

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 18, 1909.

No. 38

Dr. Warne Dead

East Jordan's Pioneer Physician Answers Last Call.

Our community was startled, though not greatly surprised, on Monday on receiving telegraphic notice of the death of Dr. F. C. Warne at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. For the last three years his health has been steadily falling in spite of the best aid that could be obtained at Mt. Clemens, Battle Creek and other places; and in the meantime he has been compelled to withdraw from all business responsibilities. A few weeks ago he went to Lake Geneva and placed himself in Dr. King's sanitarium, but the end was too near to be averted. Bright's disease had done its work. He passed away peacefully at about nine o'clock Monday morning, Sept. 13, being conscious in the closing hours.

His son Arthur, in company with George Spencer, immediately left for Lake Geneva to bring home the body and were met at the E. J. & S. station on Wednesday by a committee of business men who accompanied the remains to the family residence. The funeral services were held on Thursday afternoon in charge of the Masonic fraternity of which Dr. Warne was a member. Messrs Sam Coulter, E. J. Crossman, W. P. Squier, Frank Kenyon, W. F. Empey and Carl Stroebel served as pall bearers. Prayer at the house was followed by brief services at the Presbyterian church in charge of the pastor, Rev. A. D. Grigsby. The attendance was very large, the audience filling every part of the house, and a feeling of solemnity and sympathy seemed to rest upon everyone. The floral decorations about the casket and altar were rich and beautiful and the large number of pieces indicated unusually varied sources. The music was furnished by Miss Violet Grigsby, organist, and a quartette consisting of Mrs. Roland Maddock and Miss Stevens and Messrs Roy Sherman and Jack Cuson. Rev. Mr. Grigsby spoke from the text "None of us liveth unto himself," and sought not only to emphasize the value and necessity of the unselfish life if we would properly develop character and fulfill the purpose of living, but also spoke tenderly of the deceased as one whose ministry among us as a physician had been unusually full of kindness and helpfulness to his fellowmen. And the universal testimony of the people of East Jordan who knew Dr. Warne as he was is that he was one of the very kindest and best of men the place has yet known. His loss will be keenly felt and his memory abide thro the years.

The burial services were in charge of the F. & A. M. and carried out after the impressive ritual of the order.

Among those from outside to attend the obsequies were J. J. Warne and daughter of Petoskey, Dr. Elias Humes of Owosso, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gannett of Traverse City, and Miss Mabel Koen of Muskegon.

Dr. Fremont C. Warne was the pioneer physician of East Jordan, coming here twenty seven years ago. He was born in Ovid, Seneca county, N. Y. in 1857. He graduated from the University of Michigan and was united in marriage to Miss DeBota M. A. of Harbor Springs in 1880. Two children were born to the union, Arthur W., and Miss Bessie, who reside at the homestead here. Mrs. Warne preceded her husband to the beyond a little over a year ago. Owing to ill health, Dr. Warne sold his drug store to the F. B. Gannett Co. some two years ago. He was a member of the F. & A. M., K. of P. and M. W. A.

School Officers' Meeting.

Act No. 112 of the Legislature of 1909 requires the County Commissioner of Schools to call a meeting of all school officers in the county once each year.

In compliance with above Com'r J. H. Milford has set next Thursday, Sept. 23 at 10.00 a. m. as the date, and the Court House at Charlevoix as the place.

State Supt. Wright will be in attendance.

Important matters are to be discussed and all school officers are urged to be present, ask questions, and take part in the discussions.

Malpass-Lewis

Wedding of Charles Malpass to Miss Jessie Lewis.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lewis, Wednesday noon, occurred the marriage of their daughter, Miss Jessie, to Mr. Charles Malpass. Rev. A. D. Grigsby, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiated. To the strains of the wedding march, played by Miss Marlon Malpass, with soft music at intervals, and standing under a beautiful wedding bell banked with an artistically arranged screen of ferns and flowers, the young couple took the vows that made them one as set forth in the Episcopal service. Miss Agnes Lewis was bridesmaid and John Malpass acted as groomsmen; little Alice Malpass was flower-girl and Mabel Maddock ring bearer. Then came congratulations, and after looking over the many beautiful and useful gifts, all sat down to a most excellent wedding dinner.

The newly-married couple left for Chicago where a fine reception has been arranged for them by friends there.

Both bride and groom are among our well-known and liked young people. Miss Lewis has taught in our public schools here for several seasons. The groom is son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Malpass and has for years been affiliated with East Jordan's business interests, having charge of the W. E. Malpass-Hardware Co. store.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Malpass have the very best wishes of a large circle of friends for years and years of happiness.

Telephone and Express Change.

With the demise of Dr. Warne two important changes in our business circles were made this week.

C. Hives of Detroit, state agent of the American Express Co., was here middle of the week and appointed Druggist Frank B. Gannett as local agent to succeed Dr. Warne.

J. M. Clifford, district superintendent of the Michigan State Telephone Co., was here from Petoskey this week and appointed Ben Smatts of Harbor Springs local manager. Mr. Smatts is son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Smatts of the West Side and he has been in the telephone business for years, at present being with the Company at Harbor Springs. We understand that as soon as a suitable location can be secured, the central will be moved from its present cramped quarters. The East Jordan station has the distinction of having more patrons than any other town of like size in the state.

Death of Genevieve French.

Genevieve, second child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter French, died at the home of her parents in this city, Monday, Sept. 13th, following an operation for appendicitis, aged eleven years. Funeral services were held from the home Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. A. D. Grigsby. Her companions of the Junior Christian Endeavor attended and sang one of their child-hymns. Interment was made in Lakeside cemetery.

Bright, happy and cheerful, Genevieve carried sunshine with her wherever she went. She had always a smile and pleasant word for her friends. Her death comes as a dark shadow to her friends and to her relatives who loved her so dearly. Death is a hard master. He would take from among us our brightest and best, but he cannot even mar memory, which serves as a balm to wounded hearts.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

List of marriage licenses issued for the week ending Sept. 11, 1909.

John Graves, 51, Pennville, Ind. Lillian E. Briggs, 28, Pennville, Ind. Horace French, 41, Petoskey Melvin Gundy, 50, Charlevoix Isaac B. Walker, 30, East Jordan Cordelia Edwards, 24, East Jordan

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.

To Pool Potatoes

Growers in Michigan to Put Their Crops in Warehouse.

A Traverse City special of the 8th says: Three hundred potato raisers of Michigan at a meeting held here this afternoon agreed to pool their crop and hold it until the price agreed upon was reached. A committee was appointed to fix the minimum price and they will report in the morning. The meeting was called to order by Walter E. Grellick, state president of the Farmers' Society of Equity, who made no address, but introduced J. A. Everitt of Indianapolis, national president of the Farmers' Society, of Equity, and founder of the American Society of Equity. Mr. Everitt outlined the equity plan as devised by himself, telling of the success the society was making, only to have it wrecked by "traitors." Out of this wreck grew the Farmers' Society of Equity, with which Michigan is allied. His plan to bring dollars into the pockets of Michigan potato raisers was for each raiser to pledge himself to pool his crop. This pool will be graded and the exact number of bushels available of each grade will be reported to the state union. The potatoes are to be stored in warehouses owned and controlled by county unions. The state union is to be the selling agent and buyers will deal directly with that, no sales being made until the price agreed upon has been reached. All orders will be divided among the counties in proportion to the potatoes in storage. The entire cost of selling, etc., is to be assessed to growers in the pool. If any potatoes are left at the end of the season the loss is to be shared by all. The label to be used by the society is to be a guarantee that No. 1 spuds are No. 1. Any grower needing money does not have to withdraw his potatoes, but can borrow it on a warehouse receipt.

The growers favored this plan and appointed a committee consisting of James Greason, Kalkaska county; William Bennett, Antrim; E. W. Van Fleet, Osceola; D. C. King, Leelanau, and James Howey, Charlevoix, to arrange the details. A committee consisting of William Beeman, Leelanau; S. B. Fox, Grand Traverse; A. J. Albright, Grand Traverse; W. O. Silver, Benzie; and E. M. Redman, Manistee, was appointed to fix the minimum price at which the crop will be sold.

The next morning the following report of above committees was submitted and on motion adopted:—

"That the plan of organization shall be the same as provided in the Farmers' Society of Equity viz: Local unions, county unions and a state union.

"For selling we recommend as follows:

"First. That the crops shall be pledged to be held for the minimum price.

"Second. When the minimum price can be secured the member is at liberty to sell.

"Third. The charge for selling shall be 25 cents an acre provided no

No roast for Our Roasts



Never a kick registered against the tender meats we sell. You'll never get embroiled about their quality, never get "roasted" about the flavor of them, never get in a "stew" for fear they are not all you could desire. We guarantee every pound of meat we sell, and our patrons know that our prices are most reasonable. Prompt deliveries.

Shermans Market

charge shall be less than \$2 if the pledge is not a member of the Farmers' Society of Equity.

"Fourth. The money so raised shall be used to pay the solicitors and organizers and to meet the necessary expenses of the organization in the state. The apportionment shall be made by the state officers.

"Fifth. The undersigned is a member of the Farmers' Society of Equity or becomes such by the contract and pledges and is entitled to all the privileges of a member of said society."

Following is the amended report of the committee on the minimum price of potatoes, which was adopted:

"Amended Report:—Your committee recommends that the minimum price of potatoes shall be 60 cents per bushel.—Wm. Beaman, F. P. Fox, A. J. Albright, W. O. Silver, E. M. Redman.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Sept. 11, 1909.

Letters: Austin Ray, Bird Frank, Johnson Henry 2, Ketchaban Wesley 2, Moon Miss Catherine, Martin Geo, Milton Mrs. Henry, Murynski Mr., Newman Ben, Williams Mrs. Lizzie, Woodward Roscoe.

Cards: Bohman Ben, Hoskins James, Helerman Miss Caroline, Parker Levi, Ward James B., FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

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.

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

Twenty-fifth Annual Charlevoix County

FAIR

EAST JORDAN - MICH.

Septembr 28-29-30

1909

The Leading Fair of Northern Michigan.

Premiums & Purses, \$2500

Excellent Attractions.

Best Race Track North of Grand Rapids.

PREMIUM LISTS Can Be Secured of the Secretary or by Calling At This Office.

ROBERT PRICE, President. A. B. NICHOLAS, JR., Secretary.

FRED E. BOOSINGER

WHAT DO YOU WANT

When You Buy Clothes?



FOREMOST CLOTHES SCHLOSS BROS. DETROIT, MICH.

IS IT STYLE, clever designing, that covers up any defects of figure, artistic workmanship that insures a pleasing appearance and excellent high grade materials that are necessary to produce garments of character.....?

EASY!

You can secure all of these essential qualities and be sure of clothes satisfaction by placing your Fall order with us.

Nearly 500 New All Wool Styles

to choose from. An unqualified pledge to give you exactly what you want and all at a price that proves us worthy of your patronage.

Suits and Overcoats, finely tailored, \$12.50 to \$25.00.



FOREMOST CLOTHES SCHLOSS BROS. DETROIT, MICH.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL."

FRED E. BOOSINGER.

SEEMED TO NEED MORE FIRE

Swan, Only Being Cooked for Two Days, Was Not Very Palatable Eating.

One of the most annoying things about swans is that they live to an extremely great age, and that it is impossible for the ordinary observer to guess what their years may be.

President Grover Cleveland once had an amusing experience with some swans, according to a writer in the American Magazine.

"All the boys," said Mr. Cleveland, thanked me politely for having remembered them, but none of them seemed to have much to say how they enjoyed the birds.

"Carlisle, I found, had his cooked on a night when he was dining out. Another, when I asked him, said he had hoped I wouldn't mind, but he had sent his home to his old mother.

"Yes, sir, oh, yes, I got the swan all right, thank you, and he bent over his desk and seemed very busy.

"Fine bird," I said.

"Yes, sir, fine bird, and he went on working.

"Enjoy eating him, Thurber?"

"He waited a minute, and then he said, 'Well, sir, I guess they didn't cook him right at my house. They only cooked him two days, and he went on working without cracking a smile.'

A "Mite."

The difficulties experienced by our forefathers in trying to reckon money in very small proportions appear in the various values given to a "mite" in the sixteenth and seventeenth century books of commercial arithmetic.

The original "mite" seems to have been a third of a Flemish penny, but the use of the word for the widow's coin of the New Testament made its regular English meaning half a farthing, and some old people may remember applying the name to the short-lived nineteenth century coins of that value.

In these old arithmetic books "mite" stands for various values not represented by actual coins, but obviously used in reckoning. A work of 1706 makes it one-twelfth of a penny, two sixteenth century books one-sixth of a farthing, and in 1674 Jeake's arithmetic made it as little as one sixty-fourth of a penny.

The Jeweler's Diagnosis.

"Can you tell me what's the matter with this watch?" inquired the Average Looking Man anxiously.

The jeweler stuck a dice box in his eye and glanced at the instrument's innards. Then he looked up.

"You find it necessary to shake it real hard every now and then to start it going, don't you?" he inquired.

"That's right."

"And you find that it gets dusty, don't you? Perhaps you don't blow hard enough on the works?"

"Oh, yes, I do—every day."

"Well, well! But are you careful to start the balance wheel going with a toothpick every hour or two?"

"Yes, I do that, too."

"And in spite of all your precautions, it needs about five dollars' worth of repairs. It's very strange."

For the jeweler possessed a dry and sarcastic wit.

A Bear Just Misses Revenge.

Herman Russell, a farmer of Hudson township, had a thrilling escape from a den of bears the other day, says a Boyne City (Mich.) dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean.

While driving along the road his watchdog scouted a cub and Herman, seeing the little fellow, decided that it would make a good pet.

