

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 15

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1911.

No. 51

Lybarger

Second Number of High School Lyceum Course.

In Lybarger's lecture on "LAND, LABOR, WEALTH," a rare privilege awaits the thinking men and women of East Jordan and vicinity. The men who are doing the work of our city, transacting its business, and administering its affairs should not fail to be present at the Temple Theatre, Jan. 1st to hear him.

Why? You may ask. Who's Lybarger? Why should we listen to him?

Well, first he is a specialist, an expert in social science. He has prepared this lecture after many years of profound study. He knows what he is talking about. Second, his subject is interesting. It pertains to getting a living, to business success. Third, he is an orator of unusual power. Some men who consider themselves speakers would put you to sleep in twenty minutes talking on such a subject as Land, Labor, Wealth, but not so Lybarger. He combines the qualities of a wonderfully profound mind with such brilliancy of expression and such simplicity of language that the science of economics takes on the charm of a novel.

This lecture is guaranteed to please every voter who will come out to hear it. It is no dry-as-dust affair.

At the Temple Theatre, Jan. 1st. Admission 25, 35, 40, 50c.

THE BEULAH HOME ELECT OFFICERS.

The charter of the Beulah home expired two years ago and until lately has been running without a charter. But now the new officers which were elected in October will take charge of the home and it is expected that the place will soon regain its old time prestige and become once more a home for boys that people everywhere will feel an interest in and the people of Boyne City especially will feel proud to have located in their midst.

Although there has been so much criticism of the Home for many months past, there is not a doubt in the mind of any thinking man but that this place for homeless boys has been the means of saving hundreds of waifs from lives of sin and degradation—boys that would most surely have grown up as outcasts in the slums of the great cities and many of them who are now leading good and useful lives would have been inhabiting prison cells instead of enjoying the freedom and happiness that belongs to them now as the result of being trained to live a life free from crime.

The following directors and officers have been chosen to watch over the destinies of the home:

President, W. H. Hill, of Detroit; Vice President, J. M. Hall, the head of the Bay View Association; Secretary, H. L. Swift; Treasurer, A. B. Klise, president of the Klise Lumber Co.; of Petoskey; Directors, Rev. C. M. Glass, pastor of the Evangelical Church at Boyne City; Prof. Morley E. Osborn, of Hastings; Rev. Holden Putnam, Congregational minister of Charlevoix; and J. L. Hudson of Detroit.—Boyne City Journal.

Mayor Woodruff of Bay City has surprised the saloon element of that city by ordering the arrest of two of its members, Hugh McPee and Jacob Thier, and by locking them up in cells at police headquarters. It is stated in the newspapers of that city that this is the first time in the history of Bay City that liquor men were locked up pending arraignment, and that it was done in this instance at the mayor's orders to make it fully known that the saloon laws must be better attended to than heretofore. An effort is also being made to clear Bay City of undesirable characters. Half a dozen of this sort of regular saloon patrons are already in jail and a dozen more have been notified to leave the city. It will probably not be questioned but that these undesirables of Bay City are the legitimate results of saloon association and saloon patronage. There may be no other way so far as these unfortunates are concerned but to drive them out of the town, but this necessity would not have existed had the saloon business not been permitted to fully accomplish its purpose in making wrecks and demoralizers of the former patrons.

STICK TO MICHIGAN.

George H. Ellis, a graduate of the Michigan Agricultural College, Class of 1897, writes an interesting and instructive letter regarding agricultural conditions as he has found them in the west. He has been in the western country four years, engaged in engineering work in North Dakota, Montana and in Wyoming. In speaking of the opportunities afforded young men in the west, he gives the following advice:

"There are opportunities for young men here. If a man has \$500 to \$1,000 to start on, and is willing to live for a few years in a tent or cheap shack, and economize as he would not do in Michigan, he can take up some vacant land, and probably make good, if he keeps his health. Some of this land is pretty good. This Shoshone project, for example, has the makings, I believe, of a good dairy country. The Flathead country has a climate ALMOST as nice as Michigan. And if, after living here for five years, he should decide he has had enough of it, he can make a nice little stake by selling out to some eastern sucker.

And right here is where I want to warn my friends not to be the sucker. A farm on this project was sold a few weeks ago for \$100 per acre. This is a 40-acre tract, with a good house, a shed (which in this country goes for a barn) and possibly some other little shacks, and is, I think, all in alfalfa. Unless I am greatly mistaken, you can still buy land in Michigan for less money which is as good or better, the buildings are as good or better, and it is closer to market. Moreover, when you raise nothing but hay in Michigan you sit down and watch it grow. Here you have to irrigate it."

The saloonkeepers of Detroit, recently announced that they were going to provide a fund through which food could be supplied at Christmas time to some of the needy families of that city. The wife and children of Adam Potika, who were huddled in a miserable dugout at 243 Parkinson street, Detroit, can give some information as to the influence of the saloon on family food supply that would be just as interesting as the saloonkeepers' alleged proposition. Some money had been raised among kindly persons who knew of the needy condition of the Potika family. When this money was taken to the distressed home on Parkinson street, the greater part of it reached the father's hands and it was spent in a nearby saloon. The saloonkeepers knew that he was taking money which would keep the wife and children from hunger. And the service rendered to that unfortunate family by the saloons is quite the same as the wives and children of thousands of other Detroit and Michigan homes are compelled to endure throughout the entire year.

Advertised Letters.

Advertised list week ending Dec. 16, 1911.

Mr. Jasper Howe, Clifton Hickus, Mrs. Bessie Jerles, Mrs. Sophia Johnson, Guy Johnston, Melvin Miner, E. E. Place, R. P. Thomas, Albert J. Trudgeon, Ula Walker.

Harry E. Potter P. M.

Newspaper comment has recently been attracted to the fact that for the first time in the history of Macomb county a saloonkeeper has been sentenced to serve a term in jail. Martin Joice of Mt. Clemens was the victim of the advancing tide of public sentiment that has to some slight extent at least reached Macomb county. Joice was convicted of keeping an especially disreputable stall saloon. He was sentenced last week by Circuit Judge McKay to pay a fine of \$50 and to serve fifteen days in the county jail. After his arrest Joice declared that he paid the officers for protection but when the trial came on he made no attempt to establish his bribery claim. The fine and the jail sentence were comparatively light in view of the offense involved. But something has been gained through this first experience of a Macomb county saloonkeeper being sentenced to jail because of his disregard of the state law and his extreme defiance of the requirements of public decency.

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.

Mystic Workers Elect.

The Mystic Workers of the World elected the following officers for ensuing year at their last regular meeting.

Perfect, Jesse Earl Holliday. Monitor, Mabel Farmer. Secretary, Freeman Walton. Banker, John H. Williams. Warder, Laura Mae Swafford. Marshal, Flora M. Hawkins. Physician, Dr. C. C. Vardon. Sentinel, Frankie J. Detlaff. Supervisor 2 yrs. Ill vacancy, Ellsworth Sheldon. Supervisor 3 yr. term, James Shay.

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.

"Beat on Earth"

This is the verdict of R. J. Howell, Tracy, O., who bought Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for his wife. "Her case was the worst I have ever seen, and looked like a sure case of consumption. Her lungs were sore and she coughed almost incessantly and her voice was hoarse and weak. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound brought relief at once and less than three bottles effected a complete cure." Hite's Drug Store.

Are You In Need

Of a Gasoline Engine, Wood Saving Outfit, or Cream Separator? In closing out our implement stock we have several sample and slightly worn machines which will be sold at great bargains. Drop a card for prices.

WARD & WARD
Charlevoix, Mich.

County Normal Notes

Lillian Randall taught in Miss Bon's room most of last week, Miss Bon being absent on account of illness.

The class did some work in dyeing raffia last week and as a whole it proved successful.

Count's Mason was absent nearly all of last week on account of illness.

Miss Illmes received an interesting letter from Miss Eva Cram, class of '11, in which she told about her work as a nurse. A card was also received from Miss Lila Shapton, class of '11, who is now attending school as Mt. Pleasant.

Winie Cunningham and Georgia Adams are housekeepers this week, Ella Rasmussen and Lillian Flanders are editors and Marguerite Munger is gardener.

The literary society managed by Marguerite Munger gave their program last Wednesday morning. Trio, "Annie Laurie," by Ella Rasmussen, Marguerite Munger, and Georgia Adams. Miss Munger gave a talk on the life of Paul Laurence Dunbar and read two of his poems.

Myrtle Pearl gave a recitation "Entertaining her Sister's Beau."

Our idea of a woman with the Artistic Temperament is one whose hair needs shampooing.

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

Just a Few Days Left?

Have you decided upon those presents yet?

Can't you think of something that would please them?

Have you looked over our line?

Come in and let us suggest something that will please you. We have something for everybody.

Ask to hear the new Victor Victrola. This is something your family will

appreciate every day in the year. Prices \$15.00, \$25.00, \$50.00.

Call and see us.

W. C. SPRING Drug Co.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman whose notion of the Perfect Yuletide Gift was a year's subscription to Godey's Ladies Book?

Empey 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.

JUST TWICE AS GOOD.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7th, 1911.

Mr. W. T. MCINTYRE,
Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada,
Toronto, Canada.

Dear Sir.—I am in receipt of your favor of the 2nd inst. with reference to my policy No. 34,242.

With regard to the options offered, I would like same settled on the basis of Option No. 3.

I should like here to express to you my amazement at the result of this policy—it is almost incredible. I recently had a settlement of a policy taken out at about the same time and at a similar premium, in the * * * * * Your policy has—after 20 years—proved just twice as good. Your generous loan value gave me also the best illustration of the value of your policy as an asset, nor should I forget the dividend which I received at the end of 15 years.

I can only say that I regret that every policy I possess—and I have quite a number—is not in your Company.

I hope one of these days to pay my old home in Toronto a visit, and I shall signalize my visit by an increase of my assurance in the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Sincerely yours,
(REV. DR.) BARNETT A. ELIAS.

Dr. Elias is Secretary of the "New York Jewish Committee of the Deaf." The object of this Society is to provide the Jewish Deaf Mutes of New York with religious instruction and opportunities for public worship, and to furnish industrial education and secure work for the unemployed, also to promote their social and intellectual welfare.

IT'S IN THE "P.S."

SAGINAW, Mich., Sept. 25, 1911.

Mr. CHARLES F. SHEARPE,
Sun Life of Canada,
Detroit.

Dear Sir.—Received yours advising me of dividend on my policy No. 134303.

I will accept the second option, viz., a reduction in my premium to \$12.20 half-yearly for the next five years.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN R. SMITH.

P. S.—If at any time you should need any references in this city to what your Company is doing, don't be afraid to call on us.
J. R. SMITH.

RIGHT ON THE MINUTE.

91 DUROCHER ST., MONTREAL, Nov. 2, 1911.

J. C. STANTON, JR., Esq.,
Manager Montreal City Branch.

Dear Sir.—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of yesterday's date enclosing cheque for profits on above policy, No. 34281.

Please allow me to thank you for your prompt payment in this matter. Your cheque arrived on the first day after the twenty year period elapsed, which is in striking contrast to another company in which I had a policy, and in which I was over six months hearing whether I had any profits or not.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN J. LOMAX.

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

FRED E. BOOSINGER

These Next Few Days of High Pressure Selling

Will Demonstrate the Efficiency We Have Developed in Our

STORE SERVICE

For This Busiest Period of the Christmas Season

The expediency with which last week's great volume of business was handled affords utmost assurance that our store service will withstand any test to which it may be put this week.

SERVICE IS ASSURED in the scope and variety of the great gift assortments—usually complete for this last week.

SERVICE IS ASSURED in our enlarged sales forces—now brought to highest degree of efficiency.

All these advantages make this store more than ever inviting to those who have deferred their Christmas shopping to these last few days.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL"

FRED E. BOOSINGER

No Chinese revolutionist wears at any rate a pompadour.

What has become of the old-fashioned open-face applebutter pie?

The autumnal colors are much finer than those of the gaudy billboards.

The Chinese revolution seems to have got beyond the control of the police.

The effort to render hazing safe and sane continues at various educational institutions.

China's infant emperor writes marvelous compositions for one who has just begun his schooling.

No true lover of nature ever goes around declaring, in sepulchral tones, that life is a vale of tears.

Japan's population is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year, and the surplus must go somewhere.

If goat's milk is a cure for inebriety, as is asserted, one would never guess it by studying bock beer signs.

Hoopskirts are announced as due to return. But fashion, like politics, has its rumors that never come true.

The Kings county, New York, jail is characterized as a "disgrace." Most jails are open to the same criticism.

A baby has been killed by a hot bag. This comes from departing from the established and recognized cold bottle.

Football fatalities have been less frequent this year than usual. The game is in danger of losing its popularity.

A New York janitor laughed so hard at a joke which his daughter told that he fell dead. As usual the joke is suppressed.

And the worst of it is, the war between Turkey and Italy doesn't seem to be good even for cinematograph purposes.

The man who killed himself after six hours of married life apparently was satisfied that a little often goes a great way.

Magazines that are shipped by freight are at least congratulating themselves on not being completely sidetracked.

A young actor has married a widow worth \$15,000,000. It was about time that the male sex of stogeland was recognized.

Violinist Kubelik has fled from Chicago because it was too noisy here for him. Need it be said that he has gone to St. Louis?

Football is not all wasted effort. Lots of the pale-browed ordinary students get excellent exercise in giving the college yell.

It's our notion that everybody will have to have his liver regulated and in good working order before the millennium can come.

A Seattle clergyman preached from a coffin in the streets and was "pall-bearing" home. Seattle must be a hard town to wake up.

Statistics show that in nearly all cases the college girl, when she marries, stays married. Probably she starts out by giving her husband a vivid description of the hazing stunts she has participated in.

A song writer has been ordered to pay \$2 a week toward the support of his child. Now we may expect an indefinite number of new "rag" spasms.

