

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 14

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1910.

No. 45

This Ticket Will Win

Named By the People at the Primary Election

Representative Republicans Who Stand by Their Records.

Charlevoix County may well be proud of its present corps of County Officials. Go where you will and a more competent, efficient, genial and obliging set of officers will be hard to find.

This year the Republican party presents for your consideration a list of candidates for county office of which we all may well feel proud. Their election insures for the county a continuation of efficient work in every office. It will be no experiment.

For State Representative

WILLIAM J. PEARSON is asking for re-election to a second term to this office. He is entitled to what he asks by every rule and precedent, for he certainly has made good. He was the unanimous choice of his party at the primary. He is a Republican from principle, and if he could not get an office on the Republican Ticket he



WM. J. PEARSON

never would hold one. A VOTE FOR HIM IS A VOTE FOR CHARLES E. TOWNSEND for United States senator, a vote for Republican doctrines, and a vote for a man who has the welfare of Charlevoix County and his constituency always first in mind.

For Sheriff of Charlevoix Co.

FORD P. ROBBINS of Boyne Falls was the successful man at the primary, winning easily in a three cornered fight. He won fairly in a choice of a majority of his party and is entitled to its unanimous support. He has held the office of Supervisor from Boyne Valley Township for four years and has been a valued member on the Board. He is in every way qualified for the office of Sheriff and will perform every duty of that office fearlessly and well. He has never held a county office.

For County Clerk

DANIEL S. PAYTON seeks re-election to a second term in this office. He is one of the best County Clerks in the State of Michigan. He never neglects the county business for anything and his work is always done when it should be and as it should be. He is a public spirited man and always ready to boost Charlevoix County as his record shows. A more competent man could not be found for this office.

For County Treasurer

RICHARD LEWIS has safely guarded the county's strong box for the past two years and asks to be re-elected to a second term. Careful, painstaking and always obliging he is the right man in the right place and we wish every man on the Republican Ticket as good a majority as "Genial Dick" is sure to receive.

For Register of Deeds

ROMEO A. EMREY seeks re-election to this important office. He sought the nomination at the primary on the record he had already made in the office. His supporters were those who had transacted a large amount of business with his office and had received such prompt, accurate, painstaking and courteous treatment they would not see him go. His re-election will mean a continuation of the same kind of service. His experience already gained is a strong argument in his favor. A confusion in the record title

to our homes would be a serious matter.

For Prosecuting Attorney

DWIGHT H. FROX of East Jordan was the choice of the majority of the Republican electors for this office. His campaign at the primaries was a clean and honorable one and he should receive the vote of every Republican in the county. He is eminently qualified for the office, having been in the active practice of the law for upwards of 15 years. He promises to give to everyone a Square Deal and give to the office his best and untiring effort and attention. All he needs is the opportunity and he will make good.

M. A. RUGSEGER for Circuit Court Com'r, Wm. R. Cowan for Drain Com'r and A. M. Wilkinson for Coroner are all new men on the ticket but are fully qualified for the offices they seek.

The men asking for these offices on the so-called "Labor Ticket" are all gentlemen. We have nothing to say against them. But what does the "Labor Ticket" stand for? It has no platform—no declaration of principles. There is nothing in the name. They cannot and will not—neither do they promise—to do anything for the laboring man. THERE IS NOT A UNION LABOR MAN ON THEIR TICKET. They are no more laboring men, in any particular, than are the Republican nominees. Their ticket could with equal propriety be called by any other name. The Republican Ticket was nominated by about 1500 republican voters at the primary and it is one of the fundamental principles of our government that the majority should rule. The "Labor Ticket" was made up at a meeting of about 30 people of Boyne City, and about that number voted for them at the primary.

There is absolutely no excuse for the "Labor Party" except that a few persons are resorting to that method in order to obtain, if possible, a county office.

Let every voter who has the interests of our welfare in the county, state and national life, go to the polls on Tuesday, Nov. 8th and cast a ballot for the Republican party.

He Testified To Their Integrity.

As a member of the constitutional convention and speaking as a citizen of Michigan and not as a partisan candidate, Lawton T. Hemans made this statement with reference to Michigan recent state legislatures:

"As one not in accord with the majority of the legislatures that have met in the state of Michigan, but speaking as one who loves the honor of the state and with kindly remembrance of the associations of men who have formed that majority for the last decade, I bear them the testimony of a high character, for their patriotism, their integrity and their honor. If there are defects in our system, let us recognize that they have no foundation in want of patriotism, integrity or honor in the law making branch of the great state of Michigan."

Mr. Hemans made this declaration after he had served as a member of the legislature through two terms. He has performed no official service since this declaration was made, and the only incident that has occurred that could in any way have changed his opinion or his point of view was his nomination as the Democratic candidate for governor.

Mr. Hemans is asking the Republicans of Michigan to lay aside their party sympathies and their party loyalty in his behalf, but it is here evident that he is illustrating a degree of partisanship and desertion of his true judgment and honest opinions, unequalled in Michigan political history.

If Mr. Hemans' declaration as a member of the Michigan constitutional convention was at all sincere or worthy of any consideration his statements at the present time are evidently compelled by party exigency and over-anxious personal ambition.

THE ONLY WAY TO VOTE FOR TOWNSEND IS TO VOTE FOR REPUBLICAN LEGISLATORS.

Nicholas & Nicholas represent a number of reliable Fire Insurance Companies. When in need of insurance of this kind, call in.

FOR BALD HEADS.

A Treatment That Costs Nothing If It Fails.

We want you to try three large bottles of Rexall's '93' Hair Tonic on our personal guarantee that the trial will not cost you a penny if it does not give you absolute satisfaction. That is proof of our faith in this remedy, and it should indisputably demonstrate that we know what we are talking about when we say that Rexall's '93' Hair Tonic will grow hair on bald heads, except where baldness has been of such long duration that the roots of the hair are entirely dead, the follicles closed and grown over, and the scalp is glazed.

Remember, we are basing our statements upon what has already been accomplished by the use of Rexall's '93' Hair Tonic, and we have the right to assume that what it has done for thousands of others it will do for you. In any event you cannot lose anything by giving it a trial on our liberal guarantee. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. Remember, you can obtain Rexall's Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store, The W. C. Spring Drug Co.

Should Not Go Back.

It is not necessary for Mr. Hemans to go as far back as sixty years in order to secure comparisons relating in a very important way to his present efforts in behalf of the election of a Democratic legislature. This comment by the Detroit News on the last Democratic legislature is more recent and far more applicable.

"The Democratic legislature has been a failure. Very little good can be said of it. It has had an odor of scandal and corruption connected with it. It has kept up the fight for patronage and boodle actual and prospective. It has wasted quite as much time and done quite as little work as the worst legislature this state has ever known."

This reference to the last Democratic experience with state management in Michigan is respectfully referred to Mr. Hemans as a candidate. As a reader of Michigan history he was always aware of the shameful pages contributed by the last Democratic administration Michigan was burdened with.



You may have occasion tomorrow to wear a Bischof coat

Clothes count for so much and it is well to have on hand one of the smart Fall styles.

The Bischof coats we are showing now are made of two materials, in the fashionable striking combinations of rough and smooth cloths.

Rarely can you get such attractive models at such reasonable prices.

Notice the smooth tailoring, the protected seams, the "stay buttons" in all Bischof models. They indicate the care taken throughout with Bischof coats.

For Sale in East Jordan only at
B. C. Hubbard & Co.'s

This is the Season for Colds

Cough, Croup, Grip, Pneumonia, etc. Don't fail to provide some remedy so that you can use it at once. The right remedy given at the beginning may save serious trouble later.

Don't forget that we have all the leading remedies.

VINOL. The cod liver oil preparation without the disagreeable taste.

Cherry Bark Cough Syrup, one of the best.

White Pine and Red Spruce, one that you all know.

Rexall Baby Cough Syrup, one for children alone and which contains no opiates. Drakes Croup Remedy, Derby's Croup Mixture and all the other good ones. Remember where you can get them.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

Arthur Vance

BUILDING CONTRACTOR

East Jordan, Mich.

All work done in a satisfactory and workmanlike manner.
Phone No. 111.

Buy Your Winter Fuel Now!

Coal You can save ONE DOLLAR PER TON on that Hard Coal bill by ordering Now.

Wood We can supply you with good Heating wood at 75c per cord, and wood suitable for cook stove at \$1. Either green or dry.

E. E. BROWN

PLENTY OF IT—ALL THE BEST

That's the combination you want to look for when you start out to buy Groceries—that is, if you are at all particular to get something which makes a noise like about the best thing on the market—and your appetite.

Here's a stock that is filled with the most reliable staples, and all the tasty, tempting little niceties and table luxuries as well. From flour and sugar to the finer things, we carry an elaborate selection—in fact, anything you want that's good.

Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.

WILL RICHARDSON

Phone No. 156.



WATER PIPES BURST?

Well just send for us and stop worrying. We make a specialty of quick and thorough

PLUMBING REPAIRS

and for new work we gladly furnish estimates and undertake to do the work in superior fashion, using only the best materials. Try us.

MARINE SUPPLIES.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

FRED E. BOOSINGER

Now Is the Time To Buy That Suit or Overcoat and the Foremost Clothing is the kind to buy.



FOREMOST CLOTHES SCHLOSS BROS. DETROIT, MICH.



FOREMOST CLOTHES SCHLOSS BROS. DETROIT, MICH.

We know our suits and overcoats are priced at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 under regular values; in other words, we promise you a saving of from \$2.00 to \$3.00 on your suit or overcoat and the Foremost clothing is getting better all the time. Perfect in fit; Best in quality and thoroughly up-to-date in styles.

The suits are going out at from \$10.00 to \$20.00, and the overcoats at from \$8.00 to \$20.00. Every garment is absolutely guaranteed in every respect.

If you are contemplating traveling, let us show you our line of trunks and suit cases. All prices from \$2.00 to \$15.00.

"Quality First of All" our motto.

Fred E. Boosinger

Laundering Our Paper Money

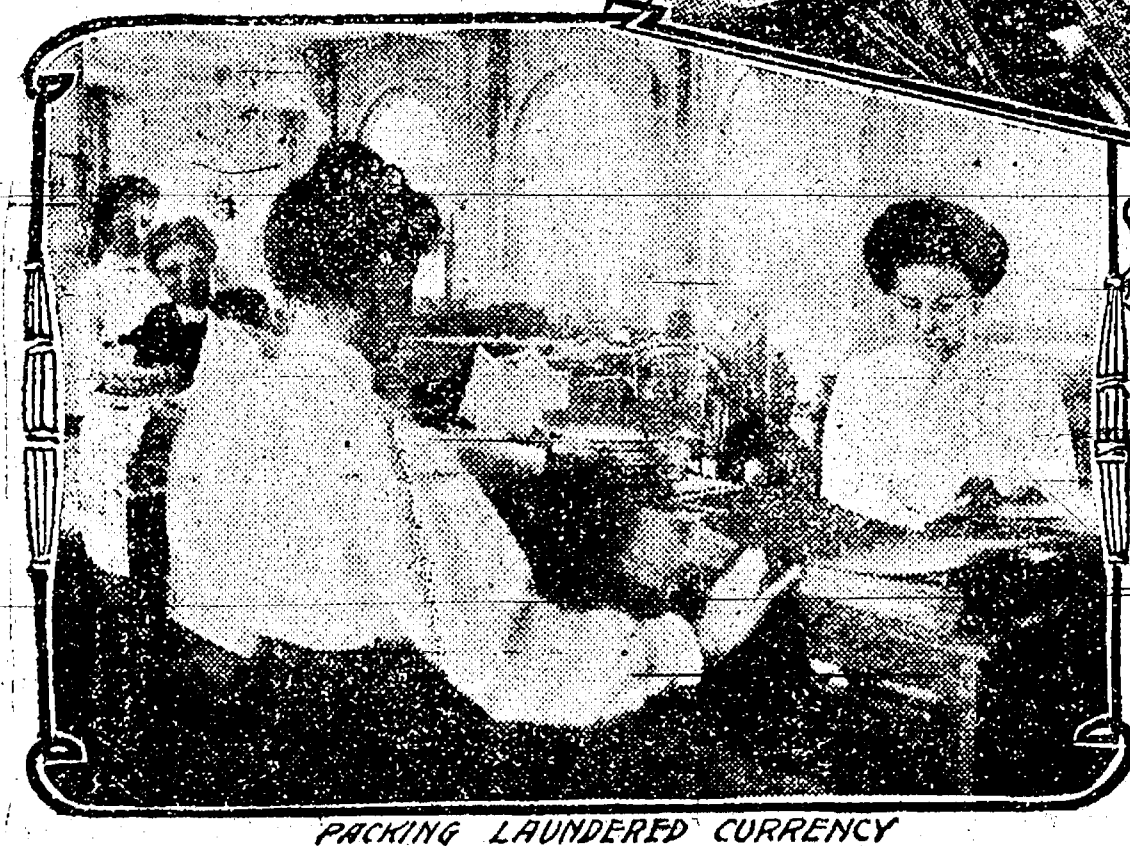
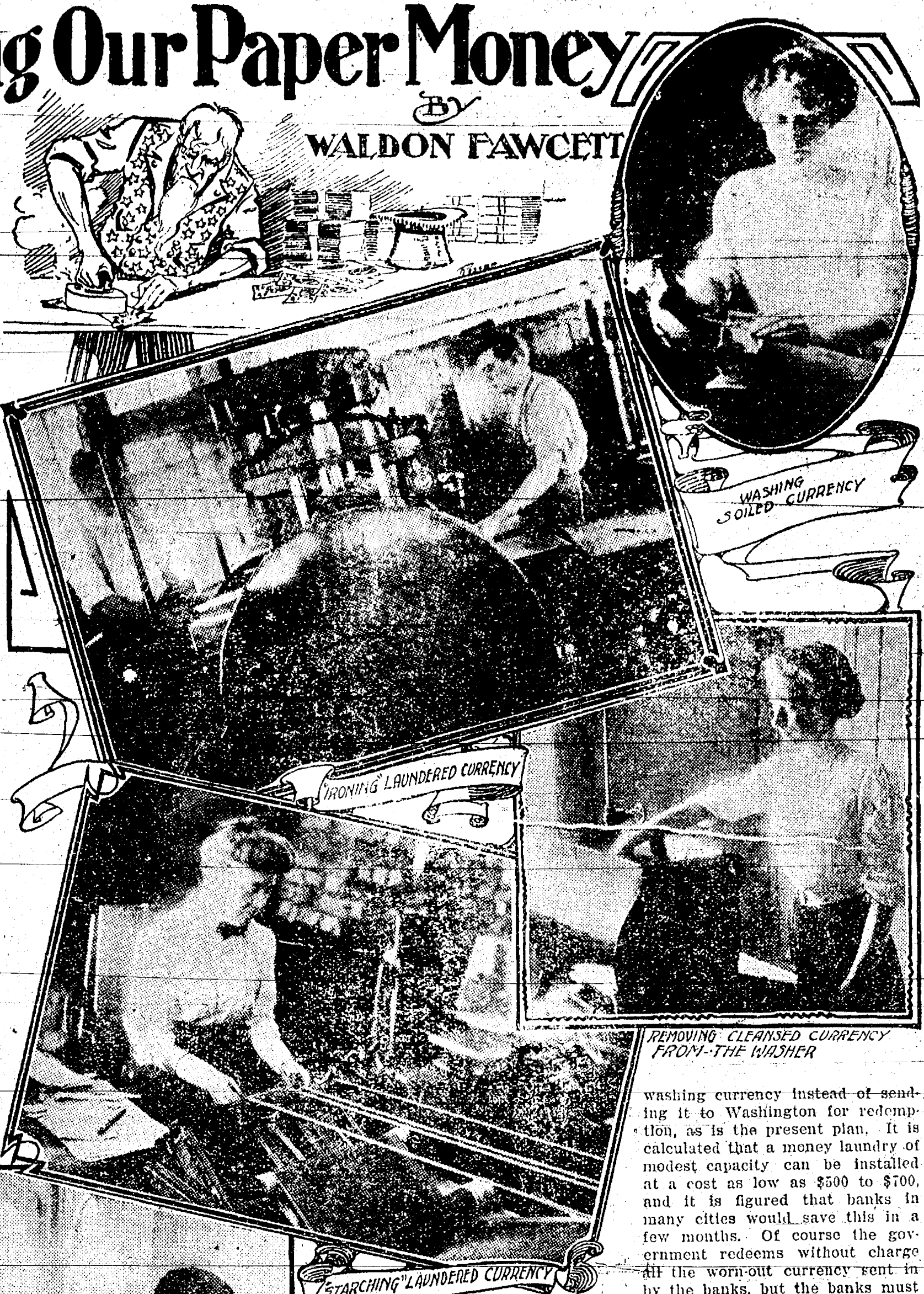
By WALDON FAWCETT



THE treasury department at Washington has just completed a series of novel experiments and as a result of the outcome thereof is about to enter on a new activity which is to prove one of the most interesting as well as one of the most effective economies introduced during the present era of retrenchment in Uncle Sam's administrative affairs. The innovation is nothing short of a scheme for laundering our currency. All the processes of washing, starching and ironing will be carried out just as though the articles to be cleansed were linen garments instead of linen paper. The effect of this scheme for freshening the currency, when once the government's plant is in full operation, will be to more than double the normal life of our paper circulating medium and to save the government considerably more than \$1,000,000 per year.

