gladly received and are now generally accepted by the American people." Of course, the faithful at Omaha did not "resolve" and "rejoice" that "all" the principles advocated by Mr. Bryan are now generally accepted by the American people. Reference to free silver was shrewdly omitted. Government ownership of railroads was not mentioned. For the rest, with a few exceptions of no great moment, the platform of the Nebraska Democrats might have been built by a convention of radical Republicans, so little distinction is there now between the parties, and so cordially has Mr. Bryan indorsed the Republican leader.

To be sure, the Omaha platform declares in one place its "opposition to the centralization implied in the suggestions now frequently made that the powers of the general government should be extended by judicial construction," but in other places it demands centralization. Yet it does not enlighten us as to the methods by which the constitutional authority of the judiciary is to be decreased. We are left to suppose that this is an unimportant detail. Omaha "favors the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, and regards this reform as the gateway to all other national reforms." We do not see eye to eye with Omaha on this point; and Omaha and Mr. Bryan will, of course, tell us that our difference of opinion is a matter of no importance. Still, we are entitled to hold our opinion. We have yet to see that the popular election of senators, as pursued in certain states, has increased the ability or exalted the character of the senate, and we are unable to see how or why people of any states that elect incompetent or venal legislatures can be relied upon to elect competent and trustworthy members of the national senate.

Private monopoly is, naturally, denounced by the Omaha platform, and legislation is demanded which shall "make it impossible for private monopoly to exist in the United States." Private monopoly, it seems, is a business which controls more than 25 per cent. of the product in which it deals. This is a curious definition, even for an assemblage of politicians, to concoct. But more curious still is the fact, that a few lines farther on, the platform declares that no corporation shall control more than 50 per cent. of the total amount of any product consumed in the United States. We do not easily see the logical relation of these percentages. And we wonder why 45-50 per cent. can be virtuous and the other tenth vicious—even criminal.

Sees Danger in Tariff Revision.

It is impossible for congress to undertake the revision of the tariff without thereby creating a condition of suspense. No matter how moderate may be the published program there can never be any assurance that it will be strictly followed, that the emendations to be made will be confined within the prescribed limits. As they cannot tell what to expect, business men are consequently constrained as much as possible to circumscribe their operations. They live as nearly as they can from hand to mouth, with the result that trade of every kind is reduced to a minimum, to the universal loss, and what are known as hard times supervene.

What the American people are more in need of just now than anything else is a rest from unnecessary anxiety. After the distressful crisis through which they have lately passed they want a chance to recuperate, to recruit their energies, to consolidate their interests, and it is precisely of this chance that the inception of a tariff tinkering agitation would deprive them.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Lean" and Swollen "Fortunes."

Borrowing President Roosevelt's phrase, "swollen fortunes," the Democrats at Omaha ask for a national income tax, also a national inheritance tax. They do not say that, if the national government is to have these taxes, the state governments shall not also have them, and thus the "swollen fortunes" be doubly taxed. Oddly enough, the Democrats at Omaha, while formulating contradictory definitions of monopoly, did not even attempt to decide the figure at which a fortune becomes "swollen." The skill with which they impaled monopoly upon the horns of two percentages halted confused before the contemplation of fortunes. When is a fortune lean? When is it "swollen"? Mr. Bryan, happily, has a fortune. We rejoice over his pleasant estate. But is his fortune "swollen"? We do not know. Omaha probably paled at the thought and desisted from any further attempt at definition. Which was just as well.

TURNING FROM FREE TRADE.

Drift of Sentiment in England Clearly Toward Protection.

The British Liberals, although elected on a free trade platform, have taken the first step towards protection in the new patent law, which requires the manufacture of the patented article in Britain, if the reasonable requirements of the public so demand, on pain of the forfeiture of the patent. This will affect American trade to a considerable extent, as numbers of American inventors have patented their inventions in Britain and been manufacturing their goods in the United States. Notably is this the case in shoe manufacturing machinery, in which America leads the world. The manufacture of the parts has been almost exclusively done in the United States, the assembling being the only process carried on in Britain.

Under the new law any person connected with the shoe trade can demand the establishment within three years of a factory in Britain for the manufacturing of the machinery. The board of trade hears both sides and if it believes a prima facie case has been established it refers the matter to a special court, which investigates thoroughly and decides whether the needs of the trade demand the granting of licenses on such terms as the court may deem reasonable to some person who will manufacture the articles in the country, or demands the revocation of the patent altogether. A strict interpretation of this law would shut out from the United Kingdom every foreign manufactured product which could be made and which the British preferred should be made in their own country. We have no right to object to our British cousins adopting a protective policy, but it would be more honest to do it openly instead of by a side wind.

Advising Murder.

The general assembly has been asked to pass a law making it a felony for any one to advocate publicly by word of mouth or in writing the murder of any person in Illinois or elsewhere, says the Chicago Tribune. If there were such a law, it would be possible to send to the penitentiary anybody who printed in this state a paper similar to that anarchist publication in Paterson, N. J., which was "thrown out of the mails for giving murderous advice. If there were such a law, any man who got up in a public meeting in this state and sought to impress upon his hearers the desirability of murdering some policeman or public officials could be sent to the penitentiary. At present he could be charged only with a misdemeanor. It is to be hoped that nobody in the legislature will see in this measure an invasion of the right to free speech or a free press, or will assert that the present penalties for recommending murder as a panacea for alleged social ills are adequate. It is true that the men who applaud the murderers of kings, presidents, and policemen, and urge others to go and do likewise, are not in the habit of risking their own necks. They leave the assassin's hazard to others. Their violent speeches and writings stir up others to commit bloody deeds. If the fiery counselor of murder knew that the penitentiary awaited him he would not be so predigal with his advice. He would not court the martyrdom of hard labor.

The Invisible Exchanges.

Recent statistics of our foreign trade show an enormous excess of exports over imports. "In raising the scale of exports, and in simultaneously lowering that of imports," writes Charles F. Speare in the Van Norden Magazine, "we have had no difficulty, since October, in creating a balance of trade amounting to \$328,000,000."

The situation is one to renew interest in the ever recurring discussion of the invisible exchanges. Evidently we cannot take all and give nothing. If at any one time we could drain foreign countries of their money we should then have to wait for future sales of our produce abroad until those countries had regained their purchasing power.

It has been shown that without our big sales we should be very badly pinched indeed, and there is this hint at the close: "With the United States the question of future trade balance depends on her ability to enlarge foreign markets and to travel along a path of stricter economy."

"A Grave and Studied Insult."

The president's positive anti-third-term declaration made at a private dinner the other night in the presence of representatives of foreign nations and other prominent people is becoming known and exciting interest. He declared with measured deliberation and great positiveness that he was not a candidate now for the presidency; that he would not consider the nomination if it were offered, nor accept it if it were given him by the convention.

By way of emphasis, in order that there should be no chance for a misunderstanding, he declared with heat that the question was not discussable, and that the mere suggestion that he is now a candidate or could become a candidate was a grave and studied insult. Washington Dispatch to the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Touching the Pocket Nerve

By Miss Diana Hirschler, LL. B.
Expert Trainer in Salesmanship

Mr. and Mrs. Doubtful have decided to renovate their house and are deep in the discussion of wall paper, waxed floors, new dining room table, etc. Mrs. D.'s conversation is full of "Lucy recommends Blank's for so and so," "Mary says we ought to be very careful if we patronize Clark's, because they break their promises," "Jennie tells me her rug didn't wear well that she bought at The Orient," etc., etc.

In the midst of it Mr. Nearby comes in and catches the drift of the conversation. He breaks in with: "Say, Bob, if you want wall paper I'll tell you of a cracker-jack salesman to go to. I believe he fairly eats wall paper, he's so wide-awake about it. He knows what you want better than you do yourself."



Mr. Nearby interests Mr. and Mrs. Doubtful so that they call for this salesman at that particular store. He immediately enters into their plans with spirit and astonishes them with his extensive knowledge of patterns, their designs, their blending colors, the qualities of paper, the effects of light and shade and whether they would permit many pictures hung against them. In addition, he knew the history of wall paper, and pointed out interesting changes in styles, in ceiling decorations, in friezes, etc.

equipped himself with the knowledge of the man inside the office door—the man who gives advice and gets paid for it, not in money but in appreciation, lifting the load of anxiety from those who seek him.

Don't be a butler even though you are a courteous flunkey.

Be a doctor and diagnose the case.

Be a lawyer and, convert your jury.

Be an architect and construct a helpful argument.

Or be an artist and put in strokes that tell.

Introduce yourself to your own goods. Make them friends of yours—not the kind that stick, but the kind that chant "parting is such sweet sorrow" and are gladly swallowed up in wrapping paper and string.

How the race of shoppers flock to such an expert!

Mr. Provider is willing to shop with his wife when they are going to deal with Mr. Expert. Miss Proudfoot unbends to Miss Bright behind the counter who shows that she knows not only color but style and the appropriateness of each to the individuality of the wearer.

When they left him Mrs. D. said impulsively: "Well, that man is an artist. I feel positively rested. He takes a load right off your shoulders, and now," she sighed resignedly, "I suppose we have to go back to that stupid furniture department again." And it truly seemed more stupid than ever. The salesman was affable enough, but he seemed only to follow them about, state prices and tell them what was "the latest."

He did not know how to suggest what would harmonize with the rest of the room, nor how it might fit in any way into their particular needs. Neither did he educate them to an intelligent appreciation of his furniture as the other salesman had done with his wall paper.

But the race of shoppers are out to get the full worth of their money and many a time they recognize their helplessness. If they only knew whence to turn for help! But the inept salesperson at their elbow merely tells them the price—which is plainly marked—and looks patiently resigned or indifferently apathetic while they flounder about and get what they don't want or what they ought not to have.

The first salesman was a genuine comfort because he gave them the advice of a specialist. He knew that out of every dollar the customer paid for those goods four or five cents came to him for his service. So he did not merely touch his cap as a lackey does in the vestibule, but he

Come, come, rub your eyes, and put the microscope to your goods. It is the way to touch the pocket-nerve of your customer. He wants your goods and you want his money. That is, he wants your goods if you can prove it to him. And you want his money, not now—merely, but next week and next month and next year. Use your telescope on next year and bring it close to you. If you understand what you are talking about, and if you talk about what you understand, you can see his money coming to you a year hence.

You have surely tied a string to him. He is a willing captive—you have shown him how to convert his money into goods that satisfy.

(Copyright, 1908, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

"Sweet Girl Grad"

(Continued from First Page.)

are satisfying. There is peace of mind, there is rest of heart, there is the sweet consciousness of God's favor and the hope of eternal life. "Godliness is profitable unto all things having the promise of the life that now is and the life to come." See how it was with Moses. Though he gave up much he got back more. Did he give up worldly pleasure? He got back the joy of doing good, and pleasure eternal at God's right hand. Did he give up wealth? The riches of eternity are now his. Did he give up an earthly palace and an earthly throne? He now has a mansion in heaven and a crown that fadeth not away. And he had the presence and favor of God while in this world. "My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest," said God, and he never went back on that promise. At the sea, at Sinai, in the desert, everywhere, God was with him and gave him wisdom and strength for his work. And oh, such revelations of power and glory as he was permitted to see. He saw Jehovah's might in the miracles in Egypt. He saw his power when the waves of the sea divided, He saw his majesty amid the clouds and thunders of Sinai. He saw a little of the manifestation of his glory when God put him in the rock and caused the symbol of his presence to pass before him. And oh, better yet, when life's mission ended at the border land, God said to him "Get thee up into this mount and die." And then tenderly he bids farewell to Israel whom he has led as a shepherd leads his sheep, and turning from the weeping through he slowly ascends the mountain path; upward and away, now lost in some ravine, and again in view, until at last a jutting crag shuts him in and he is gone forever from them. He stands on Pisgah's brow and the land of promise is before him—Moab's fields, the Jordan's vale, the hills beyond, the snowy peak of Hermon, the far-off blue of the "utmost sea." And as he looks, a mist seems to fall upon the noontday splendor. The sounds of the weeping through die out in the valley. While a brightness above the glory of the sun breaks upon him; and sweet strains of celestial music thrill his ears. Heavenly voices and heavenly faces are about him: Aaron and Miriam and the dear mother who sheltered him in her love. And above all is the enraptured vision of the divine face, for Israel's weary prophet is now at home with God.

