

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1909.

No. 34

## Farmers' Picnic.

At Lanway's Grove near Nettleton's Corners, Next Thursday.

The Farmers' Annual Basket Picnic will be held in the Lanway Grove at Nettleton's Corners, East Jordan, next Thursday, Aug. 26th. A fine program has been arranged, with W. H. Beaman of Empire as principal speaker.

Farmers this is your picnic. Tell other farmers about it, come, bring your families and enjoy the day. Farmer Beaman will interest you as farmers and the G. A. R. Post is invited to attend this picnic in honor of this old veteran, who, when a young man fought to free the four million black men and is the only one living of seven brothers, six being buried on southern battle fields. He is now an old man and still fighting, but this time for the industrial freedom of our ten million American farmers. The management of this picnic is under the direction of the Equity Society. Dinner at 12:00 o'clock. Exercises will begin at 1:00 p. m. Everybody welcome.

### Program.

Chairman, Rev. L. S. Matthews.  
Prayer  
Song—"America" Audience  
Words of Welcome  
Samuel Richardson  
Equity Song—Forget-me-not Local  
Violin Solo—Will Webster  
Address—"Up-to-Date"  
J. B. Palmiter  
Song—Michigan Rose Local  
Recitation—"Mother's Song"  
Agusta Schroeder  
Speech—W. H. Beaman, Empire  
Violin Solo—Will Webster  
Recitation—Mr. Button  
Address—Rev. L. S. Matthews  
Song—Golden Rod Local  
Recitation—Russell Shepard  
Five minute talks by farmers and their friends, led by Sam'l Richardson  
Recitation—Lottie Murray  
Music—Will Webster  
Recitation—Grace McMulleu  
Recitation—Vilas Murray  
Song—Audience  
Adjourned to August, 1910.

## How Western Michigan Is To Be Developed.

The Western Michigan Development Bureau has been organized for the purpose of developing western Michigan. This it proposes to do in several ways. First, by advertising the merits of the region in every legitimate manner, and, secondly, by bringing about conditions that will result in increasing the wealth producing power of the people already in the territory.

The advertising is to be done by furnishing the newspaper press with interesting reading regarding the territory covered, by a special publication containing a map of each county in the district, and attractive illustrations, by a big exhibit of fruit at the United States Land and Irrigation Exposition in Chicago the coming fall, by making a series of displays in the large eastern cities and distributing advertising matter at the same.

The home missionary work is to be accomplished by furnishing systematic instruction regarding the best methods of agricultural and horticultural development, and by opening up new markets, encouraging the establishment of canning factories, and securing the best possible transportation facilities.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES.

List of marriage licenses issued for the week ending Aug. 14, 1909.  
Edward Joel, 23.....Boyer City  
Nora Williams, 23.....Boyer City  
Perry R. Barnes, 21.....Melrose twp  
Ella M. Wager, 18.....Melrose twp  
Cyrus Kent, 29.....Boyer City  
I. Bates, 21.....Boyer City  
Leon Jarema, 23.....Boyer Falls  
Parasha Jarema, 18.....Boyer Falls  
D. S. PAYTON, County Clerk.

## Pictures.

A 16x20 Pearl Picture and Frame, German patent process on glass, beautiful in design and very artistic, old and ancient. Price will please you, only \$1.35.—Empey Bros.

## "Vanda Enos and Her Girls."

Musical circles are astir over the announcement that "Vanda Enos and Her Girls" are to appear at Loveday Opera House, Monday evening, Aug. 30th.

"Vanda Enos and Her Girls" is a big city attraction. It is unusual and remarkable in the annals of amusements when she appears in a town of this size, and the local manager is to be congratulated for his enterprise in bringing such a meritorious company to this city.

The Detroit Free Press, in speaking of Miss Enos, says: "Her violin solos were enthusiastically received and she was recalled time and time again amid great applause." The Brooklyn Sentinel pronounces her playing "fascinating and delightful." The Toledo Blade says she was "on the program for two numbers but was compelled to give six." There are hundreds of press clippings from newspapers of equal prominence which bring the assurance that the attraction is just as it is represented. More convincing still are the reports which come from neighboring cities. The local manager has been assured time and time again, since the attraction was booked, that the company is one of unusual merit, and Miss Enos the most wonderful violin player in the world.

## Death of William McKay.

William McKay was born in Guilds, Ontario, Nov. 10, 1858, and died of an injury received in his saw mill at Manning, Cheboygan county on Sunday afternoon last, after lingering thirteen days from the accident. He had lately gone into partnership with his brother Milton, who for years was foreman at the coeprage in this city. Mr. McKay was a modest, quiet man of unserving uprightness of character and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was an adherent though not a member of the Presbyterian church. Deceased was never married.

His body was brought here from Cheboygan last Monday and the funeral took place in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday at 2:00 o'clock, Rev. A. D. Grigsby officiating. Members of the Woodmen of America of which deceased was a member, acted as pall bearers, and the remains were interred in the East Jordan cemetery. He leaves one brother, two half brothers and a half sister to mourn their loss.

## Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank all the friends who so kindly assisted us in our bereavement.

Milton McKay  
and family.  
Dr. E. B. McKay.

## Words of Praise

For the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed, as given by leaders in all the several schools of medicine, should have far more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has the badge of honesty on every bottle wrapper, in a full list of all its ingredients printed in plain English.

If you are an invalid woman and suffer from frequent headache, backache, gnawing distress in stomach, periodical pains, disagreeable, catarrhal, pelvic drain, dragging down distress in lower abdomen or pelvis, perhaps dark spots or specks dancing before the eyes, faint spells and kindred symptoms caused by female weakness, or the derangement of the feminine organs, you can not do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The hospital, surgeon's knife and operating table may be avoided by the timely use of "Favorite Prescription" in such cases. Thereby the obnoxious examinations and treatments of the family physician can be avoided and a thorough course of successful treatment carried out in the privacy of the home. "Favorite Prescription" is composed of the very best native medicinal roots known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments, contains no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs. Do not expect too much from "Favorite Prescription"; it will not perform miracles; it will not dissolve or cure tumors. No medicine will. It will do as much to establish vigorous health in most weaknesses and ailments peculiarly incident to women as any medicine can. It must be given a fair chance by perseverance in its use for a reasonable length of time.

You can't afford to absent a secret nostrum as a substitute for this remedy of known composition. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is guarded as sacredly secret and womanly confidences are protected by professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the best laxative and regulator of the bowels. They invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. One a laxative; two or three a cathartic. Easy to take as candy.

## CALL FOR MICHIGAN MEETING

Potato Growers to Meet at Traverse City, September 8th.

To All the Potato Growers in Michigan:

The prospect now is that Michigan will raise the largest crop of potatoes she ever produced.

Reports from other parts of the country, covering the whole 1909 crop, beginning with the early crop in Florida, show large yields and excellent prospects. The indications are that the crop in the United States will break all former records.

So large have been the yields in southern producing sections that prices in some markets have already reached an unprofitable level. This condition is not assuring for the large Michigan crop, which will soon be seeking a market.

The gravity of the situation is fully apparent to thoughtful potato growers, many of whom I have consulted with as to our course.

The consensus of opinion, as far as I have been able to gather it, is that a mass meeting of the potato growers of Michigan should be held at as early a date as practicable. The purpose of the meeting will be to acquaint growers in all parts of the State with the exact situation and the necessity for prompt and definite action to secure profitable prices.

Therefore I call such meeting to convene at Traverse City, Mich., on September 8th next and to continue until all business that comes before the meeting is transacted.

While Traverse City is not central in the State, this city was selected because it is my home, and also of the secretary of the State Union, and we can do much more to promote the meeting here and arrange for the care of the people attending than if it were called for any other place.

As probably three-fourths of the farmers in Michigan are vitally interested in the price of potatoes, this call should bring representatives from all parts of the State.

Michigan papers please copy this call.

W. E. GREILICK, President,  
CHARLES EMMERSON, Secretary,  
Michigan State Union  
Farmers' Society of Equity,  
Traverse City, Mich.

## Ladies' Equity Notes.

Michigan Rose Local met Tuesday, August 10th, with eleven ladies present at roll-call at the home of Mrs. James Barnes. Mrs. Minnie Hosier gave a recitation and Mrs. Kidder gave a talk on Equity. The ladies were sorry to hear of the death of our State Vice President, Mrs. C. A. Masten of Sherwood, who was an earnest Equity worker, and we join in sympathy with the bereaved husband in the loss of our beloved Equity sister.

Oh, fair and cloudless seemed the sky,  
A bright and happy day,  
When with a blast, pale death went past,

And bore a soul away.  
E'en as a thief he came and went  
In search of priceless flowers;  
He saw a gem—he broke the stem  
And flew to heavenly bowers.

Mrs. Mae Kidder,  
Miss Charlotte Murphy,  
Miss Edith Barnes,  
Committee.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Aug. 14, 1909.

Letters.  
Carlstein Dr., Mrs. Dyer, Daniel  
Hamilton, Ollie Husler, Frank  
Olson; Mrs. Bertha Servis, Glen  
Taylor, Geo. Thompson, Mrs. J.  
FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

## Final Tax Notice.

Sept. 5th will be the last day on which Village Taxes may be paid. After that all taxes will be returned. I will be at Hudson's Shoe Store each Saturday, other times at my residence, until the 5th, to receive taxes.  
J. H. Milford,  
Village Treas

I have some bargains in farms, city property and business blocks. I also have some farms to trade for city property.—Joel Johnston. 17-52

## Troubles For Saloonists.

The new liquor bill which goes into effect next month contains many interesting features and bids fair to cause considerable trouble and it is not unlikely that the supreme court will be called upon to settle some points in dispute.

In the new law it is provided that in case of two violations of the liquor laws the license shall be forfeited and the violator cannot longer engage in the business. The old law provided for a similar punishment upon one conviction, but this was declared unconstitutional. However, the new law gets around this difficulty by making it an agreement on the part of the man taking out the license. When he gets his red card he signs this agreement and thus becomes a party to a contract which, it is claimed, cannot be broken.

Another feature which will make it difficult for saloon keepers to secure bondsman lies in the fact that no surety can go upon more than one bond and he cannot obligate himself to a greater amount than the assessed valuation of his property in the county free from all incumbrance and indebtedness. Heretofore one man has gone upon many bonds and while his assessed valuation might be but \$5,000, he has claimed he was worth \$10,000 and has been allowed to obligate himself to that extent.

The latest styles of Iron and Steel Beds at WHITTINGTON'S.

August time, tells on the nerves. But that spiritless, no-ambition feeling can be easily and quickly altered by taking what is known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Within 48 hours after beginning to use the Restorative, improvement will be noticed. Of course, full health will not immediately return. The gain, however, will surely follow. And best of all, you will realize and feel your strength and ambition as it returns. Outside influences oppress first the "inside nerves" then the stomach, heart, and kidneys will usually fail. Strengthen these failing nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and see how quickly health will be yours again. Sold by James Gidley.

## The Boston Store

### Sample Shoes



We have just received a fine line of Ladies', Men's and Children's Sample Shoes of all grades. The prices will range from 98c up to \$3.00.



### Call and see our Summer Goods

which we are closing out at Bargain Prices.

Remember we carry a fine line of high grade corsets—

R. & G. and La Reine

The Boston Store A. DANTO Proprietor...

## East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,

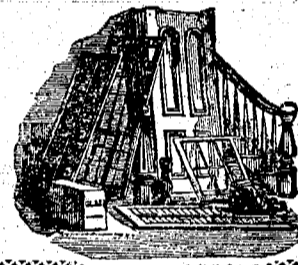
B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

### Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Doors, Windows and Glass, Siding, Ceiling and Flooring, Mouldings, Turned Work, and Scroll Sawing.

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS



## FRED E. BOOSINGER

### Again the Question of Clothes Comes Up.

You will want new clothes for fall and winter. Perhaps the most interesting question is: Where can I get garments that will be sure to please me?

If you come to our store the query will be answered. Quality of materials, excellent tailoring and correct styles added to a guaranteed fit—all at a price that offers no cause for complaint.

Nearly half a thousand new patterns are in the line we show for Fall Winter. If you have worn garments made by our firm it is unnecessary to tell you that there is more genuine satisfaction in the wear and looks of these clothes than can be had elsewhere at reasonable prices.

When we make your clothes you are the sole judge. They must be right in your own estimation. Will you look at the Fall patterns and the finest style plates ever shown? We will not urge you to buy but would appreciate an opportunity to show you the line.

### HERE ARE A FEW TESTIMONIALS:

FRED E. BOOSINGER, East Jordan, Mich.  
Dear Sir: I must say I have been dealing with you for 20 years and believe you have the best goods and give the best satisfaction of any house I have ever dealt with.  
Respectfully, B. E. NEBLETT.

FRED E. BOOSINGER, East Jordan, Mich.  
Dear Sir: The coat and vest I tried on today fit so well and are so thoroughly satisfactory that I would be doing you an injustice if I failed to mention the fact.  
Yours truly, JAMES SMITH.

The above are only a couple of the many compliments we are receiving for our Splendid Clothing.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL."

## FRED E. BOOSINGER.



FOREMOST CLOTHES BROS. DETROIT MICH.



Eastern Writer Asserts There Can Be No Peril of the Spread of Noxious Doctrines.

We may be far too indulgent to our young college barbarian, but we are too often utterly unfair to him. When the argument requires it, we do not hesitate to make his type suit the occasion. In his own picturesque vocabulary, we have him going and coming. It may be true, for instance, that the average undergraduate learns very little and cares very little for learning; and it may be true that our colleges are nurseries of disbelief and immorality. But the two things together cannot be true. If our universities were filled with an eager, passionate youth, avid of ideas and ideals, there would be danger in heretical voices from the cathedral. Such a danger the European universities have often experienced. The French collegian has played a prominent part in demonstrations and emutes. The German Burschenschaft have made history. The Russian university student has been a leader of revolution. Given a young man who finds truth in books, and in himself the instinct for translating theory into action, and the college may influence the world. But our own healthy football and rowing men are quite immune against noxious doctrine. What peril is there in setting forth radical views on marriage, before an undergraduate who thinks that polygamy is believing in many gods? —New York Evening Post.

