

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 14

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1910.

No. 47

## Where Some of Our Taxes Go.

The amount of Township, School and Highway taxes, voted by the several townships, for 1910.

| Twp.                    | School   | Highway  |          |
|-------------------------|----------|----------|----------|
| Bay.....                | \$300.00 | \$508.75 | \$629.16 |
| Boyer Valley.....       | 600.00   | 2636.93  | 3108.46  |
| Chandler.....           | 432.95   | 1791.02  | 1443.16  |
| Charlevoix.....         | 450.00   | 1185.70  | 958.80   |
| Evangeline.....         | 200.00   | 652.37   | 564.48   |
| Eveline.....            | 700.00   | 1208.67  | 1276.02  |
| Hayne.....              | 400.00   | 788.50   | 942.90   |
| Hudson.....             | 1000.00  | 1831.00  | 1071.00  |
| Marion.....             | 850.00   | 447.99   | 1550.00  |
| Melrose.....            | 474.41   | 2808.61  | 1894.38  |
| Norwood.....            | 500.00   | 429.52   | 1000.00  |
| Pealoe.....             | 600.00   | 426.19   | 330.00   |
| St. James.....          | 374.42   | 325.00   | 374.42   |
| South Arm.....          | 2000.00  | 13381.88 | 4569.74  |
| Wilson.....             | 350.00   | 765.35   | 1029.00  |
| Boyer City.....         | 21903.14 |          |          |
| City of Charlevoix..... | 11005.70 |          |          |

D. S. PAYTON,  
County Clerk.

## Gentlemen of the Jury.

For the November (28) term of Circuit Court for Charlevoix County.

|                          |                 |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| Charlevoix 3rd Ward..... | Adam Pfister    |
| Norwood.....             | John Walker     |
| Melrose.....             | Frank Hankus    |
| Marion.....              | A. J. Bolhuis   |
| Hudson.....              | Wm. Jones       |
| Hayne.....               | Fred Sneathen   |
| Eveline.....             | Frank A. Holley |
| Evangeline.....          | Abram Kent      |
| Charlevoix.....          | J. L. Anderson  |
| Chandler.....            | Rubep Walton    |
| Boyer Valley.....        | Chas. A. Smith  |
| Bay.....                 | Henry Kunkle    |
| Pealoe.....              | Francis Roddy   |
| St. James.....           | Geo. Stevens    |
| South Arm.....           | Samuel Person   |
| Wilson.....              | Thos. Sheppard  |
| Boyer City 1st. wd.....  | G. W. Moorhouse |
| Boyer City 2nd. wd.....  | Wm. Carter      |
| Boyer City 3rd. wd.....  | V. R. Newville  |
| Boyer City 4th. wd.....  | Arthur Baxter   |
| Charlevoix 1st. wd.....  | Frank Wood      |
| Charlevoix 2nd. wd.....  | Will Johnson    |
| Charlevoix 3rd. wd.....  | Geo. M. Bacot   |
| Norwood Twp.....         | Wm. Mayne       |

D. S. PAYTON,  
County Clerk.

## Michigan Crop Report.

Lansing, Mich., November 1910.

**WHEAT.** The condition of wheat as compared with an average per cent. is, in the State 98, in the southern counties 97, in the central counties 100, in the northern counties 99 and in the upper peninsula 92. The total number of bushels of wheat marketed by farmers in October at 99 flour mills is 143,982 and at 74 elevators and to grain dealers 110,823, or a total of 254,805.

**CORN.** The estimated average yield of corn in bushels is 32 in the State, 31 in the southern counties, 35 in the central counties, 33 in the northern counties and 34 in the upper peninsula.

**CLOVER SEED.** The per cent. of acreage of clover seed harvested as compared with average years, is 77 in the State, 79 in the southern counties, 78 in the central counties, 70 in the northern counties and 45 in the upper peninsula. The average yield per acre in bushels is 1.45 in the State, 1.34 in the southern counties, 1.61 in the central counties, 1.75 in the northern counties and 2.00 in the upper peninsula.

**POTATOES.** The estimated average yield per acre, in bushels is 99 in the State, 92 in the southern counties, 94 in the central counties, 111 in the northern counties and 153 in the upper peninsula.

**COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS.** The per cent. of farmers who have used commercial fertilizer on their wheat this fall, is 20 in the State and central counties, 26 in the southern counties, 6 in the northern counties and 1 in upper peninsula.

**LIVE STOCK.** The average condition of horses, cattle, sheep and swine in the State is 87.

FREDRICK C. MARTINDALE,  
Secretary of State.

Not being able to convict the grafters, Illinois is undertaking the task of trying to convict the jurors who acquitted the grafters.

Mr. Otto Paul, Milwaukee, Wis., says Foley's Honey and Tar is still more than the best. He writes us, "All those that bought it think it is the best for coughs and colds they ever had and I think it is still more than the best. Our baby had a bad cold and it cured him in one day. Please accept thanks. Hites Drug Store."

## Death of Mrs. Brant.

The death of Mrs. William Brant which occurred last Friday morning Oct. 28, at her late home on Watkins street after a lingering illness of sixteen years, caused heartfelt sorrow to the many friends of the family.

Deceased whose maiden name was Agnes Hamilton Smith, was a native of Glasgow, Scotland and aged 49 years. She came to this country in her youth and made her home in Philadelphia. Later she went to Wingham, Huron county, Ontario where she was united in marriage to William W. Brant in 1883. The family came to Hayward three years ago for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. Brant was of a quiet and retiring disposition, kind hearted and sympathetic in the extreme and beloved by all who knew her.

Surviving the deceased are her husband and four children, viz. Margaret, Mina, Charles and William.

The funeral was held Monday at 1:30 p. m., services being held at the Methodist church, Rev. J. W. Phelps officiating. Incineration Oakland crematory.—Haywards (Cal.) Journal

## Good News From The Youth's Companion.

We have had to make the Youth's Companion larger to get in all the good things that Companion readers ought to have. The added amount would make four hundred pages of standard magazine size and print; but we have kept the price just the same—\$1.75 for the fifty-two weeks of 1911, and all the issues for the rest of this year free from the time you send in your subscription.

We would like to tell you what is in store for Companion readers next year. We cannot do it here, though; there is not room. But send us your address on a postal card, and we will send you the beautiful Prospectus of the Companion for 1911, announcing many new features, together with sample copies of the paper.

We think you will agree, when you have read them, that there is no other paper that gives quite so much of such high quality as The Companion.

The new subscriber receives a gift of The Companion's Art Calendar for 1911, reproducing in twelve colors and gold a beautiful water-color garden scene.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,  
144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.  
New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

Probably the next aggressive step to be made by the saloon and brewery interests of Michigan in the direction of weakening the contest against them will be to strive for a legislative act to close the University of Michigan. The existence of a state institution whose president declares that "The American saloon is a blot on our civilization and degradation than any other institution we foster," cannot be regarded otherwise than as a sort of constant danger to the places against whom President Hutchins declaration is directed. The saloons have found fault with the churches for seeking to interfere with the further existence of their business and it is not improbable that they will even more vigorously protest against the official declaration which now comes from our state university.

## CAUSES SICKNESS.

### Good Health Impossible With A Disordered Stomach.

There is nothing that will create sickness or cause more trouble than a disordered stomach, and many people daily contract serious maladies simply through disregard or abuse of the stomach.

We urge every one suffering from any stomach derangement, indigestion or dyspepsia, whether acute or chronic, to try Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, with the distinct understanding that we will refund their money without question or formality, if after reasonable use of this medicine they are not satisfied with the results. We recommend them to our customers every day, and have yet to hear of any one who has not been benefited by them.

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a box. Sold in Rochester only at our store, The Rexall Store. The W. C. Spring Drug Co.

## OTT

### High School Lecture Course at Presbyterian Church, Nov. 30

The next number of the course will be a lecture by Dr. Edward Amherst Ott on the subject "Sour Grapes". Dr. Ott the "Purposeful Orator" is a speaker of unusual earnestness and power. His popularity is proved by the fact that by the 25 of September he had made one hundred and fifty four engagements for the season of 1910-11 alone.

He has delivered the lecture "Sour Grapes" more than a thousand times. In this lecture he treats the subjects of marriage and heredity in such an intensely interesting way that he is invited to return again and again. In many places he can "come back".

Dr. Ott, although still young, has appeared before more than one million people.

Do not fail to hear him at the Presbyterian church.

## FOR FALLING HAIR.

### You Run No Risk When You Use This Remedy.

We promise you that, if your hair is falling out, and you have not let it go too far, you can repair the damage already done by using Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, with persistency and regularity, for a reasonable length of time. It is a scientific, cleansing, antiseptic, germicidal preparation, that destroys microbes, stimulates good circulation around the hair roots, promotes hair nourishment, removes dandruff and restores hair health. It is as pleasant to use as pure water, and it is delicately perfumed. It is a real toilet necessity.

We want you to try Rexall "93" Hair Tonic with our promise that it will not cost you nothing unless you are perfectly satisfied with its use. It comes in two sizes, prices 50c. and \$1.00. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store. The W. C. Spring Drug Co.

## County Normal Notes.

Eva Cram substituted Wednesday to the eighth grade.

Monday morning Edith Cady substituted in the eighth grade room until the teacher arrived.

Wednesday afternoon Margery Washburn and Jessie Shapton visited the class and heard the recitation on Agriculture.

Wednesday after school a lovely, new teacher's desk was rolled into the normal room. It was a present from the Board of Education.

Friday morning the normal class heard the program given in the high school room. The seventh and eighth grades furnished two selections.

Wednesday morning, Nov. 9, Mrs. George Jepson and Mrs. W. S. Carr, mother of Reta Carr, visited the normal room. They were both from East Jordan.

Wednesday the class visited Miss Jarvis' room to observe the first grade reading lesson. All was very orderly and ideas were gained from the manner in which it was conducted that would be useful for the coming year.

Friday afternoon it was found too cold to remain at school because of trouble with the boiler. As it was Miss Whiting's birthday, the class went to Miss Hime's room and surprised Miss Whiting. While there the girls had their manual training work, and then cocoa, wafers and fudge were passed. Miss Whiting seemed to enjoy it but not more than the class themselves.

## A HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE.

To be really valuable must show equally good results from each member of the family, using it. Foley's Honey and Tar does just this. Whether for children or grown persons Foley's Honey and Tar is best and safest for all coughs and colds. Hites Drug store.

Gone to the scrap heap. New Nationalism.

SALESMEN WANTED to look after our interest in Charlevoix and adjacent counties. Salary or commission. Address, THE HARVEY OIL CO. Cleveland, Ohio.

## 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.

It is a queer dispensation of Providence that puts election day and Thanksgiving in the same month.

Ten generals of the Haitian Army have been killed. First thing you know some body will slay the private and Haiti will be left defenseless.

Statistics show that only one woman in a hundred reaches the age of sixty. This is not surprising considering how many years it takes for the average woman to get out of her teens.

## BOTH SPEEDY AND EFFECTIVE.

This indicates the action of Foley Kidney Pills as S. Parsons, Battle Creek, Mich. illustrates: "I have been afflicted with a severe case of kidney and bladder trouble for which I found no relief until I used Foley Kidney Pills. These cured me entirely of all my ailments. I was troubled with backaches and severe shooting pains with a annoying urinary irregularities. The steady use of Foley Kidney Pills rid me entirely of all my former troubles. They have my highest recommendation". Hites Drug store.

## The Most Appetizing Breakfast



will result. If you cook some of our delightful 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

## Thanksgiving Sale!

We will offer our entire line of High-Grade

BISCHOF

Coats and Suits

At Greatly Reduced Prices for Two Days Only

Saturday and Monday

Nov. 19th and 21st

Remarkable Reductions

In these beautiful, up-to-date, Cloaks and Suits. This is your opportunity. Don't miss it. For just two days—Today and Monday.

