

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 16

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1912.

No. 22

Asks New Bids

City Commission Decide Upon Concrete Pavement.

Adjourned special meeting of the City Commission held at the City Hall Tuesday evening, May 28, 1912. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Steffes. Present, Steffes, Hudson and Kenny; absent, none.

Minutes of two last meetings were read and approved as corrected.

The following resolution was offered by Commissioner Hudson:

Be it Resolved, That the sum of \$4790.00 be raised by general tax on the real and personal property of the City of East Jordan for the payment of principal and interest on bonds; the sum of \$5617.00 be raised for general highway purposes, and the sum of \$14,373.00 be raised for general purposes.

Moved by Hudson supported by Kenny that the above resolution be adopted. Ayes, Steffes, Hudson and Kenny (3); nays, none. Carried.

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenny to adjourn until Wednesday evening, May 29, 1912. Carried.

Adjourned special meeting of the City Commission held Wednesday evening, May 29, 1912. Meeting was called to order at the City Hall by Mayor Steffes and adjournment was taken to the City Attorney's office. Present, Steffes, Hudson and Kenny; absent, none.

The City Commission of the City of East Jordan having under consideration the matter of paving Mill, Main and Esterly Streets, Commissioner Hudson offered the following resolution and moved its adoption. Seconded by Commissioner Kenny.

Whereas, this commission has heretofore adopted plans, plats, diagrams and specifications for the paving of Mill street from the East rail of the East Jordan & Southern Railroad track to the East line of Third street, Main street from the North line of Mill street to the North line of Garfield street and Esterly street a distance of 170 feet East from the East line of Main street and 10 feet West from the West line of Main street. And,

Whereas, this commission has advertised for bids for the construction of said paving and said bids were each and all rejected because of the different kinds of pavement bid upon and a lack of competition on any particular kind, due to certain imperfections and lack of details in the plans and specifications as adopted. And,

Whereas, this commission has referred said plans and specifications to Henry Winters, as Engineer, for perfection in such matters of detail for a concrete pavement, which have been made and reported to this commission by said Engineer. Therefore,

Resolved, that the plans, plats, diagrams and specifications as heretofore adopted by this commission be amended by adding thereto the said specifications and details as prepared by said Henry Winters as Engineer, and that the said plans, plats, diagrams and specifications as so amended be and the same hereby are adopted by this commission for said paving. Further,

Resolved, that the city clerk give notice that sealed bids will be received for said paving until eight o'clock of the twelfth day of June, 1912, and then to be opened by said clerk at the place of holding the meetings of this commission. Said notice to be by publication in the East Jordan Enterprise and the Charlevoix County Herald. This commission reserves the right to reject any and all bids. All bids shall be accompanied by a certified check for five per cent of the amount of such bid.

Adopted by the City Commission of the City of East Jordan on the Twenty-Ninth day of May, A. D. 1912, by aye and nay vote as follows: Ayes, Steffes, Hudson and Kenny. Nays, none.

Moved by Kenny, supported by Hudson, to adjourn. Carried.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

The young man who marries an heiress may not have to wait fifty years in order to celebrate his golden wedding.

During the engagement she hopes to make him a good wife; after marriage she hopes he will make her a good husband.

Big High Class Show Coming.

Manager Adams of the Temple Theatre takes great pleasure in announcing to the people of East Jordan and vicinity that he has succeeded in securing Fred Raymond's great comedy success "The Missouri Girl" for date of June 13th here.

This is the same show exactly that plays New York Chicago and all the larger cities.

The company carries two complete sets of special scenery, the larger of which will fit the local stage very nicely, thus insuring the complete production the same as seen in the regular City Theatres.

As the management here is under a very heavy expense in securing this excellent attraction, it is to be hoped that local theatre-goers will appreciate his efforts to give them first class attraction, by packing the house on the above date.

Self-Development.

A town is in some ways like a person. If it amounts to anything it must be largely self-made. The town that drifts, like the person that drifts, or the ship that drifts, is not likely to come to the right harbor. If prosperity is the haven desired, it will not be reached without determination and self-guidance. This truth has been applied to human conduct so often as to become commonplace, and would not be repeated here except to emphasize the fact that it applies to communities quite as much as to individuals.

A town is a problem like a child. It should not be left to grow up by itself. Its destiny should be guided by the wisdom of its elders. There is no lack of elders in any town who have opinions as to what is wrong with it. They are to be found at the grocery store, the cigar store and every common meeting place. If these wiseacres would exercise their perspicacity in figuring out what would be good for the town, and then would all pull together in trying to bring that good about, the result would be such a matter of local pride that nobody would want to talk about anything else. The destiny of a community, like that of an individual, can be controlled; the possibilities of development and improvement are almost unlimited; and it is not only wisdom but money in the pocket for citizens to take their town in hand and try to make it amount to something.