King Edward's Consideration. It is customary on the royal yacht to keep the red carpet on the deck until the king or the last officer has come aboard for the night. One night, not long ago, his majesty did not go ashore. At 10 o'clock he was enjoying a cigar on deck, when he called out to the quartermaster, "Send for the officer of the watch." On his appearing the king inquired, "What are those men hanging about for?" "The carpet, sir." "What do you mean?" The officer explained that it was the rule of the carpet. "But," said the king, "don't these men have to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning?" "Yes, sir," the officer admitted. "Then," replied his majesty, quietly, "in future, whether I am on board or not, you take up the carpet before you pipe the men to supper." Incidents such as this spread rapidly among the sailors of the various squadrons and that is why the king is so great a favorite in the British navy.—Dundee Advertiser.

Old Protests About Bread Prices. The high price of wheat, flour and bread the last few months has caused some of the old-timers to recall the corners and high prices of other days and antiquaries to dig into the past for ancient parallels. A correspondent has unearthed a lot of metal "tokens" recording prices of bread in England, especially during the Napoleonic era. These were half-penny tokens. One of these was struck in honor of the Duke of Beaufort, with the legend, "He feels his people's wants and relieves them." The other, with a pair of scales, records a fall in the price of bread: "6 1/2 pounds of bread, one shilling. God be praised." Another token previously issued bore this legend: "3 1/2 pounds of bread for one shilling. Good Lord deliver us."—The Miller.

Marriages of College Women. Charles Franklin Emerick of Smith college has an interesting article in the Political Science Quarterly, in which he discusses the subject of "College Women and Race Suicide." While he gives numerous tables and quotations he finally ends with the statement that the conclusion of the study is generally negative. The tables fail to establish any causal nexus between higher education on the one hand and the frequency of marriage and maternity on the other. The problem does not admit of statistical determination. Sterility is not a specific disease, but is the intricate product of causes as complex as civilization. College women should only be compared with noncollege women who are their intellectual equals.

The Bible and Shakespeare. Questioned as to why he had omitted the Bible and Shakespeare from his "five-foot shelf" library, Dr. Eliot gave as his reason "that most people have read them." Most people of Dr. Eliot's personal acquaintance, maybe, but it would be risky for him to extend the limit of his statement. It is freely charged, indeed, that in what is called the reading world of to-day the greatest books are neglected; that they are known when at all only by name, and are buried under a mass of trivials. Dr. Eliot's list of books would appear to need revision.

Turkish Time-Keeping. The Turkish system of time-keeping, for which it was proposed to substitute the European method, may be described as the principle of the daylight saving bill carried to its logical conclusion. The fixed point is not noon, but sunset, from which the hours are counted of the same length as ours and subdivided in the same way. One of the disadvantages of the system is that the time between sunset and sunset is not a fixed quantity, so that a watch to keep correct Turkish time has to be reset every day.

# Life's Essentials

## What They Really Are and Why So

By JOHN A. ROBSON

**T**HAT is "necessary?" Something that is essential to life. But what life? Physical life, is the common reply. If, however, we endeavor to apply a bare physiological test it does not avail. What are the physical necessities of life? Are they the food, clothing, shelter of the low skilled town laborer, that which was just enough to maintain the efficiency of labor and to enable them to replace themselves by their children in the labor market? Not so. The full physical life of these people is not thus secured.

On the contrary, vital statistics show that they are robbed on an average of the life which they might reasonably expect to have if they enjoyed the physical conditions of the life above them. Their children, moreover, have much less than half the chance of growing to maturity possessed by the children of professional men.

Good air, large, sanitary houses, plenty of wholesome, well cooked food, adequate changes of clothing for the climate, ample opportunities of recreation—is there any one of these things that does not sensibly assist to lengthen the term of physical life?

Yet most, if not all, of these things would be classed among comforts or even luxuries for laborers, though numbers of the well-to-do classes would readily admit that they were necessities for them.

Again, take art, music, travel, education, social intercourse, such "goods" as generally would be classed as luxuries. Does not physiology itself insist that these and all other things which make for happiness react upon physical health and help to maintain life? The true economy of leisure, change and enjoyment, even in their effects upon duration of physical life, is only beginning to find recognition in our theory of consumption.

But suppose we had ascertained what particular sum of money sufficed to maintain full length of life, does this exhaust "necessaries?"

We have spoken so far of physical life and tested "necessaries" on this basis. But physical, moral, intellectual are not water tight compartments of humanity.

Whether we regard the organic interaction of all these vital powers or take into our consideration the moral and intellectual needs and satisfactions as claims of nature which emerge later on, there is no excuse for refusing to admit the latter as necessary to life, considered as the whole, which it rightly is.

# Women Lack in Business Ethics

By MARTHA CLARK

Girls are taught bookkeeping and stenography and other essentials of a business career. But they are not always posted on business ethics. After a few months or a few years in business, a woman learns some of the little ethical things of business for which no course is given in the business college. But when a girl of 16 or 18 first starts on her business career, she may be in blissful ignorance of some points that are most helpful to business success. Women have learned much of business-like ways since they have been in business. But some girls still take a position with the idea that they are conferring a favor upon their employer, that they will be of such invaluable assistance to him that he will not object to certain little liberties. Or else they lie back on the fact that they are women and he is a man and consequently out of his sense of gallantry will permit certain laxities. Still others actually fail to realize that the business office is not the home.

Perhaps one of the most abused of these privileges is the telephone. What office doesn't know the girl who is constantly being called up on the telephone by her numerous friends! If she has a fair amount of vanity she secretly rejoices that her fellow-workers have the opportunity to find out how popular she is. If she is inexperienced she thinks her employer won't mind a little thing like that. Visits from friends in the office are along the same line. Being a gentleman, the employer doesn't like exactly to be disagreeable about it. But a business girl ought to know that such things are not businesslike and she should tactfully discourage them.

Business is business. It means an honest return of time and energy for the salary received, exactly that. It doesn't mean entertaining one's friends, using the telephone, writing letters on the firm's paper, using the firm's postage stamps and many other little liberties the young business girl takes.

# Content Obtained by Limiting Diet

By BAYARD C. FULLER

I have been experimenting on my dietary ever since I have done office work and in a word my conclusion is that nearly every man who leads a sedentary life eats too much meat. It is along this theory that I have proceeded to readjust my daily fare, for after having been active in athletics since boyhood I found that I was continuing the heavy meat diet even when my work was confined mostly to my desk. I was suffering from the effects of over-eating long before I realized the cause was to be found in heavy breakfasts and luncheons. I think that every man gives more attention to his food in hot weather and it was during the summer months that I first tried very light breakfasts and progressed until I was satisfied with crackers and milk for luncheon. In cold weather, however, I returned to meat for luncheons, but I soon found that the bracing air had given me a false appetite and for several hours after luncheon I would experience the old feeling of drowsiness. And this reminds me of a theory of mine that we eat too much in the cold months. Although I am not a vegetarian and eat meat usually once a day at dinner, I think that nearly everybody who experiments with various sorts of meals and notes the effect on his health and capacity for work will find that he feels better when he limits the amount of meat in his menu. That has been the reason why I have changed my diet and I might say that once a man has hit upon a dietary adjusted to his own needs he can find the best of everything right here in New York. This city, I believe, is excelled by none in the purity of its food supply. An indication of this I may say that we have condemned 21,000,000 pounds of food here during the last twelve months and that about one-third of this was meat.

# "DIVING VENUS" TRIES TO BATHE IN FOUNTAIN

WOMAN CREATES AFTERNOON SENSATION BY ATTEMPT TO SWIM IN MADISON SQUARE.

New York.—All the regulars were in Madison Square park when it happened. The time was five o'clock in the afternoon. "Rusty" McGurk, who was one of the children who used to gather around George Francis Train and who has been looking for another such philanthropist ever since, was reading the day before yesterday's paper. Also there were women and children and a few dogs. It was Saturday afternoon in Madison Square park.

Suddenly there was a chorus of screams. One could not tell at once



"Come On In; the Water's Fine!"

whether it meant alarm or applause, but it aroused curiosity. Rusty dropped his paper and gasped. The women and children stared and the dogs barked. At the same time it was observed that a young woman, rather well dressed in a clinging gown, among other things, and with emphatic blonde hair, was scrambling over the picket fence surrounding the fountain and was wading out with the evident intention of having a shower bath.

A young man on a bench from which the young woman had arisen jumped to his feet and yelled, and, following his cue, everybody else yelled, but the clinging gown went its way; until the water had mounted to the corsage. By that time Policeman Fitzgerald of the traffic squad had been attracted by the clamor, and soon he was at the edge of the fountain. "Come out o' that!" he shouted. "Come on in; the water's fine!" was the reply.

Fitzgerald accepted the invitation, but no sooner had he reached the maid when she turned on him indignantly and exclaimed: "Don't you dare touch me! Don't you know who I am? I'm Annette Kellerman, the Diving Venus. I get a million dollars a week for doing this. Away!"

But she didn't away. He told Annette he was from Missouri, and amid loud acclaim from Rusty and the others he haled the moist lady out of the fountain and took her to Bellevue hospital, where, after a careful diagnosis, it was said that the water hadn't done her a bit of harm, and she was put in the psychopathic ward.

# REPTILES BATTLE IN BOAT

Held the Crew at Bay, but Finally Are Crushed to Death by Engine.

Radby, Pa.—Henry Williamson and George Marker, owners of a 16-foot launch, had a thrilling experience on Darby creek at the moment a thunder storm broke in all its fury, when two four-foot water snakes crawled into the craft over the prow and began a battle royal within a few inches of the motor. The contest of the snakes was so fierce that Williamson and Marker were compelled to crowd back as far in the stern of the boat as possible. To make matters worse, they were not able to reach the motor to check its speed, but were compelled to remain in the stern, steering their craft during the storm. There was no boat hook aft by which they could give battle to the two fighting reptiles and for over five minutes they were compelled to watch the furious writhing and lashing of the reptiles. Finally they got too near the motor and the next moment both reptiles were crushed in the rapidly revolving wheel.

It is supposed that one of the reptiles was in pursuit of the other and that the one pursued sought refuge in the launch, where it was immediately followed by the other one.

One from Rhode Island. The heat in Rhode Island has become so oppressive that wild deer are coming out of the woods, breaking into houses and cooling off in the bath tubs. At least, that is what a Providence correspondent says.

The dispatch, word for word—nature faker charges notwithstanding—is: "A large, wild deer came to town and finding the bathroom window in the house of Michael J. Kilroy open, leaped through it and landed on its back in the bath tub. The police after much maneuvering, got the deer to its feet and by use of ropes lowered it out the window."

# REAL BASIS FOR IMPROVING CORN PLANT

There are Three Ways in Which Advancement Can be Secured and Careful Study is Urged.—By Edward M. East.

Ever since plant breeding has been brought to the front as a means of increasing yields and producing new qualities, distinct from the mere feeding of crops by means of fertilizers, we have been taught that by selection we could accomplish anything. Take the character-length of ear as a concrete example, says Edward M. East in Rural New Yorker. Variations in length are seen in every field of corn, no matter what the variety. If we select the longest ears in successive seasons we are taught that we shall continually improve the strain in this character. Even the teachers have always had an inward consciousness that there must be a limit to the progress that could be made in this way, but the thought has been indefinite, and has been designedly kept in abeyance. The man who has been so indiscreet as to ask where the limit of his improvement is to be has been judiciously steered into other lines of thought. Some questions are hard to answer, and it was more interesting to let him dream of the time he could fill an order for a bushel of corn with one lone ear.

Likewise, we have been taught that by hybridizing two strains we could obtain any desired new character or quality if we only continued on the job for a sufficient length of time. We

can probably be made, although some biologists are beginning to lose faith in it because the results scarcely pay for the trouble. This is the selection of fluctuations. Fluctuations are the variations that are not due to structural changes in the reproductive cells, but simply to nutrition. They are, therefore—strictly speaking—not inherited, but simply give temporary aid in the development of the next generation. For example, let us imagine two corn plants having exactly the same characters; one of these plants has grown on good soil and is well developed, while the other has grown on poorer soil and is weakly developed. The seed of the well-nurtured plant has more nutriment stored up in it, and the young seedling that it produces has a better start in life than has a seedling from the poorly-nurtured plant. The actual characters inherited by the two plants are the same, but the seedlings from the poorly nurtured plant are handicapped, and are not so well able to utilize their food supply and produce a normal well-developed plant. This is also true of poorly-nourished animals.

Let us apply these principles to corn breeding. Corn is a wind-pollinated plant, therefore when a change takes place in the reproductive cells



Samples of In-Bred and Cross-Bred Corn.

have only made a beginning in breeding as a science, and it will be many years before we can predict with the accuracy of a chemical reaction what will take place on crossing two individuals, but even now we know enough of the laws of variation and heredity to show us that this point of view is all wrong. The quality of the grain depends upon the grain in the hopper. There are three and only three ways in which plants can be improved, and a careful consideration of them shows the errors in both of the above teachings.

1. Every plant is composed of a large number of characters, each of which is inherited as a unit. The basis and the plan by which these characters develop are held in the fertilized egg from which the seed and finally the plant results. From the structure within this egg-cell, each character and through these characters, the entire organization is finally self-constructed by the utilization of food materials from the soil and from the air. No permanent variation occurs in a plant unless it occurs first in the structure of these reproductive cells. Such variations are, therefore, the only foundation for plant improvement, and the sole function of selection is to pick out the most desirable of them for propagation. Unfortunately for the ease of the task, variations due to nutrition and other causes, variations that affect the plant and not the reproductive cells are, therefore, not inherited, often obscure the rarer, inherited variations, and thereby cause much unnecessary and unavailing selective work.