O young men, young women, be true to God as Moses was true! And though your life may not be as conspicuous, nor your death as glorious; nor angels bear your body to its grave, yet in life and in death you shall have victory, and shall hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord forever."

The Junior Banquet.

An event that will long be remembered by those who were present was the banquet given by the class of '09 to the class of '08 at the Russell House Wednesday evening, June 3. It has been the custom for some years for the Juniors to entertain the Seniors, but we may truthfully say that the class of '09 has outdone all of its predecessors along this line. The dining room was prettily decorated in the Senior colors, yellow and blue, while the long table, set for 30, was decorated with yellow and white carnations, with an '08 of violets and but-tercup in the center. The programs were also knotted with yellow and blue.

One very original phase of the evening's entertainment was the singing by the Juniors of some class songs composed by Miss Callaghan and sung to popular airs. One particularly effective stanza was as follows: (Air "Iola")

We welcome teachers, and seniors, welcome, too, Tho' we've no use for you This thing we had to do. So keep on eating until you've had enough: The Juniors pay the bill, and that's no bluff! The Seniors responded with hearty applause and gave the locomotive yell for the Juniors. Harold Boyd acted ably as toast-master and the following toasts were responded to:

- "Those Children".....Bessie Light
"Our Worthy Predecessors".....
"School Ma'ams".....Mr. Milford
"High Parties".....Ida Price
"High School Kindergarten".....
"Miss Collins"

"Towers of Wisdom".....Bertha Shier
"Twenty-three".....Miss Callaghan
The toasts deserving special mention were those given by the Misses Shier and Nicholas. "Our Worthy Predecessors" was given to the members of the class of '08 and "Towers of Wisdom" to the teachers, who were present as guests.

The names of those present was as follows: Seniors—Flora Porter, Myrtle Ward, Phyllis Hurlbert, Frances Malpass, Bessie Light, Enga Berg, Hazel Stevens, Margaret McKay, Ida Price, Edith Smatts, Stella Sadgman, Austin Sheldon and Will Malpass. Juniors—Teresa Phillips, Jessie McKinnon, May Phillips, Winifred Mad-dangh, Marion Malpass, Bertha Shier, Claude Bowen, Arthur Shepard, Clark Haire, Isabel Lamport, Fay Nicholas, Leta Stewart, Irma Hurlbert, Harold Boyd. Guests—Miss Callaghan, Miss Collins, Miss Babcock, Miss Comstock, Miss Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Milford, Emily Malpass, Morgan Lewis and Flossie Sheldon.

Commencement Exercises

Were held at the opera house last evening and the program, published last week, was carried out in full with exception of a musical number omitted. The address on "Master Motives" by Prof. W. N. Ferris is deserving more than passing mention, but cannot be given at this hour. The three numbers given by the members of the class of '08 are herewith published in full, so need no comment.

The graduating class, consists of: Austin G. Sheldon, Bessie E. Light, Enga Berg, Edith M. Smatts, Estella E. Sedgeman, Frances M. Malpass, Flora M. Porter, Hazel L. Stevens, Ida M. Price, Margaret McKay, Myrtle M. Ward, Phyllis A. Hurlbert, William H. Malpass.

Salutory.

(By Austin Sheldon.)

Schoolmates, teachers, Board of Education, visiting alumni, ladies and gentlemen: In behalf of the class of 1908 I am here to welcome you this evening to our Commencement. You who are personally acquainted with this class or some other graduating class will know what this means to us. Our feelings to-night are not entirely of pleasure. There is mingled also a sense of sorrow and of loss because of the breaking of associations formed through four years with fellow students and teachers, especially with our Superintendent who has been with us longer and has been interested in us during our entire high school career. It was through his influence that our school was entered on the University list.

We greet the School Board who stand ever ready to uphold our Superintendent in every enterprise, whose members are so careful in obtaining for us at any cost the very best of teachers, and who are so generous in buying apparatus for our laboratory which has been of so much use this last year. Our laboratory is now better equipped than any of our northern neighbors, thanks to our School Board and Superintendent.

We welcome the taxpayers who stand behind our efficient School Board and who furnish the money without a murmur.

We greet the Alumni who by their records teaching and in college have brought honor to our high school. Some of our alumni have already entered business life and bid fair to make good citizens and important factors in the communities in which they live.

Those of you who are not directly connected with us but show by your presence that you are interested in us, we welcome also.

Many of our class are planning to go away to other schools for further education, but I feel sure that amid the pleasures of their future school life this Commencement will not be forgotten.

For eight years we struggled up through the grades, passing each year the required examinations, and at the end of the eighth year found ourselves on the threshold of the high school. After entering here we found our work had just begun. Work in the grades seemed more easily accomplished, but now at the end of our high school career we have our reward in two ways: First, our diplomas which will give us entrance to any college without further examinations, and for which we have been working incessantly. Then, through the friendship of the scholars and teachers which means very much to us. Thus have we chosen our motto, "As the Labor, So the Reward," which applies in each and every case.

Class History.

(By Bessie Light.)

Although our instructors have told us that on the basis of scholarship, another is the brightest of the class, still fate has decreed that the "Light" of the class and a member for twelve years shall give you a few things con-

cerning the past of these young people—my classmates. We have been boxed about and bawled with little care for a dozen years by a score or more of teachers, but we have, by our own perseverance and the patience of our instructors, reached this point, the loftiest in a high school education.

Only twelve years ago part of us were in the kindergarten busily engaged in making paper chains and trying hard to distinguish "A" from "B." Some were in the rural districts or other towns endeavoring to overcome the same difficulties. As we advanced from grade to grade part of the original number have left us and a few in the grades ahead have kindly waited in order to be in such present company.

After three years of play, and work such as youngsters could do, we were placed under the supervision of a kind, congenial teacher whom not one of us has forgotten. By this time we had learned enough to write a few notes and we made every possible use of our knowledge, getting into numerous tangles with the teacher. Happy to be rid of a band of such vagrants she sent us on into the fifth grade, feeling free to breathe again. Like all other classes it was in the fifth or sixth grade that we began to think very seriously of study and then only occasionally.

Nothing very exciting occurred until the seventh year of our course. Then the real fireworks began when one morning a new student was ushered into the room. The bright sun shining on her hair at once showed us that it was not a glossy black but an amber hue. I think it was not brown approaching red. The rumor quickly spread from seat to seat that she was to be one of our number. It was quite evident that our new classmate felt very much out of place and, I regret to say, some of us took advantage of the fact while others tried to make it pleasant for her. However, she soon recovered from that, was initiated and became a full-fledged member. Now, there is not the slightest suspicion but what Phyllis feels very much at home in our midst. Every day at morning exercises she chooses selection 118, the title is "Won't you come over to Philly, Willie?" He goes whenever opportunity offers.

When we entered the high school four young people from the west side of our Village reinforced us to complete their high school education and also to complete our social circle but in this respect they did not come up to our expectations as they only brought with them one boy, when we really needed more. But on behalf of the Class of '08 I wish to warn the people present who ever come in contact with that one boy, do not believe

everything he tells as we have discovered that he is a provocator of the first degree. We have often questioned if he occasionally told the exact truth to one of our senior girls whom he accompanies across the bridge every morning to school. But Edith, our mathematician, and Austin, her assistant, are so much in the good graces of our class that we are loth to part with them; and what is more essential—we dread to see them part.

It is an accepted fact that Stell has always preferred studying at home rather than at school—but why? A true explanation of this has never been ventured. Myrtle has often wished that she could do that way but she found it necessary to put in full time both places and then get chided because she was not able to make a day more than 24 hours long. A Junior boy was an intimate friend with one of our girls until at her request we tossed up a penny which wisely decided in favor of a certain mechanic. Since then she has made necessary for us to toss a penny about three times a week. There is no way to tell what the next one will do.

In our number tonight we have a quiet, sedate young man who has always borne the ear-marks of a minister until he became too familiar with our Automatic Interruptor. He is the good Will of our class. Not only is our class labeled by its good Will but for the last four years we have had the Price, a Price which is never lowered.

While we have always tried to "play fair" as the boys say, there is one thing which has not been proportioned just right. It is the dignity of the Class of '08. That heavy burden rests with Flora who carries it with exceedingly good grace. Before we just a certain young man from our group a few months ago, she had assistance but now she holds it all herself.

Two of our members joined us in the last year of our school life but our social circle is such that we do not realize that they are newcomers. They sang all of the latest comic opera songs for our benefit and one of them can give more anecdotes than Mark Twain. The land of the skis and snow shoes has helped to make our class a success by giving to us one of her clear thinkers. We have never yet had to pass by our own Berg to get an all-around good student and one that is always on hand at the right time.

Perhaps no class has ever enjoyed its schooldays more than this one, or ever looked back on them with more real pleasure than we will, but probably no class has left a clearer record. We leave our High School with enough credits opposite our names to enable us to enter the University of Michigan. But whom have we to

thank for all of this but our teachers, who have toiled incessantly to obtain this result?

Our superintendent has unselfishly given us an evening out of every week in debating and oratory that we might speak to our audience to-night or any other night with more ease. The results are not altogether discouraging and I hope he will not think us unappreciating, for we who speak to-night certainly thank Mr. Fuller in behalf of the class for what he has done.

In a few years from now when we think of our school we will remember the many joyful evenings of two years with Miss Brady in practicing basketball or swinging Indian clubs. We will also remember those delightful trips with her to meet some other High School team.

Our English teacher has had many a trying day with us especially in the warm afternoons when she tried in every possible way to entice us to study. We have learned a very valuable lesson from her that I hope some of us may take out into the world—that of patience. Never has a cross word passed her lips to us and surely she will think herself amply repaid if in a few years from now she could know that some of us had learned the lesson of patience and from her.

There is scarcely any need for me to tell you what the year with Miss Com-

stock and Miss Babcock has brought besides a knowledge of music and trigonometry. Both classes I have more than enjoyed. With a smile and pleasant word for all of us every day they have helped more than they can know to make our last year a bright one.

Teachers and students, need we say that we are sorry to part with you? Those teachers who are to return next year some of us may see, and those whom we will not see again we will say our last and our saddest farewell.

(Concluded on Eighth Page.)

PURE PARIS GREEN AT F.B. Gannett Co

Surprise and Please

About the happiest surprise open to the considerate housewife these days is to give her husband a treat of something out of the ordinary for dinner—something refreshing, appetizing, etc.

About the easiest way to plan it is to come down and let our stock of good things in Greenies and Meats suggest the proper combination for a real palate tickler.

For instance, we have just received a consignment from the National Biscuit Co. of package and bulk goods that are strictly fresh.

We are Sole Agents in East Jordan for Fanchon Flour Manufactured by C. Hoffman & Son, Enterprise, Kansas.

J. HANSON CO.

East Jordan Lumber Company.

Ready-to-Wear Garments for the Ladies, Misses and Children!