Too many homes have all the modern inconveniences.

It was shown to be a fake social club organized for the purpose of violating the law. For a person to gain admission on Sunday or any other day it was necessary for him to sign an application for membership to the club. This application cost the pretended member 50 cents. In exchange he was given a card entitled him to 50 cents worth of beer. It will be recalled that the Michigan Brewers' Association literature describes just such places as this as necessarily belonging to local option counties. But the "The Old Kentucky Home Club" was not located in a local option county. It was established and doing a profitable business in Grandville, a suburb of Grand Rapids. Its business was profitable to the brewers and to the fake club proprietors, but it was disastrous to the county and community. Two young men, Frank Perry and Claude Carpenter, lost their lives through becoming patrons of the place, being drowned after a Sunday dooach in the Old Kentucky Home, and Gilbert Denton and John Dulan, proprietor and employee of the club, are prisoners in the Kent county jail because of their relation to the establishment. Two young men in their graves and two other men in jail, testifies very vividly to the influence of the "regulated saloons" and the breweries of Grand Rapids and Kent county.

Board of Review.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Review for the township of South Arm, Charlevoix County, Michigan, will meet at the South Arm Grange Hall in said township on Monday and Tuesday, June 10 and 11, A. D. 1912, at 9:00 a. m. standard time, for the purpose of reviewing the assessment roll of said township, and will be in session six hours each day. Dated this 20th day of May 1912.

J. E. CHASE,
Supervisor.

NOTICE OF PAVING.

Sealed proposals addressed to the City Clerk of the City of East Jordan and endorsed proposals for constructing pavements will be received by the City Commission of the City of East Jordan, Charlevoix County, Michigan, until 8:00 o'clock of the twelfth day of June A. D. 1912, and then and there publicly opened and read by the City Clerk, for furnishing the necessary labor and material for paving with Concrete, Asphaltic Concrete on a Concrete base, Asphalt Macadam Machine mixed, Asphalt Macadam penetrating process and any and all other kinds and types of pavement, all on a concrete or crushed stone foundation, with the necessary drainage and otherwise improving that part of Mill street from the east rail of the East Jordan & Southern Railroad track to the east line of Third street, that part of Main street from the north line of Mill street to the north line of Garfield street and Esterly street from the east line of Main street, approximately a distance of 170 feet more or less east to the easterly line of alley east of Esterly street a distance of 10 ft. west from the west line of Main street, according to the amended plans and specifications therefore on file in the office of the City Clerk of the City of East Jordan, Michigan.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check on some solvent Bank payable to the order of the City Treasurer of said City for an amount equal to 5 per cent of the amount of the proposal as a guarantee that if proposal is accepted a contract will be entered into and the required bond will be furnished for the performance of the work and a guaranteed maintenance thereof.

The amended plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the City Clerk of said City, at East Jordan, Michigan.

The Commission reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Commission.
Dated, East Jordan, Michigan,
May 28th, A. D. 1912.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

Do you happen to know of anything more industrious than an idle rumor?

Necessity is the mother of invention and matrimony is the mother of contentment.

If a man has never been fooled by a woman it's because he isn't worth the effort.

Notice to Electors.

I take this means of announcing my candidacy for the Republican nomination for Register of Deeds at the August primary. If my conduct of the office in the past has been such as to meet your approval your support will be appreciated.

ROMEO A. EMREY.

Notice To Electors.

I take this means of announcing my candidacy for the Republican nomination, for the office of County Clerk, at the August primaries, and if nominated and elected, I will do my best to serve the public in said office. I also wish to thank the electors of Charlevoix County for the support they have given me in the past, and will appreciate your support at this time.

RICHARD LEWIS.

Notice.

I hereby announce myself as a republican candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the primary election to be held August 27th.

DANIEL S. PAYTON.

To Republican Electors of Charlevoix County.

I desire to announce my candidacy for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer at the August Primary.

ROY L. LORRAINE.

Mrs. M. A. McLaughlin, 512 Jay St., LaCrosse, Wis., writes that she suffered all kinds of pains in her back and hips on account of kidney trouble and rheumatism. "I got some of Foley Kidney Pills and after taking them for a few days there was a wonderful change in my case, for the pain entirely left my back and hips and I am thankful there is such a medicine as Foley Kidney Pills." Hite Drug Co.

Something New in Talcum

As the season is now here, for Talcum Powder we wish to call your attention to one that is indeed a winner. It is called

Harmony Violet Dulce

Don't forget the name for it is worth remembering.

If you use it once you will again.

It is absolutely free from any irritating ingredient and has a delightful violet odor.

Call and get a sample free. When you need talcum don't fail to try Harmony Violet Dulce.

See our window display.