That paper money can be washed successfully is not, of course, an entirely new discovery. From time to time in years gone by individuals on their own initiative have sought to cleanse dirty bank notes with soap and water. The importance of the experiments lately carried on by the government, however, lies in the fact that proof has been gained that paper money can be washed, not as an occasional bank note, receiving individual attention, but on a wholesale scale. Equally important is the finding that this rejuvenation can be accomplished cheaply, and finally there is a third triumph for present-day experiment in demonstration that laundered currency can be given the "body" and "surface" that is responsible for the crisp, crackly qualifications that endear "new money" to many people.

The treasury officials hope soon to have in full operation a laundry plant located at the United States bureau of engraving and printing at Washington—which will be capable of giving a new lease of life to soiled and wrinkled currency at the rate of 100,000 bills per day. Present estimates



of the new money. From the drying room the washed bills go to the "sizing" room, where what might be termed the "starching" process takes place. This consists in passing each bill, by machinery, through a bath of alum and glue which restores the "body" which has been lost during the washing. Next the bills are packed between

that the express charges for many such institutions far exceed the outlay that would be required for the operation of a money laundry. One Chicago bank that sends a cart load of currency to the treasury every few days pays thousands of dollars a year in transportation charges. With a view to further aiding the banks that decide to launder their own currency the treasury department is planning to make public all its laundry recipes and formulas when it has been determined by the present tests just what are the best ingredients for cleansing, bleaching and sterilizing the money. The bleaching, it may be added is one process that requires the exercise of care lest the money in the wash be injured.

are that this premier money laundry of the world can be operated at an expense not exceeding \$20 per day—that is, with an outlay of one-fiftieth of a cent for each bill laundered. Even in the preliminary experiments the cost has not exceeded one-tenth of a cent per note laundered, and inasmuch as it costs 1-13 cents to print each new note produced at the bureau it can readily be appreciated that the saving will be tremendous. At the outset only the bills of small denomination—that is, the \$1, \$2 and \$5 notes and certificates, will be cleansed. These, being the bills that are subjected to the greatest wear and tear in circulation, are the shortest-lived.

The question will naturally present itself to the reader as to what proportion of the whole volume of our circulating medium can be laundered. The officials answer that about four-fifths of all the money sent back to the treasury for redemption is fit to go out for further circulation if properly cleaned. Supposedly worn-out money pours into the treasury to be exchanged for new currency at a rate of more than 220,000,000 bills per year. The investigations which have been made by a special committee appointed by the secretary of the treasury disclose that fully 80 per cent. of this is not torn or tattered, or in reality shows any sign of wear, but has been turned back by the banks simply because it is wrinkled or limp and dirty. All of this 80 per cent. of the currency could be laundered and the experiments seem to indicate that there is no reason why each bill should not be laundered repeatedly. The present normal life of a one-dollar bill is one year and three months and this will be doubled if it is not tripled, resulting, of course, in a proportionate saving in the expenditure for labor and material in printing new money.

The experiments which the treasury experts have been carrying on has been to determine the best and most economical method of laundering money rather than to try out different chemical formulas for the cleansing. As a matter of fact this latter part of the undertaking has followed the simplest lines. Plain soap and water, the former a good grade of potash soap, are the stand-bys of the government laundrymen who have undertaken the currency washing task. It may be that ultimately the cleansing compound will be combined with a preparation designed to sterilize the money while it is being washed, thus setting at rest the fears of those persons who are nervous about the germs on paper money, but the officials have not yet definitely decided that they will purify the currency as well as restore its pristine freshness. After the money has been washed it is rinsed and is then dried by artificial heat.

From this point—that is, all the finishing processes—are identical with those followed in the case of newly printed currency, but special machinery has had to be provided because the unit to be handled in every instance is a single bill instead of a sheet of four bills, as in the case

KENTUCKY CHIVALRY

For once in his life a Kentucky colonel found himself in a queer predicament because of his courtly politeness extended previously to a young woman at the reception tendered by the Knights Templar of his state. Past Commander Shackelford of Kentucky was the man who suffered the unhappy quarter hour.

Answering a telephone call at the Congress hotel he heard a sweet voice saying:

"Oh, Colonel Shackelford, I am going away this afternoon. You are going to say good-by to me, aren't you?"

"I certainly am," replied Colonel Shackelford, "though I am most sorry to hear that you are going away—(Who in thunder can she be?)"

"You remember me, don't you?"

"Indeed, it would be quite impossible for forget you. (Ye gods! Who is she? Help, help!)"

"You know you said that I was the most charming girl you had met in Chicago."

"And I never retract anything I say. I was sure of it when I said it. I am surer of it now. (Say, this is awful.)"

"Well, I expect to meet some friends in the parlor in half an hour, and I shall hope to see you. Now don't forget. Good-by."

"Good-by. I shall be there. Good-by."

First he importuned some other Kentuckians, after pledging them to secrecy, but they could not help him and one said:

"Why, Shackelford, you said the same thing to about a dozen women at the reception."

So at the appointed time Colonel Shackelford went forth to the parlor, and when he returned his face was wreathed in smiles.

"How about it?" was the anxious query.

"Gentlemen, as a member of the Masonic fra-

ternity and as a southern gentleman—let us talk about the weather." Then he smiled some more.

WHITE RAINBOW A RARITY.

What is known as a white rainbow is an extremely rare phenomenon. It was observed at the Montouris observatory at Paris by M. Louis Besson. It was an almost colorless bow and was seen at 2:10 p. m., dying out and then reappearing at 3:15, reaching a maximum brightness at 3:25, then disappearing five minutes later. The bow had about three degrees width and was not a pure white, but somewhat tinged with rose color at the outer edge and violet at the inner. The angular height of the summit was 40 degrees 8 minutes on the average. There have been often observed in the mountains of the polar regions white bows upon fogs or clouds composed of liquid drops.

The explanation of this phenomenon, known as the "Ulloa circle," was given by Mascart. It is only a special case of the general theory of the rainbow as given by Airy, which allows of supposing a mixture of the colors so as to approach white, at the same time as a widening of the arc and a diminution of the radius, when the diameter of the drops becomes smaller and comes near to 41 u.—Scientific American.

BALKS EFFORTS OF INVENTORS.

Machinery plays little part in the glass trade. Visitors to glassworks have time and again remarked upon the apparent awkwardness and antiquity of the processes employed. Inventors have for a long time exercised their wits to devise machinery calculated to supersede the glass-blower's lungs, but to no avail.

Star Song.

When sunset flows into golden flows,
And the breath of night is new,
Love, and afar you yearning star—
That is my thought of you.

And when your eye doth scan the sky,
Your lonely lattice through,
Choose any one, from sun to sun—
That is my thought of you.

And when you awake at the morning's break
To rival rose and dew,
The star that stays in the leaping rays—
That is my thought of you.

—Robert Underwood Johnson.

Millicent's Masquerade

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Behind the frowning providence of a sudden summer rainstorm, Fato hid for Millicent Ware a smiling face. She stood in the uncertain shelter of a roadside elm, trying vainly to shield her hat with a ridiculous parasol, and speculating what chance had such an object as she knew she looked of getting the place she sought.

To be exact, the place was that of nursery governess in the Alstynne family—the agency had sent her on the barest long chance. Because she needed work so desperately, also because the morning had promised so fairly, she had put on her modest best—her white linen suit, mult-trimmed hat and patent leather ties.

She had been pardonably proud of herself as she stepped from the train at the nearest station. There was nobody to meet her, and her purse forbade even suburban cab fare. Armed with confused directions and the rash confidence of youth, she had set out on foot for Overhill, the Alstynne place—and this was the result!

"Hopelessly drabbed," she said half aloud, looking herself up and down as she spoke. "And at least half a mile to go if this rain over holds up. Heigho! If everybody be rich why is anybody permitted to own an auto?"

As though answering the question an auto, a big limousine, dashed out of a cross track upon the hard wide roadway—and in making a turn skidded, fetching up, at last, less than two feet from Millicent, but not until it had splashed her almost from head

"I hear he's a frost and a funeral is one—this Arden Gloster," Lily Haughton had explained to Millicent. Lily, orphan and heiress by nature, lawless, by bringing up much oppressed, had been due to visit the kinfolk she had not seen since childhood, when her heart was set upon another excursion.

"You need work—I've got a perfectly good checkbook—and a book of the family that will tell you about it all the way to Adam," she had said. "You can have any money you want, to stay my six weeks there. Arden Gloster is sure not to make love to you—he thinks it beneath him to do such things. He thinks, too, he is going to marry me, when he's good and ready—so as to get the blessing and the fortune of our elders."

Millicent had at first scouted the idea—then all at once fallen in with it ardently. She needed rest—in six weeks the summer would be almost over—the money Lily thrust upon her would keep her comfortable until she found work in the theaters. She had spent her small inheritance upon a course at the dramatic school—governessing had been only a stopgap.

She would do no wrong—Lily assured her, indeed, that she would be doing good instead. "We're so much alike, Arden won't ever know the difference when he comes to tell me he is ready to marry me," she said. "And I shall never, never go to Glenville—and I shall go somewhere else and be heavenly happy, just as myself, not the rich Miss Haughton. I've never had such a chance before. Do help me take it."

Life went easily at Glenville. Millicent was blissful all through the first fortnight. She rode, drove, walked, with the old folk, suiting herself to their needs and tempers. Consequently they grew so fond of her, her conscience awoke and pricked sharply.

She gave hardly a thought to young Gloster—he was writing a book upon political corruption, and spent most of his time in the tower room three stories in air.

But Madame Haughton was full of talk about him—how good and true he was, what hopes they built upon him. She was too delicate to do more than slur lightly over the family plan, even in showing the incomparable diamonds destined for "Arden's wife."

She made costly gifts to Millicent—gifts it was impossible to refuse without exciting comment. Millicent took them feeling like a thief, salving her conscience with promises to pass them on to the right Lily. But she could never pass on the loving thought which enveloped her, and made her pine to confess herself an impostor.

At last two things happened: Arden finished his book, and began ardent lovemaking. The process transfigured him—he became not merely human—but fascinating. Millicent had had experience of the great game in the course of her twenty-two years, and told herself, quite candidly, he played it to admiration.

He came to her after a fortnight's playing, in the adorable old garden that seemed made for lovers.

"Such a pity!" he said gently, taking both her hands. "We can't have a bit of romance—our true love runs so smooth."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean!" Millicent retorted, trying to free her hands.

"No?" he said, his eyes laughing and incredulous. "You don't know that by loving each other we please the finest pair in the world—and inherit a million?"

"Let go my hands! I—I—won't listen!" Millicent burst out.

He caught her in his arms—there upon his breast she told him everything, ending abjectly: "Please, please, let me go away before you tell the old folk. They have been so good to me I can't bear to see their eyes full of contempt."

"But I must tell them," Arden protested. "And at once! Foolish little girl, do you think I shall let you go, no matter what your name is?"

"It's like a fairy tale come true," Lily, the real Lily said three weeks later; but she was no longer Lily Haughton. She had come to Glenville in convoy of her new husband, Jimmy Page, artist.

"Jimmy held out against me until he saw what a cook I was, in camp. Lily ran on. 'I've been trying for a year to make him propose—now all of us will live happy ever after.'"



"I've Got a Perfectly Good Check Book."

to foot. The muddy puddle which had helped to stay her was at least four inches deep. She had shrunk back too late—even the tip of her nose had a brown drop on it. Of course, the machine would go past her. How ever would she get back to town?

"Oh, I'm so, so sorry!" a girl's voice said. "The door had been swung open. Within it she saw a fair double of herself, a girl, blue-eyed and tall as she was, with the same cleft chin, straight nose and yellow hair. The voice, too, seemed her own, as it went on eagerly:

"Get in! You must! I shall take you home with me—and send you to the laundry!"

There was a bubbling laugh after the last word. Millicent got in, and was whisked forward, hardly knowing whether she were awake or dreaming.

Two hours later she was pinching herself to determine. This, although she sat at late luncheon in a fine country house, clothed in fine alien garments, eating strange things. Her double sat opposite her, smiling soft coaxing smiles, and saying every little while:

"You will! That's a darling! I'll love you forever and ever—and it can't be half so bad, no matter how it turns out, as being a governess—those Alstynne children are young savages."

Two days later, still dazed, but full of inward chuckling, she was welcomed by an elderly couple as their own dear grand-niece, Lily Haughton. They were childless, but had a grand-nephew for company, a tall, severely handsome young person, who looked as though he did not know how to laugh.

Relic of the Past.

"This, I presume, is the portrait of one of your former admirers."

"Don't be foolish, hubby. That is a photograph of yourself when you had hair."

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS.

Little kidney troubles gradually grow more serious and pave the way to dropsy, diabetes, and fatal Bright's disease. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at the first sign of trouble. They cure all kidney ills.

Mrs. J. R. Hayes, Anamosa, Iowa, says: "I suffered such awful pain I could not lie down, I was perfectly helpless for six months. My ankles were so badly swollen I could not wear my shoes. Soon after using Doan's Kidney Pills I was able to walk without crutches. I gradually improved until I ceased to bloat and the kidneys became normal."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers, 50 cents a box.

Forster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HER FIRST PROPOSAL.



Ethel—Was she glad when he told her the old, old story?
Marjorie—You bet she was. Why, that girl never heard it before.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 4th day of December, A. D. 1909.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

His First Lesson in Economy.

"When I was a very small boy and a dime looked pretty big to me, I met John H. Farley—who had always been my good friend—on the street one June day," says Frank Harris.

"Frank," he said, "the Fourth of July is coming soon. You'll want some change then. Let me be your banker until then and you'll have some money for firecrackers, torpedoes, lemonade and peanuts."

"I emptied my pockets into his hand and every day thereafter until the Fourth I turned over to him my small earnings. When the day of days came around I had a fund that enabled me to celebrate in proper style, while many of my playmates were flat broke. It was my first lesson in thrift, and it was a good one. Hundreds of Cleveland people would be glad today to testify to the fact that when John H. Farley was a friend of a man or a boy he was a friend indeed."—Cleveland Leader.

New Version.

"Now, Harry," said the Sunday school teacher to the brightest boy in the class, "can you tell me how Elijah died?"

"He didn't die at all," replied the youngster. "He was translated from the original Hebrew."

A FOOD DRINK.

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes:

"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a poison like coffee."

"I began to use Postum eight years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day."

"On the advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as directed on the package. As I had always used cream and no sugar, I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look—like a new saddle."

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many substitutes for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied, with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years."

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep sound and am not nervous."

"There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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

SOUTH CAROLINA FLORIST EXPERIMENTS WITH DAHLIA

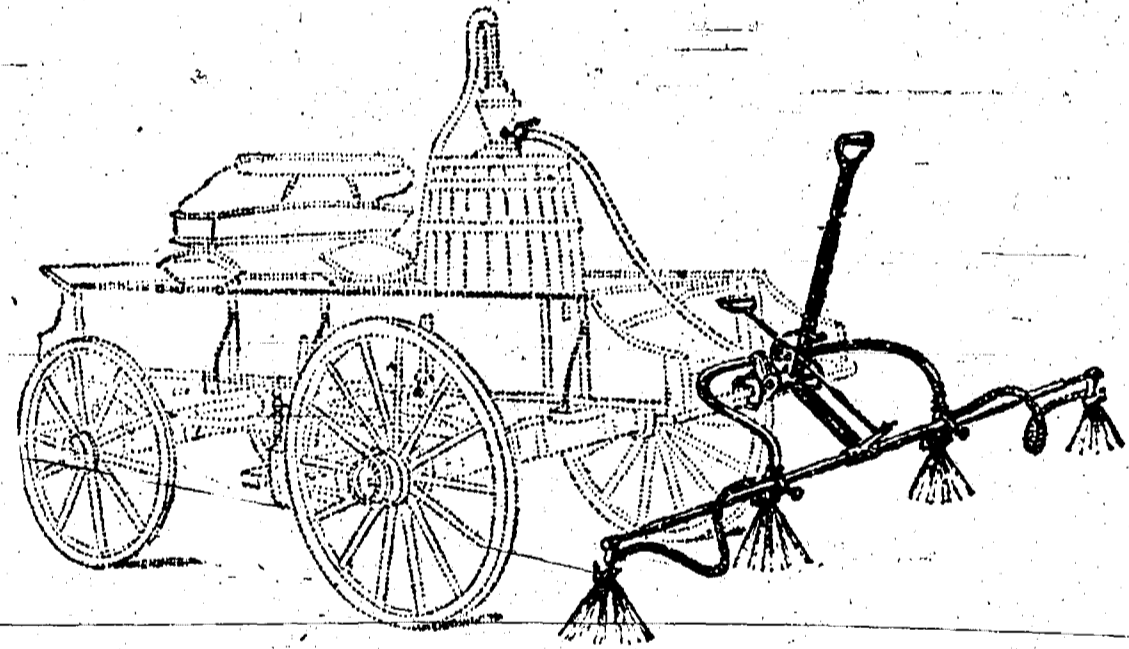
Tells Interesting Story of Success With Flower of Double Variety From Seed—Some Very Beautiful.



Double Dahlia.

I want the flower loving readers to know of the success I had with dahlias from seeds. I ordered one packet, and sowed it in a box, having no idea that I had such a glorious treat in store, writes a South Carolina Florist in Park's Floral Magazine. Within five days the seedlings had pushed up in little "humps," and soon were holding their heads up, looking strong and vigorous. As soon as they were large enough to transplant, I put them in good, loamy, well-worked soil, and I could actually see them grow. Within three weeks I noticed the color of some stalks was dark red, and others light green. The buds commenced to show soon, and then swell, and oh, the pleasure in watching the different colors show! Some grew faster than others, but all grew entirely to my satisfaction. There was one particular plant that grew and kept on growing and we encouraged this growth just to see where it would go to. It finally decided to stop at the height of nine and a half feet, and then the exquisite bloom hung over in such a graceful way, showing a flower almost black with a bright, yellow center about the size of a 25-cent piece. The petals looked like heavy silk velvet, and the blooms were as large as my tubers produced. Some of the others were equally as beautiful, one being a magenta, with the back of the petals striped in white; another was a fawn shade and very odd; another was yellow outlined on each petal with red, and still another was a peculiar shade bordering on a brick-dust color, the back of the petals being yellow. This combination was perfectly beautiful, and thought by many who saw it to be the loveliest in the lot. In all, I secured 32 plants, and every one was a gem.