Now you can purchase almost everything "ready-to-wear" in Ladies', Misses', and Childrens' Garments, and our line of these articles is very complete, well selected and up-to-date. These are a few of the things we have:

- "Brownies" for little boys and girls 50c
Wash Dresses, Jackets and Skirts for girls and misses.
Ladies' Gingham Petticoats \$1.00
" Satteen Petticoats \$1.25
" Weatherbloom Petticoats \$2.50
" Silk Petticoats \$5.50 to \$10.00
" Wash Dress Skirts \$1.00
" Wash Shirtwaist Suits \$5.00
" Wash Shirtwaists, cotton and silk, 75c to \$3.00
" Dress Skirts \$2.50 to \$10.00
Everything in Muslin Underwear 25c to \$3.00

The Great Joe. Ever realize the work the great toe performs? Those strong muscles at the base must give spring to the foot, playing whenever the foot is bent. The "Crossett" gives room—look out for shoes that bind this place, causing your entire foot aches.

THE CROSSETT SHOE "Makes Life's Walk Easy."

We also sell the Utz & Dunn line of Shoes for Ladies. For Style, Fit and Quality they cannot be excelled.

We Make Our Business Pay Us By Making It Pay You.

East Jordan Lumber Company.

Briefs of the Week

"My Boy Jack" next Thursday night.

House to Rent in good location.—E. A. Lewis.

For Sale—A Good Top Buggy, cheap.—W. W. Lamport.

The W. F. M. S. met at the Methodist parsonage on Tuesday afternoon.

Several articles were crowded out this week owing to the commencement article.

Special meeting of North Star Tent K. O. T. M. next Tuesday evening. Supper. Manialee.

The Methodist Sunday School are preparing to celebrate Children's Day on Sunday evening June 14.

Steffes Cigar Works are now located in the new building being erected by Anthony Kenny, next the Wilhelm market.

The East Jordan Base Ball team has been organized and will play its first game next Tuesday here with Charlevoix.

Miss Laura Bartlett, well known here and now at Sedro Wooley, Wash., was recently united in marriage to Vivian Sadler of Tacoma.

Commencing tomorrow and until further notice the Postoffice will be open Sundays from 9:00 to 10:00 a. m. instead of the noon hour.

O. A. Hudson went to Piqua, Ohio, Wednesday in response to a telegram stating that his sister, Mrs. Fred Suter, was dangerously ill. The lady died before Mr. Hudson's arrival.

The Hum will run another excursion to Boyne next Sunday, June 7th. Ball game at Recreation Park, Bay City vs. Boyne City. Boat leaves here at 10:00 a. m., returning after the game, leaving Boyne at 5:00 p. m. Fare 50c.

Usual services in Presbyterian church on next Sunday morning at 10:30 and evening at 7:30. The pastor will preach. Sunday School at 11:45, Junior C. E. at 3:00, Senior C. E. at 6:45. Everybody welcome to all or any services.

A number of East Jordan young men entertained a party of Charlevoix young ladies with a dance at Loveday Opera House and supper at the Erics last Monday evening. Some twenty-one young ladies came up on the launch, Minnie S., for the occasion.

At the Ladies' Equity meeting held on Wednesday the discussion was, which was the greatest value in 1907, the lumber industry or the poultry and eggs industry, also the wheat crop and the poultry and eggs. Would be pleased to have this answered in the Herald.

The Council held two meetings this week at which considerable business of importance was transacted. The report of Wm. Caldwell, hydraulic engineer, secured to estimate the cost of water works extension, erection of reservoirs and machinery, was submitted and accepted. He estimates the total cost at \$19,824.55.

We are handling Karperr people's upholstered furniture. We have now on the floor a large line of leather Rockers of all kinds. They are made by the above people and they put their guarantee on their goods. They are the largest upholstering concern in this country. We buy Direct from the house. We can give you the right price.—EMPEY BROS.

Our business men met Thursday evening and decided not to celebrate the Fourth at East Jordan, and instead visit either Charlevoix or Boyne, both towns celebrating. A representative business man from Charlevoix was here and stated that if we would forego the Fourth Celebration and help them, that Charlevoix would reciprocate by bringing up a big crowd to East Jordan to the Charlevoix County Fair.

A horrible fatal accident occurred in Wilson township, Tuesday morning, in which August Bergman was instantly killed and the body badly mutilated by an explosion of dynamite. He had been blasting stumps for some time past and started out Tuesday morning to resume his work. Mrs. Bergman drove to Boyne City and returned about one o'clock. Not finding her husband she searched for him, finding his mutilated and dead body in the field. He had, as near as can be estimated, about ten pounds of dynamite with him. Evidently he had laid the dynamite down and accidentally dropped either a sledge or a crowbar on the dynamite, exploding it. His limbs were badly mutilated and the body burned black. Coroner Marshal of Boyne was summoned but concluded not to impanel a jury. Undertaker Whittington cared for the remains and the funeral services were held Thursday morning from the German Lutheran church. Mr. Bergman was aged 43 years, and, with his wife, lived on their 40-acre farm on Section 21. He was a hard-working man and highly esteemed by his neighbors.

Co. Treas. D. S. Payton was guest of Supr. Graff over Sunday.

John Thomas of Echo was taken quite ill again on Wednesday.

The little son of Joseph Lalond, living north of town, is ill with the chicken pox.

Rev. W. W. Lamport will preach at the Bennett School House Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

W. J. Palmer was at Jackson last week in attendance to the Masonic Grand Lodge Meet.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid Society were entertained on Wednesday by Mrs. J. B. Palmiter.

The Misses Grigsby left for Cheboygan on Wednesday morning to visit their brother and wife.

Miss Mabel Churchill entertained the June social of the Epworth League on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. A. M. Haight returned first of the week from Hillsdale where she has been guest of friends the past month.

Mrs. A. Danto is entertaining her sister, Mrs. H. Gordon of Minot, North Dakota, and niece, Lena Bader, of the same place.

B. C. Hubbard & Co. are showing some handsome figured lawns at 10c; 12c and 15c. Silk Mulls at 25c, 45c and 50c.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Dole were Belaire visitors over Sunday. They took part in the graduating exercises there on Thursday.

The state W. C. T. U. has been in convention at Bay City this week. Mrs. Mrs. M. H. Robertson attended as delegate from the local unions.

Rugs, Art Squares and Matting at WHITTINGTON'S.

Use Lice Killer in the nest. We keep it.—E. A. LEWIS.

Wall Paper for all. The prices are right. WHITTINGTON.

Muslin Underwear at popular prices at B. C. Hubbard & Co.

Some fine Refrigerators at the W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

We are constantly receiving Fruits and Vegetables.—E. A. LEWIS.

A new line of Couches have just been received at WHITTINGTON'S.

We are looking for cash trade, and we sell at cash prices.—Sherman & Son.

Dining Chairs and Rockers at C. H. WHITTINGTON'S.

New supply of Dry Batteries for launches just received at Spencer's Plumbing Shop.

Special prices on Ladies' Watches, \$4.00, \$7.00, \$10.00 to \$30.00 etc., etc. Fully Guaranteed; at Mack's Jewelry Store.

Pronounced by millions the greatest strength maker, appetite builder and health restorer. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you feel that life is worth living. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. F. B. Gannett & Co.

A bargain on a Hay Rake at W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

"Health Coffee is really the closest Coffee imitation ever yet produced. This clever Coffee substitute was recently produced by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Not a grain of real Coffee in it either. Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee is made from pure toasted grains, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert—who might drink it for Coffee. No 20 or 30 minutes tedious boiling. Made in a minute says the doctor. Sold by G. L. Sherman & Son.

Co. Fair Doings.

The annual spring meeting of the Officers and Board of Directors of the Charlevoix County Fair Ass'n was held at the Russell House Thursday afternoon.

In spite of the very unfavorable weather at the last exhibition the finances were found to be in good condition and prospects bright for a banner exhibit this fall.

A change was made in Division B—Cattle, by the premiums on all thoroughbred stock being increased one dollar each. Additional entries were also made.

The Speed-Committee were instructed to make an extra effort to get better horses and more of them, with a view of improving the races.

The securing of other attractions was left to the executive committee.

The Premium Lists will be ready on or before the first of August, this office having printing of same.

Officers of the Association, elected last fall, are:

President—Robert Price.

Secretary—E. A. Brintnall.

Treasurer—Martin Rhuling.

Below are the officers and superintendents appointed last Thursday:

Vice Pres.—H. L. Olney.

Marshal—E. B. Ward.

Ex. Com.—H. L. Olney, E. B. Ward, Richard Lewis.

Superintendents.

A—Horace Hipp.

B—H. L. Olney.

C—D. G. W. Heaton.

E—F. J. H. Lagway.

G—H. C. Barber, O. D. Smith.

H—J. Newville, W. H. Jacquays.

I—K—Mrs. Robt. Price, Mrs. Clarissa Heaton.

J—Mrs. M. Rhuling, Mrs. D. S. Payton.

L—E. B. Ward.

M—J. H. Millford.

N—William Mears, Geo. Madtlen, W. L. French, LeRoy Sherman.

Teachers' Examination.

The regular examination will be held in the High School building in the city of Charlevoix on Thursday Friday and Saturday, June 18-19-20, beginning at 8:30 a. m. standard time.

The examination in Reading will be based on "Birds, Bees and Sharp Eyes" —Burroughs.

Certificates of all grades will be issued from this examination. Applicants wishing their papers sent to other counties will write with pen, others may write with pencil.

J. H. MILFORD, COM.

Echo Items.

Owing to the heavy rain on Friday afternoon there was a goodly number at the social. Phonograph music was furnished. \$3.50 was raised for the benefit of the Society. Every little bit helps.

Miss Vida Hennings visited with her sister, Lotties, over Sunday at James Thompson's.

Mrs. Hackett is able to be out and attended the Ladies' meeting.

Miss Lora Maynard is home for the summer.

Wm. Thompson is fencing his farm with apple trees along the roadsides, to save the youngsters from breaking the fence.

Miss Grace Shepard is working at Mrs. John Cregg's, Sr.

Edson Pollitt is adding more trees to his orchard. A wise step taken.

We see a neighbor working in his young orchard.

A large crowd was on the streets Decoration Day. Farmers, that speaks well for East Jordan.

The Herald has another subscriber added to the list, which will speed to the mountains to be read by friends of East Jordan.

Small chickens are being swiped by the crows in this vicinity.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

The Wisconsin Women's Auxiliary of the A. S. of E. held their annual state meeting on April 11, 1908, electing officers. All the old officers were re-elected.

State Secretary Miss Julia Ball has had the misfortune to injure her right hand and wrist so she is not able to do much writing.

The ladies of Goldenrod Local met with Mrs. Shepard at her home. Meeting opened in usual form with prayer and singing accompanied by organ. Roll call of officers—all present. A goodly number of members present, among them the pleasant face of sister Hackett—all welcomed her; although she was very near death's door she is still spared—her work is not yet done. Topics in general were discussed for the good of the order. Question box opened and read and were discussed with much interest; also Bible reading. Questions asked and answered, which was not only pleasant but instructive to both young and old. Meeting closed with singing, prayer. Adjourned to meet with sister Hackett June 10th. We were then served to ice cream and cake by our hostess assisted by her two daughters and Minnie Crawford. Mrs. Shepard is no stranger in making ice cream as it was her. All enjoyed a good social chat. Each returned home to remember this as another of our best meetings. We wish all members to present at our next meeting.

—Aunt Mipery.