2. The object of hybridization is to shuffle and recombine the unit characters of the parent plant. If we knew what all the results would be when these characters combine we could predict the percentage of the progeny of a cross that would contain certain definite combinations of characters. But we do not know enough concerning the inheritance of these characters to make predictions. We simply know that we can only expect to combine the characters actually possessed by the parent. For example, resistance to the disease called watermelon wilt was found to be a single unit character possessed by the first cousin of the watermelon, the citron. This quality was therefore combined with other desirable qualities possessed by the watermelon by hybridization. Here was definite basis upon which to work and by which tangible results could be obtained. But supposing no wilt-resistant melon had been known, it would have been utterly futile to have tried to breed this character into the watermelon by selection. The watermelon reproductive cell does not possess this character, and on this account there is no basis upon which to select. The kind of selectionist against whom we are speaking would begin by going into a field and taking seed from those plants that were the least affected by the disease, yet he would never obtain results because he would be selecting non-affected plants instead of resistant plants.

3. There is a third method by which a slight and temporary improvement

of any individual of a variety, it is quickly recombined with different characters in other individuals. As these changes take place with some frequency, what we call a commercial variety is actually a set of hybrids between individuals possessing various characters. The real effect of selection is gradually to isolate a strain having characters that we desire, in so far as such characters have already been produced by nature. There is no question of our originating anything by this selection. If there are plants having undesirable characters we can reject them, provided there are plants that are without these characters, but that is as far as we can go. In this mixture of types, the commercial variety, there are some strains that produce a greater variety than others. It is the aim of the line breeder to take out these types and discard those having less efficiency. For these reasons we can see how great is the importance of our original breeding plot. If the type desired has been included among the original plants it can be selected out and established as a variety, if it has been left out we can only wait for nature to produce such a type. And as nature is not prodigal in her new productions our chances are relatively small.

# Enemies of Tomato Plants.

Young tomato plants have one enemy that if left to do its work unchecked will soon sap all the vitality from the plant. This is a tiny black beetle often wrongly called a fly. It does not trouble the plants while they are in the house, but as soon as set out of doors, even while they are in boxes before being transplanted to the open ground, the beetles appear in great numbers, and in a few days will work great havoc. Bug death is a simple but sure remedy. It should be sprinkled liberally upon the leaves. The plants should be carefully watched, for sometimes a second or third application may be necessary. The potato beetle is another enemy that will probably appear if the tomatoes are set near a potato field. For that reason care should be taken in selecting a location for them.

# Filling Ditches and Gullies.

It is not a good plan to plow bare soil in ditches and gullies, which are not wanted in fields. First fill them with brush, briars, straw, corn stalks and any kind of rubbish and then plow in the soil. The rubbish will not only catch and hold the soil plowed in, but it will catch and hold soil washed into the field from other sources. When the trash decays and the gullies become filled, these places will become level and the deepest and richest spots in the fields.

# Cultivate Potatoes Frequently.

Potatoes are a quick growing crop, hence they require frequent cultivation for best growth and maturity. Three or four cultivations will keep the weeds down in a potato patch, but it requires six or eight cultivations to produce a good potato crop. Every cultivation pays probably larger than for any other cultivated crop.



# INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, Blake, stunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wanted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Blake attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roasting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights.

## CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The hot ashes flew up in her face and powdered her hair with their gray dust; yet she persisted, blowing steadily until a shred of bark caught the sparks and flared up in a tiny flame. A little more, and she had a strong fire blazing against the tree trunk.

She rested a short time, relaxing both mentally and physically in the satisfying consciousness that Blake never should know how near she had come to failing in her trust.

Soon she became aware of a keen feeling of thirst and hunger. She rose, piled a fresh supply of sticks on the fire, and hastened back through the cleft toward the spring.

Around the baobab she came upon Winthrop, working in the shade of the great tree. The three leopard skins had been stretched upon bamboo frames, and he was resignedly scraping at their inner surfaces with a smooth-edged stone. Miss Leslie did not look too closely at the operation.

"Where is he?" she asked.

Winthrop motioned down the cleft.

"I hope he hasn't gone far. I'm half famished. Aren't you?"

"Really, Miss Genevieve, it is odd, you know. Not an hour since, the very thought of food—"

"And now you're as hungry as I am. Oh, I do wish he had not gone off just at the wrong time!"

"He went to take a dip in the sea. You know, he got so messed up over the nastiest part of the work, which I positively refused to do—"

"What's that beyond the bamboos? There's something alive!"

"Pray, don't be alarmed. It is—er—it's all right, Miss Genevieve, I assure you."

"But what is it? Such queer noises, and I see something alive!"

"Only the vultures, if you must know. Nothing else, I assure you."

"Oh!"

"It is all out of sight from the spring. You are not to go around the bamboos until that is, not today."

"Did Mr. Blake say that?"

"Why, yes—to be sure. He also said to tell you that the cutlets were on the top shelf."

"You mean—?"

"His way of ordering you to cook our dinner. Really, Miss Genevieve, I should be pleased to take your place, but I have been told to keep to this. It is hard to take orders from a low fellow—very hard for a gentleman, you know."

Miss Leslie gazed at her shapely hands. Three days since she could not have conceived of their being so rough and scratched and dirty. Yet her disgust at their condition was not entirely unqualified.

"At least I have something to show for them," she murmured.

"I beg pardon," said Winthrop.

"Just look at my hands—like a servant's! And yet I am not nearly so ashamed of them as I would have fancied. It is very amusing, but do you know, I actually feel proud that I have done something—something useful, I mean."

"Useful?—I call it shocking, Miss Genevieve. It is simply vile that people of our breeding should be compelled to do such mental work. They write no end of romances about castles; but I fail to see the romance in scraping skins Indian fashion, as this fellow Blake calls it."

"I suppose, though, we should remember how much Mr. Blake is doing for us, and should try to make the best of the situation."

"It has no best. It is all a beastly muddle," complained Winthrop, and he resumed his nervous scraping at the big leopard skin.

The girl turned his face for a moment, and studied away. She had been trying so hard to forget.

He heard her leave, and called after, without looking up: "Please remember. He said to cook some meat."

She did not answer. Having satisfied her thirst at the spring, she took one of the bamboo rods, with its bargled blackening pieces of flesh, and re-



By Evening She Had Her Tree-Cave in a Habitable Condition.

turned to the fire. After some little experimenting, she contrived a way to support the rod beside the fire so that all the meat would roast without burning.

At first, keen as was her hunger, she turned with disgust from the flabby sun-seared flesh; but as it began to roast, the odor restored her appetite to full vigor. Her mouth fairly watered. It seemed as though Winthrop and Blake would never come. She heard their voices, and took the bamboo spit from the fire for the meat to cool. Still they failed to appear, and, unable to wait longer, she began to eat. The cub meat proved far more tender than that of the old leopard. She had helped herself to the second piece before the two men appeared.

"Hold on, Miss Jenny! fair play!" sang out Blake. "You've set to without tooting the dinner-horn. I don't blame you, though. That smells mighty good."

Both men caught at the hot meat with eagerness, and Winthrop promptly forgot all else in the animal pleasure of satisfying his hunger. Blake, though no less hungry, only waited to fill his mouth before investigating the condition of the prospective tree ladder. The result of the attempt to burn the trunk did not seem encouraging to the others, and Miss Leslie looked away, that her face might not betray her, should he have an inkling of her neglect. She was relieved by the cheerfulness of his tone.

"Slow work, this fire business—eh? Guess, though, it'll go faster this afternoon. The green wood is killed and is getting dried out. Anyway, we've got to keep at it till the tree goes over. This spring leopard won't last long at the present rate of consumption, and we'll need the eggs to keep us going till we get the hang of our bows."

"What is that smoke back there?" interrupted Miss Leslie. "Can it be that the fire down the cleft has sprung up again?"

"No; it's your fumigation. You had plenty of brush on hand, so I heaved it into the hole and touched it off. While it's burning you can put in time gathering ring grass and leaves for a bed."

"Would you and Mr. Winthrop mind breaking off some bamboos for me?"

"What for?"

"Miss Leslie colored and hesitated. 'I—I should like to divide off a corner of the place with a wall or screen.'"

Winthrop tried to catch Blake's eye; but the American was gazing at Miss Leslie's embarrassed face with a puzzled look. Her meaning dawned upon him, and he had to reply.

"All right, Miss Jenny. You can build your wall to suit yourself. But there'll be no hurry over it. Until the rains begin, Win and I'll sleep out in the open. We'll have to take turn about on watch at night, anyway. If we don't keep up a fire some other spotted kitty will be sure to come nosing up the gully."

"There must also be lions in the vicinity," added Winthrop.

Miss Leslie said nothing until after the last pieces of meat had been

banded around and Blake sprang up to resume work.

"Mr. Blake," she called, in a low tone; "a moment, please. Would it save much bother if a door was made and you and Mr. Winthrop should sleep inside?"

"We'll see about that later," replied Blake, carelessly.

The girl bit her lip, and the tears started to her eyes. Even Winthrop had started off without expressing his appreciation. Yet he at least should have realized how much it had cost her to make such an offer.

By evening she had her tree-cave-house, she preferred to name it to herself—in a habitable condition. When the purifying fire had burnt itself out, leaving the place free from all odors other than the wholesome smell of wood smoke, she had asked Blake how she could rake out the ashes. His advice was to wet them down where they lay.

This was easier said than done. Fortunately the spring was only a few yards distant, and after many trips, with her palm-leaf hat for bowl, the girl carried enough water to sprinkle all the powdery ashes. Over them she strewed the leaves and grass which she had gathered while the fire was burning. The driest of the grass, arranged in a far corner, promised a more comfortable bed than had been her lot for the last three nights.

During this work she had been careful not to forget the fire at the tree. Yet when, near sundown, she called the third meal of leopard meat, Blake grumbled at the tree for being what he termed such a confounded tough proposition.

"Good thing there's lots of wood here, Win," he added. "We'll keep this fire going till the blamed thing 'tumbles over, if it takes a year."

"Oh, but you surely will not stay so far from the baobab to-night!" exclaimed Miss Leslie.

"Hold hard!" soothed Blake. "You've no license to get the jumps yet a while. We'll have another fire by the baobab. So you needn't worry."

A few minutes later they went back to the baobab, and Winthrop began helping Miss Leslie to construct a bamboo screen in the narrow entrance of the tree-cave, while Blake built the second fire.

As Winthrop was unable to tell time by the stars, Blake took the first watch. At sunset, following the engineer's advice, Winthrop lay down with his feet to the small watch-fire, and was asleep before twilight had deepened into night. Fagged out by the mental and bodily stress of the day, he slept so soundly that it seemed to him he hardly lost consciousness when he was roused by a rough hand on his forehead.

"What is it?" he mumbled.

"'Bout one o'clock," said Blake. "Wake up! I ran overtime, 'cause the morning watch is the toughest. But I can't keep 'wake any longer."

"I say, this is a beastly bore," remarked Winthrop, sitting up.

"Um-m," grunted Blake, who was already on his back.

Winthrop rubbed his eyes, rose wearily, and drew a blazing stick from

the fire. With this upraised as a torch he peered around into the darkness and advanced towards the spring.

When, having satisfied his thirst, he returned somewhat hurriedly to the fire, he was startled by the sight of a pale face gazing at him from between the leaves of the bamboo screen.

"My dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Hush! Is he asleep?"

"Like a top."

"Thank heaven! Good-night."

"Good-night—or—I say, Miss Genevieve—"

But the girl disappeared, and Winthrop, after a glance at Blake's placid face, hurried along the cleft to stack the other fire. When he returned he noticed two bamboo rods which Blake had begun to shape into bow staves. He looked them over, with a sneer at Blake's seemingly unskillful workmanship; but he made no attempt to finish the bows.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A Despoiled Wardrobe.

SOON after sunrise Miss Leslie was awakened by the snap and dull crash of a falling tree. She made a hasty toilet and ran out around the baobab. The burned tree, eaten half through by the fire, had been pushed over against the cliff by Blake and Winthrop. Both had already climbed up and now stood on the edge of the cliff.

"Hello, Miss Jenny!" shouted Blake. "We've got here—at last. Want to come up?"

"Not now, thank you."

"It's easy enough. But you're right. Try your hand again at the cutlets, won't you? While they're frying we'll get some eggs for dessert. How does that strike you?"

"We have no way to cook them."

"Roast 'em in the ashes. So long!"

Miss Leslie cooked breakfast over the watchfire, for the other had been scattered and stamped out by the men when the tree fell. They came back in good time, walking carefully, that they might not break the eggs with which their pockets bulged. Between them, they had brought a round dozen and a half. Blake promptly began stowing all in the hot ashes, while Winthrop, related their little adventure with unwonted enthusiasm.

"You should have come with us, Miss Genevieve," he began. "This time of day it is glorious on the cliff top. Though the rock is bare, there is a fine view—"

"Fine view of grub near the end," interpolated Blake.

"As, yes; the birds—you must take a look at them, Miss Genevieve! The sea end of the cliff is alive with them—hundreds and thousands, all huddled together and fighting for room. They are a sight, I assure you! They're plucky, too. As it was, one of the gannets—boobies, Blake calls them—caught me a nasty nip when I went to lift her off the nest."

"Best way is to kick them off," explained Blake. "But the point is that we've hopped over the starvation stie. Understand? The whole blessed cliff end is an omelette waiting for our pan. Pass the leopardettes, Miss Jenny."

When the last bit of meat had disappeared, Blake raked the eggs from the ashes and began to crack them, solemnly sniffing at each before he laid it on its leaf platter. Some were a trifle "high." None, however, were thrown away.

