

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 15

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1911.

No. 50

## Guests At Yule

Edmund Clarence Stedman



NOEL! NOEL!

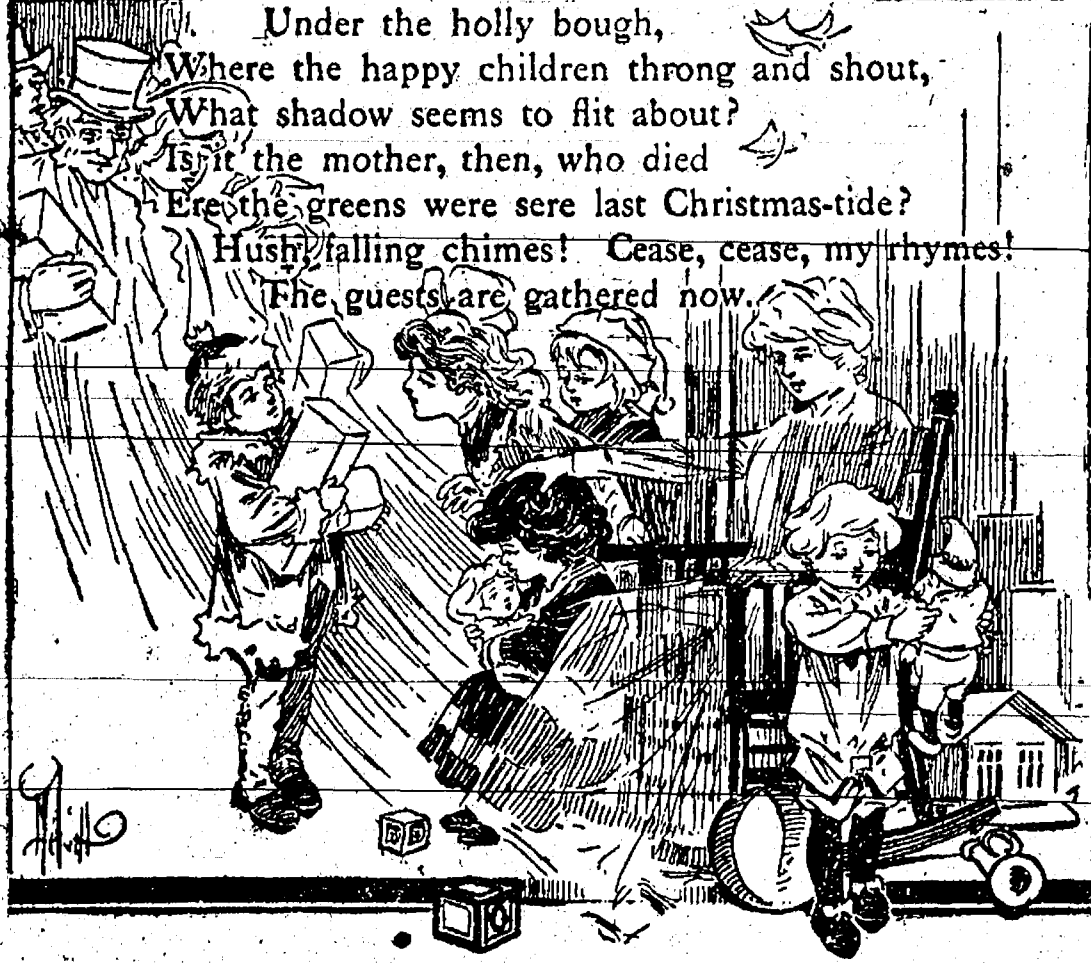
Thus sounds each Christmas bell  
Across the winter snow.  
But what are the little footprints all  
That mark the path from the churchyard wall?  
They are those of the children wakened tonight  
From sleep by the Christmas bells and light:  
Ring, sweetly, chimes! Soft, soft, my rhymes!  
Their beds are under the snow.

Noel! Noel!

Carols each Christmas bell  
What are the wreaths of mist  
That gather near the window-pane  
Where the winter frost all day has lain?  
They are soulless elves, who fain would peer  
Within, and laugh at our Christmas cheer:  
Ring fleetly, chimes! Swift, swift, my rhymes!  
They are made of the mocking mist

Noel! Noel!

Cease, cease, each Christmas bell!  
Under the holly bough,  
Where the happy children throng and shout,  
What shadow seems to flit about?  
Is it the mother, then, who died  
Ere the greens were sere last Christmas-tide?  
Hush! falling chimes! Cease, cease, my rhymes!  
The guests are gathered now.



### Proceedings of City Commission

Special meeting of the City Commission held at the City Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 8, 1911. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cleveland. Present, Cleveland, Kenny and Hudson; absent, none. Minutes of the last meeting were not read.

On motion by Kenney, supported by Hudson, the following bills were allowed and the clerk was instructed to draw orders for same:

O. D. Cleveland, 4 mos salary.	\$133.33
Geo. G. Glenn, ins. premium on hose house.	35.55
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$168.88</b>

Moved by Kenney, supported by Hudson, that the application of Geo. G. Glenn, W. P. Porter and Clark Haire for permission to tap the sewer in front of the Cook property on Main St., be accepted and permission be granted. Carried.

Moved by Kenney, supported by Hudson, that the said Geo. G. Glenn, W. P. Porter and Clark Haire, be tax-

ed the sum of \$18.25 for the privilege of connecting with said sewer. Carried.

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenney, to adjourn. Carried.  
OTIS J. SMITH,  
City Clerk.

### Advertised Letters.

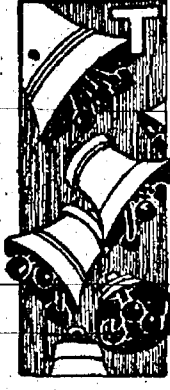
For the week ending Dec. 9, 1911.  
Miss Grace Ellsworth, Mrs. Jennette Eckerson, Len Fritz, Mrs. Idri D. Gherstad, Johnnie Hanks, John Hiller, Mrs. Etta McQuistian, F. Courtney Pryor, Earnest Russell, John Sanford, Miss Anna Shouels, W. Sherman, William Tilkston, Mrs. Geo. Trigel, Andy Walker, Emeline Welch  
Harry E. Potter P. M.

### Christmas, Christmas.

We have just opened up a large variety of Christmas Candies, Nuts and Fruit. See our window display. We are ready to supply your wants.—  
E. A. Lewis.

## The Trifle

By HARRY IRVING GREENE



HERE was a time when Wallington had generally been conceded to be a brand new genius in the financial world—a marvelous being who could change stones into bread and serpents into fowl; then all at once he found himself in the throes of bankruptcy.

He had exhausted his resources and was for the time being hopelessly insolvent. Day by day his little handful of remaining change vanished in steadily diminishing ratio as his meals became cheaper and further apart, until finally he had but a dime left. This coin he resolved to save for some last and most desperate extremity, and he even determined to fast for days before parting with it. And fast for days he did, while oft times the days came much too fast.

When Christmas eve came he had not tasted food for three days. He



felt that he could endure it no longer, that the last and most desperate extremity had arrived and that now he must spend his dime. He was plunged deep in meditation when he felt someone touch his arm and turned about.

Beside him there stood a gaunt man with cavernous cheeks, feverish, wildish eyes, and a stomach that curved the wrong way. The apparition addressed him in a croaking voice.  
"For God's sake, stranger, buy me something to eat. I am penniless and upon the verge of committing crime. I have worn out my shoes looking for work, and while I have a job promised me it will be a week before it is open. And meanwhile I am starving, friend, starving. In the name of Christianity spare me enough for a meal out of your plenty."

Wallington stared into the evening dusk as he fingered his last and smoothly worn dime. He knew well enough what this other man was suffering, for had he not been in the same stage twenty-four hours before! And to give a man a dime in such a case was so grossly inadequate. Yet what could he do? He turned about. Close before him was a restaurant where he had spent hundreds of dollars in his palmy days and whose proprietor he knew well. Yet he owed a bill there for his last big after theater dinner party of many months ago, and he had never had the courage even in his semi-starvation to go in and ask for more credit. Yet now it must be done, for here was a human being starving upon the streets. Wallington shuddered. It was plainly his duty to fill this man's stomach, and for the last time he would exert those powers of persuasion which once up-



on a time few men had been able to resist. He took the stranger by the arm. "Come with me," he commanded.

They entered the restaurant and Wallington walked straight up to the proprietor. "Bob," said he, "I owe you a pretty stiff bill—but I am going to go to work in a week and then I will begin paying you off. Now I want you to do me a last favor. I owe you about forty dollars, and a couple of dollars more won't make much difference to you. It is Christmas eve and my friend over there is starving. Now I want you to fill him up to the chin on good, solid food and charge it to me. I will not ask you for any favor again if you will do this last thing." The proprietor looked at his old patron thoughtfully.

"All right," he announced at length. "Being it's Christmas eve I'll take a chance on you even if you are down and out. Tell your friend to order what he wants." So Wallington and the stranger sat down together and Wallington watched his companion fill himself with good things until at last with his stomach again curved the right way, the droop gone from his shoulders and the feverish light vanished from his eyes, the gorged one arose.

"My friend," said the stranger. "I



## Yule-tide

### Holiday Goods

We Have One of the Finest Lines Ever Shown in the City.

Let Us Help You Solve the Problem of "What Shall I Buy?"



Toilet Sets from 50c to \$12.00.  
Smokers' Sets, Shaving Sets, Mirrors, Manicure Sets, Military Sets, Brushes of all kinds, Book Racks and Toilet Accessories.  
Books—every kind and price.  
Fancy Perfume Packages, Atomizers.  
Fountain Pens, Box Stationery—all sizes and prices.

Can you think of anything for your family that will give more pleasure than a VICTOR VICTROLA—something that is appreciated during the entire year. Call and hear it.

## W. C. SPRING DRUG CO.

could not have endured it another day—but of course you have never known what it is to go two days without food. And when tonight you go home and sit down to your table to your feast, remember that there is an outcast fellow being upon the streets who is blessing every mouthful that you eat. Good-by, Christian."

Wallington held out his hand. "Good-by, stranger, and good luck to you. It was a mere trifle. Happy to have been able to give you a lift." Then he went up to Frenchy's hash house and had his dime's worth of coffee and sausage.

The man who cheapens himself is pretty sure to be marked down by his neighbors.

Empire Bros. are headquarters for COMFORTERS. They are selling a 68x78 inch Comforter, filled with cotton batting, for the low price of \$1.15. If you want anything in that line it will pay you to look over their stock.

## Brains and Life Assurance.

Elbert Hubbard, that presenter of sane things in unusual garb tells an interesting story in the New York American, of how life assurance took on a new appearance to him. In the financial flurry of November, 1907, he found himself and his Roycroft plant in dire need of money—even his ability could not ward off the demands that come to every business man. Approaching a financial man for a loan one day, he was informed that a hundred thousand dollars would be loaned on the plant, but Mr. Hubbard himself must hand over a life assurance policy for the same amount. As the banker said, "Your brains are the chief asset in this business. Your initiative evolved the business and you know the work in every part. The buildings were built and the machinery installed with your mental raw stock in mind. With you there, the value of the plant is reasonably assured. With you gone, it is a conjecture, why, people would not consider a loan for an instant without the assurance on your life."

It was more than a compliment to Elbert Hubbard; it was a straight business transaction and Mr. Hubbard recognized it as such. Many a business man looks upon his plant, the business he has built up by hard toil, as a sufficient guarantee of the future comfort of his family if he is removed. He values his assets as they are in his life, neglecting to consider the added value given those assets by his life. A business bringing in an income of \$10,000 may not be worth that much in a bulk sum when its manager or builder is gone. Far more safe is to neglect insuring against fire, as the brains that built the business could do so again, for no two sets of brains fill the same niche. Brains need assuring.

These are Mr. Hubbard's own words, as expressing his revised opinion of life assurance: "Life assurance is a good thing, or it is not. The consensus of opinion says it is not only a good thing, but a necessity of modern times. Business is built on confidence. The greater our faith in each other the more safe, secure and enjoyable becomes the voyage of life. And life assurance eliminates, to a great degree, the disturbing and distressing factor of death. It makes of society and business a body without decline. To use the language of Professor Ernst Haeckel, 'It gives us financial and social monism.' It makes for unity and oneness. Also it makes for morality, for the bolder can't assure. It cements the social fabric and gives security in peace and freedom from doubt. It is time to get rid of the idea that life assurance is a quasi-charitable or benevolent institution. It is no more a matter of charity than fire insurance. It is true that it had its rise in benevolence, and its first manifestation was a passing of the hat for the afflicted family; but now it is a matter of business. A life assurance policy is a commodity."

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.  
V. G. HOLBECK, DIST. MGR.

## Holiday Offerings

### Some Choice City Lots

at a Big Bargain for Cash.

Other Good Building Lots on the payment plan.

A few desirable DWELLING Properties at Low Prices.

Can you make your wife, your son, or your daughter a better Christmas Gift?

LOVEDAY AGENCY



MOST COSTLY TIP ON RECORD

Wealthy Brewer Backed His Favorite Waiter to Tune of \$80,000 and Lost.

This is the story of the most costly tip of recent record. A wealthy brewer admired the manner in which his waiter cared for him at the club.

"Philip," the brewer would say, "get me a quail."

"Here is your quail, Mr. Gehret," the waiter would report. "I made the chef go away from the stove and broiled it myself."

Whereupon Mr. Gehret would smile upon Philip fondly, and Philip would go back to the kitchen to take another quail from the hands of the cook for some other patron.

One day he called Philip over. "Here, my man," said he, peeling off a \$500 bill. "There's a little reward for your courtesy and care."

Philip held up a protesting hand. He didn't think it would be honest, he said. The club did not allow him to take tips, except through the Christmas box.

It was not that he could not use the money, or that he did not appreciate Mr. Gehret's generosity, but he really must decline. Exit Philip, wiping tears out of his eyes with a napkin.

Mr. Gehret was profoundly impressed. A few weeks later Philip discovered to Mr. Gehret an excellent business opportunity uptown.

"Ah," sighed Philip, "if I only had the money."

Mr. Gehret offered to stake him—and did, to the tune of \$80,000. The last of the \$80,000 was spent the other day, and Philip is back at the club.

Now and then the patron and the waiter—both good losers—grin at each other across the linen.

"After all, Philip," says Mr. Gehret, "we had a good time while we were in business together." — Cincinnati Times Star.

His First Thanksgiving.

"I went to a Thanksgiving dinner in Paris last November," said an American who had just returned from a year abroad. "Most of the guests were Frenchmen, Germans, Italians and Russians. The hostess was an American, a New York woman who has been living abroad for several years, and who entertains lavishly in the French capital."

"On the table were all sorts of things to remind one of home. There were lights in pumpkins on the table and all sorts of American dishes, including a turkey, which the hostess announced she herself would carve on the table in the American fashion. But the majority of the guests failed to grasp the significance of the feast and sat about trying to tell their astonishment at everything, even to the pumpkin pie, which they could be induced to attempt with difficulty. None of the foreigners seemed to know what Thanksgiving was."

"Zanksgveevng fery nice," remarked a German count on my right, leaning over to me. "I never eat vone before."

Why It Was Small.

The young woman who had an injured look dangled a typewriter between her thumb and first finger. The man looked at it disdainfully. It was the smallest living typewriter, a sort of folding or tablet variety. In his office he had a dozen giant typewriters, with adding machines attached and tabulators half a yard long. "You can't do anything with that baby typewriter," he told the girl. Her injured look deepened. "It is all very well for you to talk," she replied, "but this is the only kind I can have. Remember, I live in a Harlem flat."

Reade Wrote Standing.

One peculiar fad with regard to his writing Charles Reade shared with other famous novelists—he could not remain seated at a table, but did his work standing at a high desk. This was characteristic also of Victor Hugo, who wrote the whole of "Les Miserables" standing. "Wittke Collins," too, declared that his thoughts flowed more freely when standing on his feet. In direct contrast, one recalls that Mark Twain did much of his work propped up in bed, and that Sir Walter Scott found his brain clearest when reclining comfortably on a couch.

New York City as a Land Owner.

The city of New York owns 943 parcels of land. Nearly all of this land was bought before 1850. In one case a parcel of land has increased in value over 9,500 per cent. In sixty years. In many cases there have been increases of 2,000 to 5,000 per cent. in the same period. There were 85 cases in which land had increased in value 500 per cent. and over 300 pieces that have doubled in value since they were bought.

Up Against It.

"She's thinking of getting married again."

"That so?"

"Yes, poor thing, the judge didn't grant her alimony enough so that she can live in the style to which she has been accustomed."

One on Her.

She (coming out on piazza)—What! Only you here? Where have all the nice boys gone?

He (bitingly)—They've gone off strolling with all the nice girls

Who Pays

Habit of Borrowing Is to Be Frowned On

By JOHN L. GEHRING



THE habit of borrowing is something to be frowned upon, chiefly because borrowers rarely have good memories. In large cities one escapes the borrowing neighbor because there is little or no acquaintanceship between families which are no farther apart than the thickness of a wall or floor and ceiling, but in small communities there is a temptation to remedy the shortcomings of one's household or wardrobe by the loan of articles belonging to neighbors and relatives. Borrowers have few scruples concerning the value of anything they may desire.

There is no doubt that there are times when the temporary use of articles saves trouble and discomfort. In the neighborhoods where card parties are frequent and everybody borrows extra tables because it is understood that nobody cares to own more than one or two at the most. But invariably articles are promptly returned and the borrowers stand ready to take their turn at lending. That is simply an arrangement where everybody shares alike, and not a bit like borrowing eggs and butter and sugar, postage stamps and small sums of money, and forgetting to repay them.

Fine-minded women are rarely content to rest under an obligation of any description. They accept favors graciously, even ask for them, but in some way or other each is repaid. To pay in kind is the preferred manner, but that is not always possible, save in borrowing. It is strange that women will be so punctilious in the matter of car fare and forget to repay postage stamps—we meet cases of that kind frequently.

Two women will argue for more than two minutes over the payment of car fare when it might be easily adjusted by a simple little scheme which is having some vogue among some women. Take a pair who are going to a matinee—before boarding a car one will ask: "Odd or even?"

The answer settles the question of payment, for the loser pays for both. The expense of lunches and teas is shared nowadays because the opportunity for payment does not always materialize. Of course, this plan is only used by women who are in the habit of going about together, when payment by either one all of the time would be manifestly unfair.

When spending money is limited, what is known as "Dutch treat" is common. It is a custom with college boys as well as girls and finds favor with wage earners. It allows one to shoulder no more than personal expenses in any kind of recreation.



Lower Wage Earner's Standard of Living

By LORA BELL

Isn't it about time that we stopped demanding of American labor that it lower its standard of living to that of the foreign laborer? If bean soup and rye bread is a better diet than meat and white bread by all means argue for bean soup and rye bread, but recommend them as foods for all classes and not simply for the workingman so that he can live more cheaply. Start the reform where people have got farthest away from the simple food idea—in the high priced clubs and hotels and the millionaires' homes. That is where it is most needed.

There is no reason why a workingman should be forced to eat food that is distasteful to him simply because it is cheap, while the more fortunate members of society can live on the choicest workers produce.

Why shouldn't the workingmen have carpets on their floors? Who is better entitled to them? Would any of us have carpets, or Axminster or Persian rugs, either, or floors of any kind to lay them on, if these workingmen did not produce them? And as to their filling their rooms with flimsy gimcracks it surely is better for them to satisfy their craving for beauty in this way than to stifle it entirely.

Let us remember that society has not supplied the toiler with an education to appreciate Mona Lisas or cloisonne vases, or the purses to indulge such tastes.

But it is surely a more hopeful sign that he wishes to beautify his home in some way than if he were satisfied with bare walls and bare floors.

What we need is not ways to lower the wage earner's standard of living but ways to distribute more equitably the wealth he produces so that he can develop and gratify higher tastes.

The producer of wealth is entitled to the best there is and it is time we found some way to keep that best from going to the idlers.

Many Modern Social and Family Changes

By A. WANGEMAN Chicago

As to complaints regarding ungrateful and disobedient children, the fault lies, it seems to me, neither with the average parents nor with the callous, superficial young persons. It is not an individual trouble of individual families, in the main, but rather a result of the present money mad, sensation chasing general public spirit, with its cynical and heartless lack of morality.

Nothing else but such tragedies of family life can be reasonably expected when as in Chicago the young folks are forced to fight for jobs without living wages, tempted on all sides and out-of-touch with the better thoughts of the times. Parents should realize that the young cannot think of life as the experienced older ones do.

The young must go through practically the same cycle of personal experiences as the old did when they in turn were young and struck out for themselves.

And, again, many a mother's heart, strong in her maternal instincts, has been broken because not all mothers have the worldly wisdom to change into "comrades" of their grown offspring. It is the natural course that parents should resign themselves, but how hard that is!

Those who look deeper into these things realize, furthermore, that we live in an age of deep social changes in all human relations, which, of course, change the conditions of the family life most profoundly. This is, however, not the place to talk "economics" as the key of understanding.

There is no "balm of Gilead" in economics for a mother whose heart cries out in anguish for the children she has borne and brought up in years of never ceasing care and love; children who then turn away in disdain too often—the young fools!

Hats for Matrons



THERE is something about fringe which adapts it to millinery designed for older women particularly well. It is made of rich materials, as lace, chenille, satin and silk, and is carefully and compactly put together. Now that it is so fashionable, many hats are trimmed with it, and some of them entirely covered with the narrow silk fringes.