A Chicago paper suggests that only light reading should be carried by the aeroplane postmen. It is grimly appropriate, however, that a lot of it goes to the dead letter office these days.

A New York young man has entered Harvard with six trunks, 20 suits and 10 pairs of shoes. Nobody, however, has gone to the trouble of predicting a brilliant future for him.

Mary Anderson says that any work is preferable to a stage career. But successful people usually speak in this strain. Even our great financiers assure us that being a millionaire is nothing like as easy as it looks.

An Asbury Park cook is reported to have had her \$1,500 worth of diamonds stolen. This looks like a deep scheme to attract all the cooks in the country to the Jersey resort next season.

"Swat the ants!" cries a scientist. Say, savants—mayn't we keep one little insect for a pet?

There are some women who never change their minds. Just as there are some men whose automobiles never break down—because they don't own automobiles.

"Hoopskirts are inevitable," says a fashion expert. The only redeeming feature of a hoopskirt is that it can be used as a parachute in case of an aeroplane accident.

Entertain Visitors

Nothing is Too Good for Country Friend

By LAURA BINGHAM

SOME time ago I read an article which criticised some of our city people for our extravagant ideas of entertainment. As I remember the situation, a woman from the country came to our city to meet some friends and after a dainty luncheon at some ice cream parlor she was taken to the matinee. She had anticipated merely a lunch at a department store and an afternoon spent shopping.

The country woman thinks us extravagant as to dress and as to taste in general. Perhaps it is true, but the young women who entertained their friend in the story I have in mind probably had been prompted by the same motive which had led me to do likewise, not infrequently, but on "special occasions."

When I am to meet a friend who lives out of the city I dress in my best gown, or at least the one most suitable for the occasion. This is done for two reasons. First, we all bring out the best in ourselves when "dressed up;" secondly, in deference to the friend, we want to appear to the best possible advantage.

In choosing a place to dine I do not wish to take my friend to the places either she or I might frequent if alone for the sake of economy. I want to treat her to the best I can possibly afford. It may be extravagant, but, like nonsense, just a little extravagance is relished now and then.

Shopping is a tiresome pastime, or rather work. My woman friend from the country can shop when I am not with her, but if I can take her to a matinee for a reasonable amount of money I may help her to while away a few hours pleasantly, and bring a smile to her face, as she comfortably sits there and rests.

When one loves a friend there is nothing too good for her. If to hear the robins singing in the woods is sweeter than the voice of a prima donna, she, at least, has had variety of pleasure, and the birds' songs have lost none of their sweetness.

If the good time she enjoys with her little sewing circle outshines the amusements of the theater, she can better appreciate her home pleasures by the comparison.

Then, too, let her consider the subject from her friend's standpoint. If she cares for them she will allow a little extravagant expenditure of money, not sufficient to harm the bank account, but just enough to please them and fulfill the desire to show her some pretty books and amusing plays.



Benefits of Sleeping in Open Air in Winter

By MRS. MARY MOORE Milwaukee

Many people are, no doubt, interested in the subject of sleeping out of doors. Many have probably utilized their porches for that purpose during the summer months who will move indoors with the approach of the first cool night. Like the birds, they migrate to warmer climes.

My advice is, stay out all winter. It will do you more good than you realize and the hardships will be only those that will really be a benefit to the average person.

My husband and I "canvassed in" our back porch at about this time last year. We arranged it so that one side could be rolled up in the morning and readily put down at night. The cost was about \$8, including enough extra canvas to make a covering for the bed.

Really, we find the cool nights of early winter and spring the most pleasant of all the year. In extreme cold weather we place a heated soapstone in the bed to warm it up before we retire.

We do not bring in the bed clothes during the day, although such a plan is a good one if they seem inclined to become damp.

We have been freer than usual from colds, and my husband's chronic catarrh is much better now than ever before. This in spite of the fact that we live only a few blocks from the lake.

Try sleeping out this winter. You won't regret it.

One Word That Should Never be Used

By FRANK CRANE

"Do" is the language of love. "I like very well to be told what to do, by those who are fond of me," said Alcibiades, "but never to be told what not to do; and the more fond they are of me the less I like it. Because when they tell me what not to do, it is a sign that I have displeased or am likely to displease them. Besides—I believe there are some other reasons, but they have quite escaped me."

To be sure the ten commandments are "don'ts." But they are God's, which is different.

Why English Sparrows Should be Killed

By MRS. L. SWEENEY Chicago

I notice the department of agriculture is trying to devise means for ridding the country of English sparrows.

It is a problem that has now assumed enormous proportions and the solution has been too long delayed.

I believe that some states have offered bounties for the dead sparrows. Is this not the case?

Does the state of Illinois offer bounties for them, and if so how much? And where should they be taken?

Newspapers could do a great deal of good by making known to the public the reasons why the English sparrows are our enemies and other birds are our best friends and should be protected.

"AN ARMY ADVANCES ON ITS STOMACH"



CATTLE FOR THE ITALIAN ARMY

IN CONDUCTING a great modern military campaign there are plenty of problems to solve besides those of generalship. The feeding of such vast hosts of men is of itself a gigantic task, and as it has been said that "an army advances on its stomach," this is one of the most important problems confronting commanders.

The probable size of a modern battlefield has been the subject of discussion recently among German military experts, who have been stimulated thereto by a book by General Falkenhause, one of the most eminent authorities on land war strategy. The conclusions at which the participants in this interesting debate arrive, says a Berlin correspondent, reveal to the uninitiated the amazing dimensions which a battlefield in a twentieth century war would assume.

General Falkenhause discusses the theoretical case of an army of 1,380,000 men engaged in battle with a rival of approximately the same number, and he says that the operations would extend over an area fully 200 miles from side to side, and not less than 150 miles deep—that is, from the rear of one army to the rear of the enemy. But an army of 1,250,000 soldiers would be a comparatively small one in an up-to-date warfare, for forces of this numerical strength took the field so long ago as the Franco-German campaign in 1870, since when marvelous developments in military matters have ensued. In a struggle between two great European military powers it is quite possible and, indeed, probable, that each of the opposing forces would number something like 3,000,000 troops, for Germany, France, Russia and Austria-Hungary are all capable of sending such armies to the front without touching their respective last lines of reserves.

Battle's Area—150,000-Square Miles: If two such mighty armies were engaged in battle the field of their operations would probably extend quite 50 miles from side to side, while the distance from the rear of one force to the rear of the other could hardly be less than 80 miles. Thus the battlefield would have an area of 150,000 square miles.

When Frederick the Great fought his battles in the eighteenth century the field of operations never extended more than four miles from side to side, and in the Russo-Japanese war, when, owing to the great distance from the respective bases, there were never more than three or four hundred thousand troops simultaneously in action, the battlefields remained limited in extent. Will the generals of the future be equal to the almost superhuman task of directing operations extending over such immense areas?

Every army must have a commander in chief, and that generalissimo must control the movements of all the troops united under his orders. He will have all the latest technical devices at his disposal. Hundreds of miles of telegraph and telephone wires will be rapidly laid in order that he may exchange orders and communications with his auxiliary officers.

Modern Armies Too Large: There will be motor cars and flying machines, steerable balloons and spherical balloons, bicycles and apparatus for wireless telegraphy and telephony, besides other mechanical contrivances for signaling. Will these suffice to surmount the purely technical difficulties involved in establishing effective communication over such an area, especially as they will have to be installed and equipped for service in a very short space of time? And if they furnish a perfect communicating machine will there be any human brain capable of mentally digesting the information supplied him with bewildering speed from so many different sources, and of working out in his mind the profoundly complex problems connected with the movements of such legions of human engines of war? Would Moltke, the greatest strategist of modern times, if he were alive, be able to handle modern armies of millions with the ease and celerity necessary to success? Are the great armies created by the leading countries of Europe really efficient instruments of war, or would the complicated machinery break down under the stress of actual hostilities?

All these questions are occupying the minds of German experts, but only a war can supply a conclusive reply to them. There is, however, a strong inclination among many competent judges to regard the countless legions of the great powers as inefficient because it is thought that they are too big and unwieldy to be handled with facility, and because no human brain can surmount the difficulties of directing their movements with precision.

Problem of Feeding Millions: As the great army moved forward something like 3,000 field bakeries would have to be constructed for use every day, and as these are underground and created by excavating earth, extensive areas of country would be honeycombed by these holes, involving both damage to landowners and farmers and danger to all pedestrians in those regions. Soldiers do not live by bread alone, and the supply of other provisions for an army of 3,000,000 would strain the resources of any commissariat department, even the smartest, to the uttermost. The supply of pure water, too, would present grave and in dry weather perhaps insuperable difficulties. There also would be tens of thousands of horses to tend and feed, and enormous quantities of petrol would be required for the various motor cars needed for military auxiliary services. The ordinary brain reverts at the thought of all the intricate machinery that would have to be set in motion and kept in good working order in the event of a great modern war.

Italy has organized the expedition to Tripoli with celerity and efficiency. In the illustration we see a herd of bullocks being conducted through the streets of Naples on their way to the landing stage for embarkation. Behind the railings is the arsenal. At the summit of the hill in the background may be seen the wall of the castle of St. Elmo and a portion of the monastery of St. Martino.

Some authorities predict an abandonment of very great armies based on compulsory military service for every adult male in the country and recourse to smaller armies of trained fighters. The comparatively few professional soldiers would, according to this view, be paid to fight the battles of the nation, as is the case in America and England.

Salvation Army's Good Work

The anti-suicide bureau of the Salvation Army in England has nearly completed the fifth year of its existence. The latest statistics which have been published show that of the causes which call for the London office of the bureau have given for suicidal tendencies financial embarrassment or hopeless poverty ranks highest. Over 50 per cent of the cases come under this category. Colonel Emerson, who is in charge of the bureau, stated that suicide cases were not now on the increase. "Trade is good," he remarked, "and that has a great deal to do with the subject."

Presumptuous

Raynor—Think you could improve on the works of nature, do you? Shyne—I know I could, if I had the power. I'd make some kind of seed that could be planted on a bald head and grow into a crop.

OFFICIAL INVITATION TO AMERICANS

HOW ROBERT ROGER, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, IN WINNIPEG, ADDRESS, ISSUES WELCOME OF AMERICANS TO WESTERN CANADA.

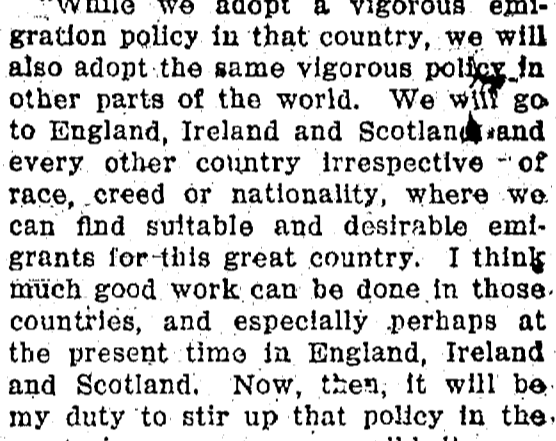
During the course of a reply to an address presented to Hon. Robert Rogers, the newly appointed Minister of the Interior of Canada at a banquet given at Winnipeg in his honor that gentleman spoke on immigration. The tone of his remarks was that he intended to pursue an aggressive and forward policy in the matter of immigration. In part, he said:

"The most important branch perhaps of that department (Interior) is that of immigration.

"If there is anything more than another we want here it is a greater population, and it shall be my duty to present to the people in all parts of the world where desirable emigrants are to be found the advantages and the great possibilities of this country. We have received in the past a reasonably large immigration from south of the international boundary, and this connection let me say just a word for our American cousins who have found happy homes amongst us, and those whom we hope to welcome in greater numbers in the years to come. There are hundreds of thousands of them in our prairie provinces, happy in the enjoyment of a freedom as great as they ever knew, and all contributing in a material way towards the development of Canada. We are not blind to their value as settlers. They come better equipped with scientific farming knowledge than most of our emigrants, and constitute without doubt the wealthiest class of emigrants any new country has ever known. As head of the immigration department it will be my privilege to offer them a welcome hearty and sincere, and to contribute to their welfare that under the protecting folds of the Union Jack they will enjoy as great a degree of liberty and happiness as under the Stars and Stripes. The Borden government cherishes nothing but the kindest feelings for the people of the great republic to the south, and will do all in its power to increase the bonds of kinship and neighborly good feeling that has so long existed. (Hear, hear.)

"While we adopt a vigorous emigration policy in that country, we will also adopt the same vigorous policy in other parts of the world. We will go to England, Ireland and Scotland, and every other country irrespective of race, creed or nationality, where we can find suitable and desirable emigrants for this great country. I think much good work can be done in those countries, and especially perhaps at the present time in England, Ireland and Scotland. Now, then, it will be my duty to stir up that policy in the most vigorous manner possible."

A DIFFERENCE.



Tessie—I suppose you won't marry unless you find one girl in a million. Tom—No; with a million.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Backache is usually kidney ache. There is only one way to remove the pain. You must reach the cause—the kidneys. No better kidney remedy exists than Doan's Kidney Pills. Mrs. John A. Link, 122 E. Terry St., Bucyrus, O., says: "I was so terribly afflicted with kidney complaint, I could not leave my bed. I was attended by several doctors but they all failed to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief after I had given up all hope and soon cured me. I have had no kidney trouble in three years."

When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S.

50c. Allentown, Foster-McIlburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Knowledge That Wasn't Printed.

Rep. McDermott of Chicago, who represents in congress a stock yards district, was discussing how he had been treated by the Democratic organization which appointed men to the various standing committees of the house.

"First," he said, "they wanted to put me on the committee on agriculture and I haven't an acre of cleared ground in my district. Then they tried to shove me into the committee on education, and I never went to school a day in my life."—Popular.

It Goes Off.

Dragging a gun through the fence seems to be almost as effective as rocking the boat.