When it was all over, Winthrop contemplated the scattered shells with a satisfied air.

"Do you know," he remarked, "this is the first time I've felt—er—replenished since we found those coconuts."

"How about one of 'em now to top off on?" questioned Blake.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Why Musicians Wear Long Hair.

"Why do musicians wear long hair?" said the barber. "Pshaw, I thought everybody knew that. They wear long hair to protect their ears, of course—their sensitive ears. All depends, with musicians, on the ears, the same as all depends on the eyes with painters. And the ears of musicians are delicate. Able to take cold, liable to aches, inflammations and what not. So they protect them with long hair, and you have no more right to laugh at the mane of a pianist or violinist than at the protective shields and pads of your favorite halfback."

## Law.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as feeling her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—Richard Hooker.

## WANTED TO BE LED ACROSS.

Elderly Lady Mistook Outstretched Hand of Unfortunate for Preferred Assistance.

There is a story of an elderly lady standing on the curb by a crowded crossing in the height of the season, too nervous to venture off the pavement. She was anxious to get to her destination on the other side of the thoroughfare, but hesitated to risk the journey. Presently, she perceived a stranger offering his hand. She seized it and they both plunged into the traffic. A motor bus all but ran over them; a taxicab whizzed past so close that the lady fancied her last moment had come. She clung tighter to her guide, who never flinched, but went madly on under the heads of the horses. Then they all but collided with a bicycle, and the wheels of a hansom twisted the feathers of the lady's toque. A tram car at that moment passed an inch from their toes and a butcher's cart knocked her handbag yards away. A motor horn at her ear nearly frightened her out of her wits, and the pole of a bus, catching her in the back, pushed her on to the pavement. By this time, she had found voice to upbraid the man to whom she had been clinging.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It's a wonder I'm alive! What do you mean, man? I might have been killed a dozen times over. Are you blind?"

"That's just what I am, marm," replied the poor fellow; "so I held out my hand for some one to lead me across."—Harry Furniss, in Strand.

## Custer's Old Guide.

The guide rode often at the head of the column, and we found him full of information about the country. We began also to listen for a new domestic disclosure every time we approached an Indian village. He was the most married of any man I ever saw, for in every tribe he had a wife.

This was the reference made by Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, widow of Gen. George A. Custer, in her book, "Boots and Saddles," to Felicien Fallis, who died a few days ago, and who was one of the first settlers of the vast region now embracing the states of North and South Dakota. In the spring of 1873, when Gen. Custer and the Seventh cavalry arrived at Yankton Falls he acted as guide for the command until it reached the upper country, and made his headquarters at Fort Abraham Lincoln. Fallis was one of the conspicuous early-day characters of Dakota. While acting as guide for the Custer expedition he became intimately acquainted with Gen. Custer.

At this time Fallis had been living in the Indian country over twenty years. Yet he was fond of saying that Gen. Custer's knowledge of Indians, outside of speaking their language, was better than his.—Sioux Falls (S. D.) Letter in Omaha Bee.

## Match Facts.

John Walker, an English chemist, was experimenting in 1827 with an inflammable mixture for use on shipboard.

One day Mr. Walker happened to rub a stick dipped in this mixture across a table. There was a report, the stick took fire, and, because John Walker was no fool, the match was born.

John Walker, the match's inventor, put his wonderful invention on the market in April, 1827. The Walker match was as big as a lead pencil, and it cost a shilling a box. Because it could only be lighted by drawing it through a piece of sand paper folded in two, the Holden match supplanted it in 1833. The Holden was a flucifer; it ignited more easily than the Walker; so it put the Walker out of business.

Sweden is to-day the home of the match industry. Sweden exports annually about 2,000,000 boxes of incomparable matches.

But there was no statue to John Walker.

## Importation of Words.

When a language takes to importing words from abroad, and proceeds to use them without altering the spelling or inclosing them in quotation marks, a real entente—one of the said words; by the way!—may be said to be established. The English tourist has grown accustomed to see the words like "le sport," "le touring club" incorporated as part of the French language, to say nothing of "five-o'clocker," as an ingenious rendering of the verb "to make tea." But international labor congresses and municipal visits have now given a political flavor to the loans; and it is becoming doubtful whether it is a good thing to borrow words for which a satisfactory equivalent already exists. Why refer to "un meeting," as French papers now do, when they have a charming word like "reunion" ready to their hands? We are no less guileless as long as we talk glibly of solidarity, mentality, feminism, etc. If this goes on, let us put a tariff on words.—London Chronicle.

## He Passed.

Judge—You are a freeholder?  
Talesman—Yes, sir; I am.  
"Married or single?"  
"Married three years last June."  
"Have you formed or expressed an opinion?"  
"Not for three years, your honor."  
Success Magazine.

## Looking Where He Was Going.

"So the mule kicked you, Sam?"  
"Yes, sah; good an' hard, sah."  
"But why did you turn your back to the animal, Sam?"  
"I wanted t' see where he was sending me, boss!"

# WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I got so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

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## WHY, OF COURSE.



"Farmer, which of those cows of yours gives the buttermilk?"  
"None of 'em. The goat."

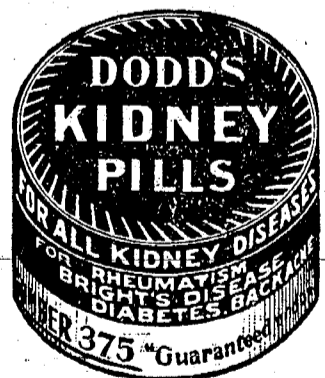
## Tuberculosis Conference.

Under the auspices of the Swedish National League Against Tuberculosis, the International Tuberculosis conference held its annual meeting in Stockholm July 8 to 10. Among the American speakers on the program were Dr. Hermann M. Biggs of New York and Dr. John C. Wise, medical director of the United States navy, who was the official representative of this country. Two subjects of special interest discussed were: "Care of Tuberculous Families, Especially of Healthy Children," and "Tuberculosis and the Schools."

## Law of Attraction.

The attractions of men to women and women to men are full of the most perplexing inconsistencies and contradictions imaginable. It is, for instance, a physical law that magnetism is not simple attraction of one thing for another, but the difference of two opposing forces of attraction and repulsion, of which the former is the greater. The same law holds in relation to the attraction of men and women for each other, in which, as a rule, the masculine is the superior force.—T. P.'s Weekly, London.

It was David who said: "All men are liars." And he might have added that married men have opportunities thrust upon them.



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# The Scrap Book

**All Had-Drawn Blanks.**  
Mrs. Sharp was a woman with a tongue that did not belle her name. This did not improve her husband. He was going fishing one day, and looking over his outfit, he exclaimed bitterly: "My fishing trousers haven't a single button on them!"  
"How fortunate!" said his wife. "Now, if you're drowned it will be so easy to identify your body, won't it, dear?"  
"No," the husband roared, "for all the other chaps in the crowd are married too!"

**Forgiveness.**  
My heart was heavy, for its trust had been abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong.  
So, turning gloomily from my fellow men,  
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among  
The green mounds of the village burial place.  
Where, pondering how all human love and hate  
Find one sad level and how, soon or late,  
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with  
meeked face  
And cold hands folded over a still heart,  
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,  
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none  
departs,  
Awe'd for myself and pitying my race,  
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,  
Swept all my pride away, and tremblingly  
I forgave.  
—Whittier.

**The Smallest She Had.**  
A street car conductor one Saturday afternoon had such a good run of business that he had difficulty in keeping himself supplied with small change. Many persons who patronized his car handed him dollars and bills of large denominations in payment of their fares.  
The conductor managed to get along fairly well until a woman carrying a tiny infant bearded his car. When he approached the woman for her fare she handed him a five dollar bill.  
"Is that the smallest you have, madam?" queried the conductor, fearing another stringency in change.  
The woman looked at the conductor and then at the baby and made this surprising reply:  
"Yes. I have been married only twelve months."

**Round Trip Meals.**  
"I never think of the dreadful ocean without being reminded of the remark that a small child of mine made to me on the way out last summer," said a cheerful young matron who had just returned from abroad. "I was suffering from one of the most awful spells of seasickness. My little daughter for three days had seen me lying in my berth, while the stewardess from time to time tempted my reluctant appetite. I making dutiful efforts to swallow and retain something—anything to sustain life. till I could get off that agitated monster called a floating palace."  
"Mamma," queried this daughter of mine after she had just witnessed a particularly harrowing scene. "do you think you'll ever go back home if you once get on shore again?"  
"Oh, yes!" I groaned in reply. "I don't believe I would, though, if I didn't have these round trip tickets. Having them, I've simply got to return."  
"Round trip tickets!" the child repeated musingly; then, after a moment; "Mamma, I believe that's what must be the matter with your meals. They all seem to have round trip tickets too."

**Too Much For the Frenchman.**  
A story is told of a Frenchman who was very anxious to see an American business man at his home. The first morning when he called at the house the maid replied to his query:  
"The master is not down yet," meaning downstairs.  
The following morning he called again and was met with:  
"The master is not up yet," meaning that he had not yet arisen from his bed.  
The Frenchman, looking at her with doubtful eye, paused for a few seconds.  
"Eet is yer' deef'cult, but eef ze mademoiselle will tell me when ze master will be neither up nor down, but in ze middle, zen I vill call at zat time."—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

**A Day at a Time.**  
An element of weakness in much of our resolving is that we try to grasp too much of life at a time. We think of it as a whole instead of taking the days one by one. Life is a mosaic, and each tiny piece must be cut and set with skill.—Anon.

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for TEN DAYS, we offer our entire line of Men's, Ladies' and Children's High Grade Oxfords at just what they cost us.

Call in and look over our stock—you will be surprised at the bargains offered.

**C. A. HUDSON**  
"Little White Shoe Store."

## To Consumptives.

Edward A. Wilson's Preparation of Hypophosphites and Biogeddi from the original formula is the Sovereign Remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, LaGrippe, Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung Maladies.  
Thousands of people say they have been relieved by it.  
Those who have used it will have no other, and recommend it to their fellow sufferers.  
It has cured many after they were given up as incurable by their physicians.

The undersigned as a consumptive can testify from his own experience as to its value.  
Write at once—delays are dangerous, and may prove fatal.  
For full particulars, testimonials, etc., address  
**C. A. ABBOTT, Sole Agent,**  
60 Ann Street, New York City, N. Y.

## SECRETS OF RUG MAKING.

You can get Rugs made from Old Carpets in the "ordinary" way most anywhere.  
We make them out of the "ordinary." SANITARY, STRONG, BEAUTIFUL, SKILLED workmen; GOOD WARP. Clean surroundings is what's making our factory famous. It will pay you to make shipments to us. Our booklet tells why. ay we mail it?  
**Petoskey Rug Mfg. Carpet Co.**  
Ltd., Petoskey, Mich.



**MARINE SUPPLIES.**  
**GEORGE H. SPENCER.**

## FREE ATTRACTIONS FOR FAIR.

High Class Vaudeville and Circus Acts Features of Coming West Michigan State Fair.

Without exception, the free attractions provided for the entertainment of West Michigan State Fair visitors in past years have been high class, eliciting the highest commendation. In view of this fact, the announcement of the specialties secured for this year's fair, Sept. 13-17, will be of absorbing interest.

Contracts have been closed for a high class bill replete with novelties, which guarantees to patrons a rare treat in the amusement line at absolutely no expense. Clean, wholesome vaudeville and circus acts in which figure some thrilling innovations will be the offering at the coming and greatest of West Michigan State Fairs. As usual, these performances will be given from a platform facing the grand stand, during the intervals between the heats of the racing events.

As a headliner this year there will be seen Captain Treat's trained seals, certain to prove a hit with old and young. The seal, despite his ungainliness, is one of the most intelligent as well as most docile of animals and, well trained, performs feats of incredible skill. Captain Treat's pets are favorites wherever they have appeared.

Arnoldo's trained wild animals are a decided innovation in this class of entertainment, his pets being leopards, panthers and jaguars, the most treacherous of beasts, and the most difficult to reduce to a state of subjection. Arnoldo, however, has his beasts well in hand. Other engagements are with the Landauer troupe of comedy aerial bar experts and the Simple Simon trio, trick house and comedy acrobatics.

All these acts will be given each afternoon of the fair from a platform in front of the grand stand.

All railroads are offering one and one-half one way round trip fares to Grand Rapids during the fair.

## MARTIN DRAFT HORSE TROPHY.

One of West Michigan State Fair's Most Interesting Features.  
One of the most interesting of West Michigan State Fair features during the past four years has been the competition for the Martin draft horse trophy. This will be repeated at the coming fair, which will be held in Grand Rapids, Sept. 13 to 17.

The Martin trophy will be bestowed on the best draft team of any age, over 3,000 pounds in weight, owned in Michigan. The owner of the winning team has the honor of retaining possession of the trophy until Sept. 1, 1910, when it will revert to the West Michigan State Fair to be again offered for competition. Four liberal cash prizes will be awarded the owners of the four best competing teams. Drivers of all non-winning teams will be paid \$2 each.

The Martin trophy was won in 1905 by the Quigley-Lumber company, in 1906 and again in 1907 by the Volght Milling company and in 1908 by the Phoenix Furniture company. Scoring in this contest is on the basis of 75 points for team and 25 points for harness and wagon. Contesting teams are required to be on the grounds from noon until 4 o'clock and to drive in the grand cavalcade on Wednesday, Grand Rapids day. The purpose of the offer is to encourage the raising of draft horses and an honest pride in the care and ownership of heavy teams for farm and city work.