B. C. Hubbard & Co.



## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

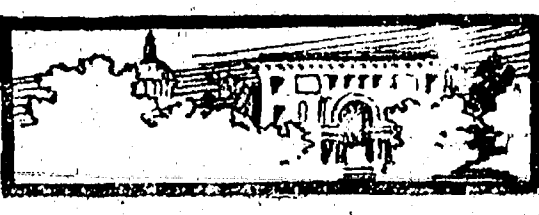


MARINE SUPPLIES.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

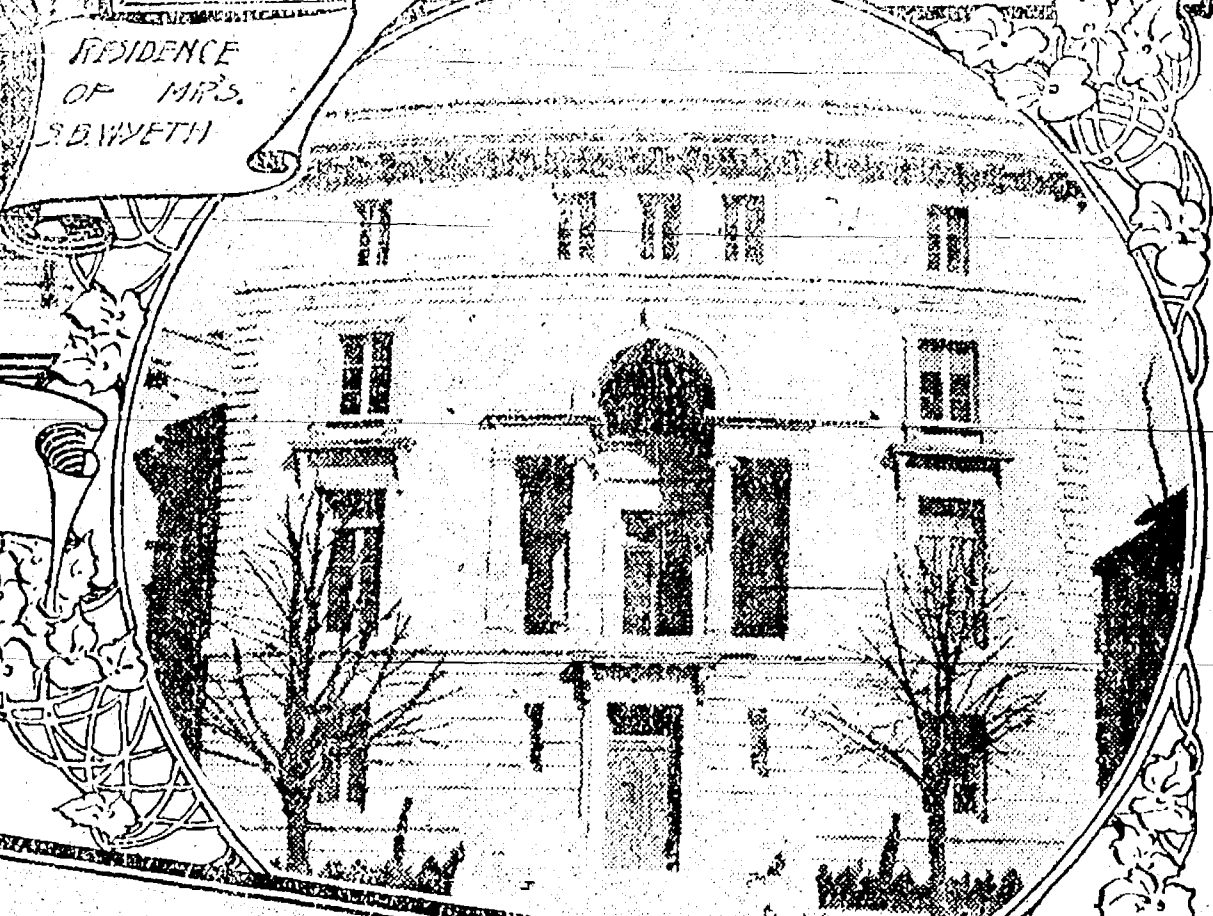
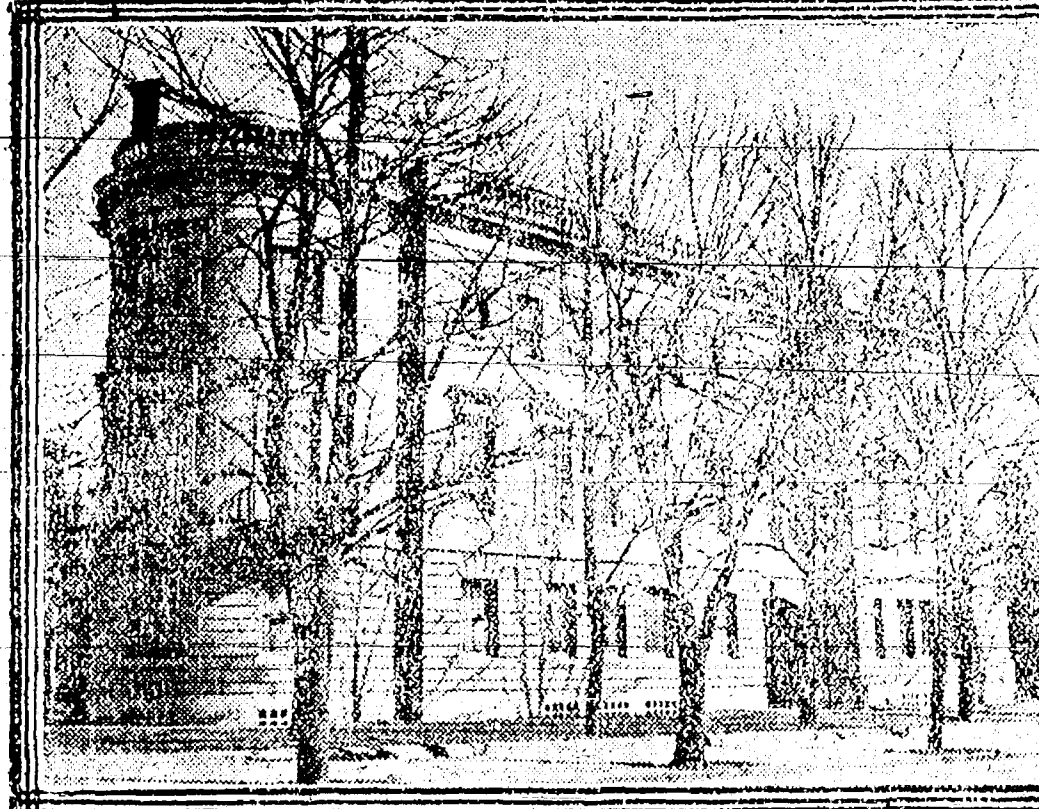
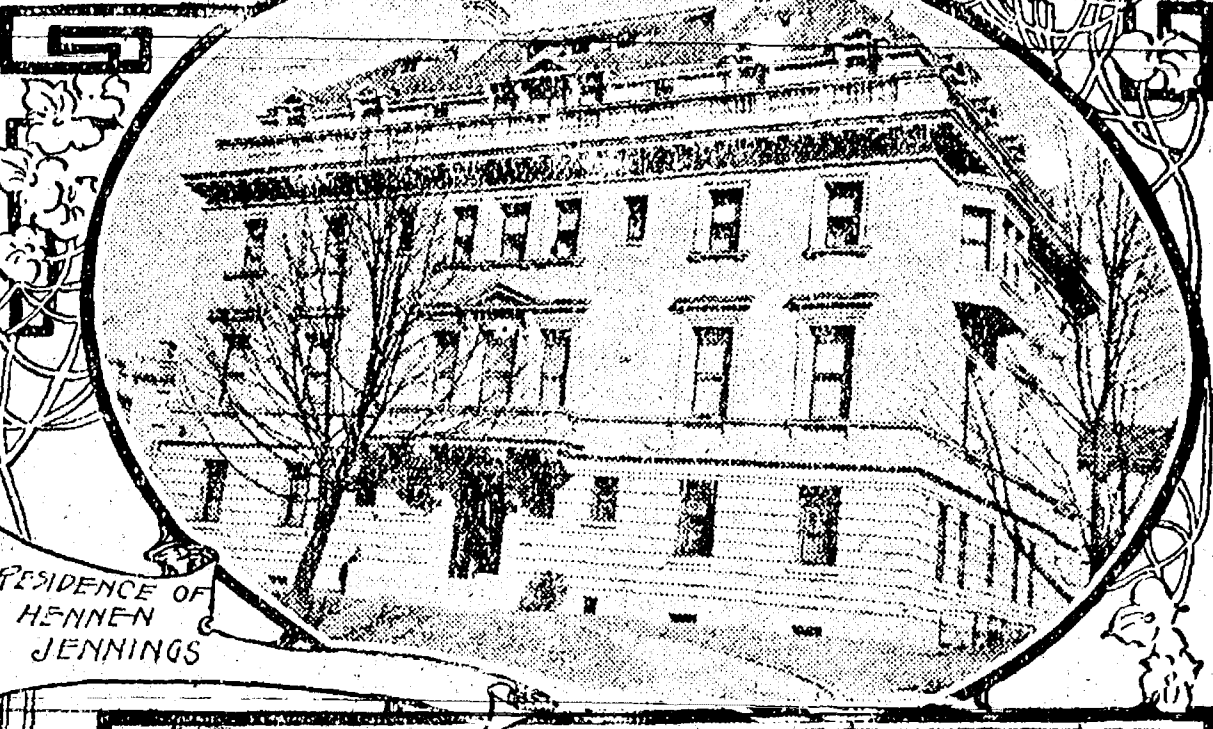


# NOTABLE NEW MANSIONS AT WASHINGTON



FROM time out of mind the public has been wont to think of the city of Washington as gaining its greatest distinction from being the seat of our national government—certainly honor enough for any community. Within the past few years, however, the city on the Potomac has come to have another significance. It is rapidly taking rank as the foremost residential mecca of the wealthy leisure class in America—even surpassing Newport in that respect. During the past decade wealthy men and women have been flocking to the District of Columbia from all parts of the country, and these wealthy invaders are erecting magnificent mansions that are coming to vie with the government buildings as objects of interest to the tourists and sight-seers who journey to Washington each year.

The moneyed folk who are taking up their residence at the capital of the nation are distinctly of the leisure class. No multi-millionaire would think of settling in Washington primarily for business reasons. There is practically no manufacturing and no extensive commercial interests



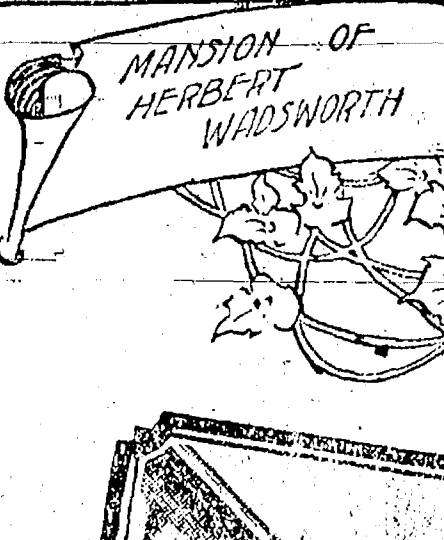
in the city—none of the ordinary channels of wealth production for Americans. However, it is just this absence of the commercial atmosphere combined with the mild and delightful winter climate of Washington that is attracting so many of the well-to-do newcomers. Having made their fortunes, they are eager to enjoy life in a city where almost everybody has more or less leisure; where there are infinite opportunities for amusement; where the climate is conducive to outdoor sport all the year, and where, finally, there is ever to be witnessed the spectacle of official life with its parades, ceremonies and picturesque social functions.

Whole "colonies" of wealthy folk have migrated from different cities to Washington, notably from Chicago, Pittsburg, New York and Boston, and to some extent these colonies have congregated in certain districts in their adopted city. A most interesting group of multimillionaires the members of which have lately built handsome mansions in Washington is made up of what is known as the "South African millionaires"—men who acquired the bulk of their fortunes in the gold mines and the diamond mines of the Dark Continent. Among these men who are now enjoying life at Washington are Hennen Jennings, Gardner Williams, who was for a long time manager of the famous De Beers diamond mines, and John Hays Hammond, chum of President Taft and the highest salaried building engineer and expert in the world.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the invasion of Washington is found in the number of famous and wealthy widows who have taken up their abode there, most of them purchasing or erecting mansions. Among the well-known widows who have "adopted" Washington are Mrs. George M. Pullman, widow of the founder of the sleeping car company; Mrs. Mark Hanna, Mrs. John Day, Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney, Mrs. R. R. Hill, Mrs. "Pitt" Sheridan, Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, widow of the Colorado mining king; Mrs. Mary Scott Townsend, who inherited many millions made in Pennsylvania coal and oil interests; Mrs. Slater, who requires 18 servants to minister to her lone comfort in a monster mansion, and a number of others.

The influx of wealthy home-owners has caused the price of real estate in Washington to advance by leaps and bounds. In those favored sections of the northwest portion of the city which is being developed to a considerable extent by the fashionable, land that a few years ago sold for \$1 to \$2 per square foot has jumped within a few years to \$10 per square foot, and in some exclusive neighborhoods it is almost impossible to secure a large building site for love or money. The mansions which have been erected have cost all the way from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 each and some of them have stables and garages that have cost as much as \$25,000 each.

The two principal hubs of this new moneyed colonization of the most beautiful city in the world are found in the two little circular parks or plazas known respectively as Dupont circle and Sheridan circle—so named because statues of these heroes grace these bits of greenward. Around Dupont circle are grouped the stately mansions of Mrs. L. Z. Leiter and Mrs. Robert W. Patterson of Chicago, the Herbert Wadsworths of New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boardman and their daughter, Miss Mabel (of Red Cross fame), formerly of Cleveland. Nearby is the new mansion of Perry Belmont of New York



and the home of George Westinghouse, the famous inventor and manufacturer of Pittsburg. Encircling Sheridan circle are the mansions of Hennen Jennings, Mrs. Barney, Mrs. S. H. Wyeth of Philadelphia—another famous widow; Mrs. P. H. Moran, Gen. Charles L. Fitzhugh, Mrs. Sheridan, widow of the general; Lieutenant Heale, a wealthy retired officer of the United States navy, etc. The new mansions in Washington are notable not less for their magnificent architecture than for their spotless appearance. Washington being the cleanest of cities, it has been possible to make use of marble, terra cotta and delicately tinted mosaics on the exteriors of the residences and to have them retain indefinitely their pristine beauty.

## Pathetic Case

Not so long ago the writer heard a little parting talk between a married couple. It wasn't a case of eavesdropping, because the conversation was right there to be necessarily overheard. The man was over forty and his wife was pretty close to forty herself.

"Well, you look pretty good to me, now that you're hilling off, young feller," he said to her, sort of sneaking his hand over so's to get hold of hers. "Look pretty middling good to me any old time, when it comes to that. It begins to look to me that I'm mashed to you beyond all redemption. If it does you any good to have your man make that kind of a fool schoolboy speech after all our years at the matrimony thing, why, you're welcome, kid, that's all."

"Well, I'll take mine out in thinking, dear," she replied, "and I'll write all of my foolish things in my letters. Now, you're honestly going to remember to feed the canary every day, aren't you? The maid can attend to cleaning the cage, but you yourself will feed little Dickie every

single day, now won't you? Promise me again, so I can feel comfy about it."

"Sure, I'll feed the bird. Say, I've just been noticing those hazel eyes of yours. You've sure got 'em all skinned forty ways from the jack when it comes to the brown lamps, and—"

"Such silliness!" she interrupted him, looking pleased. "Now, dearie, listen—You won't be getting poor old Melinda to cook you those dreadful messes—things with horrid cheese in them—that you're so crazy over and that make you sick, will you? Promise me solemnly once again, now, won't you?"

"Nix on cheesy things, as solemn as you want it," said he. "Going to be a mighty dreary, dismal old imitation of a flat without you in it, sis, and don't you ever forget that. It sure does get me gully around the gite works to see you going off, and I find that it's getting harder every time you go away for a little trip to see your folks. One of these old days I'm going to pour an awful gob of grief all over you by going along with you when you go away."