SERIAL STORY

THE GIRL from HIS TOWN

By MARIE VAN VORST
Illustrations by M. G. KETTNER

(Copyright, 1910, 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. The youth has an ideal girl in his mind. He meets Lily, Duchess of Breakwater, a beautiful widow, who is attracted by his immense fortune and takes a liking to her. When Dan was a boy, a girl sang a solo at a church, and he had never forgotten her. The Galoreys, Lily and Dan attend a London theater where one Letty Lane is the star.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

At the end of the tenor solo Princess Oltary runs into the pavilion and there changes her dress and appears once more to dance before the rajah and to prove herself the dancer he has known and loved in a cafe in Paris. Letty Lane's dress in his dance was the classic ballet dancer's, white as the leaves of a lily. She seemed to swim and float; actually to be breathed and exhaled from out her film gown; and the only ray of color in her costume was her own golden hair, surrounded by a small coral-colored cap, embroidered in pearls. The actress bowed to the right and left, ran to the right, ran to left; glanced toward the Duchess of Breakwater's box; acknowledged the burst of applause; began to dance and finished her pas seul, and with folded hands sang her song. Her beautiful voice came out clear as crystal water from a crystal rock, and her words were cradled like doves, like boats on the boundless seas.

"From India's coral strand. . . . But there was no hymn tune to this song of Letty Lane's in 'Mandalay!' To the boy in the box, however, the words, the tune, the droning of the flies on the window pane, the strong odor of the hymn books and panama fans, came back, and the clear sunlight of Montana seemed to steal into the Gaiety as Letty Lane sang. The Duchess of Breakwater clapped with frank enthusiasm, and said: 'She is a perfect wonder, isn't she? Oh, she is too bewitching!' And she turned for sympathy to her friend, who stood behind her, his face illumined. He was amazed; his blue eyes ablaze, his head bent forward, he was staring, staring at the Gaiety curtain, gone down on the first act. He laughed softly, and the duchess heard him say: 'Good! Well, I should say she was! She's a girl from our town!' When the duchess tried to share her enthusiasm with Dan he had disappeared. He left the box and with no difficulty made his way as far as the first wing. 'Can you get me an entrance?' he asked a man he had met once at Osdene, and who was evidently an habicue. 'I dare say. Ripplin' show, isn't it?' Dan put his hands on dual shoulders and followed the nobleman through the labyrinth of files. 'Which of 'em do you want to see, old man?' Dan, without replying, went forward to a small cluster of lights in one of the wings. He went forward intuitively, and his companion caught his arm: 'Oh, I say, for God's sake, don't go on like this!' But without response Dan continued his direction. A call page stood before the door, and Dan, on a card over the entrance, read 'Miss Lane.' The smell of calcium and paint and perfume and the auxiliary tung heavy on

door of the dressing room of the actress. Miss Lane's dressing-rooms were worth displaying to her intimate friends. They were done with great taste in coral tint. She might have been said to be in a coral cave under the sea, as far as young Blair was concerned. As he came in he felt his ears dead, and the smoke of cigarettes grew so thick that he looked as through a veil. The dancer was standing in the center of the room, one hand on her hip, and in the other hand a cigarette. Her short skirt stood out around her like a bell, and over the bell fell a rain of pinkish coral strands. She wore a thin slip, from which her neck and arms came shining out, and her woman knelt at her feet strapping on a little coral shoe. Blair shut the door behind him, and began to realize how rude, how impudent his entrance would be considered. But he came boldly forward and would have introduced himself as 'Dan Blair from Blairtown,' but Miss Lane, who stood at the entrance through the smoke, burst into a laugh so bright, so delightful, that he was carried high up on the coral strands to the very beach. She crossed her white arms over her breast and leaned forward as a saleswoman might lean forward over a counter, and with not beautifully trained voice, all sweetly she asked him: 'Hello, little boy, what will you take?' Blair giggled, quick to catch her meaning, and answered: 'Oh, chocolate, I guess!' And Letty Lane laughed, put out her white hand, the one without the cigarette, and said: 'Haven't got that brand on board—so sorry! Will a cocktail do? All sorts in bottles. Higgins, fix Mr. Blair a Martini!' As the dresser rose from her stooping position, the rest of Letty Lane's

she smiled on both the men with extreme brilliance. 'You bet your life,' he responded. 'I should think it was great.' Pontotowsky rose indolently. He had not looked toward the newcomer, but had, on the other hand, followed every detail of Miss Lane's dressing. 'Better take your scarf, Letty. Hand it to Miss Lane,' he directed Higgins. 'It is so damped drafty in these beastly wings.' He drew his watch out, gathered up his long coat, flung it over his arm and picked up his opera hat which lay folded on Letty Lane's dressing table. The call page for the third time summoned 'Miss Lane, Miss Lane,' and she took the scarf Higgins handed her and ran it through her hands, still beaming on Dan. 'Come in to see me at the Savoy on any day, at two-thirty except on matinee days.' 'Put on your scarf,' Pontotowsky, taking it from her hands, laid it across her white shoulders, and she passed out between the two men, light as a bird, smiling, nodding, followed by the prince and the boy from Montana. The crowds began to fill the lately empty wings—dancers, chorus girls with their rustling gowns. Letty Lane said to Dan: 'Guess you'll like my solo in this act all right—it's the best thing in 'Mandalay.' Now go along, and clap me hard.' It gave him a new pleasure, for she had spoken to him in real American fashion with the swift mimicry that showed her talent. Dan went slowly back to his party. As he took his seat by the duchess she said to him: 'You went in to see Letty Lane. Do you know her?' 'Know her!' And as Dan answered, the sound of his own voice was queer

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"She's a Girl From Our Town."

dressing-room unfolded out of the mist and smoke. On a sofa covered with lace pillows Blair saw a man sitting, smoking as well. He was tall, and had a dark mustache. It was Prince Pontotowsky, whom Dan had already met at the Galorey shoot. 'Prince Pontotowsky,' Miss Lane presented him, 'Mr. Blair of Blairtown, Mont. Say, Frederick, give me my cap, will you? It is over by your side. I've got to hustle.' The man, without moving, picked up a small red cap with a single plume, from the sofa at his side. In another second Letty Lane had placed it on her head of yellow hair, real yellow hair and not a doubt of it, like sunshine—not the color one gets from inside bottles. Her arms, her hands flashed with rings, priceless flashes, and the little spears pricked Dan like sharp needles. 'It's the nicest ever!' she was saying. 'How on earth did you get in here, though? Have you bought the Gaiety theater? I'm the most exclusive girl on the stage. Who let you in?' Her accent was English, and even that put her from him. As he looked at her he couldn't understand how he had ever recognized her. If he had waited for another act he wouldn't have believed the likeness real. The girl he remembered had both softened and hardened; the rounded features were gone, but all the angles were gone as well. Her eyes were as gray as the seas; she was painted and her lids were darkened. Seen close, she was not so divine as on the stage, but there was still a more thrilling charm about the fact that she was real. 'To think of any one from Montana being here tonight! Staying very long. Mr. Blair?' Between each sentence she directed Higgins, who was getting her into her bodice. 'And how do you like 'Mandalay?' Isn't it great?' She addressed herself to Dan, but

to him, and his face flushed hotly. 'Lord, yes. She used to be in the drug-store in Blairtown. Sold soda-water to me when we were both kids. Whoever would have thought that she had that in her?' He nodded toward the stage, for Letty Lane had come on. She sang in our church, too, but not for long. 'Who was with her in her dressing-room?' the duchess asked. Blair didn't answer. He was looking at Letty Lane. She had come to dance for the rajah, and in her arms she held four white doves; each dove had a coral thread around its throat. It was a number that made her famous, 'The Dove Song.' Set free, the birds flew about her, circling her blond head, surrounded by the small coral-colored cap. The doves settled on her shoulders, pecked at her lips. 'Was it Pontotowsky?' the duchess repeated. And Dan told her a meaningless lie. 'I didn't meet any one there.' And with satisfaction the duchess said: 'Then she has thrown him over, too. He was the latest and the richest. She is horribly extravagant. No man is rich enough for her, they say. Pontotowsky isn't a gold mine.' The doves had flown away to the wings and been gathered up by the Indian servants. The actress on the stage began her Indian cradle song. She came, distinctly turning toward the box party. She had never sung like this in London before. There was a freshness in her voice, a quality in her gesture, a pathos and a sweetness that delighted her audience. They fairly clamored for her, waved and called and recalled. Dan stood motionless, his eyes fastened on her, his heart rocked by the song. He didn't want anyone to speak to him. He wished that none of them would breathe, and nearly as absorbed as was he, no one did speak. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Onlooker

WILBUR D. NESBIT

The Phonetic Popular Song

NOTE—To eliminate bother, the words of this song are spelled just as they would be pronounced by the ballad singer of the stage.

Love is a movviltous woykeh of spells,
Swift with his maj-tuck art,
Gentle the messch that-misty tells
Darlin, we shall not part.
Cupid has wispered wair Toziz bloom,
Wispersed the oldin vow,
An as the roziz give their poyfume,
This is their messch now.

CHORUS
This is the messch the roziz bring from
the gardin fair,
Boundin a gardin to cirkl round all your
goldin hair,
"Life is all empty an woythless wen you
are far away"
That is the messch the roziz bring; that's
wat the roziz say.

Though I have dimints an jules of pride,
Though I have frezzures time,
Still there is gladness that I'm dimind
If you will not be mine,
You know the messch that Cupid told
Deep in the roziz heart,
When it is endid the roziz fold
Back on their pettled heart.

CHORUS
This is the messch the roziz bring from
the gardin fair,
Boundin a gardin to cirkl round all your
goldin hair,
"Life is all empty an woythless wen you
are far away"
That is the messch the roziz bring; that's
wat the roziz say.

WHAT SHE SAID.



"Oh, doctor," sighed the patient, "I am so glad you have come. I feel dreadfully, and I don't know what in the world is the matter with me. My husband says it is nothing but nervous indigestion, but his mother is positive I am going to have appendicitis, and my mother declares I have intermittent fever, and my sister says it looks to her like creeping paralysis, and Aunt Henrietta says I've got malaria. What do you think I've got, doctor?" "Well," frowns the physician, "from those symptoms I should say off-hand that you have too many relatives."

Would Have Gtu.
A fellow, who hunted the gnu
Was asked "What on earth would you
gdu
If the savages tried
To catch you for your hied?"
And he answered "I'd kill off a gtu."

Bacteria.
Health authorities say that ice
cream is all right if it only has 6,
000,000 bacteria to the cubic centim-
eter.
It is an excellent thing for the
human race that this standard has
been established.
Counting the bacteria has always
rather delayed us while eating ice
cream. Many times our hostess has
suggested to us gently but rather
urgently that we count them two at a
time—and this has often made us
lose count.
Now we shall count them up to
6,000,000, and then, if there remain
any more of the centimeter we shall
push the dish back and say that we
have eaten so much of the dinner we
haven't room for dessert.
Besides, once the ice cream begins
to melt it is difficult to make the
centimeter remain cubical.

Far-Seeing Damsel.
"No, Mr. Upp," Phyllis says, with
a sigh, "I cannot marry you. I con-
fess that I have much more than a
friendly feeling for you, but suppose
we were to marry, and you should die
and leave me in straitened circum-
stances, and I should take in board-
ers and they should make a pun of my
name as 'landlady,' calling me Phyllis
Upp?"

Fat Girl Stuck in Hole.
Dalton, Ga.—Two slim girls and a fat
one dug a hole in the wall of the county
jail and tried to escape. The thin
ones, Mary McCall, and Nettie Wall, slipped through, but Sarah Crow stuck
in the aperture. She was caught
when the laughter of the other girls
wroke the guard.

PYTHON MADE THINGS LIVELY ON SHIPBOARD

Reptile Held Prisoner by Iron Ring After It Had Swallowed Two Monkeys.

New York.—Lieut. Tom Donohue, R. N. R., chief officer on the Muncaster Castle, was glad to make port here and get rid of a 30-foot python he brought from the far east. The python got loose several times, but Donohue did not mind it much until one day when five days out of Gibraltar, Ah Sing, his chief helper



Had Swallowed Two Monkeys.

showed up with a toe gone and blam-
ed it on the snake. "We found the python—an unwilling
captive in the monkey-house," said
Donohue. "We found he had crawled
through a large iron ring that was at-
tached to the deck and on either side
of the ring he was bulged out to such
an extent that he could get neither in
nor out. I looked around, counted the
monkeys, and found two of them
missing.

"Evidently the reptile had swal-
lowed one of the monkeys and in his
frolicking joy had gone through the
ring with the missing monkey inside
of him would let him go no further.
I suppose he was mad and swallowed
another monkey. That put him in an
awful fix, because the iron ring was
between the two monkeys he had de-
voured. Ah Sing and I jammed his
head down with a forked stick, and
when we had him tight Ah Sing re-
moved the other monkeys to a safe
distance. Then we built a sort of cage
around Mr. Python and left him there
to digest his food.
"We stopped further trouble, how-
ever, by giving him some dope, and
after that I had some sleep and less
worry."

HAWK GRABS DIAMOND STUD

Man Beats Off Big Bird and Game Rooster, Pecks Its Eyes Out.

New York.—A hen-hawk tried to
pluck a diamond-stud from the shirt
bosom of Thomas Norwood of Brook-
dale, N. J. It is supposed the bird
thought it was dealing with a grow-
worm.
Norwood tried to beat off the bird
with his hands, but failed, and then



Rooster Attacks the Hawk.

Jonah, a pet game rooster, flew to
its master's aid and pecked out the
hawk's eyes.
Finally Norwood wrung the hawk's
neck, but not before the bird, whose
wings measured four feet between the
tips, had torn most of the clothes off
him. It had also got in one grab on
of the latter's tail. Jonah was still
game enough to put to flight a neigh-
bor's bulldog that had butted in to
see the fracas.

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in the aperture. She was caught
when the laughter of the other girls
wroke the guard.