He accordingly went over to the cub, but when he attempted to pick him up he was confronted by a big mother bear, who put up a fight.

Herman took to the first tree, which was a small sapling. Mrs. Bruin sized up the situation, then deliberately gnawed the sapling until it broke.

Russell was saved by falling into the branches of a larger tree.

Many Women Are Illiterate.

There are said to be between 70 and 80 per cent. of illiterate women in the provinces in Italy south of Rome.

Above this line many intelligent women are engaged in professional work and are highly educated. The feminist movement in Italy is going very slowly owing to this fact, but a royal commission has recently been engaged in studying it, and there is hope for the future in the minds of those interested.

Peter Thom's Thistle.

Peter Thom of Barre has a Scotch thistle in his garden which has reached over eight feet in height. The seed from which the thistle was grown was obtained from thistles growing on the grave of Robert Burns.

—Deerfield Valley Times.

Enormous Sum Spent on Roads.

Mr. John Burns stated in the parliamentary papers that the cost of maintaining and cleansing the public roads of London in the year 1907-08 was £1,465,291.—London Mail.

Most Maligned

Modern Prejudice Against the Wife's Mother

By HELEN OLDFIELD



PROBABLY no class of persons are so much and so persistently misrepresented as are mothers-in-law. Why this should be it is not easy to say. There really seems to be no reason, good, bad or indifferent, why the natural state of a married man should be enmity towards the mother of his wife.

Moreover, when a man and his mother-in-law do not affiliate it almost always will be found that he and not she is to blame. Such cases are standard exceptions to the rule that it takes two to make a quarrel.

As a rule, women are pleased to have their daughters marry well; the matchmaking mother is as common a subject for joke as is the objectionable mother-in-law. If after marriage it turns out that the match is not all that the wife's mother wished for and expected, she usually is anxious that in the eyes of the world it should appear satisfactory and to this end earnestly and steadfastly she endeavors to show her son-in-law in the most favorable light to outsiders.

Where a matrimonial quarrel can be traced to a mother-in-law, it almost always is not the wife's mother, but the other mother-in-law who is to blame.

"Your son is your son till he gets him a wife. But your daughter's your daughter all the days of her life."

The sentiment embodied in these lines is one which is ingrained in the hearts of women. It is queer, but true, that while most women are willing, not to say anxious, to have their daughters marry, there scarcely can be found any who think that any other woman is quite good enough for her son.

The vast majority of mothers feel more or less jealousy of their sons' wives. Most of them hide this jealousy as best they can, many of them cordially welcome the woman of their son's choice, but to win the heart of her husband's mother a wife must do her whole duty, nor expect toleration of mistakes still less of misdeeds.

It usually is the case that a son-in-law will be forgiven much, while a daughter-in-law strictly is held to account.

The prejudice against mothers-in-law is a modern one, for which Thackeray largely is responsible. The mothers-in-law whom he portrays are drawn with lampblack and acid, and it is difficult to see how any man, though endowed with the patience of Job, could dwell in peace and harmony with such women as those whom he inflicted upon Clive, Newcome, and Philip.



Benefits Derived From Fresh Air

By JAMES J. BARTCHER

Always have the window up, or else down from the top, but never let the breeze blow directly across the bed when you are sleeping.

Deep breathing feeds the blood with oxygen, cools the system and carries off carbonic acid gas, which is poison. Carbonic acid gas creates heat, thus causing fat. Fat is degenerated muscle. Thus deep breathing kills fat in and about the chest and heart and creates muscle in its stead.

The chest and stomach become stronger, do their work better and the good work continues, with continued practice, throughout the entire system.

Water helps the stomach to assimilate the food and helps the bowels to eliminate the waste. Thus one imbibes oxygen by water and by deep breathing—a double benefit.

Again, cold-water bathing gently, adequately, correctly shocks (that is stimulates) the sluggish nerves, thereby causing them to do their work properly. Their work is to stimulate each muscle and organ of the body.

Sometimes excessive fat is caused by eating fruits, candies and food between meals. The stomach, liver, heart, veins and nerves must be given time to rest, become clean and grow hungry again before being fed.

I do all this myself and am strong and healthy, stronger than the average man of my size.

Dentists Little Esteemed In Turkey

By WILLIAM W. MASTERSON CONSUL TO HARPUT

Some few dentists in the larger cities have dental engines of foot-power pattern and a small supply of tools for filling teeth, but the greater number of dentists confine themselves to pulling teeth and making artificial sets.

Such an appliance as a modern adjustable dental chair is not known, an ordinary house chair answering the purpose. Where teeth are to be pulled only, the barber dentists in the villages require their patients to sit on the ground, as in this manner a stronger grip may be secured upon the aching molar.

There seem to be no dental colleges in the empire and a person desiring to become a dentist must fit himself as best he can, generally by attaching himself to a practicing dentist and reading such treatises on the subject as he may get hold of.

There is no regular board of dental surgeons before which the applicant must appear for examination.

In line with other improvements the dental profession will be placed on a higher basis and a more rigid examination will be required. Also schools for the proper teaching of the profession will be established.

LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY

Amusing, But Somewhat Expensive, as Miss Patty Realized When the Goat Was Through.

Miss Patty Shepard of North Thirtieth street went to the country with a party of friends on Memorial day. They stopped at a farmhouse where some of the party are well known.

Browsing about was an old goat. When Miss Patty saw her the nanny was placidly nibbling at a few blades of grass, and she instinctively thought that goats were strictly vegetarians.

On the lawn in front of the porch she had put her handsome new peach-basket hat, trimmed with pretty artificial roses, which she had got from the store the night before. The goat saw the hat and advanced joyfully toward it. Miss Patty laughed. "The old thing thinks they're real roses," she laughed. "Won't she be fooled when she smells them?"

Everybody sat still to watch the goat smell the artificial flowers and walk away. But the goat fooled them. The next week Miss Patty bought another hat.—Philadelphia Times.

SORRY, BUT—



"Would you mind lendin' me er dime, Willie?"

"Not at all, old chap. But its after bankin' hours an' I ain't got me check book handy!"

Wedding Fee in Installments.

Some of the squires in rustic New Jersey seem to be pretty hard pushed for cash. To get the cash they do not hesitate to use most unusual methods.

One of these J. P.'s advertised the other day that he was ready and willing to marry couples at any time, day or night, for a consideration of \$5 and that he was willing to accept \$1 in cash down and the rest in weekly installments of \$1 until the fee of \$5 was paid up.

The very night after the first appearance of this advertisement the J. P. referred to was called upon to "make good" his bluff. Shortly after midnight a couple which had come in an automobile awakened him from his sleep and asked to be married under the installment plan offered in the advertisement. And the J. P. was game and made good.

The Difference.

Edward, having been refused another baked potato on the simple but convincing ground that there were no more, according to the New York Sun, made some uncomplimentary remark about the insufficiency of his dinner.

"This isn't dinner," corrected the aunt whom he was visiting. "This is luncheon. You don't eat dinner in the middle of the day. You eat that at night."

The next day the aunt, being anxious to know if Edward had assimilated his lesson of the day before, said: "Edward, can you tell me now the difference between dinner and luncheon?"

"You bet I can," said Edward, very promptly. "Lunch is the meal where you don't get enough to eat."

He Was Well Equipped.

A Methodist bishop was recently a guest at the home of a friend who had two charming daughters. One morning the bishop, accompanied by the two young ladies, went out in the hope of catching some trout.

An old fisherman, out for the same purpose, wishing to appear friendly, called out: "Ketchin' many, pard?"

The bishop, straightening himself to his full height, replied: "Brother, I am a fisher of men."

"You've got the right kind o' bait, all right," was the fisherman's rejoinder.—Success Magazine.

THREE REASONS Each with Two Legs and Ten Fingers.

A Boston woman who is a fond mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys.

Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys, Rob, Jack and Dick, aged 6, 4 and 2 years respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given candy."

"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3 year old child was a weazened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work, and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body. The results were remarkable, even for Grape-Nuts."

"Both husband and I use Grape-Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."

Many mothers instead of destroying the children's stomachs with candy and cake give the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when they are begging for something in the way of sweets. The result is soon shown in greatly increased health, strength and mental activity.

"There's a Reason." Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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

GROWING POTATOES UNDER STRAW MULCH BENEFICIAL

It Will Bring About Good Results On Hilly Land Where the Moisture Often Does Much Damage.—By T. M. Cisel.

For growing potatoes on hill land or where they are often damaged by moisture the straw mulch will be found to bring good results. For straw covering the potatoes should be planted the last of May or the first of June. We have the soil well prepared. Mark off the rows two feet apart and not too deep. Straw potatoes require only about half the row space that cultivated ones need, as the vines are never so large and cultivation is not required. Cover the seed with two inches of soil and then with about ten inches of straw, or enough to make four inches when well beaten down by rain. This will keep the weeds down and hold the moisture throughout the

ber of the experts of the department while going up and down in the land made it their business to study the question and see whether there might not be a germ of truth, or, at least, some reason for the general belief that the moon's phases have an effect on animal and vegetable life. They have concluded after patient investigation that the moon myth is one of the comparatively few myths that dates back to pure savagery and has absolutely not a scientific leg to stand on.

Almost every one, even if he has not reared in the country, has heard of the idea about planting potatoes in the dark of the moon. The field workers of the department of agriculture



Potatoes Growing Under Straw Mulch.

summer. Potatoes grown in this way are always free from scab, clean and of finer quality. Clover chaff makes a good covering, but should not be put on so heavily as it forms a more compact covering, and with too much rain will cause the potatoes to rot.

There is nothing in the current superstition about planting potatoes in the dark of the moon and similar pieces of farm lore which have been accepted as gospel truth from time immemorial. This is the dictum of the department of agriculture, which made a serious study of the moon superstition and laid the Luna wraith at least to its own satisfaction.

There is usually a basis in fact for any superstition, and the moon superstition was so deep-rooted that a num-

ber of the farmers of this enlightened country put in their crops and do a good many other things about the farm governed absolutely by the moon's phases. Almost any farmer will tell you that if you plant potatoes in the dark of the moon they will run to tubers, and if in the light of the moon, they will run to tops. This is said to be true of any root crop, and it is planted accordingly.

There is only one difficulty about this theory and that is that it is not so. The agricultural experiment stations all over the country have been delaying the superstition for years and raising just as good crops when the moon was one way as when it was the other.

GOVERNMENT IN WILLOW BUSINESS

Free Distribution of Best Varieties Made from Nurseries Located Near Washington

The government is right in the midst of the harvest of a most unique crop at its experimental farm near Arlington, just across the Potomac from Washington, where a corps of laborers in charge of trained foresters are preparing for the annual free distribution of 100,000 basket willow cuttings.

Uncle Sam is encouraging the growing of high-grade willow rods in this country, and in the five years since the establishment of the hots at Arlington approximately a half million select cuttings have been distributed among farmers, with directions for planting and preparing for market.

Particular attention is given to selecting the varieties and strains best suited to the soil where the plantings will be made.

Willow craft is an industry which is constantly growing in importance in this country, yet the culture of basket willow in the United States made very little progress until five or six years ago.

Even now, practically all of the best grades of basket willow are imported from Europe, chiefly from France. Experiments have shown that the best grades of willow can be grown in this country at a good profit.

This year's harvest began early in March. Four approved varieties are being sent out, and only the best and most thrifty rods are selected for distribution. Cuttings for experiments, planting and information on management of the willow hots are furnished those who make the request of the forester at Washington.

The government recognizes the importance of good cuttings, a point more commonly overlooked than the matter of cultivation. Only the best and most thrifty rods are selected for each season's distribution.

The forest service is receiving a constantly increasing number of requests for basket willow cuttings. These requests came from farmers all over the country, many of them coming through members of congress.

Lice Infection. It is a mark of poor farm management to allow any animals to become infested with lice. Hogs can not thrive when their vitality is sucked away by these insects. There are several good dips on the market, and kerosene and grease, mixed warm, are a good common remedy.

REMEDIES FOR SCABBY POTATOES

Two Poisons Are Recommended to Prevent Disease, Formalin Being Less Dangerous.

Potato scab is a disease of the potato tuber caused by a fungous growth attacking it in the soil. Spores of the fungus will remain in the soil from year to year and on the tubers from one season to another. The disease causes the surface of the potato to become rough and unsightly and very often extends deep into the flesh, injuring its food value.

Scab on potatoes can be prevented by planting uninfected tubers in clean soil, and the danger of infecting may be reduced by rotation or by planting the potatoes in different soil each season.

To insure a crop of potatoes free from scab treat the seed with some poison to kill the scab spores on them and plant in soil in which no potatoes have grown for several years. Two poisons for scab treatment are recommended. Formalin is the less poisonous and the one most commonly used. It costs about 50 cents a pint and one pint is used with 30 gallons of water. Formalin solution may be used either in a wooden or metallic vessel, and, although a poison, there is little danger in its use. Let the potatoes soak in the solution for about two hours. After disinfection place the potatoes in bags which contain no scab spores.

Spores of potato scab may also be killed by the use of corrosive sublimate. This is a very poisonous substance and must be used with care. Do not use for food any of the potatoes after treatment. To use corrosive sublimate provide a barrel or other wooden vessel, as it attacks metals. Dissolve two ounces of the poison in two gallons of hot water. When it was dissolved mix it with 14 gallons of water and sprinkle or pour it over the potatoes, so that all of the tubers become moist with the solution. What is left over of the poison must be carefully disposed of.

Exercise for the Horses. It is a mistake to keep either young or old horses stabled several days at a time. They need daily outdoor exercise for development of muscles and bones. If the pasture is too short for them to run in, allow them daily exercise in an open lot.

Brood Coops Face South. See that your brood coops face the south at this time of year so as to give the chicks as much of the sun's rays as possible, but reverse this method as the season advances and the best months approach.