"Now listen, Jim; I darned up all your socks day before yesterday, but I forgot to put them in your drawer, and you'll find them in my work basket, and my work basket is in the box couch in the sitting-room, and for mercy's sake, Jim, please remember this so you won't pull the whole flat to pieces looking for your socks, won't you? Now, there you are, with a faraway look in your eyes, and you're not hearing one single, solitary word that I'm saying to you."

"G'way, I've heard every word you've said. You said you sewed some buttons on the box couch in the spare room, and that—"

"Now, just listen to that! Listen to me, sir—stop looking at those crazy skylarking dogs on their way to the baggage car, but listen to me, I said socks. Socks in the work basket, in box couch. Repeat the words after me, sir, just like this: Socks in work basket in box couch."

"Socks in sock basket in box couch—say, hun, I haven't time for any such fool things as socks. It's your going away that's got my goat. Doggone it, can't I stand here and mutter my thoughts to you without your ringing in work couches and socks and birds and cheese puddings and such junk on me?"

Most husbands are pretty good fellows, when it comes to all that. Dub along, most of 'em, and do the best they can, considering that they're ordinary he-creatures. And most of 'em, despite the old funnysical gag, just natchually HATE to see their wives go away.—Washington Star.

## LIFTED WEIGHT FROM BOTH

Arbuthnot's Confession of Sin Graciously Pardon'd by His Better Half.

"Margaret," said Arbuthnot Warburton, "I have a confession to make, but before I speak I want you to promise to forgive me."

A wild look of alarm came into the big soft eyes of his lovely wife, and a deathly pallor overspread her beautiful face. "Overcome by a sudden feeling of faintness, she sank into the soft cushions upon the davenport and stared at her husband. She was unable to speak."

"Tell me," he pleaded, sitting beside her and taking her little cold hands in his own, "that you will be generous—that you will not despise me when I have told you all."

"Oh," she cried in tones that were full of anguish, "why did you tell me? Why did you not let me continue to be happy? If you had only kept on deceiving me! Arbuthnot! It is all a cruel jest. Tell me that it is."

"No, darling, it is not a jest. But I have not deceived you."

"How can you say that if you have a confession to make?"

"Tell me that I shall be forgiven, and you shall know all."

"Oh, Arbuthy, Arbuthy! How could you?"

"It was a hard thing to do, but I accomplished it."

"You accomplished it? I don't understand."

"No, little girl! Women are not supposed to understand these things! Shall I tell you how it was?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid. Perhaps when I know it I shall despise you. Perhaps it would be better if I never—"

"No, no, sweetheart, don't say that. Tell me you will forgive me. You must."

"You are breaking my heart! I have had a premonition all day that some terrible calamity was hanging over me. How could you be so cruel—so heartless?"

"I haven't done you any wrong at all, dearest. I merely wanted to tell you that I had made \$500 today by taking an unfair advantage of another man, and that I intended to hand the money over to you."

"Oh, Arbuthnot!" she exclaimed, throwing her self, white arms around his neck, "why have you jested with me? I thought you were going to tell me that you had taken your stenographer out to lunch or done some other terrible thing."

## The Song of the Wheelbarrow.

The typical small boy, with his distinct preference for Leots that squeak, would no doubt have an understanding of the Chinese character that is lacking to the grown-up Occidental. Mrs. A. S. Roe, in "China as I Saw It," describing her surroundings in Chefoo, notes the prevailing taste in wheelbarrows.

There are few sounds in the air save the murmur of the sea and the sleepy tinkling of the passing mule bells, and, were I a Chinese, I should add the "music" of the "scissors-grinders" screeching in the willow trees and the squeaking of the wheelbarrow wheels.

There are numerous wheelbarrows at Chefoo, used for heavy roads, and the wheels always squeak. A squeak is lucky, and is, moreover, a pleasant sound in the ears of a Chinese. A wheelbarrow without a squeak is like a dead thing. Some one overheard two barrow men discussing the merits of their respective barrows.

"Ah," said one, regretfully, "I had a good barrow once! It would carry three hundred catties, and sing all the time like an army of crickets."

The sound of the cricket means to a working man in China the happiest time of the year, when the fields are ripening to harvest and he can rest a while from his strenuous labors, basking in the sunshine.—Youth's Companion.

## Joke Wasn't on Him.

Several years ago Patrolman Grampke was detailed at a circus that was performing in Camp Washington. One of the features of the show was the falling into the ring of one of the actors, who pretended to be drunk. He would then pick himself up and finally would mount one of the most spirited horses in the ring. One by one he would throw off his garments until he stood forth resplendent in pink tights.

The first night that Grampke was on duty the stunt was to be pulled off as usual, but no sooner had the apparently drunken one gotten into the ring than Grampke was in after him. He jerked the performer to his feet and hustled him outside, where he proceeded to administer a good beating. The other employees of the show rushed out and finally separated Grampke from his victim and explained that it was all a joke.

"A joke, is it?" said Grampke, as he looked at the disheveled man. "Well, it isn't on me."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## She Probably Could.

Senator La Follette, apropos of certain scandals, said at a dinner in Madison:

"These things recall the legislator who remarked to his wife, with a look of disgust:

"One of these land lobbyists approached me today with another in ulting proposition."

"The wife, a young and pretty woman, clasped her hands."

"Oh, good!" she cried. "Then I can have that sable stole after all, can't I, dear?"

## RHEUMATISM



I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plaster, and try MURPHY'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter what your friends may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, go at once to your druggist and get a bottle of the MURPHY'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satisfaction, I will refund your money. Always remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium, cocaine, morphine or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

## When the Liver is Out of Tune

the whole system is off the key—stomach upset, bowels sluggish, head heavy, skin sallow and the eyes dull. You cannot be right again until the cause of the trouble is removed. Correct the flow of bile, and gently stimulate the liver to healthful action by taking

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

the bile remedy that is safe to use and convenient to take. A dose or two will relieve the nausea and dizziness, operate the bowels, carry new life to the blood, clear the head and improve the digestion.

These old family pills are the natural remedy for bilious complaints and quickly help the liver to

## Strike the Key-note of Health

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.



It is filled with Thompson's Eye Water

## HARDY.



Mr. Heavyweight—Well, Willie, why do you look so studious?

Willie—I was wonderin' if you ever married sis, if I could be able to wear yer cast-off clothes.

## So They Say.

Stranger—I say, my lad, what is considered a good score on these HIKS?

Caddie—Well, sir, most of the gents here tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it generally takes a few more.—Scottish American.

Beware of taking kindness from others as matters of course.—Gladstone.

A stitch today may save a patch tomorrow.

## When It's "What for Breakfast?"

Try Post Toasties

Serve with cream or milk and every member of the family will say "ripping" good. And don't be surprised if they want a second helping.

## "The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



# PASSING OF THE DISTRICT SCHOOL



PROF. WILLIAM H. HAYES, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

The district school must go. The familiar little structure at the country crossroads is doomed to extinction. Two hundred thousand of them, spread from ocean to ocean and from border to border, are marked by the hand of progress. The keys have already been turned in the doors of general thousands, to be opened no more to the purposes of education for the country youths.

The half dozen families who sent their children to the district school each morning, who watched them trudge down the country roads in all kinds of weather, and who gathered on Friday afternoons in the little schoolroom to hear the "spouting," have come to realize that what they could not do by themselves they can do in co-operation with the families of the next district and the surrounding districts.

The one-room neighborhood school, with one teacher, is passing away. In its place is coming a new factor in country life—a school six or eight times as large, with three or four teachers of training and ability; a school prepared to bring to the country boy or girl an education that promises to revolutionize the rural development of America.

The country school has passed the point where it constitutes a playground for the country lad when there is no work to be done on the farm. It has taken on more importance than as a rendezvous for bobbed and haystack parties, box suppers and ice cream festivals.

Education for the Farm. A remarkable movement is under way in the United States, almost unnoticed by the general public and little appreciated by many of the farming communities themselves, but destined to play a most important part in the education of the 7,000,000 country children of school age, and of the generations that are to follow them along the devious road of learning.

Yesterday the country boy toiled through indifferent roads and across plowed fields to the district school. Today a big carryall, full of rollicking children and drawn by excellent horses, rolls up to the farmhouse gate each morning with the regularity of the rural mail carrier.

The children pile in the van moves on to the next farmhouse and accumulates more children. Through the winding roads of a district, often forty miles square, a half-dozen of these big wagons, maintained at public expense, are bringing hundreds of children every day to a two-story schoolhouse, such as the country pupils of a few years ago never dreamed of. At night the wagons roll back over the morning's route depositing children at their own doorsteps.

The country is thus solving the "back to the farm" problem. It has found the means to stop the great outpouring of sturdy boys and girls to the city schools, where they have been educated "away from the country." It has succeeded in bringing into the country, almost to the farmhouse door, an education for the country youth equal in its general features to that of the city school, and supplemented by a vocational training for permanent life on the farm. It is an education for the farm, not for the pilgrimage to the city.

New Consolidated School. The new school is known for want of a better name as the "consolidated rural school." The name fails to describe this great new institution of rural life. It is more than a consolidation of country schools. It is a graded school, a high school, a manual training school, agricultural school, domestic science school, almost a miniature university.

It is an institution that is turning out country pupils "finished" as to education, and fitted to do greater and better work on the farm. It is a social center about which the interests of an entire township are beginning to revolve. It is a model experimental farm, a dairy farm, a forestry school, a horticultural school. It is an institution whose keynote of education is: "Educate the country youth for the

# His First Case

By DONALD ALLEN

Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press

Mr. Paul Franklin has passed his examination and become a member of the bar. Not that he intended to hang out a shingle and become a practicing lawyer, but more to oblige the good old aunt who had brought him up and sent him through college and had often said:

"You will have the estate to manage during my life, and when I am gone you will have to manage it for yourself. One should be a lawyer to do those things."

Within a week after Paul had been granted a legal right to add "Attorney at Law" after his name, the old lawyer of the estate, in turning the papers over to the young man, said: "There is one matter I wish to call your particular attention to. The estate owns Lake Placid. I stocked it with choice fish several years ago and put up many signs of 'No Trespass.' Those signs have been generally respected, but last summer one particular person, having a camp a short distance away, persisted in fishing in spite of all protests. I have just received word that the same person is back there for the summer and is fishing again. Our man there thinks an example ought to be made. He says that when he made protest this person told him to go to grass."

"A very nervy person," remarked the young lawyer. "Truly so. I think you should write to the agent there to take out a warrant, make an arrest and bring the case to trial. You can go up there and appear for yourself and

village at the hour named in the papers. All the campers had turned out for the trial, as well as all the idlers of the village. His honor was on his dignity. The defendant had retained a lawyer. There was to be a mighty legal battle.

"We ought to apply for three or four warrants," said the watchdog, as Paul arrived. "The same person was out fishing again this morning, and when I yelled at her she ran her tongue out at me!"

Paul did not catch the "her" and "she." It was the black-bearded ruffian he was thinking of. Under summons, and yet fishing for more carp! There must be no letup until the doors of the county jail closed behind him. It was for Paul to state his case to court and spectators. He had a feeling of trepidation as he arose, but it passed as soon as he heard his own voice. He didn't see the black-bearded ruffian among the crowd, but of course he was there.

There were men, the lawyer told the court, who respected the law, and there were others who deemed themselves superior to it. This was a case where a man, coming from a city notorious for its graft and "pulls," was deliberately and defiantly trampling the law under foot. He would bring forward witnesses to prove that the ruffian had not only seen the signs of "No trespass," but had deliberately and defiantly—

Here there was some tittering and giggling in the room, and his honor rapped for order.

"Yes, this man—this ruffian, who had been accustomed to trample on the law—"

More giggling and applause. "You should keep to the case," kindly advised the court.

"Thanks. There were the signs of 'no trespass,' and yet this man—"

"What man?" asked the opposing counsel, while many spectators laughed. "The guilty party, sir," replied Paul with all proper austerity.

"But let me explain that there is no man under summons," said his honor. "Can you be thinking of another case?"

There was more laughter, and poor Paul realized that something had happened to the machinery to stop the boat.

"It's a woman!" whispered a man behind him.

"It's a girl," whispered another. "It's that staving-looking girl in front of you," whispered a third.

"Your honor, I was led to believe that a ruffian had been trampling on the law," said Paul, as he looked around in a helpless way.

"No. The summons was for Miss Katherine Lacy, and she's here in court. I haven't heard anything of a ruffian."

"But—but—" persisted Paul, as he saw the defendant at last and noted the fact that she was one of the best looking girls he had ever seen.

"My client pleads not guilty," said the opposing counsel. "She will admit being on the lake in a boat at various times, and of fishing for fish, but she denies catching any. She also denies that she is a ruffian. If my learned brother on the other side wishes to go ahead with the case—"

"But how can I?" asked Paul in a helpless way. "I prepared to prosecute a black-bearded ruffian who was trampling the law under-foot, but here, I find—"

"A young lady who hasn't been trampling," finished his honor. "I think it would be well for the complainant and defendant to walk over to that window together and see if some amicable understanding cannot be arrived at."

Miss Lacy rose up with mischief in her eyes and walked, and the blushing young attorney could do no less than follow her. There wasn't much conversation after reaching the window. He said:

"My dear Miss Lacy I beg your pardon a thousand times over."

"Don't mention it."

"If I had known—"

"But you didn't."

"But you may catch every fish in the lake."

"Thanks."

All that was left was to withdraw the case and take the ruffian in good part. Of course, the young limb of the law found his way over to the camp, and of course he was hospitably received and before the camping season was over—well, the "ruffian" and the lawyer were engaged to be married.

The Place for Them. He looked all around the brilliantly lighted hall, where music was sounding and men and women were gayly tripping in the dance.

"I see nothing but false faces about me in this apparent scene of gaiety," he said.

"Well, what other kind do you want at a masquerade?" asked his friend.

Against the Rules. He lived next door to a man for 10 years without even learning his neighbor's name.

"Can you imagine anybody being so unsocial?"

"Oh, yes. You see, the warden wouldn't let them talk."