MORE POTATOES BY SPRAYING



For a good many years the general farmer has contented himself with occasionally going over his potato plants with a bucket and a stick in an attempt to eradicate entirely the destructive potato beetle or "bug." In a way, this has answered the purpose, since the plants were saved from being entirely consumed by the hordes of insect pests that continually swarmed up from nowhere, but of course it was impossible to rid each plant of all the bugs that infested it. Some of the eggs were sure to remain and hatch. Then there were the many varied plant diseases to which the tubers were subjected and a few years ago no methods were available to effectually control them, since no systematic study had been given to this branch of agriculture.

SAVES LIVES OF CHICKENS

Kansas Poultry Raiser Has Discovered and Put Into Practice Means of Preventing Large Mortality Among Chicks.

A well-known Kansas City poultry man, Ernest Kellerstrass, has discovered and put into practice a new means of preventing the common large mortality of brooder chicks. The remedy is so simple that at first thought it appears almost ridiculous. It consists only in the use of black soil in the floor of the brooder. Mr. Kellerstrass by accident, two or three years ago, noticed that a piece of sod placed on the floor of a brooder was quickly worked on by the chicks. They stood on it and scratched on it in preference to the wooden floor of the brooder. The entire floor of the brooder was then covered with sod,

and it was found that the chicks on the sod covered floor were stronger, freer of disease and thrived better in every way than chicks in brooders with no earth covering for the floors. From this experiment the idea was evolved that earthen floors were the proper kind for young chicks and continued experiments were made on a large scale. The black earth floor was tried with 25,000 chicks and proved so successful that less than five per cent. of ordinary brooder raised chicks die. The idea of Mr. Kellerstrass is that board floors are too hard and unnatural for the feet of young chicks, and that soil is a soft and natural floor for them. By standing on the board floor the chicks acquire leg weakness that results in the white bowel trouble and a general weakening of the young birds. With loose, dry soil as a floor the chicks will learn to scratch and become active. Through scratching and exercise the birds grow strong and hence more resistant to disease.

ATCHISON'S ORDER OF SPINS

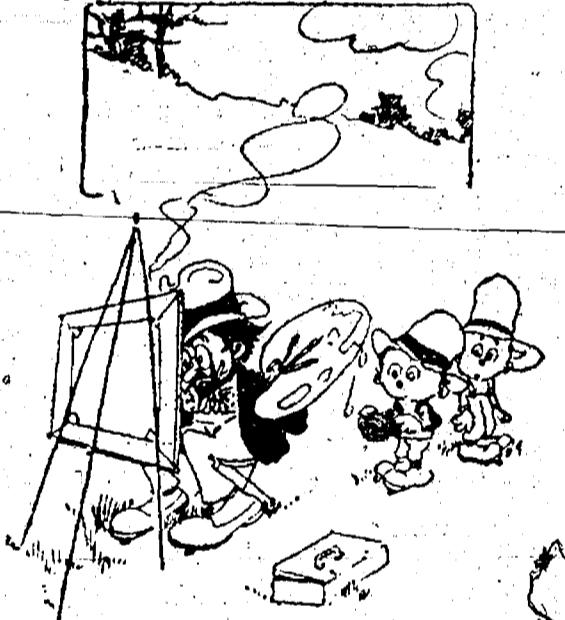
Unmarried, and Contented Withal, They Have Mapped Out for Themselves a Pious City.

There was called a meeting of the Ancient Order of Spins last evening, and papers were read on every subject, from removing grease from carpets to the sad memories that attach to a bunch of old letters. The Spins were having a hilarious time when a visiting Spin got up to make a few remarks. She said that, while they are happy now, there was a sad time coming. "Think of the day," she said, "when, having no husbands or children, you will be all alone." There was a snuff and then a snort as Spin after Spin recalled wives and mothers who are alone from daylight till dark, except when some member of the family wants waiting on. The snuffing and snorting increased in volume as Spin after Spin told of her freedom from worry, her independence in financial matters and the joy of doing as she pleased. "But we must not take offense at what our sister has said," one Spin remarked. "Let us show our good intentions" by calling on every lonesome wife and mother we know." This was six weeks ago, and though the Spins have devoted every afternoon and evening since to this missionary work, they haven't made half the rounds yet.—Atchison Globe.

BABY'S SKIN TORTURE

"When our baby was seven weeks old he broke out with what we thought was heat, but which gradually grew worse. We called in a doctor. He said it was eczema and from that time we doctored six months with three of the best doctors in Atchison but he only got worse. His face, head and hands were a solid sore. There was no end to the suffering for him. We had to tie his little hands to keep him from scratching. He never knew what it was to sleep well from the time he took the disease until he was cured. He kept us awake all hours of the night and his health wasn't what you would call good. We tried everything but the right thing. "Finally I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies and I am pleased to say we did not use all of them until he was cured. We have waited a year and a half to see if it would return but it never has and today his skin is clear and fair as it possibly could be. I hope Cuticura may save some one else's little ones suffering and also their pocket-books. John Leason, 1403 Atchison St., Atchison, Kan., Oct. 19, 1909."

IGNORANT OF ART.



The Kid—Mister, Johnnie says that purple thing in front of the picture's a windmill and I say it's a tree; which is right?
The Impressionist—That's a cow.

Pleasant Place to Prosper.

TO THE EDITOR: We want to hear from people who would appreciate securing a fruit, dairy or poultry farm in the Kuhn Irrigated tract in Sacramento Valley, California, at half the true value. Best water right in state. Low maintenance cost. Work costing millions now actually being done. Roads, drainage and water right included in price. Ten months growing season. Ten tons alfalfa per acre. Splendid dairy conditions. 500 hens earn \$100 a month or better. Oranges, lemons, grape fruit, figs, English walnuts and a thousand other fruits, nuts, vegetables and flowers grow here. Gardens winter and summer. (Charming place to live. Very beautiful. Who wants such a home? Land selling fast. Work for everybody. Write us for enthusiasm. H. L. Hollister & Co., 265 La Salle St., Chicago, or 315 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

The Only Way.

"How can I win you for my very own?" "You fellows might get up a raffia," answered the summer girl. "I'm engaged to seven of you."

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 *Chas. H. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Anticipated.

Margaret—Did you tell the girls at the tea that secret I confided to you and Josephine?
Katherine—No, truly I didn't. Josephine got there first.—Harper's Bazar.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A man of few words usually says them as if they were more.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster-colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—New to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. MONTAGUE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

ENGAGEMENT NOW OUT.



Ethel—Weren't you surprised when you heard about my horse running away with me?
Ernest—Not very. I'd do the same thing myself if I got the chance.

Points to Good Future.

Seven poor children, four girls and three boys, all about ten years old, went to a nearby seashore resort, in charge of two women, for a day's outing. The funds for the picnic were provided by two boys who sell papers and who live in one of the two houses from which the excursion party was recruited. One of the women in charge of the children said that the boys had arranged the outing "of their own accord, and the remarkable thing is this: They are not good boys by any means and one of them is probably the naughtiest boy in the neighborhood. But we think that when boys do little things like this they will come out all right."—New York Tribune.

Good Advice, but—

A traveler entered a railway carriage at a wayside station. The sole occupants of the compartment consisted of an old lady and her son, about twelve years old. Nothing of note occurred until the train steamed into the station at which tickets were collected. The woman, not having a ticket for the boy, requested him to "corrie down."

The traveler intervened and suggested putting him under the seat.

"Man," said the excited woman, "it's as sharp as a daisy; but there's two under the seat already!"

Generosity.

The Backer—Go it, Billy, you ain't half licked yet.

The Fighter—Well, you come and 'ave the other 'arf. I ain't greedy!—Tit-Bits.

The World on Wheels.

"Well, I mortgaged my home yesterday."

"What make of auto are you going to, get?"—Houston Post.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 50c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Onions are more nourishing than any other vegetable.

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For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures Wind Colic, 25c. per bottle.

And sensible men consider it too much trouble to look for trouble.

Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap
is more soothing than Cold Cream; more healing than any lotion, liniment or salve; more beautifying than any cosmetic.
Cures dandruff and stops hair from falling out.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
will put you right in a few days.
They do their duty.
Cure Constipation, Bloating, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE
Genuine must bear Signature
Asa Carter

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PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster-colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—New to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. MONTAGUE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

FOR GOVERNOR CHASE S. OSBORN



CHASE S. OSBORN

Sketch of Life of Candidate for Governor of Michigan—
Country School Boy—Newsboy—Printer—Student
—Newspaper Owner—Geologist—Discov-
erer of Iron Mine—Traveler.

(By Frank M. Sparks in Grand Rapids Herald.)

Michigan? In calling the roll of governors, what is to be the response when Michigan is called?

Every Republican and a large portion of the Democrats doubt not that the reply to the roll will be after January 1, "Chase S. Osborn."

Who is Chase S. Osborn? Who bears this name, new in the roll of governors? Who is this man whose meteoric flight across the firmament of Michigan during the last year has left behind it a trail of brilliancy dazzling to his admirers, recognized by even his most bitter enemies? Who is this big, burly dynamo of energy whose snapping eyes, pointed speech, forceful logic kept in fear and trembling the men who tried to "run" his campaign?

Who is he? Why, Chase Salmon Osborn is a farmer boy. He is the boy who, born in a log cabin in Huntington county, Indiana, nearly 51 years ago, worked hard pulling stumps, clearing land, guiding a plow, doing all the hard work of a farmer boy.

As a Newsboy.

Who is he? Why, he is the newsboy who 40 years ago sold newspapers in Lafayette, Ind. He is the boy who was shrewd enough to secure a monopoly on the sale of Chicago papers in the little town and therefore plied up a few pennies one upon the other until they grew into dollars. He is the boy who yelled his papers with all his healthy lung power, who made his customers like him and predict for him a great future, who made them buy because, with marvelous energy, he told them they must.

Who is he? He is the boy who ran through the back yards and alleys and gathered up the rags, the bones, the old junk and sold them to the junk dealer adding to his little fortune the pennies they earned.

Who is he? He is the youngster who when not actually in the school room was at work in the newspaper office learning the printer's trade, preparing to earn his livelihood at the press.

Who is he? He is the former reporter on the Chicago Tribune whose energy made him valuable and whose writings were full of force and vivid pictures.

Who is he? He is the roustabout in the lumber yard in Milwaukee. He is the boy who when Milwaukee papers wouldn't give him a job and when his resources were exhausted went to the docks and there "shoved" lumber with the rest of the dock wallopers and didn't complain nor let any man shove more lumber than he did.

The Country Editor.

Who is he? He is the owner of the little paper in Florence, Wis., which for four years he owned and on which he did most of the work. He is the owner of the old Sault Ste. Marie News purchased in 1887 with the last penny he had in the world. He is the owner of the paper which he made a power in Michigan, but which later he sold to engage in larger pursuits.

Who is he? He is the former game warden of Michigan, the former railroad commissioner who enforced law to the letter, who feared neither forest outlaw nor great corporations, who made all under his jurisdiction do what the law required regardless of who they were.

Who is he? He is the man who has visited every country on the globe but Tibet, who has been far north of the Arctic circle, far south of the Antarctic,

has circled the globe twice, exploring the most inaccessible corners, studying the people and the country.

Who is he? He is the man whom Theodore Roosevelt counts as his friend. He is the man who told Roosevelt he would like to get him up into the wilds of Canada, walk his legs off about half way to his knees and lose him in the forest.

Who is he? He is the man who is equally at home in the most trackless wilderness or at the helm of a boat on the Great Lakes. He is the man who can carry his pack all day and never seem to weary. He is the man who can guide a boat in the teeth of Lake Superior's most vicious gales.

Fearless and Studious.

Who is he? He is the man afraid of no beast that lives, whose eye is clear and sharp, whose hand is steady, who, when he raises his rifle to his shoulder, brings death to bird or beast.

Who is he? He is the student who knows the name, habits, classification of every bug and insect, every animal, every bird, every rock and every plant or flower to be found in Michigan and who has a marvelous knowledge of these same things in almost every part of the world.

Who is he? Why, he's just Chase Salmon Osborn, versatile, brilliant, courageous, candidate for governor of Michigan, bound to win.

Politician, you say? Politician? Yes. Nothing wrong in that. Any man who takes interest in the welfare of his state and nation is a politician. No man can be a man unless he is in some degree a politician.

Erratic? His opponents have charged him with this. What says the dictionary? "Erratic—Having no certain course; moving about without a fixed purpose."

Man of Fixed Purpose. The definition does not apply. Chase S. Osborn has had a fixed purpose. Better, more economical, cleaner government. That has been his fixed purpose.

What then? Versatile? Here is a word between which and erratic there is but a fine distinction in definition yet that distinction is sharp enough to make the latter word applicable to Chase S. Osborn.

"Versatile—Readily applying one's self to a new task or to various subjects." So says the dictionary.

Does it apply? Chase S. Osborn has readily applied himself to a vast variety of tasks and subjects. Moreover he has mastered them all.

Versatile he is. Erratic he is not. Impulsive? Yes. Yet his impulsiveness is born of confidence, of self-reliance, of knowledge of what his impulse comes from and what it leads to. Impulsive? Yes, but not an impulsiveness without foundation. Often it may seem his impulsiveness is not well founded but later events show merely that his wonderfully active mind, backed by his wide knowledge has outstripped the foresight of those who criticized.

Magnetic? None will deny it. No man bears him without being moved to enthusiasm. Stolid though one may be, he meets Chase S. Osborn, hears him talk, shouts for him.

Magnetic Personality. "If only we could make the people forget him and his wonderful personality, we could beat him sure," said one prominent Democrat at the Kalamazoo convention.

Why is he magnetic? Because within his big, burly frame is a world of stored up energy. De-

cause when he shakes hands, he takes hold as though he meant it. Because when he speaks, he lets loose of all that energy, drives home his thought with the power of a trip hammer, embellishes it with the blooms of the poet.

And that energy, physical and mental, is shown in every move, every speech, every thought. The physical energy is born first of a naturally rugged constitution handed down to him through generations of sturdy ancestry, handed down to him from the great grandfather who was one of the Continental army away back in the days when the nation was born, handed down to him through the grandfather, one of the first navigators of the Ohio river, a pioneer in the middle west, handed down to him from a sturdy father, a pioneer in Indiana, a radical abolitionist, interested in the underground railway, through which the slaves of the south sought freedom in the north.

What nature gave, Chase S. Osborn has not wasted. No dissipation has marred his sturdy frame nor cast a blot upon his name. Rather, he has made good use of what nature gave and done his full part toward improving that rugged physique. From his boyhood he was fond of the woods. Day after day during manhood has he tramped the wilderness of northern Canada. There in the wilds, among the ancient pines, with nature his sole companion, he has builded upon the foundation nature gave and today at 50 stands 6 feet in his stockings, straight as an arrow, eye bright and clear, muscles hard and active, mind clear and clean, a model of physical manhood.

Always the Student.

Neither has he neglected the mind nature gave him. From boyhood he has read everything he could lay hands upon. He reads rapidly, remarkably so. He remembers what he reads. History, science of all kinds, religion, government, poetry, the best of literature. Nothing has escaped him. He stores his memory with all, it is always ready when needed.

An example of this was shown at the banquet of the Widley club at Ionia last winter. Governor Guild of Massachusetts was a speaker at that banquet. In his remarks he proudly and rightfully boasted of the intellectuality of the old Bay state. He declared with emphasis that Massachusetts led all the states in intellectuality.

Quicker than a flash, Chase S. Osborn was on his feet.

"I do not wish to seem discourteous," he said, "but I must challenge the gentleman from Massachusetts! The percentage of illiteracy in Massachusetts is nine, while in Michigan it is but six."

It is doubtful if there was another man in Michigan who could have told the percentage of illiteracy in his own state to say nothing of Massachusetts. It was just a sample of the quick thought and the great stored-up fund of knowledge Chase S. Osborn has.

To the newspaper men who traveled with him to any extent during the campaign, there never was any let up in the seeming endless powers of his mind and range of knowledge. He spoke before the Woodmen of Grand Rapids last spring. His speech was filled with pointed, terse paragraphs which were afterward sent broadcast over the state as "Osbornisms" and did not a little toward rounding up the votes cast for him. But after the speech the Woodmen crowded around him asking questions and always getting an answer. One man with a distinct German twang in his tones spoke to him. In a moment Osborn and the German were jabbering away in the native tongue of the Teuton. It sounded sweet to his ears. He went shouting for Osborn.

The difficult Polish language even is not unknown to Mr. Osborn.

"I can manage to make myself understood and to understand any of the languages of the European continent," says Mr. Osborn.

Such a statement might, coming from some, appear to be an evidence of what is vulgarly known as swelled head. Not so when Mr. Osborn boasts. He talks of himself. He tells what he can do and what he can't do. Yet in his telling of himself there is no impression of boastfulness, no evidence of swelled head. He knows himself. He knows his own powers. He is confident of himself. He is the athlete who tells his own speed. He is so self-reliant and so confident in his own powers that to speak of what he can do is but natural. It is not a boast. It does not seem to him anything remarkable that he can do all these things because he has mastered them so completely.