Vacation Plans

are often miscarried for the want of a little money. It would be a good plan to start a Savings Account in anticipation of your next season's outing. Begin to-day—add a little each week and you'll be surprised at the amount you can save. One Dollar will start the account and we'll help it grow at the rate of 3½ per cent.

State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$50,000.00.

OFFICERS.
WM. P. PORTER, President. W. L. FRENCH, Vice President.
GEO. G. GLENN, Cashier. BERT A. DOLE, Ass't Cashier.

DIRECTORS.
W. P. PORTER, CHAS. H. SCHAFER,
W. L. FRENCH, FRANK M. SEVERANCE,
M. W. ROBERTSON, CLARK HAIRE,
FRED SMITH, CARL STROEBEL,
GEO. G. GLENN.

Shirtwaists—washable goods—from 50c to \$5.00 at Miss Senecal's.

You can get Fresh Sausage made every day, at Sherman's, only 10c per pound.

Lawn Mowers, Garden-Hose, Grass Shears, Sprinklers, etc. at the W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

Miss Susie Sheldon will have charge of the Epworth League meeting at the Methodist church Sunday evening, 6:30. Subject, "The Promise of the Father."

Services at the Methodist church at 10:30 a. m. At 7:30 p. m. the pastor will preach to the young people on "The Edworth Leaguer on the Throne."

Empey Bros. are handling the Kempass people's Kitchen Cabinet. They are artistic in design. The style and beauty of their construction is what sells them.

East Jordan Local A. S. of E. will meet at their hall next Thursday June 11, at 8:30 p. m. Farmers should attend this meeting. Important business to be discussed.—Secy.

Presbyterian Ladies' Missionary Society hold their meeting this month on Friday next, the 12th, at the home of Mrs. Jamison, Tople South America, Alaska, Leaders; Mrs. Lorraine, Mrs. Nyquist.

The Fourth Grade, Miss Stella Lewis, teacher, held their graduating exercises on Thursday afternoon, twenty-nine pupils receiving diplomas. The class motto is "One step and then another," class flower violet, color lavender. The afternoon was filled with pleasure to all. Thirty guests enjoyed the program which consisted of singing in choruses, solos, dialogues, recitations and a very pretty flag drill, and also a flower drill. Mrs. Grigsby gave a short and encouraging talk, also Supt. Fuller in which he explained the object of the diplomas. Mr. Grigsby was called on for a speech and responded. Miss Lewis then bade farewell in a few chosen words. Song by the school and all felt they had been amused, instructed and entertained.

Shirtwaists—washable goods—from 50c to \$5.00 at Miss Senecal's.

So-Bos-So Killin' increases the milk about two quarts, costs to use about 4c per day, is perfectly harmless to animals and makes cows stand still when milking. Sold only by W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

Memorial Day Program was carried out as advertised in spite of the threatening clouds that predicted rain. The exercises at the bridge in the forenoon of strawing flowers on the water in memory of the sailors and marines who were buried beneath the waters of the deep sea, was a very impressive and solemn scene. The Military Band played a selection, "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung, Rev. W. W. Lamport offered prayer which all added to the beautiful and solemn ceremony. In the afternoon the exercises at Loveday Opera House were given to a packed house. Post Commander J. H. Kocher called the meeting to order in a few well-chosen words. The program was in charge of Supt. H. H. Fuller and his school, and was a success. The audience was distinctively friendly and generous in its applause after each number. Invocation by Rev. A. D. Grigsby, followed with song by the Ladies' Quartette—Mesdames Haire, Bush, Fuller and Miss Comstock. The Hoop Drill was especially fine. "Whispering Bill" by Mrs. W. J. Smith was a pathetic selection. The address by Supt. Fuller was listened to with interest and was full of patriotism. The other numbers were all good, and credit is due all who took part and who drilled the pupils. The closing number was the singing of "America" led by the high school chorus. The closing exercises of the day were at the cemetery—the degrading of the graves of the soldiers who had passed on, with the spring flowers. The ritual exercise at the place in memory of the unknown was led by J. H. Kocher and here flowers were strewn by Chaplain Rogers and several young ladies. The Band gave a selection. Rev. Lamport the prayer and benediction and thus closed a successful though sad day.

IMPORTANT

Don't miss our special sale on beautiful summer dress goods of all kinds June 7 to June 14th.

50 cent values at 39 cents. 25c values at 19 cents. 15 cent values at 11 cents. 10c values at 9 cents. 8 cent values at 6½ cents.

Also a remnant sale of silk and dress goods to be closed out below cost. This sale includes all of our summer goods—summer dress goods, muslin underwear and our beautiful line of shirt waists. Remember the dates

JUNE 7th TO 14th

L. Wiesman.

PLUMBING INFORMATION



It is genuine economy to have your new work done right in the beginning to avoid endless repairs later on. It pays to have the work installed by the skillful workman of a responsible concern. If we have the job you are sure of the best materials and best of workmanship. Our name is a sufficient guarantee of this.

MARINE SUPPLIES.

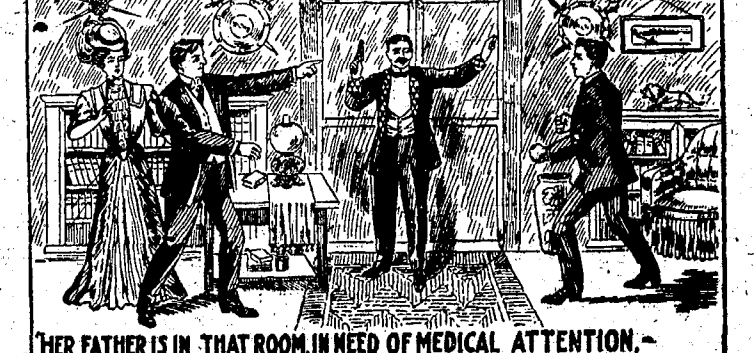
GEORGE H. SPENCER.

More of Conrad's Theatre Talk, No. 3.

EUGENE MOORE, THE STAR OF THE NEW PRODUCTION "My Boy, Jack," which will be seen in the city very soon, is one of the most thoroughly equipped and versatile actors on the American stage. HE VIRTUALLY HAS PLAYED ALL THE PARTS THAT FALL TO THE LOT OF A MODERN STOCK LEADING MAN and his especial experience on the road includes a brilliant group of Shakespearean characters. In such plays as "Monte Cristo," which he appeared in last season, he is fascinating through the keenness and power of his depiction, and in this he shows grasp and finesse equal to Charles S. Thorne. Mr. Moore's high standing and aims as well as his good taste and his determination to present plays of the best class, are shown in his choice of "My Boy, Jack." The author, Edwin Milton Royle, has written several of the most successful plays of recent years, including "The Squaw Man," in which William Faversham reached the height of his popularity, and "Mollie Moonshine," in which Marie Cahill delighted crowded houses during an entire season. The story of "My Boy, Jack" is a romance of the most appealing kind and the whole play is permeated with what has been called one of the heavenly gifts to Americans, humor. The

DO THE RIGHT THING

part which Mr. Moore plays, Jack, is a delightful blending of romance and humor, with true worth, high character and the devotion of the best friendship shining through the witty remarks. Mr. Moore has the gift to comprehend the role and play it with just the life, lightness and earnestness it requires. Jack's crusty father, the poor young composer, the prima donna with whom both Jack and the composer are self sacrificingly in love, and the kind young landlady are fine characters.



HER FATHER IS IN THAT ROOM IN NEED OF MEDICAL ATTENTION. I'LL KILL THE FIRST MAN WHO MAKES A MOVE TOWARDS THIS DOOR.

A gentleman from the central part of the state said, "DON'T YOU KNOW, I WAS NEVER MORE PLEASSED IN MY LIFE THAN WITH YOUR PLAY 'MY BOY, JACK'?" I AM SIMPLY DELIGHTED. If the people in the towns that you visit knew of the goodness of your play the theatres would not hold the people."

COME IN WHEN WE GET TO TOWN AND SEE WHAT WE HAVE GOT. You won't be asked to stay if it does not suit you and we'll give you your money back to boot. WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THE "AT HOME" FEELING when you come to see us, and not the "I-wish-I-was-at-home" feeling. Don't imagine you'll be lonesome. THERE WILL BE A FEW OTHERS OUT TO SEE US—WE CALL THE THEATRE FILLED "A FEW." USUAL PRICES WILL PREVAIL.

A "BULLY" GOOD PLAY.

Loveday Opera House
NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT
JUNE 11TH

BLIND-FOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WILCOX

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BOBBY STEBBEL
COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men was noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. When an explanation of the strange-eyed Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room with instruction to await his return and shoot any one who tries to enter. Outside there is heard shouts and curses and the noise of a quarrel. Henry rushes in and at his request the roommates quickly exchange clothes, and he hurries out again. Henry has had gone. Giles is startled by a cry of "Help," and he runs out to find some one being assaulted by a half-dozen men. He summons a policeman but they are unable to find any trace of a crime. Giles returns to his room and hunts for some evidence that might explain his strange misadventure. He finds a man who endeavors to decipher Dudley's summons to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. Giles is entrusted to him. Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. "Dicky" takes the supposed Wilton to Mother Barton's. Mother Barton discovers that he is not Wilton. The lights are turned out and a free for all fight follows. Giles Dudley finds himself in a room with Mother Barton, who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Tordy and that he is not a boy after him. He is told that "Dicky" is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Giles finds himself locked in a room. He escapes through a window. The supposed Wilton carries out his dead friend's work with Doddridge Knapp. He has his first experience as a capitalist in the Board Room of the Stock Exchange. Dudley receives a cautious note purporting to be from Knapp, the forger of which he readily detects. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Becker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. The forged note mystifies Knapp. Dudley visits the home of Keene and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"But I suspect Mr. Knapp makes whirlpools instead of swimming into them," I said meaningly.

"Ah, Henry," she said sadly, "how often have I told you that the best plan may come to ruin in the market? It may not take much to start a boulevard rolling down the mountain-side, but who is to tell it to stop when once it is set going?"

"I think," said I, smiling, "that Mr. Knapp would ride the boulevard and find himself in a gold mine at the end of the journey."

"Perhaps. But you're not telling me what Mr. Knapp is doing."

"He can tell you better than I."

"No doubt," she said with a trace of sarcasm in her voice.

"And here he comes to do it, I expect," I said, as the tall figure of the King of the Street appeared in the doorway opposite.

"I'm afraid I shall have to depend on the newspapers," she said. "Mr. Knapp is as much afraid of a woman's tongue as you are. Oh," she continued after a moment's pause, "I was going to make you give an account of yourself; but since you will tell nothing I must introduce you to my cousin, Mrs. Bowser." And she led me, unresisting, to a short, sharp-featured woman of sixty or thereabouts, who rustled her silks, and in a high, thin voice professed herself charmed to see me.

She might have claimed and held the record as the champion of the conversational ring. I had never met her equal before, nor have I met one to surpass her since.

Had I been long in the city? She had been here only a week. Came from Maine way. This was a dear, dreadful city with such nice people and such dreadful winds, wasn't it? And then she gave me a catalogue of the places she had visited, and the attractions of San Francisco, with a wealth of detail and a poverty of interest that was little less than marvelous.

Fortunately she required nothing but an occasional murmur of assent in the way of answer from me.

I looked across the room to the corner where Luella was entertaining the insignificant Inman. How vivacious and intelligent she appeared! Her face and figure grew on me in attractiveness, and I felt that I was being very badly used. As I came to this point I was roused by the sound of two low voices that just behind me were plainly audible under the shrill treble of Mrs. Bowser. They were women with their heads close in gossip.

"Shocking, isn't it?" said one.

"Dreadful!" said the other. "It gives me the creeps to think of it."