Nothing to Write About.
A new reporter on a western paper
was assigned to go to a church meet-
ing and get a story of it. He went.
When he came back the city editor
asked:
"How did you pan out?"
"Oh," said the reporter, as he stuck
his foot on the desk and lighted a
cigarette, "there was nothing doing. I
haven't got anything to write. The
meeting broke up in a fist fight be-
tween the minister and the deacon,
and not a bit of church business was
done."—Saturday Evening Post.

"The Only Way" to Kansas City and the Great West

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"The Hummer"
Leaves Chicago 6:30 P. M.
Arrives Kansas City 8:00 A. M.

"The Nightingale"
Leaves Chicago 10:15 P. M.
Arrives Kansas City 11:15 A. M.

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tonio via the Alton's famous
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In Saskatchewan (Western Canada)
800 Bushels from 20 acres
of wheat was the threshold
return from a Lloyd-
minster farm in the
season of 1910. Many
fields in that as well as
other districts yield-
ed from 25 to 35 bush-
els of wheat to the
acre. Other grains in
proportionally large
quantities.

LARGE PROFITS
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This excellent show-
cases prices to advance. Land values
should double in two years time.
Grain growing, wheat, flax,
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For particulars as to location,
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"Last Best West," and other in-
formation, write to Super-
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Canadian Government Agent,
M. V. McInnes, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit,
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Please write to the agent nearest you.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts
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LIVER PILLS
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Powerfully penetrating but does not
blister under bandage nor cause any
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W. B. Yocum, P. O. F., 310 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

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Caused by sick stomach, ill-
regulated bile, sluggish bowels,
nervous strain or overwork,
the safest and surest remedy is

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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PISO'S Best for COUGHS & COLDS

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They are now ready for inspection.

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

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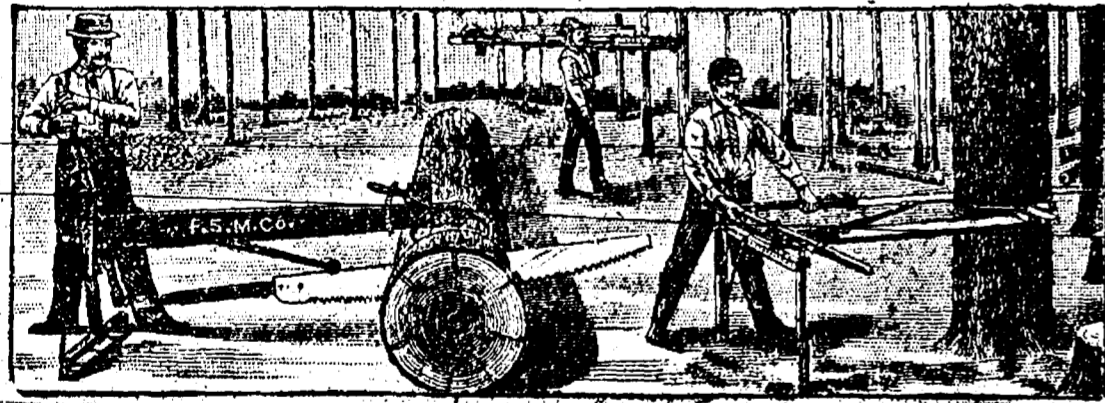


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For cleanliness and comfort hot water is absolutely indispensable. If you already have it in your house, and any of the faucets are leaking and needs fixing, send for us. If you have not a hot-water system in your house, let us put it in. We will do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

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If we are ever instructed by an aviation school, it is going to be a correspondence course.

Notice to Everybody.

You will find at Whittington's Chairs, Dressers, Sideboards, Tables, Couches. In fact everything needed for housekeeping in the Furniture line.

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.

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

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 23, 1911.

Special Program

For Xmas Week at the Temple Theatre.

On Monday we will give a Matinee. Doors open at 2.30; admission to all 5 cents. Monday evening, regular show with orchestra music.

The balance of the week our regular Picture Show up to Friday when we will give an Amateur Vaudeville, giving cash prizes. Every one is welcome to enter this Vaudeville contest. If you can sing, dance, give a monologue, or character acts, we invite you to participate in the Amateur Vaudeville.

Being unable to secure any good road attraction for the week we have arranged a splendid program in pictures.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. T. Porter Bennett, Pastor.

10:30 "The Joy of Christmas," will be the subject that the pastor will take for the morning service.

11:45 Sunday School.
3:04 Children's meeting. The pastor will have charge.

7:00 Christmas exercises under the auspices of the Sunday school and choir. All are invited to attend this wide awake, home-like church.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. A. D. Grigaby, Pastor.

Christmas sermon and singing on Sunday morning and evening. The pastor urges his many friends to be present without fail at both services. Whatever other Sunday you are absent don't forget to be in church Christmas Sunday, the great festival of the church.

Sunday School at 11:45.
Junior Y. P. S. C. E. at 3:15.
Senior C. E. at 6:15 and it is hoped all members will attend, and each one bring a friend.

CRAFTY PRELUDE OF SHOPPER

Preliminary Skirmish by Which She Insures Best Service When Real Campaign Begins.

Chicago people certainly have the knack of getting on," a shopper said. "In the suit department of a big store I met a Chicago woman who had been in Philadelphia less than a week. She said she wasn't buying anything; had just come to get the lay of the land. In the process of getting it she stopped a cash girl and said:

"Is that Miss Blake selling white linen skirts to that fat woman? I understand you have a Miss Blake in this department."

"No, that is Miss Barton," said the cash girl.

"This Chicago woman wrote the name in her address book. Then she showed me the names of saleswomen in several other stores.

"This is only a preliminary to real shopping," she said. "It pays me to take the extra trouble. If I expect to buy more than \$5 worth of anything at a strange store I learn beforehand the names of the saleswomen whose looks I like best.

"Then when I go back to buy, I can say, as I shall do here tomorrow, 'I would like Miss Barton to wait on me,' and although Miss Barton has never set eyes on me, the fact that I can call her by name gives her the impression that she must have sold me a \$100 dress at some time and I get twice as good service as I would get if I knew nobody by name."

The Moral.

Prof. John Spencer Bassett, author of "A Life of Andrew Jackson," is accustomed to illustrate his lectures at Smith college with incidents in American history. On one occasion he repeated a well-known story in regard to Stephen A. Douglas, closing with a moral which aroused peculiar interest.

Douglas, as a narrative runs, was once sitting in a profound sleep in the corridor of the capitol when Adeline Cutts, a Washington belle, passed by. She did not know the sleeper, but was struck with compassion on seeing such a splendidly intellectual face under such conditions, and stooping down laid her handkerchief over it to protect it from the flies. Douglas on awakening found the handkerchief, sought the owner, and eventually married her. There was a pause, and then the professor added: "You ladies, the moral of this story is: Have your pocket handkerchief marked."

Our idea of a woman with the Artistic Temperament is one whose hair needs shampooing.

FOR A LONG LIFE

Those Interested, Please Read

Fresh air and exercise, with proper food and a sufficient amount of sleep, are the essentials.

Under such a regime of living, germs cannot develop, and many diseases are prevented.

Should the system require a tonic, take only such as you know their ingredients—such is Vinol, which is a delicious combination of the health-giving properties of the cods' livers with all the useless grease eliminated and tonic iron added, happily blended in a mild, medicinal wine.

For this reason Vinol is regarded as one of the greatest body builders and invigorators for aged people. It invigorates and builds them up, and keeps them up.

We sell Vinol with the understanding that if it does not give satisfaction the price will be returned.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

When a girl tells us she is Simply Crazy about Wagner's music, we believe it.

Although many try it, few girls can handle a chunk of gum as large as the rat in their hair.

Women don't faint as much as formerly, but they fool the men in several other ways.

Under a recent opinion rendered by Attorney General Kuhn, beginning Jan. 1, 1912, all land contracts are assessible under the specific tax system, which provides for a tax of one-half of one per cent on mortgages. It is expected that this ruling will increase the revenue derived from the system of taxation, the tax applying to all land contracts made after that date.

GIVES QUICK ACTION

James Gidley reports that a SINGLE DOSE of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as compounded in Adler-ka, the new German appendicitis remedy, relieves constipation or gas on the stomach, almost INSTANTLY.

MIKADO IS A POLYGAMIST

Japanese Royal Palace Is Separated From Other Places in Tokio by Triple Moat.

The mikado, earth-born son of heaven, and his court of demigods dwell in a forest solitude in the midst of the great city of Tokio. The palace world is separated from the world of the people by a triple moat of dead water and a double wall of granite crowned with twisted pine trees and mottled with the moss of ages. Except upon stated occasions, the mikado is as invisible and well nigh as inaccessible as the sun goddess amid the hereditary treasures of the Ise shrine. In his august person the hotly disputed origin of his race finds its reflection, for he has the eyes of the Mongol, the coloring and facial structure of the Malay.

Unlike the reigning houses of Austria, Russia and Prussia, the house of Japan, which, thanks to the system of plural wives and the custom of adoption, has survived so many hundred years in an apparently unbroken line, has no family name and the given names of its members are not by any means what they seem to be or to mean upon a superficial examination. The Mikado Mitsuho is not the "meek man" nor is Prince Hart a "verdant" or "springlike prince." These names have an occult meaning which is probably hidden from all except the princes of the blood and it is in a close family council that they are decided upon.

Behind the moss-grown battlements and the stagnant moats, the Lord of Ten Thousand Years leads a singularly sober and frugal life. It has been suggested that he is still haunted by the memory of the threadbare court of his father, the Emperor Komel, where not seldom even food was lacking. The support of hawking and of the old swordmakers with their secret methods of tempering steel and his efforts to collect the widely scattered books relating to the Shinto cult are his only extravagances.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Leave your laundry at Mack's.

Don't blame a Chinaman for not keeping his eyes on straight; he has enough trouble to keep his head properly adjusted.

LOVEDAY AGENCY

Offers:

Safe FARM Fire Insurance
Safe CITY Fire Insurance
Some Bargains in BUILDING Lots

The Oliver Typewriter—the most simple, most durable, most practical, made.

17 cents per day plans, or for cash.

City Property and Farms.

W. A. Loveday

You hear a lot about Nectar and Ambrosia, but home-made gravy is better and just as indigestible.

We don't know very much, but we think we could write better stuff than they put on Christmas postcards.

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 seen 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 world of good." Hite's Drug Store.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.



A Merry Christmas To All

Everybody is happy on Christmas Day. This is the time of the year we strive to make others happy. When you are deciding about Christmas Presents don't forget that

The Best Gifts For Christmas

Is Something To Wear

And we have the best of Wearing Apparel at the most reasonable price. Suits, Overcoats, Fur Caps and Sweaters for your boys, best fellows, brothers and husband. Cloaks, Suits, Skirts, Scarfs, Sweaters, Furs, etc., for the ladies. A fine line of Fancy Neckwear, Suspenders, Umbrellas, also Rugs, Slippers and Footwear.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Christmas gifts at Mack's.
Fireman's Dance, Dec. 30th.

At Lake Lodge No. 180, K. of P. entertained Thursday night with their annual feather party. A fine time was enjoyed.

County Truant Officer Beshaw has been pretty busy the past fortnight looking after delinquent children in various parts of the county.

Good news has been received from Frank Potter that he is gaining in strength and hopes to go south to spend the winter in a short time.

County farmers institutes will be held in Antrim county on the following dates: Ellsworth Jan. 8, Central Lake Jan. 9, Bellaire Jan. 10, Manacelona Jan. 11, Alba Jan. 12, Elmira Jan. 13.

Ira D. Bartlett returned Saturday last from Saginaw where he attended the Michigan Bee-Keepers Convention. A large number of exhibits were given of bee-products and Mr. Bartlett took second prize for extracted honey and sample of beeswax.

With navigation open and a lumber barge loading at our docks this week, and our automobile enthusiasts speeding over our roads, the shortest day of the year witnesses a weather record out of the ordinary. Charlevoix County and Northern Michigan "ain't so worse" after all.

A number of our charitably inclined ladies are making arrangements to give the needy poor of our city a Merry Christmas. Anyone knowing of a family in need will confer a favor by either telephoning or handing the name to the Herald Office. Donations may be left at the Presbyterian Parsonage.

Chester, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vance, died at the home of his parents in this city Friday morning at five o'clock, aged 8 years. Funeral services will be held from the home of James Howard Sunday afternoon at 1:30 standard, conducted by their pastor, Rev. T. Porter Bennett. Interment in the East Jordan Cemetery.

A well attended county local option meeting was held at Bellaire last Friday night every township being represented. Preliminary plans were discussed for conducting the coming campaign in that county. The following officers were elected for the county organization: President—H. M. Coldre; Secretary—C. E. Densmore; Treasurer—Mr. Pinnell. All the officers reside in Bellaire.

George Abbott was arrested in Northport Saturday by a couple deputy game and fish wardens. The deputies found six boxes of whitefish concealed in a crib under the farmer's dock at Northport and two more boxes under a dock at Northport Point. Abbott was taken to Charlevoix, where he plead guilty to a charge of catching whitefish out of season. He was fined \$100 and \$6 costs. The fish, a total of 1,183 pounds, were condemned and sent to the State Game Warden's department.

A sad accidental shooting affair occurred at Green River station on the D. & C. railroad, about 7 miles north of this village, last Sunday morning. Earl Smith, aged 16, and an older brother of 18 years, sons of George F. Smith, were getting ready to go hunting and the boys were engaged in a playful scuffle over the possession of a gun, when the weapon was discharged, the bullet going through Earl's head. The accident happened at 9 o'clock and the wounded boy lived until 2 p. m. when he breathed his last. The funeral was held at the home on Wednesday afternoon, and the burial was at Alba.—Manacelona Herald.

Christmas Gifts at Mack's.
Miss June Palmer left Friday for Newberry.