There are so many bonnet-like shapes this season that are worn by young and old alike, that there is a wider choice than heretofore for older women. These shapes are unusually softening and becoming and a very agreeable change from turban and toque shapes which have been worn for so many years. Older women should consider them with favor. They are small, with roomy and comfortable head sizes. They fit well down over the crown of the head and stay in place without difficulty. Worn with a face veil, they are very neat, as there is no chance for the hair to

blow about. There is a very great variety of these shapes, their main differences being in the backs. Some of them turn down, some are brimless at the back and others turn smartly upward, allowing room for a low coil

ture. In Fig. 1 a very attractive shape is shown which may be had in felt, velvet or any of the materials used for winter hats. Velvet loops and chenille fringe headed by a band of roses form the trimming. This shape is worn both by young and elderly women, with equal appropriateness.

More particularly designed for older women, the hat in Fig. 2 follows the lines of a bonnet. The crown is a soft puff of velvet and the trimming a plume effect made of fringe applied to quills and a fringed cabochon. This is a very new model, rich and dignified in effect. It is made in the darkest shades of the rich colors which characterize this season's millinery.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

PLANNED FOR THE AFTERNOON



Plain amethyst delaine is used for this very effective dress. The skirt just escapes the ground all round, and has a tunic stimulated by a band of soft silk embroidery about five inches wide, sewn on by the upper edge only. The sides of the bodice are cut Magyar, and open in front to show a vest that is of finely tucked net at the top, and the material from bust to waist; lace insertion trims the lower edge of net, and embroidery the top of material. The waterfall revers are trimmed with embroid-

ery; the trimming at back is arranged to form a deep V, that is filled in to match the vest.

Materials required: Five yards 44 inches wide, embroidery for trimming, 1/2 yard tucked net.

LITTLE POINTS TO REMEMBER

Matters of Etiquette That Never Should Be Absent From the Memory.

When the luncheon guests are ladies exclusively the hostess leads the way to the dining room, where places are chosen at will or are fixed by dainty plate favors with the names inscribed on one side.

Many hostesses prepare for an informal musical and literary program following luncheon.

The hostess driving with another woman in a closed carriage allows her guest to take the choice of seats by giving her precedence in entering the carriage.

Only the most delicate scent is allowed on a lady's stationery, and it is better to dispense with perfumery in this line altogether. If used a sachet is introduced into the box in which the stationery is kept, the scent being the same as that affected by the owner.

Black borders of equal width on stationery cards are used by the widow as long as she wears mourning.

Postal cards are only proper for announcing meetings or the most important personal messages.

White Serge for Winter.

For early winter wear white suits of cloth, corduroy or heavy ribbed serge are very smart. The coats are cut on Empire lines, with a seam just above the waist line, and immense revers and large flap pockets give the suit a youthful appearance. To be worn with one of these smart suits, recently ordered for a miss of fifteen, a large soft hat of white silk beaver, with a fetching flat tailored bow of Persian lamb as its sole trimming, was chosen. The handsome frill of lace that finished the front of the coat was caught by another bit of Persian lamb.

Canada at the Chicago Land Show

WILL MAKE A MAGNIFICENT EXHIBIT OF GRAINS AND GRASSES, VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.

A carload of grain in straw, grasses and other of the products of Western Canada arrived at Chicago the other day, and is now installed in the Coliseum, where the United States land and irrigation exposition is under way. Those who are interested in the "Back to the land movement" will find in the Canadian exhibit one of the best displays of the agricultural products of Western Canada that has ever been made. There are representative men there, who will be pleased to give the fullest information regarding the country.

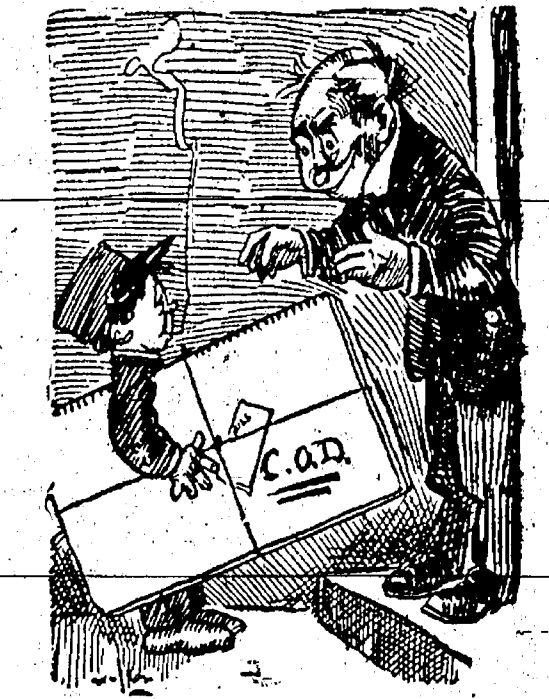
The exhibit, shows what can be done on the tree-grant lands of that country and most of the grain was produced on the farms of former residents of the United States who have taken advantage of the homestead lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The vegetable exhibit will attract a great deal of attention, and some marvelous potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage and cauliflower are shown.

It is true that the homestead area is being rapidly taken up and the bulk of that now to be had lies north of the Saskatchewan river in a portion of the country known as the park country. Here there is a large quantity of open prairie interspersed by beautiful groves of poplar and willow. Water is in abundance, hay is plentiful and consequently fodder for animals is right at hand. Those who have taken advantage of farming in these districts and watched the efforts of those in the prairie proper feel that they have the advantage of their brother, who is not able to secure fuel and the other conveniences of the park district on his own farm.

The crop conditions throughout Western Canada the past year have been generally good, and some wonderful crop yields of wheat, oats and barley are recorded. The Canadian Government, under whose auspices the exhibit spoken of is being made, is preparing reports on crops in the different Western Canada districts, and while these will not be ready for distribution at the land show commencing on the 18th of November and closing on Dec. 8th, application made to the Canadian Government agent nearest you will bring them to you as soon as they are published.

COLLECT ON DELIVERY.



Jack Harduppe—Ah! Brought that suit, have you? Well, I can't pay you now. I'll write your employer a letter.

Errand Boy—N. G., boss. I bought three letters with that suit and they is C. O. D.

Incurable.

"You say you are your wife's third husband?" said one man to another during a talk.

"No, I am her fourth husband," was the reply.

"Heavens, man!" said the first speaker. "You are not a husband—you're a habit."

A "Teaser" For Jaded Appetites—Post Toasties

with cream or preserved fruit.

Ready to serve instantly—just open the box and enjoy an extra good dish—Convenient, crisp, delicious, wholesome.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers

Made at the POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Pure Food Factories, Battle Creek, Mich.



# SERIAL STORY

## THE GIRL from HIS TOWN

By MARIE VAN VORST  
Illustrations by M. G. KETNER

(Copyright, 1916, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

### SYNOPSIS.

Dan Blair, the 22-year-old son of the fifty-million-dollar copper king of Blairtown, Mont., is a guest at the English home of Lady Galorey. Dan's father had been courteous to Lord Galorey during his visit to the United States and the courtesy is now being returned to the young man. He meets an ideal girl in his mind. The youth is Lily, Duchess of Breakwater, a beautiful widow, who is attracted by his immense fortune.

### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Only Lady Galorey hesitated, disappointed. "Too bad—I had specially arranged for Lady Grandcourt to drive over with Eileen. I thought it would be a ripping chance for her to see Dan."

When at length the duchess had succeeded in getting Dan to herself toward the end of the day in the red room, after tea, she said:

"So you won't marry a London beauty?"

And rather coldly Dan had answered:

"Why, you talk, all of you, as if I had only to ask any girl of them, and she would jump down my throat."

"Don't try it," the duchess answered, "unless you want to have your mouth full!"

Dan did not reply for a second, but he looked at her more seriously, conscious of her grace and her good looks. She was certainly better to look at than the simple girls with their big hands, small wits, long faces and, as the boy expressed it, "utter lack of get-up." The duchess shone out to advantage.

"Why don't you talk to me?" she asked softly. "You know you would rather talk to me than the others."

"Yes," he said frankly; "they make me nervous."

"And I don't?"

"No," he said. "I learn a lot every time we are together."

"Learn?" she repeated, not particularly flattered by this. "What sort of things?"

"Oh, about the whole business," he returned vaguely. "You know what I mean."

"Then," she said with a slight laugh, "you mean to say you talk to me for educational purposes? What a beastly bore!"

Dan did not contradict her. She was by no means Evid to him, nor was he the raw recruit his simplicity might give one to think. He had had his temptations and his way out of them was an easy one; for he was very slow to stir, and back of all was his ideal. The reality and power of this ideal Dan knew best at moments like these. But the Duchess of Breakwater was the most lovely woman—the most dangerous woman that had come his way. He liked her—Dan was well on the way to love.

The two were alone in the big dark room. At their side the small table, from which they had taken their tea together, stood with its empty cups and its silver. Without, the day was cold and windy, and the sunset threw along the panes a red reflection. The light fell on the Duchess of Breakwater, something like a veil—a crimson veil slipped over her face and breast. She leaned toward Dan, and between them there was no more barrier than the western light. He felt his pulses beat and a tide rising within him. She was a delicious emanation, fragrant and near, and as he might have gathered a cluster of flowers, so in the next second he would have taken her in his arms, but from the other room just then Lady Galorey, at the piano, played a snatch from Mandalay, striking at once into the tune. The sound came suddenly, told them quickly some one was near, and the Duchess of Breakwater involuntarily moved back, and so knocked the small tray, jostled it, and it fell clattering to the floor.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Blairtown Solist.

Blairtown had a population of some eight thousand. There was a Presbyterian church to which Dan and his father went regularly, sitting in the bare pew when the winter storms beat and rattled on the panes, or in the summer sunshine, when the smell of the pews and the panama fans and the hymn books came strong to them through the heat.

One day there was a missionary sermon, and for the first time in its history, a girl sang a solo in the First Presbyterian church. Dan Blair heard it, looked up, and it made a mark in his life. A girl in a white dress trimmed with blue gentians, white cotton gloves, and golden hair, was the

solist. He knew her, that is, he had a nodding acquaintance with her. It was the girl at the drug store who sold soda water, and he had asked her some hundreds of times for a "vanilla or a chocolate," but it wasn't this vulgar memory that made the little boy listen. It was the girl's voice. Standing back of the yellow-painted rail, above the minister's pulpit, above the flies, the red pews and the panama fans, she sang, and she sang into Dan Blair's soul. To speak more truly, she made him a soul in that moment. She awakened the boy; his collar felt tight, his cheeks grew hot. He felt his new boots, too, hard and heavy. She made him want to cry. These were the physical sensations—the material part of the awakening. The rest went on deeply inside of Dan. She broke his heart; then she healed it. She made him want to cry like a girl; then she wiped his tears.

The little boy settled back and grew more comfortable and listened, and what she sang was:

"From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral straits—  
Before the hymn reached its end he was a calm boy again, and the hymn took up its pictures and became like an illustrated book of travels, and he wanted to see those pea-green peaks of Greenland, to float upon the icebergs to them, and see the dawn break on the polar seas as the explorers do."

He should find the north pole some day! Then he wanted to go to an African jungle, where the tiger, "tiger shining bright," should flash his stripes before his eyes! Dan would gather wreaths of coral from the straits and give them to the girl with the yellow hair. When he and his father came out together from the church, Dan chose the street that passed the soda-fountain drug-store, and behind the counter the drug clerk mixed them from that time ever afterward—for the girl with the yellow hair never showed up in Blairtown again. She went away!

### CHAPTER IV.

#### In the Coral Room.

"Mandalay" had run at the Galety the season before and again opened the autumn season. Light and charming, thoroughly musical, it had toured successfully through Europe, but London was its home, and its popularity was chiefly owing to the girl who had starred in it—Lety Lane. Her face was on every postal card, hand bill,

not taken into consideration by any of them. No one had treated him like a jocular. He had gone neck to neck with their pace as far as he liked, furnished them fresh amusement, and been their diversion. In all his rare unspelled youth, Blair had been suddenly dropped down in an effete set that had whirled about him, and one by one out of the inner circle had called him to join them; and one by one with all of them Dan had whirled.

Lord Galorey had talked, to him frankly, as plainly as if Dan had been his own father, and found much of the old man's common sense in his fine blond head. Lady Galorey had come to him in a moment of great anxiety, and no one but her young guest knew how badly she needed help. He had further made it known to the lady that he was not in the marriage market; that she should not have him for any of her girls. And as for the Duchess of Breakwater, well—he had whirled with her until his head swam. He had grown years older at the Park in the few weeks of his visit, but now for the first time, as the music of "Mandalay" struck upon his ears, like a ripple of distant seas, he felt like the boy who had left Blairtown to come abroad. He had spent the most part of the day in London with a man who had come over to see him from America. Dan attended to his business affairs, and the people who knew said that he had a keen head. Mr. Joshua Ruggles, his father's best friend, whom Dan this afternoon had left to go to his room at the Carlton, had put his arm with affection through the boy's.

"Don't look as though it were any too healthy down to the place you're visiting at, Dan. Plumbing all right?"

And the boy, flushing slightly, had said: "Don't you fret, Josh, I'll look after my health, all right."

"There's nothing like mountain air," returned the westerner. "These old fogs stick in my nostrils; feel as though I could smell London clean down to my feet!"

From the corner of the box Dan looked hard at the stage, at the fresh brilliant costumes and the lovely chorists.

"Gosh," he thought to himself, "they are the prettiest ever! Dove-gray, eyes of Irish blue, mouths like roses!"

Leaning forward a little toward the duchess he whispered: "There isn't one who isn't a winner. I never struck such a box of dry goods!"

The duchess smiled on Dan with good humor. His naive pleasure was

delightful. It was like taking a child to a pantomime. She was wearing his flowers and displaying a jewel that he had found and bought for her, and which she had not hesitated to accept. She watched his eager face and his pleasure unaffected and keen. She could not believe that this young man was master of ten million pounds.

When Lety Lane appeared Blair heard a light rustle like rain through the auditorium, a murmur, and the house rose. There was a well-bred calling from the stalls, a call from the pit, and generous applause—"Lety Lane—Lety Lane!" and as though she were royalty, there was a fluttering of handkerchiefs like flags. The young fellow with the others stood in the back of the box, his hands in his pockets, looking at the stage. There wasn't a girl in the chorus as pretty as this prima donna! Lety Lane came on in "Mandalay" in the first act in the dress of a fashionable princess. She was modish and worldly. For the only time in the play she was modern and conventional, and whatever breeding she might have been able to claim, from whatever class she was born, as she stood there in her beautiful gown she was grace itself, and charm. She was distinctly a star, and showed her appreciation of her audience's admiration.

On landing at Plymouth Dan had been keen to feel that he was really stepping into the world, and at Osden Park he had been daily, hourly "seeing life." The youngest of the household, his youth nevertheless was

cosmetic box and even popular drinks were named for her.

The night of the Osden box party was the reopening of "Mandalay," and the curtain went up after the overture to an outburst of applause. Dan Blair had never "crossed the pond" before this memorable visit, when he had gone straight out to Osden Park, London theaters and London itself, indeed, were unexplored by him. He had seen what there was to be seen of the opera bouffe in his own country, but the brilliant, perfect performance of a company at the London Galety he had yet to enjoy.

The opening scene of "Mandalay" is oriental; the burst of music and the tinkling of the silvery temple bells and the effect of an extremely blue sea, made Dan "sit up," as he put it. The theatrical picture was so perfect that he lifted his head, pushed his chair back to enjoy. He was thus close to the duchess. With invigorating young enthusiasm the boy drew in his breath and waited to be amused and to hear. The tunes he already knew before the orchestra began to charm his ear.

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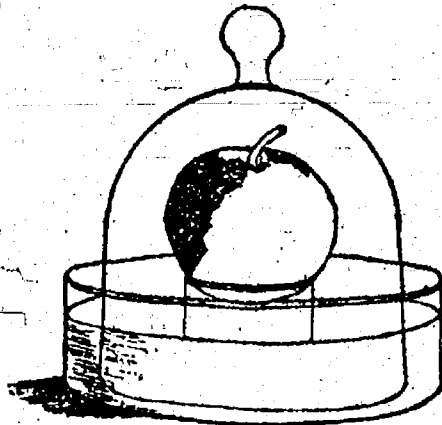
## PROPER HANDLING OF APPLE CROP AFTER IT HAS BEEN PICKED

Respiration of Fruit After Taken From Tree Bears Important Relation to Their Keeping Qualities—Keep About Twice as Long in Cold Storage as in Ordinary Cellar.

(By F. W. MORSE, New Hampshire.)  
The respiration of animals is a well known action and the necessity for it in the living creature is fully appreciated.

The fact that plants and parts of plants must also breathe is not so commonly understood. Yet all living cells, whether a part of animal matter or vegetable matter, must have oxygen to keep them alive and they give up carbon dioxide and water as a result of the action of the oxygen on some of their contents. Parts of plants when cut off from the main stem do not die at once, and must continue to breathe. This is true, whether the severed part is a leafy branch, a fruit or a root; but some parts live much longer after removal than others, and the apple continues to breathe for many weeks after it has been picked from the tree.

The chief products of respiration are the same in plants as in animals, namely, carbon dioxide (commonly called carbonic acid) and water. These products can be easily shown by placing one or more apples in a glass jar and covering it tightly. In a few hours a dewy film will cover the inner surface of the jar, that in time will collect into drops which will trickle to the bottom. On opening the jar, a little clear lime-water may be poured into it without touching the fruit, and



Testing an Apple.

the lime-water will be seen to turn milky, just as it will if an animal's breath is forced through it.

The taking up of oxygen from the air can also be readily shown by the following interesting experiment.

In a large basin partially filled with water set a small support on which is placed an apple and a small open dish containing a solution of caustic soda or potash. The apple should not touch the water nor the caustic solution. Cover the support and its contents by a large bell glass or wide jar with its mouth wholly in the water.

## AUTUMN SOWN RYE VALUABLE

Crop is Hardy and Produces an Immense Bulk of Material Before Other Grasses are Grown.

(By W. R. GILBERT.)  
Rye is not grown on every farm, but those who have proved its value as a bulky, succulent green food that is available in the spring before the grass grows, treat it as an indispensable and valuable crop.

Those who do not grow it can have an idea of this. In the spring time when they are lamenting the absence of new grass, resolutions are often made to grow some the succeeding year, but when the time arrives to sow the crop the good intentions are forgotten and nothing is done.

Then when the time comes around again, as it always does, much regret is felt that provision was not made to meet it with a good supply of rye.

I would remind all that rye should now be sown and assert that it is most dependable.

It is hardy, always grows, produces an immense bulk of material long before any kind of grass affords

Now as the apple breathes in the oxygen of the air, and breathes out carbonic acid, the latter will be absorbed by the caustic solution while water will rise in the jar to fill the space made vacant by the removal of the oxygen. Finally the water will fill about one-fifth of the air space originally present and remain stationary, because the oxygen is all used.

Respiration, whether in animals or in plants, causes a destruction of matter in the cells much like the destruction of wood in a stove, and the rate at which this destruction goes on can be measured by determining the amount of carbonic acid that is breathed out in a given length of time.

Fruit, after having been picked from the tree is in the condition of a starving animal. Its cells still keep up respiration with nothing in the way of food to make good the losses produced by the action. Since apples and other fruits have no body heat to maintain, the breathing process is not so active as in animals, and they may last months after being picked from the tree. Yet there is a steady, continuous loss in weight as the weeks go by, although the fruit is sound and firm.

Respiration is partly a chemical reaction, and in apples, like most chemical solutions in the laboratory, it grows more rapid as the fruit becomes warmer, and slowed down when the fruit is cooled.

It is frequently the case that warm days with temperatures of 70 degrees occur late in the fall, and sometimes continue for a considerable period. Fancy apples intended for long keeping in cold storage should be cooled as soon as possible and kept cool. The breathing process is at the expense of cell contents and must weaken the keeping qualities as it goes on. And this destructive action is from four to six times as fast out of cold storage as inside it.

Another fact in connection with the respiration is important. It is not stopped in cold storage, but simply slowed. Apples cannot be kept indefinitely, but kept about twice as long in cold storage as in a cool cellar.

### Draft Horses.

A good horseman never trots a draft horse, even when he has no load. That is not what they are for. Some degree of speed is desirable, however, even in a drafter, and the fast walk is not only the proper thing, but the only speeding to which a heavy draft horse should be permitted.

a bite and the stock relish it greatly. This includes cows in milk, mares suckling foals, sheep with lambs, and store stock, too, if sufficient is grown to allow them some.

It should not be sown in bleak prominence where it will have to contend with cutting winds. The more sheltered spots or fields are better adapted for its development in the hinders weathers of early spring.

It may follow after corn or potatoes. It is only a temporary crop and will be consumed and cleared off in time to admit of roots being sown in the early summer. Making such quick and profuse growth it requires rich soil, but not to excess, as this would produce growth of a soft and too perishable nature.

Field after field of it need not be grown. A few acres, from two to half a dozen, according to demand, will yield a big supply. About three bushel of seed should be sown per acre. I much prefer to drill it, like grain, to sowing it broadcast.

Birds and pigeons are very fond of the seed and if sown broadcast much of it will be eaten, but when drilled, most of it is left alone.

There is a great demand for it by the cow keepers and those who have become acquainted with its disposal in this fashion never fail to have a large supply.

## Prejudice Is a Serious Menace

Prejudice is a hard thing to overcome, but where health is at stake and the opinion of thousands of reliable people differs from yours, prejudice then becomes your menace and you ought to lay it aside. This is said in the interest of people suffering from chronic constipation, and it is worthy of their attention.