W. C. SPRING Drug Co.

It is a well conceded fact that Empey Bros. are carrying the largest line of Rugs of all sizes—from 27x54 inches up to 9x12 feet of any concern north of Grand Rapids. You will find it greatly to your advantage to look over our stock before purchasing. They also are carrying a very nice line of DRAPERY for arch spaces in your home.

Steaming Hot Nero Coffee



Appetites will be whetted for a hearty meal when you use Nero Coffee. It is roasted fresh daily. It has a rich aroma and tastes delicious because extreme care is used in the selecting and blending. Because the market price of raw coffee has steadily advanced, Nero Coffee is now sold at 35c per lb. This assures you the same high quality of Nero Coffee which now compares with the ordinary brands sold at 35c per lb.

ROYAL VALLEY COFFEES

Nero Coffee.....at 25c Marigold Coffee.....at 30c
Tzar Coffee.....at 35c Royal Valley Coffee...at 40c

You will find these the biggest coffee values that have ever been offered.

—SOLD ONLY BY—

G. A. Bell

East Jordan, Mich.

ROYAL VALLEY
JAPAN TEAS
are the best by all
who try them
80c, 60c, 50c per lb.

Friendship and confidence are plants of slow growth.

Many a married man thinks he is his own boss because he can smoke all over the house when his wife is away.

Why not have those switches put in now and save the wear on your tungsten lights? It is house cleaning time and just the time to do the work while your carpets are up. We have tungsten adapters that will fit any chandelier and can put them on at a small cost. MILES & MURRAY.

A CARD

This is to certify that Foley's Honey and Tar Compound does not contain any opiates, any habit forming drugs, or any ingredients that could possibly harm its users. On the contrary, its great healing and soothing qualities make it a real remedy for coughs, colds and irritations of the throat, chest and lungs. The genuine is in a yellow package. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and accept no substitute. Hite Drug Co.

Advertised Letters.

Advertised last week ending May 25, 1912.

Letters

A. J. Davis Oscar Richard
John Rubleok Floyd Thompson
Martha Thompson.

HARRY E. POTTER, P. M.

Liverymen's Notice.

To all people who hire livery rigs there will be fifty cents extra charge on each rig after May 20, 1912.

William Walker
Thomas Whitley
Roscoe Mackey

Call and see the two wheel Sulkies at Whittington's.

It is my advice if you are in want of a Kitchen Cabinet, Buffet, Side Board, Chiffonier, Library Table, Couch, Trunks, Grips or Drapers, you will save money by calling on EMPEY BROS.

FRED E. BOOSINGER

Why You Should Wear Foremost Clothing.

Foremost made clothing is perfect fitting, good looking and long wearing, possessing the latest in style and fashion. It is the product of manufacturers who have acquired a worldwide reputation after fifty years supplying the consumer with garments honestly made and sold at the right prices.

Every piece of material must first pass the severe Foremost test. And every yard of material is handled by the most skilled clothing designers and tailors who are experts in their profession. Then the large purchasing power that Schloss Brothers possess, places them in a position to buy at the lowest figures. That is why they can give you more real value for your money. Every Foremost garment is guaranteed—you must be satisfied or your money will be returned.

Truly Foremost made guaranteed clothing is the clothing you should wear—it is really UNEXCELLED.

Try a suit and see for yourself why they are constantly being worn by thousands of men all over the world.

Prices from \$12.50 to \$25.00.



FOREMOST CLOTHING
SCHLOSS BROS.
DETROIT, MICH.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL"

FRED E. BOOSINGER

Charlevoix County Herald

G. A. LISIK, Publisher.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

BUSINESS DEAL BY A KING

Kalakaua Sold to His Legislature
Some Cannon Given Him by the
Austrian Emperor.

The digging up of three rusty—but loaded and ready to go off—shells in Kapiolani Park recently, and the facts of their history as dug up for the Advertiser, started a flood of old-time "revolution" reminiscences, one of the most interesting of which dealt with the presentation to Hawaii of the particular Austrian battery with which the old shells were connected. It appears that when King Kalakaua was making his royal tour of Europe, being entertained by kings and emperors, he wandered to the capital of the Austrian monarch, Emperor Franz Joseph. By way of impressing upon his Sandwich Island royal cousin the greatness of Austria-Hungary, the emperor took Kalakaua to a grand field review, where Austrian gunners shot holes in targets to demonstrate the Austrian field pieces had no peers existing, especially when Austrian marksmen sighted them.

Kalakaua was properly impressed, so much so, in fact, that he ventured to ask the price of a battery, such as he had seen in use. He intimated that he might find business, at the Crossroads of the Pacific, for just such wicked implements of death, especially as the "Supremacy of the Pacific" idea was incubating in his headpiece. He was told, very politely, that Austria's cannons were not on the market, but that, as from monarch to monarch, the ruler of Austria might make the ruler of the Sandwich Islands a gift of a few guns. The gift was made and Kalakaua shipped his battery to Honolulu, where it was used later in Kapiolani Park to scatter the revolutionists out against the republic and perched along Diamond Head ridge. The sequel to the presentation is the funny part of the story, however.