C. G. Bush was here from Charlevoix, Tuesday.

V. G. Holbeck was a Frederic visitor, Thursday.

Mrs. Ed. Blain was a Manacelona visitor, recently.

John Bailey left Wednesday for his home at Manacelona.

Miss Bertha Shier is home from her studies at Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Crawford are guests of Manacelona friends.

Anthony Burney returned Thursday from U. of M. for vacation.

Oral Misenar is home from Alma College for the holiday vacation.

Wm. L. Aldrich is guest of Grand Rapids friends during the holidays.

F. M. Severence left first of the week for Arkansas on a business trip.

W. P. Porter and L. A. Hoyt were Traverse City business visitors, Tuesday.

Miss Clare Palmer of Lansing is guest of her sister, Mrs. V. G. Holbeck.

Miss Hazel Cummins is home for the holidays from her studies at Ypsilanti.

Alfred Bissonnette was here from Fort Williams, Ont., a few days first of the week.

When a girl seems embarrassed under the mistletoe, she has Real Dramatic Talent.

Harrison Stewart is home from Lansing where he has been working for some time past.

Mr. Jefferson, who has been here from the Soo for the past month, left Friday for Petoskey.

Mrs. S. H. Tyson of Brutus was guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. Bellinger, first of the week.

Mrs. Miller of Traverse City, sister of the late Mrs. Colburn left for her home on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Henry Sheldon left Friday for Chicago where she spends the holidays with her son, John Robb.

Good Luck Lodge, M. B. A., will give a supper and card party to their members next Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington left Wednesday for a months visit with friends at Tuscola, Detroit, and Standish.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bretz and Miss Gertrude Bretz leave Saturday morning to spend the holidays with their parents at Eyart.

Miss Ellagene French left Friday to spend Christmas with Chicago friends. From there she goes to Kenosha, Wis., to join her parents.

Mrs. Roy E. Webster with daughter Dorothy, left Wednesday for Big Rapids where she spends Xmas with her parents. Mr. Webster goes Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman and daughters, Misses Jennie and Eva, also Miss Elma Selden, left Thursday to spend Christmas with relatives in New York State. The Watermans go to Albion and Miss Selden to LeRoy.

Mr. and Mrs. James Malpass returned from Chicago on Tuesday evening where they visited their son Ellis at Westside Hospital who was dangerously ill from pneumonia. He is believed to have favorably passed the crisis and will recover, unless anything unforeseen happens.

Thomas Wires was arrested in Charlevoix last week and taken to Traverse City on a charge of bigamy. Wires married Miss Ethel Wood, of Traverse City, Dec. 23, and investigation has been in progress during the past few days which, it is alleged, shows that Wires had a wife in Duluth. He is held under bail until next session of the circuit court.

Another instance of the power of potatoes in lifting mortgages this year: George Tobias' of Alba, was rewarded with 1,550 bushels of potatoes from six acres, or an average of 258.3 bushels per acre. He sold them at 53 cents, bringing the neat sum of \$821.50 better than \$135 per acre. What Ohio or Illinois farmer with \$200-an-acre land can make a better showing?—Antrim County News.

Two years' search for the husband of Mrs. Frank Wood formerly of Antrim county, but now living in Grand Rapids ended last week when Sheriff Chapin, of Bellaire, located Woods. The clue that led to his arrest is said to have been secured through the arrival in Milwaukee of a Michigan woman, not his wife, who went there to make her home with him. When Woods left Antrim county, the authorities there suspected that a woman friend would follow him, and they watched her. When she went to Milwaukee the Michigan sheriff went also. Desertion is the charge against Woods, who came back without fighting extradition.

Closing out sale of fancy china at Mack's.

Oyster Crackers either in packages or bulk.—E. A. LEWIS.

Special on Xmas Goods for the Holidays at the Fair Store.

Go to the Fair Store and get Special Prices during the Holiday Season.

Call at Mack's Jewelry Store and hear the new \$200.00 Edison Amberola.

John Monroe, of East Jordan, with his steam pile driver, is finishing up the re-build of the Chicago Club dock on Pine Lake. He has considerable more work here this winter, and work next spring that will keep him busy until well into June.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

Mr. Berg, Field Supervisor of the Midland Casualty and accident Insurance Company of Chicago, together with Allen D. Grigsby of Cheboygan were here in the interests of the above company and spent Sunday and the next day as guests at the Presbyterian parsonage. Mr. Grigsby has taken the agency for Northern Michigan and has opened an office in Cheboygan. Wm. Kenny has been appointed local agent. Mr. Berg left Tuesday morning for Traverse City, and Mr. Grigsby for Cheboygan.

Michigan Agricultural Society has arranged for five short courses for the winter months of 1911-12 which include general agriculture, creamery management, cheese making, poultry and fruit growing. Persons wishing to know all about them should send for a bulletin.

A quiet wedding took place at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage on Tuesday evening when Miss Sophia Gagnon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gagnon of this city, became the wife of Benjamin Wiggins. Miss Gladys Whiteford, assisted the bride and John McKinnon supported the groom. The ring service was used and the ceremony was performed by Rev. T. Porter Bennett. The young people are well and favorably known in the city and all join in wishing them a pleasant and happy voyage through life.

Modern Brotherhood of America

At their last regular meeting Good Luck Lodge No. 1498, M. B. A., elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President, M. A. Lemieux.
Vice Pres., Richard Bence.
Secretary, Alveretta Roy.
Chaplain, Margaret Payne.
Conductor, J. A. Ross.
Watchman, Bob't Atkinson.
Sentry, James Payne.
Capt. of Guards, Adella Dean.
Pianist, Eva Bence.

His Mistake.

"Say, there's a page of this China special stuff missing. Anybody seen it?"

"Eh! What was it?"

"Why, a list of the leading insurance generalists."

"Holy smoke! Was that it? Say, I thought it was the bill of fare of the new Chinese restaurant and chucked it in the waste basket."

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

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. Severence, M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroebel, Fred Smith, B. E. Waterman, Geo. G. Glenn.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.



IMPORTANT!

Do you realize that Christmas is only Six days away?

If you want to shop in comfort, to be sure of a chance for deliberate selection, to have large assortments from which to choose, better do your buying right now.

Wiesman's is ready with the finest Holiday presentation of merchandise that the store ever made. Every department is overflowing with the newest and best Christmas offering. Things beautiful and things useful in immense variety. Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises.

L. WIESMAN

Dandy line of Wall Paper at Whitington's.

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

We wish we could strike One Chord of Music Like the Sound of a Grand Amen at Christmas-time, a symphony of Good-Will to Men. Old Bill White can do it, but we can't. Men have so much bad will that they make us tired.

Look over Empey Bros. stock of COMFORTERS.

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

Having purchased the draw line from E. E. Hall, respectfully solicit a share of your patronage. All orders promptly attended to. Phone No. 172 MATT QUINN.

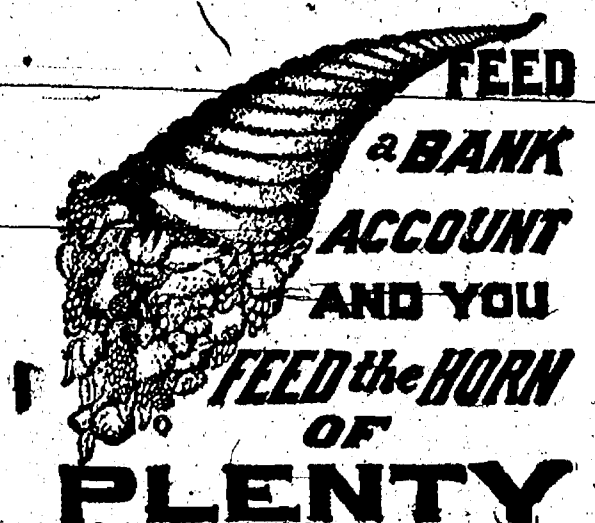
Christmas Gifts At MACK'S

A VISIT TO THIS STORE not only means a saving to you but also an opportunity to make selections from the most dependable and up-to-date line of

- Jewelry Silverware China
- Brass and Leather Goods
- China Clocks Novelties
- Etc. Etc.

NEVER BEFORE have East-Jordan people been shown so complete a line of Holiday Goods as I have secured for this season. Come in and compare goods and prices. Each article guaranteed.

Mack's Jewelry



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,
40 EAST JORDAN, MICH. 40

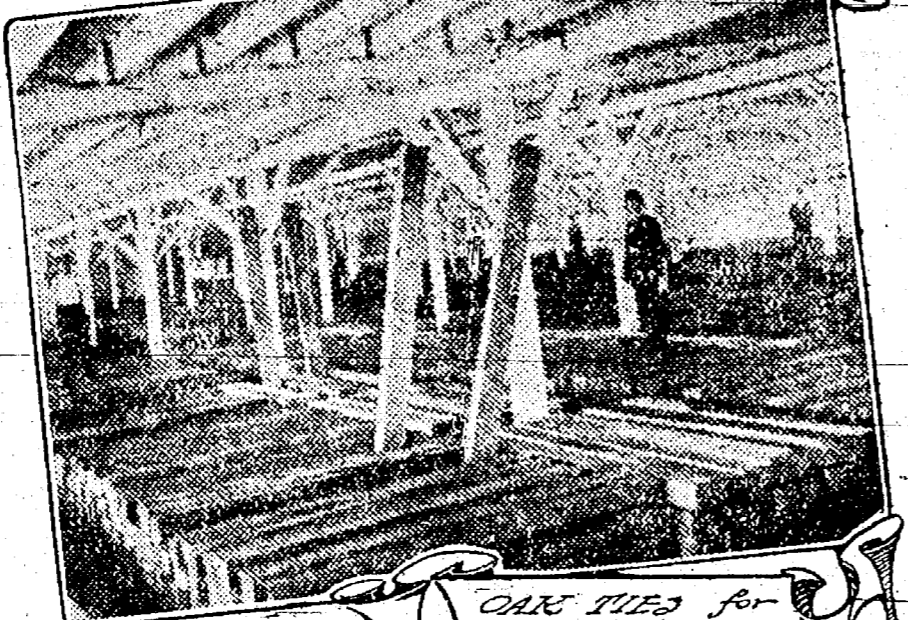
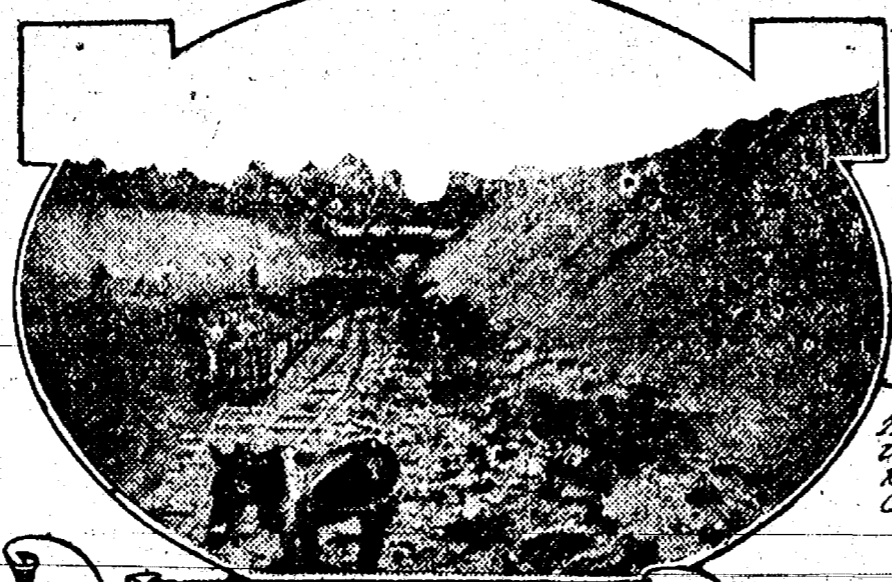
Uruguay and the Pan American Railway System

By Jose Richling



URUGUAY is a country small in area, not quite twice the size of New York state, but large in the importance it has in relation to South American development. Brazil to the north must cross Uruguay to get to the South American metropolis, Buenos Aires. Argentina to the south must use Uruguay's railways to find the shortest route—part rail, part sea—to Europe, England and the United States, for the port of Pernambuco, Brazil, will some day take an importance as the terminus of a through rail line from Buenos Aires and as the port of departure for a quick steamship service to the countries north of the equator. With this in view Brazil is now spending millions upon harbor improvements at this point.

This through railway from Buenos Aires to Pernambuco has therefore something more than a South American significance. It becomes Pan-American. In fact the great system of railways designed to bring about easier communication between the capitals and principal cities of all American republics may be divided into two systems: (1) The main line following close to the backbone of the continent and connecting Argentina and the westerly republics with North America through the Isthmus of Panama; (2) the transcontinental



size barkentine purchased by the Pan American Transcontinental Railway company to help out in carrying railroad ties and lumber. From New Orleans, on June 7, the Wimbledon steamed away, carrying the largest consignment of lumber which ever went out of that port. Over 50,000 ties and over 60,000 feet of yellow pine timber made up her cargo.

All of these things are to help build the first American railway in the River Plata region. Inquiry has developed that the enterprise is one which is backed by business more than by banking interests in the United States. The work has been carried on quietly and steadily. The surveys were completed and submitted to the government July 15, 1910. The winter and early spring were occupied in arranging for purchase of material and equipment. Grading was begun at Durazno on March 6.

The first section of 30 miles was formally opened to public service in September, 1911, and the entire line will be completed within four years.

It seems thus to be destined that Uruguay, of all the South American republics, shall be first intimately known to United States capital. And as where one's capital is there lies one's interest, it seems not unlikely that Uruguay in its development may feel strongly the influence of American ideas and customs and perhaps be drawn into still closer national sympathy with the people of the United States.

In the physical characteristics of the country Uruguay bears a striking resemblance to parts of the United States. The rolling prairies and many streams of Illinois are there, as, too, is the rich, deep, black soil.