In the opinion of legions of reliable American people the most stubborn constipation imaginable can be cured by a brief use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. You may not have heard of it before, but do not doubt its merits on that account, because it has not been blatantly advertised. It has sold very successfully on word of mouth recommendation. Parents are giving it to their children, today who were given it by their parents, and it has been truthfully said that more druggists use it personally in their families than any other laxative.

Letters recently received from Mr. Chas. Linton, Bloomington, Mich., and Mrs. E. Warren, East Aze., Mich., are but a few of thousands attesting the esteem in which Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is held. It is mild, gentle, non-gripping, not violent, like salt or cathartics, cures gradually and pleasantly so that in time nature again does its own work without outside aid. Constipated people owe it to themselves to use this grand bowel specific.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way can do so by ordering a trial bottle or one dollar "large bottle" (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

Business Instinct Strong.  
A photographer tells as a joke on himself that a woman, accompanied by a little boy, came into his studio the other day. "I want my pickercher took," she said. "I see that you take pickerchers for four dollars a dozen this week, so I come for mine. And I want this little boy took in the same pickercher with me." "Yes, madam—but, of course, we made an extra charge outside this special rate when two pictures are taken at once." "Oh," says the lady, "but I'll keep the boy in my lap. That's the way I do in the street cars, and nobody ever says anything."

Physician Advises CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Four years ago I had places break out on my wrist and on my shin which would itch and burn by spells, and scratching them would not seem to give any relief. When the trouble first began, my wrist and shin itched like poison. I would scratch those places until they would bleed before I could get any relief. Afterwards the places would scale over, and the flesh underneath would look red and feverish. Sometimes it would begin to itch until it would waken me from my sleep, and I would have to go through the scratching ordeal again.

Our physician pronounced it "dry eczema." I used an ointment which the doctor gave me, but it did no good. Then he advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. As this trouble has been in our family for years, and is considered hereditary, I felt anxious to try to head it off. I got the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, and they seemed to be just what I needed.

"The disease was making great headway on my system until I got the Cuticura Remedies which have cleared my skin of the great pest. From the time the eczema heated four years ago, until now, I have never felt any of its pest, and I am thankful to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment which certainly cured me. I always use the Cuticura Soap for toilet, and I hope other sufferers from skin diseases will use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment."

(Signed) Irven Hutchison, Three Rivers, Mich., Mar. 16, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 17 K, Boston.

His Honor Unimpaired.  
"No," said the old shoemaker, sternly, "I will not do it. Never have I sold anything by false representations, and I will not begin now."

For a moment he was silent, and the shopman who stood before him could see that the better nature of his employer was fighting strongly for the right.

"No," said the old man again, "I will not do it. It is an inferior grade of shoe, and I will never pass it off as anything better. So just mark it 'A shoe fit for a queen,' and put it in the window. A queen, you know, does not have to do much walking."

IT WEARS YOU OUT.  
Kidney Troubles Lower the Vitality of the Whole Body.

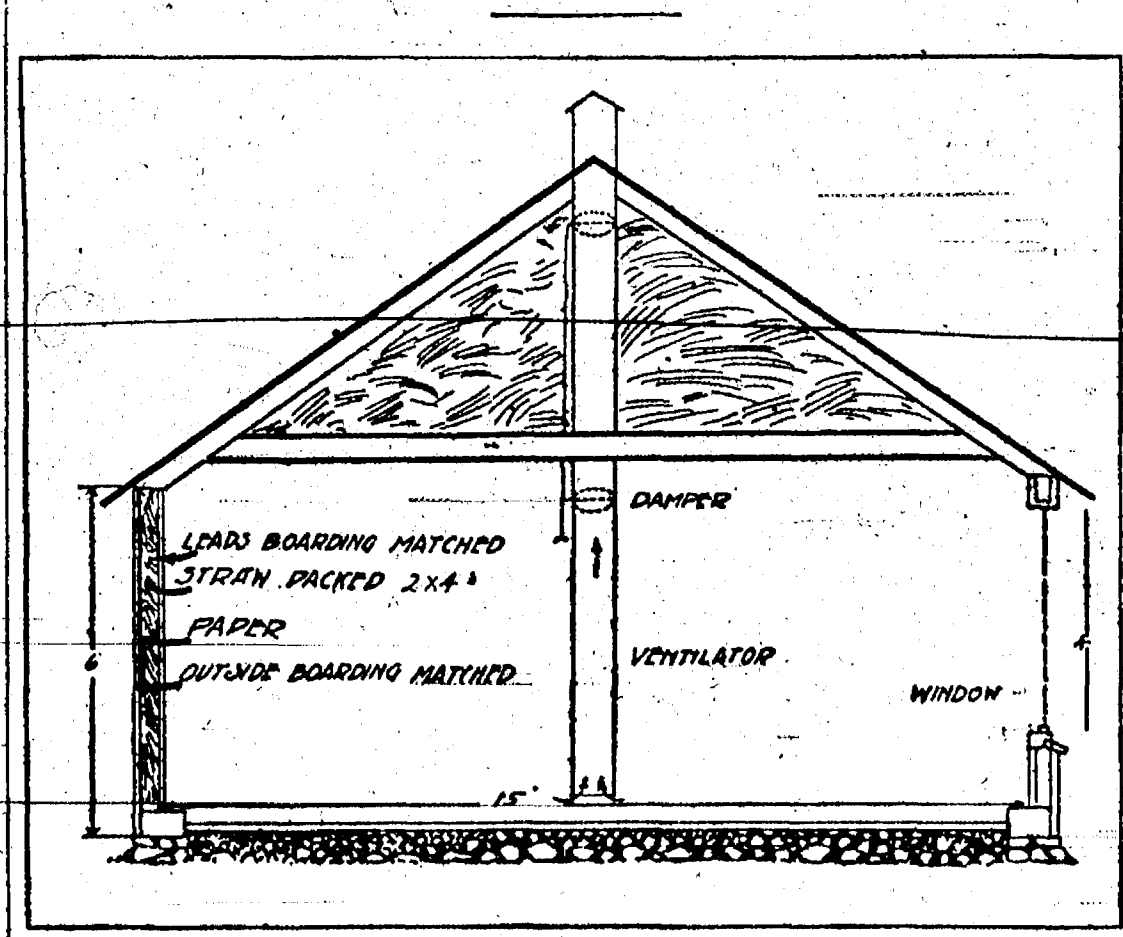
Don't wait for serious kidney illness; begin using Doan's Kidney Pills when you first feel backache or notice urinary disorders. David P. Corey, 236 W. Washington St., Ionia, Mich., says:

"I had kidney trouble so badly, that for six months I could only get around with a cane or crutches. The backache grew gradually worse until I was compelled to take to my bed. While still in bed, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and gradually improved until well."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c. all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

One of the Accessories.  
Quiet Spoken Customer—You keep everything for the piano, don't you?  
Salesman—Yes, sir. We do, sir.  
Quiet Spoken Customer—Give me an ax!—Puck.

## VENTILATION OF POULTRY HOUSE



In the colder months when the inside temperature is higher than that outside, the renewal of air can be effected by a central shaft leading up to the roof and openings at the side by which cold air may enter.



**Christmas Customs.**



It is interesting to trace the origin of festival customs to those connected with Druidical superstitions of classic observances, and it will surprise many to learn that present-day sports very closely resemble the celebrations observed of old in honor of Saturn or Bacchus.

The Roman Saturnalia, which occurred in the winter solstice, were a season of great festivity and rejoicing, honored by many privileges and exemptions. The spirit of gaiety had free charter, and even quarrels were suspended, to be resumed after the holidays.

As a manifestation of the gratitude felt at the renewed prospects of the returning march of the sun, gifts were exchanged and special hymns were sung. These latter were really the Roman representatives of the modern carol.

At the Saturnalia the Roman feasted, sang and danced, as we do at Christmas. A ruler or king was appointed, who enjoyed certain prerogatives. He presided over the sports of the season. Probably he is the ancestor of the lord of misrule, who exercised a similar power in more recent times.

Merriment was a matter of general concern, and the joyous spirit of entire districts is now narrowed to family parties.

It is the touch that makes the whole world kin, and it is a pleasant reminder that, after all, history repeats itself.

**Not Blessed.**

The presents you forget to give to others who don't forget to give to you are not so blessed.

**First Methodist Episcopal Church**

Rev. T. Porter Bennett, Pastor.  
10:30 "Master is He?" will be the subject that the pastor will take for his morning service. All are cordially invited.  
11:45 Sunday School. Although last Sunday was stormy there were over 140 present. It was a great decision day service. This school is planning for Christmas exercises.

6:00 Epworth League. Maggie Pickard, leader.

7:00 "A Warning and the Knell of a Lost Soul," will be the subject for the Evangelistic service in the evening. Do not fail to be present at this closing evening of these special services, which have been so successful. Good singing, a loyal united people with a hearty welcome to all.

Rev. W. P. Kendrick, the new District Superintendent, will preach next Thursday night at 7:30. The Quarterly Conference will be held at the close of the service. Let us plan and attend this service and give him a hearty welcome.

**SICKLY CHILD**

**Made Well By Vinol—Letters from a Grateful Mother**

New Haven, Conn.—"My little girl, ever since her birth, was frail and sickly, and nothing seemed to do her any good until we tried your cod liver and iron tonic, Vinol. As soon as she commenced to take it, I noticed an improvement in her health and appearance. She has now taken three bottles of Vinol, and from the good it has done her I can say it will do all you claim for it in building up and strengthening frail and delicate children." (Name furnished on request.)

Another mother, of Chicago, Ill., writes: "I can not say too much in praise of Vinol for delicate, ailing children."

We ask every mother of a frail, sickly or ailing child in this vicinity to try Vinol on our agreement to return their money if it does not do all we claim.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

**CAUSE OF CANCER IN CHINA**

**Eating of Steaming Hot Food Responsible for Prevalence of Disease Among Men.**

In China, when a native family sits down to dine, the men of the household and the male guests, if there be any, are served first. Their food comes to them steaming hot. The women must wait until later to be served, and by that time the food has grown cooler. The men commence to eat immediately the dishes of steaming hot food are set before them. Rice, cow peas and other things are boiled hot. The women have to be satisfied with only lukewarm dishes.

So much for etiquette. Now for the consequences. In China cancer of the oesophagus, or throat, is common among men. Among Chinese women the disease is very rare; practically unknown.

All of this, and more, was reported by Dr. E. D. Bashford at the recent annual meeting of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund held in London. He said, in referring to the alarming inroads made by cancer among Chinese men, that the frequency of the disease would be diminished if such practices as the eating of very hot rice were discontinued. The rice the women eat is cool and non-irritating, and they rarely contract cancer.

**Little Mandy's Christmas Tree**  
by **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**



Little Mandy and her Ma 's poorest folks you ever saw!  
Lived in poorest house in town,  
Where the fence 'uz all tore down.

And no front-door steps at all—  
Ist a' old box 'g'inst the wall;  
And no door-knob on the door  
Outside,—My! but they 'uz poor!

Wuz no winder-shutters on,  
And some of the-winders gone,  
And where they 'uz broke they'd pas'  
Ist brown paper 'crast the place,

Tell you! when it's winter there,  
And the snow ist ever where,  
Little Mandy's Ma she say  
'Spec' they'll freeze to death some day.

Wunst my Ma and Me—when we  
Be'n to church, and's goin' to be  
Chris'mas purty soon,—we went  
There—like the Committee sent.

And Sir! When we're in the door,  
Wuz no carpet on the floor,  
And no fire—and heels—and head  
Little Mandy's tucked in bed.

And her Ma telled my Ma she  
Got no coffee but ist tea,  
And tried mush—and's all they had  
Sense her health broke down so bad.

Nen Ma hug and hold me where  
Little Mandy's layin' there;  
And she kiss her, too, and nen  
Mandy kiss my Ma again.

And my Ma she telled her we  
Goin' to have a Chris'mus-Tree  
At the Sunday School, 'at's fer  
All the children, and fer her.

Little Mandy think—nen she say,  
'What is a Chris'mus-Tree?'  
Nen my Ma she gived her Ma  
Somepin' 'at I saw.

And say she must take it,—  
She ist maked her keep her hand  
Wite close shut, and nen she kiss  
Her hand—shut ist like it is.

Nen we comed away—and nar  
When ist Chris'mus Eye again,  
And all of us childrens be  
At the Church and Chris'mus-Tree—

And all git our toys and things  
'At old Santy Claus he brings  
And puts on the Tree,—wite where  
The big Tree 'us standin' there,

And the things 'uz all tooked down,  
And the childrens, all in town,  
Got their presents—nen we see  
They's a little Chris'mus-Tree.

Wite behind the big Tree—so  
We can't see till nen, you know,—  
And it's all ist loaded down  
With the purtiest things in town!

And the teacher smile and say:  
'This here Tree 'at's hid away  
It's marked 'Little Mandy's Tree!'  
Little M a n d y!  
Where is she?'  
Nen nobody say a word.  
Stillest place you ever heard!  
Till a man tiptoe up where  
Teachers' still a-waiting there.

Nen the man he whispers, so  
Ist the Teacher hears, you know,  
Nen he tiptoe back and go  
Out the big door—ist as slow!

Little Mandy, though she don't  
Answer—and Ma say "she won't  
Never, though each year they'll be  
'Little Mandy's Chris'mus-Tree!'

For pore children"—my Ma says—  
And Committee say they guess  
'Little Mandy's Tree' 'll be  
Bigger than the other Tree!

(Copyright, by Hobbs-Merrill Co.)

**CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD**

G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1911.

**GENERAL ENROLLMENT**

**Is Provided For by Primary Law on Last Saturday in January.**

County Clerk Barton has received from the secretary of state a supply of enrollment books and copies of the 1909 primary election law as amended by the 1911 legislation.

The sections amended are: Sections 2, 4, 6, 8, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 27, 28, 31, 33, 37, 41, 42, 43, 44, 55 and 57.

Section 4 provides that "It shall be necessary for all electors to become enrolled under authority of this act and no elector shall be deemed a qualified enrolled elector who has been enrolled under any prior act subsequent to the date this act takes effect."

The provisions of this section are important because a general enrollment is required. The voters of the various political parties shall be afforded an opportunity to become enrolled voters of the particular political party with which they are affiliated on the last Saturday in January of each year, and on the first Monday of April preceding the August primary election.

Enrollment boards are required to furnish a duplicate copy of names enrolled to the county clerk and also one copy to the secretary of state within ten days after any party enrollment.

Enrollment of Women.  
Act No. 169, Public Acts of 1911, reads as follows:

The people of the state of Michigan enact:

Section 1. Women who are entitled to vote at school elections shall be entitled to enroll at the same times and places and in the same manner, as near as may be, in which male electors are enrolled. The proper election officers shall cause to be prepared and furnished separate enrollment books for the enrollment of such women voters. Such women voters shall be enrolled in such separate books and their full names. Where candidates for school officers are to be nominated at such primary election, separate ballots containing the names of candidates for school officers shall be prepared for the use of the voters, and women who are enrolled in accordance with this act shall have the right to vote for candidates for school officers at such primary election. The results of such primary elections shall be certified by the proper boards of canvassers to the proper officials within ten days after such primary election. The provisions of Act number two hundred eighty-one (281) of the Public Acts of 1909 are hereby made applicable, except as the contrary may be herein expressed.

**Wilson**

Mrs. Earle Batterbee was quite ill the first of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright C. Burdick have gone South for the winter months.

Mrs. Ottilie Warden is stopping at Roscoe Smith's in South Arm township at present.

A party of young people from Boyne City spent a pleasant evening at A. K. Nowland's last Saturday night.

Mr. Glenn Johnston who has been visiting at Frank Smith's, the past week returned to Grand Rapids Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jaquays started last Monday for Kalamazoo to attend the meeting of the Michigan State Grange, which convenes in that city this week.

James Davis and Walter Saunders who have been working near Red Wing Minnesota for several months, returned home one day last week.

At the regular meeting of Wilson Grange last Saturday evening the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Master, Geo. Jaquays,  
Overseer, Luther Brintnall,  
Steward, Albert Todd,  
Asst. Steward, Herbert Holland,  
Gate Keeper, Lynn Van Steenorg,  
Lecturer, Lottie Todd,  
Chaplain, Lavinta Brintnall,  
Treas., S. R. Nowland,  
Sec., Leon Frost,  
Lady Asst. Steward, Emma Todd,  
Organist, Grace Hamlin,  
Business Agent, E. S. Brintnall.

If they ever had time, telephone girls would make great anglers; they have most of the patience the fisherman didn't take with them.

**THEN THEY WERE MARRIED**

**Millionaire Produces Morocco Case That Has Startling Effect on Chorus Girls' Hearing.**

"It isn't true that every beautiful chorus girl is mercenary," said George M. Cohan, the brilliant young actor-playwright of New York; "but it is certainly true that some chorus girls are."

"I know an aged millionaire who laid his heart at the feet of one of the most beautiful chorus girls who ever trod the Great White Way. But the girl received those protestations of devotion coldly.

"Are you deaf to my suit?" the poor old fellow groaned.

"Yes, I am," said the chorus girl, and she laughed coldly.

"Then the millionaire took from the pocket of his frock coat a black morocco case. He sprung the gold clasp; the lid flew back; within, on a bed of black satin, glittered a necklace of huge diamonds. The chorus girl gave a little, breathless cry. The necklace seemed alive. It seemed, on its black satin bed, a thing of pure fire that writhed and glowed and trembled, continually emitting the clearest rays.

"Are you still deaf?" asked the millionaire.

"Ah, no," sighed the chorus girl.

"Ah, no; I am not stone deaf."

**MOTHERCRAFT TO BE TAUGHT**

School in New York Will Give Prenatal and Postnatal Instruction to Mothers.

Miss Mary I. Read has been chosen as director of the motherhood school which is soon to be opened in New York city. The name of the institution is the New York School of Mothercraft. It is to be on the West Side. Besides classes and lectures at the school there will be prenatal and postnatal instruction for mothers in their homes. There will be a selected library and public reading room and a public information bureau for problems relating to the family, marriage and eugenics as well as the care and training of children in the home. The school is to be worked in co-operation with well-known physicians, educators, sociologists, club women and mothers. Miss Read is a graduate of Teachers college, Columbia university, and spent some time as a special student in Clark university and the University of Chicago. She was the organizer of the home committee's exhibit in the New York Child Welfare exhibit, held last winter.

**Famous Bride's Petticoat.**

A cambric petticoat, yellow with age and trimmed in fine crocheted edging and insertion, holds the record of having been 55 years in one family and of having served 18 brides as the "something old" which every maid must wear to the nuptial altar. This petticoat was made 56 years ago by Nancy Emma Stroud of Atlanta, Ga., who wore it to the altar when she became the bride of Aaron Nunnally of the same city. Even before forming part of her nuptial attire it was famous, for Mrs. Nunnally made it when she was a pupil of the Baptist college in Madison, Ga., and it took the prize not only for the exquisite needlework, but also for the fine and excellent quality of the hand-made lace. Less than a year afterward a younger sister was married and the petticoat was loaned. Sixteen other brides have worn the Stroud petticoat and it has been sent recently to form part of the bridal finery of Mrs. Stroud's granddaughter, Miss Rose Belle Hines of McKinney, Tex.

**Knighthood for Women.**

It is not at all well known that knighthood has constantly been conferred upon women. Many English ladies received the accolade and many more were members of such knightly orders as the Garter and St. John. When Mary Choinmoledey, "the hold lady of Chesire," was knighted by Elizabeth for "her valiant address" on the queen taking the command at the threatened invasion by Spain, did she know that a whole city of Spanish women, the gallant women of Tortosa, had been knighted for saving that city from the Moors? Mary and Elizabeth had both been knighted at their coronation; but by the time Anne, the second Mary, and Victoria ascended the throne it had been quite forgotten that according to English law and use a woman who filled a man's office acquired all its privileges and was immune from none of its duties.

**Partridge Berries.**

"One of the most satisfactory ornaments for the center of your dinner table is a glass jar or bowl filled with the growing plant of the partridge berry," said a New Yorker who just has returned from a visit to her former Vermont home. "The bright red of the berry against the green moss and the green foliage of the plant is always attractive and looks cheerful. A bowl of these berries on their delicate vines, carefully planted in well moistened moss and kept covered, will last all winter and need no further attention. The partridge berry is native to both Vermont and New York. Keep this in mind during your next ramble in the woods."

**Why They Killed the Calf.**

The prodigal son was coming up the road.  
"Hurry and killed the fatted calf!" said his father. "You remember that the boy always was fond of chicken potpie."—Judge.

**THE CYCLING REIDS**



A specially good attraction at Temple Theatre, Tonight.

**Special For Holidays**

Each customer who purchases Merchandise to the amount of \$1 or more at our store from now until Christmas will be given a nice premium FREE.

**The Boston Store**

**Gumption on the Farm**

There is nothing that gives a man such safe anchorage in life as a good wife.

File the crosscut saw yourself; you will thus soon save enough to buy a new saw.

Blessed be work! It gives us the chance of making strong, capable men and women of ourselves.

Draw up about the fire a little closer. Nice in here, even when the drifts are high outside.

Take the frost out of your grindstone before you grind the ax, but do it gradually, and not by using too hot water. That would injure the quality of the stone.

Don't put off till spring any outside work that can be done now. Clean up the garden, haul out manure, and when possible push the plowing before snow flies.

Keep wide paths shoveled to every out building. Help to open the roads when heavy snows drift them, whether you are called out by the path-master or not. See that the stock is sheltered from the cold every day and every night.