"Why don't they lock him up? Such a creature shouldn't be allowed to go at large."

"Oh, you see, maybe they can't be sure about it. But I've heard it's a case of family pride."

I was recalled from this dialogue by Mrs. Bowser's fan on my arm, and her shrill voice in my ear with, "What is your idea about it, Mr. Wilton?"

"I think you are perfectly right," I said heartily, as she paused for an answer.

"Then I'll arrange it with the others at once," she said.

This was a bucket of ice-water on me. I had not the first idea of what I had committed myself.

"No, don't," I said. "Wait till we have time to discuss it again."

"Oh, we can decide on the time

whenever you like. Will some night week after next suit you?"

I had to throw myself on the mercy of the enemy.

"I'm afraid I'm getting rather absent-minded," I said humbly. "I was looking at Miss Knapp and lost the thread of the discourse for a minute."

"That's what I was talking about," she said sharply, "about taking her and the rest of us through Chinatown."

"Yes, yes. I remember," I said unblushingly. "If I can get away from business, I'm at your service at any time."

Then Mrs. Bowser wandered on with the arrangements she would find necessary to make, and I heard one of the low voices behind me:

"Now this is a profound secret, you know. I wouldn't have them know for the world that any one suspects. I just heard it this week, myself."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare breathe it to a soul," said the other. "But I'm sure I shan't sleep a wink to-night." And they moved away.

I interrupted Mrs. Bowser to explain that I must speak to Mrs. Knapp and made my escape as some one stopped to pass a word with her.

"Oh, must you go, Henry?" said Mrs. Knapp. "Well, you must come again soon. We miss you when you stay away. Don't let Mr. Knapp keep you too closely."

I professed myself happy to come whenever I could find the time, and looked about for Luella. She was nowhere to be seen. I left the room a

little disappointed, but with a swelling pride that I had passed the dreaded ordeal and had been accepted as Henry Wilton in the house in which I had most feared to meet disaster. My opinion of my own cleverness had risen, in the language of the market, "above par."

As I passed down the hall, a tall willowy figure stepped from the shadow of the stair. My heart gave a bound of delight. It was Luella Knapp. I should have the pleasure of a leaving-taking in private.

"Oh, Miss Knapp!" I said. "I had despaired of having the chance to bid you good night." And held out my hand.

She ignored the hand. I could see from her heaving bosom and shortened breath that she was laboring under great agitation. Yet her face gave no evidence of the effort that it cost her to control herself.

"I was waiting for you," she said in a low voice.

I started to express my satisfaction when she interrupted me.

"Who are you?" broke from her lips almost fiercely.

I was completely taken aback, and stared at her in amazement with no word at command.

"You are not Henry Wilton," she said rapidly. "You have come here with his name and his clothes, and made up to look like him, and you try to use his voice and take his place. Who are you?"

There was a depth of scorn and anger and apprehension in that low voice of hers that struck me dumb.

"Can you not answer?" she demanded, catching her breath with excitement. "You are not Henry Wilton."

"Well?" I said half-inquiringly. It was not safe to advance or retreat.

"Well—well—!" She repeated my answer with indignation and disdain deepening in her voice. "Is that all you have to say for yourself?"

"What should I say?" I replied quietly. "You make an assertion. Is there anything more to be said?"

"Oh, you may laugh at me if you please, because you can hoodwink the others."

I protested that laughter was the last thing I was thinking of at the moment.

Then she burst out impetuously: "Oh, if I were only a man! No; if I were a man I should be hoodwinked like the rest. But you can not deceive me. Who are you? What are you here for? What are you trying to do?"

She was blazing with wrath. Her tone had raised hardly an interval of the scale, but every word that came in that smooth, low voice was heavy with contempt and anger. It was the true daughter of the Wolf who stood before me.

"I am afraid, Miss Knapp, you are not well to-night," I said soothingly.

"What have you done with Henry Wilton?" she asked fiercely. "Don't try to speak with his voice. Drop your disguise. You are no actor. You are no more like him than—"

"Satyr or Hyperion," I quoted bitterly. "Make it strong, please."

I had thought myself in a tight place in the row at Barton's, but it was nothing to this encounter.

"Oh, where is he? What has happened?" she cried.

"Nothing has happened," I said calmly, determined at last to brazen it out. I could not tell her the truth. "My name is Henry Wilton."

She looked at me in anger a moment, and then a shadow of dread and despair settled over her face.

I was tempted beyond measure to throw myself on her mercy and tell all. The subtle sympathy that she inspired was softening my resolution. Yet, as I looked into her eyes, her face hardened and her wrath blazed forth once more.

"Go!" she said. "I hope I may never

cid that there were better ways to get down town than were offered by Pine street.

To the south the cross-street stretched to Market with an unbroken array of lights, and as my unwary watchers had disappeared in the darkness, I hastened down the incline with so little regard for dignity that I found myself running for a Sutter street car—and caught it, too. As I swung on the platform I looked back; but I saw no sign of skulking figures before the car swept past the corner and blotted the street from sight.

The incident gave me a distaste for the idea of going back to Henry Wilton's room at this time of the night. So at Montgomery street I stepped into the Lick house, where I felt reasonably safe that I might get at least one night's sleep, from the haunting fear of the assassin.

But, once more safe, the charms of Luella Knapp again claimed the major part of my thoughts, and when I went to sleep it was with her scornful words ringing in my ears. I slept soundly until the morning sun peeped into the room with the cheerful announcement that a new day was born.

In the fresh morning air and the bright morning light, I felt that I might have been unduly suspicious and had fled from harmless citizens; and I was ashamed that I had lacked courage to return to Henry's room as I made my way thither for a change of clothes. I thought better of my decision, however, as I stepped within the gloomy walls of the house of mystery and my footfalls echoed through the chilling silence of the halls. And I lost all regret over my night's lack of courage when I reached my door. It was swung an inch ajar, and as I approached I thought I saw it move.

"I'm certain I locked it," was my hazy comment.

I stopped short and hunted my revolver from my overcoat pocket. I was nervous for a moment, and angry at the inattentions that might have cost me my life.

"Who's there?" I demanded.

No reply.

I gave a knock on the door at long reach.

There was no sound and I gave it a push that sent it open, while I prudently kept behind the fortification of the casing. As no developments followed this move, I peeped through the door in cautious investigation. The room was quite empty, and I walked in.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

She Meant a Mantle.

Thomas A. Edison was discussing at Atlantic City the various devices for increasing the brilliance and diminishing the cost of a gas jet.

"Many of these devices have for base a mantle," he said. "You know what a mantle looks like? Then you'll appreciate a remark I overheard in a hardware dealer's."

"A young woman entered the shop and said:

"Have you got those things for improving a gas light?"

"Yes, madam," said the dealer. "Here is a complete set, fittings, chimney and mantle, all for—"

"Oh, I don't want the set," said the young woman, "I've got the metal part and the chimney, but the little white shirt is busted. It's only one of them I want."

Woman Lost \$230,000.

New York.—Mrs. Arthur P. Mason, of Larchmont is the woman who lost a tin box containing 196 \$1,000 bills and jewelry valued at \$40,000, while journeying to New York on the local New York, New Haven and Hartford train from her home. Mrs. Mason made this admission despite the advice of her lawyer, Benjamin F. Norris, who has tried to keep secret the name of his client. Mrs. Mason refused to go into details of the trip.

She placed the box on the seat beside her, while the suit case rested at her feet. It is hardly supposed Mrs. Mason forgot the existence of the box when she left the train at the Grand Central station. It is possible however, she was followed from her home by some crook who knew that the box contained a fortune.

Where Howe Led.

Discussing Washington and his birthday, John Kendrick Bangs said:

"I have made a study of ghosts, as my 'Houseboat on the Styx' and other stories show. And I, once dreamed, or saw in a vision, the ghost of Washington and the ghost of Gen. Howe conversing.

"The two ghosts seemed on excellent terms. Howe insisted that Washington was taking on weight—joked him about it—and finally said: 'George, I'll run you a mile for a shilling.'

"Washington gave Howe a mocking smile.

"No, thank you," he said. "I was always behind you when it came to running."

Air Navigation Engines.

Ten or 15 years ago authorities writing on the subject stated that if only it were possible to make engines so light as to weigh but ten pounds a horsepower, there would be no difficulty in constructing a flying machine. A few years after, petrol engines were made of such weight. Today they are made and on the market, weighing no more than two and one-half pounds a horsepower.—Technical Literature.

Chinese Crowding Vladivostok.

An increase of 40,000 in one year to the Chinese population of Vladivostok alone, coming entirely from the province of Shantung, shows that there must be some particularly attractive business there to interest the exceedingly keen business men of that territory.

When Miss Matty Found Out

By Edith Bernard

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All her life had Miss Matty been a mere substitute. As a child, a member of a large family, her clothes were those handed down to her from sisters who had outgrown them. When she grew older she was occasionally called upon to teach the village school when the regular teacher was absent. Even in the matter of a love affair, she did not have a lover who was absolutely her own. While Andrew Truitt called on her for a time, it was only because of a falling out with his old sweetheart and he returned to her at her first smile.

So when Mr. Spranzy asked Matty to marry him, to take the place of the Mrs. Spranzy who was gone, it seemed the most inevitable thing in the world that she should do so. For her, it was going into a new world.

After the first wonder of it all, the joy of possession had come upon her. It was hers, all hers! For she gradually realized that the new home was, indeed, her own, and one from which she could not be dispossessed; that the house and the husband were hers, and not the less hers for having belonged to a former Mrs. Spranzy. There was not the slightest thought of jealousy in her simple heart; there was only gratitude.

She would stand in the doorway of a room and wonder how the other Mrs. Spranzy had cleaned it. She tried in every way she knew to discover the plans and methods of the woman who had owned it all before it became hers; for there entered her heart a great ambition. Not only would she show her affection and gratitude to Mr. Spranzy by making him as comfortable as his first wife had made him, but she would pay her predecessor the tribute of doing it precisely in the first Mrs. Spranzy's way. But the idea once conceived, she had some difficulty in finding out what that way was. Her husband was chary of speaking about his first wife. Miss Matty feared that his sense of loss was still keen, and thought it rather indelicate to mention her; and when she did, on one occasion, ask him how Mrs. Spranzy had made the brown bread he was so fond of, and insisted upon having every day, Mr. Spranzy had seemed so uneasy, that when he had gone poor Miss Matty looked penitently, with tear-filled eyes, at the portrait, and said, as she so often said:

"She must 'a' been a mighty kind woman, to be mourned like that!"

Then one evening Mr. Spranzy came home with the letter, saying his first wife's cousin, Julia Keene, was coming on a visit for a few days.

In the two days before Mrs. Keene's arrival, Miss Matty worked hard to have her house in order; and when she was, at last, awaiting the moment when Mr. Spranzy should bring the guest, she went into the dining room, and glanced up again at the portrait, as if for courage.

"Oh, I hope I have everything all right!" she said, and clasped her hands nervously together. Then she wiped her eyes, and went to the front door.

Mrs. Keene's large person was preceding Mr. Spranzy up the little rose-bordered walk.

"Oh, you got roses!" she was saying. "I always did tell Julia this place needed flowers." She nodded toward the figure of timid hesitation in the doorway. "There you are," she called out reassuringly, and in a moment she was kissing Miss Matty cordially on the cheek. "I was just tellin' Mr. Spranzy how nice the place looks," she said. "Julia never could bear the clutter of flowers; said green grass was good enough for her, and plenty of trouble to take care of. I like something real bright an' cheerful myself, an' I'm glad to see your taste runs the same way!"