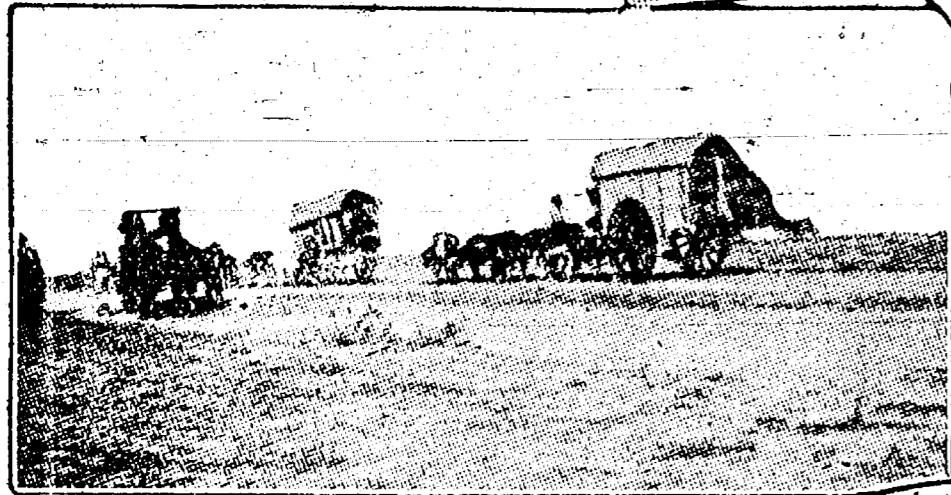
The peaches, grapes and pears of northern Ohio find a natural home in the southerly portions of the country, and the sands of Colonia remind one of the sands of Lake Erie.

If the history of the development of the middle west be repeated, south of the equator one can see Uruguay well peopled and well plowed, a prosperous country to live in and a fair one to look upon.

In the plans of the railway company the development of the port of Colonia plays an important part. It is understood that here will be established a center of distribution for imports to the River Plata region. Storage warehouses will make it possible for manufacturers to carry at trifling expense large stocks upon which they can call as needed for distribution in the Argentine or Uruguay or to up-river districts.

The natural depth of the water is such at Colonia as to make this one of the finest of harbors. The largest ocean steamers will be able to discharge their cargoes quickly and cheaply. Natural conditions, in fact, seem to have destined this point for one of the great shipping centers of the River Plata region.

This Pan American railway has large significance for Uruguay, but it may mean even more for the United States. If it serves, as now seems quite possible, as the introduction of United States capital to this great South American region, and familiarizes United States investors with the sound and stable character of railway enterprise, as it has been and will be developed on this part of the new world, it will have accomplished quite as much for the republic of the north as for Uruguay, and more perhaps for the general advancement of Pan Americanism than for either.



PRESENT MODE OF TRANSPORTATION

line linking up Chile and Argentina with the easterly republics and thence via steamship line with North America.

That the transcontinental system will be completed long before the main line seems assured. Chile and Argentina have pierced the Andes and Valparaiso sends passengers and freight to Buenos Aires by the completed Transandine railway. Brazil has pushed her steel highways nearly to the border of Uruguay.

While England and France have poured their capital into the building of these lines, which help to form the Pan American, it seems fitting that the United States should at last step in and complete one link in the chain which goes under the name Pan or All American.

It was left for the little republic of Uruguay to bring about this desired result.

She granted to an American company concessions to build the line from Colonia just opposite Buenos Aires northeast to the San Luis river, a distance of about 365 miles, with a branch of 60 miles to connect with an existing line to the east.

Uruguay has found it good policy to encourage railway building by fair and liberal treatment of capital which ventures into such large undertakings. The government has confidence in the future of Uruguay and is willing, therefore, to guarantee an interest earning upon a fair cap-



PLAZA at DURAZNO

italization, believing that the country as it develops will make good and produce these earnings and more. Experience has shown such confidence to be well founded, and the existing railways are paying good returns to their shareholders. Uruguay, therefore, felt no hesitation in inviting capital from her sister republic north of the equator to enter the field.

How the invitation was accepted may be learned from an examination of the Uruguayan consular records. During the past three months, April, May and June, a steady stream of invoices has passed through the office. Thousands of tons of rails, bridge and other structural steel, telegraph poles and wire, fence wire, cement, lumber, passenger cars, freight cars and locomotives have left the port of New York headed for Uruguay. From Newport News the Lovisa cleared, a good-

ROMANCE IN THE HOME

INABILITY TO DETECT IT CAUSE OF MANY MISERIES.

Domestic Duties Never Appear to Be Mere Drudgery When the Housewife Goes About Them in the Proper Spirit.

The dullness of domestic life is one of the commonest complaints uttered by a certain type of the modern woman. She chafes at the daily task, the common round. To her it seems that the four walls of her home partake of the character of a prison house and that all the romance, the pleasure, and the interest of life lie outside.

Within she finds only drudgery and sordid conditions. She awakes in the morning with a sigh, contemplating the dreary duties. She seeks her rest at night, bored and weary with the tedium of a day's domestic toll.

She envies the woman who works in the wider world, who mixes with men in the mart, who carves for herself a career, and who is free from the endless irritations and annoyances that beset and vex the woman in the home.

Such thoughts as these increase her discontent. The monotony against which she murmurs grows more grievous. She acquires a chronic querulousness that communicates itself to all who come under her influence. The husband feels it and flies for comfort to his club. The children are conscious of it and seek solace in other scenes. And the plight of the woman becomes more pitiful. She begins to brood. She feels that she lives a wasted life.

She may become sour, narrow, pessimistic, morbid, and nervous; all and each of which will be quickly reflected in her health and appearance, till she becomes the most melancholy influence in an erstwhile happy home.

Inability to detect the romance of domesticity is more often than not the reason why the miseries depicted enter presently into many married lives that had opened under the most promising auspices.

But what is the romance of domestic life? Wherein does it lie? Only those who are unconscious of it will ask the question.

Is there not, in the first place, romance in the very name of "family"? Is it not one of the most profoundly interesting culminations of ages of social evolution? A microcosm of the state, it should possess, in little, all the interest of a state. Whether it be an autocracy, a limited monarchy, or a republic of two, it has foreign relations which require the exercise of the utmost tact. It has or should have an annual budget, which may cause much consternation in certain quarters of the domestic menage. It is concerned with commerce. The quality and quantity of its imports, although figuring under the mundane names of bread and meat and groceries and such like, are of as great importance to it as its foreign trade to the most populace state.

It has traffic—indirect, it is true—with foreign lands. Even the humble currant that adorns Wednesday's roly poly pudding grew on the sunny slopes of Greece and each lump of sugar dropped into the cup brings with it a measure of tropical heat of the southern sun.

The increase in the population of the home is, in proportion, as far-reaching in its effects as in the growth or dwindling of its people to the greatest nation. It sends forth emigrants to form fresh colonies, and, more often than not, it maintains a defensive force in the shape of a dog to guard it from the invasion of hostile intruders.

It may seem trivial, absurd, to draw such parallels between the home and the nation. But a deep truth underlies such fancies. And were the labors of housekeeping and the responsibilities of family life looked at in the light of their true importance, the monotony and tedium with which, to some minds, they are invested would fall from them as the chrysalis husk falls from the gorgeous wings of the butterfly, permitting it to soar into the higher, brighter element for which it is fitted.

Cream Cake.

Beat the yolks of four eggs, to which has been added one even cup of powdered sugar for five minutes. Then add the whites, which have been beaten thoroughly, one cup of flour with one teaspoonful of baking powder, and lastly add one tablespoonful cold water. Filling: Two cups of milk into which has been beaten the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls cornstarch, one-half cup sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla. Bake cake in three layer tins.

Split Pea Soup.

Wash and soak a pint of peas over night, put on a beef bone to cook early in the morning; skim it carefully then add the soaked peas, and simmer at back of stove. They ought to cook soft in three hours; then add half a cup carrots cut fine and, if liked, a little minced onion. Another hour should finish it and give you a delicious and wholesome soup.

Crumb Cake.

One-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of cream, one-half cupful of milk, four eggs, yolks and whites beaten together, one cupful of sugar, three good cupfuls of crumbs, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Cinnamon and cloves to taste.

Shorthand.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller shows the religious side of his character by taking notes of a sermon in order to read it to his sick wife. The note-taking habit is a useful one. When this great financier becomes his own stenographer he is indulging in a pleasant occupation. A knowledge of shorthand is a good accomplishment for anyone. Its usefulness is unquestionable. Anyone capable of taking phonographic notes need not necessarily be speedy enough for professional work. If one can merely take notes two or three times as fast as he could by using long hand he can catch and preserve important data. For most Americans a knowledge of shorthand is of far more importance than the acquirement of a foreign language, as the latter cannot be used often and is easily forgotten. In the public schools its pursuit would soon make pupils better spellers and writers, as well as more accurate in their pronunciation and grammar.

Red Whiskers.

"Plunkville needs a new constable?" "What's the matter with the present incumbent?" "He has black whiskers and the speeders kin see him hiding in the shrubbery. What we want is a constable with whiskers to match the fall foliage."

Facts About Wedding Gifts

Presents Should Be Sent to a Bride-Elect Within a Fortnight of Her Marriage.

Wedding gifts are sent to a bride-elect within three weeks or a fortnight of the day set for her marriage. Mere visiting acquaintances of the families or the couple about to be wed do well to wait and see whether they are asked to a wedding before forwarding any presents. This course is not prompted by cold calculation, but by genuine delicacy. As soon as the person thus in doubt receives a card of pleasant assurance is given, and the gift may then be forwarded.

When wedding cards extending an invitation to witness merely the marriage ceremony are received by one who acknowledges only the most formal acquaintance with the bride of groom, or either of their families, there rests no obligation to send a gift. It would be proper to send one if the recipient of the cards wishes to, and many persons feel that the receipt of such cards calls for one. It is customary to send a gift when the cards include an invitation to the house afterward, as well as the church.

Persons in mourning may send wedding gifts, though they are not able to attend either the religious ceremony or reception. Those who feel themselves under obligations or who have received favors from either of the contracting parties, are privileged to send a bridal gift, even when only slightly acquainted with the bride or bridegroom or their relatives.

Only the intimate friends and relatives of a bride are entitled to present the gifts in person.

Hard to Destroy Species

Difficulty of Extirmination is Exemplified by the Case of the Wolf in Europe.

When man sets about ridding himself of entire species of animals by systematic persecution he usually finds it a difficult job. Set a price on the head of a wolf or a woodchuck, and the animal seems, once to realize the importance of prolonging its life.

The case of the wolf in Europe is a historic one. A price has been set on the creature's head for centuries, and yet there is only a small portion of the continent from which the animal has been exterminated. The Netherlands is free of wolves, owing to the character of the country. The whole land furnishes not a single rocky den suitable for a wolf's lair; neither is there a forest for the animal's shelter.

It is true the wolf has been exterminated from Great Britain and Ireland. This result has been reached, however, by indirect means rather than by a direct attack. The clearing off of the forest left the wolf no place in which to hide from pursuit. The islands were too far from the continent for their thinned ranks to be recruited from the mainland. In Spain and France the wolf has at no time been unknown, although a price has been set on its head for hundreds of years. The animal has developed cunning in proportion as the pursuit has become closer. Like the crow, it has learned to take care of itself. On the other hand, species receive

very little help toward their continuance from the well-meant efforts of man to that end. In proof of this we are told that there is an ancient act of parliament still in force in England and Wales prohibiting the taking of eggs of certain birds, of which six kinds are expressly named. In spite of this protecting law, four of the six species have ceased to breed in those countries. The indirect ways in which such results are brought about are shown in the destruction of the quail in New Zealand. The birds once were numerous; no one wished to destroy them. But the land was burned over for other purposes at seasons when the eggs and young of the quail were exposed to destruction, and a few years brought the species to an end.

Difference Lies in Direction.

A precocious son of one of the managers of William S. Vare's mayoralty campaign has been following the developments of the fight with interest. He has not yet acquired all the rudimentary knowledge of politics necessary to understand all the curves, but he is learning. "Father," he inquired the other evening, as his "old man" bolted down his evening meal, having to make haste for political reasons, "what's a traitor?" "Fellow that leaves our side and goes over to the gang," snapped the father. "And what do you call 'em when they quit the other side and come over to yours?" "A convert."—Philadelphia Times.

Quickly Cures Lame Back, Weak Kidneys

You Can Prove It Without Expense—Get a Free Package Dr. Derby's Guaranteed Kidney Pills—Today

Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills cure kidney and bladder troubles and rheumatism. Their action is positive, certain—quick. The very first dose takes hold. You can see and feel the difference in a single day. You can find this out without a cent of cost to you.

Just ask your druggist for a free sample package—use pills as directed—and see for yourself.

Get the pills at once if you have diabetes, dropsy, Bright's disease, urinary trouble, or rheumatism in any form. Have you any of these symptoms? Weak, lame, aching back. Sharp, piercing pains in bladder, kidneys, side or limbs. Sore, tender, twitching muscles. Bladder or canal inflamed. Inability to hold water. Too frequent urination. Urine cloudy, bloody, too light, too dark, unnatural odor, or sediment in it. Nervous, restless, irritable, dependent, irregular heart action. Sleeplessness. Dull headaches. Dizzy spells. Puffiness about the eyes. Bloated extremities. General weakness, constant tired, worn-out, all-day aching.

Then get Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills without a moment's delay. They will surely drive the disease poisons out of you—strengthen, build up the weak, disordered kidneys and bladder as nothing else can. It's the modern, common-sense, rational, scientific kidney and bladder cure.

And the treatment is guaranteed; money back if it doesn't do all claimed for it. Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills sell for 25c and 50c—the larger package containing more than twice the pills in 25c size. If you want to try them first, ask for free sample. Sold by your druggist, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price, by Derby Medicine Co., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

HE WAS NEXT.