While waiting impatiently for the state to repair that mud-hole, wash-out or other bad place in the highway, wouldn't it be a good idea to take a few hours off and fix it yourself? If every farmer spent a few hours, occasionally, working on the road, our highways would soon show a decided improvement.

**County Normal Notes**

Wednesday afternoon the normal class was invited to visit the beet sugar factory. Most of the class had never seen a sugar factory so it was of special interest to them.

Enid Todd was called upon to teach in Miss Bon's room in the north ward, Wednesday, on account of the illness of the latter. On Thursday and Friday Lillian Randall took charge of the same room.

The normal class had their first lesson in grafting Thursday afternoon. The trees will be put in sand until later when they will be planted.

Winnie Cunningham has recovered from her illness and is back in school. It seems good to see her in her accustomed place.

The editors for this week are Myrtle Pearl and Lillian Flanders. The housekeepers are: Lila Gray and Laura Marsa, and Georgia Adams is gardener.

Some of the students have already

started their practice teaching. Myrtle Pearl teaches the third grade reading class, Lillian Flanders the chart class, and Ella Rasmussen and Georgia Adams the fourth grade language class.

**NO CAUSE TO DOUBT**

**A Statement of Facts Backed by a Strong Guarantee.**

We guarantee immediate and positive relief to all sufferers from constipation. In every case where our remedy fails to do this we will return the money paid us for it. That's a frank statement of facts, and we want you to substantiate them at our risk.

Rexall Orderlies are eaten just like candy. are particularly prompt and agreeable in action, may be taken at any time, day or night; do not cause diarrhoea, nausea, griping, excessive looseness, or other undesirable effects. They have a very mild but positive action upon the organs with which they come in contact, apparently acting as a regulative tonic upon the relaxed muscular coat of the bowel, thus overcoming weakness, and aiding to restore the bowels to more vigorous and healthy activity.

Rexall Orderlies are unsurpassable and ideal for the use of children, old folks and delicate persons. We cannot too highly recommend them to all sufferers from any form of constipation and its attendant evils. That's why we back our faith in them with our promise of money back if they do not give entire satisfaction. Three sizes: 12 tablets 10 cents, 28 tablets 24 cents and 80 tablets 50 cents. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in East Jordan only at our store, —The Rexall Store, The W. C. Spring Drug Co.

Many people are too easily discouraged, and there are others who can't be discouraged when they should be.

**Foley Kidney Pills**

Tonic in action, quick in results. Will cure any case of kidney or bladder disorder not beyond the reach of medicine. No need to say more. Hite's Drug Store.

**Frank Phillips**

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







# Christmas Legends

**A**round the season of the Coming of Love as a little child there have sprung legends and beliefs, like blossoms in a gracious clime, which testify with subtlety to the depth of the appeal of the birth of Christ. Here divinely spiritual symbolism and these sweet human tenderness and pathos appear, and, blended, they evidence the world's belief that this was both Son of Man and Son of God.

An Irish legend tells that, on Christmas eve, the Christ-child wanders out in the darkness and cold, and the peasants will put heated candles to their windows to guide the sacred little feet, that they may not stumble on their way to their homes. And in Hungary the people go yet further in their tenderness for the Child, they spread feasts and leave their doors open that He may enter at His will, while throughout Christendom there is a belief that no evil can touch any child who is born on Christmas eve.

The legend which tells how the very bay which lined the manger in which the Holy Babe was laid put forth living red blossoms at midwinter at the touch of the Babe's body could only have arisen from belief in the renewal of life through the Lord of Life.

## The Holy Thorn.

**I**T is not so many centuries ago since there was that holy thorn at Glastonbury which blossomed every Christmas, and, so ran the legend, had done ever since St. Joseph of Arimathea, having come as apostle to Britain, and, landing at Glastonbury, had stuck his staff of dry hawthorn into the soil, commanding it to put forth leaves and blossoms. This the staff straightway did, and thereby was the king converted to the Christian faith, the faith which preached life from death.

The holy thorn of Glastonbury flourished during the centuries until the civil wars. During those it was uprooted; but several persons had had trees growing from cuttings from the original tree, and those continued to bloom at the Christ-season, just as their parent, which had grown from St. Joseph's staff, had bloomed. And about the middle of the 18th century it was recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine how the famous holy thorn would not deign to recognize the new style calendar, which had then come into force but would persist in blossoming as of old on old Christmas day!

In those days the anniversary of the advent of the Babe had certainly meant more to the common people than merely a time for feasting and revelry, for giving and receiving; it had been also a season for holy observances, for they refused to go to church on New Christmas day, the holy thorn not being then in blossom. So serious became the trouble that the clergy found it prudent to announce that Old Christmas day should also be kept sacred as before. Only another story of men's weak, superstitious minds? True, perhaps; but they are better who evidence some spiritual weakness than those who wallow in the wholly material, and when we cease to be careful of the cup and the platter, we become not over careful of their contents.

## The First Christmas Rose.

**N**OTHER of those spiritual parables is the legend of the Christmas rose, and it tells how good things, fit for giving, spring up ready to the hand which earnestly desires to give to the Child. It is said that a certain maiden of Bethlehem was so poor that she had nothing to give to the Babe to whom kings brought wealth from afar, and, as she stood, longing and mourning, and angel appeared to her, saying: "Look at thy feet, beneath the snow," and lo! on obeying the maiden found that a new flower had miraculously sprung up and blossomed at her needs. Every since then, runs this story, this exquisite flower, with its snowy petals just touched by suggestions of pinkish bloom, is to be found at this season; and, indeed, its half-opened cups are like chalices of love, and its fully-spread petals are like a happy innocence, fit symbols for the gifts for the Babe of spotless innocences, whose heart was the vessel of love.

## Christmas Eve Legends.

**H**ERE are several exceedingly touching legends concerning bells, which are heard ringing from buried cities and villages at this season. One belongs to a village near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, and the story runs that once, where there is now but a valley, there was a village which, with every trace of life and habitation, had been swallowed by an earthquake; but ever since, at Christmas, the bells of the buried church are heard to ring as of old.

A similar legend is told of Preston, in Lancashire, and yet another and more moving one comes from the Netherlands. It is said that the city of Beem was notorious for its black and shameless sins, as well as renowned for its beauty and magnificence. To the Sodom of the middle ages came our Savior on one anniversary of his birth, and went as a beggar from door to door, but not one in all that Christmas keeping city gave the Master of the abundance. Sin he saw rampant on every side, but got

a trace of Christmas bounty and good will, and he called to the sea, which, as of old, obeyed his voice, and Beem, the city of sin, was buried deep, clean out of sight, beneath the waves. But ever at Christmas up from beneath the covering waters comes the sweet calling of church bells buried in Beem. It is a legend which appears to tell in parable that nothing which ever belonged to the Christ, and was dedicated to his service, is ever wholly lost from him and alienated from service; that ever and again something of their inherent beauty and compelling sweetness rises from the depths through all seeming yule.

## The Manger.

**T**RADITION declares that within the stone manger there was another one of wood, and that the stone cradle in the Chapel of the Nativity is, indeed, the outer manger. Splendid is that humble stone trough now with white marble, softly rich with costly draperies, and radiant with a silver star, which is surrounded by 16 lamps, ever alight. But yet more glorious is the wooden manger at Rome, held to be the veritable manger in which the Christ-child lay. It was removed to Rome in the seventh century, during the Mohammedan invasion of the Holy Land, and there it is preserved in a strong brazen chest, from which it is brought forth on Christmas days, when it is placed on the Grand Altar. It is mounted upon a stand of silver, which is inlaid with gold and gems, and the shrine in which it rests is of purest rock crystal. In the days in which this was accomplished men, whatsoever may have been their shortcomings in other directions, gave magnificently to the Church Visible.

## Christmas Bells.

**T**RADITION says that the hour of the Babe's birth was the hour of midnight, and legend adds that from then until dawn cocks crow. In Ireland it is held that who looks into a mirror on this eve will see the devil or Judas Iscariot looking over his shoulder, surely thought sufficient to drive the hardest soul to a thought of the innocent Babe.

Another legend tells that, on Christmas eve, Judas Iscariot is released from that hell—"his own place"—and is allowed to return to earth that he may cool himself in icy waters.

Wild and improbable although such and such legends appear on their faces, they bear study and repay it, for we then see that they are full of subtle spiritual expression, as it were; that they are parables of certain spiritual facts, and it will be ill for us should the Christmas day ever dawn on which such flowers of tender faith and wonder shall appear to us no more than dry curious specimens from the dead roots of superstition.

## What Christmas Means.

**C**hristmas means hope and its realization. The child grows eagerly expectant as the time approaches for the visit of Santa Claus. While this fiction remains unquestioned, the imagination opens new and wider worlds, and ideals become so much a part of the mind that the prosaic and commonplace can never crush them. Until the youth reaches manhood and independence, Christmas is the happiest day of the year. Its gifts and hearty good cheer impress family affection, parental thoughtfulness and brotherly love. The dullest and most irresponsible of fathers and mothers are uplifted to a vision of higher life by the interchanges of souvenirs and the merry meeting with children and grandchildren at the table and fireside. Few can escape and all enjoy the meaning of the festival, the lessons it conveys and the inspiration it gives, and we enter upon a brighter future and a fuller appreciation of the beneficence of the practice of faith, hope and charity. The loved ones who have crossed to the other side, the loved near-and-far who are still with us, the old homestead with its precious memories, the old church whose sacred associations tie together childhood, maturity and age, love, marriage and death; the schoolhouse where the beginnings of education were so painful, and the ever-increasing pleasures of the pursuit of learning through the high school, academy and college are recalled and recited, and there is exquisite delight in these oft-told tales, and new experiences even this blessed anniversary.—Lewie's Weekly.

## First Christmas Observance.

**C**hristmas gets its name from the mass celebrated in the early days of the Christian church in honor of the birth of Christ, its first solemnization having been ordered by Pope Telesphorus. This was in or before the year 138, for in that year Pope Telesphorus died.

At first Christmas was what is known as a movable feast, just as Easter is now, and owing to misunderstandings was celebrated as late as April or May. In the fourth century an ecclesiastical investigation was ordered, and upon the authority of the tables of the censors in the Roman archives December 25 was agreed upon as the date of the Savior's nativity. Tradition fixed the hour of birth at about midnight, and this led to the celebration of a midnight mass in all the churches, a second at dawn and a third in the later morning.

## JOKE OF ENGLISH JUDGE

**Found Scotsman's Case so Exceptional That He Excused Him From Jury Duty.**

Summoned to serve upon a special jury in the king's bench division, Sir George Douglas of Springwood Park, Kelso, who has a town house in Ennismore gardens, asked Mr. Justice Darling to excuse him from service on the ground that he had not occupied the latter place for a year and a half. He said he had come from Scotland in answer to the summons and wished to return at once.

Mr. Justice Darling—Have you served on juries in Scotland?

Sir George—I have never done so, but I am liable.

Mr. Justice Darling—Do you want to go back to Scotland?

Sir George—Yes.

Mr. Justice Darling—When do you want to go back?—because I thought that Scotsmen never wanted to go back to Scotland. (Laughter.)

Sir George—I want to go back immediately—tomorrow if I can.

Mr. Justice Darling—As a temptation to stay you may earn a guinea, if you care, but in the circumstances—a Scotsman wishing to return to Scotland when he might make money in England being so exceptional—I think I will excuse you. (Renewed laughter.)—Pall Mall Gazette.

## WHAT CHICKENS MUST SUFFER

**Astonishing What They Pass Through Before Reaching the Real and Ultimate Consumer.**

"If this poor chicken knew how much I was enjoying him," remarked a bright woman at a country inn not so long ago, "he would have been glad to die."

That remark might have been good for that particular chicken. He did not have far to travel until he reached his ultimate destination. His first owner brought him to the inn via his own automobile and collected for him. Then it was but a step to the frying pan.

But it is astonishing what some poor chickens have to suffer. First they are killed. Then their lean little carcasses are placed in storage, and before they reach the real and ultimate consumer they have to carry as many as a dozen profits.

As a rule it may be stated that the more profits a chicken accumulates the less he is worth. How some of them hold together long enough to reach the table is a mystery.

And the same is true with many things.

## Chicago's Way.

"I haven't tried it in New York, so I don't know how obliging they are here," remarked a Chicago man, "but in Chicago they used to take pains to reimburse patrons of gum and chocolate vending machines if the deposited cent failed to deliver."

"I had been defrauded of several pennies, and finally reported one loss to the ticket agent of the elevated road at the station the cent had been lost. He took my name and address. A few days later I received a letter, saying: "We regret to learn that you lost one cent on account of one of our machines being out of order. We are sending you herewith gum to make good your loss, and wish to assure you that we use every effort to keep the machines in perfect working order, but we cannot prevent attempts at robbing them, which occasionally damage them or put them out of order."

"It was typewritten, had been copied in a letter press, bore a cancelled two-cent stamp and contained two sticks of gum, a blotter and a return envelope."

If you can use anything in the Crockery or China line be sure to take advantage of the Sale at Mack's before Xmas.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD

because it is made of the purest and best ingredients, because it contains more healing, strengthening and up-building material than any other Emulsion, and because it is a perfect product of a scientifically perfect process.

Doctors the world over recognize

### Scott's Emulsion

as the Standard preparation of Cod Liver Oil.

ALL DRUGGISTS

# Do Your Christmas Shopping at HUBBARD'S.

Never before have we been so well equipped to supply the people with Holiday Goods. This fact applies to you Madam at this time of the year when you are planning your Holiday shopping. Carrying out our idea of serving the ladies we have been making preparations for you during the past few months. We have been to the markets and bought a fine line of Christmas goods for the Ladies and their homes. We chose only those articles that we knew were good, always with the thought of pleasing the ladies uppermost in mind. Everything is new and attractive, ready for you, and we will be glad to make your Holiday Shopping a Real pleasure.

## B. C. Hubbard & Co.

## NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE GREATEST THEATRICAL AND SHOW PAPER IN THE WORLD PUBLISHED WEEKLY, \$4.00 PER YEAR.

BEST NEWS AND BEST ARTICLES ON AVIATION BY WELL-KNOWN EXPERTS. SAMPLE COPY FREE. Address NEW YORK CLIPPER, New York, N. Y.

**Regular Habits.**

It is a good plan to have a regular time for reading. One accomplishes so much more in this way, and besides establishes a kind of intellectual habit that is a good thing in itself. In an hour, or even half an hour given regularly each day to reading, a great deal may be accomplished. Do not confine your self to serious books. Alternate light with heavy reading and do not attempt heavy reading when you are tired. Do not read merely to be amused. Treat your books as friends. Do not follow blindly the teachings of any book.

**Indian Relics Found in Massachusetts.**

Moses B. Phillips of the Log Plain road has found and left in the town clerk's office two attractive specimens of Indian implements. One of these is a spear head, apparently unfinished, of native stone and of unusual size, and the other, an ax or tomahawk, is somewhat unusual in being made of a native stone of rather coarse grain. Both specimens were found by Mr. Phillips on his farm in Greenfield correspondence Springfield Republican.

Call at Mack's Jewelry Store and hear the new \$200 00 Edison Amberola.



**ASHAMED OF HER FACE**

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Pickard of North Carolina. "It was all full of pimples and scars, but after using D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema I can say that now there is no sign of that blemish and that was three years ago."

This is but one of thousands of cases in which D. D. D. has simply washed away the skin trouble. D. D. D. cleanses the skin of the germs of Eczema, Psoriasis and other serious skin diseases; stops the itch instantly, and when used with D. D. D. soap the cures seem to be permanent. Nothing like D. D. D. for the complexion.

Trial bottle 25 cents, enough to prove the merit of this wonderful remedy.

We can also give you a full size bottle for \$1.00 on our absolute guarantee that if this very first bottle fails to give you relief it will cost you nothing.

**Heroic Dream Came True.**

Patrolman William Noble of Dorchester, Mass., dreamed that he was standing in Peabody square when runaway fire horses rounded the corner. In his dream he saw five little children in the path of the mad animals. He seized the horses by the bits and brought them to a stop within three feet of the children—and then he woke up.

Still pondering over the dream Noble went off duty, walked to Peabody square and told another "cop" about the dream. Just as he had finished two fire horses dashed around the corner, running wild toward a group of children in the square. At the risk of his own life Noble seized the bits and stopped the pair within a yard of the nearest child. Then he counted the children and was astonished to find there were just five.

**Chinese Complexions.**

A French writer has given in La Presse Medicale the results of his observations on massage in China. His remarks that the exquisite complexion of the young Chinese women is due not to enameling, as has been suspected, but to careful manipulation of the face done by expert masseuses.

They begin by a gentle pinching of the cheeks between the tips of their fingers, which lasts fully ten minutes; then apply lotions on absorbent cotton, then an unguent, and finish by kneading the cheeks with an extreme delicacy of touch, always proceeding from the nose and commissures of the lips toward the ears.

This is a harmless and physiologically correct process which can be recommended in cases, rarer than they should be, where the physician is consulted concerning a faded or otherwise unattractive complexion.

**An Alarm At Night**

That strikes terror to the entire household is the loud, hoarse and metallic cough of croup. No mistaking it, and fortunate then the doctor parents who keep Foley's Honey and Tar Compound on hand. H. C. Casselman, Canton, N. Y., says: "If it is worth its weight in gold, our little children are troubled with croup and hoarseness, and all we give them is Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. I always have a bottle of it in the house." Hite's Drug Store.

**Older.**

Missville is only twenty-five years old, but the jokes are about seventy.

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BEST NEWS AND BEST ARTICLES ON AVIATION BY WELL-KNOWN EXPERTS. SAMPLE COPY FREE. Address NEW YORK CLIPPER, New York, N. Y.

## RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Quickly Relieved BY THE USE OF "5-DROPS"

The Great Remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Neuritis, La Grippe and Kidney Trouble.

Applied externally, it stops all pain and heat. Taken internally, it dissolves the poisonous substance and assists nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by Druggists.

One Dollar per bottle, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price if not obtainable in your locality.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY  
180 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

### SWANSON'S PILLS

Best Remedy for Constipation, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Belching and Liver Trouble. 25c Per Box at Druggists.

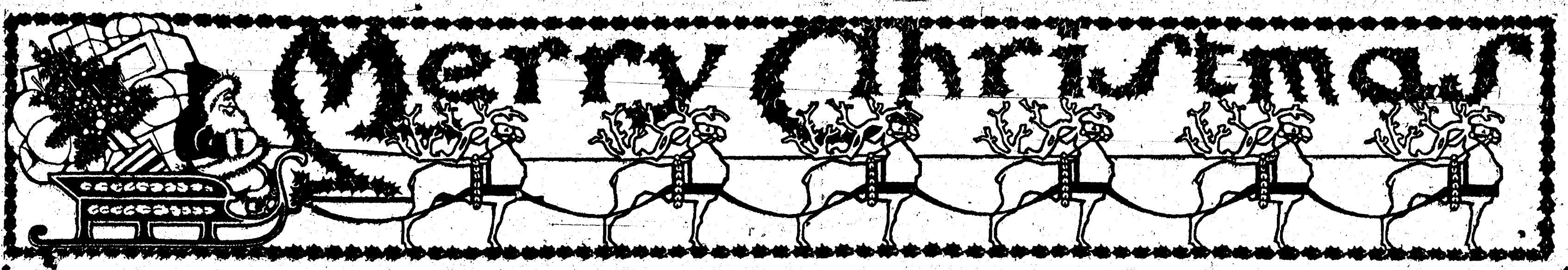
## SKIN SORES

Easily and Quickly Healed

Those who suffer from eczema, pimples, other skin eruptions, itching, soreness, etc., need not despair. It is a simple and inexpensive proposition that for fifteen years has proven its value as a soothing, healing, and antiseptic. It is a simple and inexpensive proposition that for fifteen years has proven its value as a soothing, healing, and antiseptic. It is a simple and inexpensive proposition that for fifteen years has proven its value as a soothing, healing, and antiseptic.

The Five-Drop Salve is now put up in 25 cent packages and sold by nearly all druggists. If it is not obtainable in your locality you can order direct from Swanson R. C. Co., 180 Lake St., Chicago, Ill., and it will be sent prepaid upon receipt of price. It is an excellent remedy for cracked skin and scalp humors.