I remember the statement of a professor of Greek, who said:

"When you have learned Greek so that when you see an object, the Greek word for it comes first and most naturally to your mind, then you have mastered the language."

Mr. Osborn has reached that stage in the many matters which his versatile mind has mastered.

Why is he magnetic? The answer has been given.

Secret of Popularity.

But there are other reasons. Every man—if he is a man—loves the other man who is not afraid. Chase S. Osborn is the man not afraid. Friend or foe, to neither is he afraid to express his opinion fully and freely. Oftentimes this hurts the man who does not yet know him. After he has expressed his opinion he values what he says and the criticism, instead of stinging, rouses the criticized to greater energy.

Some years ago the writer happened to be managing editor of the Soo Evening News, the descendant of the paper Mr. Osborn established at Sault Ste. Marie. Mr. Osborn was a frequent visitor to the office. If there was anything in the paper which especially pleased him he was sure to come in to say so. His usual pointed remark was, "That was bully." But it was not always so. Sometimes something seemed to him to be below the standard. He was no less afraid to say so.

"The paper was very poor yesterday. What is the matter. Are you getting lazy?" he used to say with snapping eyes. But that didn't discourage one whit. It spurred to great-

er energy. It made one feel the value of the other expression, "That was bully."

And so he has gone throughout his life. He has cheered where a cheer was merited. He has criticized with all his energy when criticism seemed to him warranted. That is what he did in his campaign. That is what he promises to do if elected governor.

Thrives on Opposition.

He can appreciate both commendation and criticism. He has been through the mill. Today he looks back with pride upon the obstacles he has surmounted. They are to him just like the bull moose which kept him treed for three days in the wilds of Canada, but whom he eventually out-manuevered and shot. He has had his life of hard knocks and today laughs at them. He has had his sorrows which have left their imprint indelibly upon him. He has had his victories. These cast a brilliant glow over the shadowy spots.

Once Chase S. Osborn would have gone to congress, but for the treachery of men whom he had made. They kept him at home. He was pained, not because he lost, but because his friends had proven false. But that is all forgotten. He wept not at all. He forgot.

Faithful to Friends.

He has been always willing to help a friend in need. Always ready to forget the man not his friend. This friendship, this love of his friends is probably born of the love he bears his mother. No boy or girl shows a more filial devotion to his mother than Chase S. Osborn. That mother, now nearly 82 years of age, knows this. The affection of the son is returned by the mother. She is proud of her big boy, the eldest of eight children. She knows he is a smart boy as well as a good boy. "She lives in South Bend, Indiana, and all unknown to him, she traveled to Jackson last spring to hear her big boy talk. And he—well his speech that night, he says himself, was the poorest of his campaign. These before him sat the mother 82 years of age, straining her eyes and ears to catch every word and every move of her boy. And he, when he saw the loved mother, was overcome. His speech was a poor attempt. But to the mother it was the grandest she had ever heard and she went back to her home happy as only a mother can be.

Let that aged mother be ill ever so little. Politics, governors, everything is forgotten. Chase S. Osborn takes the next train—a special train if necessary—and hastens to the mother who needs him.

And Chase S. Osborn is proud. No man is more proud than he. What is he proud of? He is proud of his own family—of the big boys he has reared. He is proud that they have been successful in their college days and that they are growing up to be the kind of men he would like them to be. He is proud that never yet has a blot been cast upon his name. He is proud and jealous, too, of his honor and his name. He is proud that years and years ago, he first of any man in Michigan, started a boom for William Alden Smith for United States senator. He is proud that while they laughed at him then, his boast and his prediction is now a fact.

Chase S. Osborn is a man of moods. Today he loves the wild and excitement of the campaign. He loves to talk. He knows he can be interesting. He loves to appear before an audience, loves to talk to them on any subject that comes to his mind, loves to moralize to them and loves their applause.

Tomorrow he hears the call of the wild. He longs for the splitude of the forest, the snell of the pines, the howl of the wolf, the hoot of the owl. Tomorrow he quietly drops from civilization. With buckskin moccasins on his feet, a heavy sweater or Mackinaw jacket, a fur cap, with his rifle on his shoulder, he opens the door of his Deerfoot Lodge up in the wilds of the Upper Peninsula. For days he tramps the woods, quietly as an Indian, guided by the north star at night, by the sun or the bark on the trees in the day.

"It does one good to get right out among the things God made," he says. "I love to be where no man ever was before."

Then the mood again changes. He feels the charm of his library, his books, his writing desk. Shut up there, he reads and absorbs more knowledge. He writes a book.

Again comes the wanderlust. It takes him to the ice fields of the north, to the desert of sand. It calls him to miles of Lapland, to the songs of Italy to the fowers of Japan.

Then he comes back again, filled with new thoughts, new ideas, new knowledge. He appears once more before the crowd and with all his dynamite energy, tells the people what he has learned, and striking his fist into his palm, drives home a thought which he hopes will do somebody some good.

Perhaps he is called to a political conference. May he be the president who wants to discuss something with him, as has often been the case; perhaps it is the county committee. Whether it is the president or the county committee matters not. If his opinion is asked, it is given honestly regardless of whether it is the word the interviewer wants or the reverse.

"If my opinion is good for anything, it must be my honest conviction," he says. "No man asks an opinion who just wishes to be flattered."

And Chase S. Osborn is a man of some wealth. He is not the multimillionaire some have pictured him. But he has enough to enable him to go where he will and when he will. Where did he get it? First he accumulated a comfortable little fortune through his newspaper, through the political offices he held, and through his writing and lecturing. But this was only enough to permit him to live comfortably so long as he worked.

But when he was tramping the woods, he was not going merely for pleasure. It is not his nature. He observed everything. Being a geologist of more than ordinary ability, he noticed what kind of rock lay in his path. AWAY up in the wilds of Canada, where few men ever had been

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND FOR SENATOR



THE PEOPLE CHOSE AS CANDIDATE FOR SENATOR
THE MAN WHO MADE GOOD IN CONGRESS.

His Brilliant Record With Something of His Early Life and Earnest Work.

He was born at Concord, Michigan, August 15, 1836, of New England parentage. He received his education in the Concord and Jackson high schools and the University of Michigan. He worked on a farm until nineteen years of age, when he became principal of schools at Parma, Michigan, which work he pursued nine years. Mr. Townsend is married and has always resided in Michigan; was admitted to the bar at Jackson in 1895, where he has since practiced his profession; was register of deeds of Jackson county ten years; was elected to the 58th, 59th, 60th and 61st congresses. He was nominated for United States Senator at the primaries last September, and will be the Republican candidate before the

next legislature, which meets in January.

The fact must not be overlooked that Mr. Townsend is only nominated as the Republican candidate for United States Senator. He is not yet elected. Under the law, he will be elected by the next legislature if it is Republican. His name will not appear on the ballot at the November election. The primary simply took the place of the legislative caucus. If the legislature is Democratic, he will not be elected Senator. Do not be deceived by the promises of Democratic candidates for the legislature, who say they will vote for him. They cannot do so. Votes for the Republican candidates for the legislature are votes for Mr. Townsend.

TOWNSEND, RATE BILL AUTHOR

Michigan's Future Senator's Record in Congress a Brilliant One—Made Reputation in His First Term.

When Charles Elroy Townsend's choice by the people of the state at the primaries is ratified by the next legislature at Lansing, Michigan will be represented in the senate of the United States by a statesman and lawyer of sterling worth; an able co-worker of that brilliant William Alden Smith, and a fearless, progressive Republican.

Charles Townsend's record in congress, meritorious to a marked degree, is a sufficient guarantee of his future accomplishments as United States senator from Michigan.

He, like Senator Smith, is a self-made man. Townsend received his

education in the public schools and the University of Michigan. He worked on a farm until nineteen years of age, when he began teaching school. In 1895 he was admitted to the bar at Jackson. He acted as register of deeds of Jackson county for ten years. Then the folks of the Second district decided to send him to Washington as their representative.

Townsend is one of the authors of the Roosevelt rate bill, and as an authority on all matters pertaining to railway legislation he ranks second to none. He first leaped into prominence in his first term of congress, when his stand on rate legislation placed him conspicuously before the eyes of the nation, and at that time his reputation was made.

He had served his district well and faithfully for nearly six years when the death of Russell A. Alger left a vacancy in the senatorial ranks that it was up to Michigan to fill. Mr. Townsend made a bid for the seat, but was defeated by his colleague in congress, William Alden Smith.

The people of his district then returned him to congress by an overwhelming majority over his Democratic opponent. But the reward of true merit could not be denied him, and at the last primaries, he was chosen by the Republicans of the state as their candidate for United States senator.

Charles E. Townsend is a progressive and voted to depose Speaker Cannon from the rules committee of the house at the last session of congress. He himself has said: "I am a firm believer in the progressive policies inaugurated by Roosevelt and advocated by Taft. These policies are in harmony with the traditions and principles of the Republican party and must be maintained by that party if it is to retain the confidence and support of the people."

Senator Smith, in his speech before the state Republican convention, said of Charles E. Townsend: "When the legislature shall have ratified the choice already made at the primaries, Michigan will have in its junior senator a type of statesman of whom the entire country can be proud. Courageous and obliging, honest and able, Charles E. Townsend measures up to every requirement for that high office, and his election will strengthen the confidence of the people in its institutions."

Do not be deceived by the promises of the Democratic candidates for the legislature that they will vote for Congressman Townsend for senator. If the integrity of the primary law is preserved, they are bound to vote for their own candidate.

Get Out the Vote should be the Slogan of Every Good Republican on Election Day.

A Vote for Republicanism and Republican Candidates is a Vote for Progress.

Do not be deceived by the promises of the Democratic candidates for the legislature that they will vote for Congressman Townsend for senator. If the integrity of the primary law is preserved, they are bound to vote for their own candidate.

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET

For Governor—
CHASE S. OSBORN,
of Chippewa County

For Lieutenant Governor—
JOHN Q. ROSS,
of Muskegon County.

For Secretary of State—
FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE,
of Wayne County.

For State Treasurer—
ALBERT E. SLEEPER,
of Sanilac County.

For Auditor General—
ORAMEL B. FULLER,
of Delta County.

For Attorney General—
FRANZ C. KUHN,
of Macomb County.

For Commissioner of the State Land Office—
HUNTLEY RUSSELL,
of Kent County.

For Justice of the Supreme Court
(to fill vacancy)—
JOHN E. BIRD,
of Lenawee County.



WILLIAM A. SMITH LAUDS OSBORN

HONOR AND CREDIT.

Senator Smith Pays High Tribute to Mr. Osborn.

William Aiden Smith, soon-to-be senior senator of Michigan, like the distinguished Republican candidate for governor, is a newspaper man. He is not the only editor in the senate chamber, however, for there are many scribes at present in that distinguished body, among whom can be named Shively of Indiana and Bristow of Kansas; and La Follette, one of the great leaders of the progressive wing of the Republican party, was once the publisher of a weekly paper. William Aiden Smith holds a degree of master of arts, which was awarded him by Dartmouth college. He is an eloquent orator, and delivered the opening address of the Republican state convention at Detroit. Senator Smith is a great admirer of Chase S. Osborn, and in his speech before the convention he said:

"Our state has never experienced a more prolonged and animated contest for the gubernatorial nomination than the one through which we have just passed. Out of a field singularly appropriate, in a contest at times lurid and sensational, has come a candidate of unusual proportions, whose fitness for leadership is barren of conjecture or chance. Never in the history of our commonwealth have we called to the head of the column a man of more or finer parts. Illuminating as a star, this brilliant scholar, author, traveler and man of affairs will bring dignity and character to the executive office and invest the governorship with a new meaning in state affairs, dowering it with an equipment as practical as it is extraordinary."

"November will see him in the pilot house, clearing the decks for action, and Governor Osborn will bring nothing but credit and honor to us all."

Speaking of and for the new tariff measure, the senator said: "The new tariff law has been the object of much unjust criticism and misrepresentation. Much of the discontent has come from those who leave the country when the ship of state wrestles hardest with the billows, seeking the repose of their native lands."

"While we who made it know that it is not perfect and voted for it under no misapprehension, yet it is a comfort to know that its enactment closed no mills, destroyed no factories, left no fertile field to waste. It did not impair the national credit or deprive a workman of his wage. And we hope that it will at least be the basis for all future trade laws, and that future revisions may be made piecemeal, schedule by schedule, as necessity may require."

HERE'S A RECORD.

Lawton E. Hemans Did Some Things But—?

It is worthy of note in this campaign that Lawton T. Hemans, the Democratic candidate for governor, is making no reference to his own official record. Not a word has he uttered touching his official performances or attempted accomplishments.

Yet Mr. Hemans was on the salary list through two full terms as a legislator. He was not present at more than half the sessions of the body to which he belonged, but he drew pay for full time.

He introduced a bill to provide for an additional state board. But as a candidate for governor he is now denouncing the existence of so many state boards.

Mr. Hemans introduced a bill to license bucketshops in Michigan. His bill sought to make the pretended sales and purchases through bucketshops "legitimate legal transactions." What the people of Michigan think of the bucketshop business which would have been licensed and legalized if the Democratic candidate for governor had secured the passage of his bill is shown by the fact that at the next session of the legislature following his effort a bill entirely prohibiting the existence of bucketshops in Michigan became a law.

Mr. Hemans is now seemingly distressed over state expenditures, but he voted for more appropriation bills than any other member of the legislature during his terms of service, and afterwards made an address in the constitutional convention declaring that it was not true that Michigan legislators had ever made extravagant appropriations.

As a member of the constitutional convention Mr. Hemans opposed the proposition that the legislature of Michigan should have power to enact laws relative to the hours and conditions under which women and children may be employed.

This proposition was especially urged by the labor organizations of Michigan. They petitioned that the constitution should give this power to the legislature. And the justice of the request was recognized by the majority of the members of the constitutional convention. It was adopted by the constitutional convention and later on was approved by the people and is now a part of our state constitution.

But Lawton T. Hemans made a speech against it, sneeringly referring to it as "a little piece of sentiment." Why is Mr. Hemans not referring to this feature of his official record?

It will be observed that Mr. Hemans has an official record. He was a member of the legislature through four years. Why does he entirely fail to base any claim to favor from the people of Michigan on the work he performed or attempted to perform as a supposed representative of the people?

BROAD OF VIEW, SOUND IN REASON

PLAIN, VIGOROUS STATEMENT SHOWING MR. TOWNSEND'S POLITICAL TREND.

Progressive in the Line of All That's Best for the Whole Country.

Extracts from Speech of Congressman Charles E. Townsend at Battle Creek, June 9, 1910.

"The Constitution provides for two houses of Congress, one to be composed of members elected directly by the people and the other of members elected by the state legislatures. This provision was inserted by the fathers because of their doubt of the people's ability to absolutely control their own affairs. It was thought that a few legislators could better select dignified and conservative senators than could the people, and that the state was something different and apart from the people. I believe that we have progressed far enough in popular government and in general intelligence to make it safe for the people to select their representatives in both branches of Congress. I also believe that direct responsibility to the people is more conducive to wise and beneficial legislation than responsibility to state legislatures, whose tenures of office are short and whose responsibilities are limited."

"This is a representative form of government, in theory a government by the people. I am a firm believer in that good, old-fashioned doctrine."

"I believe that we have progressed beyond the 'standpat' idea. Independence, judgment and courage are needed in representative halls today. Needed, that the old reactionary spirit does not prevail and that the spirit of progress does not go beyond bounds where it will cease to be progress and will become confusion."

"This spirit was born of the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. It is today a living, moving force and, if it follows the channel marked by judgment and common sense, the results cannot be other than good."

"This feeling has, without doubt, been due to the fact that in some cases the influence of the great corporations of the country has been subversive of the best interests of the nation. I believe in the transaction of business through the agency of corporations rightly conducted. They have become a necessity to the business of the country. In no other way could the immense industrial and financial projects of the present day be carried out. No individual could bring them to a successful fruition. They have grown up because of the needs of commerce and the requirements of the world's work. The flagrant abuses which have from time to time crept in have of necessity been the object of governmental correction. Roosevelt called the attention of Congress and the country to these abuses and declared anew that the object of all government and of all industries under the government is to promote the common good; that, while wealth is desirable, a high grade of citizenship is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the republic; that governments have no business to legislate in favor of any particular person or corporation; that all must be treated alike, and that the door of opportunity must be kept open to all. I firmly believe in the conduct of business through the agency of corporations properly regulated; and I shall not hesitate to lend my influence and support to such measures as will be fair to the people and to the corporations. I am for the 'square deal,' for fair play and for proper regulation."

"The public domain and its products belong to the people. It is the duty of government to minister to the greatest good of the people generally. Forests should be protected for the benefit, not of the few, but of all. This is true, not only of the forests, but of the coal fields and mines in general. Electricity is now being put to such numerous and diverse uses that the water powers of our rivers have taken on a new value. Laws should be passed, not to prevent their use, but to regulate and keep rates reasonable."

"Every business, to be successful, must be conducted with economy. The government itself should and must, if its perpetuity be assured, be conducted on business principles. It is one vast business concern, administered through representatives of the people. These representatives should be intelligent, patriotic and honest men, who realize the importance of the trust reposed in them, and who are inspired with a desire to execute it for the benefit of all. The present administration is aroused to the fact that great economy can be made in administering the affairs of the government and much has been done in what will prove to be a great reform in the conduct of national affairs. This work should be encouraged, even though it incurs the displeasure of those who are seeking to profit at the expense of the public. I believe in the conduct of the government along business lines at the least possible expense."