INTO

BY
ROBERT AMES BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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THE PRIMITIVE



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which 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, shunned 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 wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only produce found. 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 spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his survivor'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. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was destroyed upon a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrop became ill with fever.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

At noon, having learned that Winthrop's condition showed little change, Blake ate a hearty meal, and at once set off down the cleft. He did not reappear until nightfall; though at intervals Miss Leslie had heard his step as he came up the ravine with his loads of thorn-bush.

This course of action became the routine for the following ten days. It was broken only by three incidents, all relating to the important matter of food supply. Winthrop had soon tired of broth, and showed such an insatiable craving for coconut milk that the stock on hand had become exhausted within the week.

The day after, Blake took the rope ladder, as he called the tangle of knotted creepers, and went off towards the north end of the cleft. When he returned, a little before dark, the lower part of his trousers was torn to shreds, and the palms of his hands were blistered and raw; but he carried a heavy load of coconuts. After a vain attempt to climb the giant palms on the far side of the river, he had found another grove near at hand, in the little plain, and had succeeded in reaching the tops of two of the smaller palms.

Under his directions, Miss Leslie clarified a bowl of bird fat—goose-grease, Blake called it—and dressed his hands. Yet even with the bandages which she made of soft inner bark and the handkerchiefs, he was unable to handle the thorn-bush the following day. Unfortunately for him, he was not content to sit idle. During the night he had cut a bamboo fishing pole and lengthened Miss Leslie's line of platted coconut-fiber with a long catgut leader. In the afternoon he completed his outfit with a hairpin hook and a piece of half-dried meat.

He was back an hour earlier than usual, and he brought with him a dozen or more fair-sized fish. His mouth was watering over the prospective feast, and Miss Leslie showed herself hardly less eager for a change from their monotonous diet. As the fish were already dressed, she raked up the coals and quickly contrived a grill of green bamboos.

When the odor of the broiling fish spread about in the still air, even Winthrop sniffed and turned over, while Blake watched the crisping delicacies with a ravenous look. Unable to restrain himself, he caught up the smallest fish, half cooked, and bolted it down with such haste that he burnt his mouth. He ran over to the spring for a drink, and Winthrop cackled derisively.

Miss Leslie was too absorbed in her cooking to observe the result of Blake's greediness. She had turned the fish for the last time, and was about to lift them off the fire, when Blake came running back, and sent grill and all flying with a violent kick.

"Salt!" he gasped—"where's the salt? I'm poisoned!"

"Poisoned?"

"Poison fish! Don't eat! God!—Where's the salt?"

The girl stared at him. His agony was so great that beads of sweat were rolling down his face. He writhed, and stretched out a quivering hand—"Salt, quick!—warm water—salt!"

"But there's none left! You remember, yesterday—"

"God!" groaned Blake, and for a moment he sank down, overcome by a racking convulsion. Then his jaw closed like a bulldog's, and gritting his teeth with the effort, he staggered up and rushed off down the cleft.

"Stop! stop, Mr. Blake! Where are you going?" screamed the girl.

She started to run after him, but was halted by an outbreak of delirious laughter. Winthrop was sitting upright and waving his fever-blotched hands—"Hi, hi! look at 'im run! 'E's



The Girl Was Now Frantic.

got w'a'll do for 'im! Run, you swine; you—"

There followed a torrent of cockney abuse so foul that Miss Leslie blushed scarlet with shame as she sought to quiet him. But the excitement had so heightened his fever that he was in a raving delirium. It was close upon midnight before his temperature fell, and he sank into a death-like torpor. In her ignorance, she supposed that he had fallen asleep.

Her relief was short-lived, for soon she remembered Blake. She could see him lying beside the pool or out on the bare plain, his resolute eyes cold and glassy, his powerful body cohered in the death agony. The vision filled her with dismay. With all his coarseness, the man had showed himself so resourceful, so indomitable, that when she sought to dwell upon her reasons to fear him, she found herself admiring his virile manliness. He might be a brute, but he did not belong among the jackals and hyenas: indeed, as she called to mind his strong face and frank, blunt speech she all but disbelieved what her own ears had heard.

And anyway, without his aid, what should she do? Winthrop had already become as weak as a child. The emaciation of his jaundiced features was a mockery of their former plumpness. Blake had said that the fever might run on for another week, and that even if Winthrop recovered, he would probably be helpless for several days besides.

What was no less serious, though she had concealed the fact from Blake, she herself had been troubled the past week with the depression and lassitude which had preceded Winthrop's attack. If Blake was dead, and she should fall ill before Winthrop recovered, they would both die from lack of care. And if they did not die of the fever, what of their future, here on this desolate savage coast?

But the very keenness of her mental anguish so exhausted and numbed the girl's brain that she at last fell into a heavy sleep. The fire burned low, and shadowy forms began to creep from between the bamboos and the trees and rocks down the gorge. There was no sound; but greedy, wolfish eyes gleamed in the starlight.

Only the day before Blake had told Miss Leslie to store the last rack of cured meat inside the baobab. The two sleepers lay between the fire and the entrance to the hollow. Slowly the embers of the fire died away into gray ashes, and slowly the night prowlers drew nearer. The boldest of the pack crept close to Miss Leslie, and, with teeth bared and hack bristling, sniffed at the edge of her skirt. Whether because of her heavy breathing or the odor of the leopard skin, the beast drew away, with an uneasy whine.

There was a pause; then, backed by three others, the leader approached Winthrop. He was still lying in the death-like torpor, and he lacked the protection which, in all likelihood, the leopard skin had given Miss Leslie. The cowardly brutes took him for dead or dying. They sniffed at him from head to foot; and then, with a

ferocious outburst of snarls and yells, flung themselves upon him.

Had it not chanced that Winthrop was lying upon his side, with one arm thrown up, he would have been fatally wounded by the first slashing bites of his assailants. The two which sought to tear him were baffled by the thick folds of Blake's coat, while their leader's slash at the victim's throat was parried by the upraised arm. With a savage snap, the beast's jaws closed on the arm, biting through to the bone. At the same instant the fourth jackal tore ravenously at one of the outstretched legs.

With a shriek of agony, Winthrop started up from his torpor, and struck out frantically in a fury of pain and terror. Startled by the violence of this unexpected resistance, the jackals leaped back—only to spring in again as the remainder of the pack made a rush to forestall them.

Winthrop was staggering to his feet, when the foremost brute leaped upon him. He fell heavily against one of the main supports of his bamboo canopy, and the entire structure came down with a crash. Two of the jackals, caught beneath the roof, howled with fear as they sought to free themselves. The others, with brute dread of an unknown danger, drew away, snarling and gnashing their teeth.

Wakened by the first ferocious yelps of Winthrop's assailants, Miss Leslie had started up and stared about in the darkness. On all sides she could see pairs of fiery eyes and dim forms like the phantom creatures of a nightmare. Winthrop's shriek, instead of spurring her to action, only confused her the more and benumbed her faculties. She thought it was his death cry, and stood trembling, transfixed with horror.

Then came the fall of the canopy. His cries as he sought to throw it off showed that he was still alive. In a flash her bewilderment vanished. The stagnant blood surged again through her arteries in a fiery, stimulating torrent. With a cry, to which primitive instinct lent a menacing note, she groped her way to the fallen canopy, and stooped to lift up one side.

"Quick!—into the tree!" she called.

Still frantic with terror, Winthrop struggled to his feet. She thrust him towards the baobab, and followed, dragging the mass of interwoven bamboos. Emboldened by the retreat of their quarry, the snarling pack instantly began to close in. Fortunately they were too cowardly to rush at once, and fear spurred their intended victims to the utmost haste. Groping and stumbling, the two felt their way to the baobab, and Miss Leslie pushed Winthrop heading through the entrance. As he fell, she turned to face the pack.

The foremost beasts were at the rear edge of the bamboo framework, their eyes close to the ground. Instinct told her that they were crouching to leap. With desperate strength she caught up the canopy before her like a great shield, and drew it in after her until the ends of the cross-bars were wedged fast against the sides of the opening. Though it seemed so firm, she clunked to it with a con-

vulsive grasp as she felt the pack leaders fling themselves against the outer side.

But Blake had lashed the bamboos securely together, and none of the beasts was heavy enough to snap the supple bars. Finding that they could not break down the barrier, they began to scratch and tear at the thatch which covered the frame. Soon a pair of lean jaws thrust in and snapped at the girl's skirt. She sprang back, with a cry: "Help! Quick, Mr. Winthrop! They're breaking through!"

Winthrop made no response. She stooped, and found him lying inert where he had fallen. She had only herself to depend upon. A scream of sharp sticks which she had made for the entrance was leaning against the inner wall, within easy reach. To grasp it and thrust it against the other framework was the work of an instant.

Still she trembled, for the eager beasts had ripped the thatch from the canopy, and their intrust jaws made short work of the few leaves on her screen. Unaware that even a lion or a tiger is quickly discouraged by the knife-like splinters of broken bamboo, she expected every moment that the jackals would bite their way through her frail barrier.

She remembered the sharpened stakes of her screen, hidden under the leaves and grass of her bed. She groped her way across the hollow, and uncovered one of the stakes. In her haste she cut her hand on its razor-like edge. All unheeding, she sprang back towards the entrance. She was none too soon. One of the smaller jackals had forced its head and one leg between the bars, and was struggling to enlarge the opening.

Fearful that the whole pack was about to burst in upon her, the girl grasped the bamboo stake in both hands, and began stabbing and lunging at the beast with all her strength. The jackal quirmed and snarled and snapped viciously. But the girl was now frantic. She pressed nearer, and though the white teeth grazed her wrist, she drove home a thrust that changed the beast's snarl into a howl of pain. Before she could strike again, it had struggled back out of the hole, beyond reach.

Tense and panting with excitement, she leaned forward, ready to stab at the next beast. None appeared, and presently she became aware that the pack had been daunted by the experience of their unlucky fellow. Their snarls and yells had subsided to whines, which seemed to be coming from a greater distance. Still she waited, with the bamboo stake upraised ready to strike, every nerve and muscle of her body tense with the strain.

So great was the stress of her fear and excitement that she had not heeded the first gray lessening of the night. But now the glorious tropical dawn came streaming out of the east in all its red effulgence. Above and through the bamboo barrier glowed a light such as might have come from a great fire on the cliff top. Still tense and immovable, the girl stared out up the cleft. There was not a jackal in sight. She leaned forward and peered around, unable to believe such good fortune. But the night prowlers had slunk off in the first gray dawn.

The girl drew in a deep, shuddering sigh, and sank back. Her hand struck against Winthrop's foot. She turned about quickly and looked at him. He was lying upon his face. She hastened to turn him upon his side, and to feel his forehead. It was cool and moist. He was fast asleep and drenched with sweat. The great shock of his pain and fear and excitement had broken his fever.

With the relief and joy of this discovery, the girl completely relaxed. Not observing Winthrop's wounds, which had bled little, she sought to force a way out through the entrance. It was by no means an easy task to free the wedged framework, and when, after much pulling and pushing, she at last tore the mass loose, she found herself perspiring no less freely than Winthrop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INSISTED ON HOLE IN COFFIN.

Through It Col. Butler's Triumphant Pigtail Should Protrude.

Thomas Butler, a colonel in the army of the United States early in the nineteenth century, died in New Orleans in 1805 in the midst of his celebrated controversy with Gen. Wilkinson regarding the wearing of his queue.

Col. Butler insisted on wearing his hair in the old-fashioned style in disobedience to Wilkinson's orders. According to Pierce Butler in his biography of Judah P. Benjamin, while the dispute was still raging Butler died and left directions that a hole should be bored in the head of his coffin and that he should be borne to the grave with his triumphant pigtail protruding in defiance. The family tradition is that these directions were carried out.

FIGHTS MAD DOG TO SAVE HER SON

MOTHER TEARS JAWS OF RABID ANIMAL FROM BOY WITH BARE HANDS.

HOLDS BRUTE TILL AID COMES

Mrs. Richards of Yonkers, New York, Wins Desperate Battle—Hurts Animal to Street Where Bullet Awaits Him.

New York.—In the long honor list of courageous mothers who have braved appalling dangers in the defense of their children the name of Mrs. E. J. Richards, Yonkers, merits a high place.

Mrs. Richards' heart is centered in her five-year-old son, Vincent, who, while playing in front of his home the other afternoon, was attacked by a mad dog.

The rabid animal had raced a mile through Van Cortlandt-Park avenue spreading terror. As he dashed toward the child playing in the grassy side of the roadway there was a chorus of many cries.

But the uproar was meaningless to little Vincent and in another moment the foaming jaws had closed fast upon his leg. His shriek of pain and terror was heard by the mother in an upper room of the house.

Realizing that no trifling accident could draw such a cry of agony from the child she loved far better than her life, Mrs. Richards rushed downstairs and out into the street. She saw a sign that would have unnerved most mothers. The mad dog had attacked the little victim again and again. It stood above the helpless child, snapping and tearing with foaming jaws. Half a dozen men were rushing excitedly around fearing to close in upon the mad brute, but Mrs. Richards did not hesitate.

In an instant she had sprung upon the dog and caught his jaws in her hands. They were bare hands, too, but the courageous woman thought nothing of her own danger. With strength born of desperation she grabbed the dog's upper jaw with one hand and the lower with the other.

The fangs were fastened in the



Caught His Jaws In Her Hands.

child's leg but with a mighty tug the woman pulled them apart.

"Run to the house, dear! she cried to her son, who, covered with blood and dazed with terror, managed to drag himself away.

Danger for the boy had passed and the woman then thought of her own life.

Knowing that the dog would rend her if she released that grip upon his jaws, she held on with every ounce of strength at her command.