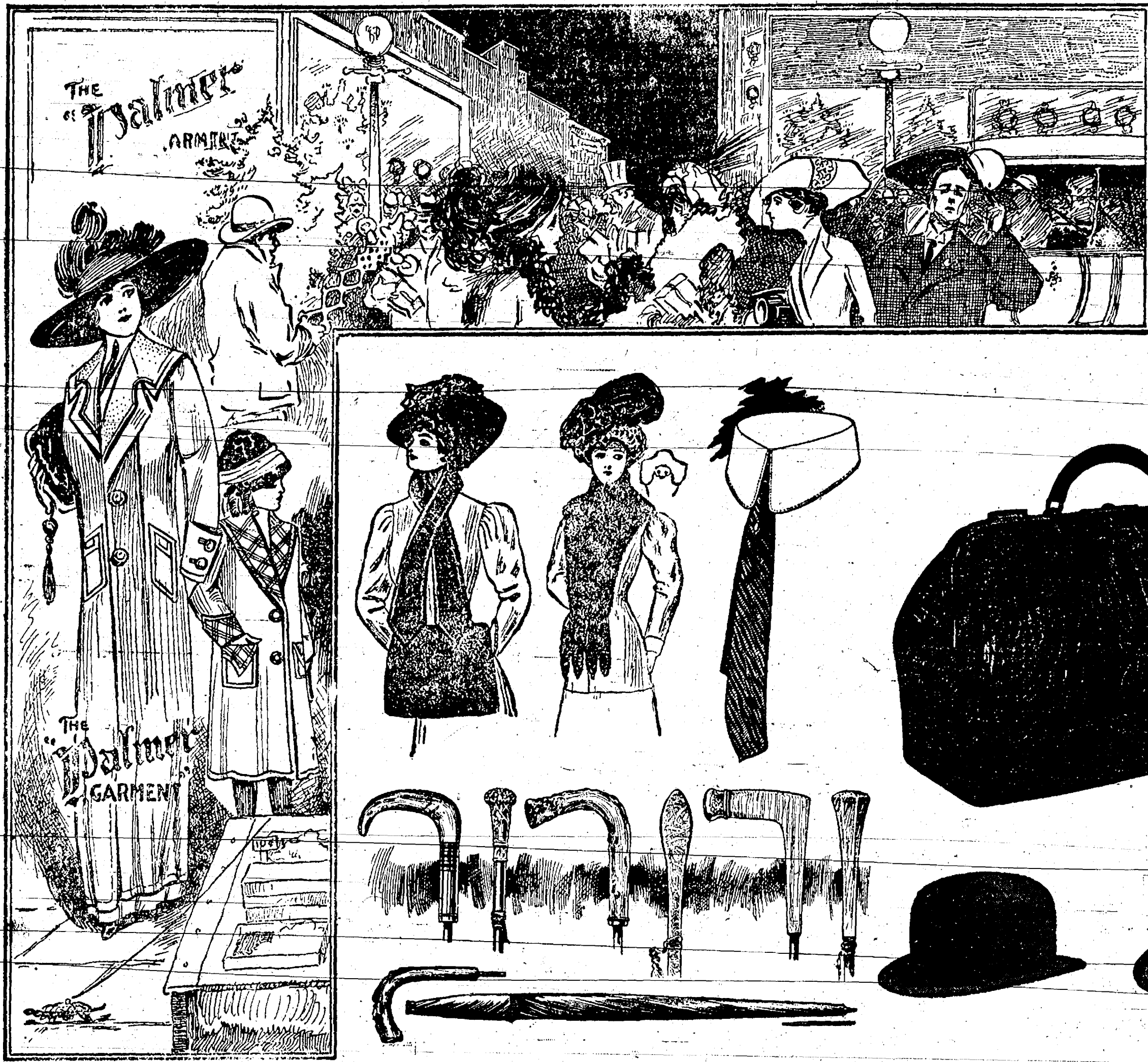


EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY

## For the Holiday Shopper

For Christmas we are showing some the Richest and Niftiest Garments suitable for Sensible Gifts where one wishes to use good Sound Sense in buying presents.

Something in Clothing that one can wear and enjoy and use to help make life worth living.



A good otter trimmed Fur Coat.  
 Fur Driving Gloves, Fur Caps.  
 Suit of Nifty Clothes.  
 Suit of high grade Underwear.  
 Dress Shoes, Silk Sox, Neckwear  
 Cuff Buttons, Tie Pins & Holders  
 Cosy House Slippers.

Ladies' and Children's Coats, extra close prices from now until Xmas; cloth, caracal, plush.  
 A set of Annis Furs.  
 In Stamped Goods: Sofa Pillows, Towels, Pillow Slips, Bags, etc.  
 Beautiful line of Ribbons for Fancy Work.  
 Sterling Silver Mesh Bags.

Martha Washington Rugs  
 Complete line of Stationery

### Shop Early

There are a great many articles that you will see if you just step inside the Company Store and you will surely find the most desirable present for the one or ones you have in mind. Don't fail to call and don't leave it till the last day before Christmas. COME NOW.

# EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE



# RURAL ROUTE BARGAIN DAYS

December 18th to January 1st.

The Biggest Bargains ever offered our readers, Three Big Combinations for your choice. Each represents the biggest value your money can buy. You want the Best, You'll find it in these combinations.

**No. 1**  
**CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD**  
**GRAND RAPIDS HERALD**  
**WESTERN RURAL ROUTER**  
 All One Year  
**\$2.80**

**No. 2**  
**CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD**  
**GRAND RAPIDS HERALD**  
**WESTERN RURAL ROUTER**  
**FARM NEWS-HOME LIFE**  
**WORLDS EVENTS**  
**FARM LIFE**  
**\$3.00**

**No. 3**  
**CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD**  
**GRAND RAPIDS HERALD**  
**WESTERN RURAL ROUTER**  
**MICHIGAN FARMER**  
 All One Year  
**\$3.05**

No Better Bargain anywhere. All three combinations selected to give our readers the best that can be secured. One of these combinations would be a high grade Christmas Present to send your friend. Remember this offer is good only until January 1st.

Address

**Charlevoix Co. Herald, East Jordan**

### Foley Kidney Pills

Are tonic in action, quick in results. A special medicine for all kidney and bladder disorders. Henry Bower, Traverse City, Mich., says, "Since the first of the year I have been a very sick man. Have spent a lot of money in doctoring, have bought various kidney medicines and used them but to no effect. Foley Kidney Pills were brought to my notice through a friend and I decided to try them. After using them a short time I was greatly relieved and can honestly say that they did me a world of good." Hite's Drug Store.

### A Long Look Ahead.

A board of experts has been appointed to study the hull of the Maine. The visitor to Havana harbor in 1960 may be expected to ask: "And who are those extremely venerable men with long white beards, sitting on the dock with spyglasses to their eyes?" "Why, those," replied the native, "are the experts who were appointed, I've forgotten when, to study the hull of the Maine." "Poor old chappies. Don't they ever leave the job?" "Yes, once a month. They leave it just long enough to file their vouchers and draw their pay."

## PICKING A PRESENT FOR PLATT

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

**W**HEN Harry Platt and that girl friend of the Greens (I forget her name) were married, it was one of those my-goodness-gracious-just-think-of-that affairs, with no one in on the secret except the suburban minister who tied the knot, the cabman who drove them out there and the girl from the minister's kitchen, who was a witness, and left a thumb-print of grease on the certificate (she was frying doughnuts at the time) and the minister's wife (at least the name was the same). Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, when the Platts were married, it being that kind of a wedding, there was no chance to send them a wedding gift as I would have liked to do, or to have done, (whichever is proper, or grammatical, though I'm sure I can never tell which). But Mr. Platt is one of the nicest men in the office, that is, he was before this happened. So I felt we ought to do something for him, just to show our good will—and, anyhow, we've dug down for others we thought much less of, so why shouldn't we for him? But the wedding was over, without invitations, or even a reception, and they were housekeeping before we knew it. So what could we do?

Well, just then Christmas came along not just then but two months after the wedding. They were married October 29, so it wasn't quite two months, but that's close enough. When Christmas came along, that is, just before it came along, I suggested that we make up a purse and give them a sort of delayed wedding present, just to show our good will. Everybody thought it was a splendid idea, that is, of course, except Mr. Platt, whom, of course, I didn't consult. So I got up a subscription paper and went to everybody in the office (except Mr. Platt, of course). I got \$26.60, including ten cents from the janitor, who wasn't expected to give anything but wanted to give something, which shows just how popular Mr. Platt was with everyone in the building, when a janitor even would chip in.

Christmas shopping is hard enough, goodness knows, when you do it for yourself; but when you do it for a stock company capitalized at \$26.60, with 28 stockholders, with 28 different kinds of ideas and tastes, then Christmas shopping rises above a mere annoyance to the dignity of a real trouble. And that's what I was up against. I thought it would be nice to get an expression of opinion. So I went around one morning and asked for ideas. But I couldn't get a word. Nobody could think of anything. I couldn't myself. At noon I went out and looked. I walked miles. I priced, then I went back to the office. You should have seen my desk. Honest, you would have thought some one had turned in a general alarm. They couldn't wait for me to get back. There they were—23 of them, (that is, 27, or 28 with me). They all had suggestions, and they were all different.



The head book-keeper thought an arm chair would be nice. (He stands up all day). The collector thought a rain-coat would be best, while Miss Jones suggested a dress pattern. They all said, of course, that they left it entirely to me; and then each went away sadly, as much as to say that he hoped I wouldn't be so foolish as to buy any of those other things that the others had proposed.

The next day I looked again. But either a thing was too expensive or I would have money left. It is remarkable how few things there are in the world you can buy for \$26.60, no more, no less.

And then I saw it. It was in a department store, and marked down from \$50 to \$26.60! There it was, to a cent! A great, big, glittering, magnificent Punch Bowl! Nobody had thought of that!

But, to make sure, I sent the sales ticket with it and told the Platts they could exchange the punch bowl, if they wished, for something they liked better.

And what do you suppose those Platts did? In January they traded in that magnificent punch bowl for three tons of coal!

### The Spirit of Christmas.



There is hardly a festival in the calendar which has such a hold on the hearts of old and young alike as Christmas Day. The ring of the car bells and the voices upon the streets seem to take on a more cheery tone, and the spirit of the time seems to throw a glamour over places and things which ordinarily are devoid of all beauty.

As it is with places, so it is with people. They, too, not only seem to change, but the transformation does take place in millions of hearts to a greater or less degree. The spirit of Christmas even affects people who for the rest of the year are devoid of sentiment and of feeling for their fellows. The most interesting stories of Christmastide are those which will never appear in print—true stories of men and women whose thoughts have been only of their own selfish aims and pleasures, but have been awakened, if only for a day or two, from their usual self-complacency, moved by some force of which they are only half-conscious to do some act of kindness to make the day happier for someone less fortunate than themselves in a worldly way.—The Christian Herald.

### The Christmas Spirit.

But don't you see that there is a Santa Claus! He isn't a man in a fur coat, and a reindeer sleigh and all that, but he is the Spirit of Christmas, isn't he? They've personified that and made a saint of him and invented legends about him—for the children, but when we're no longer children and don't believe in him, we still have that Christmas spirit—and it's that that gives presents and makes us feel toward one another, and makes Christmas what it is.—Harvey J. O'Higgins.

### ACTUAL STARVATION

Facts About Indigestion and Its Relief That Should Interest You

Although indigestion and dyspepsia are so prevalent, most people do not thoroughly understand their cause and cure. There is no reason why most people should not eat anything they desire—if they will only chew it carefully and thoroughly. Many actually starve themselves into sickness through fear of eating every good-looking, good-smelling, and good-tasting food, because it does not agree with them.

The best thing to do is to fit yourself to digest any good food. We believe we can relieve dyspepsia. We are so confident of this fact that we guarantee and promise to supply the medicine free of all cost to every one who will use it, who is not perfectly satisfied with the results which it produces. We exact no promises, and put no one under any obligation whatever. Surely, nothing could be fairer. We are located right here and our reputation should be sufficient assurance of the genuineness of our offer.

We want every one troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia in any form to come to our store and buy a box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. Take them home and give them a reasonable trial, according to directions. Then, if not satisfied, come to us and get your money back. They are very pleasant to take; they aid to soothe the irritable stomach; to strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, and to promote a healthy and natural bowel action, thus leading to perfect and healthy digestion and assimilation.

A 25c package of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets furnishes 15 days' treatment. In ordinary cases, this is sufficient to produce a cure. In more chronic cases, a longer treatment, of course, is necessary, and depends upon the severity of the trouble. For such cases, we have two larger sizes which sell for 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.

### Spanish Cork Industry.

The cork industry is of great importance in Spain. Large cork factories are located in the districts of Catalonia, Extremadura and Andalusia, employing several thousand workmen.

### Watch the Small Things.

Grand temples are built of small stones, and great lives are made up of trifling events.

### SIMPLE MIXTURE USED IN EAST JORDAN

Many in East Jordan are now using the simple buckthorn bark and glycerine mixture known as Adler-Ka, the new German Appendicitis remedy. A SINGLE DOSE, relieves constipation, sour stomach or gas on the stomach almost INSTANTLY. This simple mixture antiseptizes the digestive organs and draws off the harmfulness and people are surprised how QUICKLY it helps James Gidley, Drugist.

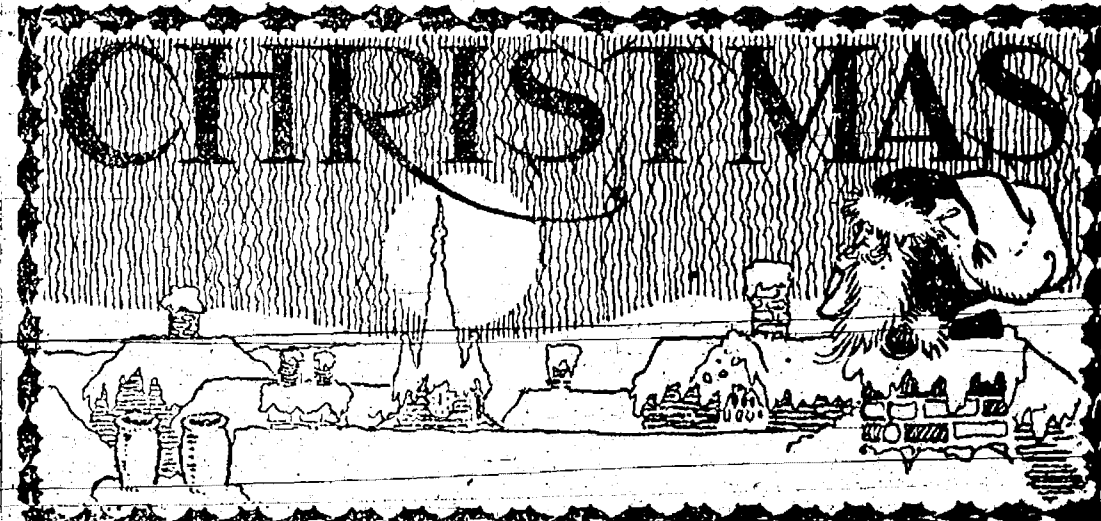
## Xmas Photos

A Present Appreciated The Whole Year Through

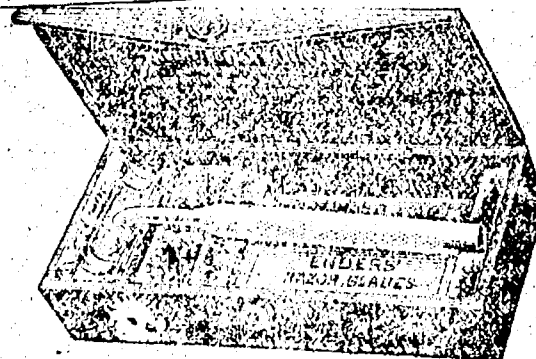
IS A PHOTOGRAPH WELL MOUNTED.

Latest Mountings and Tones  
 Neat Frames for Photos

Boswell's Studio



## Useful and Beautiful Gifts

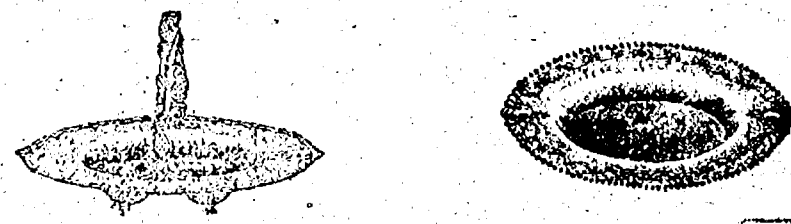


### Enders' Safety Razors

Guaranteed to give the best of satisfaction. Only \$1.00 each.

The famous KEEN KUTTER Safety Razor \$3.75  
 Ordinary Razors, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

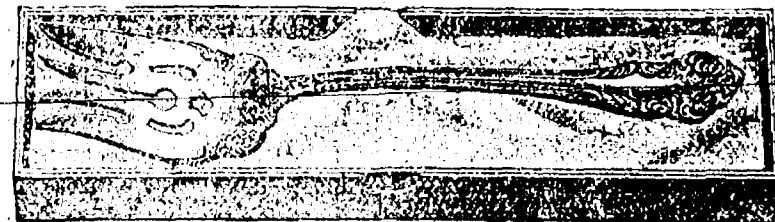
### Nickle-Plated Bread and Cake Trays



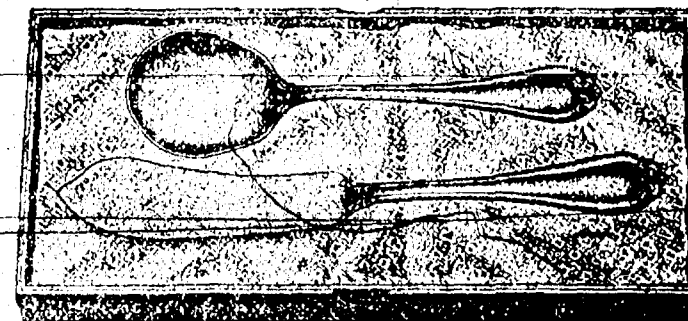
Will never tarnish and never chip. Always looks like new silver.

### Pocket Knives of All sizes for men and boys.

### Cold Meat Forks of all kinds

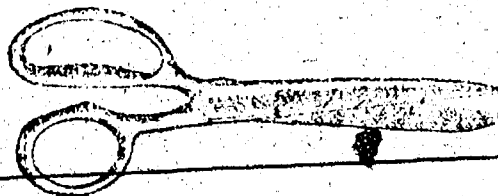


Best Oneida-Community Silver at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00 each.



### Sugar Shells Butter Knives

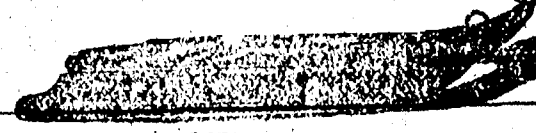
25c to \$1.25 each.  
 COMMUNITY Tea and Table Spoons.



### Keen Kutter

### Shears, Scissors

Every one warranted. Dull point Scissors for Children, 10c.



### Handsleds

While they last. Only 25c Each.

No Trouble To Show Goods. Money Refunded If Goods Are Not Satisfactory.

**STROEBEL BROS.**



### Hot Water

For cleanliness and comfort hot water is absolutely indispensable. If you already have it in your house, and any of the faucets are leaking and needs fixing, send for us. If you have not a hot-water system in your house, let us put it in. We will do it in the very best manner by skillful workmen and at moderate cost.

Let us do it and it will be done right.

MARINE SUPPLIES.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.



## Briefs of the Week

Christmas gifts at Mack's. Sixteen pages—some class. E. J. M. B. Concert, next Friday. Out sale of fancy china at Mack's.

Read the ads. They are worth your while. Lybarger's Lecture on Land, Labor, Wealth is sane, practical, patriotic. Non-partisan. Hear him Jan. 1st.

Ellis Malpass, who recently went to Chicago on a business trip, was taken seriously ill with pneumonia and is at present in a hospital. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Malpass, left Wednesday to care for him.

Lorence O. Isaman of this city and Miss Laura LaRita Gulig of Charlevoix were united in marriage at the Methodist parsonage at Charlevoix, Saturday evening last, by Rev. Taylor. The bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gulig of above city, and the groom is a well-known East Jordan young man, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Isaman.

On account of the Christmas festivities the W. C. T. U. will be held Dec. 29, instead of Dec. 22, as printed in our annual program. Members take notice, also all ladies of the Local Option Society and others who are interested in keeping the saloons out of Charlevoix county, meet with us at the residence of Mrs. Grigsby at 2:30 P. M., Friday Dec. 29. This is the annual meeting for the election of officers.

Mrs. Almira Stata Colburn, wife of Fred Colburn, was born in New York State Jan. 2nd, 1860, and departed this life at her home near East Jordan, Dec. 18th, 1911, being almost 52 years of age. Thirty years ago she was married to her present husband and moved immediately to East Jordan. To this happy union was born three children, Frank and Herbert of East Jordan and Edward of Minneapolis who, with three sisters, Mrs. Dawson Pratt of Frankford, Mrs. J. J. Gray and Mrs. William Miller of Traverse City, and one brother, Henry Strata, and a large circle of friends are left to mourn her loss. She was a devoted Christian woman, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was loved and respected by all who knew her. A true neighbor, a conscientious mother, and a worthy sister. The funeral service will take place on Sunday afternoon at her late residence in Echo Township and will be conducted by Rev. T. Porter Bennett. The Rebecca, of which she was a member, will also attend in a body.

Referring to the fact that the Michigan Brewers Association is paying five dollars a day to canvassers to secure names to a petition providing for another vote-through which they hope that local option will be repealed in Branch county. The Coldwater Sun very properly says: "In view of the awful results of the restoration of alleged 'model' and 'well regulated' saloons in Calhoun county, which has caused even the Marshall Chronicle, which had always stood against local option before, to now come out squarely and vehemently against the saloon business, to throw out all liquor advertisements and to declare that no attention is paid to the law by the saloonists or the officers, and that 'it is a foregone conclusion that Calhoun county will return to local option' at the first opportunity, it would not seem possible that any intelligent citizen of Branch county would want such conditions restored here or that one-third of the voters could be induced, by any sort of coaxing, misrepresentation, fraud, or even corruption to put their names to petitions asking for the submission of the question of the repeal of local option."

**FEED a BANK ACCOUNT AND YOU FEED the HORN OF PLENTY**

STARTING a bank account is like plowing a field. You are only preparing for the harvest. You must till, plant and cultivate. Cultivate a bank account. Deposit a little now and then and you may feast from the horn of plenty.

**SAFETY SERVICE PEOPLES STATE SAVINGS BANK, EAST JORDAN, MICH.**

Hear Lybarger at the Temple Theatre, Jan. 1 1912.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rosenthal a son, Thursday.

Mrs. J. Saperston of Alpa was guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wiesman, first of the week.