Katherine—There is never any excuse for ignorance.

Kidder—That's right. There were even knight schools in the dark ages.

BABY'S ECZEMA AND BOILS

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged. I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old, all trace of the eczema was gone.

"During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 24, 1910. 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. 5 L, Boston.

Love Note.

People may sneer all they please at what is called puppy love; but anybody who has ever had a puppy, and noted the wag of its tail and the look in its eye as it wriggles forth its protestations of undying affection, can hardly deny its actual sincerity.—Judge's Library.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Unfair Play.

"Foul tactics," declared the quarterback. "What's the trouble now?" demanded the referee. "I tried a kick for the stomach, but this fellow blocked it with his feet."

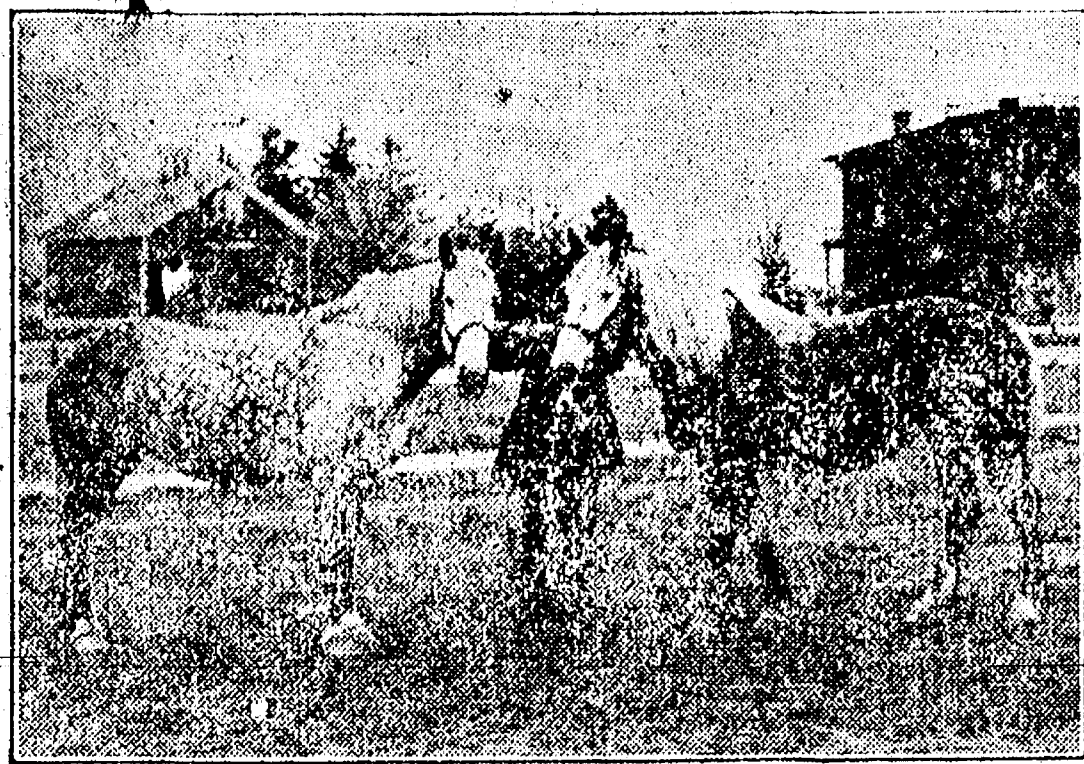
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

His Bearing.

"Is he a man of military bearing?" "Well, he likes to 'soldier.'"

Economic Wintering of the Farm Work Horses

By PROF. R. S. SHAW,
Dean of Agriculture, Michigan Agricultural College



One of the Michigan Agricultural College Work Teams.

Most farmers are confronted by this problem, in a serious manner because of the short crops of the past dry season and the present high prices for feed stuffs. In wintering farm work horses one of two extremes usually prevails. The lover of good horses saves the best mow of hay and the best bin of oats for his horses during winter when they are producers as workers, thus rendering their cost of keep very expensive. On the other hand, however, too many horses are wintered in the barnyard on straw and corn stalks only, going into the spring work weak and thin and unlit to undergo the severe strain of the seeding work. There is a medium between these two extremes by which coarse cheap feeds in sufficient variety can be used in wintering the horse cheaply and satisfactorily.

If the horse is in moderately good condition and doing no work it can be wintered on corn fodder, straw and ensilage with a small feed of mixed hay daily. If there are no nubbins of corn in the fodder a few ears may be fed daily. Under these conditions the run of a yard during the day with ample stall or shed protection at night is desirable. If the horses are being em-

ployed at moderate work such as hauling manure, feed, wood, etc., a moderate feed of mixed grain daily should be given in addition to the ear corn. If ensilage is not available from ten to twelve pounds of carrots per day per horse will be found very serviceable. Ensilage should be fed in moderation, using not more than 15 to 20 pounds daily, depending on the horse.

Michigan experiment station bulletin No. 254 gives a description of the methods employed in wintering work horses engaged at moderate labor on the college farm during ten weeks of the winter of 1908. Six horses averaging 1,254 pounds consumed daily 11 pounds of oats and 20 pounds timothy hay at a cost per day of 19.4 cents. Another six horses averaging 1,291 pounds consumed daily 8.6 pounds corn stalks, 4.3 pounds oat straw, 6.4 roots, 4.2 pounds hay, 5.7 pounds grain and 4.2 ear corn at a cost of 12.3 cents per head daily. Both lots of horses worked between forty and fifty days out of the seventy of the experiment. Those on the cheaper feeds gained a few pounds in weight over and above the others and were in equally good trim to go into the hard work of spring plowing, seeding, etc.

REPAIR WORK ON THE FARM

The Use of Tools Has Educational Value
By R. J. BALDWIN,
Michigan Agricultural College

The successful management of a modern farm depends largely upon the care and repair of the equipment with which the work is performed. This implies the necessity of housing all implements when not in actual use and their repair before needed again. To do this there must be a suitable outfit of tools on the farm arranged in a shop where work can be conveniently and comfortably done. Alterations and repairs on buildings and fences are required from time to time and if there are not tools at hand suited to this purpose the work will not be done well, if at all.

The question of how far to attempt to do repair work on the farm depends upon the distance from town and the tastes and training of the farmer himself. The regular work of the farm should be the first consideration and anything that will interfere with field work should not be undertaken. In many cases the work of a trained mechanic is more satisfactory than that done at home, and we must always depend upon the village blacksmith for many things. All ordinary injuries to machinery can be repaired on the farm, and this, in addition to the work which must be done about barns, stables and fences, make a repair outfit an important part of the farm equipment.

The general overhauling of machinery should be done at a time of year when no other work is pressing and when it may be done as a rest or change from other farm work. If farm implements are stored during winter in places not easy of access or left in open weather they will probably be out of repair when needed again; but if they are housed in a building the corner of which is a shop the job of fixing them will be more attractive and the work will be more liable to be done before spring. Frequent applications of some metal paint such as Venetian red and raw linseed oil does much to improve the appearance of implements and adds greatly to their lasting qualities.

The use of tools is of great educational value, especially when the work is carefully performed. The boys on the farm should be encouraged in the use of tools, but should be held responsible both for the care of the tools and the character of the work performed with them. The tool outfit of the farm is of special service on stormy days and will aid greatly in keeping the boys employed and contented to remain at home.

Suggestions on the selection of tools and the arrangement of a shop may be found in Farmers' Bulletin No. 347, which may be obtained upon request from U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

All brush and rubbish in the orchard should be gathered and burned before winter. Such things harbor all kinds of pests such as rabbits and mice which are liable to girdle the trees while snow is on the ground.

Increasing Popularity of Agricultural Education

By R. S. SHAW,
Dean of Agriculture

The enrollment of students in the regular four courses at the Michigan Agricultural College for the year 1911 and 1912 presents some interesting data. Up to October 5th the total number enrolled was 1,278, divided as follows, viz.: agriculture, 571; engineering, 452; and home economics, 255. These figures do not include any short course students, which number from 400 to 500 annually. The requirements for entrance to the freshman year are graduation from accredited high schools or other institutions with equally good training.

Ten years ago only about twenty-five per cent. of the male students entering this institution enrolled in agriculture, the number this year exceeds 55 per cent. Not more than 20 per cent. of the graduates in agriculture returned to the farm a decade ago. The past few years nearly all who had farms to go to returned to them.

Some influential factors have been at work bringing about these changes. Agricultural colleges have succeeded in winning the confidence and respect of the farmer. High prices of farm produce has had an effect. Men of national reputation politically and industrially have been speaking and writing in behalf of agricultural development. The daily and weekly paper and even some of the largest city papers have used agricultural matter freely while the movement has been popularized by the magazine. The purely agricultural paper used to stand alone in its efforts for a better agriculture.

Care of Strawberry Beds.

Before the season of snow and continuous frosts the strawberry bed should be covered to prevent winter-killing. The mulching should be either good clean straw or leaves. Care should be taken to be sure that the covering does not contain grass or weed seeds. Before covering it is well to go over the bed with a spud and cut out the dock, cheese-wed thistles, or other weeds which make quick growth and crowd the strawberry plants in the spring.

Cedar Rail Fences.

The old-fashioned cedar rail fences of middle Tennessee now furnish the world's main supply of cedar pencils and it is stated that these fences are the sole remaining source from which to make the best grade of smooth whittling cedar pencils so well known to every school boy. These rails bring fabulous prices.

Beans.

Select very tender pods. String them and cut in inch pieces. Pack in the cans, add one teaspoonful salt, fill with sterilized water and cook the same as corn.

Other vegetables, as cauliflower, asparagus, lima beans, etc., may be similarly canned.

A Vagabond Dreamer

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"You are trespassing on my property!" came a voice from the moonlight.

Blair scrutinized the clump of bushes. He had supposed the white thing flitting about there to be a slim beam from the moon.

"But the gardeners never come down here and Uncle is away, so it is all right." The voice was nearer to Blair than before.

He shaded his eyes and looked more closely. A low ripple of laughter accompanied his search.

"Here I am." She had parted the bushes and still Blair felt that a wedge of moonbeam had squeezed down through the trees. He stared at her with his hand shading his eyes.

"I can't see whether or not I like your eyes," she said half petulantly.

Blair obediently dropped his hand and turned toward the light that came from the small door of his caravan. The dreamer's look was in his eyes and the dreamer's whimsical smile on his lips.

Molly looked at him with grave eyes for a moment. "What are you doing here?" she asked, edging nearer to him.

"Looking for fairies—like you," he said in the tone of one speaking to a child.

"I am eighteen." She resented his tone. "And then what do you do?"

"I weave them into fairy tales." "I suppose that you mean you are a writer and that your name is in all the big magazines?"

"About that," she smiled. "Couldn't I just have one peep into your caravan?" she asked. "It looks so cozy."

"It is cozy." He was amused at her quaint curiosity. "I will have to lift you up on the step."

"Isn't it darling!" She turned toward him. "I didn't know gypsies had such exquisite—"

"But I am not a gypsy," put in Blair, and in the darkness a strange bitterness crept into his eyes. "If I were I would shut that door with you inside and lash up my ponies!"

"Oh, wouldn't that be lovely!" She clasped her hands joyously. "But poor Uncle would never get over it."

"He has managed to survive other losses." Again that pained bitterness swept into the vagabond's eyes.

"You know he is not really my uncle." She had not noticed his re-

mark. "I have lived here only five years. I'm adopted and Uncle Gray is going to give me all his money," she confided naively.

"So I understand," Blair said. "You have heard of me?" Molly's eyes opened wide.

"I have heard of the protege of John Gray—yes. But I had not known she was so—grown up," he finished lamely.

"Well—beautiful then." He looked deep into her eyes.

She returned the look wonderingly. "Oh, oh—I feel such a funny little thrill inside—here!" She clasped both hands over her breast; and stood gazing at him.

Blair turned swiftly away from the innocent awakening in her eyes.

"Perhaps you had better come down from my caravan." His own voice was a trifle husky. "Or I will be tempted to become a gypsy and run off with you."

"But I don't want to come down. I feel happy—I want to sing—and dance—and—" She broke off abruptly and that wondering look swept Blair's own.

Blair was silent for a moment while he struggled against the tumult in his heart. This witch had breathed on hidden chords; he felt strangely unaccountable for his actions, his words.

"You are tired," he said finally, and little girls should be in bed at this time of night. Come!"

But Molly Ashwell stood still and looked down at the arms extended to lift her from the step; then her eyes traveled up to the face on which the light shone full.

"Do you know," she stated, "that you look very much like Uncle Gray?"

Blair turned swiftly from the glare of the lamp. "Come!" he said, and his voice held a note of command.

With a little hurt look in her eyes Molly put out her hands. For a breathing spell the universe seemed hung in midair. Molly tore herself free then and fled in the darkness.

Blair watched her go, a moonbeam darting from path to path and finally into the old rose garden and up the great stone steps between the guarding lions and out of his sight through the French windows.

For a long moment he sat staring at the windows through which she had gone. Finally he arose, untethered his horses, hitched them to the caravan and drove off into the night.

"She is too wonderful," his lips repeated. "I could not withstand her long."

Three years came and went before Molly Ashwell and the Vagabond Dreamer met, three years in which her eyes had worn a peculiar, brooding look—a look which John Gray had tried in vain to fathom or to lighten.

"You are not so happy looking yourself," she had chided him on one occasion.

He had grown a shade paler. "I have cause—a terrible cause for being miserable—but I deserve it," was all he had said.

She glanced quickly at him now as they sat in the theater. The curtain went up on a new play. The scene was an interior.

"It is almost exactly like our drawing room!" exclaimed Molly breathlessly and waited for confirmation of her words.

John Gray neither answered nor seemed conscious of her presence.

As the play progressed Molly felt the peculiar tension that held John Gray. After a spasmodic clutch of the hands on the chair arm he remained as one turned to stone.