Woman and brute, locked in desperate struggle, swayed over the side walk and out into the roadway. But still she clung to the jaws and was holding them wide apart in a grip of steel when Police Sergeant Van Steenberg reached the scene.

Drawing his revolver, the bluecoat cried: "When I give the word throw the dog as far away from you as you can."

"Now!"

With her last vestige of strength Mrs. Richards hurled the dog far into the roadway.

Van Steenberg's revolver spoke twice and the snarling brute rolled over dead.

Little Vincent, bitten and torn in 15 different places, was attended by Dr. Kennedy, who cauterized all the wounds and sewed up the larger ones. Mrs. Richards came out of her thrilling battle without a scratch.

The body of the dog was removed to the health bureau for examination.

Revolver Shot Cures Toothache.

New York.—Gus Williams refuses to prosecute Francisco Canovio for shooting him, because the shot performed a real service. Williams annoyed Canovio until the latter is said to have fired a shot at him which went through both cheeks. In its progress the bullet tore out a tooth which had been aching for a week, and in appreciation of this relief Williams has refused to prosecute.

WILL LEAVE JOHNNY AT HOME

Next Time Mother Visits Grandfather Youngster Is Not Likely to Accompany Her.

"I think the mother of a six-year-old boy should have a pension to make up to her for the mental agony she suffers," said just such a mother. "I took Johnny to his paternal grandfather's last week, and believe me, I cut us-out of grandfather's will. Of course, we send him to Sunday school and we both attend church, but we do not ask a blessing at the table, nor do we have family prayers. Grandfather does, and it happened that the morning after we arrived Johnny was excused from the table and went out in the yard to play. Grandfather led the way into the sitting room and we all knelt down in prayer. Imagine my horror to see Johnny's little face peering curiously through the blinds and hear him sing out: 'Hey, in there, what kind of a game is that you're playing? Ain't you the rotten bunch not to let me in on it.' I arose and softly whispered to him to run on and play, and he sang out: 'You're it, mamma, you're it; make a home run.' Now, what can you do with a small boy, anyway? I can never explain matters to his grandfather."

PROVED BY TIME.

No Fear of Any Further Trouble.

David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I could walk without a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed, I am still perfectly well." Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WIFELY SOLICITUDE.



Burglar—Hands up! Wife—Oh, John, be careful of those globes; you'll break them!

Within Her Means. A pretty little girl of three years was in a drug store with her mother. Being attracted by something in the showcase, she asked what it was. The clerk replied: "That is a scent bag." "How cheap!" replied the little girl. "I'll take two!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Prospect. "I am sorry that there is a craze for these aeroplane flights." "Why so?" "Because the lovers who want to take them will be more in the clouds than ever."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Appropriate Terms. "Are Jake's rates for his aeroplane high?" "You bet. Sky high."



An Effective Remedy for Cramps, Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and Colic, should be always kept handy, for when such a medicine is needed, it is needed in a hurry.

Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam

has been successfully employed for seventy-eight years in relieving and curing all complaints of this nature. Stops pain immediately. It is a household necessity in homes where there are children. Your druggist will supply you. Per bottle, 25c. Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is a reliable remedy for both adults and children. Specially to take after a weakening attack of dysentery. Also a safe worm medicine.

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

SATURDAY, SEPT. 18, 1909

Michigan Crop Report.

Lansing, Mich., Sept. 7, 1909
WHEAT.
The average estimated yield in the southern counties is 20, in the central counties 17, in the northern counties 16, in the upper peninsula 19 and in the state 18 bushels per acre. The quality as compared with an average per cent in the southern counties is 99, in the central and northern counties 94, in the upper peninsula 91 and in the state 95.

The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed by farmers in August at 149 mills is 400,541 and at 139 elevators and to grain dealers 754,547, for a total of 1,055,088 bushels. Of this amount 941,901 bushels were marketed in the southern four tiers of counties, 77,250 in the central counties and 35,928 in the northern counties. The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marketed in August is 2,000,000.

Ninety-seven mills, elevators and grain dealers report no wheat marketed in August.

OATS.
The estimated average yield in the state and southern counties is 29, in the central counties 27 and in the northern counties 26 bushels per acre. The quality as compared with an average per cent in the state, southern, central and northern counties is 91 and in the upper peninsula 92.

RYE.
The estimated average yield in the state, southern, central and northern counties is 15 and in the upper peninsula 23 bushels per acre.

CORN.
Correspondents in several of the northern counties report considerable damage to corn, potatoes and beans, by frosts on August the 20th and again about the latter part of the month. The condition of corn compared with an average per cent in the state is 86, in the southern counties 87, in the central and northern counties 83 and in the upper peninsula 94.

BEANS.
The condition of beans compared with an average per cent in the state is 83, in the southern counties 85, in the central counties 81, in the northern counties 78 and in the upper peninsula 92.

PEAS.
The estimated average yield in the state, central and northern counties is 15, in the southern counties 16 and in the upper peninsula 17 bushels per acre.

POTATOES.
The condition of potatoes compared with an average per cent in the state is 80, in the southern counties 84, in the central counties 75, in the northern counties 72 and in the upper peninsula 90.

CLOVER SEED.
The condition of clover seed compared with an average per cent in the state is 61, in the southern counties 58, in the central counties 66, in the northern counties 68 and in the upper peninsula 52.

LIVE STOCK.
Live stock, excepting sheep, is generally in good condition.
FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE,
Secretary of State.

"Everywhere" for September.

The September number of *Everywhere* has as its leader a poem by Will Carleton, appropriate to the month. "Educating the Family" is a slightly satirical view of the present educational system as seen by the mother of a large family.

This number contains the first chapters of "The Romance of St. Paul," which promises to be most interesting, centering around the life, customs and times of the great apostle. It opens with a discussion in a sandal maker's shop, between men of different occupations.

"Vacation Profits and Losses" will cause the home-comers to consider their pleasures from a new viewpoint.

"A Transaction in Oil" "De Gladys" and several short stories make most interesting reading.

Besides Will Carleton's regular contribution, there are poems by Margaret E. Sangster, A. B. Bragdon, Rev. Robert Bennett, and Seraph Mable Dean, all of which will be read with interest.

The many other departments are at their usual high standard, which makes *Everywhere* practical, efficient and helpful. *Every Where* Pub. Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. \$1.00 per year.

ANSWERS EVERY CALL.

East Jordan People Have Found That This Is True.

A cold, a strain, a sudden wrench. A little cause may hurt the kidneys. Spells of headache often follow. Or some irregularity of the urine. A certain remedy for such attacks. A medicine that answers every call. Is Doan's Kidney Pills, a true specific.

Many East Jordan people rely on it. Here is East Jordan proof.
Mortimer Tyler, Main St., East Mich., says: "I know from personal experience that Doan's Kidney Pills are a remedy of merit. My back troubled me for some time, and there was a dull, heavy pain across my loins. I believe that the constant standing on my feet was the cause of my trouble. When Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my notice, I procured a box from Gainett Co.'s drug store and I found them to be just as represented. They removed my aches and pains and did away with the kidney difficulty. I consider this remedy worthy of my endorsement."

For Sale by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole Agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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.

No Cup Too Big



For our splendid Tea and Coffee. A small cup, though pleasing, is not satisfying. You want more of either the Tea or the Coffee, and it is the exceptionally high quality of each that makes both so popular. There is a delicious aroma to both while in process of brewing, and the taste is so satisfying as to increase the appetite for them. Every household should have a supply of these popular Teas and Coffees.

Sherman & Son.

The Shoe that Stands Rough Play

That won't quickly wear through the soles or kick out at the toes—MAYER'S SPECIAL MERIT SEAMLESS SCHOOL SHOES—have seamless uppers, all one solid piece of selected leather. They are made with double-leather toes.

You won't get more substantial and longer wearing shoes, no matter where you go.



If you want to get out from under the burden of shoe expense, buy Mayer's Special Merit School Shoes.

C. A. HUDSON Exclusive Agent.

NICELY TRIMMED.

The Way Keene Got Square With the Railroad Officials.

James B. Keene was nicely trimmed once. He told the story himself. "I used to live out in the country and rode in and from New York every day on a little jockey wheel. One day, when I forgot my ticket, the conductor, whom I knew well enough to call by his first name, refused to accept my money when I tried to pay my fare. He dropped me off the train into six inches of the thickest, stickiest mud in the world. By the time I got to a road where I could hall a wagon I was mud to my knees."

"I was rearing, raving, frantic mad. When I got to New York my first call was on the officials of the road. I wanted that conductor fired. I had to interview every cussed little petty official of the road before I got to the president. Every one of them insulted me in the most judicial way. When I got to the president I was a howling, pipping maniac. He listened to me for a moment and told his secretary to 'throw that ruffian downstairs.'"

"And the secretary would have done it, too, if I hadn't bent him to the door. As soon as I could get to my broker I told him to buy the controlling interest in that road. It took me a week to get it, and I had to climb high for some of the stock. Then I threw out every official that had scorned me. I was just beginning to get back into my usual placid state of mind when one day I saw a familiar face at the track. It was the conductor who had thrown me off. He waved me blandly. 'Just bought a little place out this way,' he said. 'You know that stock you bought belonged to us. The X, M and Z was a close corporation, and we got you mud on purpose. We stung you good.'"

Setting Spurgeon Right.
Mr. Spurgeon, the great English preacher, used to tell this story upon himself with glee. On one occasion he found himself in a railway carriage with a rather sour looking splinter, with whom he entered into conversation. She did not appear to recognize him, and as the train passed Kelvedon he pointed out the village, remarking, "A very great man was born there—Mr. Spurgeon, the preacher."

The splinter looked hard at him for some moments and then replied with awful solemnity. "If St. Paul had been passing his birthplace he would have said, 'A very great sinner was born there, Mr. Spurgeon!'"

His Mistake.
A congressman was asked by a newspaper man to affirm or deny a story of current interest relating to a bit of legislation.

"Did you ever hear the advice of the old politician?" replied the congressman.

The newspaper man admitted he had not.

"Well, this particular individual was running for office. His opponents charged him with being a Trafter. It made him mad, but he did not deny it. Next somebody said he was a liar. That made him madder, but he did not deny it. Then some virtuous citizen said he was a profane man. He greatly feared this charge would cost him the church vote, but he did not deny it."

"When they finally said he had made a deal with the corporations in order to be elected he got so blamed mad he could not hold in any longer, and he denied that, and, by George, they proved it on him! Deny nothing."

The Newspaper.
Henry Ward Beecher once said: "In the United States every worthy citizen reads a newspaper and owns it. A newspaper is a window through which men look out on all that is going on in the world. Without a newspaper a man is shut up in a small room and knows little or nothing of what is happening outside of himself. A good newspaper will keep a man in sympathy with the world's current history. It is an ever unfolding encyclopedia, an unbound book, forever issuing and never finished."

Making a Cubble.
A gentleman went into a pipemaker's shop at Edinburgh with the intention of seeing the method of making pipes. When he got in he found only a boy in the shop, so without more ado he thus addressed him:

"Weel, my callant, I'll gie ye sixpence an' ye'll show us how ye mak' yer pipes."

"I canna mak' a peep, sir," replied the lad. "I can only mak' a cubble."

"A cubble! What's that, my hinney?"

"It's a shoff peep," replied the boy, "sic as men an' women smoke oof on."

"Why, I'll gie ye sixpence an' ye'll show us how ye mak' that."

"Gie's yer sixpence furst," was the reply.

The gentleman gave the boy sixpence, when he took a long pipe and broke a piece off it, saying:

"There, now, sir; that is the way I mak' cubbles."

Let Himself Out.

Lutz Lablache, the singer, was a giant in size. "One of his boots," says a biographer, "would make a good portmanteau. One of his gloves would clothe an infant." There is a humorous exaggeration in the statement, but the fact remains that he was certainly an enormous man. It is recorded of him that he was very generous and also a lover of jokes. At one time he was staying in Paris at the same hotel with Tom Thumb. An English tourist, who had been making strenuous efforts to meet the latter, one day burst into the great bassist's apartment. Seeing the giant before him, he hesitated and apologized.

"I was looking," he said, "for Tom Thumb."

"I am he," answered Lablache in his deepest tones.

The Englishman was taken aback. He must have been a trusting soul.

"But," said he, "you were very tiny when I saw you yesterday."

"Yes," said Lablache. "That is how I have to appear, but when I get home to my rooms I let myself out and enjoy myself."

The Englishman fled.

Stop That Cold

To check early colds or gripes with "Preventics" means sure defeat for Pneumonia. To stop a cold with "Preventics" is safer than to let it run and be obliged to cure it afterwards. Be sure, "Preventics" will cure even a deeply seated cold, but taken early—at the sneeze stage—they break, or head off these early colds. That's surely better. That's why they are called "Preventics."

Preventics are Little Candy Cold Cures. No Quinine, no phytol, nothing sickening. Also for the children—and thoroughly safe too. If you feel chilly, if you sneeze, if you ache all over, think of Preventics. Promptness may also save half your usual sickness. And don't forget your child. If there is feverishness, night or day. Heroin probably lies "Preventics" greatest efficiency. Sold in 5c boxes for the pocket, also in 25c boxes of 30 Preventics. Insist on your druggist giving you

Preventics

JAMES GIDLEY.

No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach



A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pteroo's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.

We Are Here to Do Your Printing

We Have a Large Assortment of Type—Ready to Serve You
WE PRINT
What You Want,
The Way You Want It
And When You Want It

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Sweaters Are Here!

See Our Line of Knit Sweaters, Sweater Coats

We are showing the Vassar Knitting Works Goods and They Are The Finest Made.
September marks the beginning of Autumn, and with Autumn comes the chilly evenings. There is nothing so suitable and comfortable as those Sweater Coats. You will do well to come and get a good one while the line is complete in colors, sizes, weaves and qualities.