Charles Johnson, formerly employed on the D. & C. R. R., is assisting at Myers Confectionery.

Men who have been overtaken by True Love, will admit that it runs pretty fast, if not smooth.

Mrs. L. G. Balch left today for Jamestown, N. Y. where she will spend Christmas guest of her parents.

Dr. Cook is going to take up farming so that if he feels like telling a whopper no fuss will be made about it.

Mrs. Alex. Cameron and sister, Miss Helen Turbull, left Monday for a visit with relatives at Huntsville, Ontario.

The way some girls throw their affection away, one wouldn't suspect that others count that commodity worth fifty thousand dollars.

Dr. H. W. Dicken returned Saturday last from Ann Arbor where he called on account of the serious illness of his father. The latter is convalescing.

Lybarger's hearers sat entranced, while a flow of oratory and reason of light and justice, the like of which is not often heard, fed the minds of all.—DuBols (Pa.) Morning Courier.

Sororian Hive No. 452, L. O. T. M. members all please bear in mind that per capita tax must be paid during the month of December. Monday evening, Dec. 18th is regular meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ruhlning left Monday for Kalamazoo, where they represented Charlevoix Pomona at the State Grange meet. From there they go to Jackson for a visit with their daughter, Mrs. George Atkinson.

"Patrolmen of the city are sending more drunken men home than to jail." This statement refers to the present program at Pontiac in Oakland county. Drunkenness had increased in that county to such an extent that the supervisors were compelled to cut the fees of the officers for arrests under the state laws. The liquor element in Oakland county recognizes the fact that the necessary number of arrests of young men for drunkenness was disclosing to the people the regular output of the saloon business in such a way as to make of this showing a very effective appeal against the liquor traffic. And therefore it was decided that it was too expensive to arrest men for drunkenness, that it would be better to have them taken home and the incident kept as quiet as possible. The saloons have not lessened their activity in the slightest in the way of creating drunkenness and especially in giving young men their start in that direction, but they are very anxious not to have the increasing list of arrests growing larger week by week. This anxiety on the part of the saloons of Pontiac and Oakland county to conceal their necessary and constant product is fully shared by the saloons of every other county and city in Michigan in which they exist.

When a political machine breaks down, it is a sign that it has been replaced by a new model.

It is only in the moving picture world that a cowboy is supposed to sleep in his leather breeches.

### Newspapers and Magazines.

Renewals and new subscription taken at The Herald office for any newspaper or magazine published in the United States or elsewhere. Clubbing prices will compete with any reputable person authorized or firm in existence. Now is the time to make Xmas presents. Come early and avoid the rush and delay.

### Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. A. D. Grigsby, Pastor. "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the House of the Lord" is what we all should say. You will have an opportunity to meet with your neighbors and friends in Public worship in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30. It is your duty, and your privileges. Sunday School meets after morning service. Junior C. E. meets in the afternoon at 3:15.

The Senior Society gather for praise at 6:15. Other young people will be made welcome to these helpful and pleasant meetings.

### St. Joseph's Church.

Rev. Timothy Kroboth. Sunday Dec. 17, 8:00 a. m. Low Mass and Sermon.

## Band Concert

At Temple Theatre Next Friday Evening.

East Jordan Military Band will give a first-class concert at Temple Theatre next Friday evening, Dec. 22. In addition to some high grade band music, there will be quartets, duets, vocal and instrumental solos. The "Dancing Dwarfs from Borneo," will be there, as will also Professor Soossee Creator Wiggleswick and his famous Concert Band of Windjammers. Admission, 15c, 25c, 35c. Seats on sale at Mack's.

## Master's Papers

George Jepson Successfully Passes First Examination.

Another East Jordan boy has "made good." This time it is George, son of Mrs. Florence Jepson. Although just barely 21 years of age he succeeded in securing master papers for boats up to 100 tons in an examination before



CAPT. GEORGE JEPSON

U. S. inspectors at Grand Haven last week. This was his first attempt and the average successes on first examinations averages about one in every ten.

Next season the Steamer Hum will be in command of Capt. George Jepson.

### Stevens Post G. A. R. Elect.

At their last regular meeting, Stevens Corps, G. A. R. elected the following officers for ensuing year: Commander, Alexander Bush. Senior Vice Pres., Frank L. Smith. Junior Vice Pres., John Gee. Quartermaster, Wm. Harrington. Chaplain, E. P. Hubbard. Officer of Day, Geo. Pringle. Guard, P. K. Winters. Sentinel, Elias Hammond. Delegate, Wm. Harrington. Alternate, E. P. Hubbard.

### W. R. C.'s Elect Officers.

At their last regular meeting, Stevens Corps, No. 161, W. R. C. elected the following officers for ensuing year: President, Rosella Hammond. Senior Vice Pres., Eliza Swafford. Junior Vice Pres., Laura Hayner. Chaplain, Eunice Bowen. Treasurer, Leora Madison. Conductor, Martha Warden. Guard, Francis Graff. Delegate, Eiva Barrie. Alternate, Eliza Swafford.

Christmas Gifts at Mack's. Leave your laundry at Mack's. Oyster Crackers either in packages or bulk.—E. A. LEWIS.

**STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN**

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$4000

**4 PER CENT.**

PAID ON DEPOSITS.

Officers: W. P. Porter, President; W. L. French, Vice Pres.; Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier. Directors: W. P. Porter, W. L. French, Chas. M. Schaffer, F. M. Severance, M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroebel, Fred Smith, E. E. Waterman, Geo. G. Glenn. WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

# Buy Useful Lasting Gifts

Gifts that will not be laid on the shelf a few days after CHRISTMAS.

EVERY year styles seem to improve and every time the Christmas season rolls around we can say, with all honesty, that our stock is more attractive than the year before. This year with the return of prosperity manufacturers have made an extra effort to improve their lines and have certainly succeeded, not alone in more attractive patterns, but in the addition of many entirely new ideas of the practical kind and you won't have half as much trouble selecting a gift this year for the ones who seem to have everything. Our Christmas stock is now complete and the following list gives just a suggestion of a few of the many attractive gifts to be selected at our store. Come and look around before the rush commences. We can suggest lots of suitable gifts and will assist you greatly in making out your Christmas list.



**Sterling and Plated SILVERWARE**  
We have a large stock in all the useful articles. Any piece will make a useful and acceptable Christmas gifts. Our prices are right.  
**Mack's Jewelry Store**  
ENGRAVING FREE.



## Bad Kidneys—Weak Back—Weary Woman

Dr. Derby's Guaranteed Kidney Pills Make Such Women Happy—Ward Off Old Age—Try Them Freely

Many women have backache, headaches, pain in side, groins, limbs, without knowing what is ailing them. Therefore they know not how to stop the misery. They grow weak and worn—lose appetite, strength—become nervous, despondent—dull-eyed, pale, old-looking.

Everywhere are women like that, victims of kidney trouble—if they only knew it, there are so many distressing symptoms.



One seldom realizes they all come from diseased kidneys. When the kidneys go wrong when they fail to expel the foul poisons that should pass through them—the entire system is polluted.

No woman so afflicted need continue suffering the agony that kidney trouble brings with resultant bladder disorder, rheumatism, etc.—if she will use Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills. Thousands of women throughout the land—and men—have been made well and happy by this glorious remedy when nothing else could help. It's sure, safe—and guaranteed.

Don't be prematurely old, despondent, wrinkled. Get Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills today—25c and 50c—free sample package if you wish. At druggists, or of Derby Medicine Co., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Tenses.  
Teacher—Tommy, what is the future of "I give"?  
Tommy—"You take."—Life.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take and candy.

Apicultural.  
Mother—Yes, Johnny, the queen bee is boss.  
Johnny—How about the president bee?

Important to Mothers.  
Branmox, castor oil, every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcherson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

SUCCESSFUL COLLECTOR.



East Turner—I should think you'd have lots of trouble collecting 'way out here.  
Collector Suremark—Not on yer kee; everybody here knows I kin plunk the bull's-eye nine shots 'out of ten!

In High Life.  
"So the Filpotts have separated?"  
"Yes."  
"Do you know any of the particular?"  
"She keeps the poodle."

A BRAIN WORKER.  
Must Have the Kind of Food That Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape-Nuts food."

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus."

"I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutriment. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved."

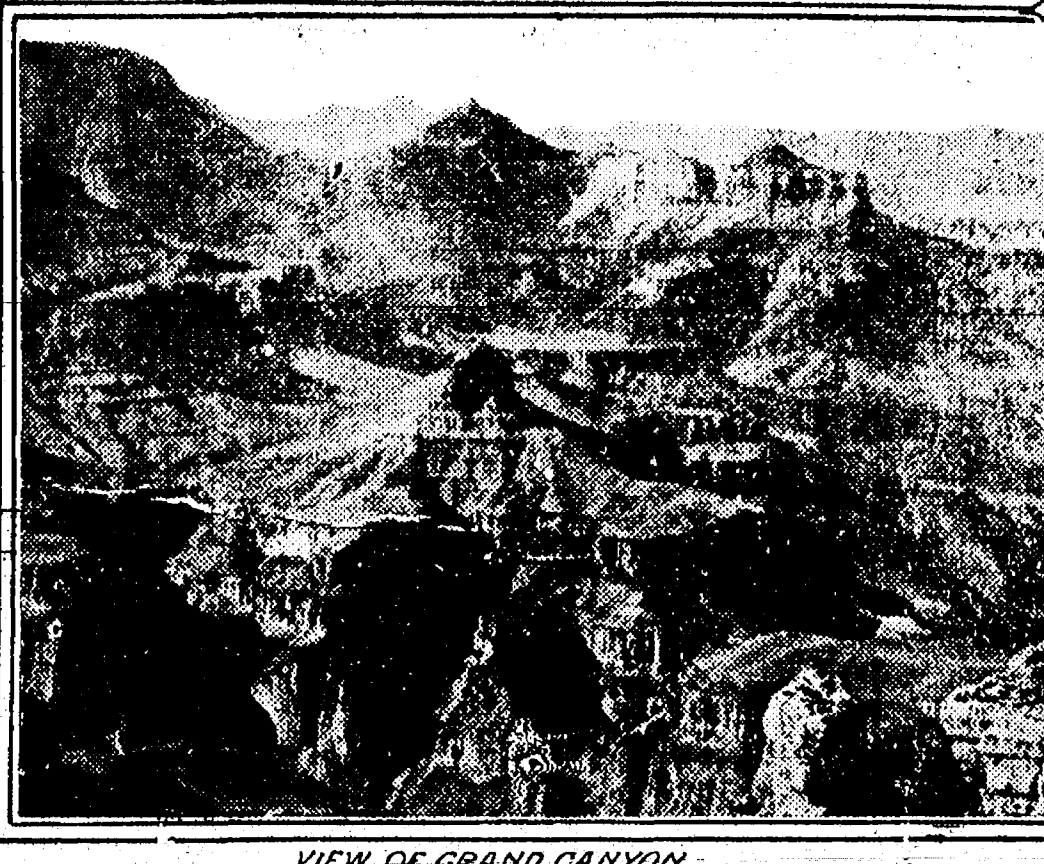
"Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutriment that so many other prepared foods lack."

"I had not been using it very long before I found that I was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Continued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pligs.

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

## WONDERS OF THE GRAND CANYON



VIEW OF GRAND CANYON

Some three hundred and eighty miles west of Albuquerque, N. M., on the main line of the railroad is situated the little city of Williams, Ariz. The place received its prosaic name from the noted pioneer scout, Bill Williams, who lies buried at the foot of Bill Williams mountain nearby. The city has a picturesque location, 6,750 feet above sea level, and is at the junction of the Grand Canyon railroad which leads to the wonderful erosion, some 60 miles north.

The Grand Canyon is acknowledged to be incomparably the world's grandest natural wonder. Within the gigantic stretch of the canyon, varying from five to twelve miles in width, the Colorado river and its tributaries wind their ways for over 200 miles. Most of the walls of the canyon rise to the incredible height of 5,000 to 6,000 feet, and display every variety of curving ridge and ravine, of fell precipice and rocky gorge.

Fully 100 tourists, en route to California, daily switch off here for a view of the Titan of Chasms—the most gigantic example of erosion on the globe. The marble and gigantic walls of this stupendous water-worn trench are from 1,000 to 6,500 feet high, often very precipitous and perpendicular, sculptured into wildly fantastic forms, and brilliantly tinted in deep red and yellow, brown and gray, purple and black. The canyon is about 240 miles long; and, through the rocky gorge, the work of centuries, the turbulent river winds its way with varying descent. The channel contracts and then expands—a tortuous ribbon of silver, whose boundaries of objects, though gigantic in size, are lost to sight in the magnificent environments.

Scene of Splendor.  
In some places these huge cliffs fairly overhang the water, and the boatman, looking upward, can see but a narrow strip of blue sky. Frequently clouds gather over the top of the gorge, and one floats along in darkness. From the rim above, the rushing and the whitening of the waters below may be seen, but the distance is so great that no sound is ever heard.

Stolid, indeed, is he who can front the awful scene and view its unearthly splendor of color and form without quaking. This labyrinth of immense architectural forms is endlessly varied in design, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lace-like webs formed from talus from the upper cliffs and painted with every color known to the palette in pure transparent tones of marvelous delicacy.

Never was a picture more harmonious, never a flower more exquisitely beautiful. The Grand canyon country is not only the hugest, but the most varied and instructive specimen of earth building and destruction on the globe. Nowhere else on earth is there such an example of deep gnawing waters or of water high-carving. New York may boast of its Niagara; California, its Yosemite; Kentucky, its Mammoth Cave; Virginia, its Natural Bridge, and Wyoming, its geysers—all wonderfully elaborate and grand in their way, but here, in an altitudinous mesa, is a chasm that would hide them all and then be but partially decorated, much less filled.

Wonders of Chalcedony Park.  
While the Grand canyons are the greatest, they are by no means the only objects of interest in this land of wonders. With its castle domes, thumb buttes and solitary sugar-loaf peaks; its mesas of bare rock, beds of ashes or leagues of yellow and vermilion sands, Arizona abounds in the strange and the wonderful. Chalcedony park, in Apache county, covers 2,000 acres, amid a vast desert of sandstone and lava, with the fragments of thousands of gigantic pines and cedars brought by flood or glacier and changed by nature's chemistry into brilliant minerals of exquisite colors. At intervals, one sees on every side gulches torn out of the solid rock by the ceaseless grinding of flint on flint, exposing broken logs of every conceivable length and size, in all shapes and colors imaginable. Throw over all the blazing rays of the southern sun and you are surrounded with jewels, miles and miles of them, so brilliant as to dazzle the eyes and make Aladdin's fabled cave a rushlight in comparison. Onyx, chalcedony, carnelian, jasper, agate and every variety of delicately veined marble, with masses of turquoise, of garnet, of rose quartz, of topaz, of emerald—all bewilder and surprise the beholder.

And this is not all. In many local-

ties along the shelving terraces of the mountains, under befitting projections of the strata are to be seen the most elaborate of the quaint cliff dwellings, divided into several compartments by cemented walls. The Tonto basin has the largest natural bridge in the world, being 200 feet high, 600 feet wide, an arch six feet thick, with an orchard on its top and miles of stalactite caves under its abutments. Here is the famous yucca plant, growing as a tree, the fruit of which the Indians and Mexicans use for food, its stems for soap, and from the leaves make horse blankets, ropes, twine, nets, hats, shoes and mattresses. Here, too, is the wonderful fish-hook cactus, that during the moist season, stores up a large quantity of water and when the top is removed and a hollow is made by scooping out some of the soft inner part, immediately fills with cool, refreshing water, thus being the means of saving many lives.

The Gila Monster.  
In this sun-scorched land is the largest and only poisonous lizard in America—the Gila monster. It often attains a length of three feet and in appearance is very repulsive, being covered with scales. The general color is black, marked with yellowish interspaces. The tail is cylindrical and clumsy and the movements of the animal are like those of the young alligator. Its bite, though not always fatal, is very dangerous, paralyzing the action of the heart. Down near the Gila river is a horned toad farm, from which more than a thousand of the little reptiles are sold annually to individuals and to zoological societies. Near Phoenix is the largest ostrich ranch in America. A veritable os-



Pompeii Pillar.

trich village is laid out in the reclaimed desert lands, the main and side streets being all named and numbered. Most of the propagation is done by incubation. When hatched they are almost as large as full grown chickens, and at six months they are six feet high. When the ostriches are about four years old they are mated; and, if left to themselves, the hen bird will deposit eggs at the rate of one a day for a month in succession in a nest hollowed out of the sand. The ostrich hen sits on the eggs by day and the male bird at night.

One of the most pleasing natural curiosities of Arizona is the pool of water known as Montezuma's well. It is situated 15 miles northeast of the old, abandoned military post of Camp Verde. The well is 250 feet in diameter and the clear, pure water is about sixty feet below the surface of the surrounding country. The pool has a uniform depth of 80 feet of water except in one place, apparently about six feet square, where the sounding-line went down 500 feet without touching bottom. The sides of the well are honeycombed with caves and tunnels, permitting sightseers to descend to the water's edge.

Johnny's Triumph.  
A teacher in one of our public schools, after laborious and exhaustively explaining to her pupils the meaning of the word "Income"—told little Johnny to go to the blackboard, write a sentence containing the new word, and read it aloud to the school. And Johnny, his freckled face fairly radiant with the pride of his newly acquired knowledge, marched to the board, and after considerable tongue chewing evolved:  
"In come a cat!"—Mack's Monthly

## On Jack O' Lantern Night

By CLARA LUCY DEACON

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There was a rattling volley of gravel against the window pane and then sounds of scampering footsteps dying away in the distance.

"What was that?" asked Miss Gerriek of her startled guests.

A ripple of laughter came from the lower end of the table. "Why, Aunt Grace—don't you know it's Halloween?" Kitty Gerriek's mischievously pretty face peeped around the flowers at her handsome, dignified aunt.

"Halloween? Why—dear me, I had forgotten there was such a festival!" exclaimed Miss Gerriek so sincerely that everybody laughed again. "I thought the fatal rites were rather weird and fantastic—indeed, when I was quite a little girl my old German nurse called it 'Walpurgis night,' and I recollect she impressed it upon me that it was well to keep under cover on that evening, for witches and goblins were abroad."

"This is a twentieth century fantasy," remarked Mrs. Bliss cynically. "Nowadays we are convinced that hobgoblins are a delusion of the ignorant and superstitious, but in tolerant recognition of the occasion we ring doorbells, steal gates from their hinges and toss gravel against the window panes to startle our sensible or forgetful neighbors."

"Oh, Mrs. Bliss!" cried Kitty reproachfully, "what a turnout you are! Don't you remember what a delightful Halloween party you gave us two years ago? We did all the proper things—worked all the old charms; we had a perfectly lovely time."

Mrs. Bliss smiled at Kitty's enthusiasm. "Thank you, dear. I know you were all the most charming guests—but I will confess I was disappointed when my young people took it in such a matter-of-fact way. They seemed bored with the charms, but perfectly happy when the dancing began. You all spoke of it as 'Jack-o'-Lantern night, when in reality it was the Eve of All Souls!"

"Do you really believe in those old charms?" asked Kitty rather timidly,



Adjusting Her Hair.

and the young man beside her seemed to listen as eagerly as she did for Mrs. Bliss's reply.

"Yes, indeed!" returned that happily married matron exchanging a swift glance with her husband. "Why, Mr. Bliss and I became engaged on Halloween!"

"Did one of the charms really work true?" asked Kitty, blushing under the gaze of the interested young man.

"Yes," Mrs. Bliss smiled reminiscently, "it worked true and in the most unexpected manner possible."

"In a very forcible manner, I may add," said Mr. Bliss impressively.

"It was one of those old games where you pare an apple and toss the paring over your shoulder to see what initial will take form. I had pared the apple and held it in one hand; with the other hand I was to toss the paring over my left shoulder; only, unfortunately, I became confused and tossed the apple over my right shoulder and it struck Mr. Bliss in the eye."

"After that I could not escape," complained Mr. Bliss gloomily, "and as I demanded an explanation and compensation for my pain and—er—fright—we compromised by acceding to fate's evident selection and were married forthwith."

There was a little murmur of delighted interest, for the Blisses were markedly an ideally married pair.

"There must be something in this Halloween business, after all," exclaimed young Hazen, who sat next to Kitty Gerriek, and as a little smile went around the table he blushed furiously.

Capt. Aymer put in a word of inquiry. "Please tell us about these charms, Mrs. Bliss," he said in his direct sailor way.

All eyes turned to the handsome, white-haired and sea-bronzed naval officer who had been a quiet listener. If anyone had glanced at Grace Gerriek he would have noticed that their hostess had flushed to the soft waves of her snowy hair.

All Hallow's Eve should be observed. All the time-worn charms were related and lastly the one which bids the expectant maiden walk fearfully around the house, with hair unbound and mirror held in her hand, timidly hoping to see the shadowy face of her future husband peering over her shoulder and reflected in the glass.

"That would give a chap a fair chance," observed the captain seriously, when Mrs. Bliss had concluded. "Any fellow that really wanted a girl, you know, could arrange it so that he might peep over her shoulder just as it struck eight bells."

"That wouldn't be playing fair," cried Kitty Gerriek. "You wouldn't be giving the fates their due."

"Then there is hope for me," returned Capt. Aymer, with mock solemnity, and as they laughed no one saw the lightning-like glance that he shot at their hostess. If they had seen it nobody would have wondered; for they did not know that Grace Gerriek and the handsome captain were old friends, and would have been more than friends had not some misunderstanding arisen between them. They had not met for years until recently, and the captain had joined the house party, more as a distant relative of Tom Bliss than as a special friend of Miss Gerriek. Not even the Blisses suspected a blighted romance between the two, although many wondered why two such handsome and altogether delightful people should have remained unmarried.