## AN ABSOLUTELY CLEAN FAIR.

Gambling and Liquor Selling Tabooed at West Michigan State Fair.  
Pursuant to its policy of giving the people the very best entertainment of its kind, the West Michigan State Fair, to be held in Grand Rapids, Sept. 13-17, will adhere to its established precedent of barring gambling and liquor selling from the grounds. None of the lures of professional tricksters will be permitted to divert money brought to the city from its rightful uses to fatten the fortunes of gaming concessionaires at Comstock park.  
From the date of its organization gambling devices have been tabooed at the West Michigan State Fair, despite strenuous promises of large financial returns to the fair. Since 1906, in the determination to provide the people an absolutely clean, unobjectionable fair, liquor selling privileges have also been denied.  
The results have been most gratifying to the fair management and the great majority of the patrons. None who have visited the fairs the past few years will have any hesitation about repeating the visit this year.

## DOCTORS

say consumption can be cured. Nature alone won't do it, it needs help.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the best help, but its use must be continued in summer as well as winter.  
Take it in a little cold milk or water.  
Get a small bottle now. All Druggists.

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

## Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific nerve sickness—nothing else.  
It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had. For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend.

## Dr. Shoop's Restorative

JAMES GIDLEY.

**NONE BUT THE BEST.**

That's the kind of Groceries and Meats you get at our Market. We will do our best to satisfy you. We aim to carry high grade goods. It is a pleasure to please our patrons.

**Sherman's Market.**  
Phone No. 49. Prompt delivery.

## 1910 Calendar Samples At The Herald Office.

**EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.**

We are just opening up a new shipment of **FRIEND BROS.' SUITS.**

This is one of the best lines of Ready-to-Wear Clothing.  
It will be interesting, educating and profitable to you to see the new colorings and patterns. You will agree they are the finest ever produced.  
**OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE.** Come and pick a Suit that will be a comfort long as you wear it. You will be well paid for the time it takes.

**For late Summer and Fall see the new**

**ROSWELL HATS**

A New Stock will be opened up in just a day or two. We want you to see these whether or not you need one. Don't fail to come and look them over.

**East Jordan Lumber Co.**

## SPENCER OF COURSE.

Any one in East Jordan will tell you that good Plumbing is assured, if we do the work. We employ only skilled workmen and guarantee satisfaction. The best of

## PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES

can always be found here in large quantities at attractive prices. Get our estimate.

## Briefs of the Week

Don't forget the Farmer's Picnic next Thursday at Nettleton's Corners.

The P. L. A. S. hold a Bake Sale at Miss Kneale's store, Saturday afternoon.

Don't fail to hear the Nightingales sing at the Methodist church Monday night.

Pros. Atty Nicholas, and Atty's Clink, Fitch and A. B. Nicholas, Jr., were at the county capitol this week—courting.

A desirable East Jordan Business Property is offered for sale at a bargain. For particulars enquire of F. E. Boosinger.

Fr. Sigfrid Rinderman, former pastor of St. Joseph Catholic church, was here from Petoskey this week renewing acquaintances.

Pine Lake claimed another victim last Sunday when G. H. Cogger of Detroit was drowned while in bathing near Horton's Bay.

Pharmacist Charles MacNamara arrived here from Cadillac, Tuesday, and has taken up his work at F. B. Gannett's Drug Store.

Excursion to Boyne City, Sunday, via Str. Hum leaving here at 10:00 a. m. A ball game has been scheduled there between Old Mission and Boyne City.

Quite a crowd took in the Hum's excursion to Boyne City, Sunday. The ball game between Boyne's new all-home team and Empire resulted in a 1 to 0 victory for the visitors.

"Vanda Enos and her Girls" at Loveday Opera House soon—one of the finest musical combinations traveling. Miss Enos is known as one of the greatest violinists of the day.

Beginning next Monday night the prize of admission to the picture shows at the Opera House will be five cents—and an excellent class of Motion Pictures and Illustrated Song offered.

Dep'ty Harry Curkendall and family are making Charlevoix their headquarters this week. Mr. Curkendall having business with the court and Mrs. Curkendall and children visiting friends.

A Socialist meeting was held at the Town Hall Tuesday evening and arrangements were made toward organizing a local here. The meeting was addressed by J. L. Hoogerhyde of Grand Rapids.

The Str. Hum clears early Sunday morning with a load of 500 apple barrels for Horton's Bay. They are shipped by the East Jordan Coöperage Co. The Hum returns in time to take out the excursion at 10:00 a. m.

A representative of Stone, Kelly & Co., Merchant Tailors of Louisville, Ky., is at the East Jordan Lumber Co's store today with a full assortment of the latest novelties in woolsens for the coming fall and winter. Suits, Overcoats, and Trousers tailored strictly to your order in the very latest approved fashion at reasonable prices. Garments can be ordered now and delivered when wanted.

Seventeen successive weeks of Vaudeville in a town of about 3,000 population is certainly quite a record, but much is due to the creditable management of Fred A. Cook, who has had charge of this branch, and while many will regret that this is the last week of it, they will be pleased to know that the high class motion pictures and illustrated songs will be continued and price reduced to five cents. It is probable that Vaudeville will be introduced again next summer.

Mrs. N. L. Cash is on the sick list. Dr. H. W. Dicken was a Charlevoix visitor, Wednesday.

Bohn to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Potter a daughter, Wednesday.

Miss Minnie Payton is here from Charlevoix, guest of friends.

Miss Verschel Lorraine was guest of Central Lake friends over Sunday.

Mrs. G. L. Sherman is entertaining Mrs. Wm. Moore of West Branch this week.

Mrs. H. S. Price is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Kiel, with children, of Northport.

Mrs. Leonard Swafford of Boyne City is guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr.

Eron Sherman and wife, with children are here from Detroit guest of Mrs. Clark Barrie.

Mrs. H. L. Kendall left Thursday for Manistee for a fortnight's visit with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt are receiving a visit from their daughter, Mrs. Jos. Junget of Milford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. George Frost started for their home at San Diego, Cal., Tuesday, after a visit with friends here.

Mrs. Frank Porter and daughter Alice, Mrs. Dunham, and Miss Jennie Glenn left Tuesday for a trip to Chicago.

T. S. Suleeba, M. D., of Grand Rapids, son-in-law of Rev. A. D. Grigsby, arrived on Wednesday from Carleton, Ohio.

Misses Agnes and Pearl Lewis arrived home first of the week from a visit with their brother and wife at Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton McKay, called here by the death of the former's brother, returned to Cheboygan, Thursday.

Miss Mary Lamport is entertaining Miss Beas Patrick of Bellefontaine, Ohio, her fellow school teacher at Adrian, Mich.

Mrs. D. H. Fitch entertained a number of friends from Harbor Springs at her home over Sunday. Among the guests were Mrs. Frank Crowl and daughter Metha, Mrs. C. H. Judd and Mrs. G. W. Nelson.

To-night at Loveday Opera House, promises to be a big one, the occasion being the last of the seventeen weeks of Vaudeville at the playhouse, and the awarding of the present of \$5.00 in gold, to some one of the patrons present in the house at that time. Next week, high grade Motion Pictures and Song at 5c.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. C. Crowell about fifty ladies enjoyed the afternoon on Thursday with Mrs. Charles Gunn. A program of records on the phonograph by Miss Verschel Lorraine, a reading by Mrs. W. J. Smith and a sumptuous lunch were all appreciated. A very pretty hand painted plate was left the surprised lady as a remembrance of the occasion.

The St. Joseph, Mich. Herald says of the Southland Nightingales: "Everywhere they have gone rings with mighty ovations and plaudits and there is no doubt that their reception here will mark one of the largest and best patronized events of the season if not for years. Their many hundreds of testimonials place them in a class all to themselves and in point of real entertainers they are pronounced the greatest negro concert company in the world." They will sing at the Methodist church Monday evening, Aug. 23.

Mrs. C. H. Pray was guest of Manicelona friends last week.

Our stock of Plain White Crockery is complete.—E. A. Lewis.

Mrs. A. L. Hilliard with daughter is guest of Edward friends.

Call and see those guaranteed Springs at Whittington's.

Rev. J. H. Cater and family have gone to Ohio for an extended visit.

Fruit of all kinds just received. Peaches 25c per basket.—E. A. Lewis.

Mrs. J. M. Bell arrived Friday from Chicago for a visit with her mother, Mrs. A. F. Church.

C. H. Whittington is closing his entire line of last year's Wall Paper at 25 per cent discount.

A new Soap for cleaning Automobiles, Buggies and Fine Woodwork at Payton's.

Mrs. Carl Andrews with daughter Helen are here from St. Ignace, guest of her mother, Mrs. W. A. Stone.

Miss Luella Boosinger with nieces, Misses Clara Ward and Julia Thomas, of Lansing are guest of the Boosingers.

Mrs. A. J. Süffern with daughter, who has been here guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milo Fay, left first of the week for her home in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Imitation Quarter-Sawed Oak is the latest thing in Iron Bedsteads. They're the "niftiest" thing out and you'll say so if you call at Whittington's Furniture Store and examine them.

Mrs. Lasra Kenyon is a delegate from the Stevens Corps 161 to the northern district convention to be held in Bellaire Tuesday and Wednesday of next week—Aug. 25-26. Mrs. W. J. Smith takes part in the program.

A new cement curb has been placed around the Methodist church and parsonage property, extending along the entire east and south sides. The enclosed park has been filled in and is being seeded. The work will add greatly to the appearance of that part of the town.

Several Equity members held a meeting at the Miles' school house last Friday evening. Many interested farmers were present who understand the need of an organization for the farmers alone, and a second meeting was called for Aug. 20, for the purpose of organizing a local.

Mrs. Grigsby invited the young people of the Junior C. E. to a lawn party on Wednesday afternoon and very nearly forty were present. Judging from the noise they must have had a splendid time, playing games under the trees, and later on discussed sherbet, cake, cookies, etc., with equal earnestness.

You will be amply rewarded by dropping into Empey Bros. and looking over their mammoth stock of old, ancient pictures, it being a late patent process by some great German artist. They are certainly worthy of your consideration. Since the quantity is somewhat limited we will sell them while they last at \$1.35.

Those who enjoy real good drama, without any of the blood and thunder frills, were given a treat at the Loveday Opera House last Tuesday night when "Moses, Prince of Egypt" held the boards. The leading character was in the hands of Wm. Lemle, and he proved himself an actor of more than minor repute. The cast throughout was excellent and they were backed by elaborate stage settings—the company carrying more scenery than any show that has ever appeared in this house. The Fred G. Conrad Company, who booked this play have played a number of first class attractions to East Jordan audiences, among them being The Two Orphans, My Boy Jack, and The Tiger and the Lamb. The next attraction here, Vanda Enos and Her Girls, is also put out by Conrad.

### Among The Steeple.

Rev. A. D. Grigsby will hold services at Mt. Bliss school house next Sunday at 2:00 p. m.

Mr. Phillip Louille Pryor of the Southland Nightingales will give an address at the Methodist church on Sunday evening and the jubilee troupe will sing.

The pastor will preach in the Presbyterian church next Sunday both morning and evening. Sunday School at 11:45, Junior C. E. at 3:00, Senior C. E. at 6:45.

Christian Science services will be held in the Wilhelm block every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Wednesday evening meeting at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Rev. John K. Stark of Grand Rapids, Chaplain of the Michigan Soldiers Home, accompanied by his wife is visiting with Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Lamport. Mr. Stark will preach at the Methodist church Sunday morning. A special invitation is extended to the old soldiers and their families.

Try our Teas and Coffees.—E. A. Lewis.

The largest stock and newest styles in Iron Beds at Whittington's.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey can test your eyes and properly fit you with glasses.

Ask for tickets on the phonograph at Whittington's with every cash purchase.

Go to Spencer's for Marine Supplies. High Grade Dry Cells, Cylinder Oil, Cup Grease, Etc.

Yes, C. H. Whittington has the finest selection of Wall Paper to be found anywhere.

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the stomach—nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Sold by James Gidley.

Sample Books of Special Designs in Wall Paper always on exhibition at C. H. Whittington's.

### WE WANT YOUR APPLES.

We have commenced packing and shipping apples and respectfully solicit the patronage of the farmers in this locality, assuring them of the highest market price. Call us up by phone—No. 206—for prices or call at our Warehouse.

E. E. Brown.

### Wells Well Dug.

If you wish anything in the Well Digging or Windmill line, get my prices. All work guaranteed for one year and prices the lowest.

URIAH WYANT,

No. 711 E. Main St.

Boyerne City, Mich.

Phone No. 116, 3r.

### STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$2000

Officers:

W. P. Porter, President

W. L. French, Vice Pres.

Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier

B. A. Dole, Ass't Cashier

Directors: W. P. Porter, W. L. French,

Chas. M. Schaffer, F. M. Severance,

M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroebel, Fred

Smith, Clark Haire, Geo. G. Glenn.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

### WILSON

Crops are suffering for rain.

Mildred Winstone is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Elmer Hayner and children visited at White's Camp several days last week.

The farmers are much discouraged over their pea-crop, many not getting their seed back.

Two threshing machines were working in Wilson the past week, Houston's and Frank Lillac's.

Chas. Burch has returned to Wilson after spending several weeks with relatives in the state of New York.

Mrs. E. L. Nowlan's father, who has been staying with her for several months, returned to Nebraska recently.

Anthony Brown has been enjoying a visit from his father and another gentleman from the south part of the state.

Mrs. A. R. Nowlan was quite ill the first of this week. Her daughter, Grace Collins of Boyne City, has been stopping with her for a few days.

Miss Minnie Simons, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. E. L. Nowlan for several weeks, returned to her home in Cadillac last week.

Wilson Grange met in regular session last Saturday evening, a goodly number being present. After a short business meeting one candidate was initiated in the first two degrees of the order, following by an interesting program. Chairman of the dance committee announced a dance to be held at the hall this week Saturday night. Everybody welcome. Henry Korthose and Miss Minnie McGeorge of Deer Lake Grange were welcome visitors during the evening.