FALL and WINTER OVERCOATS

Just opening a big shipment for Fall and Winter Overcoats. Come in, look them over and be posted on where to get what you want when you need one. We are showing

Friend Brothers Tailored Overcoats

Friend Bros. Clothing makes us many friends.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

THE FAIR Sept. 28-29-30.

John Lalonde has opened a lunch room in the Lalonde building.

Lou Otto was called to Ohio Wednesday by the dangerous illness of his father.

Girl Wanted for general housework. Apply to Mrs. A. Cameron, Willowbrook addition.

Ray I. Clink was among those from here who took in the fair at Grand Rapids this week.

Sec'y A. B. Nicholas, Jr., was at Bellaire and Central Lake this week in the interests of our fair.

J. M. Clifford, Dist. Supt. of the Michigan State Telephone Co., was here from Petoskey this week.

The Odd Fellows ran an excursion to Charlevoix next Tuesday evening, round trip 50c. Leave here at 6:30.

The high school girls will hold a candy sale at Bell's grocery tonight for benefit of their basket ball team.

Isaac B. Walker and Cordelia F. J. Edwards were united in marriage by Justice F. E. Boosinger last Sunday.

Mrs. Randall, residing north of town in the Lane district, fell and broke one of her arms at the wrist last Sunday.

Orzo McIntyre is at Gaylord this week where he has his trotting horse "Jordan Girl" entered in the fair races there.

Dr. J. A. Macgregor leaves today for an outing. He goes to Hart, Mich., thence to Chicago and will probably go West before his return.

L. D. Parker has returned from his summer's work at East Jordan and is now putting up a cement block house for W. A. Doherty at Ivan.—Kalkaskin.

Harry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vogel of the West Side, fell and broke both bones near the elbow of one of his arms, Tuesday. Dr. Sweet reduced the fracture.

Goldenrod Local, M. L. S. of E., will give an *Equity Supper* next Friday evening, Sept. 24th, at their hall near Murray's Corners. Supper 25c per couple. Everybody invited.

The annual session of the Michigan conference of the Methodist Episcopal church will convene in Grand Rapids Wednesday, Sept. 22, Bishop Moore presiding. Rev. W. W. Lamport will leave for the same on Tuesday.

FOR QUICK SALE:—A five room cottage well located in Village of East Jordan (east side) for \$800.00—terms \$250.00 cash and easy payments on balance or a liberal discount for cash. Possession given at once. Enquire at W. A. Loreday's Real Estate Office.

The Str. Hum will run an excursion to Charlevoix, Sunday, connecting with the Pere Marquette "Dummy" to Petoskey, which train makes its last run on that day. Boat leaves here at 10:00 a. m., returning leaves Charlevoix upon arrival of 4:30 train.

Central Lake township, as far as solicited, has given 170 signatures for the submission of the local option question to about eighty refusals. Banks, we are informed, is the banner township of the county, having 287 signatures and thirty-four refusals to sign the petition.—Torchi.

Anyone thinking of going to the Northwest will profit by consulting with W. A. Loreday relative to Farm Lands in Saskatchewan Province, Canada or for Timber Land in Oregon, but first consider the great opportunities we have to offer around East Jordan.

Judge J. M. Harris' court at Charlevoix was busily engaged Monday in hearing evidence in the contested will case of Benjamin Willis, of Hayes township, the first case of the kind since Judge Harris has held office. The will is contested, by Anna Green, a daughter, on the grounds of undue influence.

Gen. infant son of Charles and Gertrude Adams, died at their home on Saturday last after a short illness. The funeral took place on Monday, Rev. A. D. Grigsby officiating. The remains were buried in the East Jordan cemetery. The bereaved parents have the deep sympathy of their friends.

Five delegates from the Ladies Society of Equity with headquarters at East Jordan, were in attendance at the meeting of the potato growers at a court house yesterday. There were the president of the society, Mrs. James Howey of East Jordan, vice president Mrs. Frank Kidder of Antrim county, Mrs. John Schroeder, one of the board of directors, Mrs. Ephraim Kidder and Mrs. Alice Lalonde. This society has a membership of 100 and there is no danger of the society dying out for the ladies keep things lively and manage to attend all the meetings of the Farmers' Society of Equity.—Traverse City Evening Record.

E. A. Gibson is visiting friends at Whitehall.

D. S. Payton was up from Charlevoix Thursday.

A. Danto was at Petoskey latter part of the week.

Mrs. H. C. Swafford is a Boyne City visitor this week.

Mrs. R. E. Pearsall is a Grand Rapids visitor this week.

Roy Gregory was home from Thompsonville over Sunday.

Win. J. Palmer arrived home from his western trip, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wiesman were Petoskey visitors this week.

Miss Lola Cross was guest of Charlevoix friends first of the week.

Mrs. Eber Burdick and daughter Una, were Charlevoix visitor Sunday.

Col. J. W. Rogers attended the Grand Traverse Soldiers' Reunion at Traverse City this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McClain were Boyne visitors, Sunday, the latter remaining for a longer visit.

H. A. Reed, prop'r of the Reed hotel at Flint, was guest of Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Risk first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roy now occupy their new residence recently purchased of Mrs. Larson and rebuilt.

Alexander Bush is at Battle Creek this week attending the reunion of his regiment, the 20th Michigan Infantry.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Sutton of Boyne City are here attending their mother, Mrs. Hannah Leroy, whose illness seems to be final.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Welch who have been visiting their parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Eaampor, returned to Ft. Wayne, Ind., yesterday.

Mrs. W. H. McMillan, mother of H. I. McMillan and Mrs. D. H. Fitch of this place, died at her home at Marcellus, Mich., Monday night.

Mrs. Charles Maddock left on Friday for Yale, Mich. to spend a few months with relatives. Mr. Maddock, who recently returned from the Canadian-northwest, is now at Boyne City.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. for Sept. will be held next week Friday the 24th at 2:30 with Mrs. E. E. Brown on State street. Miscellaneous program with Mrs. Eber Burdick and Mrs. Will Howard as leaders. All members urged to be present and visitors cordially welcomed.

East Jordan Local Union, F. S. of E., met Tuesday evening at Wm. Bennett's with a good attendance. Visitors from four other locals were welcome visitors. Five members of this local attended the Potato Growers' Convention held in Traverse City on the 8th. Lively talks and discussion filled the hours of meeting, and arrangements for canvassing the county will be made. Visitors from three ladies' locals came with their lunch baskets filled and a fine supper was served—25 partaking. Next meeting will be held at Mr. Bennett's on Oct. 5th.

Among The Steeples.

Elder Dudley will conduct services in the Electric Theatre tent Sunday evening.

Mrs. J. B. Palmiter entertained the Methodist Ladies Aid Society on Wednesday afternoon.

The song service at the Methodist church Sunday night drew the usual crowd and many commendations have been heard touching the character of the music.

Remember the Bible Study rally at the Epworth League meeting on Sunday 6:30 p. m. Mrs. Mattie Palmiter will lead—subject: "The Opening of the Mind."

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. A. D. Grigsby will hold service at the Mt. Bliss school house next Sunday afternoon at 3:00, Sunday School at 12:00. Everybody in the neighborhood ought to avail themselves of these services.

Sunday, Sept. 19, will be the last Sabbath of the conference year at the Methodist church. This is always a day of special interest with the church and congregation. Services at the usual hour and everybody invited.

Services as usual in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning and evening. A cordial welcome to everybody, and to strangers, commercial men and others not accustomed to attend church. Sunday School at 11:45, Junior C. E. at 3:00 and Senior C. E. at 6:35.

Buy Muma's Bread. Three loaves for 10c.

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

Call and see those guaranteed Springs at Whittington's.

Three Loaves of Bread for 10c at Muma's. All kinds of Pie, 10c.

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

Trade at the Fair Store and receive one of those Handsome Clocks free.

Just received a big line of Men's and Children's Shoes at the Fair Store.

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

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Misenar are now located at 522 College Ave., Alma, Mich.

Shoes ranging in price from \$1.30 to \$6.00 per pair at the Fair Store, W. Weiss, Prop.

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

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

Fleck's Fly Chaser for protection of the Dumb Beast. Sold under a guarantee by J. J. Votruba Co.

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

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

Portraits, Frames, Photo Pillow Tops, Beautiful Pictures, Bronzides and Solar Prints. Deal with Manufacturer direct. Catalogue Free. National Portrait Co., Chicago

You will be amply rewarded by dropping into Eanpey 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

Our fall line of Ladies' Furnishing Goods are now ready for inspection, and we take pleasure in inviting the ladies of East Jordan and vicinity to call and look them over. Never before has such a complete line of Ladies' Spats, Coats and Dress Goods been offered to the public in this village.—E. C. Hubbard & Co.

Three Loaves of Bread for 10c at Muma's. All kinds of Pie, 10c.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

The State Meeting of the Ladies' Society of Equity will be held at the Court House in Bellaire on Oct. 7th, commencing at 11:00 a. m. This is a society of farmers' wives and daughters, and the problems of farm life and how it can be brightened up will be our theme. Locals will elect their delegates and all members are invited to attend—also the members of the Farmers' Society are invited and are always welcome. Dinner will be served by the ladies to the farmers and visitors.—Mrs. Howey, Pres.

The Golden Rod Local will have a tent on the fair grounds during the fair. The members will make this headquarters where they can meet their friends and members, and eat their lunches. Chairs will be provided for resting and everyone is welcome.

Forget-me-not Local will meet with Mrs. Mary Hawley next Wednesday. All members should turn out to this meeting as votes will be cast for all state officers whose terms expire this year. Two very interesting meetings were held recently—one at Mrs. Mary Bartholomew's and the other when the Local met with Mrs. Lottie Murray—the fourth bride in this Local. A pleasant time was spent and a fine supper served by our young hostess. The Local presented their Friendship gift.—Sec'y.

Tickling or dry Coughs will quickly loosen when using Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so thoroughly harmless, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else, even for very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub give the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. It calms the cough, and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Accept no other. Sold by James Gidley.

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.
Boyer City, Mich.
Phone No. 116, 3r.

FORGOT ONE THING.

Oversight of the Man Who Tried to Make Hens' Eggs.

A New Jersey man felt that he had at last invented a process for manufacturing eggs. He experimented until he discovered the component parts of a natural egg—the milk, fibrin, phosphorus and all the rest—and hastened to secure them. Then he announced to the druggist whom he patronized for his chemicals that all he needed now to insure success was cold weather, when eggs would sell for 50 and 60 cents a dozen. December saw the looked for period arrive and the inventor's new copper kettle was set over the flame of the kitchen gas range. The mixture was placed in it, and the scientist proceeded to operate with a blowpipe. The fibrin, the phosphorus and the rest of the chemicals stood it as long as they could and then expressed their feelings in a mighty explosion. The neighbors sought their cellars, while the glass in windows and doors fell in splinters.

Discussing his failure with the druggist and other friends, among them Congressman Gardner of New Jersey, the puzzled alchemist said for the tenth time: "Perhaps I forgot to include some essential in my formula."

"Yes," said Mr. Gardner dryly, "you did forget something."

"And do you know what it was?" eagerly queried the experimenter.

"I certainly do," said the congressman.

"Tell me—tell me what it is and fortune will be assured to us both."

"A hen—just a common, ordinary hen," replied the congressman from Egg Harbor—unfeelingly.—National Magazine.

He Went Back.

At a ball in Edinburgh a well known and charming hostess, wishing to get a partner for one of her guests, asked a gentleman if she might introduce him to a young lady.

"Oh, yes," he drawled affectedly, "Trot her out."

This was overheard by the intended partner, who was remarkable for her native wit as well as her beauty. So when the youth was introduced to her she calmly surveyed him from head to foot and then quietly said: "Thank you. Now trot him back, please."

On the Fly.

Probably the windiest place in North America is the short stretch in Washington from the F street car line to the entrance to the senate wing of the capitol. On a good blustery winter's day it is possible at almost any time to see two or three people chasing their hats across the street. The old timers have learned that it doesn't pay to chase your own hat. Somebody else will be sure to run after it and bring it to you.

One day Representative Murdock of Kansas rebuked a friend for starting to chase his own hat.

"Never do it," he said. "Somebody will bring it to you."

"Well, you ought to know," replied the other man. "Kansas is the windiest place on the map."

"Yes," replied Murdock. "It's so windy out there that when a man's hat blows off he never thinks of following it. He just sticks his hand up in the air and catches another."

The Inspiration of Purpose.

The great thing in life is not in realizing a purpose, but in fighting for it. If we feel the possibilities of a great work looming up large before us and impelling us to action it is our duty to consecrate ourselves to it. Failure in a great work is nobler than success in a petty one that is beneath our maximum of possibility. We have nothing to do with results; they do not belong to us anyway. It is our duty to do our best bravely and rest in the sweet comfort of this fact alone.—Circle Magazine.

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

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, Asst. Cashier

Directors: W. P. Porter, W. L. French, Chas. M. Schaffer, F. M. Severance, M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroehel, Fred Smith, Clark Hairc, Geo. G. Glenn.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

The latest styles of Iron and Steel Beds at Whittington's.

It's a pity when sick one drug the stomach or stimulate the heart and kidneys. That is all wrong! A Weak Stomach means weak Stomach nerves, always. And this is also true of the Heart and Kidneys. The weak nerves are instead crying out for help. This explains why Dr. Shoop's Restorative is promptly helping Stomach, Heart and Kidney ailments. The Restorative reaches out for the actual cause of these ailments—the falling "inside nerves." Anyway test the Restorative 48 hours. It won't cure so soon as that, but you will surely know that help is coming. Sold by James Gidley.

Splendidly Ready

For Fall Business in Every Line of Merchandise.