"If I Had Known—"

make it your first case. The justice is bound to find a verdict for you and impose a smart fine, and that will deter other campers from trespassing."

"I don't want to get the reputation of being arbitrary and mean," said Paul.

"But people must respect the law," put in the aunt as she came into the discussion. "If the laws can't be enforced what will become of us? People have no more right to catch my fish than to catch my chickens. It is my desire, Paul, that you take up this case. Those people who come out from the city to camp for the summer are a very reckless lot. They don't pay the slightest attention to signs. What they need is a good scare."

Lake Placid was three miles from the manor house, on another piece of land. It was a favorite place for summer camping, and there were no restrictions except as to the fishing. It had been stocked with carp as a fad of the aunt. Word was dispatched to the man who acted as watchdog, and in two or three days subsequently he reported that a summons had been issued for the guilty and defiant party, and he named the date when the trial was to come off before the justice of the peace in the village.

Mr. Attorney Franklin drew a mental picture of a bearded ruffian with a political pull who was setting country law at defiance and denuding Lake Placid of its carp in spite of all signs and protests, and he at once looked up the law on trespass and made himself familiar with it. When he had learned all about it, he invented a plea to the jury.

Of course, the defendant would call for one. He went out to the orchard and repeated his plea over and over again. It was strong. It was logical. It was convincing. It wound up by saying that if beetle-browed and black-bearded ruffians could steal an old lady's carp and not suffer the consequences, they could also break their way into her house at midnight and cut her throat and still go free.

The jury must not look at the value of the carp, but at the principle of the thing, and he would leave the case in their hands, feeling that justice would prevail in the land. The aunt heard the plea when it had been trimmed down and got into shape, and she fervently exclaimed:

"Paul, that will be one of the greatest pleas of the decade! The jury must convict the ruffian without caving the box. You must save a 'oy for your children' to read."

Mr. Paul Franklin drove over to the

At the First Fry. "What do you think of my doughnuts, George?" "Dear, you are a wonder!" "Do you think so, really, darling?" "I certainly do. Scientists have been trying for years to produce artificial rubber, and here you do it the first rattle out of the box!"

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Family Growler. "Why are you weeping, little boy?" "I broke de pitcher." "Well, there's no use crying over spilt milk." "Gwan! Dis wuz beer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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

Now He Knows. "On what grounds does your father object to me?" he asked. "On any grounds within a mile of our house," she answered.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY for Red, Weak, 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.

There are some rich men who have made their fortunes honestly. Also you may have heard of the needle in the haystack.

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

Don't you notice how the man who always wants to bet, and who says he has a roll in his hand, invariably rolls away?

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature *W. D. Wood*

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 \$3.50 & \$4 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN. Boys' Shoes, \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD. W. L. Douglas \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes are sold in the best and most popular shoe stores for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy. Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 20 years, that I make and sell more \$3.00 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and that DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR, I GUARANTEE MY SHOES to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other \$3.00, \$3.50 or \$4.00 shoes you can buy? Quality counts. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD. You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and will come some time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last one wore so well, and gave you so much comfort. CAUTION! None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas Shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 N. 7th Street, Brockton, Mass.

# ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Black Duck, Minn.—"About a year ago I wrote you that I was sick and could not do any of my household work. My sickness was called Retroflexion. When I would sit down I felt as if I could not get up. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and did just as you told me and now I am perfectly cured, and have a big baby boy." Mrs. ANNA ANDERSON, Box 10, Black Duck, Minn.

Consider This Advice. No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial. This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ills, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial. Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

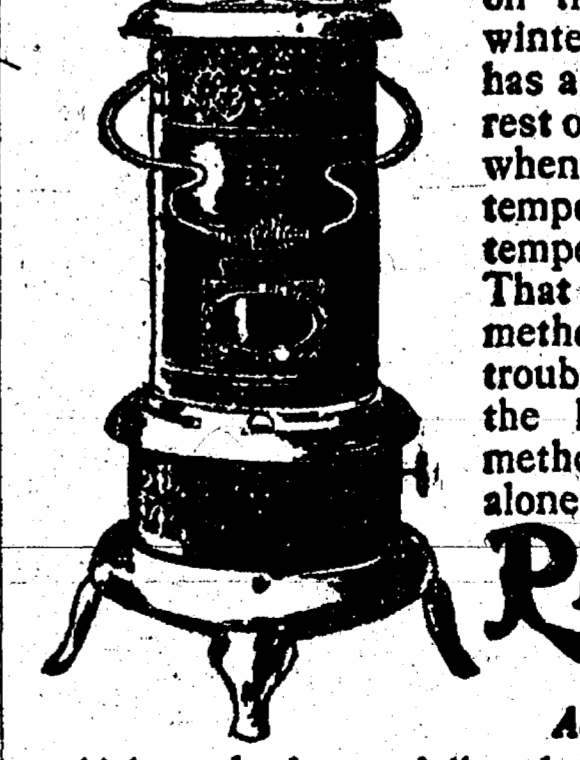
# Do it Now

Tomorrow A. M. too late. Take a CASCARET at bed time; get up in the morning feeling fine and dandy. No need for sickness from over-eating and drinking. They surely work while you sleep and help nature help you. Millions take them and keep well. CASCARET'S are a box for a week's treatment, all drug stores. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

The par excellence of all razors. Gillette. KNOWN THE WORLD OVER.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Grey Hair to its original color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

# That Cold Room



on the side of the house where winter blasts strike hardest always has a lower temperature than the rest of the house. There are times when it is necessary to raise the temperature quickly or to keep the temperature up for a long period. That can't be done by the regular method of heating without great trouble and overheating the rest of the house. The only reliable method of heating such a room alone by other means is to use a

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

which can be kept at full or low heat for a short or long time. Four quarts of oil will give a glowing heat for nine hours, without smoke or smell. An indicator always shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not screw on; but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached by a chain and cannot get lost. An automatic-locking flame spreader prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back so that it can be cleaned in an instant. The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, and can be unscrewed in an instant for reworking. Finished in Japan or nickel, strong, durable, well-made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental. Has a cool handle.

Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)



**Methodist Episcopal Reception,**

The Reception tendered Rev. and Mrs. T. Porter Bennett and family at the Methodist church on Wednesday evening was the most successful ever held here, almost two hundred being present.

The church was beautifully decorated and presented a home like appearance. The reception committee: Mrs. M. B. Palmiter, Mrs. M. H. Robertson, Mrs. Grace Boswell and Mrs. Geo. Carr received the guests in a pleasant manner.

After all had made the Pastor and his wife feel that they were welcomed the following addresses and program was rendered:

In his address of welcome from the Presbyterian church Rev. A. D. Briggs assured Mr. Bennett that there was a spirit of harmony existing between the two churches and he bid them welcome.

J. W. Emery read a personal letter to the Methodist church from W. P. Porter, Mayor of the city.

The address on behalf of the city was delivered by A. F. Cross and was very cordial in every sense; he realizing the value and importance of the church in a community. W. P. Squier's welcome address on behalf of Public Schools was well received. He spoke of the close relationship between the church and school, and invited the pastor to visit the schools and assured him of a welcome should he accept the invitation. Mr. Squier hoped that all would stand by and uphold the hands of the Pastor.

Rev. Kennedy gave a short and appropriate address and bid the pastor God speed and a hearty welcome.

Mrs. W. Muma, President of Epworth League, welcomed the new pastor on behalf of that body, assuring him of the co-operation of each department of the League.

Mandie Miles in a beautiful and pleasing manner welcomed the pastor and his wife on behalf of the Junior Epworth League.

The address of welcome on behalf of the Official Board was given by the chairman, M. H. Robertson. He informed the pastor and his wife that there was perfect harmony in the church and assured them of the loyal and unanimous support of the whole church.

Rev. T. Porter Bennett appreciating greatly the most kindly spirit in which all the addresses were given responded most cordially assuring all that he would give himself, first as a man, then christian and pastor, for the up-building of the church and infusing into the community at large all that which will stand for the development of true character, manhood and loyal christianity.

The following program was then given. Male Quartette, Messrs Kennedy, Webster, Vance, Sloan. Cornet Duets, Messrs Palmiter and Webster: Solo, Tessie Reid. Select Readings, Prof. J. T. Northon, Solo, Mrs. Kennedy. After which refreshments were served by the Ladies Aid of the church.

Wallace Weiss will be able to attend his store on Saturday, come and see him. The Fair Store.

"The new nationalism spells Caesarism," says the President of Cornell, who recognizes the simplified spelling when he sees it.

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.

CARPETS. Buy them where they sell you a genuine Ingrain weave, all dyed before they are woven, securing you fast colors and beautiful patterns for 35 cents per yard. EMERY BROS.

**HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.**

The third grade have been drawing rabbits this week which they intend to mount for the room.

Miss Gene Thompson, the second-grade teacher, has a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism and so will not return to school for a short time. Mrs. Dr. Risk is substituting during her absence.

The high school have organized a male quartette and practice every Tuesday evening.

Some of the Freshmen boys have already shown their ignorance of high school discipline by artistically decorating their faces in imitation of the fair sex.

Only six seniors left to carry off the honors of that class since Florence Sheldon took a country school near Boyne Falls.

The English III and IV are tak-

**Royal BAKING POWDER**

Royal Cook Book mailed free  
Immediately on receipt of your address.

Tells How to Make 178 Kinds of Cake  
Cakes of all kinds for all people are best made with Royal

**SPECIALLY FINE FOR LAYER CAKE**



ing up new classics. The eleventh grade are studying "Carlyle's Essay on Burns," and the seniors "Hamlet."

Ariene Jones of class '10, visited the high school one day last week.

The Juniors will give an indoor Track Meet at the Odd Fellow hall over Boosinger's store, Saturday evening. Refreshments served and all sorts of amusements for the evening besides other extra attractions.

**WEST SIDE**  
The Misses Moore and Marshbanks visited room IV one day last week.

Victor and Bruce Cross are in school after being absent a month on account of sickness.

The pupils in each room are busy with Thanksgiving stories and songs.

The sixth and seventh grades have mounted some very good water-color sketches of autumn fields and woods.

**JORDAN RIVER**  
Selma Larson, who has been ill with the measles is slowly recovering.

Mrs. Wiggins visited our school one day last week.

Several are absent this week on account of illness.

**J. G. BLAKE**  
Auctioneer  
East Jordan, Mich.  
FARM SALES  
A SPECIALTY.  
Write, or Phone 174 at my expense.

**Buy Dirt-Work It Result -- \$\$\$\$\$\$**

The safest place to invest your earnings or savings is in Real Estate and East Jordan offers opportunities superior to many of the far-away "golden opportunities."

This Agency offers land in tracts of 10, 20, 40 or 80 acres, on easy payments, with but 20 per cent. paid down.

**Now Is the Time to Start**

to see your savings increase. If Farm Lands do not appeal to you, Village Property is equally good. Village lots on easy payments. Some Dwellings at moderate prices.

**W. A. Loveday's**  
REAL ESTATE and FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.

The Golden Rule is evidently gaining ground in Indiana. The opposite political candidates actually began to boost each other.

**Hides and Furs Wanted.**  
Highest Market Price paid for Hides and Furs.  
KLING BROS.  
North of Mackey's Livery.

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

Commissioner of the Banking 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 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.

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.

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.

A true copy.

**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.

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

**WANTED LOGS AND BOLTS**

We will pay best market prices for all kinds of Hardwood Logs and Bolts delivered to our mill or on the line of the E. J. & S. R. R. or D. & C. R. E. We want your Logs and Bolts. Write us, phone us or call at the office for prices and specification.

**East Jordan Cooperage Co.**  
East Jordan, Mich.

**HEXAMETHYLENETETRAMINE**  
Is the name of a German chemical, one of the many valuable ingredients of Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hexamethylenetetramine is recognized by medical text books and authorities as a uric acid solvent and anti-septic for the urine. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy promptly at the first sign of kidney trouble and avoid a serious malady.  
Hites Drug store.

**Lemieux & Lancaster**  
GENERAL Blacksmithing and Carriage Work.  
HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.  
All Work Guaranteed.  
our Patronage Respectfully Solicited  
State St. East Jordan.

**We Do Not Guess!**

Everything sold at this store is measured or weighed accurately and we are just as particular about the quality. We handle only **FRESH, PURE DRUGS**. No order is too small to receive our most careful attention.



We want your business and if prompt and courteous treatment together with good goods will interest you, then we should merit your patronage.

**THE HITE DRUG CO.**  
Three doors north of Postoffice.

**KOAL WOOD KOAL**

We can supply your every want along this line at most reasonable prices. Just call up Phone 206 and the fuel will be promptly delivered.

**E. E. BROWN**  
FEED and HAY STORAGE



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**OVERCOAT HEADQUARTERS**

We're it for overcoats, the largest variety of styles and every one a quality garment ---just right. Ulsters, Semi ulsters, Box coats, Walking coats, Auto coats, Storm coats, Dress coats, Standard coats, English box Coats, Campus coats and

**50 STYLES OF OVERCOATS**

In Every Good Color and Fabric.

**Friend Made Clothes AND ALMA MATER STUDENT STYLES**  
Good Clothes, \$15 to \$25

**East Jordan Lumber Co.**



## May We Help You Handle Your Business?

Perhaps you feel that you can run your own business, but

### Try Our Pointers.

WE OFFER YOU ABSOLUTELY SECURITY.

We are backed by some of the strongest and most successful bankers in Michigan.

We are under state control and subject to the most rigid inspection by state officials.

Our local stockholders are among our best citizens.

Our officers are bonded in a company with \$5,600,000 resources.

Our working fund is kept secure by gilt-edged Burglar Insurance.

Our Building, Vaults and Time Lock Safes are equal to any in the smaller cities in Michigan.

YOUR MONEY IS SAFE WITH US.

Suppose you call and get acquainted.

SAFETY

SERVICE

Peoples State Savings Bank,

4%

East Jordan, Michigan.

4%

## Briefs of the Week

All are cordially invited to spend Thanksgiving day at the St. Joseph's School. Come and enjoy this day with us.