Served as coffee, the new coffee substitute known to grocers everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, will trick even a coffee expert. Not a grain of real coffee in it either. Pure healthful, toasted grains, malt, nuts, etc. have been so cleverly blended as to give a wonderfully satisfying coffee taste and flavor. And it is "made in a minute," too. No tedious 20 to 30 minutes boiling. G. L. Sherman & Son.

## SAVE WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE

Why does attendance keep up and active buying continue without abatement?

Simply because hundreds have seen that the Lowest Price on merchandise that East Jordan has ever seen is taking place in this store.

Good economic principle says that you should buy all your present wants and lay in a stock for future needs.

Come in and look them over. Much goodness to you by doing so.

## L. WIESMAN

### Big 5c and 10c Sale Now On

To make room for our Holiday line, we must clear the shelves, and in order to do this we are obliged to put many articles that are worth 25c on the 10c counter and many worth 15 and 10 cents on the 5c counter. Now is your time to investigate our counters and not wait until your neighbors come and tell you what beautiful things they got for 10 cents.

Harper's Novelty Bazaar.

**VANDA ENOS AND HER GIRLS**

An Evening of Music Song and Story Recital

The World's Greatest WOMAN VIOLINIST

VANDA ENOS gave us a delightful surprise. Her soft, melodic tones, extraordinary technique and wonderful bowing astounded.  
—Detroit Tribune.

VANDA ENOS is certainly the greatest of all the great violinists.  
—Brooklyn, N. Y. Sentinel.

The greatest treat this section of the South ever had was given by Vanda Enos, the celebrated "WIZARD VIOLINIST."  
—Times Union, Jacksonville, Fla.

## Canning Time Is Here

And We Are Ready With a Complete Line of

SPICES—All Kinds

CIDER SAVERS

PARAFFINE

SEALING WAX

CONDIMENTS

Everything You Need In This Work.

## PAYTON'S PHARMACY

Opera House, Monday, Aug. 30th

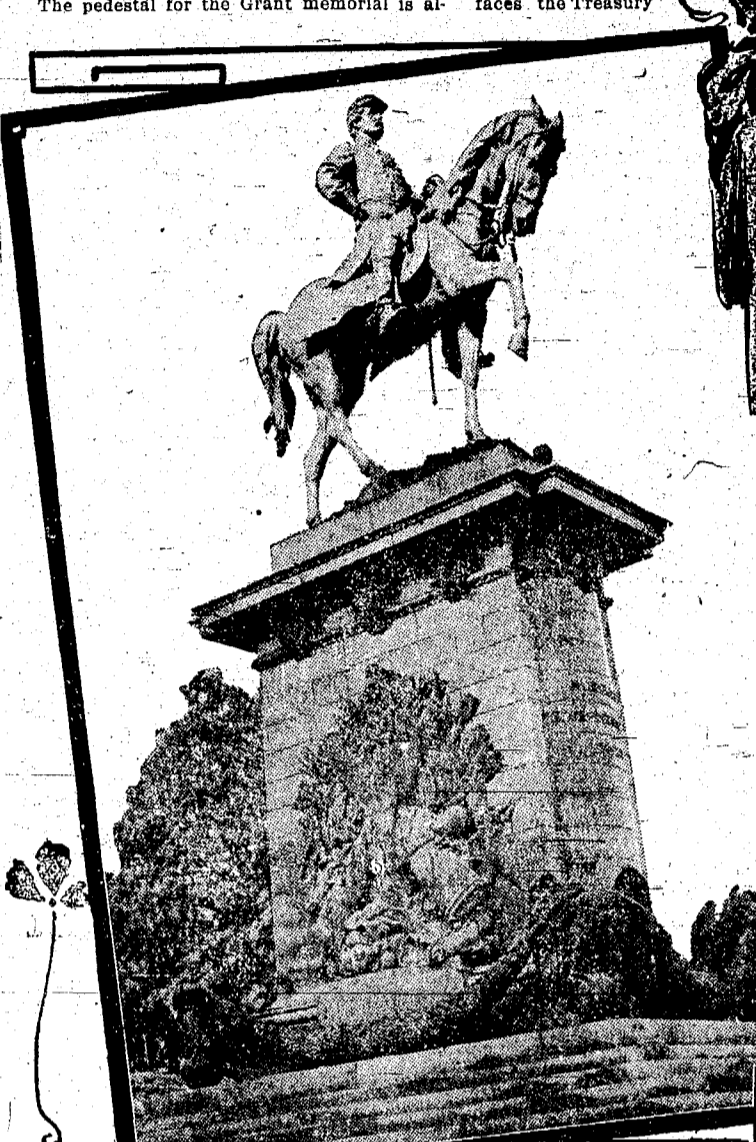


# THE NATION'S TRIBUTE TO ITS WARRIORS

By EDWARD B. CLARK COPYRIGHT 1909 BY W.A. PATTERSON

WASHINGTON.—In the fall the Grant monument in the Botanical garden of Washington will be unveiled and dedicated. It is to be the most imposing statue in the capital city, fit, it is said, to do full justice to the memory of the foremost soldier who fought on the side of the Union.

The pedestal for the Grant memorial is also the purposes of remembrance of the nation's great. The statue of Gen. Sherman, an equestrian memorial, was unveiled five years ago. It faces the Treasury



STATUE OF GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, WASHINGTON, D.C.

ready in place and is nearing completion. Its base is a huge square of stone with smaller stones superimposed so that the ascent to the statue proper will be by a succession of steps, though it is perhaps needless to say that the pedestal will not be given over to the uses of a stairway. At each corner of the base there is a lion couchant. The beasts have been shrouded to keep their bronze beauty hidden from the eyes of the multitude until the day comes to show the memorial in its completion.

The union general will be shown mounted on one of his favorite horses. It is said that the model of the horse shows lines that are as near perfection as art can make them. If the general's mount is as spirited and effective as the bronze horse shown in the memorial to Gen. Thomas on Thomas circle in this city, it will leave nothing to be desired. The horse of Gen. Thomas is said to be the most perfect creature ever cast in metal.

The commission which had in charge the memorial to Gen. Grant had many difficulties to overcome before a site was selected. There was great objection to the placing of the statue in the Botanical garden, which is directly across the street from the grounds of the capitol at the Pennsylvania avenue corner where the peace monument stands. The Washington people, like the people in many other cities of the country, do not take kindly to the erection of stone and bronze memorials in what may be called the public pleasure grounds. They want them all to be placed in the little circles and squares at the intersections of the streets and avenues of the city.

After many meetings and after listening to many protests, the site in the Botanical garden was chosen and approved. In order to make room for the statue two magnificent elms had to be removed. The people mourned the loss of the elms, or rather mourned their prospective loss, for it was decided to transplant the trees, a tremendous undertaking, but one that finally was accomplished. It is too early yet to tell whether the transplanted elms will live or die in their new beds.

It has often been a source of wonder that no statue of Gen. Grant appears in the Memorial hall of the capitol, where each state has memorials of two of its representative sons, or it ought to be said daughters, for one woman appears in Memorial hall in marble.

Grant was born in Ohio, but he went to the war from Galena, Ill., and his first command during the early days of civil strife was an Illinois regiment. Lincoln is also claimed by Illinois, but the legislature of the state in selecting persons to be honored in Memorial hall at the capitol chose Gen. James A. Shields and Miss Willard, who was the president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

In a short time Virginia will place in Memorial hall a statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee. There have been those who have thought and said that both Lee and Grant, the two great commanders in the civil war, should have places in Memorial hall, but as neither Ohio, the place of Grant's birth, nor Illinois, the place of his adoption, has seen fit to honor him the chances are that his statue never will find a place in the hall, which once was used as the assembly place of the representatives of congress and which is now given over to

building from the south, and it is one of the most notable public memorials in the city of Washington, although it is true that fault has been found with a few minor details of the execution.

Sheridan's statue, representing "Little Phil" as he appeared at the battle of Winchester when rallying his troops to turn again to the attack, stands in a little green circle on Massachusetts avenue. The Sheridan memorial has been in place less than a year. The widow of the Shenandoah campaigner lives in a house the windows of which overlook the memorial of her husband.

It is curious perhaps that the memorials to the three greatest generals of the civil war who fought on the side of the north were not erected until many years after soldiers of less fame had been remembered. The statue of Gen. McPherson has stood for years in the public square named for this soldier, who was killed in the battle of Atlanta. Gen. Thomas "the rock of Chickamauga," was remembered in bronze nearly 30 years ago. Admirals Farragut and Dupont have represented the sea service of

their country in memorial form in Washington for years. The statue of John A. Logan, the civilian soldier, has had a place in the nation's capital for a long time. Hancock was not forgotten and neither were some eight or ten other officers whose fame was bright, but which never shone with the extraordinary luster of that of Grant or Sherman.

There are scores of memorials of various kinds in Washington. Foreign nations are represented. In Lafayette square are the statues of the Frenchmen Lafayette and Rochambeau, who came to the aid of the colonies in their struggle against Great Britain.

Before long there will be two other statues in the square, one to the honor of Pulaski and another to Steuben. When these memorials are in place Lafayette square will contain five bronze figures. Lafayette, Rochambeau, Pulaski, Steuben and Andrew Jackson. The Jackson statue stands in the center of the park, while each of the Frenchmen has a corner to himself. The other corners will be occupied by the Pole and the German.

Emperor William about six years ago presented to the United States a statue of Frederick the Great. It was dedicated with impressive ceremonies Nov. 19, 1904. It was unveiled by the Baroness Speck von Sternberg, wife of the German ambassador, and was presented



LA FAYETTE STATUE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

STATUE OF GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN, WASHINGTON, D.C.



STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

and that soon "something would be doing." Since that attempt to damage the memorial of the great Frederick a strict guard has been maintained about the statue.

Representative Bartholdt of Missouri at the next session of congress will champion a measure intended to change the name of Lafayette square to Independence square and he will ask that the memorial to Gen. Jackson, which stands in the center of the park shall be replaced by one of George Washington. Mr. Bartholdt thinks that the name Lafayette square gives too much prominence to a man of one nationality, while there were men of other nationalities also to be remembered by statues in the park who gave just as much service to the struggling colonies.

The Missouri congressman thinks that in a sense Lafayette square makes an invidious distinction. Lafayette holds a peculiar place in the affections of Americans, and though it may be without right or reason, he is known much better to the people than either Steuben or Pulaski. There will be opposition to the change in the name of the square, but as Lafayette is remembered in bronze at its most commanding corner it may be that Mr. Bartholdt is right in contending that the double honor is too much to give one man.

General Steuben's service to the American patriots hardly can be estimated. It was not so much his aid in actual battle as his teaching of drill regulations and tactics and his imparting to the revolutionary officers of the art of maintaining efficient discipline that brought him fame and the honor of the leaders of the revolutionary cause.

at by his favor to the American people, but except in a few instances this query took the form of good-natured curiosity rather than of resentment.

On the afternoon of January 10, 1905, an attempt was made to blow up the statue of Frederick the Great. No serious damage resulted and there were those who thought that a practical joker had been at work, but the force of the explosion was such as to show that the joke, if joke it were, was a decidedly serious matter. Threats had been made from time to time by anonymous letter writers to blow up the statue, but little attention was paid to them. The tenor of the written threats was to the effect that no monarch ought to be remembered in the capital city of a republic,

## COULDN'T GET SI TO ENTHUSE

Hired Man's Remarks Could Hardly Be Said to Be in Nature of Compliment.

The young lawyer, having been nominated for the office of county attorney, thought to surprise an eccentric genius by the name of Si who was working as a hired man on the young lawyer's father's farm.

"Well, Si, what do you think?" the young man began.

"Sometimes one thing, Lonny, an' sometimes nother."

"But, Si, they have nominated me for county attorney."

"They might 'a' done worse, Lonny. Howsomever, don't holler till you're out of the woods."

The young attorney was duly elected, and on his next visit to the farm announced the fact unctuously to Si, who was at the woodpile, saw in hand.

"Well, Si, I am elected by a large majority. What do you think of that?"

"Well, Lonny, down in our parts where I was raised, when we wanted a stopper, 'n' hadn't any cork, we generally took a corn cob."—Youth's Companion.

## THE OBJECT HE HAD IN VIEW

Farmer Had Not Much Expectation of Turkeys, But He Was Not Losing Anything.

A Rhode Island farmer set a bantam hen on 14 turkey eggs, and great was the scandal thereof throughout the neighborhood. Friends from far and near dropped in for to see and for to admire the freakish feat.

"Say, Silas," asked envious Hiram Haggars, "haoy many turkeys d' yew cal'late ter git outer them aigs?"

"Oh, shucks!" Silas answered. "I ain't cal'latin' t' git many turkeys. I jest admire t' see that pesky little critter a-spreadin' herself."—Harper's Weekly.

## COMFORTING.



Man in the Water—Help! Help! I'm drowning!

Droll Gent—What! you don't need help to drown, man.

## The Thrifty Scot.

A Scotsman and his wife were coming from Leith to London by boat. When off the Yorkshire coast a great storm arose and the vessel had several narrow escapes from foundering.

"Oh, Sandy," moaned his wife, "I'm na' afeard o' deelin', but I dinna care to dee at sea."

"Dinna think o' deelin' yet," answered Sandy; "but when ye do, ye'd better be drowned at sea than anywhere else."

"An' why, Sandy?" asked his wife. "Why?" exclaimed Sandy. "Because ye wouldn't cost sae muckle to bury."

## Pathos in a Fire Report.

In the annual report of the fire marshal of Kentucky the following extract is not without a suggestion of "Little Boy Blue."

"Among the odds and ends of the attic, usually are vanished furniture, rags smeared with grease to take fire themselves, painting oils liable to take fire when the sun beats on the roof, and broken toys of children who are grown and gone away, or who went to sleep long ago."

## SURPRISED HIM

Doctor's Test of Food.