After dinner there was music in the drawing-room and the topic of Halloween was not brought up again. As a long motor ride had been planned for the next day and an early start was essential, the company broke up shortly after midnight.

Capt. Aymer went out on the veranda for a final cigar before going up to his room. The first quarter of the moon was rising above the distant mountain, and the broad path that encircled the house lay revealed. The captain was thinking somewhat bitterly of what might have been if the fates had taken a kindly hand in his affairs, when suddenly there was enacted a little scene that wrung his heart—so poignant that his memory of his first and only love.

Kitty Gerriek was tiptoeing cautiously around the house with her back toward him, silver hand-glass held before her face, the skirts of her ultra-modern gown held above the campiness of the path—twentieth century assurance and practical common sense hand in hand with ancient superstition. Coming softly behind her, taking her by surprise, was young Hazen. With a little sigh, he tossed away his cigar and Capt. Aymer stole into the house.

The great hall was deserted and one dim candle burned on a distant table. Standing near the stairway, with her back toward him, was Grace Gerriek, adjusting a wave of her beautiful white hair before a looking glass that hung over a table.

Capt. Aymer hesitated one instant and then with several quick steps he stood behind her and their eyes met in the glass, and were held until Grace turned the full glory of her living glance to him. "If I had only done this years before!" he sighed as their lips met.

"It was my fault that you did not," she cried softly. "That is why I stood there—and waited for you to come in—I wanted you to have your chance!"

Kitty Gerriek and her lover looked through the side lights of the front door and saw the two beautiful white heads so close together. Young Hazen's arm tightened about his sweetheart.

"I shall never call it 'Jack o' Lantern night after this," breathed Kitty softly, as they entered the house.

An Old Peer.  
The marquis of Abergavenny recently celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday. He owns property in about seven counties; he is a founder of the famous Constitutional club; he is a Newell, and a descendant of "Warwick the Kingmaker," and he holds the patronage of twenty-four church livings. In his younger days he was considered a great shot, and was certainly noted in the world of sport; while for many years he hunted with the Eridge pack. There is a story told that during Lord Abergavenny's residence in Yorkshire a traveler one day observed something unusual on the side of a hill. Proceeding to investigate, he discovered that the object of his curiosity was neither more nor less than the heels of the viscount—as he then was—whose body and legs were buried in the habitation of a badger.

Eridge has been held by the Nevilles for nearly 600 years, and at the old castle Queen Elizabeth spent six days in 1573 as "the guest of Lord Burghley." Lord Abergavenny's support of Disraeli at a time when the respectabilities of conservatism were looking askance at the brilliant young member led in 1876 to Lord Abergavenny's advancement to a marquessate.

The Lesser Evil.  
"Mercy! Do you allow your husband to smoke in the house?"

"Well, if I didn't let him smoke he'd fume, and that would be a good deal worse."

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by cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Free homestead and pre-emption areas, as well as land held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions.

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For this is the baking powder that makes the baking better. It leaves the food evenly throughout, puffs it up to airy lightness, makes it delightfully appetizing and wholesome. Remember, Calumet is moderate in price—highest in quality. Ask your grocer for Calumet. Don't take a substitute.



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The Talker—I tell you, no man has got a right to be sick nowadays! The Joker—You've evidently been reading some patent medicine advertisements.

Poor Conversationalist. "Is your husband a good after-dinner talker?" "No, indeed. As soon as he's had dinner he lies down on the couch and falls asleep, and I never get a word out of him."

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Killing and Dressing Chickens

By J. O. LINTON, Instructor in Poultry Husbandry, Michigan Agricultural College

The old ax or hatchet always has and probably always will be a common way of killing the Sunday dinner. Since the fowl is generally eaten right away the condition of the carcass is not of great importance, but when chickens are killed a few days or longer before marketing care should be taken that the appearance is as attractive as possible, and the keeping qualities are greatly improved by proper killing and dressing.

A visit to the local market will generally show more or less dressed chickens, many of them purple and scarred in flesh, with little red spots about the body as though the blood had followed the feathers when plucked, which is practically what happened, every bruise and thumb mark showing, presenting an unattractive appearance. These conditions are due to improper killing and dressing.

"Sticking" is as easy as chopping off the head, and as the bird is hanging when stuck, may be allowed to bleed freely without bumping about and bruising itself as it does hopping when thrown down after losing its head. But "sticking" must be done properly to secure results.

There are two large veins in the neck of the fowl, one on either side running the whole length and united by a cross vein just below and behind the ear. This connecting vein does not run straight across the neck, but is farther in front at the right than on the left side. In making the stick, a knife with small blade about two inches long should be used and stuck inside the chicken's mouth, against the right side somewhat, so as to strike the vein, and a clean slash made. This will cause thorough bleeding and should be accompanied by "braining," which destroys the senses, relieving any suffering of the fowl and causing entire relaxation.

The "braining" is done by running the blade up through the little natural opening in the roof of the mouth between the eyes to the edge of the brain, where a slight twist or a backward and forward movement of the knife should paralyze the fowl. This causes the bird to "drop its feathers"—that is, all muscular resistance ceases, and even dry picking can be easily done, if desired.

A different method of killing and

bleeding is similar to wringing the neck, but is only unjointing or breaking at the first joint, uncoupling but not detaching the head. Holding the bird by the legs in the left hand, the right should grasp the head of the chicken and then, by pulling directly down and pushing the head a little backward, a break is made. As the fowl hangs it bleeds into the neck and no blood need be spilled till the head is cut off later. This makes a clean operation and causes satisfactory bleeding and "braining" at once.

As to dressing, the hot water method is most common, but often is not properly done. The water should be at nearly boiling point and the bird should be held by the feet and head and immersed once with the back upward, and once with the breast upward, leaving it only a short time in the water, and pick as soon as possible, if the feathers are "started," being careful not to rub the skin, as discoloration easily occurs in this manner. When the feathers are removed "plumping" may be done, if desired, by plunging into the scalding water, left there a few seconds and then placed in cold water to cool. This is done only to make a more pleasing appearance to the carcass.

Dry picking takes perhaps a trifle longer in some cases, but leaves the carcass in the very best condition if reasonable care is taken not to tear the skin. Almost as soon as the bird is "stuck" or the neck broken plucking may be commenced. By trying a few feathers from the back or sides it may be determined whether or not the feathers are dropped; if not, braining may be done again; if so, it is well to pull the large feathers from the wings and tail and then proceed to the body. Dry picking requires some practice, but with a little skill may be done very rapidly and is a great improvement over any other method. The choicest dressed poultry which reaches the eastern markets is all dry picked, dry cooled and dry packed.

Any locality has patrons who appreciate choice, neat articles of food and would enjoy the production of such. If the dressed fowls are to be kept any length of time they should be starved several hours before killing and then left undrawn, but for immediate use the consumer is generally better pleased with the drawn carcass.

Some of these methods of preparation are almost as easy, time saving, and far more satisfactory than chopping off the head and heating the kettle of water for scalding. This not only applies to the market producer but to anyone dressing fowls.

FILLING THE SILO

By R. S. SHAW

The first consideration is to have the silo ready, including all necessary repairs, for indications are that ensilage-making will begin early this season. It is poor economy to begin repairing when the silage cutter starts and hunt the old or make new doors as the filling progresses for the packing and tramping is sure to be neglected. The same is true also of the silage cutter, corn harvester and equipment for handling and hauling. Let the corn mature well even to the stage of being ready to cut and shock for husking; it will make a sweeter silage.

Evenness of distribution in the silo and careful tramping and packing are features essential to success in making the best quality of ensilage.

The silo may be filled to the top without cessation and then more added after it settles, but before the top layer spoils. It used to be considered necessary to lay off occasionally to give the silage a chance to settle, but this is not essential.

In the case of immature frosted corn it has been commonly assumed that it should be hurried into the silo as quickly as possible after the freeze. Recent experience, however, seems to indicate that a delay of several days is not injurious, but rather beneficial, providing loss of dried leaves does not occur from too prolonged delay.

Start the Garden in the Fall. The most successful gardens are started in the fall, although not a seed may be planted in the soil. If you have been living in town without a garden, now is a good time to clean up the back of the lot and get a load of barnyard manure to scatter evenly over the surface. Some of the space should be plowed or spaded this fall to accommodate the earliest varieties of vegetables. This spading allows the weather to act upon the soil, mellowing and decomposing it. If your garden spot is heavy, gummy clay, plan to put on it a good supply of slaked lime for this will assist in making it mellow and friable.

Protect Young Fruit Trees. It is time now to wrap young fruit trees in protection from rabbits. They start gnawing trees earlier in the fall than one imagines they would. They must get their tonic from the bark of trees in the early fall, and when snow covers up all vegetation they get their living from the trees and brush. A little neglect in the young orchard is usually mighty costly and all trouble may be avoided by placing wire screens around the base of the trees.

Don't leave the culls on the ground to rot. That is where many apple pests come from. Pick culls up and feed them to hogs and cows.

To Prevent Horns Growing on Young Calves

When circumstances are favorable, as in the case of farmers who build up their herds by raising the progeny, the horns may be prevented from growing by a simple and practically painless method, and the custom of preventing the growth of horns is becoming more popular and more generally practiced under all conditions except in the case of calves dropped on the open range. The calf should be treated not later than one week after its birth, preferably when it is from three to five days old. The agent to be used may be either caustic soda or caustic potash, both of which may be procured in the drug stores in the form of sticks about the thickness of an ordinary lead pencil and five inches long. These caustics must be handled with care, as they dissolve the cuticle and may make the hands or fingers sore. The preparation of the calf consists in first clipping the hair from the parts, washing clean with soap and warm water, and thoroughly drying with a cloth or towel. The stick of caustic should be wrapped in a piece of paper to protect the hands and fingers, leaving one end of the stick uncovered.

Moisten the uncovered end slightly and rub it on the horn buttons or little points which may be felt on the calf's head, first on one and then the other, alternately, two or three times on each, allowing the caustic to dry after each application. Be very careful to apply the caustic to the horn button only. If it is brought in contact with the surrounding skin it will cause pain. Be very careful also not to have too much moisture on the stick of caustic, as it will remove the skin if allowed to run down over the face. After treatment, keep the calf protected from rain, as water on the head after the applications of caustic will cause it to run down over the face. This must be carefully avoided. —U. S. Farmer's Bulletin No. 250.

Value of Farm Manure.

Farm manure is too valuable not to care for it. It will add a new store of plant food to the soil, combines with the soil and makes some of the insoluble plant food available. Makes the soil warm up earlier in the spring, makes the soil hold more water for the plants, improves the tilth of the sandy and clay soils, increases the number of soil organisms, promotes fermentation and supplies food to the organisms which help to make plant food available.

Free Bulletins.

The bulletins published by the Michigan Experiment station are free to all interested in better farming. A list of the bulletins which are available for distribution may be had by addressing, Director Experiment Station, East Lansing, Michigan.

WHY THE FARMER AND HIS FAMILY

SHOULD ATTEND THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

By CAPT. A. H. WADDELL.

There are so many reasons why the farmer and his family should attend the great International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago, that it is well and opportune at this time to mention some of them.

This great Exposition, the greatest indeed of all similar shows, is so apt to be viewed by the farmer, breeder, and stockman as merely a place where he should go to see the animals exhibited there, and for business purposes only. This is a very narrow view of so great and important a subject, for the animals seen at this Exposition, wonderful and extraordinary as they are, are but the results of years of labor on the great farms and ranges of the West, although they stand for the greatest and best of American breeding and feeding.

The great object of the founders of the International Live Stock Exposition, was to present to the breeders and farmers of this country, an object lesson of the highest ideals, and a school of instruction to which all could come and learn.

It goes without saying, that the men who have made this great institution possible, and the breeders and feeders and farmers who have made it what it is, are men of age and experience; and in order to perpetuate and improve this great school, and the methods through which it has gained its present day perfection, it is absolutely necessary that the sons of these men be permitted to see the show, and so start their lives of improvement from the advanced point at which their fathers stopped. This can never be realized by remaining on the farm and seeing only the stock their fathers raised; for every son is imbued with the idea that his father breeds the best there is, and consequently, is under the impression that the height of achievement has been attained on the home farm. Comparison is the only disillusionizer, and it is this above all things that the young man wants, not only to show him that there are hundreds as good as his father, and scores a great deal better. This opens the eyes of these young men and causes them to put on the wise cap of thought and consideration as to why, how and where their own fathers fell short in gaining what the fathers of their contemporaries accomplished.

Another thing that is sadly overlooked by the men who contribute to the Exposition with their stock is the fact that their wives, the heart and soul of their homes, and the faithful and constant companions of their lives, have done their generous share and contributed in no small degree to their husbands' successes. Faithfully and uncomplainingly have they devoted their useful lives to the duties of the home and the upbringing of their children, with the fostering care of motherhood. Uncomplainingly they live and abide in the environments of the ranch or farm, and day in and day out, from years end to years end, see night of life in their sister world, save the occasional visit of a female friend. They tenderly prepare for their husbands' annual outings to the great International Show, and lovingly await his looked for return. It would be but the pulling of a little wider of the husband's purse to give to these admirable women a taste of the fascinations and enjoyments of a week's visit to a great city, as well as to experience the delight of seeing the exhibits passed upon in the judging rings. Such a trip, apart from the good the change would do them, would serve the purpose of intense enjoyment and interesting conversation on their return, and if we judge women aright, would instill into their sympathetic hearts a desire to still further assist in the future successes of their husbands.

The daughters, too, of these people, particularly those who have attained or are verging upon early womanhood, would be greatly improved by a trip to Chicago and the International Show. Young minds are narrowed by a continuous residence among only those of their own lives and habits and upon such an occasion as this, fathers should expand still further the strings of their purses to enable these young women to see at least some little life, especially when under their own and their mother's care.

The delights of anticipation and the pleasures of accomplishment, are such inexpressible joys to youth that it is nothing short of inconsiderate selfishness to prevent such occasional enjoyment to these young people, particularly when it can be attained at such comparatively little outlay. The good that such trips accomplish is shown in a thousand ways and there is not a breeder, feeder or farmer in the whole of the great west who will not realize that the companionship of his wife and children to Chicago during the week of the International Live Stock Exposition, December 2 to 9, has not only been an inexpressible delight to himself, but a benefit to his home, his business and his future.

Proved. Orator—I thought your paper was friendly to me? Editor—So it is. What's the matter? Orator—I made a speech at the dinner last night, and you didn't print a line of it. Editor—Well, what further proof do you want?—London Opinion.

No Proof. "Blanche—Where was Percy educated? Belle—in his head—but I don't wonder you ask."

Tilted. "Is Mr. Bliff a believer in the uplift?" "Can't say for certain, but I notice that he wears his cigar at a dizzy angle."

For over fifty years Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and other painful ailments have been cured by Hamlin's Wizard Oil. It is a good honest remedy and you will not regret having a bottle ready for use.

When one is sad or out of sorts for any cause whatever, there is no remedy so infallible as trying to make somebody else happy.—J. W. Carney.

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

The man who tries to taper off in sin will soon be in over his head again.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates scrofula and all other humors, cures all their effects, makes the blood rich and abundant, strengthens all the vital organs. Take it.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.



DEFIANCE STARCH

16 OUNCES TO THE PACKAGE—OTHER STARCHES ONLY 12 OUNCES—SAME PRICE AND "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 47-1911.

When You Think

Of the pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well, and gives them freedom from pain. It establishes regularity, subdues inflammation, heals ulceration and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you want a book that tells all about women's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing only, and he will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. In handsome cloth-binding, 31 stamps.



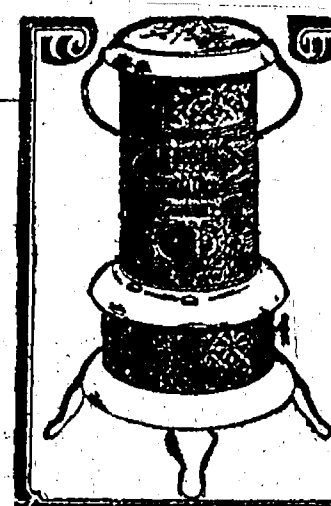
HENKEL'S

BREAD FLOUR. Two cargoes of Northwestern Spring Wheat have already this season gone into our elevators to be ground into this wonderful flour for bread baking.

VELVET PASTRY FLOUR. A soft winter wheat flour wonderfully milled for the daintiest possible cakes and pastry.

PANCAKE FLOUR—GRAHAM FLOUR—CORN MEAL. Recommended by all users.

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PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

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The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater warms up a room in next to no time. Always ready for use. Can be carried easily to any room where extra warmth is needed.

A special automatic device makes it impossible to turn the wick too high or too low. Safe in the hands of a child. The Perfection burns nine hours on one filling—glowing heat from the minute it is lighted. Handsomely finished; drums of blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings.

Ask your dealer or write for descriptive circular to any agency of Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

When—

The Stomach is Sick  
The Liver Sluggish  
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Then—It's Time to Take

That grand, old, time-tested remedy— BEECHAM'S PILLS

In boxes with full directions, 10c. and 25c.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

WOMEN wear W. L. Douglas stylish, perfect fitting, easy walking boots, because they give long wear, same as W. L. Douglas Men's shoes.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

W. L. Douglas shoes are warranted to hold their shape, fit and look better and wear longer than other makes for the price.

CAUTION The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom

Shoes Sent Everywhere—All Charges Prepaid.

How to Order by Mail.—If W. L. Douglas shoes are not sold in your town, send direct to factory. Make measurement of foot as shown in model; state style desired, size and width (narrow, medium or heavy, medium or light sole). Do the largest shoe mail order business in the world.

Illustrated Catalog Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



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Lamps and Lanterns

Rayo lamps and lanterns give most light for the oil used. The light is strong and steady. A Rayo never flickers. Materials and workmanship are the best. Rayo lamps and lanterns last.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps and lanterns, or write for illustrated booklet direct to any agency of Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)





Take One  
Pain Pill  
then—  
Take it  
Easy

To get the best of Backache  
Get a Box of

**Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills**

Otherwise Backache  
May get the best of you

Nothing disturbs the human system more than pain whether it be in the form of headache, backache, neuralgia, stomachache or the pains peculiar to women. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are a standard remedy for pain, and are praised by a great army of men and women who have used them for years.

"A friend was down with LaGrippe and nearly crazed with awful backache. I gave her one Anti-Pain Pill and left another for her to take. They helped her right away, and she says she will never be without them again."

Mrs. C. H. Wren, Austinburg, O.  
At all druggists—25 doses 25 cents.  
MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

## A Yuletide Home-Coming By Charles M. Cobe

THE club looked just the very thing Gerald Mannersley was craving for—a sense of home. A few lines read accidentally in an out-of-date newspaper had made him restless with longing for the old scenes. And so he had traveled two days and nights in a sleeper, vaguely connecting his journey's end with all the love and friendship his starved nature was demanding.

When he arrived at his old club on a chill, grey Christmas morning, it was only to find that fifteen years' silent absence had been too severe a test for friendship. The place was empty of all but servants, and they were strange, unwelcoming faces.

He stood at the club window, looking out on the desolate, deserted street which he had always remembered as being thronged, and a great sadness swept over him.

This was not what he wanted. From his pocket he drew out the scrap of paper which had really brought him so many miles, and looked at it bitterly. It was only a death announcement cut from a paper of a year ago, and ran in the usual way—"Michael Townley, at his residence," etc.

In fancy he saw a sweet-faced maiden, who sought her happiness only in the eyes of the youth by her side. There were joy-bells there, too, as they left the church with the fragrance of mutual love about them.

The bells pealed on outside, and willing fancy led him still further into the realm of "might have been."

In an instant he made up his mind to visit once more the old-fashioned cottage not many miles away, to which he had hoped fifteen years before to take a bride. He would go and see it, even if its neglected condition only added to his loneliness and pain.

Two hours later he was striding through the crisp country air along a winding path which led to a rambling, ivy-covered cottage.

As the last turn brought him in sight of the house he stopped in surprise. He had expected to see dirt, ruin, and decay, but instead he looked upon a trim, well-kept cottage, and a soft, crooning song, in a voice which awakened the tender memories of long ago, came floating through the unlatched door.

Half believing that it must be fancy leading him still, he entered the house softly, and, following the voice, went into the inner room, and stood in the glow of the warm trelight.

The sweet, tired-faced, middle-aged singer turned as his shadow fell across the light, and then stood white and trembling.

"Gerald!" she whispered. "Gerald! have you come to reproach me? Not today! Not today!"

The strong man's voice broke as he held out his arms.

"Nance!" he cried joyfully. "In a moment she was crushed, sobbing, to his breast.

"Oh, Gerald! is it really you? God is very good. I thought you must be dead."

For several moments they stood thus, the strong man's tears falling on her grey-tinged hair. Then he gently put her into a chair.

"You are not alone?" he asked as his eyes caught sight of a little table laid for two, daintly spread with Christmas fare.

"Yes," she answered. "I am quite alone. I have often come down here."

"But you are expecting somebody?" he said, calling attention to the table. She flushed prettily, looking almost as young as she had in his dreams of the morning, as she replied:

"I was expecting you, Gerald."

He smiled happily at her; then the smile faded, and he sighed as he sank into a chair.

"This is all foolishness, Nance," he said sadly. "You could not live here in the old days, you could do so less now, and I could not live here on another man's thousands."