"I am also in favor of the recommendation by the president relative to the establishment of a tariff commission. I am a protectionist. I believe in a protective tariff, a tariff which shall measure the difference in the cost of production in the United States and the cost of production of a given commodity in foreign countries. I believe in the protection of the American working men, the American laborer. I believe in safeguarding the interests of the American manufacturer, for what is the good of one is the good of the other. You cannot injure one without hurting the other."

"These are my views on the leading questions before the country today. These questions are, in my judgment, of great importance and must be determined wisely and well. There has been too much of self-sacrifice, patriotism and devotion to country for us to make serious mistakes in these things. We of this generation must never forget what our fathers went through in order that this republic might endure. Our existence as a nation today is due to the patriotic and sacrificial service of the Union army of the civil war. The average age of the men who constituted that army was less than nineteen years. They devoted the best part of their lives to the service of their country, and that country has expressed its gratitude to its defenders in a substantial way. Its pension system is the most liberal of any nation on earth, and yet no patriot believes it has been too liberal. Today the remnant of the soldiers of the rebellion is in the declining years of life and practically beyond the age when through their own efforts they can support themselves. In my judgment, it is the duty of the government to care for these veterans in such a way as to place them beyond the possibility of embarrassment for the necessities and ordinary comforts of life. There is no money which the government expends which is more properly placed than that which goes to pay the pensions of the soldiers, and we can afford to be most liberal in our pension legislation. I shall favor any measure which, within reason, enlarges the pension benefits to our civil war veterans."

"In conclusion I want to say that I have endeavored to make known to you what my attitude is toward the questions which are engrossing the attention of the public mind at the present time, and what it will be if I am elected Senator. I am a firm believer in the progressive policies inaugurated by Roosevelt and advocated by Taft. These policies are in harmony with the traditions and principles of the Republican party and must be maintained by that party if it is to retain the confidence and support of the people."

ing the interests of the American manufacturer, for what is the good of one is the good of the other. You cannot injure one without hurting the other."

"The president has recommended that a commission be established to investigate and determine the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad—a permanent commission; a commission like that of the Interstate Commerce Commission, for instance, composed of high-grade men, qualified for the work. Under this plan, there would be no general revision of the tariff, but a schedule at a time would be considered and no general business disturbance could occur."

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"The president's recommendation has been carried out since this speech and the Commission established."

A BUGLE CALL TO REPUBLICANS

THE RINGING ENDORSEMENT OF CHASE S. OSBORN AND CHARLES E. TOWNSEND BY COL. ROOSEVELT.

A Progressive, Singularly Able and Honest Man for Governor.

Great Desirability of Electing Townsend Senator.

The following telegram sent by ex-President Roosevelt to Curtis Guild, former governor of Massachusetts, in response to Mr. Guild's request to Mr. Roosevelt to come to Michigan to take part in the campaign in behalf of Mr. Osborn and Mr. Townsend and the entire republican ticket, speaks for itself:

"I thank you for the telegram. I agree with every word you say in describing the situation in Michigan and I deeply regret that it is a physical impossibility for me to accept the invitation to go to Michigan to take part in the campaign for the entire republican ticket as I would gladly do. I thoroughly understand as you say that in Michigan the progressives won a clear-cut victory; that their platform takes a proper stand in favor of a tariff commission and conservation of natural resources. My friend, Chase S. Osborn, the candidate for governor, is a progressive and a singularly able and honest man. Moreover, I also agree with you as to the great desirability of electing

Mr. Townsend as senator. Mr. Townsend as joint author with Mr. Esch of the first railroad rate bill while I was in the White House did excellent work for railway rate legislation and I heartily wish him success as senator. It is a cause of genuine regret to me that I am not able to go and do all I can for the entire ticket in Michigan. Mr. Osborn is a man like Stimson, of New York, who will clean house from cellar to garret, driving every wrongdoer from office. The effective way to prevent a thorough clean-up would be not to elect him and indeed a failure to elect him would be a genuine calamity from the standpoint of good citizenship. Mr. Townsend's attitude on the railroad rate legislation is sufficient proof of the desirability of sending him to the senate, and this can only be done by voting for the republican candidates for the legislature. Michigan republicans have nominated two progressive candidates and it is imperative that they give them aggressive support at the polls. (Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

CHASE S. OSBORN'S RECORD

Reference to the records of our state in connection with the railroad commissioner's department show that more was accomplished during the years that Chase S. Osborn was state railroad commissioner than during any other similar period in the history of Michigan.

One of Mr. Osborn's very first acts in connection with his desire to throw every possible safeguard around trainmen and to prevent accidents was to create a new division of his department for the exclusive consideration of overhead wire matters.

Through the prompt work of that division during the first year of his incumbency 7,000 wire crossings were inspected, 5,000 of which were found defective and repairs and changes compelled.

From the first day of his term of office as railroad commissioner, until his last hour of service, Chase S. Osborn was constant in his efforts to require the separation of grades for railroads and this effort extended to electric roads and street railroads and wherever possible to highway crossings.

"There is absolutely no way to adequately protect life and property at railroad crossings except by separation of grades," he declared, and on that declaration was based an activity such as Mr. Osborn always gives to matters concerning which he is thoroughly in earnest.

In one year he secured separation of grades at twenty-three different points, accomplishing more in that direction during that one year than had been accomplished during all the previous history of our state.

It is also true that more was effected through Mr. Osborn's efforts in the way of securing the adoption of railroad safety appliances than had been brought about through all past years.

Through Commissioner Osborn's efforts in the matter of requiring all that was due to the state in cases of doubt and controversy, extra receipts for the state treasury from railroad taxes were secured to an amount in excess of the entire cost of maintaining the state railroad department, including salaries and the expenses of all its officials.

It is further very well remembered by the people of Michigan that it was during Mr. Osborn's term as state railroad commissioner that the special

charters of all Michigan railroads were repealed.

And they will further recall that more was accomplished in the way of reducing railroad fares through his efforts and through his energy than had ever before been brought about.

Mr. Hemans, the Democratic candidate for governor, is devoting much of his time to calling attention to the expenses of the railroad commissioner's office during Mr. Osborn's term, but he is not referring to the more important fact that the expenditures he refers to brought better results, dollar for dollar, than any money ever expended on state account.

The records fully warrant the claim that during Mr. Osborn's term of office as state railroad commissioner, more desirable legislation and more important results in the way of life saving requirements and railroad betterment were brought about than during all the years that extended back through Michigan's history.

The era of doing things, of getting results and the period of important permanent accomplishment in connection with matters with which he officially had to do was the period of Chase S. Osborn's term of service as Michigan's state railroad commissioner.

CONSIDER WELL.

Prosperity or Disaster? The Voter is the Judge.

If there are any Michigan Republicans who have in mind to desert their party candidates and their party principles through voting for Democratic candidates at the coming election there are some questions they should seriously consider before carrying out that intention.

Would a Democratic victory in 1910 increase the wages of any worker in the country?

Would it start a single wheel in operation which is idle now?

Would it broaden the market for any fabric which any American mill produces?

Would it sell an additional bushel of corn or wheat, bale of cotton, pound of meat or anything else which the farmer or the planter produces?

No sane person among the 90,000,000 people of the country will answer any of these queries in the affirmative.

Don't be a "Stay-at-Home" on Election Day. Good Citizenship and Good Republicanism Demand Your Vote.

REMEMBER

Michigan is a Republican state and should be represented in congress by a delegation of men who will stand firmly by the principles of the Republican party.

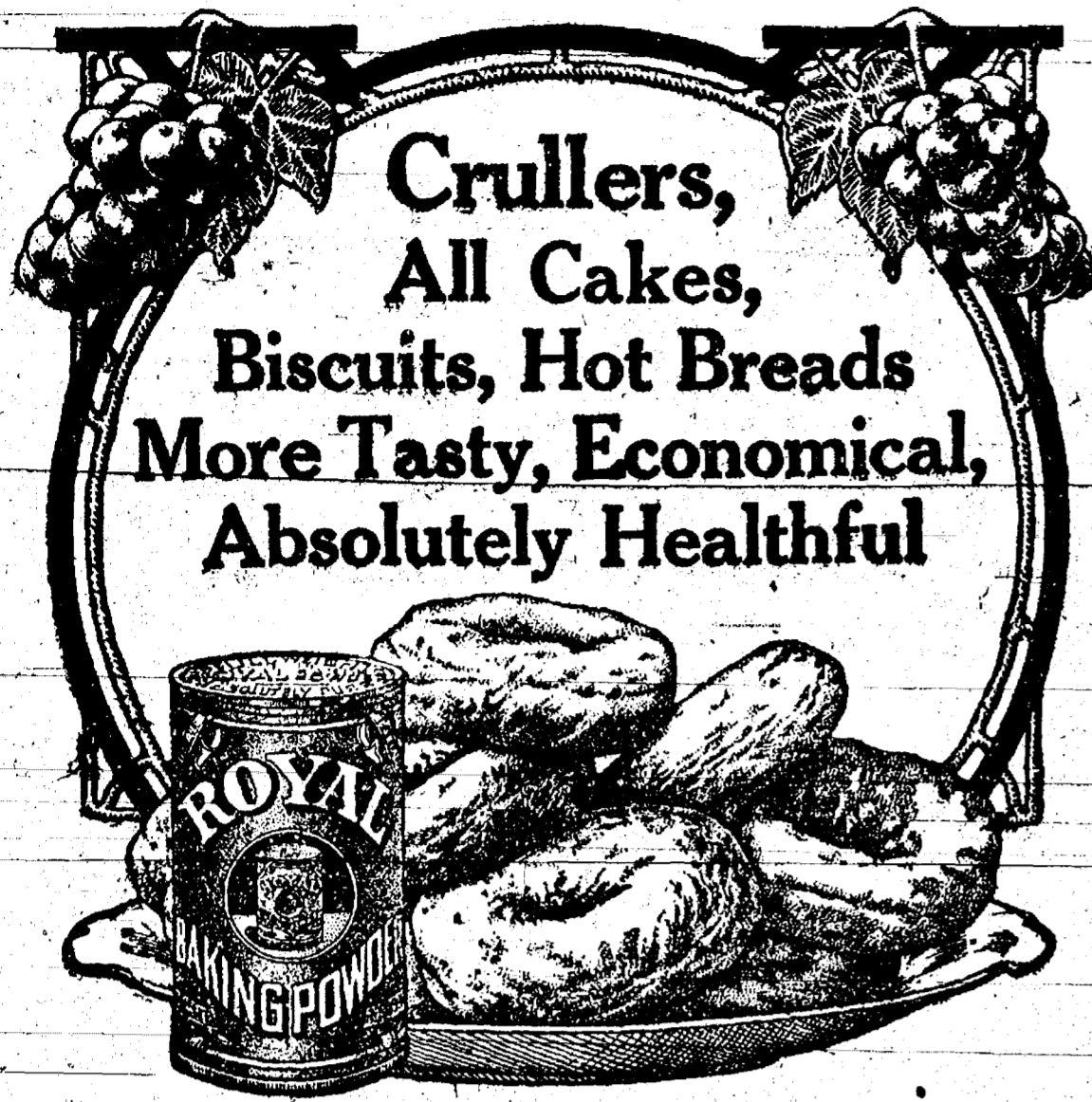
If the Republican party is to maintain its dominating position in the affairs of state (that prosperity now enjoyed may be continued) it is imperative that the lower house of congress be safely Republican so that a Republican president will not have his hands tied.

Vote for your Republican candidate for congress. In doing so you vote not only for the man but for the principles of the party with which you are affiliated.

No matter what the Democratic candidate for congress promises you, he will be bound in congress by what his party stands for, and it stands for free trade and the destruction of American industries.

Do you want to go back to the days of '93 to '96?

Royal BAKING POWDER



**Crullers,
All Cakes,
Biscuits, Hot Breads
More Tasty, Economical,
Absolutely Healthful**

Briefs of the Week

Register today.
Election Tuesday next.
Deer season opens next Thursday.
Hear Strickland W. Gillilan at the Presbyterian church next Wednesday evening—first number of the High School Lecture Course.
President Fallieres, of France, kisses the soldiers of the French Army. Napoleon used to pull their ears. We prefer Napoleon's way.
Prof. Henry M. Enos died at his home in Charlevoix last Sunday morning aged 70 years. He was one of Charlevoix's foremost citizens.
Hallowe'en passed off quietly in East Jordan the boys and girls seemingly out just for a good time and no serious property losses have been reported.
Hon. W. J. Pearson was an East Jordan visitor the latter part of this week. He informs The Herald that never a Republican campaign looked better to him than the one this fall.
The *Sir Hum* struck a sunken log Sunday with her propeller and is now running on two buckets. The same accident occurred to the *Hum* a short time ago, necessitating a new propeller.
Word comes from Hayward, Cal. of the death of Mrs. Wm. Brant, who died at that place Friday morning Oct. 28. Mrs. Brant, together with her husband and family, were former residents of this village.
Mrs. Dickie of Oregon, sister of Mrs. W. P. Porter, gave an excellent and instructive talk at the meeting of the C. E. last Sunday on Indian Mission in Oregon where her husband has carried on a mission for a number of years and she too is interested in the work and loyally supports him in it.
The little town of Frederic has ten cases of smallpox. Miss Carrie White, one of the teachers in the public school, had the disease for 15 days before it was discovered what it was. State Health Officer Shunway was there and it developed that there were over sixty who had been exposed. The school is closed, and all public meetings are prohibited.
Traverse City was the scene of an automobile accident last Thursday night, that resulted in the death of Blanche Ramsey the next morning. Nelson Smith of Elk Rapids, was driving and with him were Leslie Wagley and Blanche and Clara Ramsey when their machine ran over the river embankment and fell 15 feet to the water's edge, turning turtle and pinning the unfortunate young lady under the hood. The other occupants were also badly injured.
A couple of changes are taking place on East Jordan R. F. D. routes. James Davis recently resigned as carrier on Route No. 4 and Arthur Hill has been appointed to fill the vacancy. Jim has been on the route for several years and will be missed by the patrons. He intends taking up farming, we understand. Hanson Jones, Jr. recently resigned as carrier, but a civil service examination will have to be held before a successor is appointed. In both cases the reason for resigning was that the carrier could not meet expenses on the salaries paid.

Gillilan Nov. 9th.
W. F. Squier was a Detroit business visitor this week.
Mrs. Lemuel Ball was a Belleaire visitor this week.
Truant Officer Bashaw was down to Charlevoix, Tuesday.
Miss Jessie Mayer of Boyne City is guest of friends here.
Att'y J. E. Converse was over from Boyne, Saturday last.
Vic Courtenay was a South Bend, Ind. visitor the past week.
Ira A. Adams was over from Belleaire latter part of the week.
R. F. Steffen and Harry Curkendall were Central Lake visitors, Monday.
Mrs. Frank Phillips entertained a bevy of our school teachers Wednesday evening.
Lee Gartrell left Wednesday for Toledo where he has a good position awaiting him.
C. N. Fox returned home this week from Cadillac, where he has been employed as carpenter.
Mr. and Mrs. H. I. McMillan were at Charlevoix, Tuesday, attending the funeral of H. M. Enos.
Rev. J. Rea, Pastor of Boyne City Presbyterian church was in the city Wednesday on business.
Are you in need of fire insurance? If so Nicholas & Nicholas can furnish it. Nothing but reliable companies.
Mrs. Gidley Sr. has been very sick and confined to her bed by an attack of pleuro pneumonia but is much better now.
James Gidley and Ira Bartlett left Tuesday for Houghton Lake on a trapping expedition and expect to be gone a couple weeks.
Wallace Weiss, proprietor of the Fair Store, was badly injured in a fall last Sunday, one of his legs being badly fractured.
Mrs. Stone, Miss Agnes Porter and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Malpass are in Grand Rapids attending the annual State Sunday School Convention.
Messames Dickie of Oregon and Campbell of Pennsylvania are guests of their sister Mrs. W. P. Porter for a few days, and Mrs. Park Jamison is expected this week.
Lady Watson, Deputy Great-Commander will be in East Jordan on Monday evening, Nov. 3rd, to initiate a class in the Excelsior Degree work for the L. O. T. M. M. Let every Lady try to be present.
The eleventh district convention of the W. C. T. U. was held at Mancelona last week Wednesday and Thursday. There was a net gain of sixty-five members during the year, Belleaire made a gain of thirty-nine and was awarded the district prize banner. A most interesting medal contest was held, the representative from Mancelona, winning the medal. There were forty-two delegates present and ten visitors. Next year's meeting will be held at Belleaire. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. P. J. Howard, Petoskey; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Jennie Wilcox, Charlevoix; Recording Secretary, Miss McIntyre, Petoskey; Treasurer, Miss Anna Wilcox, Mancelona; Vice-President-at-large, Mrs. Mary E. Heaton, East Jordan.