Kalakaua came home in triumph from his trip, and his Austrian guns barked out a welcome salute, which reminded him. The trip had cost money, even if there had been no hotel bills, so he sat him down and made out a bill to the legislature for his guns. The figures on the bill called for \$29,000, which the legislature had to appropriate and pay over to the private treasurer of the royal household.

For a gift, those guns came high—Pacific Advertiser.

To Heat City With Electricity.

It is planned to electrically heat the dwellings and business houses of Stavanger, Norway, and the board of directors of the electric light plant at that place has asked permission from the city council to make contracts up to a consumption of 100 horse power. It has been suggested that the price for current thus used shall be \$6.70 per horse power (746 watts) per year. It is also planned to heat the government and city buildings in that manner. The population of Stavanger is 35,000 and the city has water power facilities to furnish 25,000 horse power for electrical purposes.

Home Mascot.

The household cat has the commendation of no less a personage than the president of the University of California, who says, regarding this little animal:

"I am one of the persons who is well disposed toward the household cat. It has always seemed to me that the humming of the tea kettle was cheerier when the cat is content on the rug. Whatever the cause of it, the cat is an individual which has made homes a little sweeter and gladder and by which many a lonely woman has been cheered."

Good Sense a Prized Possession.

Good sense is a fund, slowly and painfully accumulated through the labor of centuries. It is a jewel of the first water, whose value he alone understands who has lost it or who observes the lives of others who have lost it. For my part, I think no price too great to pay for gaining it and keeping it for the possession of eyes that see and a judgment that discerns. One takes good care of his sword that it be not bent or rusted; with greater reason should he give heed to his thoughts.—Charles Wagner.

"Gag" That Upset Bernard.

Sam Bernard acknowledges that he is a past master at "gagging" on the stage; but he confesses that a sister artist entirely upset him one night, when she came out with a carefully prepared interpolation without telling him what to expect.

"Will you, please," said the actress, "pass me my diminutive argenteus truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations?"

She was asking for her thimble.—Sunday Magazine.

Not the Same Thing.

"Here's Rumsey told me he was a lawyer, and I find he is nothing but a hanger-on of saloons."

"I heard him, and he told you the literal truth. He didn't say he was a lawyer; he said he had a steady practice at the bar."

Foreign Relations.

Teacher—If I were cousin german to you, what relation to you would my father be?

Dick—Dutch uncle, of course!—Puck.

Modern Parents

Often Warned Against Any Undue Severity

By P. EVAN JONES

IT IS a thankless task to be a parent in these exacting days, and I wonder now and then at the temerity which prompts man or woman to assume such hazardous duties. Time was, indeed, when parents lifted their heads loftily in the world, when they were held to be, in the main, useful and responsible persons; when their authority, if unheeded, was at least unquestioned, and when one of the ten commandments was considered to indicate that especial reverence was their due. These simple and primitive convictions lingered on so long that some of us can perhaps remember when they were a part of our youthful creed, and when, in life and in literature, the lesson commonly taught was that the province of the parent is to direct and control, the privilege of the child is to obey, and to be exempt from the painful sense of responsibility which overtakes him in later years.

The children have many powerful advocates, while the parents stand undefended and suffer grievous things. It must surprise some of them occasionally to be warned so often against undue severity. It must amaze them to hear that their lazy little boys and girls are suffering from overwork and in danger of mental exhaustion. It must amuse them—if they have any sense of humor—to be told in the columns of the weekly paper, "How to Reprove a Child," just as they are told "How to Make an Apple Pudding."

As for the discipline of the nursery, that has become a matter of supreme importance to all whom it does not concern, and the suggestions offered, the methods urged are so varied and conflicting that the modern mother can be sure of one thing only—all that she does is wrong.

The most popular theory appears to be that whenever a child is naughty it is his parent's fault, and she owes him prompt atonement for his misbehavior. We should be astonished, if not appalled, if we could see in figures the number of times the average child is unnecessarily censured during the first seven years of life. Punishment is altogether out of favor. Its apparent necessity arises from the ill-judged course of the father or mother in refusing to a child control over his own actions.

I once knew a father who defended himself for frequently thrashing an only and idolized son—who amply merited each chastisement—by saying that Jack would think him an idiot if he didn't. That father was lamentably ignorant of much that it behooves a father now to acquire. He had probably never read a single book designed for the instruction and humiliation of parents. He was in a state of barbaric darkness concerning the latest theories of education. But he knew one thing perfectly, and that one thing is slipping fast from the minds of men—namely, the intention of the Almighty that there should exist for a certain time between childhood and manhood the natural production known as a boy.