The Northern Michigan Teachers Meeting, to be held at Petoskey next week, has been called off account of the prevalence of contagious diseases throughout the state.

Dr. H. W. Dicken returned home Wednesday from his hunting trip suffering from an acute attack of rheumatism. He was able to be out again Friday, and is again "on the job."

The funeral service of the late John Webster was conducted at the county home last Sunday by Rev. T. Porter Bennett. The deceased was 82 years old. Interment was made at East Jordan.

Ransom Jones, Sr. and Mrs. Mary Crawford were united in marriage at the home of Rev. John Hackett on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 18th. Both the contracting parties are well known residents of this section and are receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

The Str. Hum made her last trip for the season last Saturday and is now laid up at Charlevoix. Extensive repairs will be made during the winter among them being a new oak hull. As the engines were thoroughly overhauled last winter, the repairs of this winter will make the Hum one of the staunchest and best equipped passenger boats in Northern Michigan waters.

On Monday and Tuesday afternoon and evening of Dec. 12th and 13th the ladies of St. Joseph's parish will hold their annual bazaar. Proceeds to go towards the completion of the Sisters home. All are most cordially invited to attend. Excellent meals will be served as usual; refreshment, candy and fancy work booths will be in evidence. All Christmas goods will be on sale, apron counters etc. Wait for this opportunity to obtain your Christmas presents.

Just how far idiotic rumors will go is exemplified in the following item appearing in a Grand Rapids daily—"Rev. Rea, rector of the Presbyterian church in Boyne City is in demand. His church wants him to remain. Recently Bad Axe extended him a call, and now East Jordan has presented him with a formal invitation to become pastor of the Presbyterian church there." As a matter of fact the Presbyterian church officials here never dreamed of making any change. It is a "whole cloth" short and ugly story.

American Citizens in East Jordan: Have you read the Proclamation of the President, and of the Governor of Michigan as to observing Thanksgiving Day in the right spirit and manner, will you not show that you are good and thankful people by assembling in the Presbyterian church next Thursday the 24th at 10:30 and there giving praise to God. The M. E. and Presbyterian churches will unite as they do every year at this time. An offering will be taken as usual for the poor of the City. Rev. T. Porter Bennett will deliver the address.

W. P. Porter is a business visitor to Virginia this week.

O. D. Cleveland is at Rose City this week on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Miles are now located at 928 Fourteenth St. Detroit.

Miss Nancy McGuirk of Mancelona was guest of East Jordan friends this week.

The Metropole Orchestra will hold their next dancing party Friday evening, Nov. 26th.

Wm. H. Bashaw of St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., is here guest of his relatives the Bashaws.

Usual services morning and evening next Sunday in the Presbyterian church. Everybody a hearty welcome.

Rev. N. L. Bray of Big Rapids spent a couple of days here this week guest of Rev. T. Porter Bennett and Roy Webster.

A man appreciates a good CARPET, more especially in winter than in summer; it tends to harmonize domestic relations and does away with cold feet. EMPEY BROS.

Rev. A. T. Ferguson of Traverse City, the District Superintendent will preach at the M. E. church next Sunday morning; communion at the close of the service. All are invited.

Rev. T. Porter Bennett will preach at the M. E. church next Sunday evening. Subject "Seven savings of Christ upon the Cross. This is a home like church; come and welcome.

The monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held next Friday at the home of Mrs. Robertson at 2:30. Subject for consideration "The Franchise." All ladies interested whether member or not are invited to attend.

A wild and woolly story that a bunch of our hunters up north were under quarantine, seems to be without foundation. The party "under suspicion" is composed of J. H. Graff, Chas. Alexander, Peggy Bowman and Mr. Miles. They are near Ozark in the Upper Peninsula.

Michigan's experience with county prohibition and its thorough discussion of the local option question along several lines has fully developed some very practical facts. The most important of these is that the saloon is not a business help to any county or city or village. It does not employ one man where it unites twenty for every sort of employment. It has no pay roll, no increasing wage list, and it takes ten dollars from every county in which it exists to at least one dollar which it assists in circulating. It is now known that the saloon should be included in the list of community afflictions and burdens, such as fires and floods and plagues, and not with factories or mills or shops or any of the legitimate business creating activities of men. The saloon is something which has to be sustained and supported by the community, a constant burden and a source of business trouble and of business loss. It never assists in the direction of community or of community prosperity. These facts through comparative experience and comparative observation have become well established in Michigan.

## Organized New Lodge.

East Jordan added another fraternal organization to its list Friday afternoon when Jordan River Hivv, Ladies of the Maccabees of the World was organized by Mrs. Emma Salt, District Deputy of Cadillac, assisted by Mrs. Bertha Link, Deputy Solicitor of Cadillac. Mrs. Link has been working in our midst the past three weeks and thirty-three charter members are the result of her labors. The degree work was exemplified and the following officers installed:—

Past Commander.....Gertrude Blake  
Commander.....Leora Madison  
Lieut. Com.....Ida Johnson  
Record Keeper.....Kittie Monroe  
Finance Auditor.....Rosalee Blake  
Chaplin.....Anna Burdick  
Lady at Arms.....A. Una Hipp  
Sergeant.....Flora Hawkins  
Sentinel.....Caroline Williams  
Picket.....Pheobe Farmer

## West Side School Reception.

Last Saturday afternoon the teachers, assisted by Miss Gregory, Supt. and Mrs. Northon, received the visitors in room IV which was decorated with cut flowers, plants and evergreens. A short program was given. Miss White played an instrumental solo, with an encore; Mrs. Bush gave a group of songs. Mr. Northon, in a short talk, emphasized the fact that educational work should be broad, and that good results in school work can be obtained only when parents and teachers co-operate. The Misses Sweet and Hammond gave two piano and violin duets. All numbers were excellent and much appreciated. In the guessing contest that followed, Mrs. McKay received first prize by estimating the exact weight of a pumpkin, while Mrs. Sheldon received the pumpkin itself as her consolation. Refreshments were served in another room, made home-like with rugs, screens, pillows and lighted by candles. The Misses McKay and Heller, dressed in white, poured the tea. During this period, Miss Nickless furnished piano music. A pleasant two hours were spent by those present, about fifty in number.



State Treas. A. E. Sleeper.

The official returns of the State election show that Mr. Sleeper lead his party by a large margin in the vote cast. This shows that the people of the state have utmost confidence in his business ability, and it is a matter of congratulation that as Vice president and principal stockholder of the Peoples State Savings Bank, East Jordan citizens have such men to deal with.

## WILSON

Wm. Hudkins is moving his family onto the Hipp place in South Arm Township, this week.

Richard Lewis was up from Charlevoix, for election in Wilson.

Several inches of snow lay on the ground the first of the week.

Miss Belle Saunders spent Sunday at her home in this place.

Elmer Hott and Walter Saunders have gone to Detroit to work in the Auto factory.

Herbert Sutton has moved his family onto the farm recently bought of Thos. Locke.

O. D. Smith is working in East Jordan this week draying for E. E. Brown, and Mrs. Smith is visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Hiram Ensign expects to move over in South Arm Township in a short time as he has a lumbering job there this winter.

On account of the stormy weather and bad roads Elder Grigsby did not fill his appointment in Afton on Sunday last week.

Thos. Shepard, Richard Lewis, A. R. Nowland and Alden Collins started for the North last week Tuesday on their annual Deer Hunt.

An invited party spent a pleasant evening at John Vrondrans last Thursday night, it being Miss Glennies birthday. Music and dancing was the order of the evening.

Harley Hammond is clerking at Spring's Drug Store.

I know you need the goods and Wallace Wells needs the money so he does not care for profit.

Fire Insurance that insures can be obtained from Nicholas & Nicholas. We represent some of the best companies in existence.

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

Bugs are now on our display rack for your inspection. We have all sizes running from 54 in. to 9x12 ft. We got the line you want. EMPEY BROS.

If you are an admirer of magazine poetry, it may interest you to know that a recent poetical contest held by a magazine was won by an insane woman.

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 Planting Mills Co., B. E. Waterman, Mgr.

A Pennsylvania man bought a wife for \$75. That is another instance of the high cost of living. In the old days a few pounds of tobacco or just a little taffy was the regular price.

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

Wallace Wells makes big days of Saturday and Monday. Customers come and patronize him.

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

## STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$3000

4 PER CENT.

PAID ON DEPOSITS.

Officers—  
W. P. Porter, President  
L. French, Vice Pres  
Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier  
Directors W. P. Porter, W. L. French, Chas. M. Schaffer, F. M. Severance, M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroebel, Fred Smith, Clark Haire, Geo. G. Glenn.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

## Thanksgiving Day

brings with it many good things and it is indeed an unfortunate mortal who on this day can find nothing for which to be thankful.

This store is thankful to you for the patronage you have given us, and we hope to show our appreciation in our efforts to always serve you better—both in point of quality of shoes we sell, and in courteous treatment when buying at our store.

It has always been our desire to give to our patrons the very best SHOES that money could buy, and it is something to be thankful for when you hear people saying good things about Hudson's Shoes.

Believing that success attends all honest effort, we will endeavor in the future, as in the past, aim to carry only such shoes as will give the best value for the money paid.

In Rubbers and Felt Goods we have a complete line and can fit any foot. Come in and look them over. We're glad to show them.

Chas. A. Hudson  
Exclusive Shoe Store.

## Sale Opens Saturday, Nov. 19



Young Men's HARVARD Clothes

We have an overstock of Clothing. Here are a few items offered at a decided reduction at this Sale:

84 Children's Suits, sizes 8 to 16, prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$5.00. Sale price, \$1.49 to \$3.39.

34 Young Men's Overcoats, sizes 30 to 35, prices \$5.00 to \$10.00. Sale Price, \$3.39 to \$5.98.

125 pair Boys' Knee Pants, sizes 4 to 15, prices 25c to 75c. Will be sold for 19c to 39c.

97 pair Ladies' Shoes, sizes 2 1/2 to 5 1/2; prices \$1.50 to \$3.50. Will be sold for 87c to \$1.79.

We welcome your inspection of the merits of this Sale.

L. WIESMAN

## 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 indescribable; 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.

## 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 John J. Mortimer Telephone P. O. Block No. 217.



VARIOUS STAGES OF LOVE

Progress From Its Inception to the Altar is Generally Devoid of Romance.

In the case of men propinquity accounts perhaps for some of the most oddly assorted couples. If a man sees a woman at regular intervals for any length of time she becomes a habit, and the moment he becomes conscious of the habit he usually proposes, preferring to take the ill he thinks he knows rather than those he wots not of.

Less material grounds are that the girl may have a turn for sentiment, the man for romance. For how many engagements are the moon and a rich baritone responsible? For how many more a pair of earrings or a curl on the nape of the neck?

Out of His Way.

Mrs. Gotham—You are going down town are you not?

Mr. Gotham—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. G.—Well, I wish you'd drop into Silke, Ribbon & Co.'s on your way and match the—

Mr. G. (hurriedly)—I've got to see Jones, and that will take me some distance from Silke, Ribbon & Co.'s.

Mrs. G.—Well, Mr. Jones's office is only a short distance from the Imported Finery Bazar, and that will do just as well. Take this and ask—

Mr. G. (hastily)—After leaving Jones I must see Smith, who is in the opposite direction from the bazar, you know.

Mrs. G.—No matter. Cheaper, Bargains & Co. will do. They are near Smith's.

Mr. G.—But I've got to take a roundabout way to Smith's in order to see Brown. Can't pass Cheaper, Bargains & Co.'s, my dear.

Mrs. G. (impatiently)—H'm! Where are you going after you leave Smith's?

Mr. G. (helplessly)—I'm going up in a balloon.—New York Weekly.

That Ended It.

John Hays Hammond, at a dinner in Lenox, talked about captains of industry.

"Of course, to a certain extent, they must be cruel," he said. "They must discharge incompetents, refuse to employ needy friends if those friends belong to the incompetent class. But then—"

Mr. Hammond smiled.

"They don't have to repulse their friends point blank," he said. "They can forestall what is coming. Like the pretty girl, you know."

"A caller said to this pretty girl: 'My purpose in calling tonight, dear Miss Smith, or Mary, rather—for I may call you Mary, may I not?'"

"Oh, yes," the young girl answered calmly. "Yes, certainly. All papa's elderly friends call me Mary."

"And there, of course, the matter ended."

Two Queens.

It is common gossip that the Dowager Empress of Russia strongly opposed the idea of Queen Alexandra's retirement, and the Empress has always had a good deal of influence with her sister. Anyway, the upshot of the matter has been that Queen Alexandra intends to maintain her court in considerable dignity and state. There will, in fact, be two queens, and although Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary cherish the greatest regard for each other, they do not see eye to eye on all matters. It seems, therefore, possible that certain distinguished persons who are now associated with both courts will have at times a difficult part to play, more especially when the details of the coronation come to be arranged and consideration is given to the delicate questions of precedence, which will certainly have to be very tactfully handled.—M. A. P.

Why the Juggler Interested Him.

"So you enjoyed the circus?" asked his friend.

"Yes, I was particularly interested in the juggler," he replied. "I'll bet that man could get any number of bundles from a bus to the train without dropping one of them."

A Modern Trend.

"What do you think of the constitution form of government?"

"It is all well enough. But what's the matter with having a city government by some good magazine?"

Felicity Secret

Wise Man Knows Exactly What He Needs

By SIDNEY DARK



THE WISE MAN discovers exactly what he needs to be happy, and endeavors persistently to acquire the essentials.

It is easy to blunder badly about these essentials. Lots of men are furiously anxious to marry. They are persuaded that life is impossible without one particular woman, often to discover that life is impossible with her. Similarly, money popularly is regarded as necessary to happiness, although we all number men among our acquaintance far more miserable in a costly residence, than they were when living in a humble "home."

Indeed it is fairly evident that to the majority of human beings "what one is" is of infinitely greater importance than "what one has." There are, of course, exceptions, but they are comparatively few. The passion for mere possession is rare. The miser is abnormal. Men love money because money means power, or, maybe, good wine.