Rev. A. D. Grigshy will preach at Alton on Sunday afternoon at 3:00.
One charm about the coming winter is that you cannot hear the piano next door through closed windows.
East Jordan has secured its fourth rural mail route.—Mancelona Herald.
We have had five routes out of East Jordan since Darragh's time.
The cost of fire insurance is so cheap you cannot afford to carry the risk. Nicholas & Nicholas will be glad to quote to you prices at any time.
Right on the heels of his announcement that he would issue pie to the Insurgents, the President puts \$400 Post-Offices on the classified list.
POTATO CRATES. We have now on hand a big supply of Potato Crates. Call and let us supply your wants at a low figure.—East Jordan Planing Mills Co., B. E. Waterman, Mgr.
Empey Bros. have received their new patent rug display rack and are using same. Call in and look over their beautiful line of Rugs—and incidentally note the handiness of the new device.
Don't forget the monthly meeting of the Presbyterian Ladies Missionary Society will be held on Friday the 11th, at the parsonage at 2:30. All members and others interested are urged to be present.
Arthur LeRoy, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Reinhardt, died at the home of his parents on Orchard Heights. The funeral services were held Thursday afternoon at the home, conducted by Rev. T. Porter Bennett.
\$80.00 per month—straight salary and expense, to men with rig, to introduce our Poultry remedies. Don't answer unless you mean business. Eureka Poultry Food Mfg. Co. (Incorporated) East St. Louis, Ill.
The Semi-monthly business and social meeting of the M. E. Ladies Aid will be held at Mrs. Sunsted's corner Second and Easley Sts. Wednesday, Nov. 9. A five cent tea will be served. Friends and visitors welcomed.
Grace Gilbert, Kalkaska's bearded lady who has travelled for years with the big circuses, was married last week at South Bend, Ind., to Giles E. Calv, a farmer near her home. She has a beard 18 inches long and he only a mustache.
Public worship in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning at 10:30 and evening at 7:00. Large chorus choir every Sunday evening. Every body made welcome who comes. Sunday School at 11:45, Junior C. E. at 3:15, Senior C. E. at 6:15.
The pastor of the First M. E. Church was very much pleased to note the large congregation, both morning and evening, last Sunday. Next Sunday morning he will take for his subject "Advancement or Failure" and in the evening "Contentment". Special singing. You will feel this is a home-like church if you attend.
Frank Stryzinski, aged 18, a Vanderbilt boy working in the woods, met a violent death while driving a set of "big wheels". A pole swung around and knocked him to the ground. Before he could get out of the way, the huge wheels had passed over him, crushing out his life.
A NEW BLUE RAMBLER ROSE is being offered for the first time in America, by the McCormick Nursery Co., Monroe Mich. They secured the parent stock from the originator in Erfurt, Germany, an eighty year old gardener who has experimented with roses all his life. This company grows a complete line of Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Vines, Roses, etc., and writes us that they want a reliable salesman in this vicinity. We advise anyone interested to write the company for particulars. They furnish free outfit and pay weekly. Experience is not necessary. 39-9

**STATE BANK
of EAST JORDAN**
Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$3000

4 PER CENT.

PAID ON DEPOSITS.

Officers:
W. P. Porter, President
W. L. French, Vice Pres
Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier

Directors: W. P. Porter, W. L. French, Chas. M. Schaffer, F. M. Saverage, M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroebel, Fred Smith, Clark Hair, Geo. G. Glenn.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

To the Voters of Charlevoix Co.

I take this opportunity to thank my party for the nomination for the office of Prosecuting Attorney of Charlevoix county. I am deeply grateful to those supporting me at the recent primary and hold no ill-will toward those who did not, recognizing, fully the voters' right to his choice.

I now most respectfully ask the unanimous support of every Republican elector and all my personal friends

at the election Nov. 5th. I promised before the primary that if I might be nominated and elected to this office I would endeavor to give to every one a "Square Deal" and perform the duties of that office to the best of my ability, practicing and advising economy in the conduct of the county business and enforcing the laws as I found them. That promise, the only one I have made, still holds good. My 15 years of practice, nearly 10 years of which have been in this county, will be to my advantage if you give me this opportunity to "Make Good."

DWIGHT H. FITCH.

FOR DYSPEPSIA

You Risk Nothing By Trying This Remedy.

We want every one troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia to come to our store and obtain a box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. They contain Bismuth Subnitrate and Pepsin prepared by a process which develops their greatest power to overcome digestive disturbance.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are very pleasant to take. They soothe the irritable, weak stomach; strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, relieve nausea and indigestion, promote nutrition and bring about a feeling of comfort.

If you give Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets a reasonable trial we will return your money if you are not satisfied with the result. Three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain Rexall Remedies only at—The Rexall Store.

Shark steak is now on the menu of a Broadway restaurant. Lawyers dine there.

Served as coffee, the new coffee substitute known to grocers everywhere as Dr. Sloop's Health Coffee, will trick even a coffee expert. Not a grain of real coffee in it either. Pure healthful roasted grains, malt, nuts, etc. have been so cleverly blended as to give a wonderfully satisfying coffee taste and flavor. And it is "made in a minute," too! No tedious 20 to 30 minutes boiling. Test it and see. Dr. Sloop created Health Coffee that the people might have a genuine coffee substitute, and one that would be thoroughly satisfying in every possible respect. Sold by G. L. Sherman and Son.

Our Tea and Coffee Service

is said by our customers to be excellent, because they were never served with any better Tea or Coffee since they began drinking either. There is a delicious aroma, and a peculiarly attractive flavor to our Teas and Coffees which soon makes them popular favorites in the most particular households. All we ask is that you will test our claim by a trial order. We know that you will afterwards admit the justice of our claim.

Sherman & Son.

Men Who Are Particular

about their Clothes, and who are looking for Clothes that are different than the ordinary, will find just what they want in our large assortment of tailored clothes made by Danbr, Cohn & Co., the Chicago tailors.

When you buy one of these Tailored Suits or Overcoats, you can rest assured that it will give you the very best of satisfaction, the workmanship of every garment to be the very best. You must see these garments to appreciate their worth.

You will see an almost endless array of styles and patterns in the newest and most up-to-date colors. Overcoats made with protector or combination collars, either single or double breasted.

Unique and attractive garments that you like, and at very reasonable prices,

L. WIESMAN

Fine Toilet Articles.

Feeling sure that everyone appreciates fine Toilet Articles, we have laid in a stock of Toilet Waters, Tonics, Face Powders, Face Cream, Tooth Powders, Toilet Powders, Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges, Brushes, etc., the quality of which is such as to insure perfect satisfaction to our customers. Whatever Dame Fashion demands for the improvement of the hair, skin and teeth, will be found here.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

THE HITE DRUG CO.
Three doors north of Postoffice.

Pure Stone Ground Buckwheat Flour

Made from Northern Mich. Grown Grain.

Nothing can be better to make a real Buckwheat Pancake. Don't let them substitute some other make or the ready-prepared, new-fangled baking powder mixtures.

ARGO MILLING CO.

TAKE NOTICE!

Have you taken advantage of the unusual opportunity

For Fire Insurance

that are offered by us? You simply must. You owe it as a duty to yourself and the one who must pay the bill, to investigate our splendid offerings in

Fire Insurance

Those valuable pieces of furniture that you have been years collecting, that are really irreplaceable; and your Home, which represents years of hard labor—why leave them at the mercy of a disastrous fire? Let us quote you prices.

REMEMBER, you are equally welcome as a visitor or buyer.

Nicholas & Nicholas
Reliable Insurance Companies,

REAL MEANING OF "MYSTIC"

One of the Most Frequently Misused of Words—Its Probable Origin Explained.

A jeweler in a small handicraft shop held out a heavy silver ring with a queerly engraved seal, saying: "I can't explain the device to you. It is made for a sea captain. He's a friend of mine, and the emblem is just mystic to him." The very fact that a word becomes so warped and common means, at least, that a great many people are becoming aware of a new matter. Something has swum into their ken, and the word that stands for the experience is bandied wittily about the world. When one pauses to reflect upon the meaning of the word "mystic," it is odd to note the base uses to which it has come. All the minor poets write of "mystic gleams" and "mystic glimmers," "mystic sheens" and "mystic clankers;" its use in the sense of magic is very widespread. But there are also small railroad stations in out-of-the-way spots that rejoice in the new word as a designation. As a matter of historic fact, the noisy ubiquitous word derives from a Greek word which means shut. A mystic was one who was being initiated into certain esoteric religious doctrines about which he must keep his mouth shut. Some conjecture that the word referred rather to the keeping of the eyes shut to all sense impressions in order that the spiritual vision might be seen. Or it might have referred to the fact that until a man was admitted to the mysteries, his eyes were shut to spiritual truth. But in all probability the first explanation is the true one, and the word simply refers to the fact that the profoundest experiences cannot be imparted. They dwell in the great realm of silence, and are truest when they are stillest.—Harper's Weekly.

A Gaffer Sentenced.

Judge (severely)—You have been found guilty of stealing the people's money, and you are sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$5,000.

Great Gaffer—Yes, y' honor. Judge—But as you will never be able to pay the fine, the fine is remitted.

Great Gaffer—Thank you, Judge. Judge—And if you conduct yourself properly, the law will allow time for good behavior, and you can get out in about a year and a half.

Gaffer—Thanks, Judge. Judge—And, by the way, if you happen to feel ill in a week or two, the court will issue an order allowing you to go home to die.

Gaffer—Thanks, Judge, but suppose I don't die?

Judge—Don't mention it. Call the next case.

The Cocoa Tree.

The cultivation of cocoa is at present an inviting agricultural pursuit in Trinidad and parts of Venezuela. The cocoa tree cannot withstand strong sunshine, and the young plants have to be shaded by banana or plantain trees, and later when they attain their growth, by tall trees known as "importals" or the "mother of the cocoa." These make a kind of canopy over the entire plantation. The fruit of the cocoa tree is a pod resembling a cucumber, and growing on the trunk or large branches, where it looks as though it were artificially attached. The seeds are like large, thick lima beans embedded in pulp. These form the cocoa beans of commerce. The processes of curing and drying require much attention.

The Ink Plant.

Ink of everyday life may be perhaps described as of mixed animal, vegetable and mineral origin. Sometimes, however, the juice of a plant can be used directly for writing. This is the case with the ink plant, which occurs in South America and New Zealand. The juice of the plant is red, but it becomes rapidly black on exposure by oxidation. It gives a permanent stain on paper and can be used as ink without further preparation. All the early documents in Spanish America were written with the juice of the ink plant.—Knowledge.

Cut Her Hair and Saved Her Sight.

Unusual presence of mind, followed by prompt action by Miss Inez, daughter of George Emerson, a farmer living west of here, saved her sight and her face from a bad burning the other morning when her long and beautiful hair caught fire from an explosion of coal gas in the kitchen stove.

When the flames flashed out she seized a pair of scissors and cut off her burning tresses. Eyelashes and eyebrows were burned off and her neck and arms badly burned.—Greeley Correspondence Denver Republican.

While You Wait.

"Block your hat while you wait," was the original while you wait sign dating back to before the war, and for a long time it was the only one, while now of such signs there are many. You can have your shoes repaired or your teeth fixed or your clothes pressed, your umbrella mended or your eyeglasses put in order. There is scarcely anything that you may not now have done while you wait if you want it, as witness this sign reading: "Jewelry cleaned and diamonds set while you wait."

Delays Marriage

Young Man of Present Day Lacks Courage

By HELEN OLDFIELD

IT GENERALLY is agreed that young men nowadays show much less disposition to marry, above all to marry young, than was manifested by their fathers and grandfathers. Judging by observation, which is less misleading than statistics, young men, as a rule, do not tumble headlong into matrimony in the happy-go-lucky, cheerful, not to say reckless fashion which was comparatively common fifty or a hundred years ago.

"Different times, different manners;" the changed conditions of social life have much to do with this change of heart. It seems to take the young man of today at the least ten years longer to screw his courage to the sticking point than it took his father so to do, and there is good reason to regard such hesitation merely as prudence upon his part.

In these degenerate days things sadly are altered and he who would marry at twenty-five either must have a comfortable and assured income or be possessed of a sublime belief in himself and his bride-elect. He must be ready to forego most of the pleasures and luxuries which custom and popular habit have converted into almost necessities, and, alas, he will discover that the young wife of the present day expects much more and performs far less than did her mother thirty years or so ago.

She by no means will be content to sit at home evenings and darn stockings while her husband goes to the club, or, if he be the exemplary man his father was, stays at home also and reads aloud from some improving book.

It is because of all these things that the man of today drifts past the susceptible age and settles down into a steady-going, club haunting bachelor, who is content with his billiards and bridge, and has no inclination toward marriage.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that when a man truly is in love, still more when passion seizes him in its grip, the question which exercises him is not whether he shall marry Her, but whether She will marry him.—Then it is, for her sake, that he should weigh the pros and cons and remember that it is the part of true love to shield the beloved from privation.



Proper Care of Our Old People. By WELLS ANDREWS, M. D. Chicago.

The periods of advanced life from sixty to eighty, and of old age, from eighty years upward, may be considered together. It has been said that "when a man turns his toes out much in walking and treads upon the whole base of his foot, and is always stopping to look back, he is already old."

The decline of life is characterized in all humankind alike by an indurating condition of every tissue. The arteries harden and nutrition proceeds more slowly. The muscles waste and fat lessens. The blood becomes paler, the skin dry, sallow and wrinkled. The heart up to an uncertain period grows larger and more muscular to meet the obstacles offered to the circulation, but finally it, too, ceases these efforts.

The dryness of the skin casts harder work upon the kidneys in eliminating water and increases the disposition to disease of these organs.

A prime necessity for old age is warmth. Nothing kills the aged so certainly as cold. It is of first hygienic importance, after seventy-five, that the individual should be loved and cared for. Those who live longest and enjoy the fullest measure of activity are those who do not overtax their stomachs when their teeth begin to fail them and who adapt their aliment to their enfeebled powers of mastication by having their food properly cooked for them. Stews, minces, meats boiled and afterward baked (cooked, that is, twice) are more easily digested; vegetables and fruits (not bananas) are better than overloading the stomach with milk and farinaceous foods.

Great attention should be paid to the functions of the bowels and of the skin. A hot bath once a week and a hot foot bath every night may be advised.

Further, their clothing should be warm and their bedrooms heated and well ventilated. A short nap in the afternoon is the natural habit of the aged and certainly advisable.

Farmers in Need of Good Helpmates. By DOW G. CONGDON

Another shortage has bobbed up in the country. It's a shortage in farmers' wives. Without waiting for any outside assistance, farmers who are affected by this situation are casting about for relief, and the latest effort in this line is an appeal to the humane societies in the cities. The Manneapolis Humane society recently has received several letters from farmers seeking wives. One of the most remarkable of these missives comes from a young man in Wisconsin, who declares he owns a 160-acre farm but has been unable to secure a suitable wife. And of course a farm is not a farm without a farmer's wife. This enterprising tiller of the soil says he is thirty-five years old, admits he is good looking, and believes he would make an ideal husband for a factory girl between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six.

Not only that, but he is willing to share the income from a productive tract of 160 acres with any good looking and congenial woman who would like to get "back to the farm."

Here is an opportunity for the practical application of the return-to-the-land idea. Officers of the humane societies, however, are not especially anxious to shoulder this new task of matchmaking between the city and the country, and the situation awaits the organization of an official matrimonial bureau.

Uncle Sam in the role of Cupid would be a new one. But if the problem of securing a larger country population is as important as some believe it is, it is apparent that farm recruits must be found in some way, and possibly an honest matrimonial bureau would help.

Long-distance matchmaking for the farmer is not a new idea by any means, and there are plenty of willing hands to represent either party in an affair of this kind for a small fee.

Coiffures



COIFFURES which show the turban and Greek styles combined, are the most popular. Hat brims grow wider and the pretty turban coiffure falls to supply the requisite amount of hair to fill in the wide flaring brims. The turban coiffure with the addition of puffs or curls in a little chignon at the back solves the problem of a graceful balance between hat and coiffure. The little fringe of wavy hair or loose curls about the face, barbed by a full braid wrapped about the head, make up the quaint style which is ideal for the possessor of a pretty face or well shaped head. It is, in fact, almost always becoming. It is only when one aspires to picture hats or long turbans that it falls short. Sometimes the addition of a cluster of curls is all that is needed. A new coiffure which is of recent design shows the hair parted in the

middle, rolled back at the sides into a full, soft roll and the ends laid in a coil at the crown of the head. This coiffure is finished with five short curls pinned in at the top of the coil and falling to the sides and toward the front where they are pinned with invisible pins to place.

Girls make for themselves many pretty hair ornaments of velvet and angloles or rhinestones. Little June roses made of ribbon and finished with millinery rose foliage is among the smartest and most fascinating of these decorations. The fashion of wearing a velvet band across the top of the head finished with a little rosette at each side which was in vogue a half century ago is with us again. The modern girl wears her rosette less primly set and wherever she finds them, in her opinion, most becoming. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

WAIST TO MATCH THE SKIRT

Pretty Yet Simple Style That Has Some Touches of Novelty to Recommend It.

This is a pretty, simple style, suitable to be made in the same material as the skirt; if washing material is used the pointed straps in front may be of broderie Anglaise; for silk, crepe



Chine or thin woollens, lace insertion would be used. The Claudine collar and cuffs are of plaited muslin edged with lace; the fulness at waist is gathered into a band to which also the skirt might be attached. Materials required: 1 1/4 yard 42 inches wide, 1 1/4 yard trimming.

Black and White Eton.

Among the new Eton suits sent out by the Paris dressmakers may be noted cream-colored moire suits with square black sailor collars of mouseline de soie, and also black satin suits with white cloth sailor collars, finished with a double row of gilt buttons down the front of the short jacket.

In black and white fabric combinations white silk with a black velvet stripe has been seen.

Powder Puff Hatpin.

The powder puff with which milled "takes off the shine" has been hidden in many places, but the latest is to have it in the hat pin. The head of the pin opens like a locket and within is the tiniest of powder puffs. The inside of the head that closes over this has a tiny mirror. The outside is the jeweled or painted head of the pin, that in all respects is like many other pins, with no suggestion of the secret beautifier.

SIMPLE "GOOD MANNER" RULE

"Do as You Would Be Done By" is the Root of All Forms of Etiquette.