Our stocks are more complete than ever before so early in the season. You can make selections now and be assured of a satisfactory choice. The values also are attractive, prices in many instances being lower now than they will be later owing to the advance in many lines of goods.

A big line of LADIES' WAISTS, the finest styles and the best of cloths, at right prices, just opened.

SATURDAY SPECIAL

For that one day with every Men's, Ladies', Youths' and Misses' Suit a fine pair of Shoes given free, and with every Child's Suit a fine Hat.

This store will close Friday, Sept. 24 at 6:00 p. m., and remain closed until Saturday, Sept. 25 at 6:00 p. m.

L. WIESMAN

Big Clearance Sale

Will be continued during this month and next, so as to make room for our Enormous Holiday Line. Your attention is again called to our 5c and 10c counters. As we are obliged to clear the shelves, it means Bargains for you. Come and see for yourself.

Harper's Novelty Bazaar.

Perfumes Cannot Be Too Good

"IMPERIAL CROWN" is as good as the best. We have it and can please you if you like that grade.

PAYTON'S PHARMACY



SPENCER OF COURSE.

Any one in East Jordan will tell you that good Plumbing is a-sured, 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.

MARINE SUPPLIES.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

New Fall and Winter Woolens

Call and examine our beautiful line of Fall and Winter Samples of Men's Overcoats, Suits, Trousers, etc.

FREIBERG, The Tailor.

There Is a Difference

In opinion as to who discovered the North Pole but no change in opinion as to quality and low prices if you trade at the

J. J. Votruba Co. Cash Store.

Try Our 50c Tea and Our 20c Coffee for Real Merit.

TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS A SEASON FOR FUN



FROM time to time magazines and newspapers have printed stories dealing with the amount of money expended by the public in its search for amusements, and the aggregate in dollars, running well up toward \$20,000,000 for a single season's theater-going, is a fairly reasonable estimate. What it costs to provide these theatrical amusements for a year, a month, a week, or even a day, is a subject, however, of such indefinite conjecture that it has not yet got into type, or, if it has, in such a desultory and fragmentary way, and with so much omitted and so much taken for granted, that the figures cannot be said to have carried much conviction. It is practically impossible to estimate exactly what amount of money the theatrical producers of America expend. In their efforts to cater to the vast clientele which looks to this form of amusement for relief from the dull cares of the daily routine or the highly charged nervous wear and tear of a swift commercial era, but averages are possible. And, though lacking somewhat in definiteness, they tell a story of vast treasure all being poured through practically the one channel of enterprise.

To any one who has not stopped to consider the number of theaters required in a great country like this, the number of people employed, the multifarious business enterprises, directly or indirectly affected by the unceasing demand for the theatrical amusement, the figures at first sight may seem well-nigh incredible. But if it may be borne in mind that any figures quoted here represent

8, Cleveland 8, Columbus 5, Cincinnati 11, Detroit 8, Chicago 27, St. Louis 11, Milwaukee 8, St. Paul 6, Minneapolis 10, Omaha 4, Kansas City 8, Denver 4, San Francisco 7, Los Angeles 7, New Orleans 9, Louisville 5, Indianapolis 4, Toledo 5.

Number of Theaters in Each State—(List does not include theaters in cities mentioned above)—Alabama 27, Arizona 12, Arkansas 19, California 63, Colorado 30, Connecticut 24, Delaware 4, Florida 19, Georgia 35, Idaho 26, Illinois 126, Indiana 95, Indian Territory 7, Iowa 124, Kansas 81, Kentucky 36, Louisiana 24, Maine 37, Maryland 20, Massachusetts 70, Michigan 99, Minnesota 57, Mississippi 26, Missouri 81, Montana 14, Nebraska 70, Nevada 10, New Hampshire 22, New Jersey 33, New York 150, North Carolina 46, Ohio 134, Oklahoma 17, Oregon 22, Pennsylvania 141, Rhode Island 11, South Carolina 27, South Dakota 36, North Dakota 16, Tennessee 31, Texas 90, Utah 39, Vermont 20, Virginia 42, Washington 22, West Virginia 29, Wisconsin 67, Wyoming 13.

Here, then, we have an aggregate of 2,616 theaters of one kind or another which get regular bookings.

It is a peculiar fact that even the most narrow-minded and

puritanically inclined farmer with a head dead set against the theaters, is often, though he may not know it, under obligations to the theatrical producer for the profits that enable him to "lift the mortgage from the old place." For the scenery there is required lumber, from which the frames to hold the canvas are made, bringing a profit to the lumber yards, then to the mill, and finally back to the lumberman or farmer who owned the standing timber. Hundreds of thousands of square yards of canvas and linen are used to cover these frames, and here the returns, first to the dealer, eventually reach the manufacturer who sold him the material, and ultimately get to the men who grew the cotton and flax—the farmer once again. Immense quantities of hardware are also used, with the resultant profit to the dealer, the manufacturer, and the miner, and from many sources the wage earner, had he the mind to do so, might ultimately trace his earnings to the door of the theater.



an average arrived at only after separate consultation with representatives of three or four of the most important and persistently active theatrical organizations in America; they should therefore, be accepted as reasonably trustworthy. In round figures there is invested in theatrical ventures in this country about \$100,000,000.

Does this sum seem excessive?

Then remember the wide expanse of territory represented by the words United States of America, and try to realize that practically every city and hamlet in the land has its theater or opera house, that in every case the accessibility of the theater itself is a matter of supreme importance, and that this fact at once necessitates the expenditure of high rentals or the purchase of high-priced properties—that the operator of a theater, in fact, must expect at the very outset to pay the maximum of property values, whether he leases or buys.

In New York, for instance, the Rialto has steadily moved uptown, keeping pace with the city's growth northward, and to-day the costliest theaters in the world are centered about Times Square—in Broadway and in the adjacent side streets within a radius of half a dozen blocks from the point of supreme commercial competition.

Main street in the average American village would not be Main street without its theater or "Opera House," and there can be no doubt that in these smaller communities, as in the great metropolitan cities, the theater property will be found listed among the most valuable holdings in realty.

In Chicago there are 27, Baltimore 9, Washington 8, Buffalo 7, Cincinnati 11, while practically every one of the larger cities throughout the country has an average of from three to five theaters, and though for the time being many of them are given over to moving picture shows, they all represent an expenditure of capital invested for the sake of providing amusement for the public. Moreover, in every state of the union the smaller towns as well as the capitals and metropolises are well supplied with temples to the muse. The following table gives an approximate of the number of places in each state where regular attractions are booked, though there are some of the number undoubtedly that are merely public halls rather than well-equipped theaters. But it must be remembered also that innumerable minor towns have halls where theatrical entertainments are given, and these are not comprised in the booking schedules.

Principal Cities; Number of Theaters.—New York 75, Brooklyn 23, Jersey City 4, Hoboken 1, Newark 8, Boston 15, Providence 6, Philadelphia 23, Baltimore 9, Washington 8, Buffalo 7, Rochester 5, Albany 5, Syracuse 3, Pittsburg

men, 500 scenic artists, 200 shoemakers, 1,000 musicians, 200 electricians, 5,000 costumers, dressmakers, etc. It is estimated that 65 people on an average are employed to operate a big Broadway theater, and with the actors, singers and choruses included, it is possibly no exaggeration to say that such a theater employs more people and pays them better than the largest store in a town of 100,000 inhabitants. In the season there are employed in New York about 5,000 chorus girls, including those who have small roles, and whom the showmen still regard as members of the chorus, though they and their friends would probably resent the imputation. The average salary of these girls is \$18 a week. Principals, of course, command large sums when they can find work, and the few favored ones may earn at times as much as \$1,000. The oft-repeated statement that star actors are better paid than United States senators, supreme court justices, governors or mayors, is probably not untrue in certain specific cases.

The showing bill for large cities in the case of a big show like "Ben Hur" will call for \$1,000 a week, and will not drop much below that in smaller places. The salary sheet, the live stock, the orchestra, and the printing are the fixed charges of a show. These are never changed, except in case business does not come up to expectations, in which case the shrewd manager, as one representative put it, will increase his advertising—the only real method of increasing his receipts.

Variable items are the railroad fares and transfer accounts, the latter being the charges for hauling the scenery and properties, trunks, etc., to and from the theaters to the cars. In a broken week the local transfer charges of about \$300 are doubled.

The average profit of a successful season for a manager is about ten per cent.

It is estimated that Charles Frohman employs, directly or indirectly, in America and England about 10,000 persons. The extent of this manager's enterprises may be imagined from the following letter, which was recently sent by Alf Hayman to Hollis E. Cooley, secretary of the National Association of Theatrical Producing Managers, in response to Mr. Cooley's request, at the time the theatrical copyright was being jointly sought by all the managers, for a statement of Charles Frohman's gross investments in theatrical properties:

Mr. Hollis E. Cooley, Secretary, The National Association of Theatrical Producing Managers, 1410-11 Times Building, City:

Dear Sir: As requested by you, I am herewith handing you a statement of the gross investment in theatrical properties, together with a tabulated statement of annual expenditures and persons employed. The statement involves the value of the theaters both owned and controlled by us and are as follows:

Now, when it is remembered that in the various estimates and summaries the activities of only the three most active producing organizations have been considered, and that there are at least a dozen firms operating in New York and Chicago who, make from

three to ten productions a season, while innumerable companies are operated by individuals, the original estimate of \$100,000,000 invested will seem reasonable enough. With the New York theater occupying an expensive site, and half a dozen other theaters in process of erection in New York, with new theaters projected in Chicago and various other large cities, with a constant increase in competition and the necessity for augmented expenditures, each firm trying to outdo its rival in lavishness of production, more and more money is being poured each year into this one channel of enterprise, and more and more of it, overflowing the confines of its original intention, filters out through various channels to bring profit to innumerable people who would be greatly surprised to learn to whom they are indebted for their wages. The strictly practical economists might put much of the expenditure under the head of unproductive consumption of wealth, since much of it is ultimately wasted. The same amount, for instance, employed in fertilizing vast acres of barren unused land would ultimately produce a greater communal benefit.

HARD TIMES AND MATRIMONY

There is probably not more than a fraction of one per cent. of truth in that unpleasant old proverb, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window," but it is not to be denied that when poverty is the first to take possession poor love has to sit on the doorstep and wait.

All through the year 1908 the little god had been shivering outside many homes where he had every expectation of spending a cozy and perfectly delightful twelvemonth. And during the year of hard times marriages fell off 20 per cent.

In Manhattan borough alone nearly 20,000 persons are going about in single blessedness—or otherwise, as they take it—who ought from the statistician's point of view to have been married last year.

The statistician takes a cold-blooded view of it, merely marking it down as an interesting fact to be "footed up" with other interesting facts. He hasn't a word to say about love's young dream and hope deferred and all the furtive tears for which those 10,000 non-existent marriages are responsible. You can't make averages of such things as a young man's disappointment and a nice girl's heart-ache.

The results of hard times are always, first of all, fewer diamonds imported and fewer marriages recorded. Jewels and matrimony go hand in hand, as indications of a rising or falling in the barometer of prosperity.

HE BOUGHT

It was one of those moments when after dinner comfort and a pervading atmosphere of congeniality and well being are conducive to a flow of intellectuality. Smith, casting about for a topic that might serve as a vehicle for a fight among the upper spheres, hit upon a happy thought.

"How remarkable it is that after Michael Angelo Italy produced so few great architects," Jones heard with a sinister smile.

"Why, what's the matter with Lanouche?" he asked.

"Well, Lanouche hardly added anything to the art, should you say?" said Smith.

"Then there's Teruche," commented Jones. "I have always regarded Teruche as rather decadent," was Smith's response, accompanied by a lofty wave.

"Saluche?"

"Oh, distinctly fourth rate."

"There still remains Skabuiche," suggested Jones.

Smith turned a fishy eye upon each member of the group and last of all upon Jones. And then came the explosion. When the marriage had subsided somewhat Smith came to the scratch manfully.

"Waiter!" he called.

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UNFORTUNATE SURVIVAL



Hiram—So ole Hank Hardapple had a hand-to-hand fight with a grizzly bear an' lived t' tell th' tale? Silas (disconsolately)—Yas, by gum, an' that seems t' be all he lived for!

PAINT BEAUTY.

Assured of durability, the next thought in painting is beauty—the complete aim being durable beauty, or beautiful durability.

National Lead Company here again offer you the co-operation of their paint experts—this time in the line of color schemes, artistic, harmonious and appropriate. You have only to write National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York City, for "Houseowners' Painting Outfit No. 49," and you will promptly receive what is really a complete guide to painting, including a book of color schemes for either exterior or interior painting (as you may request), a book of specifications, and also an instrument for detecting adulteration in paint materials. This outfit is sent free, and, to say the least, is well worth writing for.

A Classic in Kentucky.

They have been telling this story down in the Blue Grass so long that the Louisville Courier-Journal says it is regarded as a classic: "Majah," announced the colonel, "I'll bet I've sweat no less than 17 gallons!"

"Begging your pardon, kunnel," returned the major, desisting from a long libation, "gentlemen don't sweat; they perspire. 'Horses sweat.'"

"Well, then," returned the now irritated colonel, glaring at the calm and contented critic of his diction, "by gad, suh, I'm a hoss!"

Tapering Off.

Whereas, I, Kitty Cameron, have fat too many beaux. (They say that I encourage them. It really is not so!)

Whereas, To make life simple is what I most desire, for which just concentration is all that I require;

Resolved, That I, instantly, before it is too late, agree hereby without reserve strictly to concentrate—give up spitting waltzes and such alluring tricks, cut down my field of labor and concentrate on six.—New York Sun.

Often the Case.

"Why are you making those horrible faces?"

"I'm amusing the baby!"