Women love money because it means costly clothes and many jewels. The desire to wear beautiful clothes is entirely admirable. A woman often expresses her personality with splendid completeness in her dress. We are apt, perhaps—particularly if our incomes are small—to denounce the love of diamonds as vulgar; but, after all, children and all lovable, simple souls adore things that glitter.

In attempting to discover the secret of happiness—which is the aim of all philosophy—the initial difficulty is the variation of individuality, the fact that one man's food is another man's poison. But this difficulty is superficial. We are all more alike than we are inclined to admit. Besides, I am not concerned with the extraordinary man, with the possessor of the great soul or with him who has no soul at all.

The industrious and the lazy, the silent and the loquacious, the domesticated and the gypsies, the married and the unmarried, the bond and the free, believers and unbelievers, socialists and anti-socialists, are all divided, some happy and some unhappy. The greatest thing in the world cannot be obtained by opinion, conviction, circumstance, or virtue.

The unhappy man is the dull man, and the dull man is the man without a soul. That is the truth, and the whole truth. The dull man eats and drinks and works and sleeps and grumbles and sniggers and is just a rate payer. Most of us have to do all these things. We have to be rate payers. The horror comes when we are just rate payers—and nothing more.

Think of the happy people one knows, and inquire! I know a clerk who is happy on \$15 a week because his wife thinks he is a hero and he thinks she is beautiful. He is not a hero to you and me, but in her dream world Launcelot is nothing by comparison, while in his dream world she is another Helen.

It does not always make us happy to be loved. That is unfortunate. Love can be critical, and to be criticised is to be hurt.

I know a nun who is happy dreaming of the glories of a wonderful gray wonder-world. I know a Salvationist who is happy because he is a son of God. I know a cheerful, roystering, often penniless, writer who is happy because to him all men are good fellows and all women adorable. The happy socialist dreams of the brotherhood of men; the cantankerous socialist yearns to interfere with his fellows.

It often happens that the men who stimulate imagination and encourage our dreams themselves fail to attain happiness. They stand on the mountain and point out the way, but they themselves never reach the land of delight. They are, however, the great men, and you and I are the common wayfarers. Their way is not our way, and it may be that that their sorrow is more precious than our joy.

The great number of deaths from drowning throughout the year calls for an easy and positive remedy. Every day people fall off piers or tip over boats and drown, or some one in walking out into the water steps into a deep hole, there is a few moments' struggle, and all is over. And this because they have never known the first points about swimming.

Few girls really swim. I think it would be safe to say that not over one per cent. of the girls in this country can swim over ten feet.

I have learned from recent inquiries that about three-quarters of the boys and girls in some of the poor districts never go farther than half a mile from their homes.

They have no chance to learn to swim nor any money to pay to go for a swim in any of the pools near their homes. Supposing these children had large tanks in their school and a swimming instructor.

They would all then like school and begin to like the water, which is a big question in itself, for anyone who likes to swim and can do so will like the water.

To make swimming compulsory in the public schools would merely reduce the list of drownings more than three-quarters but would help to cleanse our poor districts.

Though this may seem an expensive undertaking, it will more than pay for itself in the end.

Teach Children to Swim at School

By CLARENCE R. SEEGERT

Raise in Salary Proves Severe Test

By REV. H. B. HOLT

away from the church they were in humbler circumstances.

A raise in salary is a more severe test of character than poverty.

I knew a man who did well on \$1,800 a year, but he went all to pieces when raised to \$3,500.

Prosperity is more responsible for the breaking of the Sabbath than any other single cause.

Men in business who are successful feel that they are too tired to attend church services on Sunday.

Their money gives them an opportunity to go automobile riding and participate in other enjoyment, which keeps them

CATCHES BIG FISH BUT LOSES TACKLE

FORTY-ONE POUND MUSKEL-LUNGE CAPTURED AFTER ROD IS BROKEN.

PRIZE NORTH WOODS STORY

Illinoisan Tells of Dragging Bottom of Lake After Line Has Been Lost, and Taking "Wicked Looking Animal" Fifty-four Inches Long.

Hayward, Wis.—This northwoods town is still discussing "the big fish story" which comes every year to stir the sporting spirit of Sawyer county. This year it is a forty-one-pound muskellunge, landed by Douglas H. Bethard of Peoria, Ill., at Teal Lake, after his rod had been broken and reel and line had gone overboard to the bottom of the lake.

Mr. Bethard tells the story himself, laying emphasis on the fact that here at least is an instance of "a big one that did not get away." For this the Peoria statesman gives full credit to Jimmie Gorman, his guide. He adds that besides tipping the scales at forty-one pounds, the fish measured 54 inches from head to tail. It was a wicked-looking animal.

"The last day of my vacation at Teal Lake came," says Mr. Bethard, "and I was to leave at noon. I decided, however, to go out for a morning's fishing."

"I fished for an hour without a strike, and we were just leaving the last weedbed for camp, having decided to give up and go in, when the big muskie struck my line and started for deep water. He carried the bait, stopping occasionally, a hundred to a



Breaks the Steel Rod.

hundred and fifty yards, before he finally stopped.

"I then decided he had the bait thoroughly swallowed, and I struck or snagged him very hard, as I felt he was a large fish and I wanted to hook him forcibly. He was lying flat on the bottom, I suppose, when I snagged him, and his weight and the force which I gave it snapped my steel rod below the reel. Unfortunately the end of the rod to which was attached the reel and the line went over the end of the boat into the lake in twenty feet of water with the fish on the other end of it. I suppose I must have had out twenty to thirty yards of line.

"As soon as it struck the fish broke water, showing himself to us in full, as they usually do, and we saw he was a very large muskellunge, larger than I had ever hooked. We decided to try and pick up the line with a drag. We tried to do so with the tackle in our boat, working for perhaps fifteen to twenty minutes, but were unable to do it.

"We decided to go to camp and discuss the matter. After lunch, Jimmie Gorman made a drag and with the assistance of another guide, we started for the middle of the lake to pick up the broken tackle.

"We rowed out in the lake, and to my mind the most remarkable event of the day happened, showing extraordinary ability on the part of my guide. We rowed to a point in the lake where there were no marks, except shore lines, when Gorman said: 'This is where he struck and this is perhaps where we will find him. Drop the drag.'

"We did so, and I am quite sure we did not row three boat lengths until we picked up the end of the line.

"Fortunately we picked up the line near the reel and immediately lifted it and the broken rod out of the water without disturbing the fish at the other end. We immediately changed the line of the broken tackle onto a new rod and found the weight of the fish on the end. He had not gotten unhooked.

"Then began the most beautiful fight it has been my pleasure to have in my limited fishing experience. The big muskie had been quiet and seemingly was as full of fight as ever. He certainly gave us a pleasant time until we were able to bring him up to gaff.

"Fishermen who have the muskellunge 'habit' will know what such a fight means, especially when there is a fish on the line whose least movement or weight on the line would break the tackle. I am having the fish mounted."

Gay Winter Blossoms



They are enough to almost make us welcome the coming winter, those gay velvet blossoms that maids and matrons are wearing on their new millinery. Big, flat poppies, giant wild roses, the clematis and poinsettias and some blossoms that must have sprung from the brain of the flower-maker, are blooming in rich, bright colors, that will show brighter still against a background of snow.

Besides these, there are the little roses made of silk and metal tissues that are the quaintest and prettiest things the cunning of artists have done. The bright green foliage is made of satin. The tightly folded blossoms and buds are set in prim groups about crowns or in single clusters at some point on the hat. They are used on all kinds of hats, but seem at their best on those of fur. One of the handsomest turbans has a drooping brim of sealskin, a tall scant puffed crown of silver tissue and

small bouquets of these silk and tinsel blossoms set about the hat at the joining of the crown and brim. They are as vivid and rich as jewels.

Milliners use satin or ribbon, panne velvet and gold or silver cloth to make them. A sudden fancy for them has sprung up and everywhere, on fine hats, they delight the admirer of real millinery art. They are expensive because they take time, and not because they consume much material. That used, however, is of the best grade in order to get best results in color.

A hat covered with white satin draped with black chiffon is shown here. Poppies of velvet in white and bright red are set about half the brim and against the crown at the left side. A bow of wide velvet ribbon is perched at the right side. This is a very handsome model and might be attempted with every chance of success, by the home milliner. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

BLACK AND WHITE COSTUME TO MAKE MILLINERS' FOLD

Models of Some of the Best Ideas That Have Developed During the Season.

The Cutting of the Material is the Only Thing to Be Kept in Mind.

For this costume black and white material is employed. The skirt is one of those that are not more than 2 3/4 yards round foot.

The panel front is of black taffetas, continued in a deep band at foot; the edge is just finished by a row of narrow



chine stitching. The smart little semi-fitting jacket has no collar, but the neck and edges of fronts are outlined by a band of taffetas. Two jet buttons with cord-loops form the fastening. Bands of silk also finish the wrists of the sleeves.

White chip hat, trimmed with black ribbon, white wings, and a white lace veil.

Materials required for the costume: 5 yards 44 inches checked material, 2 yards double width taffetas, 4 yards silk 22 inches wide for lining jacket, 2 buttons.

Dancing Frocks.

Dancing frocks for the smart girl, are of chiffon, plain or embroidered; net, marquisette or some other soft, sheer fabric. All of these are made over linings of satin, messalino or silk. Nearly all silk frocks are veiled to soften the effect.

To make a milliner's or French fold, cut the material three times the width that the fold is to be when it is finished. Then fold a third of this width back on the wrong side, and fold down over this raw edge the remaining part. Turn in the raw edge before doing this. Finally, slipstitch this edge to the thickness underneath, being careful not to let the stitches go all the way through.

To make a doublefold of this sort, cut the material, again, three times the width of the fold when finished. Made a wide, plain fold, and then fold this through the center, with the stitches all on the upper edge. Place the upper fold so that it forms a cord or ridge through the center, and slipstitch this so as to hold it firmly in place. Be sure that all your stitches are out of sight.

Chic Hat for a Child.

Among the new display of fall hats for the little ones was a fine French felt, white, and in the new droopy mushroom shape. The trimming was a soft ribbon passed around the crown and held down with trim little rosettes of the ribbon, one over each ear. The left rosette was encircled by a dainty wreath of holly of the variegated kind, the soft creamy white and pale green leaves, with tiny crimson berries. The ties were of soft white ribbon, and altogether it was a most attractive bit of millinery.

A Workbasket Hint.

Keep in your workbasket several large-size safety pins, and use them to string loose buttons, hooks, eyes, etc. Keep those of the same size on the same pin, black hooks on black pins, white eyes on white pins, etc. Thus you never will have an untidy workbasket, or be delayed by not being able to find instantly what you are looking for.

Fasten the safety pins to one side of the lining of your basket—and your method of securing neatness will be complete.

To Starch Linens.

In starching linens and similar goods too light for mourning starch and too dark for the white, put in the boiling starch a large piece of tissue paper in shade to match as nearly as possible the dress material. This will dissolve, and when the starch is strained, nothing but the dye will remain, making a starch of the exact color desired.

This is a good hint for the woman who does much color embroidery of the stiffly starched variety.



# The MAN in LOWER TEN

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETNER  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged note in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's home he is attracted by a picture of a young girl, whose mother explains to him 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 eleven and retires 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 points to both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes with him. 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 Alison West, Blakeley'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. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train. The train is wrecked. Blakeley learns that a man named Sullivan leaped from the train near M... and sprained his ankle. He stayed some time at the Carter place. While making inquiries at Carter's, Blakeley finds Alison and kisses her.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### At the Table Next.

McKnight and Hotchkiss were entering slowly down the road as I caught up with them. As usual, the little man was busy with some abstract-mental problem.

"The idea is this," he was saying, his brows knitted in thought, "if a left-handed man, standing in the position of the man in the picture, should jump from a car, would he be likely to sprain his right ankle? When a right-handed man prepares for a leap of that kind, my theory is that he would hold on with his right hand, and alight at the proper time, on his right foot. Of course—"

"I imagine, although I don't know," interrupted McKnight, "that a man either ambidextrous or one-armed, jumping from the Washington Flier, would be more likely to land on his head."

"Anyhow," I interposed, "what difference does it make whether Sullivan used one hand or the other? One pair of handcuffs will put both hands out of commission."

As usual when one of his pet theories was attacked, Hotchkiss looked aggrieved.

"My dear sir," he expostulated, "don't you understand what bearing this has on the case? How was the murdered man lying when he was found?"

"On his back," I said promptly, "he'd toward the engine."

"Very well," he retorted, "and what then? Your heart lies under your fifth intercostal space, and to reach it a right-handed blow would have struck either down or directly in."

"But, gentlemen, the point of entrance for the stiletto was below the heart, striking up!" As Harrington lay with his head toward the engine, a person in the aisle must have used the left hand."

McKnight's eyes sought mine and he winked at me solemnly as I unostentatiously transferred the hat I was carrying to my right hand. Long training has largely counterbalanced heredity in my case, but I still pitch ball, play tennis and carve with my left hand. But Hotchkiss was too busy with his theories to notice me.

We were only just in time for our train back to Baltimore, but McKnight took advantage of a second's delay to shake the station agent warmly by the hand.

"I want to express my admiration for you," he said beamingly. "Ability of your order is thrown away here. You should have been a city policeman, my friend."

The agent looked a trifle uncertain. "The young lady was the one who told me to keep still," he said.

McKnight glanced at me, gave the agent's hand a final shake, and climbed on board. But I knew perfectly that he had guessed the reason for my delay.

He was very silent on the way home. Hotchkiss, too, had little to say. He was reading over his notes intently, stopping now and then to make a penciled addition. Just before we left the train Richey turned to me. "I suppose it was the key to the door that she tied to the gate?"

"Probably. I did not ask her."

"Curious, her locking that fellow in," he reflected.

"You may depend on it, there was a good reason for it. And I wish you wouldn't be so suspicious of motives. Rich," I said warmly.

"Only yesterday you were the suspicious one," he retorted, and we tapped into strained silence.