If you are puzzled about a question of etiquette and have not time to consult an older or more experienced friend or relative apply the golden rule—to do as you would be done by—for this will almost always bring you out of your difficulty with flying colors. The expression "a nature's gentleman" is often applied to some simple-minded and unsophisticated man who is thus guided; for, whether one be gentle or simple, the truest "good breeding" is shown by care for the feelings of others. The real "great lady" is as thoughtful and considerate for those beneath her in social position as she would be for royalty, though she would show her thought in a different fashion, and since all may be "queens by love," it behooves every one to be royally courteous and considerate. The brusque, rough woman who confounds a pleasant manner of speaking with insincerity is greatly to be pitied, for she has thrown away her scepter and lost her crown.

The Dainty Neckbow.

Its selection has a great deal to do with the effect of the get-up as a whole.

Never has it been seen in greater and more charming variety. Narrow, flat bows of point d'esprit, either black or white, are now "the thing."

Most of the bows, of various materials are flat.

There is an apparent liking among well dressed women for the plaited silk bow, edged with Persian.

For morning, there are airy little frills and jabots of black net and point d'esprit.

Among the fancy tid bits are little clusters of silk roses, with plain corded silk for stems.

The Irish and cluny bows are as popular as ever, particularly when these laces are used as edging or trimming on bits of fine muslin.

Ornamental Sailor Collars.

No one seems to think a liberty is taken with the sailor collar when that usually substantial adjunct of dress is rendered in the most frivolous materials. Hence we see it fashioned in gauze, with tassels to weight it at the corners and even in gold and silver lace upon the most vaporous of evening wraps as well as on the daytime toilette.

The tailors are naturally making use of the design, and are applying it to their serge coats and even to suits they are making. Smart, too, is a coat of purple moire with a sailor collar held down at the corners beneath rosettes of purple lace, each one centered by a moire-covered button. The dress worn with the coat was made of the same materials and had a couple of deep founces of purple lace above the hem of the skirt.

THE GENTLE SHEEP AS A RAPID-FIRE MONEYMAKER.

An enormous number of sheep are coming into the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, which are being sent there by Western grazers on account of the scarcity of feed in that section of the country, and which must be sold at buyers' prices.

The states of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, are well provided with good feed and an opportunity of this kind, if offered by one of the great dry goods houses or department stores of Chicago, would deplete three-quarters of the homes of that city of its womenkind inside of half an hour after the notice appeared. All they would want would be time enough to throw a few clothes over them; some wouldn't even stop to put "rats" in their hair, thousands would forget the "powder," none would stop to "paint," but every "father's daughter" of them would make a "B" line to hubbles' pants, and extract therefrom without leave, license or consent, all that therein was to be found in the shape of cash, and then tumble over each other to be first on the spot.

Lots of these women would buy much more than they required, and would quietly hold over their purchases until the close of the sale, and then let loose their surplus stock upon their less wide awake friends, and reap thereby a harvest of "sheekles" which we may take for granted would be at once returned to the trouser pockets of their husbands while those gentlemen still slept. That is the woman of it.

Let us take a lesson from her thriftily and honest example. Extracting from the pockets of a slumbering spouse, under such circumstances is not robbery, it is only borrowing, and more than that, it is borrowing on account of that most beautiful of all female characteristics—a thoughtful consideration—She did not wish to disturb the peaceful rest of her softly sleeping consort.

Sheep feeding at this particular time, and after the season of Western drought just experienced, will be most profitable to those who are fortunate enough to have the feed, and such as have, can in the course of sixty days turn over their money in such a satisfactory way as will add very largely to their bank accounts.

There is nothing in sight at the present moment, that offers a better and safer investment than the purchase of these sheep. In numbers that each buyer can accommodate, and nothing that offers so speedy and so certain a return.

Love's Crime.

George was a manly fellow, yet, surprising as it may seem, he was guilty of a grave charge, a criminal offense—theft, for had he not many times, stolen kisses from his fair sweetheart?

Maudie, one of the most lovable of girls, was equally guilty as an accessory; she received the stolen property. Each seemed to have perfect confidence in the other, however, and when sentence was pronounced by a properly-qualified official, they decided to serve their time together.

They remained loyal to the end, neither making any effort to have their sentence abrogated or shortened, but during the course of their long term together several small offenses were directly chargeable to them.—J. W. B. in Puck.

Same With Political Pastry.

Teacher—Now, Willie, which would you rather have, two-sixths of a pie, or one-third?

Willie—One-third, miss.

Teacher (sarcastically)—You would, eh! And why so?

Willie—Cause if you cut it into sixths I'll lose more of the juice.

Latest Mine Horror.

The Doctor—Of course, if the operators in the anthracite and bituminous fields form a coalition—

The Professor—Then there will be nothing for the consumers to do but to coalesce.

(Slow curtain.)

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it is wrong leave it undone.—Gilpin.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS Electrotypes. IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION 521-531 W. Adams St., Chicago

PIMPLES. "I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good, but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black-heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets." Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

PISO'S. The name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS.



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Tronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's home he is attracted by a picture of a young girl whom the millionaire explains is his granddaughter. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a drunken man in lower ten and retreats in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence places both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes with him, under suspicion of murder. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. They go to the Carter place for breakfast. The girl proves to be Allison West, his partner's sweetheart. Her peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley puts it in his pocket. Blakeley returns home. He finds that he is under surveillance and hears of strange doings in the house next door.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

As we turned the corner I glanced back. Half a block behind us Johnson was moving our way slowly. When he saw me he stopped and proceeded with great deliberation to light a cigar. By hurrying, however, he caught the car that we took, and stood unobtrusively on the rear platform. He looked fagged, and absent-mindedly paid our fares, to McKnight's delight.

"We will give him a run for his money," he declared, as the car moved countryward. "Conductor, let us off at the middlest lane you can find."

"At one o'clock, after a six-mile ramble, we entered a small country hotel. We had seen nothing of Johnson for a half hour. At that time he was a quarter of a mile behind us, and losing rapidly. Before we had finished our luncheon he staggered into the inn. One of his boots was under his arm, and his whole appearance was deplorable. He was coated with mud, streaked with perspiration, and he limped as he walked. He chose a table not far from us and ordered Scotch. Beyond touching his hat he paid no attention to us.

"I'm just getting my second wind," McKnight declared. "How do you feel, Mr. Johnson? Six or eight miles more and we'll all enjoy our dinners." Johnson put down the glass he had raised to his lips without replying.

The fact was, however, that I was like Johnson. I was soft from my week's inaction, and I was pretty well done up. McKnight, who was a well-spring of vitality and high spirits, ordered a strange concoction, made of nearly everything in the bar, and sent it over to the detective, but Johnson refused it.

"I hate that kind of person," McKnight said pettishly. "Kind of a fellow that thinks you're going to poison his dog if you offer him a bone."

When we got to the car line, with Johnson a draggled and drooping tail to the kite, I was in better spirits. I had told McKnight the story of the three hours just after the wreck; I had not named the girl, of course; she had my promise of secrecy. But I told him everything else. It was a relief to have a fresh mind on it; I had puzzled so much over the incident at the farm-house, and the necklace in the gold bag, that I had lost perspective. He had been interested, but inclined to be amused, until I came to the broken chain. Then he had whistled softly.

"But there are tons of fine gold chains made every year," he said. "Why in the world do you think that the—er—smeary piece came from that necklace?"

I had looked around. Johnson was far behind, scraping the mud off his feet with a piece of stick.

"I have the short end of the chain in the sealskin bag," I reminded him.

When I couldn't sleep this morning I thought I would settle it, one way or the other. It was hell to go along the way I had been doing. And—there's no doubt about it, Rich. It's the same chain."

We walked along in silence until we caught the car back to town.

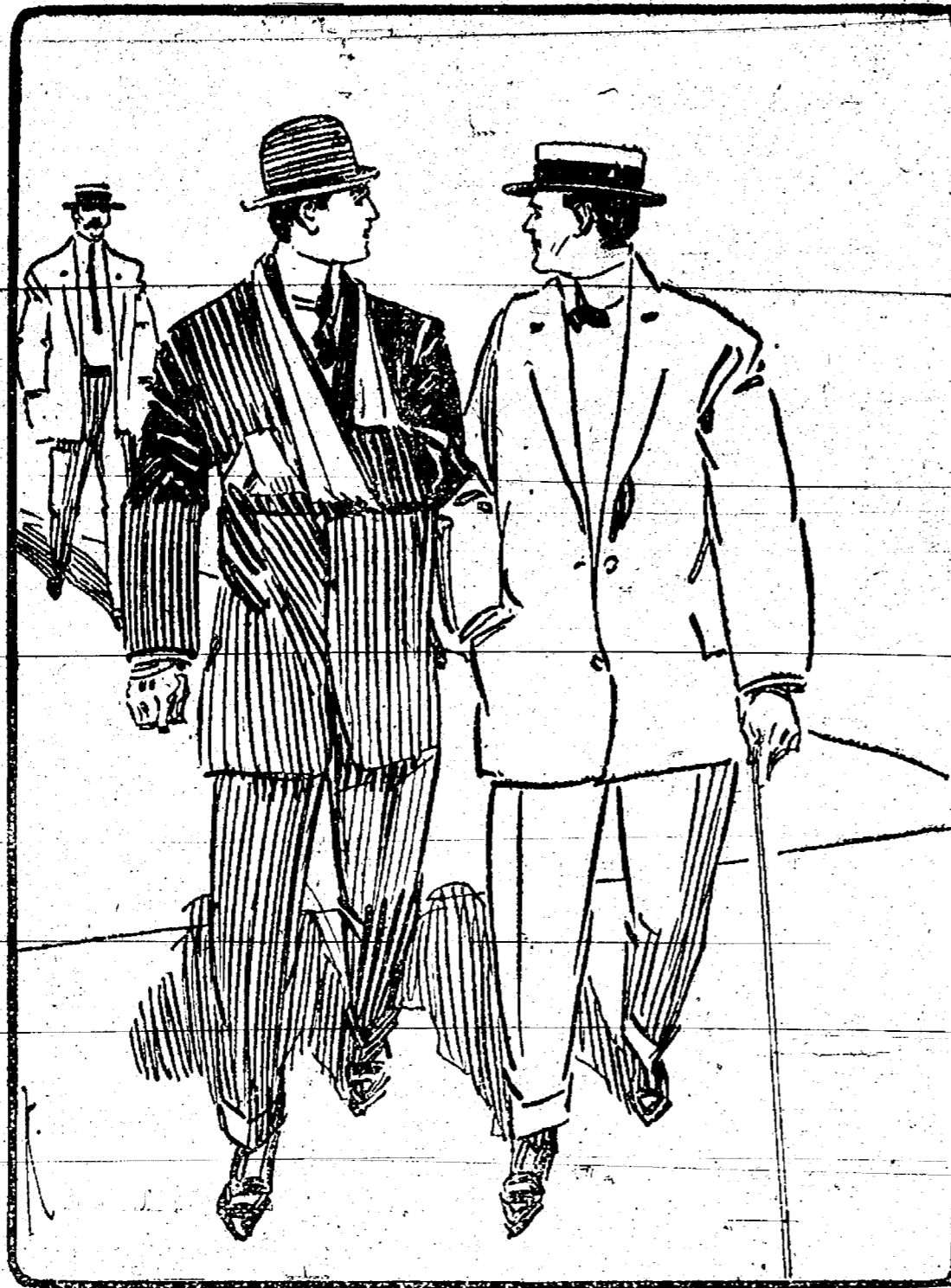
"Well," he said finally, "you know the girl, of course, and I don't. But if you like her—and I think myself you're rather hard hit, old man—I wouldn't give a whoop about the chain in the gold purse. It's just one of the little coincidences that hang people now and then. And as for last night—if she's the kind of a girl you say she is, and you think she had anything to do with that, you—you're added, that's all. You can depend on it, the lady of the empty house last week is the lady of last night. And yet, your train acquaintance was in A'oonna at that time."

Just before we got off the car, I reverted to the subject again. It was never far back in my mind.

"About the—young lady of the train, Rich," I said, with what I suppose was elaborate carelessness, "I don't want you to get a wrong impression. I am rather unlikely to see her again, but even if I do, I—I believe she is already 'bespoke,' or next thing to it. It made no reply but as I opened the door with my latchkey he stood looking up at me from the pavement. With his quizzical smile.

"Love is like the measles," he orated.

The MAN in LOWER TEN by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETTNER. COPYRIGHT BY J. P. MERRILL COMPANY



"And There's Johnson Just Behind, the Coolest Proposition in Washington."

ed. "The older you get it, the worse the attack."

Johnson did not appear again that day. A small man in a raincoat took his place. The next morning I made my initial trip to the office, the raincoat still on hand. I had a short conference with Miller, the district attorney, at 11. Bronson was under surveillance, he said, and any attempt to sell the notes to him would probably result in their recovery. In the meantime, as I knew, the Commonwealth had continued the case, in hope of such contingency.

At noon I left the office and took a veterinarian to see Candida, the injured pony. By one o'clock my first day's duties were performed, and a long Sahara of hot afternoon stretched ahead. McKnight, always glad to escape from the grind, suggested a vaudeville, and in sheer ennui I consented. I could neither ride, drive nor golf, and my own company bored me to distraction.

"Coolest place in town these days," he declared. "Electric fans, breezy songs, airy costumes. And there's Johnson just behind—the coolest proposition in Washington."

He gravely bought three tickets and presented the detective with one. Then we went in. Having lived a normal, busy life, the theater in the afternoon is to me about as par with ice cream for breakfast. Up on the stage a very stout woman in short pink skirts, with a smile that McKnight declared looked like a slash in a roll of butter; was singing nasally, with a laborious kick at the end of each verse. Johnson, two rows ahead, went to sleep. McKnight prodded me with his elbow.

"Look at the first box to the right," he said, in a stage whisper. "I want you to come over at the end of this act."

It was the first time I had seen her since I put her in the cab at Baltimore. Outwardly I presume I was calm, for no one turned to stare at me, but every atom of me cried out at the sight of her. She was leaning, bent forward, lips slightly parted, gazing raptly at the Japanese conjuror who had replaced what McKnight disrespectfully called the Columns of Hercules. Compared with the draggled lady of the farm house, she was radiant.

For that first moment there was nothing but joy at the sight of her. McKnight's touch on my arm brought me back to reality.

"Come over and meet them," he said. "That's the cousin Miss West is visiting, Mrs. Dallas."

But I would not go. After he went I sat there alone, painfully conscious that I was being pointed out and stared at from the box. The abominable Japanese gave way to yet more atrocious performing dogs.

"How many offers of marriage will the young lady in the box have?" The dog stopped sagely at "none," and then pulled out a card that said eight. Wild shouts of glee by the audience. "The fools," I muttered.

After a little I glanced over. Mrs. Dallas was talking to McKnight, but she was looking straight at me. She was flushed, but more calm than I, and she did not bow. I fumbled for my hat, but the next moment I saw that they were going, and I sat still. When McKnight came back he was triumphant.

"I've made an engagement for you," he said. "Mrs. Dallas asked me to bring you to 'dinner to-night, and I said I knew you would fall all over yourself to go. You are requested to bring along the broken arm, and any other souvenirs of the wreck that you may possess."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I declared, struggling against my inclination. "I can't even tie my necktie, and I have to have my food cut for me."

"Oh, that's all right," he said easily. "I'll send Stogie over to fix you up, and Mrs. Dal knows all about the arm. I told her."

(Stogie is his Japanese factotum, so called because he is lean, a yellowish brown in color, and because he claims to have been shipped into this country in a box.)

The cinematograph was finishing the program. The house was dark and the music had stopped, as it does in the circus just before somebody risks his neck at so much a neck in the dip of death, or the hundred-foot dive. Then, with a sort of shock, I saw on the white curtain the announcement:

THE NEXT PICTURE IS THE DOOMED WASHINGTON FLIER TAKEN A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE SCENE OF THE WRECK ON THE FATAL MORNING OF SEPTEMBER TENTH, TWO MILES FARTHER ON IT MET WITH ALMOST COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.

I confess to a return of some of the sickening sensations of the wreck; people around me were leaning forward with tense faces. Then the letters were gone and I saw a long level stretch of track, even the broken stone between the ties standing out distinctly. Far off under a cloud of smoke a small object was rushing toward us and growing larger as it came.

Now it was on us, a mammoth in size, with huge drivers and a colossal tender. The engine leaped aside, as if just in time to save us from destruction, with a glimpse of a stooping fireman and a grimy engineer. The long train of sleepers followed. From a forward vestibule a porter in a white coat waved his hand. The rest of the cars seemed still wrapped in slumber. With mixed sensations I saw my own car, Ontario, fly past, and then I rose to my feet and gripped McKnight's shoulder.

On the lowest step of the last car, one foot hanging free, was a man. His black derby hat was pulled well down to keep it from blowing away, and his coat was flying open in the wind. He was swung well out from the car, his free hand gripping a small valise, every muscle tense for a jump.

"Good God, that's my man!" I said hoarsely, as the audience broke into applause. McKnight half rose; in his seat ahead Johnson stifled a yawn and turned to eye me.

I dropped into my chair limply, and tried to control my excitement. "The man on the last platform of the train," I said. "He was just about to leap; I'll swear that was his bag."

"Could you see his face?" McKnight asked in an undertone. "Would you know him again?"

"No. His hat was pulled down and his head was bent. I'm going back to find out where that picture was taken. They say two miles, but it may have been forty."

The audience, busy with its wraps, had not noticed. Mrs. Dallas and Allison West had gone. In front of us Johnson had dropped his hat and was stooping for it.



"This way," I motioned to McKnight, and we wheeled into the narrow passage behind us, back of the boxes. At the end there was a door leading into the wings, and as we went boldly through I turned the key. The final set was being struck, and no one paid any attention to us. Luckily they were similarly indifferent to a banging at the door I had locked, a banging which, I judged, signified Johnson.

"I guess we've broken up his interference," McKnight chuckled.