A doctor in Kansas experimented with his boy in a test of food and gives the particulars. He says:

"I naturally watch the effect of different foods on patients. My own little son, a lad of four, had been ill with pneumonia and during his convalescence did not seem to care for any kind of food.

"I knew something of Grape-Nuts and its rather fascinating flavor, and particularly of its nourishing and nerve-building powers, so I started the boy on Grape-Nuts and found from the first dish that he liked it.

"His mother gave it to him steadily and he began to improve at once. In less than a month he had gained about eight pounds and soon became so well and strong we had no further anxiety about him.

"An old patient of mine, 73 years old, came down with serious stomach trouble and before I was called had got so weak he could eat almost nothing, and was in a serious condition. He had tried almost every kind of food for the sick without avail.

"I immediately put him on Grape-Nuts with good, rich milk and just a little pinch of sugar. He exclaimed when I came next day 'Why doctor I never ate anything so good or that made me feel so much stronger.'

"I am pleased to say that he got well on Grape-Nuts, but he had to stick to it for two or three weeks, then he began to branch out a little with rice or an egg or two. He got entirely well in spite of his almost hopeless condition. He gained 22 pounds in two months which at his age is remarkable.

"I could quote a list of cases where Grape-Nuts has worked wonders."

"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.



# THE NATION'S TRIBUTE TO ITS WARRIORS

By EDWARD B. CLARK COPYRIGHT 1909 BY WALTER PATTERSON

WASHINGTON.—In the fall the Grant monument in the Botanical garden of Washington will be unveiled and dedicated. It is to be the most imposing statue in the capital city, fit, it is said, to do full justice to the memory of the foremost soldier who fought on the side of the Union.

The purposes of remembrance of the nation's great. The statue of Gen. Sherman, an equestrian memorial, was unveiled five years ago. It faces the Treasury

on behalf of the emperor by his personal envoy, the German ambassador. President Roosevelt made the principal address of the day, accepting the bronze figure on behalf of the American people. Other addresses were made by Lieut.-Gen. Chaf-

at by his favor to the American people, but except in a few instances this query took the form of good-natured curiosity rather than of resentment.

On the afternoon of January 10, 1905, an attempt was made to blow up the statue of Frederick the Great. No serious damage resulted and there were those who thought that a practical joker had been at work, but the force of the explosion was such as to show that the joke, if joke it were, was a decidedly serious matter. Threats had been made from time to time by anonymous letter writers to blow up the statue, but little attention was paid to them. The tenor of the written threats was to the effect that no monarch ought to be remembered in the capital city of a republic.

## COULDN'T GET SI TO 'ENTHUSE

Hired Man's Remarks Could Hardly Be Said to Be in Nature of Compliment

The young lawyer, having been nominated for the office of county attorney, thought to surprise an eccentric genius by the name of Si who was working as a hired man on the young lawyer's father's farm.

"Well, Si, what do you think?" the young man began.

"Sometimes one thing, Lonny, an' sometimes 'nothin'."

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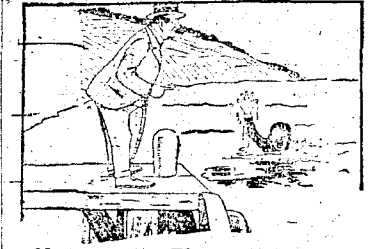
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STATUE OF GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, WASHINGTON, D.C.

ready in place and is nearing completion. Its base is a huge square of stone with smaller stones superimposed so that the ascent to the statue proper will be by a succession of steps, though it is perhaps needless to say that the pedestal will not be given over to the uses of a stairway. At each corner of the base there is a lion couchant. The beasts have been shrouded to keep their bronze beauty hidden from the eyes of the multitude until the day comes to show the memorial in its completion.

The union general will be shown mounted on one of his favorite horses. It is said that the model of the horse shows lines that are as near perfection as art can make them. If the general's mount is as spirited and effective as the bronze horse shown in the memorial to Gen. Thomas on Thomas circle in this city, it will leave nothing to be desired. The name of Gen. Thomas is said to be the most popular creature ever cast in metal.

The commission which had in charge the memorial to Gen. Grant had many difficulties to overcome before a site was selected. There was great objection to the placing of the statue in the Botanical garden, which is directly across the street from the grounds of the capitol at the Pennsylvania avenue corner where the peace monument stands. The Washington people, like the people in many other cities of the country, do not take kindly to the erection of stone and bronze memorials in what may be called the public pleasure grounds. They want them all to be placed in the little circles and squares at the intersections of the streets and avenues of the city.

After many meetings and after listening to many protests, the site in the Botanical garden was chosen and approved. In order to make room for the statue two magnificent elms had to be removed. The people mourned the loss of the elms, or rather mourned their prospective loss, for it was decided to transplant the trees in tremendous undertaking, but one that finally was accomplished. It is too early yet to tell whether the transplanted elms will live or die in their new beds.

It has often been a source of wonder that no statue of Gen. Grant appears in the Memorial hall of the capitol, where each state has memorials of two of its representative sons, or it ought to be said daughters, for one woman appears in Memorial hall in marble.

Grant was born in Ohio, but he went to the war from Galena, Ill., and his first command during the early days of civil strife was an Illinois regiment. Lincoln is also claimed by Illinois, but the legislature of the state in selecting persons to be honored in Memorial hall at the capitol chose Gen. James A. Shields and Miss Willard, who was the president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

In a short time Virginia will place in Memorial hall a statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee. There have been those who have thought and said that both Lee and Grant, the two great commanders in the civil war, should have places in Memorial hall, but as neither Ohio, the place of Grant's birth, nor Illinois, the place of his adoption, has seen fit to honor him the chances are that his statue never will find a place in the hall, which once was used as an assembly place of the representatives of the states, and which is now given over to

building from the south, and it is one of the most notable public memorials in the city of Washington, although it is true that fault has been found with a few minor details of the execution.

Sheridan's statue, representing "Little Phil" as he appeared at the battle of Winchester when rallying his troops to turn again to the attack, stands in a little green circle on Massachusetts avenue. The Sheridan memorial has been in place less than a year. The widow of the Shenandoah campaigner lives in a house the windows of which overlook the memorial of her husband.

It is curious perhaps that the memorials to the three greatest generals of the civil war who fought on the side of the north were not erected until many years after soldiers of less fame had been remembered. The statue of Gen. MePherson has stood for years in the public square named for this soldier, who was killed in the battle of Atlanta. Gen. Thomas "the rock of Chickamauga," was remembered in bronze nearly 20 years ago. Admirals Farragut and Deynott have represented the sea service of their country in memorial form in Washington for years. The statue of John A. Logan, the civilian soldier, has had a place in the nation's capital for a long time. Hancock was not forgotten and neither were some eight or ten other officers whose fame was bright, but which never shone with the extraordinary luster of that of Grant or Sherman.

There are scores of memorials of various kinds in Washington. Foreign nations are represented. In Lafayette square are the statues of the Frenchmen Lafayette and Rochambeau, who came to the aid of the colonies in their struggle against Great Britain.

Before long there will be two other statues in the square, one to the honor of Pulaski and another to Steuben. When these memorials are in place Lafayette square will contain five bronze figures, Lafayette, Rochambeau, Pulaski, Steuben and Andrew Jackson. The Jackson statue stands in the center of the park, while each of the Frenchmen has a corner to himself. The other corners will be occupied by the Pole and the German.

Emperor William about six years ago presented to the United States a statue of Frederick the Great. It was dedicated with impressive ceremonies Nov. 19, 1901. It was unveiled by the Baroness Speck von Sternberg, wife of the German ambassador, and was presented



STATUE OF GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN, WASHINGTON, D.C.

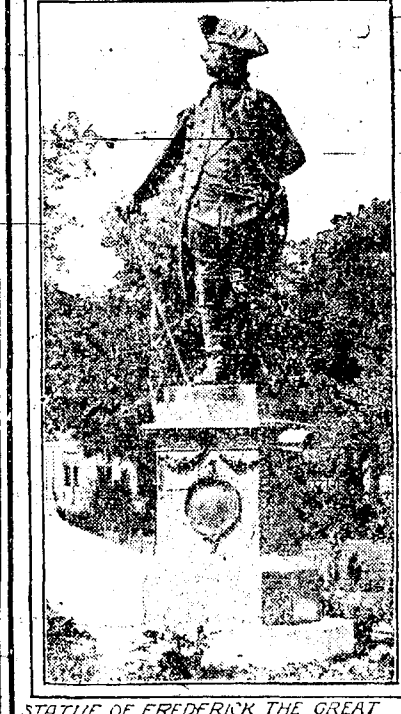


LA FAYETTE STATUE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

by the chief of staff; Maj.-Gen. Gillespie, of the general staff and master of ceremonies, and by Lieut.-Gen. von Loewenfeld, one of the special commissioners sent to the unveiling by the Kaiser. An address was also made by Charlemagne Tower, American ambassador to Germany.

Seldom has the national capital witnessed a more brilliant and distinguished assembly than that which gathered on the esplanade of the army war college around the pedestal of Emperor William's gift. On the president's stand were seated the president and the members of his cabinet, the German ambassador and Baroness Speck von Sternberg and other distinguished persons. On the stand to the right and left of the statue were the officers of the army and navy in full dress uniform, members of the supreme court, members of congress and a number of distinguished invited guests.

Germany's gift created considerable unfavorable comment throughout the country on the part of the foreign population, with no particular love for the emperor. The Poles were especially critical and Polish societies throughout the country met to protest against the United States accepting the present from royalty. The local Polish societies joined in the protest. There were many others who wondered what Emperor William was aiming



STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

and that soon "something would be going." Since that attempt to damage the memorial of the great Frederick a strict guard has been maintained about the statue.

Representative Bartholdt of Missouri at the next session of congress will champion a measure intended to change the name of Lafayette square to Independence square and he will ask that the memorial to Gen. Jackson, which stands in the center of the park shall be replaced by one of George Washington. Mr. Bartholdt thinks that the name Lafayette square gives too much prominence to a man of one nationality, while there were men of other nationalities also to be remembered by statues in the park who gave just as much service to the struggling colonies.

The Missouri congressman thinks that in a sense Lafayette square makes an invidious distinction. Lafayette holds a peculiar place in the affections of Americans, and though it may be without right or reason, he is known much better to the people than either Steuben or Pulaski. There will be opposition to the change in the name of the square, but as Lafayette is remembered in bronze at its most commanding corner it may be that Mr. Bartholdt is right in contending that the double honor is too much to give one man.

General Steuben's service to the American patriots hardly can be estimated. It was not so much his aid in actual battle as his teaching of drill regulations and tactics and his imparting of the revolutionary officers of the art of maintaining efficient discipline that brought him fame and the honor of the leaders of the revolutionary cause.



# Angel Paradise

By George Edwin Hunt

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.) Lonesome Lintblum and I sat in comfortable leather chairs before the open fireplace in the club rotunda. The talk had been of Paradise—Paradise, Arizona, where Lonesome had spent some years as cow-puncher and miser before he made his stake. In his hand was a letter from Big Bill Jernigan, an old comrade of those days, now known as the Hon. William Jernigan, member of congress from the sovereign state of Montana. Lonesome was reminiscent, and when Lonesome is reminiscent it behooves his friends to keep silence and give heed. I knew my cue, and this story was my reward:

The Hon. William Jernigan! Think of it! Old long-legged Big Bill Jernigan! Well, there's heaps worse at Washington, Did I ever tell you about the time Bill and I made faces at each other? No? It happened at Paradise. You remember what Saturday was at Paradise. Town full of punchers and miners, the punchers and miners full of liquor and devilment, and the bartenders full of business. Bill and I had been up all night, tucking Three Fingers Pete's faro game, and were far from well. Bill made the bets and played look-out for us. Things broke bad, and along about ten o'clock in the morning we quit and were standing at the bar. Bill had a grouch on more than a foot thick, and at that I think mine had his beat a block. So it was just perfectly natural that nothing either of us said would suit the other. I expressed a desire for corned beef hash and red pepper for breakfast, and what Bill said about my gastronomic ideas was scandalous. Then Bill said he saw a fellow in a stock company in Denver the winter before that was a better actor than Edwin Booth. I never knew Edwin Booth, but I resented Bill's slur on his memory most deeply. Finally Bill said he could rope, throw and tie more steers in ten minutes than any man in Arizona, and that settled it.



Stood There a Moment, Calmly Surveying Things.

I retorted some acrimonious. Bill was not polite. Diplomatic relations were busted, and one of us called the other a liar. I don't remember which one it was, but that makes no difference now.

The room was full of the boys, some playing cards and some at the bar, where Three Fingers Pete and Dutch Henry were serving drinks. When Bill and I stepped back and dropped our hands to our guns, they all respected our feelings and acted according. Dutch and Pete stepped to the floor behind the bar. Seven or eight of the boys broke for the safe.

"Now, make no mistake—but you won't, because you know those boys. They wasn't afraid; you couldn't scare those fellows. But they had sense. If Bill and I had a difference of opinion, that was our business, not theirs. And if we wanted to settle it by shooting holes in each other, that also was our business. So they ducked."

I knew there wasn't any use trying to fool around and shoot Bill in the leg or arm. I'd seen Bill shoot when he thought he had to shoot, and under those circumstances Bill shot straight and quick, mind you, mighty quick. So I decided the only thing that would leave me behind to herd the elusive maverick and eat the base-born hominy and hog was to beat him to it, and I had a sneaking notion that I was just a little bit quicker on the draw and pull than he was.

We stood there maybe ten seconds—it seemed to me like an hour—looking each other in the eye, both crazy mad. Well, my nerves would have twisted up in little knots in about five seconds more, and I would have probably done something foolish and Bill would have potted me, but just before I blew up a voice at the saloon door said: "Hello!" soft and sweet, and "retardo" on the "lo."