Everything in the house called for comment, and always brought forth approval. Miss Matty was so filled with amazement at the things Mrs. Keene was revealing, however, that she almost forgot to be glad at the lady's words of praise. But it was at supper that she received the greatest shock of the day.

"Land, you must think I'm comin', puttin' flowers in the middle of the table," explained the first Mrs. Spranzy's cousin, when Miss Matty summoned her to the little dining room. "Not but what I like it; I like to take a little pains for folks myself, and I like to be the one pains is took for. But Julia wasn't that kind, was she, Josiah? What? Oh, yes, I ain't sayin' but what Julia was a good woman, an' my own cousin, too; but I guess your second does better by you, Miss Matty, this brown bread is as good as any I ever et, if not better; but you oughtn't 'a' made it especially for me!"

It was only the desirability of sampling the excellence of the meal that gave the lady pause; but Miss Matty had a chance to say:

"I'm real glad you like it, Miss Keene. I make it fresh every day, for Mr. Spranzy's used to it that way, an' I want to do everything just like she did!"

Mrs. Keene laid down her buttered slice of bread, and looked at Miss Matty, then at Mr. Spranzy.

When Mr. and Mrs. Spranzy went up to bed that night, no word was spoken between them, nor did Mr. Spranzy meet his wife's questioning eyes. As the days passed, he became evidently depressed and uneasy. He

avoided Mrs. Keene and her constant stream of talk more and more, and his wife became anxious at his falling appetite. Miss Matty herself, good soul, was daily receiving fresh disillusionments. It was gradually becoming clear to her that her conception of the first Mrs. Spranzy's character was not, perhaps, the correct one, but her loyal heart refused to admit the truth.

"I thought I could hold my tongue about it, but I can't," said Mrs. Keene one morning after Mr. Spranzy had left the house. "I want to tell you right now, Matty Spranzy, that you are one of the best women I ever saw, an' a better housekeeper than I am myself, which is sayin' much; but I want to tell you also that you are a fool. I ain't a mite surprised at Josiah Spranzy's foolin' you the way he's been doin'. His first wife was my own cousin; named after the same aunt I was named for, too. But that ain't goin' to keep me from tellin' the truth about her. Here you are workin' yourself to death, tryin' to do like she did. Do you know how she did? No, you don't!"

"Well, I'm goin' to tell you, own cousin or not. You said you wanted to make Josiah comfortable the way Julia did. Land! Julia never made him comfortable a day in her life! Do you really suppose she made fresh bread for him every day? Do you really suppose she let him lay down on the best velvet sofa at all, much less with his boots on? Do you think this house was bright an' cheerful an'

pleasant for him, when Julia was alive? Well, it wasn't. Julia had dyspepsia, an' never cooked a thing she couldn't eat herself. They was mighty few things she could eat, so it was mighty little variety Josiah got on the table. She kept all the shutters drawn in so's not to fade the carpet an' the wall paper, an' Josiah had to go in an' out the kitchen door, so's not to tramp dirt through the front hall. He just loves flowers, and Julia wouldn't have one on the place. She said she liked grass better, but I always did think she did it just to devil Josiah. Comfortable! Well, I guess he wasn't comfortable. If he ever had any pleasures or luxuries it was outside o' this house. Toward the last she wouldn't even let him smoke outdoors, because she said she could not stand the smell of tobacco in his hair an' his clothes; an' here he's smokin' in every room in the house. Say anything about her! Of course he don't! He just lays back an' lets you do for him! What man wouldn't? An' he's afraid to give you so much as a word o' thanks for it for fear you'll find out he never had it before an' slack up on it. If ever a man was better off without a woman that man was Josiah Spranzy when Julia passed away! Land! She never give him a pleasant word nor a pleasant look, so far as I ever heard; and she never did one thing to make him comfortable. If she was my own first cousin a hundred times over, I'd have to say it—she was just about as mean a woman as ever drew breath o' life; an' here you are settin' her up above your mantel to go an' worship!"

She was so intent upon unburdening her mind that she had not noticed the figure standing in the room beyond. At his unexpected arrival both women looked up in amazement; but before even Mrs. Keene could speak, Miss Matty felt herself clasped in her husband's arms.

When he let her go, Mr. Spranzy stooped down and awkwardly kissed her.

"I'm mighty glad you know it, Matty," he whispered.

Miss Matty put both arms about his neck, and drew his head down to hers. "O Josy!" she cried.

On Sunday morning Mr. Spranzy was the first downstairs. His wife found the fire burning when she came down later. At breakfast Mrs. Keene looked questioningly toward a bare space over the mantel. Mr. Spranzy looked, too, and said:

"I thought I'd send the crayon portrait of Julia to her sister in Nashua; I thought maybe she'd like to have it."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Keene, pleasantly. "I don't know but she would." Miss Matty only looked at her husband with adoring eyes and blushed.

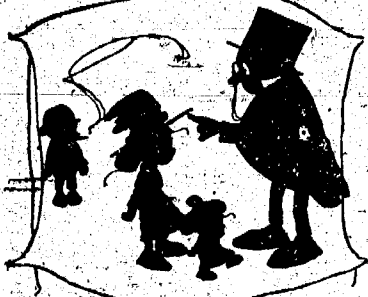


"WHO ARE YOU?"



I Thought I Could Hold My Tongue!

HER PROTECTOR.



"Here, nurse! Who's that young chap that's always following you around? I hear he's a beau of yours?"

"Oh, no, sir. That's Jimmie Hawshaw, de detective. I hires him to protect me from kidnappers an' things!"

His Elusive Memory.

Employer—William, did that man who called to see me while I was out leave his name?

Shaggy-haired Office Boy—Yes, sir; his name is—is—well, the last part of it is "shaw."

Employer—What's the first part of it?

Office Boy (making a strenuous effort to recall it)—Well, sir, it's either Grim, or Hawk, or Hen, or Brad, or Fan, or Ker, or Rick, but to save my bloomin' life, Mr. Townsend, I can't remember which.

And the Moon Man Laughed.

They were jogging along the old road and could be so busy that the young man dropped the lines either side of the runabout. It was then that the wise old nag turned lazily around.

"What are you looking at?" queried the owl by the roadside.

"I am reading between the lines," laughed the old nag as she gave a horse laugh and showed her long yellow teeth.

The Way It's Said.

"These are the bridal rooms," announced the bellboy to the blushing young couple.

"O, what a sweet suite!" exclaimed the bride.

"I don't know anything about that," said the bellboy, "but the head clerk says he hopes the suit suits."

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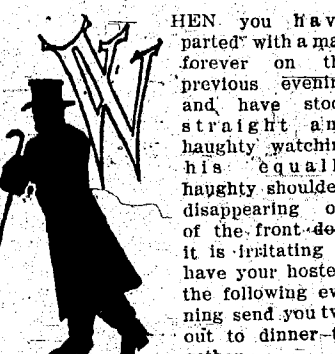
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THEIR QUARREL



WHEN you have parted with a man forever on the previous evening and have stood straight and haughtily watching his equally haughtily shoulders disappearing out of the front door it is irritating to have your hostess the following evening send you two out to dinner together.

At least Miss Westlake bitterly felt it was so when she found herself walking out to the dining room with Jack Long. Ever since he had stalked from her sight she had been bolstered up with the knowledge that she had been beautifully, artistically scornful and that his memory would ring for years with her parting words. And now he was pulling out the mahogany chair for her to seat herself and she had to smile "Thank you" as if their last conversation had not been epic in its intensity. When he handed her the salt she laughed suddenly.

"I am glad you are feeling so cheerful," remarked the young man in a bitter undertone. "I was afraid this might annoy you—going out with me—but, of course, I could not avoid it." "As naturally you would have done if you could," said Miss Westlake, evenly. "There is nothing for it, but to suffer in silence. I can imagine how you feel."

"Of course, seeing that you are so uncomfortable yourself!" "I hate olives," said the young woman, irritably. "I don't see for a minute why you think your presence should distress me. I assure you it doesn't. Didn't I tell you that everything was over for good and all? We are nothing but strangers to each other!"

She turned to the man on her right and her escort simultaneously turned to the girl on his other side until he bent to pick up Miss Westlake's napkin.

"Thank you," she said, frigidly, although apparently she had not seen him when he stooped.

"No trouble at all, I assure you," he responded as frigidly. "We'll have to talk or people will notice. We can recite the alphabet at each other."

"It isn't so much that as having to talk at all," mourned Miss Westlake. "I can think of plenty of things to say to you!"

"I am amazed," said the young man. "After last evening I did not imagine there were any remarks of any description left which had not been hurled at me. I had never realized how fluent you were—I suppose being angry helps."

"I was not angry!" insisted the young woman, fiercely. "I was simply telling you what I thought of you!"

"So I understood," agreed the young man. "And it wasn't the quantity so much as the quality of your thought to which I objected. I like to be thought a lot of except when it takes that form."

"You are frightfully condescending," said the young woman. "Don't look so savage. I'm sure I feel perfectly calm and there's no reason why you shouldn't. When a thing is ended what is the use of dragging it up?"

"I don't want it to end," said the young man. "I never enjoyed such a whole-souled quarrel in my life and I'd like it to go on indefinitely. It doesn't worry me in the least. In fact, I rather enjoy it."

"I noticed that last night," retorted the young woman. "You—you acted then as if you were enjoying yourself."

"I had to play up to the situation," said the young man. "You expected me to be mad, so I acted mad."

"Weren't you?"

"Not in the least," said the young man. "I just did it to please you."

"I hate you," said the young woman as she turned again to the man on her right.

The young man spoke again over the passing of a jelly form. "When may I come again?" he asked, casually.

She surveyed him with astonished eyes.

"You said you never wanted to see me again," she breathed. "And I said the same."

"But I've changed my mind," said the young man. "The longer I've considered this quarrel the more interested I've become. I don't think you exhausted its possibilities by a great deal. We really have to finish it up, for it's too good to go to waste. It is purely in the interest of the quarrel that I want to call."

"I never will make up with you as long as I live, you know," she said.

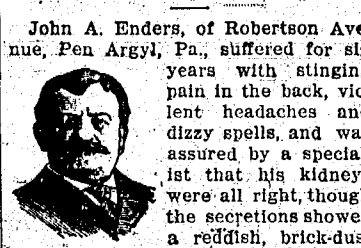
"Oh, I didn't suppose that you would," said the young man. "I quite realize that we have parted forever. But let me come just in the interest of the quarrel! Simply because I think we could enlarge upon the subject and by taking time develop a specimen of the common or garden variety of quarrel, which would be worth something. May I come?"

"Well," said the young woman, with seeming reluctance, "since you put it that way, you may come. Of course, otherwise it would be impossible."

"Oh, of course!" agreed the young man, suddenly cheerful. "I'll be over about eight o'clock."—Chicago Daily News.

FOUND THE CAUSE.

After Six Years of Misery and Wrong Treatment.



John A. Enders, of Robertson Avenue, Pen Argyl, Pa., suffered for six years with stinging pain in the back, violent headaches and dizzy spells, and was assured by a specialist that his kidneys were all right, though the secretions showed a reddish, brick-dust sediment. Not satisfied, Mr. Enders started using Doan's Kidney Pills. "The kidneys began to act more regularly," he says, "and in a short time I passed a few gravel stones. I felt better right away and since then have had no kidney trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

STOPPED TO SALUTE HOGS.

One Man at Least Grateful to the Source of His Wealth.

"The Interpreter" in the American Magazine says of a respectful father he once knew:

"Isn't it time we took off our hats and thanked this pleasant land for the good things it has done for us by going on patiently covering up our blunders, rectifying our mistakes, and responding cheerfully to our every intelligent effort?"