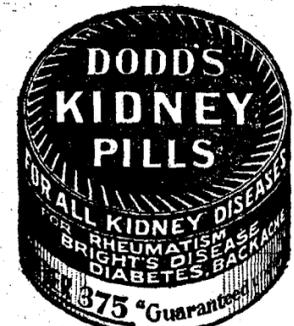
"But the child is screeching."

"Yes; some people can't realize that they are being amused."

Don't dope yourself for every little pain. It only hurts your stomach. Such pain comes usually from local inflammation. A little rubbing with Hamlin's Wizard Oil will stop it immediately.

Instead of making a fool of a man a woman furnishes the opportunity—and lets him do the rest.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle. The world's greatest 1,000,000 worth of pepper on its food.



SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaint. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *Brewer's Blood*. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



WHEN THE RIVER WAS HIGH

BY EMILY S. WINDSOR

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There was a deepening green on the mountain slopes, and the song of a robin came to John Lester standing at the entrance of his tent.

"Yes, spring is come," he mused, "and what an everlasting bore everything is."

A group of men founed on a huge fallen tree at some few yards from his tent. There was a movement among them as the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard on the road near by. Then as the horseman appeared crossing the clearing they sauntered towards him.

"Any letters, Sam?" Morris dismounted, and took a package from his coat pockets. "Two for you, Brown, three for you, Cooper, one for Davis. No—Dick, none for you." He turned towards Lester.

"None for you, sir." Lester nodded carelessly. He was not disappointed. He had long ago ceased to expect any letters.

"How's the river?" he asked, briefly. "Still rising. They say it will go 70 feet." "Then we'll just stay here till it goes down."

"It's a good deal of a nuisance, though, sir, to lose the time, with such a bit of work before us. There's no trains going out. And the hotel's full of swells on their way to Frisco. They'll likely find time heavy on their hands waiting for the water to go down."

Lester's gaze came back from the mountains. "Have my horse ready, will you, Sam?" Twenty minutes later Lester rode away from camp, his stalwart figure erect and easy in the saddle.

The men read their letters and resumed their position on the trees. Their glance followed Lester's de-

parting figure. "Seems to me your boss is a queer chap," said Dalton, who had but the week before joined the engineering corps.

"Lester's all right. Not very sociable, that's all," returned Cooper. "Say, I feel sorry for him," said Davis.

"Why?" asked Dalton, curiously. "Well," returned Davis, "any fellow with a good income like Lester and who chooses to work in this God-forsaken part of the country, and who is evidently not getting any happiness out of it, deserves pity."

"Oh—where's he from?" "New York. You see his father took it into his head to marry again, and Lester wouldn't stand for it. They quarreled, and they've had nothing to do with each other since."

"You say he has a fine income. Where's his money from?" "He inherited it from his mother."

"Well," observed Dalton, "why shouldn't his father marry again?" "Lester adored his mother, and couldn't bear to see any one in her place. He's never even seen his stepmother, and it's six years since his father married."

"Isn't there a story about some girl going back on Lester, too?" "Oh—I heard something about it—some girl he met in Europe the year after he broke with his father."

Here, Sam Morris came sauntering toward the group. "Say," he said, "a child is lost—belongs to some of the folks at the hotel that's waiting on account of the high water. They'd just found it out as I was leaving, and such a fuss as there was."

"Well, there's no bears around to eat it. Come on, what do you say to quilts?"

Meanwhile Lester was riding slowly on. For some distance the road was a narrow one between two lines of mountains. Presently, the way gradually widened, and he came out on a broad valley with the overflowing river in the distance. The view was magnificent, but Lester paid small heed to it. A spell of deepest gloom had fallen on his spirits. How fat and worthless life seemed. What was the use of it all? How would he get through this enforced idleness while the river was preventing them from pushing their work? Work, work was the only thing for him.

As he neared the point where three roads met and branched off, there was a rattle of wheels, and a carriage which he recognized as from the village livery appeared around the bend. It turned into the road farthest from Lester. It was occupied by a man

and two women. He was not enough interested to look at them as they turned into the other road, but the fleeting glance he had of them told him they were people from a world unknown to him the last few years. He did not see that the man in the carriage had turned and was looking earnestly back at him.

A woman's light laugh floated back; there was the scent of violet in the air. Lester's thoughts went back to days which it was his constant endeavor to forget. She had had such a laugh, and she had always about her a faint odor of violets. He gave his shoulders an impatient shake, and quickened his horse's movement. He would not let the memory of those past days take possession of his mind.

When within a half mile of the village he reached a road leading directly to the river. The thought came to him that there would be some interest in seeing the river at nearer range. He turned his horse in that direction. He rode slowly, taking in the breadth of landscape before him. Suddenly a child's cry awoke the stillness. Lester looked around. At the side of the road sat a child, a girl of four or five years. She was holding one foot in both her small hands.

"Hello!" exclaimed Lester, jumping from his horse. "What is the matter, little one?"

The little child looked up at him. "My foot, it hurts." There was a fresh burst of tears. "And I'm lost. I want to go back."

Lester bent over her. She was a beautiful little creature. She had a profusion of brown wavy hair and great gray eyes shaded by thick dark lashes.

She cried softly as Lester examined her foot. She had evidently turned her ankle violently in walking over the rough stones of the road.

"Where do you live?" asked Lester. "Don't cry, I'll take you home."

"Don't live here, we're at the hotel." She stopped crying, and looked at Lester with the confidence which the glance of his eyes and his smile always won for him.

"At the hotel? Well, my horse will take us there very soon." He lifted her in his arms, and placing her on his saddle, sprang up, behind her. "She belongs, no doubt, to those people that Morris said are staying over on account of the flood," he thought.

The little girl leaned against him comfortably. Lester chatted gayly to her, and soon she was laughing merrily. Her name was Dolly, she told him, and she had run away because she wanted to see the river.

By the time they reached the village and were riding up to the hotel, she seemed to have forgotten the pain in her foot. The street seemed deserted and there was no one visible about the hotel except a young woman standing on the veranda which ran around the building. Dolly called out as she saw her: "Here I am! Here I am!"

The young woman screamed and ran down to the road. "Oh, Dolly, Dolly, you naughty child!"

Then as Lester drew rein, she saw his face. "You, John!" Lester had turned white to the lips. "Is this your child?" he asked, his voice sharp.

He had dismounted and held the child in his arms. "My child!" she returned, impetuously. "No, John, I am not married. No—" as Lester made a movement toward her. "Matters are unchanged—but I am going to tell you what I would not before, because I did not want to appear as trying to influence you to accept your stepmother. She—is my sister. She was married to your father while I was at France in school. I did not know for some time after I met you that you were her stepson. When it was known to me—I decided not to marry you. But now—well, Dolly is your stepsister. She was left with me this morning while your father and my sister went for a drive with another member of our party. Suddenly she was missed—oh, I was so frightened—your father adores her, and if anything had happened to her—and, oh, John, to think that you found her!"

Lester had stood rigid and white during this explanation, his eyes on the sweet face of the speaker.

Now he folded the little girl closely in his arms and rested his cheek against hers.

"I have been a fool," he said, tersely. "I'll tell my father and your sister so. Is she as sweet as you, Alice?" "Much nicer than I. Oh, John, your father will be so happy to have you back."

"And you, Alice? Will you have me now?" "Yes, John."

Lester laughed happily. "I must carry Dolly in. Her foot must be attended to. She has hurt it."

Dolly seemed to thoroughly understand all that had been said. She put her arms around Lester's neck.

"I am glad that you are my brother," she said.

We are always wishing we were this or that person instead of ourselves, and if such a thing as metempsychosis were possible we'd mighty glad to get back to our own trials.

TOWS BURNING BOAT TO SHALLOW WATER BY TEETH

WISCONSIN ATTORNEY PROVES HIMSELF A HERO IN RIVER ACCIDENT.

Manitowoc, Wis.—Strength in his teeth and ability to swim powerfully enabled Attorney Fred Dicke of Two Rivers to prove himself a hero the other day. When his gasoline launch exploded with seven women aboard he jumped overboard, took the painter in his teeth and thus towed the craft to shallow water, where the women jumped out and quenched the flames.

The lawyer with a party of Two Rivers women was on a pleasure run up the east Twin river, when without warning there was an explosion in the bow of the boat. The engine stopped and the women screamed and were about to jump overboard when



He Hauled the Little Craft into the Shallow Water.

Dicke thought of the way to save the situation.

The guests, in terror, were about to plunge into the water, although not one of them could swim. Shouting to them to keep seated, the attorney seized a long rope he used as a painter and plunged overboard. Holding the line in his teeth, he swam until it was taut.

Carefully letting himself down, he felt bottom. Using every bit of his strength, he hauled the little craft into the shallow water, at the same time commanding the occupants to keep overboard. As soon as they reached him.

All of the women were badly burned, but before the fire reached them they were near enough to the shore to leave the launch. Meanwhile the Two Rivers life-saving crew was warned of the accident and responded with three doctors.

Falls 200 Feet; Is Alive.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Falling 200 feet down Mount Timpanogas, in Ervo county, T. A. Davoud, an electrical engineer employed at the Teluride power plant, escaped with two scalp wounds and minor injuries from which physicians say he will probably recover.

With five friends, employees of the power company, Davoud went to the canyon early in the morning, it being the intention of the party to ascend the mountain to its highest point.

Davoud was leading in the ascent when he lost his footing. He struck several times in the descent, the first time landing on a pile of snow, which broke the force of the fall. From that point he made several turns and in the final descent, according to the witnesses, he appeared to roll down the side of the mountain much after the fashion of a revolving barrel.

When picked up Davoud soon regained consciousness, though dazed and bleeding badly from many cuts and bruises on his face and body.

Imprisoned Two Days by Wolves.

San Bernardino, Cal.—Exhausted and on the verge of the collapse from their narrowing experience, Mrs. W. J. Getter, wife of the Salt Lake railway station agent at Crestline, 30 miles east of here, and her 11-year-old daughter, reached their home after a two-days' battle with a pack of wolves. For 48 hours they had been imprisoned in a lonely cabin on a deserted ranch 18 miles from home. While the husband and father, aided by a gang of 150 section men ordered out by the division superintendent, searched for them the women were beating off with clubs the attacks of the wolves, which tried to get at them by tearing off the sides of the cabin and digging under the foundations.

The mother and daughter were found totally exhausted. They had sustained themselves with a few crusts of hard bread found in the hut.

Bull Scared Woman to Death.

Norristown, Pa.—Mrs. Ada L. Alexander of 354 East Penn street, was scared to death by a bull. She had returned from the Phipps Institute, in Philadelphia, some days ago, and was sitting on a porch in front of her home, in better health than she had been for weeks, when a bull being driven along the street ran up to the porch, and so frightened her that she collapsed and died two days afterward.

Recent Styles



- 1.—Model for a gown of white chiffon cloth. It has an eccentric but attractive arrangement of heavy flit lace touched with gold and silver bullion around the shoulders and on the skirt. The hat is a Gainsborough of white lace trimmed with aigrettes of raspberry pink. The scarf is in the same color.
- 2.—Gown of pale lavender batiste with long narrow skirt. Oblong panel back and front made of net with yermicell design of heavy floss over its surface. This is outlined with twisted soutache between two straight bands of black velvet ribbon. Under arm pieces are of net with trimming of black velvet ribbon. Shallow yoke and high stock of white net. Hat of black with Henry VIII. crown of lavender velvet. Hat pins of amethysts set in filigree silver.
- 3.—Hat of black chip trimmed with two large plumes and stiff pleated bow of jade green.
- 4.—Frock of dull pink linen with embroidered lingerie collar and cuffs. It is trimmed with linen covered buttons and the sash is of black satin. Hat of rough straw trimmed with large wired bow of black satin.
- 5.—Child's frock of white batiste with bertha of lace and rosette of pale blue satin ribbon. Lingerie hat of eyelet embroidery with scarf and bow of pale blue satin.

IN SOFT QUALITY OF LINEN FOR AN ALL-BLACK COSTUME

Model That Would Make Up Well in Any Light Color, Preferably Pale Green.

Always Well to Have One for Genuine Service, and Here is a Splendid Model.

Linen is made in such delightfully soft qualities this summer, that they adapt themselves well to fine tucks such as are made at the top of this skirt. The number of colors suited to a summer dress are many, but

There is quite a return to the once-popular fashion of having a black frock for genuine service. Every woman, even with an elaborate wardrobe, knows there are some hours when everything seems to be in need of cleaning or mending.

For just such occasions she has a smart one-piece frock of black hanging in the closet. It is made of fine silk voile, for there has been found no better fabric for this purpose. It fits the figure, has an added belt of patent leather run through slides of watered silk, and is fastened down the back with hooks and eyes.

The skirt clears the gown by two inches and has a hem of black watered silk. The sleeves are elbow or three-quarter length. Each woman is in a go-as-you-please race concerning sleeves, and knows she is in the fashion as long as she keeps them small.

The top of this frock is laid in small folds from shoulder to belt, has a round yoke of black chiffon cloth covered with silk soutache braiding in Egyptian design and a shallow upper yoke of that heavy Venetian lace that wears so well.

This lace is repeated in a narrow pear-shaped armhole that runs halfway to the waist, and the black sleeves have a wide band of it around the middle.

With a black, purple of grass-green hat and patent leather shoes, any woman is smartly frocked.

In Pastel Colors.

Plain materials are much easier of construction than are those of striped, barred and flowered material. Perhaps it is this that has made the delicate pastel-colored batiste a favorite with the home dressmaker.

The fact remains that many of the more expensive sheer linen models in these delicate tones are copied by the amateur in the less expensive batiste.

A favored method of finishing the batiste frock is the basting together of its various parts and the holding of them in place by a very close and even feather-stitching.

Frisks of Footing.