Callow and Spoony Young Men

By M. S. BOYDSTON

Masses of cheap books picture love as a whirlwind of passion, moral or immoral. The noblest examples of love in real life show constancy, unselfishness, self-sacrifice. Such a love is the development of high ideals that uplift and purify the human heart. By association two lives are made beautiful in one.

The world is flooded with false ideas and the young read the thrilling story, are impressed, and before they are out of kilts they are enacting the first chapters of the sensational novel. The schoolgirl reads, dreams and begins courtship before she is fitted by education and experience to discern the true from the false. The results too often are a wrecked life or unhappy marriage.

The well balanced, self-respecting young people who hold to a high standard of conduct are called prudish and old fashioned. As one young woman indignantly expressed it: "We are relegated to the wall if we refuse to permit our young man callers to embrace and caress us, or sit up late along with them. They call on girls who give them all the freedom of lovers, without any engagement or intention of marriage."

This, she said, is the unwritten code among the majority and it disgusts me with young men. It kills the social spirit and entertaining in the home, for the callow youth does not sigh for the family presence and the girl cares only to be alone with him for his caresses.

Every boarding house keeper has her nerves rasped by these spooners, who hold out till one o'clock. Reserve and less cheapening of love would result in happier marriages and fewer ending in the divorce court.

There is no surer way to congenial unions than the association of young people in sensible friendships that bar out familiarities. To bring out the best in another you must be looking high yourself.

Wit, tact, talent and sound sense are to be desired above caresses and kisses.

Men as Pure Minded as Women

By PROF. WM. A. McKEEVER
Kan. State Agricultural College

Judged from the standpoint of the future well being of the American people, social purity is a more important issue than the tariff or the conservation of natural resources.

Boys and girls of all ages should be allowed frequent association with the opposite sex under proper restrictions.

The line fence that separates the sexes at school and elsewhere is a shameful advertisement of our dual standard of morals. Women are not naturally any more pure minded than men. Take down the line fence; inculcate the same degree of cleanness of thought, speech and conduct before boys as before girls.

Parental ignorance and neglect constitute the first contributing cause of the great prevalence of the social evil.

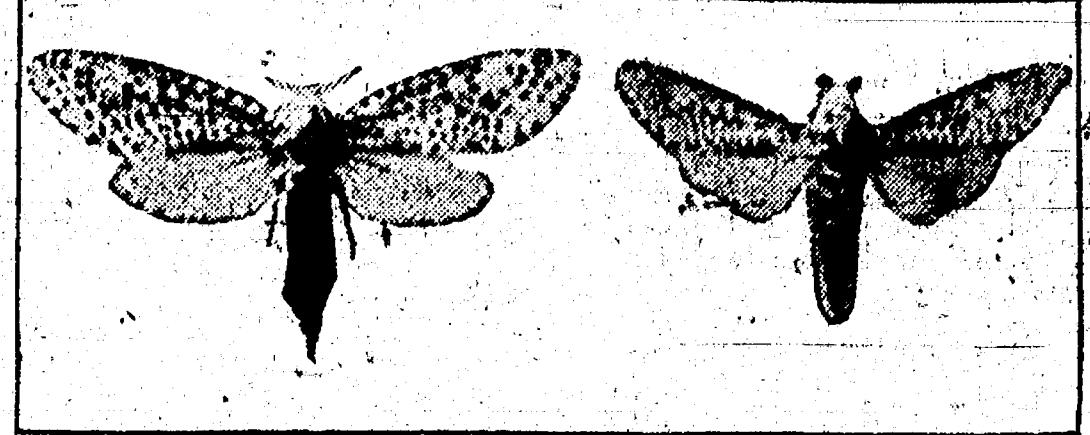
Let American parents rally to the great social obligation of training their children for pure thinking and clean sexual life, and the race will quickly manifest the splendid manly and womanly qualities inherent in our ordinary human breed.

Athletic sports, vigorous and joyful outdoor exercises so both the physical and mental exuberance of youth may find a wholesome outlet, are recommended.

The long-standing theory that every boy must sow his "wild oats" has been successfully controverted by specialists.

LEOPARD MOTH CAUSES GREAT DAMAGE TO ORNAMENTAL TREES

Injurious Little Insect Was Probably Accidentally Introduced Into This Country From Europe Years Ago—Bores in Branches Just Under Bark and Cutting Large Galleries.



Adult Leopard Moths, Female at Left. Natural Size.

(By W. E. BRITTON and G. A. CROMBIE, Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station.)

The leopard moth occurs in Europe and parts of Asia and Africa, and was probably accidentally introduced into this country from Europe more than thirty years ago, being first noticed at Hoboken, N. J., and later spreading toward the north and east along the coast.