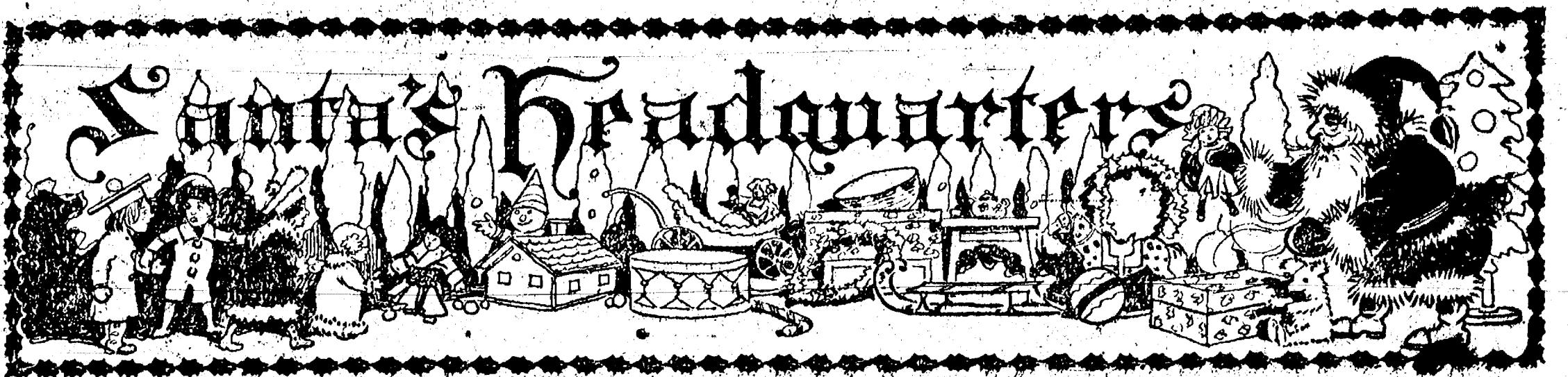
A smile hovered over the woman's face as she fitted here and there, busily preparing things for a meal. Then she slipped behind a chair, and leaning over whispered with burning cheeks:

"Perhaps you do not know, Gerald, that—that Mr. Townley's money goes back to his family if—if I marry again."

The man sprang to his feet and took her into his strong arms again.

"It is not too late," he cried. "We are still young. Will you let me try to make you happy?"

Her answer was drowned in the burst of Christmas bells that pealed from the village church close by. But he did not need her words; he could see her eyes.



## What To Give For Xmas

That is the leading question just now. Let us help you solve it. We bought heavily this year and surely you will find something suitable for presents for Mother, Father, Sister, Brother and all of your friends at our store. Toys, games, books, chinaware, novelties, and everything in the gift line you will find at our store, all new merchandise.

OUR STORE IS SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS

Opposite Postoffice

# THE BAZAAR

**Dr. C. H. Pray**

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Offices Over Payton's.

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Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m., 1:00 to 5:00 p. m.  
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Open Friday and Saturday each week.

Glasses guaranteed to fit.

Curing headache a specialty.

Its Time To

**Plant a Tree**

We are prepared to furnish you Shade Trees of any description. Lawns Graded and put in first class condition. Sodding a specialty.

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**Blacksmithing and Carriage Work.**

HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.

All Work Guaranteed.

Our Patronage Respectfully Solicited

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## Lest You Forget!

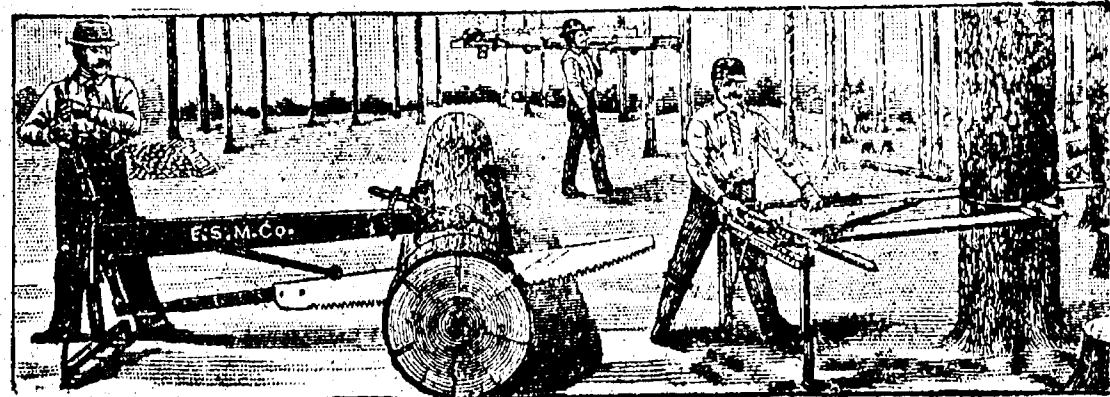
We wish to remind you that your Holiday purchases are not complete without a visit at this store where we have prepared the choicest line of edibles for the Holiday trade.



Choice CANDIES — NUTS  
ORANGES GROCERIES  
MEATS.  
The most tender and juicest

**Milford & Schnelle**

SAW YOUR WOOD WITH  
A ONE-MAN FOLDING SAW



It's "KING OF THE WOODS." Saves money and back-ache. 5 to 9 cords per day. So simple that a child can operate. Write for free catalog and testimonials from hundreds. Prices right and quick delivery. **W. C. HOWE, AGENT**  
R. F. D. 2, EAST JORDAN, MICH.

It is surprising to some to hear Empey Bros. say their business far exceeds any year yet. We presume to say that is brought about from the fact they are carrying a larger stock than ever.

I have Fruit Lands, Lake Shore Farms, Improved Farms and City property in all parts of Charlevoix County to sell or trade. Also farms and business chances anywhere in United States. **JOEL JOHNSTON**

## The Season for Buckwheat Cakes

is here again! This year's crop is of fine quality and we are making the same old-fashioned Stone Ground Absolutely Pure Flour. Don't let your dealer substitute any of the mixed compounds that the Pure Food Law still allows; insist on the PURE STONE GROUND—its cheaper in the end.

Made by the

**ARGO MILLING CO.**

at Mill B., East Jordan.

## The East Jordan Produce Fuel & Ice Company

Respectfully solicits the patronage of our citizens. In addition to Produce Buying, they will have for sale Hard and Soft Coal, Wood, Hay and Feed, Lime and Cement, and Ice.

Warehouse on State-st.

Phone No. 206.

**East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,**

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

## The Reid-Graff Plumbing Co.

We have opened a Plumbing Shop at the former John Mortimer stand and respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

PLUMBING and HEATING OF ALL KINDS.

Prompt Attention Given to Repair Work.

Phone No. 193-2 rings; residence, 198-8 rings.



# Billy's Christmas Greeting

By EUGENIA RABBAE

O I am a heartless flirt, who doesn't understand the meaning of the word love, am I, Mr. William Dunning?" stormed Marjorie all to herself, in answer to the final decree of rage and defiance which that gentleman hurled at her by means of a vigorous slam of the front door.

"I believe he would have shaken me, if he hadn't rushed out in time to prevent himself from doing it," she continued, the ever ready dimples venturing out of their hiding places, but she banished them severely. "I'll never, never forgive him, even though he asks me to, which of course, he won't! And he calls me stubborn!"

Next morning Marjorie was tremendously busy wrapping up dainty little parcels, for the next day was Christmas, and her many friends must be remembered, in spite of quarrels, and Billy.

Still, she seemed very much preoccupied over her work, and quite suddenly she threw aside the piece of

holly she had been toying with, and fairly flew to the telephone.

In answer to her impatient summons, she was quickly connected with Brown & Co.'s book store. "Have you sent out those books that were ordered for Mr. William Dunning?" she asked anxiously.

The answer evidently pleased her, for she breathed a sigh of relief. "That's all right; I'm glad you haven't, for I have changed my mind about them. Please cancel the order."

Marjorie hung up the receiver with an air of triumph. "There, I'm glad I thought of that! Billy would have construed a Christmas present into an abject apology," she said, her indignation rising at the very thought of such a thing.

But when she went back to her parcels and picked up the little twig of holly she had intended tucking away into one of them, her face softened. "I know that isn't the right kind of a Christmas spirit to have, but I can't have Billy thinking that I am admitting I was wrong, when I know I wasn't," she argued with herself.

The joyous ringing of Christmas bells and merry shouts of her younger sisters and brothers, when they discovered their stockings the next morning, only served to emphasize her depression.

"Billy never loved me; if he really and truly did he never could treat me like this," she told herself as she stood looking with unseeing eyes at the snowy Christmas world.

Just then a young man, fairly tearing around the corner, arrested her attention. It was no less a person than Billy himself who was coming, post haste, to see her.

Marjorie looked at him in wonder. What had come over Billy? Why this sudden contrition, when, she admitted it now for the first time, even to herself she had been greatly, if not altogether, to blame for their quarrel.

"O, Billy, I am so glad you came," Billy took some little time to emphasize his appreciation of her welcome,

then "Glad I came? Why wouldn't I come, dear?" he asked.

"Because you vowed you wouldn't unless I apologized," Marjorie explained mischievously.

"You didn't think I'd be so narrow and unforgiving as to ignore your dear little peace offering? I brought one of the books with me to read something to you," he told her, and diving into his pocket he produced a little copy of "Romeo and Juliet."

Marjorie was surprised for a second, then it flashed over her what it all meant. Brown & Co. had forgotten to cancel her order and Billy had received the books. Billy had construed her sending them into a humble plea for forgiveness.

He most probably wouldn't have come at all if it hadn't been for that. She stiffened visibly and all her love was swallowed up in a wave of rebellious pride.

"You are mistaken," she commenced coldly, but Billy interrupted her. "Here, I have found it."

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep, the more I give to thee."

"The more I have, for both are infinite," he was reading, and the simple beauty of the lines awoke something in Marjorie stronger than pride or resentment and she only smiled when he added tenderly: "My Christmas greeting to you, dear."

# The Joys of Christmas Time

By Kennett Harris



Hark! the merry chimes are warning us that this is Christmas morning. And it's time that we were rising, though the hour isn't late. Still, the kiddlets will be flocking, each to overhaul his stocking, and there's scads of things we've got to do that really cannot wait.

Yet, before we kick the clothes off (quite determined not to doze off), Let's indulge in dreamy musing on this joyous Christmastide; Let us, while the bells are pealing, get up some real Christmas feeling, Fill ourselves with sweet emotions that are not quite out and dried. True the minutes fast are gliding, but, consarn 'em, let 'em glide.

Think of these long weeks of waiting, all the glad anticipating Of the gay and festive season that at last, at last is here; Never resting, never stopping in our mad career of shopping; Searching over the ideal, not too cheap and not too dear; Crushed and elbowed in the reeking crowds, that like ourselves are seeking Just the very thing of all things that their loved ones most desired. Limp and dragged then emerging from the pushing, struggling, surging Mob, with parcels overlaid, reaching home at last, dog tired. Those experiences may be best described as "most all-fired."

Yet no antiquated stote showed endurance more heroic Than we've manifested through the weary ordeal of that time; We have stood the stress of barter with the courage of a martyr; Now we find sweet compensation listening to the Christmas chime.



Whose clear cadence, soft and mellow, seems to whisper to a fellow That the worst is nearly over, that we soon may breathe again, Soon may find surcease of sorrow, and that, maybe by tomorrow Or the next day, may be lifted something of this mental strain, That a blessed sense of rest may soothe the tissues of our brain.

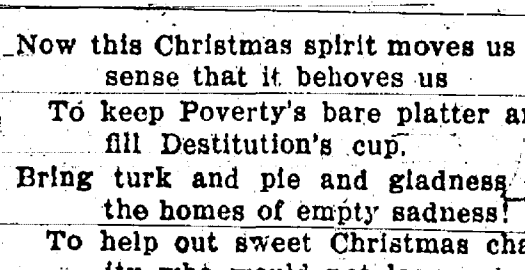
We have done with haste and flurry, no occasion now to worry, Let some sensitive relation may have been quite overlooked. All the lists of names are checked and all the walls with green are decked, and Now within a few short hours the Christmas dinner will be cooked. Hail to Christmas! happy season! There is some substantial reason To be gleeful at thy advent—the beginning of the end. As thou comest wreathed with holly, we can certainly be jolly, Welcome thee with feast and wassail, and in general unbend, For we know that we have spent for thee the last cent we can spend!



Now the door bell will cease ringing to the people who were bringing An endless string of packages from morn to dewy eve; We no longer will be running to conceal those things with cunning, And we'll lose our wonted air of having something up our sleeve. There will be a deuced litter, when

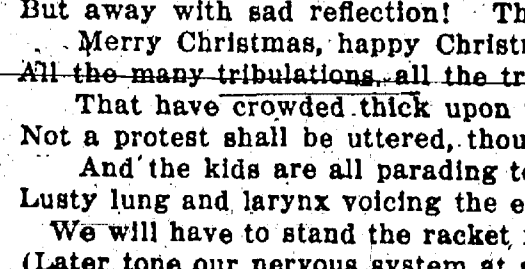
the gewgaws gleam and glitter, Of waste paper, string and cotton, from the kitchen to the hall; But, with consciences elastic, we will grow enthusiastic And "wonder how they guessed," as on the donors' necks we fall, Looking blissful over dewdads that we didn't want at all.

Ah, this blessed thing of giving! It is half the joy of living To watch the looks of gratitude and pleasure and surprise That, at least to outward seeming, are upon loved faces beaming— As the loved one opens his parcel and digs out his gaudy ties, And the gentle wife and mother her emotion tries to smother When, conducted by her husband, to some secret corner, where, As a proof of fond affection, he has hid from her detection, His gift to her, a cozy, costly, well-upholstered chair (Of whose comforts, in the future, you may bet he'll get his share).



Now this Christmas spirit moves us to sense that it behoves us To keep Poverty's bare platter and fill Destitution's cup. Bring turk and pie and gladness to the homes of empty sadness! To help out sweet Christmas charity who would not loosen up? But it's highly aggravating not to say exasperating, When we've given most nobly and without thought of stint, To find out, as we expected, that the modest are neglected And our princely benefaction hasn't found its way to print. (Certainly we didn't ask it, but a man might take a hint).

But away with sad reflection! This is no time for dejection. Merry Christmas, happy Christmas, as we said, has come at last! All the many tribulations, all the trials and vexations That have crowded thick upon us for the last six weeks, are past, Not a protest shall be uttered, though the house with toys is cluttered And the kids are all parading to the sound of horn and drum, Lusty lung and larynx voicing the extent of their rejoicing. We will have to stand the racket now that Christmas day is come. (Later tone our nervous system at some sanitarium).



Thank the Giver if we're able to sit 'round a well-spread table, Where the plump white-bosomed turkey sheds its savor through the room, And pudding comes on smoking, and there's no end to the joking, And no heart that harbors malice and no mind o'ercast with gloom.

Let us be profoundly grateful that we have at least a plateful, Grateful for the pepsin tablets that correct our Christmas cheer; Hold it as among our mercies if there's coin left in our purses, Be thankful for those dear to us and those who hold us dear. (And most supremely thankful Christmas comes but once a year).

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**CHRISTMAS IS A PROPHECY**  
It Forecasts the Perfect Social Conditions Which Will Fulfill the Promises of Christ.

Christmas is not only a fact commemorating the one sacred festival in the world's calendar, but the glorious prophecy of a coming day, surpassing all the brightest social dreams that have ever visited the most advanced human mind. He sprang, on His human nature side, from kings and peasants, from saints and sinners. He is yet to lift every peasant to the kingliest throne of character and transform the chief of sinners into the holiest of saints. He allied Himself with poverty and the common people. He is yet to banish poverty with all

ills, from the world, and to give to common humanity their rightful sovereignty. He worked with His hands for His daily bread. He is yet to dignify and glorify in the thought of mankind all honest toil. He honored woman with His sympathetic and appreciative regard. He is yet to relieve her from every form of serfdom created by the past ages. He took little children in His arms and blessed them. He is yet to make blessed the child life in every welcoming home. He gave His peace to His distracted disciples. He is yet to make wars cease unto the end of the earth. He united His brethren with Himself and His Father in one unbroken oneness. He is yet to make every man a brother to his fellow-man and at one with his Father in Heaven.

# Santa is Coming

and it's one safe bet that he will make MYER'S CONFECTIONERY



His Headquarters for  
Box Candies Bulk Candies  
Nuts Oranges  
Cigars Tobaccos  
Pipes and Smokers' Supplies

We Wish To Call Especial Attention to Our Fine Line of  
**Quality Chocolates**  
IN FANCY HOLIDAY GIFT BOXES  
Priced To Suit Every Pocketbook.

# MYER'S CONFECTIONERY

WARREN MYERS, PROP'R

## For those Holiday Presents

Secure a  
**STENCIL OUTFIT**

and make your own Holiday Gifts, thereby saving many dollars.

**MEXICAN PIGMENT PAINTS** are especially prepared for stenciling on all materials. It will not spread and will stand ordinary washing.

**SUITABLE FOR MAKING** curtains, portiers, dresser or piano scarfs, table runners, screens, pillow tops, etc.

A complete line of Stenciling materials on hand.

**Mrs. Jay Hite**  
**A Chance Now.**

Some enterprising man in East Jordan can step into a nice business that is bound to grow in your town. We have had so many letters from ladies asking us "why we can not establish a carpet cleaning machine here." If you have a dry line or any business to run in connection write us at once and we will assist you in placing the most modern machine made at a price that will surprise you and your city will amply support such an enterprise. A visit to our plant in Petoskey will convince the most skeptical. Write at once as the fall cleaning will pay for it.

**Petoskey Rug Manufacturing Co**  
Petoskey, Mich.

Let your Christmas presents be something useful. Thousands of dollars are worse than wasted on useless things every year.

## THE FAIR STORE

WALLACE WEISS

## Holiday Furnishings for Men and Boys



We have spent more time, thought and money this year in Xmas Goods for Men than ever before and as a result we have an unusually large assortment of Holiday Furnishings.

They are now ready for inspection.

**SUGGESTIONS:** Handkerchiefs, Slippers, Mufflers, Dress Shirts, Ties, Suspenders, Gloves, Caps, Pias, Cuff Buttons, Pocket Books.

**WALLACE WEISS**  
THE FAIR STORE  
3d Door North of Postoffice East Jordan, Mich.



THE HITE DRUG COMPANY

“Hard to Know What To Give”

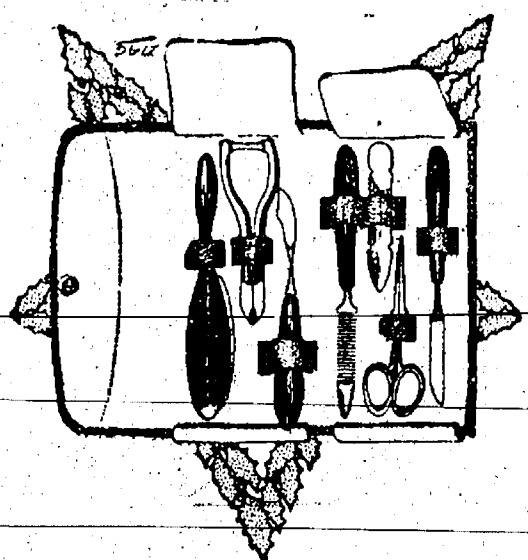
Not at all, Madam, It's as easy as a trip from your home to the Hite Drug Store. A short time spent in our store and viewing the many beautiful useful articles on display will bring more ideas to your mind for Christmas than whole days sitting at home and puzzling your brain trying to think of what to give. Don't try to think it out—it is a waste of time. Come down to Hites'. Come early and your Christmas perplexities will disappear one by one as you see among the hundreds of Christmas articles “Just What I Wanted”

Ready For Your Inspection

**A**T LAST our complete line of goods for the Holidays is opened up and on display ready for your inspection. We are proud of the line—it is a quality line—the goods are well made and at the same shōwy—all new styles all new stuff. We invite your inspection whether you wish to purchase or not. It would be impossible to mention everything in the line. All we can do is to give an outline.

**Toilet Sets**

Manicure Sets. Military Sets and separate pieces in new woods, shapes and designs, a classy line—A complete line of Mirrors, Brushes, Combs, etc., in separate pieces.



**Leather Goods**

The best goods from the world's best makers in Pocket Books, Hand Bags, Cigar Cases, Manicure Folders, Playing Card Sets.

**Brass Goods**

A fine assortment of brass Candlesticks, Fern Dishes, etc.

**Smoker's Goods**

And Shaving goods of all kinds, both in sets and single articles.

**Metal Jewel Boxes**

The new 1911 designs, always neat and tasty.

**Perfume**

In fancy holiday packages—not cheap stuff, but the very best perfumes from Woodworth and Palmer—Also a line of the best Imported French Perfumes.



**Stationery**

In fancy holiday packages—Whiting's and Eaton-Hurlbut's best numbers.

**Candy**

In boxes and packages—The Belle Mead Quality line—contain no glucose, or artificial color and flavored exclusively with fine fruit juices.

**Cigars**

The best in the market in all styles and sizes.

**Gift Books**

The finest line ever shown in East Jordan at a range of prices to suit everyone's pocketbook.



**Holiday Cards and Greetings**

Dainty folders with appropriate Christmas Sentiment. These Greetings have nearly, if not entirely, displaced low-priced gifts and are much more appropriate.

Don't hesitate to come and see our stock; you can't afford to miss it.  
No Trouble To Show Goods.

The HITE DRUG COMPANY.

NEXT TO THE POSTOFFICE.