"I knew a man out west who had the right idea about it. His father had made a great fortune in the pork packing business. The heir was not puffed up by his millions. Long after he had grown accustomed to the money and might reasonably be expected to look down on butchers, if in walking in the country with his children they saw a drove of hogs on the road, he would make his little boys stand at attention and take off their hats. 'I want them to respect the sources of wealth,' he said."

Too Strong.

"The traveler in Ireland will do well," recently remarked an attaché to our embassy at London, "when he engages a jaunting car to make sure of the step to which, in mounting, he must trust his weight. The carman does not help him to mount."

"I am afraid that step is loose," an American once said to the driver he had engaged.

"The man took hold of the step and shook it. 'Ah! sure,' said he, 'it's too strong, it is.—What are ye afraid of?'"

"As he was talking, the thing came off in his hand."

"This mishap did not, however, embarrass the Irishman, for, with the sunniest of smiles, he turned to his fare saying:

"Shure, now, I've saved yer honor from a broken leg!"—Harper's Weekly.

Wheels.

He was a great inventor. "The thing I am working at now," he began, stroking his thin beard with a thinner hand, "will be a boon to every family and will startle the whole world. In fact, it will put the alarm clock trust-out of business. The idea is simply specially prepared tablets that help you get up in the morning. For instance, if you want to arise at five you take five tablets; if you want to get up at six take six tablets; and so on."

"But how will it affect the alarm clock trust?"

"Why, these tablets will cause a ringing in the ears at exactly the hour desired."

But the little crowd could wait to hear no more and hurriedly disbanded.—Harper's Weekly.

Before Ananias.

Adam had just finished naming the animals.

"Wait till I start on the fish," he exclaimed, gleefully.

Thus we learn he was preparing to tell some whoppers even before the fall.

Woman Owner of Large Ranch.

Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the marquis of Ailesbury, owns and operates a horse ranch at Calgary, Alberta, on a stretch of land nearly 40,000 acres in extent.

FIT THE GROCER

Wife Made the Suggestion.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves."

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast, and did not feel like attending to my store duties."

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared, and today I am all right. I would advise everyone afflicted in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee." "There's a Reason."—Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HELP WANTED SIGNS ON MANY FARMS.

Existing Conditions Can Be Easily Remedied—Where the Fault Lies.

It is unfortunately true that on almost every farm where the owner is too busy with other matters to devote much time and attention to them, there are chickens, horses, cows, hogs and sheep constantly showing signs that they need help.

Very frequently it happens that when we overlook an apparently common ailment there soon develops a serious trouble which oftentimes results in the death of the chicken or animal. Instances of this kind are of altogether too frequent occurrence and they sometimes result in the spread of the disease to other fowls and animals before it can be checked.

Whoever keeps poultry or live stock ought to be thoroughly informed as to the diseases and weaknesses of chickens, horses, cows, sheep and hogs so as to be able to determine at a glance the nature of any trouble that may develop. It isn't necessary to be a scientist or an expert scholar to get this knowledge.

Happily, it is now possible to obtain free of charge the very best books on these various subjects. We refer to Pratts New Poultry Book, Pratts New Sheep Book, Pratts New Horse Book, Pratts New Hog Book and Pratts New Cattle Book. Any one of these books will be sent free of charge to interested parties by sending a postal to the Pratt Food Co., Department R, Philadelphia, Pa.

Everybody knows the Pratt Food Co., and that their preparations are used throughout the world by farmers, dairymen, stock raisers and poultrymen.

Pratts Animal Regulator is the favorite with all owners of horses, cows, sheep and hogs, because it improves the animals' digestion, regulates their bowels and tones up their systems, and gives them new life and spirits. Thousands of users say it is the greatest preventive of animal disease known.

Likewise, Pratts Poultry Regulator is the first and last choice of all poultrymen who want strong, healthy, profitable fowls, the kind that lay eggs regularly. We advise our readers to send for these new books mentioned above, without delay.

INTERMITTENTLY.



Tourist—What are you jumping up like that for, me good man?

Howling Derivish—Yeow! Dog of an unbeliever, I'm elevating my mind.

SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now 80 years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months but did not get much help. During this time sores appeared which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository Syringe. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

De Organ's Busted.

In a little church in Maryland, not far from Washington, the motive power for the organ comes from the strong arm of an industrious Irishman. During a recent service there the choir got into trouble and, to cap the climax, during the confusion that ensued, the organ suddenly stopped.

The situation was not greatly relieved when there came floating out into the auditorium a hoarse whisper: "Sing, all youse! Sing like the devil! De organ's busted."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Suggestive.

Towne—There was a spelling-bee down at our church the other night. The pastor gave out the words. Did you hear about it?

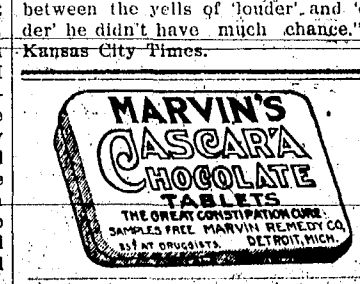
Browne—No; was it interesting?

Towne—Rather. The first three words he gave out were "increase," "pastor," "salary."—Stray Stories.

Rally Cries.

"So you couldn't hear much of what the speaker said?"

"No. His delivery was all right, but between the yells of 'louder' and 'order' he didn't have much chance."—Kansas City Times.



MARK TWAIN ON MONEY.

Humorist Points Out What He Considers Some Wrong Conceptions.

Mark Twain said that the financial panic has caused a wrong idea of the use and value of money.

"The spendthrift says that money, being round, was made to roll. The miser says that, being flat, it was made to stack up. Both are wrong."

"Strangely wrong, too, in their ideas about money are the veteran Australian gold diggers. These simple old fellows, though worth perhaps a half million or more, live in the simple dug-outs and shanties of their lean early days."

"Once, lecturing, I landed at an Australian port. There was no porter in sight to carry my luggage. Seeing a rough-looking old fellow leaning against a post with his hands in his pockets, I beckoned to him and said: 'See here, if you carry these bags up to the hotel I'll give you half a crown.'"

"The man scowled at me. He took three or four gold sovereigns from his pocket, threw them into the sea, scowled at me again, and walked away without a word."

If an Advertisement Convinces You, Stay Convinced.

When you read in this newspaper the advertisement of a manufacturer who has paid for the space used to convince you that it is to your interest to buy his goods, and you go to a dealer where such articles are usually handled for sale, do not let the dealer or any one of his clerks sell you something else which he claims is "just as good." If an advertisement convinced you, it was because of the element of truth which it contained.

INSIST ON GETTING WHAT YOU ASK FOR.

The Objects of Her Feelings.

"Patrick" gushed the amorous Widow O'Leary, "O've long wanted 't confess t' ye th' state iv me feelin's toward ye, an' now O! must tell ye that O! love ivry hair iv y'r head!"

"Thin, if ye do," replied the adamantine Patrick, who has just come from the barber's, "O'll tell ye, Mrs. O'Leary, that were ye in Casey's barber shop around th' corner, ye'd find Casey sweepin' th' objects iv y'r feelin's into his dustpan at th' pristin moment!"—Illustrated-Sunday Magazine.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALTON, KIRBY & AVENY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Only Long Sleeves Now.

Mistress—Here is a nice dress for you, Martha.

Maid—Thank ye, ma'am; but I can't take it, really.

Mistress—You foolish girl, of course you can take it. I insist.

Maid—No, really, I can't, ma'am. It's got them old-fashioned short sleeves.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

French Sculptor Complimented.

M. Rodin, the celebrated sculptor, has been asked to paint soffe frescoes for the new art gallery at the Luxembourg palace.

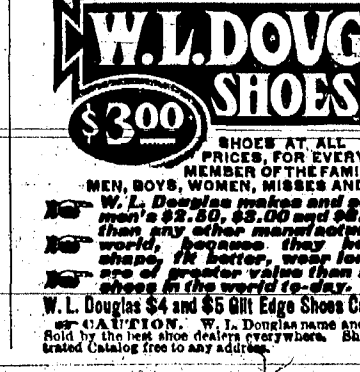
Garfield Tea is of particular benefit to those subject to rheumatism and gout! It purifies the blood, cleanses the system and eradicates disease. Drink before retiring.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think. Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.—Delany.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A lazy man will not work himself so long as he can work others.



HOUSE WORK



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden. It is to these faithful women that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well that I can do as big a day's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it."

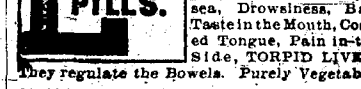
FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headache, Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.



SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

160 FARMS Western FREE



What a Settler Can Secure in WESTERN CANADA

160 Acres Grain-Growing Land FREE. 20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre. 40 to 80 Bushels Oats to the Acre. 35 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre. Timber for Fencing and Buildings FREE. Good Laws with Low Taxation. Splendid Railroads and Low Rates. Schools and Churches Convenient. Satisfactory Markets for all Productions. Good Climate and Perfect Health. Cheapest and Profitable Investments. Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most healthful and prosperous sections under the

Revised Homestead Regulations

by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Entry fee in each case \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to routes, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

W. V. McINNIS, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Special Offer

We are well known chemists. For \$1.00 we will postpaid 20 regular size and 20 sample boxes guaranteed well and corn cure. Leave sample at home for trial—next day soil a box for 16 cents—prompt 20 per cent ADVANCE with \$1.00 per day. You cannot fail. With each order, we suggest 112 other ways of getting money. ADAMS & JONES, Dept. R, Cincinnati, O.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 21, 1908.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more bright and longer lasting than any other dye. One 1/2 oz. packet colors all shirts. They do it and wash better than any other dye. You can see the difference in the washing water. Color for two weeks—then it is gone. Putnam's Dyes are made in the U.S.A.

Pain Weakens

Headache, rheumatism, neuralgia, or pains of any nature weaken the system—they are a strain upon the nerves. Almost instant relief can be obtained by taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and without any bad after-effects. Take one on first indication of an attack—it will ward it off. They are a pleasant little tablet, sold by druggists everywhere, 25 doses 25 cents; never sold in bulk.

"I was subject to constant headaches for a period of four years. At times I was almost unfit for the work in which I am engaged, that of a station agent. Through the advice of a friend I tried Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and the result has been that I have entirely eradicated my system of those continuous headaches that follow a continual mental strain. They have done for me all that is claimed for them."

O. L. RUSSELL, Agt. C. & N. W. Ry., Battle Creek, Ia.
"I have used Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for a year now for neuralgia and find there is nothing like them. They surely have been a blessing to me."
MRS. M. F. HAMILTON, Upper Alton, Ill.
Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and we authorize him to return the price of first package (only) if it fails to benefit you.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

W.A. Loveday

Notary Public
With Seal.

ALSO
Real Estate
& Insurance
Agency.

If you want to buy or sell, call at the Office in Loveday Block.

A. E. Carlisle

General Dray
and Baggage.

Wood Delivered, Household Goods Carefully Handled.
Fishing Parties a Specialty.
Phone 174 East Jordan, Mich.

Lemieux & Lancaster

GENERAL
Blacksmithing
and Carriage Work.
HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.
All Work Guaranteed.
Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited
State-st. East Jordan.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey

Physician and Surgeon.
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist
Offices Over Postoffice.
Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.,
And Evenings.
Phone No. 223.

Frank Phillips

Tenorial Artist.
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.
Third door north of Postoffice.

"Sweet Girl Grad"

(Concluded from Fourth Page.)

Valedictory.

(By Miss Flora Fortier.)