Plaited frills of white tulle footing are much in evidence on pretty blouses of colored foulard. They are intended, it is true, to be worn with the separate skirt, but the colors should match, thus making the dress at least harmonious, if not a true example of the one-piece frock.

The footing frill usually is edged with a little strip of straight or bias silk like the blouse, and its covered buttons and small bow tie are of plain foulard to match the general color scheme.

Mercurial Lotion.

The application of mercurial lotion will sometimes remove pimple scars. It is very strong, and must be used with great care. It is best to have a chemist do the mixing. The formula is ten grains of corrosive sublimate in half a pint each of distilled and rose water. A little is applied to the skin, letting it dry on. Night and morning is sufficiently often, omitting after a few days and again using. It is poisonous if taken internally, and is a strong bleach.



for coolness in appearance, nothing is better than pale green, of which this dress is made.

The front panel is in piece embroidery; it may either be laid over linen or left transparent. The bodice is unlined, and is cut off at waist and sewn to a band to which also the skirt is attached.

Tucks are made on the shoulders, and a panel of embroidery is carried down front. The sleeves are composed of bands of embroidery, and fine tucks. Hat of white spotted muslin with frill of muslin falling from the brim, roses and leaves form the trimming.

Materials required for the dress: 6 1/2 yards 42 inches wide, 1 1/2 yards embroidery 18 inches wide.

Petticoats for Babies.

Tiny little sleeves with tiny little arms, but the latter always slipping out of the former, make the petticoat a great nuisance to the mother, and for this reason the princess, which simply slips over the head and buttons at the shoulders, is preferred by many. The only opening in the garment is at the shoulders, where a little button and buttonhole are all that is needed to keep the narrow straps together. The new baby's petticoat affords no elusive armhole for the struggling arms, which are almost bound to go the wrong way.

Veil Adjustment.

To arrange a veil easily and smoothly fold it in the middle and gather for about an inch and a half to each side with a stout thread. Gather ends into small knots and sew securely. Fasten ends at back of hat with veil pin or pin-on nape of neck with a barrette.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

CUTICURA COMFORT



FOR LITTLE FAT FOLKS

Most grateful and comforting is a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura. This pure, sweet, economical treatment brings immediate relief and refreshing sleep to skin-tortured and disfigured little ones and rest to tired, fretted mothers. For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are worth their weight in gold.

Sold throughout the world. Deposits: London, 27, Chancery Lane; Paris, 6, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, H. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, H. K. Paul, Hong Kong; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokyo; Russia, Ferris, Moscow; Bo. Africa, London, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Free, Boston.



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A \$-Dollar for a Dime

Why spend a dollar when 10c buys a box of CASCARETS at any drug store? Use as directed—get the natural, easy result. Saves many dollars wasted on mediocres that do not cure. Millions regularly use CASCARETS. Buy a box now—10c week's treatment—proof in the morning.

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. MILLION boxes a month.

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W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 35-1909.

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"Before I began to use Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills I suffered for days and weeks with neuralgia. Now I rarely ever have the headache, I will never be without them."
Miss Eleanor Wade
825 N. 6th Street,
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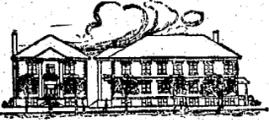
AND THE PAINS OF RHEUMATISM AND SCIATICA



25 Doses 25 Cents

Your Druggist sells Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and he is authorized to return the price of the first package (only) if it fails to benefit you.

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WASTED REGRETS

Loss of Forests Will Be Western Michigan's Greatest Blessing.

HOMESEEKERS COMING TO REALIZE GREAT OPPORTUNITIES TO BE FOUND HERE.

A great deal of false sentiment has been expressed in regard to the stripping of the forests from the lower peninsula of Michigan.

The idea is current that valuable lands have been rendered worthless by the process of converting trees into lumber.

This is all nonsense, and one of the duties of the Western Michigan Development Bureau, organized to develop the agriculture and manufactures of thirteen west shore counties, is to dispel this false notion.

The land yields but one crop of timber. It could never be put to any other use until the timber had been removed. Once fitted for agriculture and the land contributes more from its first crop to the general prosperity of Western Michigan than did all of the timber that stood on it.

The timber paid low wages to a comparatively small force of men engaged in converting it into lumber. This lumber sold in other states and the money received for it, except the small proportion paid here for wages, was banked in Chicago. When drawn out of bank it was used to buy timber land in the far west. It was lost to Michigan.

When the land is cultivated it furnishes a living for the man who works it. It furnishes business for the local stores, the implement dealers, and the produce shippers, and it creates traffic for railroads and steamer lines.

It is not too much to say that every year it creates as much wealth, acre by acre, for the home locality, as did the lamented crop of trees which the lumbermen skinned off.

Let us have an end then of foolish sentimentality over the loss of the forest. A farm is worth as much more to the community as a good milk cow is worth more than a red deer.

The thing to do now is to inform the world of the fact that Western Michigan has cheap land for settlers. The tide of immigration, influenced by the song of the western railroad and land agent and hopes of easy wealth on bonanza wheat farms, has swept westward.

Land is becoming scarce. For a number of years it has been apparent that a time was approaching when there would be no more cheap land for homesteading or prairie. That time is now at hand.

Land seekers have overflowed onto the prairies of Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan, reaching northward toward the Arctic circle.

In the mountain districts irrigation projects involving hundreds of millions of dollars have been undertaken.

Is any better proof of the coming land famine needed that these attempts to irrigate desert valleys? Do they not mean the end of cheap land, for irrigated land is never cheap, you know?

The pine stump has been too long a terror to intending settlers. Now the pine stump has a cash value that will steadily increase. Its value for turpentine, wood pulp and other products makes it an asset.

We have seen this stump land of Western Michigan rise in four years from a value of a few cents an acre to an average value of \$10. That is only a start. Five years more will more than double its present price, which will mean the creation of a greater value than the timber ever possessed.

The first settlers on the prairies were claim jumpers who remained long enough to prove up their titles and then sold out to move on to new districts. The men who followed them brought capital, industry, and a determination to create lasting homes. It took a number of years for the enduring type of citizenship to get rooted.

Good Settlers Coming. Western Michigan will not have to pass through this tedious operation. The men who buy land for farming now are men who want to locate permanently.

We are just starting in Western Michigan to found a great industrial commonwealth that will be certain to thrive and be prosperous because it has as a basis a wonderful lake shore climate and a wonderfully productive soil closely coupled with the greatest market in the world.

Chicago, the industrial center of our continent lies but a few hours distant from Western Michigan farms, ready to take all that is produced. Lines of transportation already exist, both by rail and by steamship.

An Ideal Land. The settler coming among us now to found a home finds that he is in no alien, distant land. He finds here an intelligent, well established citizenship with every facility for a happy, prosperous living. He finds good roads, plenty of schools, thriving towns and cities, and the finest climate between the Rockies and the Alleghenies.

Ours is a pleasant land through which flow beautiful streams. There are no tornadoes, no floods, practically no droughts. Our winters are mild and our summers are like paradise.

The time then is ripe for the Western Michigan Development Bureau, embracing the counties of Muskegon, Newaygo, Oceana, Mason, Lake, Manistee, Wexford, Benzie, Leelanau, Grand Traverse, Antrim and Charlevoix, to be active in exploiting the resources of this district that we may increase our population, put all of our land under cultivation, and furnish homes for thousands of people who want to work and prosper.

The Scrap Book

Perfectly Logical.

A Philadelphia lady one spring determined to turn her lawn into a flower garden and decided to do the planting herself. One evening the lady's husband came home and found her poring over a seed catalogue. She had a long list of seeds written on a sheet of paper.

"This is a list, my dear," she said, "that I want you to buy for me tomorrow at the seedman's."

Her husband looked at the list. Then he laughed loud and long.

"You want these flowers to bloom this summer, don't you?" said he.

"Yes, of course."

"Well, those you have put down here don't bloom till the second summer."

"Oh, that's all right," the lady said easily.

"All right? How is it all right?"

"I am making up my list," she explained, "from a last year's catalogue."

Morality.

We cannot kindle when we will.

The fire which in the heart resides.

The spirit bloweth and is still—

In mystery, our soul abides.

But tasks in hours of insight willed

Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet

We dig and heap, lay stone on stone.

We bear the burden and the heat

Of the long day and wish 'twere done.

Not till the hours of light return

All we have built do we discern.

—Matthew Arnold.

One Button Was In Use.

A school principal was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing life, of the second one as representing liberty and the third one as representing the pursuit of happiness. Next Sunday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

The following Sunday the teacher said to the youngest member, "Now, Johnny, produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for."

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's life, an' here's liberty, but pommer sewed the pursuit of happiness on my pants!"

Letting Him Down Easy.

The manager of the music hall was testing the abilities of a few candidates for stage honors one day last week, and this is how he let down one of the would be funny men.

"Your songs won't do for me. I can't allow any profanity in my theater," said he.

"But I don't use profanity," was the reply.

"No," said the manager, "but the audience would."—Stray Stories.

Witty and Caustic.

Lord Cranworth when lord chancellor used to sit continually with the lords justices, for the purpose, it was said, of enlightening himself on points of which he was ignorant. "I wonder why old Cranney always sits with the lords justices," said some one to Sir Richard Bethell. As usual, he was humorous and at the same time caustic. "I take it to arise," said he, "from a childish indisposition to be left alone in the dark."

When attorney general Bethell once finished an elaborate address just as the court adjourned at noon. His junior, who expected to follow on the same side after lunch, said to him, "Mr. Attorney General, you have evidently made a strong impression on the court." "I think so, too," replied Bethell. "Don't disturb it."

She Wasn't Selfish.

A little girl of three was having a naughty time of it one evening. The mother undressed her and put her to bed and decided to leave her for a time to the gentle ministrations of her father. He succeeded in quieting her. The mother came to bid her little girl good night and upon asking, "Well, dearie, have you asked God to forgive you?" received the reply:

"Yes, and I asked him to forgive you too!"

Sincerity.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be, and if we observe we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.—Socrates.

The Judge's Advice.

Some years ago many farmers along the line of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad brought suit against it and engaged a young lawyer named Brown. Judge Gantt, who was presiding, was compelled to throw many of the cases out of court because they were improperly brought.

Brown was mad all over. Swelling with indignation, he arose and said, "Your honor, will you please tell me how it is possible in this court to get justice against a railroad company?" Judge Gantt quietly ignored the contempt of court shown by the lawyer and asked, "Do you wish an answer to that question, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir," defiantly replied the indignant lawyer—"Yes, sir, and I want to know how a farmer can get his case into this court so that it will be heard."

Judge Gantt smiled and said, "Well, first, Mr. Brown, I'd advise the farmer to hire a lawyer." Brown wilted.

An Instantaneous Cure.

During the cattle plague of 1800 a farmer who had lost a number of his cows grew so depressed that he fully persuaded himself he had also contracted the disease. The medical man whom he consulted tried in vain to laugh him out of his fears, but subsequently, being fond of a joke, pretended to agree with the patient's views and solemnly told him if he would attend to his instructions he would be cured. He then gave the farmer a prescription, which he directed should be taken to a neighboring druggist, but when the latter opened the envelope and read the contents he was as much startled as the farmer, for the prescription was as follows: "This man has the cattle plague. Take him into the back yard and shoot him according to act of parliament."

The cure was instantaneous.—Dundee Advertiser.

Before and After.

One of the Philadelphia "organization" ward leaders who had been notoriously profane became converted and a church attendant. This caused great surprise among the man's friends and acquaintances in politics.

One of the leader's associates was approached by a politician who had known him for many years. "Is it really a fact that S. has joined the church?"

"Yes; that's what he has," replied the associate.

"Well, is he really religious?" continued the inquirer, whereupon this instance was given in proof:

"Well, I met him in the city hall yesterday, and he said to me, 'Jim, I'm feelin' like hell today.' An' you know how he'd 'a' said that a year ago when he didn't have religion. Oh, he's religious, all right!"

To Consumptives.

Edward A. Wilson's Preparation of Hypophosphites and Blodzettin 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.

These 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
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Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while permanent results are being effected by taking it internally, purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. O. L. GATES
Hancock, Minn., writes:
"A little girl here had such a weak back caused by Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble that she could not stand on her feet. The moment they got her down on the floor she would scream with pain. I treated her with 'DROPS' and today she runs around as well as any happy child. I prescribe 'DROPS' for my patients and use it in my practice."

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Act quickly and gently upon the digestive organs, carrying off the disturbing elements and establishing a healthy condition of the liver, stomach and bowels.

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OUR ELEGANT H. T. CATALOGUES GIVE FULL PARTICULARS, FREE.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, O.

The East Jordan Lumber Co.

CHANCERY ORDER.—State of Michigan. Thirteenth Judicial Circuit, in Chancery. Suit pending in Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix, in Chancery, in the City of Charlevoix, on the 28th day of July, A. D. 1909. Alta Mitchell, complainant, vs. Harry Mitchell, defendant.

In this case it appearing that the defendant, Harry Mitchell, is a resident of this state, but his whereabouts are unknown, therefore on motion of Elisha N. Clink, solicitor for the complainant, Alta Mitchell, it is ordered that the defendant enter his appearance in said cause on or before three months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be published in the Charlevoix County Herald, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

FREDERICK W. MAYNE, Solicitor for Complainant.

ELISHA N. CLINK, Circuit Judge

RANGER REVOLVING BARB WIRE

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PROBATE ORDER: State of Michigan. The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 4th day of September, A. D. 1909.

Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Ernest H. Sutherland, deceased.

Harry H. Sutherland having died in said court his position praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of said said deceased died seized.

It is ordered, that the 4th day of Oct. A. D. 1909 at ten o'clock in forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that the said Harry H. Sutherland, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.