Now, if that had been a man's voice neither of us would have paid any attention to it, or else we would have both turned in and licked the everlasting daylight out of him for interfering with two gentlemen who were trying to settle a scientific difference—according to how mad we were. But it wasn't. On the contrary, quite the reverse. I saw Bill's glance waver, and I knew Bill couldn't shoot a man that wasn't looking, any more than he could wear a stiff collar; so, my curiosity being some aroused, I turned toward the door.

I almost hate to tell you, it was so lovely. There on the top step, just

inside the screen door, was the sweetest, cleanest, prettiest girl baby you ever saw. All dressed up in a white lawn suit, with a blue sash, white half-hose that showed her dimpled knees and fat little legs, white shoes, and a white bonnet with a lace frill around the front, tied under her dimpled chin with a big white ribbon. Gee! but she was the prettiest little thing that ever struck Arizona, bar none. I took one look and said: "Angel, angel!" You see, I went daffy at once.

"Hello!" she repeated as she looked round the room. "It is a game? Oh I see. I spy!" Then she paddled over to the end of the bar, pointed one fat little finger at Pap Johnson behind the ice-box, shouted gleefully: "I spy!" and ran to Bill Jernigan. She slapped old Bill on his chap-covered legs and said:

"One, two, free for you! Now you are it! All the rest is home free." Then she threw both arms around Bill's left leg and waited for the boys to come "home." You ought to have seen Bill. He looked at me sort of dazed like, then looked down at the baby, then looked away far off somewhere, and said in a faint whisper: "Well, I'm darned!" And if he said it once he said it 20 times. Just stood there like a human hitching-post, and phonograph combined and said: "Well, I'm darned!"

The boys all gathered round from their safety corners, looking as sheepish as if the teacher had caught them chewing gum, but I was too much interested in Angel to pay any attention to them then. I always was fond of dogs and children and things like that. I knelt down, so as to get some-where near on a level with that little white bonnet, and asked:

"Whose little girl are you, honey?" "Mamma's," was the prompt reply. "I'd bet a stack of blue on that," said I. "But what's your name?" "Anna Louise, thank you."

"You're welcome. All right. I'll believe that, even. Anna Louise goes with me, but Anna Louise what?" "Nuffin, jes' Anna Louise."

"And where is mamma?" "Oh, she's right over there," and she waved her hand vaguely around to embrace most three-quarters of the compass. Then she proposed breathlessly: "Let's play Lannon Bridge. It's the mosiest fun!"

We told her we would like to but that we had forgotten how. Bill then swung her up on the bar and gravely asked her what she would have to drink. She wanted soda-water and we all took the same, although some of the boys objected.

When the drinks were all in hand I got on a chair and made an eloquent, ornate and highly popular speech, in which I said that never before had I seen the wisdom of naming our thriving municipality "Paradise," and that at times it had seemed to me the party or parties naming it must have gotten mixed on their Scripture or else have waxed sarcastic; but that now, a great light, the bright white light of truth, had busted in on my alleged intellect, and illuminated the inmost recesses of an ever sluggish mind ("Hear, hear!" from the boys).

An Angel had come to Paradise, I said, a sweet little angel straight from heaven, or St. Louis, or somewhere. Her given name might be Anna Louise, as she told us, but if so it was a mistake. Angel she was, and Angel she must be. And inasmuch as she had no other name, according to her own statement, a statement I presumed no gentleman present would doubt (loud cries of "No, no!" from the boys), I took the liberty of giving her the name of the fair city she had honored with her presence, and proposed a toast to "Angel Paradise."

Well, you never saw a toast excite such enthusiasm—certainly not one drunk in soda-water. As we finished the drink, the door opened with some violence, and a chap rushed in, clad in spats, a white waistcoat, a stiff collar, a derby hat, and some other useless outer habiliments. His glance fell on Angel, and he yelled: "Me child, me child!"

Angel stood there on the bar, waving a chubby hand, and said: "Hello, pop!"

After he had calmed down, he introduced himself as Mr. Hawthorne of Boston, who was touring Arizona for his wife's health. He explained that he had stopped at the Cowboy's Retreat for a few hours' rest, and Angel had wandered away.

So Bill turned to Angel and said: "Come, sister, get on my shoulder, and it's us for mamma." Then he swung Angel up and strode out of the saloon. Papa introduced us to mamma and explained we were friends of his that had found Angel and looked after her. They were just starting for Tucson in the hotel surry, and we were soon forced to say good-by to our little Angel Paradise. The blessed little baby patted old Bill on the cheek and said: "I love 'oo," and then, seeing I looked disappointed, which I was, she graciously said: "An' 'oo, too. An' all of 'oo," as she took us all in with a wave of the hand. And the last we saw of her, she was flitting mamma's handkerchief from the back of the surry as it disappeared in the dust around the bend.

On our way back to Pete's, Bill put his arm around my shoulders and said:

"Lonesome, I'm some fond of red pepper on hash myself."

I grinned a little and he went on: "And Lonesome, come to think it over, that fellow was a rotten bad actor, anyhow."

We had reached Pete's and were just going in when he squeezed me a little:

"Furthermore, Lonesome, when I was talkin' about ropin' steers I expected you in my mind all the time."

And we never did finish that fight

# KILLS BIG BEAR IN HARD FIGHT

FARMER CAUGHT BY ANGRY MOTHER CARRYING OFF CUB IN HIS POCKET.

YOUNG ONE SAVES HIS LIFE

Bruin Ceases Hugging When She Discovers She Is Hurting It, Allowing Hunter to Use Knife and Save His Life.

Bangor, Me.—Maine's rocky sheep pastures have been filled with great flocks of Southdowns and Shropshires ever since the heavy tariff duties on wool and woollen goods. Incidentally the tariff has afforded great encouragement to several hundreds of lean and greedy bears.

Last season the farmers of Clifton lost about 30 sheep, killed by bears, and charged up to dogs, because the state pays full value for sheep killed by dogs, while the havoc wrought by bears is a dead loss.

George Archer's wife recently went to the barn to feed her hens and found a good-sized bear making a dinner off the carcass of a fat ewe he had just killed. Though Mrs. Archer is Boston bred and had never seen a wild animal bigger than a gray squirrel, she looked at the twin lambs whose mother was rapidly disappearing down the bear's throat, and being an orphan herself, caught up the pitchfork and prodded the bear so vigorously that he made a hasty retreat.

The next morning Sam Penny found a dead sheep in his yard and plenty of bear tracks. Thomas Hussey lost two sheep the same night, and Joseph Chick four pigs.

The neighborhood was fighting mad. Rusty bear traps were filled and oiled, strychnine was bought and everybody loaded his gun. A hunt of two days



Picked Up the Pitchfork and Prodded the Bear.

and one night ended in disaster and disappointment.

Fifty hunters surrounded Chick's Hill, where the bear was supposed to be in a cave, and began to smoke him out. The wind spread the flames until the whole hill was in a blaze. By the time the fire was put out they had forgotten about the bear and were glad to go home.

Early the next morning, while the hunters slept, a she-bear broke into the sheep pen of George Patten, killed a fat sheep and dragged it off to the woods. A mile from Patten's place she was joined by two cubs and the family sat down to breakfast.

Believing the bear would come back to the pen the following night a party of six hunters concealed themselves and waited. About ten o'clock they heard her on the hillside above. She would come down almost within gunshot, when her cubs would cry and she would hurry back.

Jack Gihpatrick made a wide detour and came upon the cubs when their mother was away. Catching up one and putting it in the pocket of his hunting jacket, he started full speed down the hill away from the men on guard, the cub squealing at full lung power. The mother with a plaintive cry started in pursuit. As he entered the open pasture land he turned about, rifle in hand, ready to shoot the old bear if she came out. Something hit his arm, whirling his rifle a rod away, and he was gathered into the great hairy arms of mother bear.

They fell the bear on top, biting holes through Jack's cap and taking up a furrow of scalp with every nip. Jack freed his right arm and caught her by the throat. The cub, squeezed nearly to death by mother's hugs, was yelling lustily, which made his parent furious. She clawed a wide rent in Jack's canvas coat, digging deep into the flesh of her offspring. Jack says he owes his life to this act of fury, for no sooner had she discovered she was hurting the cub than she ceased hugging.

Having both arms free Jack pulled his hunting knife and cut her throat. Jack placed the badly squeezed cub under its mother's nose. She gave a glad cry of recognition, and licked it fondly until she expired.

With the wounded orphan in his arms Jack found the other cub, and, bleeding and sore from many flesh wounds, limped off to find his fellow hunters.

# VERY ABRUPT.



Spring Post—Yes, sir; I can write about anything, sir.  
Irate Editor—Well, then, suppose you just right-about-face and head for the door.

# SKIN ERUPTION CURED.

Was So Sore, Irritating and Painful That Little Sufferer Could Not Sleep—Scatched Constantly.

Cuticura's Efficacy Clearly Proven.

"When about two and a half years old my daughter broke out on her hips and the upper parts of her legs with a very irritating and painful eruption. It began in October; the first I noticed was a little red surface and a constant desire on her part to scratch her limbs. She could not sleep and the eruptions got sore, and yellow water came out of them. I had two doctors treat her, but she grew worse under their treatment. Then I bought the Cuticura Remedies and only used them two weeks when she was entirely well. This was in February. She has never had another rough place on her skin, and she is now fourteen years old. Mrs. R. R. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1908.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

# His Preference.

Commander Maxwell of the navy enjoys telling of an unique complaint preferred by a recruit.

On every man-of-war the bar of justice is aft in front of the "stick," or mast. The recruit had gone to the stick to "state" his grievance. "Well, what do you want?" asked the executive officer.

"Please, sir, I want to complain of the breakfast this morning."

"What did you have?"

"Burgoo, crack-hash, hard tack and coffee, sir."

"What did you expect?"

"Please, sir, I always like to start my breakfast with a nice steak and a pair of eggs."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

# Reputations.

"The Autocrat," remarked the Recordite Person, "made a remark the import of which escaped me until the other day. He said: 'Many a man has a reputation because of the reputation he expects to have some day.'"

"That's not a half bad remark," suggested the Practical Person, "but my son—just out from college, you know, and in the habit of thinking hump-backed thoughts, as it were—said something only this morning that appealed to me: 'Some men,' he said, 'get a reputation and keep it; other men get a reputation and make it keep them.'"

# Neatly Put.

Two Quakers were having an argument and one considered the other was speaking falsely. This is how he reproved him:

"Friend Thomas, I will not call thee by any bad name, but if the mayor were to ask me who was the greatest liar in the town I would hasten to thee and say: 'Thomas, I think the mayor greatly desireth to speak with thee.'"

Some are vocal under a good influence, are pleasing whenever they are pleased, and hand on their happiness to others.—R. L. Stevenson.

# CALLING DOWN THE BOASTER

Good Little Story Told by William Dean Howells as a Rebuke to Spread-Eagles.

"It was William Dean Howells," said a Chicago editor, "who first rebuked us Americans for our spread-eagles, for our foolish boasting. I see that Mr. Howells has just joined a men's society for the promotion of woman suffrage." Trust him to be in the forefront always.

"I once heard Mr. Howells deliver a fourth of July oration in Maine. The orator preceding him had boasted a good deal. Mr. Howells showed that some of the man's boasts were even impious.

"He said that these spread-eagle boasters deserved the rebuke that the little child administered to the cackling hen that had just laid an egg. The child, angered by the hen's continuous caw-caw-caw, caw-caw-caw-caw, shook his little finger at her and said:

"You fink you're smart. But Dod made dat egg. You touldn't help but lay it!"

# WAS HE RIGHT.



Mrs. Rant—Do you think men are more clever than women?  
Mr. Rant—Some men are.  
Mrs. Rant—Who are they?  
Mr. Rant—Single men.

# He Bit.

The city man was joggling on toward the summer boarding-house in a rickety old wagon. The driver was glum and far from entertaining, and the city man felt rather lonely.

"Fine field over there," he ventured, after a long silence.

"Fine," granted the driver.

"Who owns it?"

"Old man Bitt."

"Old man Bitt, eh? Who are those children stacking up hay?"

"Old man Bitt's boys."

"And what is his idea in having them out there in the field such a hot day?"

"Wal, I reckon he thinks every little Bitt helps, stranger. Anything else you want to know? Get up here, hosses."

# Have No Use for Pins.

All American exporters concerned are warned by Consul-General Denby that they'll never get rich by selling pins to the people of Shanghai. "The Chinese have no use for pins," he says, "strings and knots and loops meeting every requirement of male and female, young and old, to keep his or her garments securely and neatly fastened."

# Best Clubs for a Youth.

They tell a story in Wall street that Mr. Morgan once replied to a young friend, who had asked him what were the best clubs to belong to in New York. "Young man, the very best clubs to devote your time to are Indian clubs."

It is a mother's duty to keep constantly on hand some reliable remedy for use in case of sudden accident or mishap to the children. Hamlin's Wizard Oil can be depended upon for just such emergencies.

When a fellow begins to feel that he couldn't live without a certain girl, he ought to marry her and see.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Gifts to God can never make up for thefts from men.



# A Tonic For The Whole Family

This splendid tonic will keep every member of your family in good health. Adults suffering from dyspepsia, or indigestion, general exhaustion or breakdown will find in this natural tonic renewed health and strength. Delicate, rapidly growing children will find in this tonic the assistance their digestive organs need to get the proper nourishment and strength from their food.

# DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

acts directly on the stomach and other digestive organs, toning them up and enabling them to do their work properly. In this way it brings about permanent health and strength. On the other hand, ordinary strength which gives artificial strength by stimulation and supplying food material, are only effective as long as they are taken.

Sold by All Druggists—3 sizes, 50c, and 25c. Take Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorate if you want to get rid of your Cough or Cold.

# SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Dis-eases from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coal-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

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

# Biliousness

"I have used your valuable Cascaret and I find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to everyone. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."—Edward A. Marx, Albany, N.Y.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

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# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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