It was late when we got to Washington. One of Mrs. Kipton's small tyrannies was exacting punctuality at meals, and, like several other things, I respected it. There are always some concessions that should be made in return for faithful service.

So, as my dinner hour of seven was long past, McKnight and I went to a little restaurant downtown where they have a very decent way of fixing chicken a la King. Hotchkiss had departed, economically bent, for a small hotel where he lived on the American plan.

"I want to think some things over,"

he said in response to my invitation to dinner, "and, anyhow, there's no use dining out when I pay the same, dinner or no dinner, where I am stopping."

The day had been hot, and the first floor dining room was sultry in spite of the palms and fans which attempted to simulate the verdure and breezes of the country.

It was crowded, too, with a typical summer night crowd, and, after sitting for a few minutes in a sweeter corner, we got up and went to the smaller dining room upstairs. Here it was not so warm, and we settled ourselves comfortably by a window.

Over in a corner half a dozen boys on their way back to school were ragging a perspiring waiter, a proceeding so exactly to McKnight's taste that he insisted on going over to join them. But their table was full, and somehow that kind of fun had lost its point for me.

Not far from us a very stout, middle-aged man, apoplectic with the heat, was elephantinely jolly for the benefit of a bored-looking girl across the table from him, and at the next table a newspaper woman ate alone, the last edition propped against the water bottle before her, her hat, for coolness, on the corner of the table. It was a motley Bohemian crowd.

I looked over the room casually, while McKnight ordered the meal. Then my attention was attracted to the table next to ours. Two people were sitting there, so deep in conversation that they did not notice us. The woman's face was hidden under her hat, as she traced the pattern of the cloth mechanically with her fork. But the man's features stood out clear in the light of the candles on the table. It was Bronson!

"He shows the strain, doesn't he?" McKnight said, holding up the wine

then back to me. When she looked away again I breathed easier.

"Who is it?" asked McKnight under his breath.

"Ontario." I formed it with my lips rather than said it. McKnight's eyebrows went up and he looked with increased interest at the black-gowned figure.

I ate little after that. The situation was rather bad for me, I began to see. Here was a woman who could, if she wished, and had any motive for so doing, put me in jail under a capital charge. A word from her to the police, and polite surveillance would become active interference.

Then, too, she could say that she had seen me, just after the wreck, with a young woman from the murdered man's car, and thus probably bring Alison West into the case.

It is not surprising, then, that I ate little. The woman across seemed in no hurry to go. She loitered over a demi-tasse, and that finished, sat with her elbow on the table, her chin in her hand, looking darkly at the changing groups in the room.

The fun at the table where the college boys sat began to grow a little noisy; the fat man, now a purplish shade, ambled away behind his slim companion; the newspaper woman plined on her business-like hat and stalked out. Still the woman at the next table waited.

It was a relief when the meal was over. We got our hats and were about to leave the room, when a waiter touched me on the arm.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but the lady at the table near the window, the lady in black, sir, would like to speak to you."

I looked down between the rows of tables to where the woman sat alone, her chin still resting on her hand, her black eyes still insolently staring, this time at me.

"I'll have to go," I said to McKnight hurriedly. "She knows all about that affair and she'd be a bad enemy."

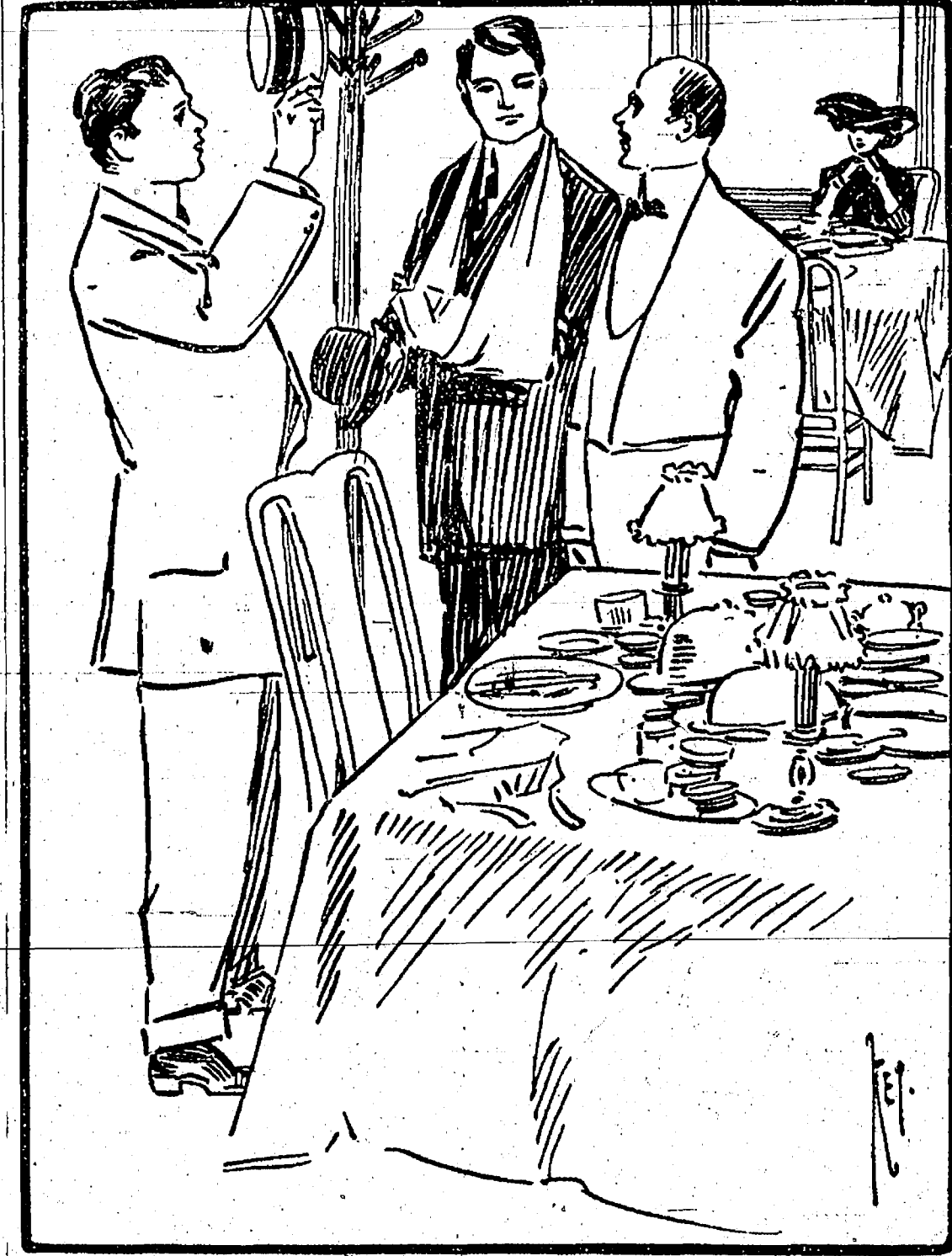
"I don't like her lamps," McKnight observed, after a glance at her. "Better jolly her a little. Good-by."

## CHAPTER XX.

### The Notes and a Bargain.

I went back slowly to where the woman sat alone. She smiled rather oddly as I drew near, and pointed to the chair Bronson had vacated.

"Sit down, Mr. Blakeley," she said, "I am going to take a few minutes of your valuable time."



"I Beg Your Pardon, Sir; the Lady in Black, Sir, Would Like to Speak to You."

list as if he read from it. "Who's the woman?"

"Search me," I replied, in the same way.

When the chicken came, I still found myself gazing now and then at the abstracted couple near me. Evidently the subject of conversation was unpleasant. Bronson was eating little, the woman not at all. Finally he got up, pushed his chair back noisily, thrust a bill at the waiter and stalked out.

The woman sat still for a moment; then, with an apparent resolution to make the best of it, she began slowly to eat the meal before her.

But the quarrel had taken away her appetite, for the mixture in our chaffing dish was hardly ready to serve before she pushed her chair back a little and looked around the room.

I caught my first glimpse of her face then, and I confess it startled me. It was the tall, stately woman of the Ontario, the woman I had last seen covering beside the road, rolling pebbles in her hand, blood streaming from a cut over her eye. I could see the scar now, a little affair, about an inch long, gleaming red through its layers of powder.

And then, quite unexpectedly, she turned and looked directly at me. After a minute's uncertainty, she bowed, letting her eyes rest on mine with a calmly insolent stare. She glanced at McKnight for a moment,

"Certainly," I sat down opposite her and glanced at a cuckoo clock on the wall. "I am sorry, but I have only a few minutes. If you—"

She laughed a little, not very pleasantly, and opening a small black fan covered with spangles, waved it slowly.

"The fact is," she said, "I think you are about to make a bargain."

"A bargain?" I asked incredulously. "You have a second advantage of me. You know my name—I paused suggestively and she took the cue.

"I am Mrs. C. way," she said, and flicked a crumb off the table with an overmanicured finger.

The name was scarcely a surprise. I had already surmised that this might be the woman whom rumor credited as being Bronson's common-law wife. Rumor, I remembered, had said other things even less pleasant, things which had been brought out at Bronson's arrest for forgery.

"We met last under less fortunate circumstances," she was saying. "I have been fit for nothing since that terrible day. And you—you had a broken arm, I think."

"I still have it," I said, with a lame attempt at jocularity, "but to have escaped at all was a miracle. We have touched, indeed, to be thankful for."

"I suppose you have," she said carelessly, "although sometimes I doubt it." She was looking somberly toward the door through which her late companion had made his exit.

"You sent for me—"

"Yes, I sent for you." She roused herself and sat erect. "Now, Mr. Blakeley, have you found those papers?"

"The papers? What papers?" I parried. I needed time to think.

"Mr. Blakeley," she said quietly, "I think we can lay aside all subterfuge. In the first place let me refresh your mind about a few things. The Pittsburgh police are looking for the survivors of the car Ontario; there are three that I know of—yourself, the young woman with whom you left the scene of the wreck, and myself. The wreck, you will admit, was a fortunate one for you."

I nodded without speaking.

"At the time of the collision you were in rather a hole," she went on, looking at me with a disagreeable smile. "You were, if I remember, accused of a rather atrocious crime. There was a lot of corroborative evidence, was there not? I seem to remember a dirk and the murdered man's pocket-book in your possession, and a few other things that were—well, rather unpleasant."

"I was thrown a bit off my guard," I said. "You remember, also, I said quickly, 'that a man disappeared from the car, taking my clothes, papers and everything.'"

"I remember that you said so." Her tone was quietly insulting, and I bit my lip at having been caught. It was no time to make a defense.

"You have missed one calculation," I said coldly, "and that is the discovery of the man who left the train."

"You have found him?" She bent forward, and again I regretted my hasty speech. "I know it, I said so."

"We are going to find him," I asserted, with a confidence I did not feel. "We can produce at any time proof that a man left the Flier a few miles beyond the wreck. And we can find him, I am positive."

"But you have not found him yet?" She was clearly disappointed. "Well, so be it. Now for our bargain. You will admit that I am no fool."

I made no such admission, and she smiled mockingly.

"How flattering you are!" she said. "Very well. Now for the premises. You take to Pittsburgh four notes held by the Mechanics' national bank, to have Mr. Gilmore, who is ill, declare his indorsement of them forged."

"On the journey back to Pittsburgh two things happen to you: You lose your clothing, your valise and your papers, including the notes, and you are accused of murder. In fact, Mr. Blakeley, the circumstances were most singular, and the evidence—well, almost conclusive."

I was completely at her mercy, but I gnawed my lip with irritation.

"Now for the bargain." She leaned over and lowered her voice. "A fair exchange, you know. The minute you put those four notes in my hand—that minute the blow to my head has caused complete forgetfulness as to the events of that awful morning. I am the only witness, and I will be silent. Do you understand? They will call off their dogs."

My head was buzzing with the strangeness of the idea.

"But," I said, striving to gain time, "I haven't the notes. I can't give you what I haven't got."

"You have had the case continued," she said sharply. "You expect to find them. Another thing," she added slowly, watching my face, "if you don't get them soon, Bronson will have them. They have been offered to him already, but at a prohibitive price."

"But," I said, bewildered, "what is your object in coming to me? If Bronson will get them anyhow—"

She shut her fan with a click and her face was not particularly pleasant to look at.

"You are dense," she said insolently. "I want those papers—for myself, not for Andy Bronson."

"Then the idea is," I said, ignoring her tone, "that you think you have me in a hole, and that if I find those papers and give them to you you will let me out. As I understand it, our friend Bronson, under those circumstances, will also be in a hole."

She nodded.

"The notes would be of no use to you for a limited length of time. If they are not turned over to the state's attorney within a reasonable time there will have to be a nolle pro— that is, the case will simply be dropped for lack of evidence."

"A week would answer, I think," she said slowly. "You will do it, then."

I laughed, although I was not especially cheerful.

"No, I'll not do it. I expect to come across the notes any time now, and I expect just as certainly to turn them over to the state's attorney when I get them."

She got up suddenly, pushing her chair back with a noisy grating sound that turned many eyes toward us.

"You're more of a fool than I thought you," she sneered, and left me at the table.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Led by the Nose.

An analytical chemist was retained as a skilled witness some years ago, where there are questions of analytical chemistry. There was one case where a farmer had bought some artificial manure, and he was being sued for the price of it. He resisted payment on the ground that the material had none of the qualities of manure at all. The expert chemist was one of the witnesses, and had stated that, although the substance had the smell, it had none of the chemical qualities of manure. Under cross-examination he was asked, if that was so, how did he account for hundreds of the best farmers having taken the manure for many years. "They must have been led by the nose," returned the witness.

## PAT PUTS ON STYLE

### ASTONISHES SPOUSE BY PURCHASE OF SUIT OF PAJAMAS.

### Indignant Irishman Berates Merchant Who Failed to Explain How Night Garments Were to Be Worn.

When Pat McCaffery got a boss' job he thought it due to his advancement in society to sport a new suit. While at the men's furnishing store he noticed some pajamas.

"An' w'at be ye askin' fer thim summer outin' suits?" he asked the clerk.

"Those," smiled the young man, "are the latest style in pajamas."