The larvae or caterpillars cause great damage to nearly all kinds of shade trees by boring in the branches just under the bark and cutting large



Larva in Its Burrow. Natural Size.

galleries, often across the grain, thus girdling them. Dead branches extending above the mass of foliage in the tree tops are a sign of attack, and many twigs will be broken off or wither during the summer. The pest has been especially destructive to elm and silver maple trees in the coast cities and towns of Connecticut, but is not so abundant in the open country.

The adult moths are dirty white, with semi-transparent wings marked with metallic blue dots. These have

PROPER CARE OF HORSE'S HOOF

Wall, or Crust, Which Seems to Possess Greatest Interest for Horseman—Rate of Growth.

All parts of the hoof, which is composed of a wall with its inflection, the bars, a sole, and a foot-pad, or frog, are of importance as regards the usefulness of the foot but it is the wall or crust—that part of the hoof which can be seen when the foot is on the ground which seems to possess the greatest interest for the horseman. It is subject to many defects and is very intimately connected with the retention of the shoe.

No natural division exists, but for convenience of description it is divided into toe, quarters and heels. The wall is thickest and longest at the toe, thinnest and shortest at the heel, a gradual decrease in thickness occurring from front to rear. The horn grows downward from the wall, secreting a coronary substance with equal rapidity, but there are certain conditions which influence growth.

Abundant and regular exercise, good grooming in keeping the feet picked out and washed out, preserving the moisture and suppleness of the hoof by retaining in its integrity the external layer of horn known as the perlepe, and at proper intervals removing the overgrowth of horn and regulating the bearing surface favor the rapid growth of horn of good quality, while lack of exercise and rasping the crust, which causes dryness and brittleness and excessive length of hoof, hinder growth. Perhaps good and bad feeding also have an influence.

The average rate of growth is about one-third of an inch a month. Hind hoofs grow faster than fore hoofs, and, as nature compensates for wear, unshod hoofs grow faster than shod ones. The actual time required for the horn to grow from the coronet to the ground, besides being influenced to a slight degree by the above-mentioned conditions, of course, varies in proportion to the distance of the coronet from the ground. As we have said, the wall is longest at the toe and shortest at the heel, while some feet are upright and blocky and others low, wide and spreading. At the toe, depending on its height, the horn grows down in from 11 to 13 months, at the quarters in from six to eight months, and at the heels in from three to five

months. It is, therefore, possible to estimate with tolerable accuracy the time required for the growing out of a sand crack, cleft or fissure in the hoof wall, but the class of hoof that is the most liable to these defects—the brittle wall—is always of slow growth, and the general complaint with horn of this quality is that the feet do not grow.

Where the surface soil is underlain with a layer of compact subsoil or hardpan that is impervious to water and impenetrable to the roots of growing crops, the rain runs off quickly and the land suffers severely in times of drought.

Blowing up with dynamite this compact subsoil to form underground reservoirs has been tried with good results, says the Farm and Home. Bore holes in the ground two to six feet deep and from twenty to thirty feet apart, according to the nature and compactness of the subsoil and hardpan. About eighty sticks of dynamite are used per acre, which cost \$1.50 with caps and fuse.

An ordinary two-inch auger with a long handle is used, and a half-pound stick of blasting powder is placed in each hole. The explosion breaks the ground all around for a distance of ten to fifteen feet, makes an opening at the surface eight to ten inches in diameter, and forms a subreservoir below the bottom of the hole from three to six feet in diameter, with the hardpan splintered into fragments. The openings and holes so created should be partially filled with sand or gravel to keep them open permanently for the surplus rainfall. The work can be done in leisure time in dry weather. Largely increased crops result. The modern method of tree planting is to blow a hole for each tree with dynamite.

There is no section of the country immune from plant diseases and troublesome insects. The orchardist and the gardener should provide spraying materials and be ready for any emergency. Some seasons may not require severe fighting, but others will require vigorous assaults.

Removing infested branches: injecting carbon disulphide (bisulphide) into the burrows, and stopping the opening; probing with a hooked wire for the larva, are some of the methods of control.

Planting species of trees not badly infested, like oaks, honey locust and sycamore, and especially those kinds that do not grow very large, and have a smooth bark; placing trees further apart, so that the larvae cannot easily crawl from one to the other; and keeping the trees well nourished and vigorous, are the chief preventive measures.

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USE DYNAMITE FOR FARMING

Blowing Up Compact Subsoil to Form Underground Reservoirs Has Produced Good Results.

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Some people impress us as being too polite to get all that's coming to them.

Garfield Tea is unequalled either as an occasional or a daily laxative.

Innuendo.
"What's Cholly so angry about?"
"Oh, some rude girl asked him if he was a suffragette."

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

We Can and We Do.
"It has been demonstrated that we can have plays without words."
"Yes. Also that we can have plays without actors."