Stage hands were hurrying in every direction; pieces of the side wall of the last drawing room menaced us; a switchboard behind us was singing like a tea-kettle. Everywhere we stepped we were in somebody's way. At least we were across, confronting a man in his shirt sleeves, who by dots and dashes of profanity seemed to be directing the chaos.

"Well?" he said, wheeling on us.

"What can I do for you?"

"I would like to ask," I replied, "if you have any idea just where the last cinematograph picture was taken?"

"Broken board—picnickers—lake?"

"No. The Washington Flie."

He glanced at my bandaged arm.

"The announcement says two miles," McKnight put in, "but we should like to know whether it is railroad miles, automobile miles, or policeman miles."

"I am sorry I can't tell you," he replied, more civilly. "We get those pictures by contract. We don't take them ourselves."

"Where are the company's offices?"

"New York." He stepped forward and grasped a super by the shoulder.

"What in blazes are you doing with that gold chair in a kitchen set? Take that piece of pink plush there and throw it over a soap box, if you have not got a kitchen chair."

I had not realized the extent of the shock, but now I dropped into a chair and wiped my forehead. The unexpected glimpse of Allison West followed almost immediately by the revelation of the picture, had left me limp and unnerved. McKnight was looking at his watch.

"He says the moving picture people have an office downtown. We can make it if we go on now."

So he called a cab, and we started at a gallop. There was no sign of the detective. "Upon my word," Ritchey said, "I feel lonely without him."

The people at the downtown office of the cinematograph company were very obliging. The picture had been taken, they said, at M—, just two miles beyond the scene of the wreck. It was not much, but it was something to work on. I decided not to go home, but to send McKnight's Jap for my clothes, and to dress at the Incubator. I was determined, if possible, to make my next day's investigations without Johnson. In the meantime, even if it was for the last time, I would see Her that night. I gave Stogie a note for Mrs. Klopston, and with my dinner clothes there came back the gold bag wrapped in tissue paper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why Dickens Wrote "Christmas Carol."

I noticed a statement in one of the papers recently that Dickens wrote his "Christmas Carol" with the express object of reviving the popular interest in the Christmas season and its festivities. This is a pleasing fiction which had often been previously met with. The fact is that Dickens wrote the "Christmas Carol" in the autumn of 1843 because he was short of money and in great need of \$5,000. The most candid chapter in Forster's "Life" is the one (in the second volume) which relates the tale of Dickens' disappointment and despair when he received the "Carol" accounts, for instead of the \$5,000 he had set his heart and soul upon, the sum due to him was only \$1,150. Dickens wrote: "My year's bills, unpaid, are so terrific that all the energy and determination I can possibly exert will be required to clear me before I go abroad." Dickens ultimately cleared \$2,620 by the "Christmas Carol" on a sale of 15,000 copies.—London Truth.

Good Joke on Voter.

An amusing story is told of what happened to a pluralist voter in the 1900 election in England. He was a keen politician and believing that the vote he possessed in a distant constituency would be of value to his candidate engaged a special train to take him there. On entering the polling booth he found the engineer of the train at his heels. He then discovered that the engineer happened to be on the voting register of the same town and was taking the opportunity of his accidental presence there to record his vote—which was given for the other side.

Not Wanted in Calif.

Perhaps the Intending purchaser who recently wrote a London book seller: "Please forward me a copy of Tennyson, but please not one bound in calf, as I am a vegetarian," intended to employ the volume only as a food for thought.—Christian Science Monthly.

WIFE IS REMARRIED WHEN HUB RETURNS

INDIANA MAN WHO WAS GONE FOUR YEARS AND BELIEVED TO BE DEAD.

DISAPPEARS WITH HIS SON

Is Declared to Have Said That He Found Woman Happy and That He Would Go Away Again Never to Return.

Indianapolis.—"How are you, Mandy?" spoke Samuel Stevens; the other evening, to a woman sitting in front of her little cottage. The voice startled her. She looked up and suddenly rose to her feet.

"I—I thought you were dead—dead and buried!" the woman cried. "How did you get here? Where did you come from?"

"No, no, Mandy; I am very much alive," the man replied evenly. "I don't know what made you think I was dead," he continued, tenderly, to the emotion-swept woman before him. She then told him of her belief that he was dead, and that she had married William Hall, who had given her a good home and been a kind husband.

Such is the brief description given of the meeting of Samuel Stevens and his wife, from whose presence he had disappeared four years before.

The story of the Stevenses is like a chapter from a novel. Four years ago they were living together and had seven children. The husband and father was a laborer. The family is said to have gotten along as well and lived as comfortably as the average family of a laboring man and the family relations were pleasant. Then, one day, after some little upset over one of the children, the punishment by him of a daughter, it is said, neighbors made a complaint, and a warrant is declared to have been issued for his arrest. He disappeared from his home. His wife expected that he would soon return.

As time wore on she found the struggle alone of trying to provide for the large family too hard a battle.

She made a brave effort, but the handicap was great. She could not get steady work and sickness now and then invaded the little home. Then she allowed three of the children to be taken away, she keeping the youngest. Through the day she toiled for her children, and continued to hope for her husband's return. She was confident that he would come back and believed that he was doing the best he could and what he thought was right.

Then one day a grocer brought the news that her husband was dead. He had received a letter, he said, in which it was stated that Sam Stevens had been a victim of yellow fever at Oswego, Miss.

She lost heart and gave up the remaining children except the youngest, Harry. With only one child to care for she found it a little easier to get along. Neighbors helped and time



"How Are You, Mandy?"

softened her grief. And then William Hall came into her life. He was kind to her, relieved her of many burdens, and finally they were married in January of this year. Life was bright for her again. Hall was fond of her boy. Mrs. Hall began to get on her feet and about her work. Their little cottage was a model of neatness and it was comfortable.

It was before this cottage that she was sitting the other evening while her husband was downtown on some business, when her former husband greeted her.

Mrs. Hall said that when she saw him she grew faint. She could hardly believe it was Sam, but it was Sam. Then after they had talked it all over he tried to comfort her, it is said, and explained that at one time while in the south he had been ill and had tried to send her word and he supposed that this was the cause of the message saying he was dead.

After a time Stevens and his little boy went down the street and did not come back. Stevens had left the city, so far as was known. He is said to have told friends before going away again that he was going this time never to return, that his wife seemed to be happy, had a good home, and that he would leave her to get a divorce if she wished and remarry Hall.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Galena, Kans.—"A year ago last March I fell, and a few days after there was soreness in my right side. In a short time a bunch came and it bothered me so much at night I could not sleep. It kept growing larger and by fall it was as large as a hen's egg."



"I could not go to bed without a hot water bottle applied to that side. I had one of the best doctors in Kansas and he told my husband that I would have to be operated on as it was something like a tumor caused by a rupture. I wrote to you for advice and you told me not to get discouraged but to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did take it and soon the lump in my side broke and passed away."—Mrs. R. R. HUEY, 713 Mineral Ave., Galena, Kans.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

Now They Sleep Indoors.

George H. Beattie, jeweler in the old Arcade, and L. E. Ralston, auditor of the News, have jointly and severally decided that sleeping out in the open isn't all that it has been declared to be, says the Cleveland Leader. They were both in a deep snooze out at the Beattie farm, near Chagrin Falls, the other night, when a runaway team from the county fair city turned into the lane leading up to the Beattie estate and came along at full speed.

Sound asleep, but dreaming of impending danger, Ralston rolled out of his cot toward the north, and Beattie from his cot toward the south. The runaway horses dashed between the sleepers, oversetting everything in the way, but missing Beattie and Ralston by margins too narrow to be measured. Since that night Ralston has slept in his town house and Beattie has found shelter under the ample roof of his house on his big plantation.

A Question.

Vera (eight years old)—What does transatlantic mean, mother?

Mother—Across the Atlantic, of course; but you mustn't bother me.

Vera—Does "trans" always mean across?

Mother—I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions I shall send you right to bed.

Vera (After a few minutes' silence)—Then does transparent mean a cross parent?—Ideas.

The Weeds Return.

"Confound these election bets, anyway!" grumbled Harker.

"Lose heavily?" inquired his friend.

"No, I won ten boxes of cigars and they were so rank I sold the whole lot to the corner tobacconist for a dollar."

"Well, you made a dollar, anyway."

"Yes, but that is not the worst of it. My wife saw the boxes in the window marked 'A Bargain, \$2,' and bought the whole lot to give me as a birthday present."

Win by Being Prepared.

Those who are prepared for the worst are the ones who generally get the best of it.

"The Smack" of the "Snack"

Post Toasties and Cream

A wholesome, ready-cooked food which youngsters, and older folks thoroughly enjoy.

Let them have all they want. It is rich in nourishment and has a winning flavour.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.

Special Reduction

Will give reductions on men's boys and children's shoes on Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday. We need not exaggerate the quality of our shoes for it is well known to every one that Rouge Rex Shoes are the best made for all kinds of wear. And this is the secret of our success in meeting the wants of our laboring men in footwear.

We know what the farmer has to contend with. We know the service he expects and must get from his shoes. We have made ourselves acquainted with his tastes as to styles of last and leathers. Why shouldn't we then be able to satisfy him? Of course we must be progressive to keep up with the farmer of today. With his daily paper, his telephone, and his constant touch with all the live issues, his desires, his wants, his needs, in all things have expanded, he buys more intelligently and of a better class of goods than his fathers. He has become a business man of the highest rank, and naturally he has developed with a more exacting purchase as to quality and styles as well as comfort and serviceability than any generation that has preceded him. We know this, we have kept an ear close to the ground and have marked well this steady advance, and we have bent every effort toward meeting his changing requirements. The result—Rouge Rex Shoes.

**The Fair Store
Wallace Weiss**

The Most Appealing Breakfast



will result if you cook some of our delicious sugar-cured Hams, or a few slices of crispy Bacon. If you want the choicest and finest Pork, Ham and Bacon you must give us your order.

Our prices appeal to the economical and our goods to the fastidious.

Shermans Market

STATE OF MICHIGAN
BANKING DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned it has been made to appear that

The People's State Savings Bank
of East Jordan

In East Jordan in the County of Charlevoix, State of Michigan, has complied with all the provisions of the General Banking law of the State of Michigan required to be complied with before a corporation shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking.

NOW THEREFORE, I, Henry M. Zimmermann, Commissioner of the State Banking Department, do hereby certify that

The People's State Savings Bank
of East Jordan

In the village of East Jordan in the County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in section seven of the General Banking Law of the State of Michigan.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, witness my hand and seal of office at Lansing, this seventeenth day of October, 1910.

HENRY M. ZIMMERMANN
[SEAL] Commissioner of the Banking
No. 412. Department.

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 3rd day of October A. D. 1910.

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

In the matter of the estate of Aurell May Cash, deceased.

Mabel E. Hill having filed in said court her petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate therein described.

It is ordered, that the 7th day of November A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.

It is further ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, 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.

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 24th day of October A. D. 1910.

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

In the matter of the estate of Kai Roberts, deceased.

John Roberts, having filed in said court his petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to himself or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the 21st day of November A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, 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.

ROOSEVELT FOR OSBORN

The Ex-President Calls Republican Candidate a Singularly Able and Honest Man.

WISHES TOWNSEND SUCCESS

Roosevelt Deeply Regrets That He Cannot Come to Michigan to Take Part in Campaign For Entire Republican Ticket—Calls Republican Candidate For Governor Progressive.

Theodore Roosevelt gives his unqualified endorsement of the candidacy of Chase S. Osborn, Republican candidate for governor, and Charles E. Townsend, Republican candidate for United States senator.

The endorsement is in the form of a letter to Curtis Guild, Jr., who spoke here Saturday night for Mr. Osborn and the state ticket.

State Chairman Knox informed the Detroit Journal that he has been in communication with Mr. Roosevelt endeavoring to secure him for one speech in Michigan. The colonel declared this to be impossible, because his time was completely filled.

Governor Guild was informed of the situation while here and he immediately wired Colonel Roosevelt, urging him to accede to the request of Mr. Knox.

The following letter, which was received by Mr. Knox from Governor Guild, was the result.

To Curtis Guild, Jr.:

I thank you for the telegram. I agree with every word you say in describing the situation in Michigan, and I deeply regret that it is a physical impossibility for me to accept the invitation to go to Michigan to take part in the campaign for the entire Republican ticket as I would gladly do.

I thoroughly understand, as you say, that in Michigan the progressives won a clear-cut victory; that their platform takes a proper stand in favor of a tariff commission and conservation of natural resources. My friend, Chase S. Osborn, the candidate for governor, is a progressive and singularly able and honest man.

Moreover, I also agree with you as to the great desirability of electing Mr. Townsend as senator, Mr. Townsend as joint author with Mr. Esch of the first railroad rate bill, and while I was in the White House, did excellent work for railroad rate legislation, and I heartily wish him success as senator. It is a cause of genuine regret to me that I am not able to go and do all I can for the entire ticket in Michigan.

Mr. Osborn is a man like Stimson of New York, who will clean house from cellar to garret, driving every wrong-doer from office. The effective way to prevent a thorough clean up would be not to elect him, and indeed a failure to elect him would be a genuine calamity from the standpoint of good citizenship.

Mr. Townsend's attitude on the railroad rate legislation is sufficient proof of the desirability of sending him to the senate, and this can only be done by voting for the Republican candidates for the legislature. Michigan Republicans have nominated two progressive candidates and it is imperative that they give them aggressive support at the polls. (Signed)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
Binghamton, N. Y., Oct. 24.

This is the first letter of the kind which Colonel Roosevelt has allowed to be made public in the campaign and indicates the high regard in which he holds Messrs. Osborn and Townsend.

He has actively supported Mr. Stimson in New York and went into Massachusetts to aid Senator Lodge and has also given attention to Ohio, but he has steadfastly refused to promiscuously issue letters of endorsement to candidates, both state and congressional, in various parts of the country.

Immediately after the nomination of Mr. Osborn as the Republican candidate for governor of Michigan the colonel expressed his pleasure in a private letter and expressed his hope that the So man would be elected.

While on his last trip west he endeavored to shift a date so that he might enter Michigan to make one speech, but this was found impossible because of his engagements in Indiana. He assured State Chairman Knox, however, of his desire to aid in the election of Mr. Osborn and Mr. Townsend and the letter to Governor Guild is the result.

The endorsement of Colonel Roosevelt will aid in rolling up the majority for Mr. Osborn and assuring a solid Republican legislature," said Mr. Knox. "There has been no question about the election of either Mr. Osborn or a legislature which would name Charles E. Townsend as United States senator, but the strong expression of opinion by the ex-president will aid materially in rolling up an

AUCTION SALE!

The Undersigned will sell at Public Auction at his farm, known as the Hiram B. Hipp farm, four miles north-west of

EAST JORDAN, on

THURSDAY, NOV. 10TH

Beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described property:

Cow, 8 yrs. old	2 pair Sleighs	Double Cutter
Cow, 7 yrs. old	2 Hand Cultivators	2 Single Harness
Cow, 4 yrs. old	Grindstone	Light Double Harness
Cow, 2 yrs. old past Yearling Heifer	Shop Stove	String Bells
Flock of Chickens	Sheet-iron Stove	64-tooth Harrow
Brood Sow and 7 Pigs	2 Beet Forks	Spring-Tooth Harrow
Double Road Wagon	2 Scoop Shovels	Pea Rake
Low Wheel Wagon	2 long-handled Shovels	Feed Cooker
Riding Plow	4 Log Chains	About 18 tons Hay
Walking Plow	Barrel Churn	6 acres Corn and Stalks
Wheel Cultivator	Buggy with shafts	Horse Corn Cutter
2 Mowers	Buggy with pole	Hand Sower
	Cider Mill	Many other articles

FREE LUNCH AT NOON!

Terms of Sale: All Sums of \$5.00 and under, cash. All sums over \$5.00 twelve months' time will be given on good, endorsed paper bearing seven per cent. interest, payable at the People's State Savings Bank, East Jordan, Mich. Five per cent. off for cash. All goods must be settled for before removal.

E. P. HUBBARD, PROP'R

E. B. WARD, AUCTIONEER

PLUMBING HEATING

HOT WATER STEAM HOT AIR

Now is the time you should have your heating system looked after so you will be in good shape to meet the cold weather and not sit and shiver, so do it now and save time. If you want your Furnace repaired or cleaned I am ready to do it.

All work done at a reasonable price.
Shop P. O. Block John J. Mortimer Telephone No. 217.

Dr. C. H. Pray Dentist

Offices Over Payton's.

Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.

Phone No. 223.

Glasses Fitted

Consult J. LEAHY
OPTOMETRIST

Expert on Eye Strain. Curing Headache a Specialty.
Optical Parlors, PETOSKEY, MICH
Will visit East Jordan once each month.
Watch for date.

Frank Phillips Tonsorial Artist.

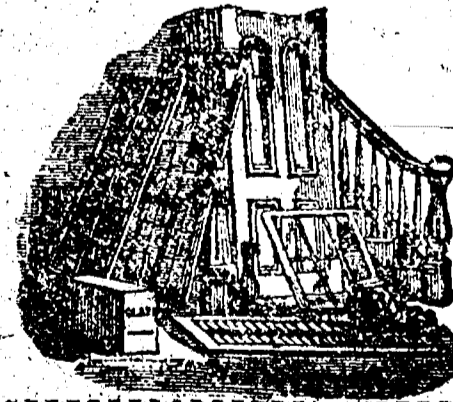
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.

East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in



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

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

Our Fall and Winter Samples

Are now on display. Come in and look them over. They are handsome. We also carry a full line of Fall and Winter Woolens in the piece.

FREIBERG, The Tailor.