The play was the old, old story of the son who had frequented the stage doors and had been turned away from home by an irate parent. In this case the son had lived in the theatrical atmosphere merely as a stepping stone. He had run away from home to go on the stage that he might gain intimate knowledge of stagecraft.

The strong plot woven in this fabric was neither here nor there except that at the close of the last act the author was called forth.

He came from the wings.

"My son!"

John Gray sprang to his feet and held out a pair of shaking arms toward the man on the stage.

"My Vagabond Dreamer!" came a girl's voice through the hush that followed the meeting of father and son.

Regardless of the excited audience, the two men met and the older man clasped the other in his arms as if he was still a very small boy.

A suspended breath held the audience.

Finally the quiet tones of the vagabond went out to answer that unasked question.

"My father and I have been long estranged—I am too happy to say more, except that I thank you for receiving my play so kindly."

During the thunder of applause that followed a slim little figure slipped quickly out of the theater and into the great limousine that crept up to the curb at her call.

Her heart was beating painfully in dull, miserable beats.

"Nobody loves me," she wept softly into the kindly cushions.

She sat huddled and broken, neither seeing nor hearing the excited crowd that came forth from the theater.

It seemed ages before the two men, arm in arm appeared. Molly dried her eyes hastily and peered out as they approached.

The younger man glanced at the car. Then Molly saw his hand go up to shade his eyes. He made a quick movement.

She was very near him and the limousine had turned into a darkened street when next she heard his voice.

"Mine! All mine," he whispered against her lips.

"Can we go in the caravan?" Molly asked by way of answer to his question of a moment later.

When the Worm Turned.

He was quite evidently from the country, and he was also quite evidently a Yankee, and from behind his bowed spectacles he peered inquisitively at the little Jew who occupied the other half of the car seat with him.

The little Jew looked at him deprecatingly. "Nice day," he began politely.

"You're a Jew, ain't you?" queried the Yankee.

"Yes, sir; I'm a clothing salesman."

"But you're a Jew?"

"Yes, yes, I'm a Jew," came the answer.

"Well," continued the Yankee, "I'm a Yankee, and in the little village in Maine, where I come from, I'm proud to say there isn't a Jew."

"Dot's we ain't a Jew," replied the little Jew quietly.—Detroit Journal.

Certainly Not.

"Her only adjective is 'cute.'"

"Oh, well, even at that, she isn't half as tiresome as the man whose only adjective is 'clayey.'"

Bucolic Music.

Little Willie, being a city boy, had never seen a cow. While on a visit to his grandmother he walked out across the fields with his cousin John. A cow was grazing there, and Willie's curiosity was greatly excited.

"Oh, Cousin John, what is that?" he asked.

"Why, that is only a cow," John replied.

"And what are those things on her head?"

"Horns," answered John. Before they had gone far the cow mooed long and loud.

Willie was astonished. Looking back, he demanded in a very fever of interest:

"Which horn did she blow?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Wednesday Misad.

A Broadway actor got carried away by the spirit of the times and remained carried away for several days. He came to himself in his own room without knowing exactly how he got there. A friend sat beside him.

"Hello," he said, as he opened his eyes, "what day is this?"

"This," said his friend, "is Thursday."

The invalid thought it over a minute.

"What became of Wednesday?" he asked.—Saturday Evening Post.

Diphtheria, Quinsy and Tonsillitis begin with sore throat. How much better to cure a sore throat in a day or two than to be in bed for weeks with Diphtheria. Just keep Hamlin's Wizard Oil in the house.

What has become of the old-fashioned politician who used to imagine he was destiny's only son?—Toledo Blade.

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

If every man had all the money he wanted, the devil would get us all.

Catarrh

One of the most common of blood diseases, is much aggravated by the sudden changes of weather at this time of year. Begin treatment at once with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effects radical and permanent cures. This great medicine has received

40,366 Testimonials

in two years, which prove its wonderful efficacy in purifying and enriching the blood. Best for all blood diseases.

In usual liquid form or chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

Spinal Irritation

The Disease That Causes Pain, aching or distress in back part of head or base of brain; pulling of cords in neck; trouble with eyes; pain between shoulders or in other parts of spine, or a burning, aching, tenderness or soreness; belt of constriction or pain around body or right or left half; numbness of fingers or feet or coldness or tingling or feelings like prickling of pins or needles; frequent involuntary sighing; peculiar, almost indescribable pains or distress in heart, stomach, kidneys or other parts of chest or abdomen; selection. Cause and Cure of this disease is explained in our elegantly illustrated booklet of 24 pages. Price 10c. Ask for Spinal Irritation. Write OHIO STATE PUBLISHING COMPANY 901 The Birmingham, Cleveland, Ohio

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If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit; so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified, 1008 pages, over 700 illustrations; newly revised up-to-date Edition, paper-bound, sent for 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Recommended by all users.
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AN EXCUSE FOR HUSBANDS

Discovery of Woman Who Has Spent Twenty Years in Studying Domestic Problems.

A heavy load of moral responsibility should never be foisted upon a man in the first flush of youth. If it is, he is almost sure to let it slide off when he arrives at years of maturity, and all sorts of complications are liable to follow. Mary Austin, who wrote "The Arrow Maker," explained these things and several others to the members of the Legislative league at the Waldorf-Astoria.

"I have been spending a good deal of time lately at the domestic relations court," she said in elucidation of her statement concerning the overfrightened young man, "and I have learned that in a great majority of cases the man 40 or thereabouts who has grown tired of his wife, because her beauty has faded and refuses to support her any longer, so that she has to appeal to the courts, was compelled to go to work when he was thirteen or fourteen to help maintain his parents or brothers and sisters. By the time he reaches middle life his moral muscles, which were strained and stretched beyond their proper capacity when they were still soft and untrained, have become feeble, if they haven't snapped entirely, and he can't be depended upon for anything."

Mrs. Austin admitted that what she had just said wasn't generally known, but she added that it was nevertheless absolutely true. She was sure of it, because she had spent 20 years studying just such problems.

GERMAN KNEW THE PIECE

Amusing Incident in Campaign to Encourage Respect for the National Anthem.

Mrs. William G. Boyd of Kingsbury place, an enthusiastic member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and former chairman of the Missouri state song committee, is directly responsible for the new order requiring all public concerts in this city to be concluded with "The Star Spangled Banner." During a talk with Park Commissioner Davis, in which the lack of respect shown the national air by St. Louisans in public places was deplored, Mrs. Boyd suggested a campaign of education as a remedy for the existing conditions. She is still laughing over the results of the attempt. She and her husband, with Commissioner Davis, visited Carr square on the evening of the first band concert, after the new order went into effect, thinking to see in the polyglot audience there a typical example of the masses' familiarity with the national air.

As soon as the first notes sounded the men in the party removed their hats, but all were alert for developments around them. Nobody appeared to notice the music except one big German, who gave vent to several disgusted grunts as it proceeded. Thinking to test him, Mr. Davis asked if he knew what that piece was.

"Know him? Ain't I a Cherman? Dot's 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' but mein Gott, how dey blays him!"—St. Louis Times.

Fashion is Fashion.
"Why do all the women walk like ducks this year?" was the question put to a friend of mine, years since, by a younger brother.

He did not know that a quite new kind of corset had suddenly, during the summer months, "come in." To wear it meant change of gait and posture, eventually actual change of shape. Yet we all wore it—and doubtless went on praising the Venus of Melos as we did so.

The notion that, after we have learned from the scientists to deal in evolutionary periods of millions of years, we ought not naively to expect to alter the human form in a season or two, never occurred, I fancy, to any of us.

"Business is business," men are credited with saying, when invited to apply abstract laws of honor. "Fashion is fashion," women would surely say if invited to apply abstract laws of beauty.—Atlantic.

Friend of Dumas.

There lives at St. Die, France, in a little commune near Rehaupal an old woman of good figure and undimmed eye, notwithstanding the fact that she was borne 111 years ago. Centenarians are not at all uncommon about the Vosges. Her name is Mme. Viry and for a long period she was in the service of Alexandre Dumas pere.

She has many recollections of the time spent at the house of the author of the "Trois Mousquetaires," and she describes Dumas as an excellent man, but very fond of a good dinner, fowls being his specialty.

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 lucky parents who keep Foley's Honey and Tar Compound on hand. H. C. Caselman, Canton, N. Y., says: "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.

By This Sign



you know that you are getting the one preparation that has stood the test for over thirty-five years and still remains the Standard tonic-food-medicine, used and recommended by the medical profession the world over.

Scott's Emulsion

is the embodiment of elements that make for good health and strength.

ALL DRUGGISTS

11-23

Sensitive.

"You've lost him for good this time," said the master barber to one of his assistants as a customer went out and slammed the door behind him.

"Yes, but I forgot."

"That's no excuse. If you can't attend to business, you must go."

"What's the trouble?" inquired a customer.

"He didn't brush the gentleman's head."

"But his head was a bald as an egg!"

"Certainly, and that is why he should have brushed it. Bald-headed men are very sensitive; you must use the brush the same as if they had plenty of hair. To do so gives them an idea that you don't take particular notice of their baldness."

"And won't that customer return?"

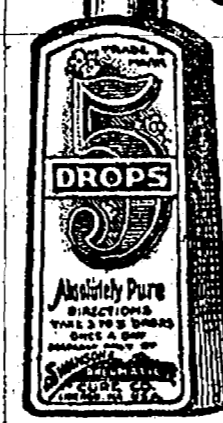
"Never. He'll try some other barber's next time, and will even advise his friends to avoid this."

With the Coming of Middle Age

There is a letting down in the physical forces often shown in annoying and painful kidney and bladder ailments and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are a splendid regulating and strengthening medicine at such a time. Try them. Hite's Drug Store.

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Those who suffer from Eczema, pimples or other skin troubles, should use the Five-Drop Salve. It is a carefully compounded ointment that for fifteen years has proven its value as a soothing, healing remedy for eczema, pimples, running sores, wounds, burns, salt rheum, ring-worm, piles and acne. A single application will usually give immediate relief. The soothing, irritating inflammation quickly subsides and the sores dry and disappear.

The Five-Drop Salve is now put up in 25 and 50 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., 185 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.

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HIS SECURITY WAS ASSURED

Man With Wooden Leg Had No Fear of Slipping on Polished Floor.

One of New York's leading actors has an elegant country-home out in Long Island, and he has spent a great deal of money in fitting it up with costly decorations and exquisite furnishings. The library was recently refurbished with a most expensive floor of beautiful parquetry, in which the owner felt a great degree of pride and of which he was scrupulously careful. A few days ago an old friend of the good old road days learned how well he was prospering and went out to call on him. He had met with reverses financially, and also with the physical misfortune of an amputated leg, in place of which he wore a wooden one.

When the servant announced him in the library the host went in and was horrified to see the man stumbling about the floor with the wooden leg, in a tour of inspection of its gorgeous fittings. Speechless at first, he was finally able to breathe a gentle hint to his friend:

"I say, Henry, old fellow, hadn't you better keep well in on the rug? I'm so deucedly afraid you might slip and get a fall."

"Oh, no! That's all right," assured the guest. "Don't you worry about me, I'm all right, thanks. There is a couple of nails in the end of the old peg, you know."—Judge's Library.

TO PUBLISH POET'S LETTERS

Interesting Collection of Correspondence of One of France's Greatest Poets Discovered.

An interesting literary discovery has been made, an immense collection of the correspondence of Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, the greatest of the women poets of nineteenth century France. The letters included in it were bought one by one from the autograph dealers by her son Hippolyte Valmore. He annotated them and meant to publish them; but when he died a bachelor of 72 about twenty years ago, there was no mention of his intentions in his will.

The albums then fell into the hands of his servant, who was ignorant of their value but did not destroy them. Finding them too cumbersome to carry about with her she gave them away. The recipient preserved them, though without attaching any particular importance to them; and now at last they have attracted the attention of a collector and are to be edited and published in the course of the autumn.

The Gloomy Poets.

In the course of a week a large number of poems reach this office, most of them written by persons with little experience in verse making, says the Kansas City Star. The striking thing about the output, however, is not that so many persons who have never written poetry should be experimenting with it, but that nine-tenths of them should be so melancholy. The great majority of poems submitted for publication reflect a spirit of gentle gloom.

"What are the wild waves saying?" inquire the poets with one accord. And why do they say it? Why should a sense of woe weigh us down? Why are the autumn winds so melancholy? Why is anything, anyhow?

A careful reading of several hundred poems of this type does not leave the impression that the writers are such a gloomy lot as they might appear. One comes to believe that most of them are normally cheerful, but that somehow they have been led to suppose that sadness belongs to poetry.

More Used to Horses.

Here is a story that J. O. Chenoweth tells on William Grafeman, the ice cream manufacturer:

Grafeman had been having engine trouble with his motor car, and after each trip to the repair shop the same trouble recurred, only worse.

Finally, in desperation, Grafeman called on his friend, Emil Gartner, who owns a machine of the same kind, and asked him to look the car over and see if he could find out what was wrong. Gartner carefully inspected the engine and listened to its ca-chug, ca-chug. Then, turning to Grafeman, he announced that there was nothing wrong with the engine except that one of its cylinders was "missing."

"What!" exclaimed Grafeman, incredulous. "I'm positive all four of them were there when I left the garage."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Grape Pickers.

Picking grapes is a temporary but popular occupation in the vineyard district of New York and Pennsylvania. Many girls and women from the villages in the grape belt pick in the vineyards year after year. For out door work, this is especially strengthening, coming, as it does, in the perfect days of September and October. Moreover, it is an employment to which considerable dignity attaches, due to the class of persons who have for a generation associated themselves with it. It is not taxing. It serves the purpose of an outing, there is no watchful taskmaster and it is good for cash for a fall and winter outfit.

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 mix-up compounds that the Pure Food Law still allows to pass on the PURE STONE GROUND—its cheaper in the end.

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