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundry small.

His Opportunity.
"Going to Wombat's wedding, over on the north side?"
"Not I. I was engaged to that girl. Wombat cut me out."
"Well, come to the wedding. You may get a chance to biff him in the jaw with an old shoe."

Stop the Pain.
The hurt or a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Calculation.
"Going to make garden?"
"I dunno," replied the man who always looks discouraged. "I'm busy now figuring up how many tons of lettuce I'll have to raise to pay for the spade and the rake and the rest of the outfit."

Paxtine Antiseptic sprayed into the nasal passages is a surprisingly successful remedy for catarrh. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

The One Sure Thing.
"We can always be sure of one thing," said the wise man.
"What is that?" asked the foolish one.
"That we are never sure of anything."

Surgeon in Ancient Times.
High honorariums were paid surgeons in ancient times. When Darius, the son of Hystaspes, sprained his foot Damocedes was called in, another surgeon of renown having failed to effect a cure. Damocedes was successful, and the king took him to his harem and introduced the doctor to the ladies of the court. The ladies filled a vase of gold with money and precious pearls, which a eunuch was ordered to carry to the doctor. The eunuch fell the vase, and the careful historian tells us that slaves gathered up the pearls.

They Saved His Life.
Does it pay to stop your motor car after an accident, and go back to see what has happened? Two young motorists on the south side believe it does.

With a green chauffeur these two boys were trying out a new model touring car. They were sitting in the back seat when the greenhorn at the steering wheel gave it a twist and came within an ace of hitting an old man at a crossing. The victim was so shocked that he fell to the pavement, and a crowd gathered in an instant.

Looking back, the motorists decided that things looked bad, but that they had better go back and see whether the old party was killed. Finding him all right, but winded; they took him for a nice ride around the parks. So pleasant did they make it for him that when they took him home to his wife he introduced them as "The two young men who saved my life."

They are now thinking of applying for Carnegie medals.

KNOWS NOW—Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case For a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day. (Tea contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee—and is just as harmful as coffee.)

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee, which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone.

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes, which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color.

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum. In fact I'd give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients.

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

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

Guardians of Forest



FIRE IN BLACK HILLS NATIONAL FOREST

THE latest word in the protection of the forest from fires comes from the Black Hills, where by means of a lookout on a high peak, who locates incipient fires by means of a map and telephones their exact location to various ranger stations, hundreds of thousands of acres of fine timber lands are made immune from the scourge that threatens the nation's lumber resources, says a writer in the New York Tribune.

The national forests of the Black Hills have been the scene of many disastrous fires in recent years. The country is sparsely settled, and it is difficult to get sufficient help to fight a fire that has gained any headway. On that account the forest service has been bending every energy to catch fires in their incipency.

The first step toward solving the fire problem was the selection of a lookout station. A station was established on Harney peak, the highest point in Harney National forest, at an altitude of 7,242 feet above the sea level. The peak itself is a barren rock, from which a clear view can be had on every side. The approximate forest area which can be seen from the lookout station is 400,000 acres, and it is estimated that the amount of standing timber in this area is 1,200,000,000 feet. The radius of a circle which can be covered from any lookout station depends entirely upon the topography of the surrounding country, the weather conditions and the condition of the atmosphere. Fires have been definitely located from the Harney lookout station twenty-five miles distant. Some of the areas thus covered is in the Black hills forest and some is outside national forest boundaries.

Useful Maps and Phone System.
Telephone connection is maintained between the lookout station and various ranger stations in the national forests. In fact, without an adequate system of telephone lines the lookout station would be of little value. But after sighting the smoke of a distant fire the lookout steps to the telephone box on top of the barren peak and is soon in communication with the nearest ranger station.

To describe the exact location of a fire, even when it is sighted from the peak, afforded a pretty problem. In most cases the smoke from the fire would not be visible to the rangers. The rolling hills, covered with the heavy growth of timber, effectually shut off all signs of distant fires. It would not do to depend entirely on general instructions, as there are few trails through the forest. The exact location must be described if an effective fight was to be made against the fire.

The solution was worked out by providing the forest officials with maps. On sighting a fire the man at the lookout station figures out its exact location on the map of the forest. He then telephones the location to the chief ranger, who is familiar with all the roads and trails in the forest and knows instantly how he can best reach the fire.

On receiving a fire warning from the man at the lookout station, with the map locator of the blaze, the fire fighting force departs for the scene of the fire, armed with shovels, axes and other fire fighting paraphernalia. The effectiveness of this plan was shown last summer in a unique way. The lookout described a column of smoke arising from a certain part of the forest and called up headquarters, describing the location on the map. The fire fighters were rushed to the scene of the fire in wagons and found it in a gully only a few hundred yards from a ranch house. Yet so well screened was the smoke from those at the ranch house that it had not been seen there, and the farmers were amazed when a fire fighting crew descended on the ranch with the information that a fire threatened destruction almost at the very door of the farmhouse.