"Pajamas, is it? An' w'at bes the use at thim?"

"Why, gentlemen who pretend to any fashion wear them when they retire."

"Retire fr'im bizness, ye mane?"

"No. When they retire for the night. Go to bed."

"Ah-h, me young feller, that's it, is it? Well now, Patriek McCaffery's not goin' short anything av a fashionable way av shlapin'. O'll take a suit av 'em."

"Yes, sir. What size of shirt collar?"

"Sixteen an' a half."

So the clerk put up the purchases and Mr. McCaffery went happily home. He had a little scheme to astonish Mrs. McCaffery. Going straight upstairs, he put on his new suit, hid the pajamas in the closet, and went down stairs again, where he displayed the new clothes to the delight of Catharine.

"Ah-h-h, but," thought Pat to himself, "wait till ye see me pajamas."

"A little before his usual hour for going to bed Pat said: 'Well, Katie, darlint, O'll go upstairs and lay away me garments.'"

Mrs. McCaffery finished the socks and mittens she was mending, and then followed Pat. When she got to the bedroom door it was fastened.

"Pat w'at bes ye doin' w' th' dure locked?" she called.

"Whisht, Katie, O'll let ye in in about a minit. O'm gettin' up a little sprise fr' ye."

Two or three minutes passed but Pat did not open the door. Katie got impatient and thumped on it. "Pat McCaffery, let me in. What divilment are ye up to, anyways?" A smothered voice spoke from within: "Just wait moor second, Katie."

Another minute passed, then Katie kicked the door and shouted: "Patriek McCaffery, is ut crazy ye are? Open th' dure, or O'll schrame fr an orficer." The door was opened, and there stood Pat. He surprised her, all right. The pajama trousers had fallen down over his feet, he had on his nightshirt, and the pajama shirt over that. His hair was in his eyes, and his face red with anger.

Mrs. McCaffery screamed, "Howly heavens, Pat! Are ye havin' a fit?"

"Fit, is ut? Divel a fit can O' get. The-dammed little Jew niver towled me if the pajamas go on over th' night-shirt, or varsa versy."

Unnecessarily Alarmed.

A young lawyer was taking his dinner out at a moderate priced restaurant the other evening. The room was filled, but there was a couple of vacant seats at the table at which he sat. A big, flashy-looking man took one of these seats. He ordered ham and eggs, and proceeded to give a finished performance of the art of sword swallowing. There was a pat of butter in a dish, with ice all around it, in the center of the table. The flashy-looking man didn't pay any attention to his individual butter dish. The young lawyer looked at his vis-a-vis disgustedly.

"Look here, my friend," said he, finally, addressing the man across the table, "do you expect other people to partake of that butter after you have excavated around it in that way?"

The sword swallower looked up at the man with the greatest good nature in the world.

"Naw," said he. "I'm a-goin' to eat all o' that butter myself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Roar of China's Ducks.

Tourists in China are always surprised by the number of ducks they see. There are more ducks in China than in all the rest of the world. Their voices are a familiar sound in every town and country spot of the sea coast and the interior of the vast empire. Even in the large cities ducks abound. They dodge between the coolies' legs. They sit squawking out of the way of the horses. Their indignant quack will not seldom drown the roar of urban commerce.

Children herd ducks on every road, on every pond, on every farm, on every river. There is no backyard without its duckhouse. There is no boat, little or great, without its duck quarters.

All over the land there are great duck hatching establishments, many of them of a capacity huge enough to produce 50,000 young ducks every year. Duck among the Chinese is a staple delicacy. It is salted and smoked like ham or beef.

### Firm of Purpose.

"This is the third alarm clock you have bought in the last two weeks."

"Yes," replied the man with good intentions. "I set them to ring at intervals of half an hour each. I believe in facing the truth and knowing just how much I am oversleeping myself."—Washington Star.

## An Exacting Personage.

"I suppose you find life easier since the summer boarders have gone?"

"Nope," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "we're workin' an' worryin' just as much as ever—tryin' to keep the hired man contented."

## REST AND PEACE

### Fall Upon Distracted Households When Cuticura Enters.

Sleep for skin tortured babies and rest for tired, fretted mothers is found in a hot bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment. This treatment, in the majority of cases, affords immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, and crusted humors, eczema, rashes, inflammations, irritations, and chaffings, of infancy and childhood, permits rest and sleep to both parent and child, and points to a speedy cure, when other remedies fail. Worn-out and worried parents will find this pure, sweet and economical treatment realizes their highest expectations, and may be applied to the youngest infants as well as children of all ages. The Cuticura Remedies are sold by druggists everywhere. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass., for their free 32-page Cuticura Book on the care and treatment of skin and scalp of infants, children and adults.

Her Tribute.

Randall—How did you like the military parade, Ida?

Miss Rogers—Glorious! I never saw enough men in all my life before.—Harper's Bazar.

"SPOHN'S."

This is the name of the greatest of all remedies for Distemper, Pink Eye, Hoarseness and the like among all ages of horses. Sold by Druggists, Harness Makers, or sent to the manufacturers, 8.50 and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Send for free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Queen's High.

"Does Bliggias ever bluff when he plays cards?"

"Never until he gets home and explains where he has been."

Pettit's Eye Salve Restores.

No matter how badly the eyes may be diseased or injured. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Both Unpardonable.

"Agnes says she will never have anything more to do with Gladys."

"Which did Gladys recommend? A dressmaker or a summer hotel?"—Harper's Bazar.

Easy for Her.

An extremely corpulent old lady was entertaining her grandchild at luncheon when she found occasion to reprimand the little girl for dropping some food on the tablecloth.

"You don't see grandma dropping anything on the table," she said.

"Of course not," replied the child; "God gave you something in front to stop it."

She Probably Could.

Senator La Follette, apropos of certain scandals, said at a dinner in Madison: "These things recall the legislator who remarked to his wife, with a look of disgust: 'One of those land lobbyists approached me today with another insulting proposition.'"

"The wife, a young and pretty woman, clapped her hands. 'Oh, good!' she cried. 'Then I can have that sable stole after all, can't I, dear?'"

Fable of Pan of Biscuits.

A Vassar girl married a Kansas farmer. Two weeks later a cyclone made the happy pair a friendly call.

It cavorted around the premises, ripping up the fences, scattering the haystacks and playing horse with the barn, but when it looked through the open window it drew back in alarm.

There lay the bride's first pan of biscuits.

"I ain't feelin' very strong this morning," murmured the cyclone.

And with another glance at the terrible pan it blew itself away.

WISE WORDS.

A physician, of Portland, Oregon, has views about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health, especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food equal to Grape-Nuts, and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefits this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach, especially at breakfast, to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work.

"In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream and I think it is not advisable to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years, treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

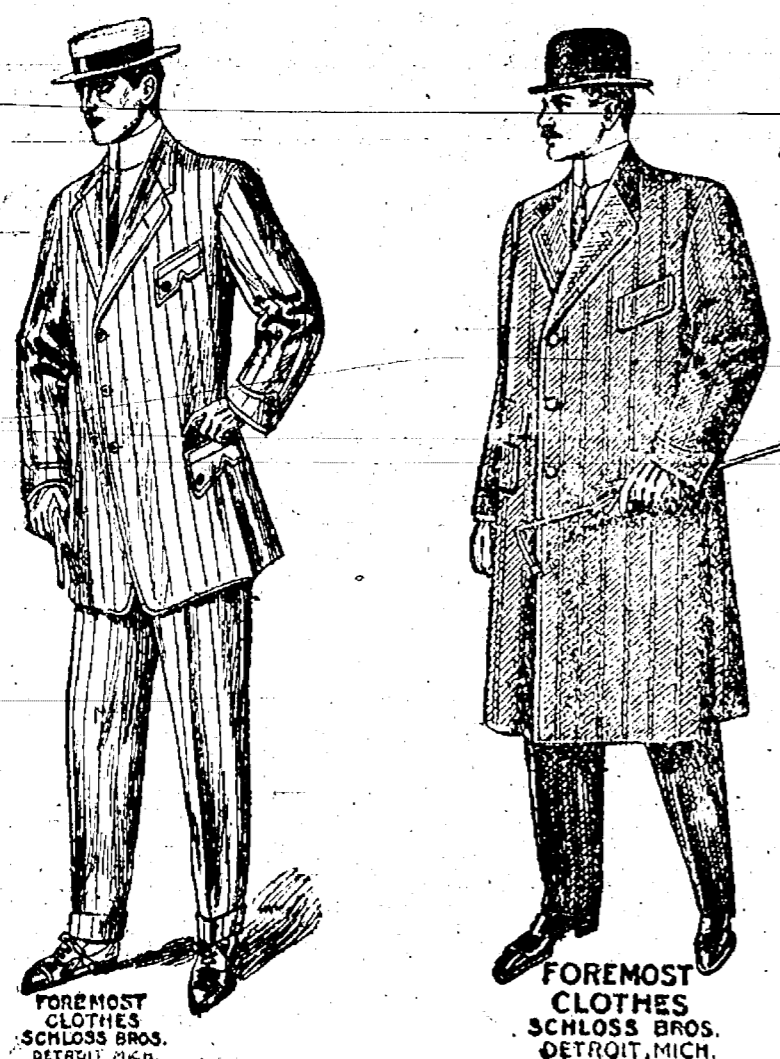


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HIGHEST GRADE; LOWEST PRICES.

Having just received another lot of the celebrated Foremost Clothing, Schloss Bros. makers, we have decided to give our customers one of the greatest benefit offerings of these High Grade Suits and Overcoats ever made. Six big groups in all.



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FOREMOST CLOTHES SCHLOSS BROS. DETROIT, MICH.

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One lot of Genuine English Serge which our manufacturer told us was worth today to buy, from \$2.75 to \$4.00 more than when they were bought. Real value of these High Grade Suits, \$25.00, our price **\$20.00**. These Suits are guaranteed to be in every way, the best that money can produce in ready made clothing.

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Suits of handsome fancy materials; narrow and wide Wale Serges in plain and simple lines, real value up to, \$22.00, our price this Thanksgiving Offering, **\$16.50**.

## Group No. 3

Beautiful Suits in mixed and black and colorings, handsomely tailored, real value \$18.00, our price **\$12.50**.



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FOREMOST CLOTHES SCHLOSS BROS. DETROIT, MICH.

## Group No. 4

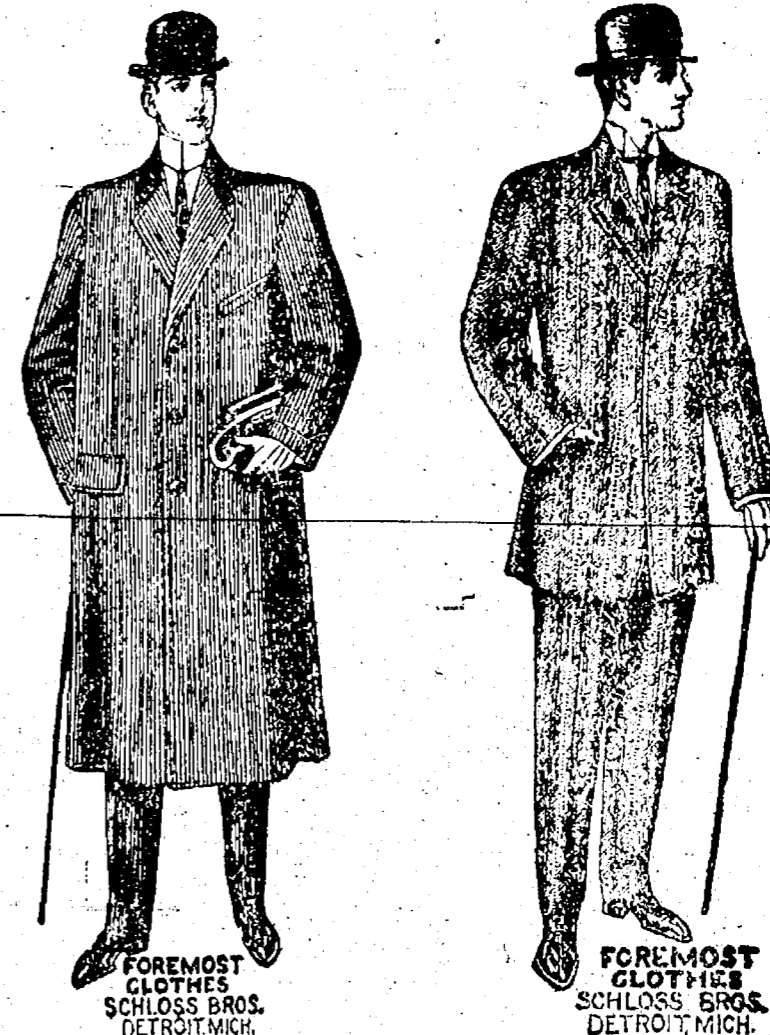
Splendid Overcoats in the new Convertable Overcoat the smartest and most practical garment ever made \$20.00, \$22.00 and \$25.00 value now **\$18.00**.

## Group No. 5

Strictly Hand Tailored Overcoats made in the very best materials, black and colors, ranging from \$15.00 to \$20.00 our special price **\$12.50**.

## Group No. 6

This is a special sale of Boys Clothing. Every Straight Pant Suit in our large department for Boys Clothing at just one half price. These are made up mostly of Domestic Woolens, some of them strictly hand tailored. At this great Thanksgiving Offering, we give you the regular \$6.00 suits for **\$3.00**; the regular \$5.00 for **\$2.50**; the regular \$4.00 for **\$2.00** and the regular \$3.00 for **\$1.50**.



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FOREMOST CLOTHES SCHLOSS BROS. DETROIT, MICH.

The consensus of opinion of Clothing buyers is that no store equals this in value giving. The Clothing buyer knows what he wants; knows he can find it here. The Clothing buyer who seeks greater values for his money, realizes that he must purchase at headquarters.

Remember that Thanksgiving will soon be here and we are in a position to help you to make it one long to be remembered. Will you give us a chance to do so?

Quality First of All  
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