In our great western desert the traveler often finds by the wayside little heaps of stones. And if he watches long enough a passing Indian will be seen adding another stone to one of these mounds. If the Indian is old, unspoiled by schools, the traveler may know that the Indian is a pious man and as he adds his pebble to the heap, he is thanking God that he has been allowed to come that far and praying that he may go farther. Just as these trails are marked in the wilderness, so they are marked in our lives, as we leave our experiences upon the pile beside the way.

Thus, this day as we are laying our stone on the pile, let us not resume our journey until we have asked ourselves what those things are which we desire most to acquire. We all concede that there are three things which we covet most in life—happiness, character and influence—the greatest factors in the largest and richest life. There are no short cuts to the best things and so there are none to character, happiness and influence. Education proves this old truth. In education there are no short cuts to wisdom. There are no easy ways of learning the valuable lessons but only the toiling ways which others have had to use. Work will always be the price set upon everything which is valuable. But if certain conditions are obeyed they will lead us gradually, but surely, to happiness and character. Time given and conditions fulfilled, we can count on results.

One of these conditions is self-forgetfulness for we find both happiness and character best by not seeking them directly. Often when we elaborately prepare for a good time it has failed us and how often too, our good times take us unaware. Here the pleasure seeker, and those seeking character, make the same mistake; they center their attention too much upon themselves. Both character and happiness require self-forgetfulness. And so there are two ways of attaining character—one which looks at everything to discover its bearing on the development of self—the other, losing itself in a great work. Neither the highest character, nor the greatest happiness, can be won with self so continually in mind. Our work must be so great that we can lose ourselves in it. A man really counts with us who shows he believes in his cause, or in his friends, enough to forget himself in them. To do this we need many interests in life and so one of the most important results of education is to broaden us, taking our views from things of smaller importance to larger ones. Wordsworth's verse is typical of the uneducated man when he says:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And nothing more."

Work, because we can express our highest activity in it, is one of the means to happiness. Our work should be something in which we can express our best self, work great enough to absorb us. "Get work" said the apostle of work, "blessed be the man who has found his work. Let him seek no other happiness."

"The best way to live well" Grandville says, "is to work well."
The common task great enough to lose ourselves in is our greatest educator. In Gannett's famous sermon, Blessed be Druggery, he says—"Beyond all books, beyond all class work at school, beyond all special opportunities of what I call my education, it is this drill and pressure of my daily task, that is my great school master. My daily task, whatever it is, that is, what mainly educates me. All other culture is mere luxury compared with what that gives."

"But that which educates me makes me more ** able to be more, to enjoy more, to count more... We are all made for activity and we can never be happy in idleness."

Carlisle has so vigorously said—"Produce! Produce! were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product. Produce it in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee. Out with it then! Up! up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

The last but one of the means to happiness and character is friendship, association with persons around us. In the first place, it must be from within. As Miss Brackett says of rest—"It cannot be passed on one."

Truth and tenderness are two essential elements of friendship. He who would be a true friend must be sincere and have a regard for the rights of others. Friendship like all other things of real worth, must be paid for dearly. This has been recognized from the beginning of the world, for the wisest man versed it—"He who hath friends must prove himself friendly."
"It is not simply receiving, but giv-

ing as well. It is an exchange, hence, it is impossible for a selfish man to possess friendship."

Edward Bosworth, one who has specialized in friendship said—"The readiness to deny one's selfish inclinations and to take into account the interests of others, is the essential condition of all friendship. The selfish man can in the nature of the case have no friendship with God or man."

I can express no better wish for the Class of 1908 than that through the coming years we may indeed through work and friendship grow into these best things, character and happiness. May we find the footpath to peace, whose guide-posts Van Dyke has given us—"To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness; and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are the little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace."

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

George Cheney, 20 Charlevoix
Annie Rengsen, 25 Charlevoix
Delbert R. Townsend, 21 Renss
Cllo McKee, 20 East Jordan

List of Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending June 1st, 1908:

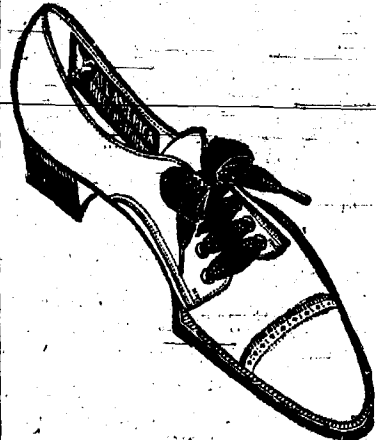
Alberdy, Miss Maggie
Webster, Charles

FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

Forty-Acre FARM FOR SALE.—Located four miles west of town. About \$300 worth of timber on land. Dwelling and other buildings, fruit trees, strawberry bed, etc. Good Bargain.
ARTHUR SEYMOUR.

The Weather Man Says

It's to be a hot summer; and I believe it to be true, so get your FEET into a pair of our cool OXFORDS



and don't go around with that grouchy look on your face. We have them in Black and Tan Leathers. Both Lace and Buckle.

Get them

At HUDSON'S
Exclusive Shoe Store.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE.

(In effect Jan. 21, 1908)

LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 8:25 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.; Arriving at Bellaire at 9:25 a. m., and 5:30 p. m.

LEAVE BELLAIRE at 10:00 a. m., and 8:30 p. m.; Arriving at East Jordan at 11:00 a. m., and 9:15 p. m.

All trains daily except Sunday. Trains run by central standard time.
W. P. PORTER, E. J. CROSSMAN,
Gen. Manager Traffic Mng'r

Detroit & Charlevoix Railroad.

Time Schedule in effect Jan. 3, 1908.

Going East	Stations	Going West
A. M.	Leave	Arrive
9:00	East Jordan	8:30
9:20	Wards	5:20
9:25	Jordan River	5:10
9:30	Graves' Camp	5:00
9:40	Green River	
10:50	Alba	4:30
11:40	Deward	3:10
12:25	Frederic	2:25

CLARK HAIRE,
General Manager.

Brighter Than a New Dollar.

Edwin Milton Royle, in "My Boy Jack," has not only written a story, conceived a plot and formed situations, but he has written a dialogue that will compare with the best literary efforts of the present day. His lines are terse, epigrammatic, concise, euphonious and to the point. Here are a few of Mr. Royle's most pungent remarks:

Jack Paden, Jr.—"Good resolutions are like fainting women, they want to be carried right out."

John Paden, Sr.—"What can you expect of a man who parts his hair in the middle?"

Jack Paden, Jr.—"A habit, sir, acquired from owing only the half of anything."

John Paden, Sr.—"I wasn't protected by any tariff bill, I had to hustle."

Jack Paden, Jr.—"Blessed are the meek for they expect to inherit the earth."

John Paden, Sr.—"Who is she? Such ornamental Sentiments are always the embroidery to some petticoat."

Jenny Merriweather—"Fine manners and good grammar are all right, but they don't satisfy the landlady."

John Paden, Sr.—"Look here, you talk too much; silence is golden, you'll die in the poorhouse."

Jack Paden, Jr.—"How did you get rich?"

John Paden, Sr.—"Yes, I had two children, a boy and a girl, but the girl got all the brains there were in the family."

Jack Paden, Jr.—"Where did she get them from, the mother's side of the family?"

Marguerite—"Critics should be able men, honest men, kind men, for they make or mar the lives of so many poor strugglers for the meaneast thing in life—public favor."

John Paden, Sr.—"Jack my Boy, I love you; I'm lonely and want you. Come home and you can write as much poetry as you like, and I'll read every damn line of it."

"MY BOY JACK" will be at the Loveday Opera House, next Thursday night, the 11th.

Old papers sold at this office.

Pistol carriers without a license are now to be severely punished in Chicago; but a man who is held up and robbed at the muzzle of a gun would hardly think to ask the man behind it whether he had a license.

Tying her bonnet under her chin, — She tied her raven ringlets in; Then to the store she went with glee, For Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. — F. B. Gannett & Co.

CHANCERY ORDER—State of Michigan, Thirteenth Judicial Circuit, in Chancery. Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix, in Chancery at the City of Charlevoix, on the 21st day of April, A. D. 1908, Kate V. Adams, complainant, vs. Christopher Adams, defendant. In this cause it appearing that defendant, Christopher Adams, is not a resident of this state, and his whereabouts unknown, therefore, on motion of Elisha N. Olink, solicitor for complainant, it is ordered, that defendant enter in this cause, in said cause on or before five months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be published in the Charlevoix County Herald, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.
Dated April 21st, 1908.
FREDERICK W. MAYNE, Circuit Judge.
ELISHA N. OLINK, Solicitor for Complainant.
Business Address, East Jordan, Mich.

CHANCERY ORDER—State of Michigan, Thirteenth Judicial Circuit, in Chancery. Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix, in Chancery at the City of Charlevoix, on the 23rd day of March, A. D. 1908, Nora Alice Hosier, complainant, vs. Lee Hosier, defendant. In this cause it appearing that defendant, Lee Hosier, is not a resident of this state and his whereabouts are unknown, therefore, on motion of Elisha N. Olink, solicitor for complainant, it is ordered, that defendant enter in this cause, in said cause on or before five months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be published in the Charlevoix County Herald, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.
Dated, April 23rd, 1908.
FREDERICK W. MAYNE, Circuit Judge.
ELISHA N. OLINK, Solicitor for Complainant.
Business Address, East Jordan, Mich.

MORTGAGESALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage (whereof the power is herein contained to sell has become operative) made by Carrie D. Falkenburg of Melrose Township, Charlevoix County, Michigan, to Dr. Arden N. Howe, of Royal Oak, Michigan, and recorded in Liber 34 of mortgages, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 16th day of January, A. D. 1908, in Liber 35 of mortgages, on page 231, which said mortgage was afterwards on, to-wit: the 13th day of April, 1908, duly assigned to Dr. Arden N. Howe by the Antrim County Savings Bank of Manistowic, Michigan, by assignment in writing, said assignment being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Charlevoix, in Liber 34 of mortgages on page 874 on the 17th day of May, A. D. 1907, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of four hundred and thirty-three dollars and eleven cents, (\$433.11); and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statute in such matter made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Monday the 20th day of July, 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, I shall sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, a certain strip of land and fifty (50) feet each side of the B. F. & N. E. R. R. now running across said land.
Dated at East Jordan, Mich., this 15th day of June, 1908.
ANTRIM COUNTY SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.
ELISHA N. OLINK, East Jordan, Mich., Attorney for Mortgagee.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force.

It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

Good Goods at Lowest Prices

Is the motto of our store, and we are fulfilling it by conducting same on a cash basis.

Our Line of Teas & Coffees

Are the Finest to be found anywhere.

Below are a couple of Leaders we are offering:
Three Cans of A1 Sweet Corn for 25c
McLaughlin's Package Coffee for 15c

Prompt delivery a specialty. Give us a call.

Shermans' Market.

We are Sole Agents in East Jordan for

Sleepy Eye Flour

Manufactured by Sleepy Eye Milling Co., Sleepy Eye, Minn.

Sleepy Eye Flour is a quality product. There is no other flour that so thoroughly meets the requirements of a discriminating quality trade. The Sleepy Eye habit is growing. It's making the finest bread for others and will make fine bread for you.

Bulow & Son, STATE STREET EAST JORDAN

SUPERNAW BROS.

Must Be Sold:

- 3 Superior Disc Drills
- 3 Farmers' Favorite Disc Drill
- 1 Empire Disc Drill
- 4 Deering 8-ft. Hay Rakes
- 4 Superior Wheel Discs

At prices that will make you buy. Call and see us before buying.

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