Great Saving at Small Cost.
Besides being connected with the office of the former supervisor and with the various ranger stations in the forest, the Harney forest lookout is also connected with the ranger stations on the Black hills forest. A shelter is constructed at the top of the peak for the use of the lookout. The guardian of this immense forest area lives a lonely life, but his wants are well provided for. He has a tent at the base

CHINAMAN IRONS AN ITALIAN AND MONKEY

Animal Had Trespassed on a Finished Shirt Front Without Wiping His Feet.

Pittsburg.—It may or may not have had an international significance, but when a Chinese laundryman and an Italian organ-grinder "started things" in Frankstown avenue, near Meadow street, the other day.

Business in Frankstown avenue was progressing with its usual bustle when pedestrians were startled by a howl from the direction of Carver



Started to Iron Carlo's Tail.

street, a wall of mingled terror and anguish. Down the sidewalk, apparently hitting only the high places, rushed a yelling Italian. Behind was a howling Chinaman, his face contorted with rage. In one hand the Oriental held a huge flatiron. The other gripped a washboard.

It all happened because Vincent Battaglia owned a hand-organ and a "monk"—"oh, such a da' monk." And Carlo, the "Monk," who was not versed in diplomacy, had trespassed upon the premises of Charlie Wong, proprietor of a laundry. Carlo, with true apeline carelessness forgot to wipe his hands and feet when he entered the laundry. He started to take a short stroll on a clean shirt front which Charlie Wong had just ironed. At this moment the Chinaman came into the room. Through the other door came Battaglia looking for his "monk." The Chinaman, quick as a cat, started to iron Carlo's tail to the board. The Italian remonstrated and the furor, in Frankstown avenue followed.

BIG BEAR CHASES HUNTER

Bruin Makes Attack on an Unsuspecting Nimrod From Behind and Routs Him.

Estacada, Ore.—Bruin came off first in a brush with Max Klaetsch, a mighty bear hunter, and a pack of hounds, near Government Camp. The hunter, bearing scratches and abrasions, can only tell of the sudden appearance of the big black bear.

To add to his ignominy, the bear attacked him while he was seated, resting on a big windfall. Klaetsch, his



Sent Him Rolling.

brother, Otto, and a homesteader were beating the brush hoping to find the bear, whose footprints were plainly discernible at various points in the woods around Government Camp, 18 miles southeast of here.

When near the summit of the Cascades, Max Klaetsch became tired of the monotony of the chase and seated himself on an inviting log, however holding his rifle all ready to shoot. Suddenly there was a crash just behind him and the big bear rushed out on the very log on which the hunter was seated.

Before he could make a move shoot Bruin struck him and sent him rolling into the brush several yards.

Oh, Learned Judge.
A California judge decided that there is no judicial authority to keep a man from making love to his wife, although it could stop his beating her. The remarkable cause of this remarkable decision was that a woman in Los Angeles had applied for an injunction to restrain her husband from insisting on being attentive to her. This judge was not a Solomon, but he realized that only a Solomon could be trusted to rule upon the whims and inconsistencies of womankind.

New York Journalists.
"Here's a man who claims to understand birds."
"Well?"
"Can we feature it?"
"We might," replied the editor of the New York paper, "if it were played up properly. Send him out to get an interview with the first robin, and let's see what he makes of it."

Competition.
"Royalty has its difficulties," remarked the lord high keeper of the buttonhook.
"Yes," replied the uneasy monarch. "It has gotten so that a court function finds it hard to compete with the scenery and costumes of a big musical show."

Appropriate.
Willis—"Why do you call your machine a 'she'?"
Gillis—"It is said to be the 'last word' in an automobile construction."
—Judge.

A Candid Man.
"Are you looking for work?"
"No, sir; I'm looking for money, but I'm willing to work because that's the only way I can get it."



Mrs. New-Wed—How much did you pay the minister when we were married?
New-Wed—Nothing.
Mrs. New-Wed—How was that?
New-Wed—He didn't dare to take my money for fear that it was tainted.

Impolite.
"Why wouldn't you put out your tongue for the doctor this morning, Karl?"
"Oh, Emmy, I couldn't. I don't know him well enough."
—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Do those people who moved into the flat across the hall seem to be desirable neighbors?" asked the man.
"No," replied the woman. "I watched everything that came out of the moving van. They haven't a thing that we would care to borrow."

Trouble.
"That man seems to be greatly depressed about something."
"Yes. He must live in some town whose baseball team is at the tail-end."

We all admire a man who says just what he thinks—about other people.
"That horrible weather!"—how pleasant it really is when you are well! Gardfield Tea helps always.
The man who wears a silk hat shouldn't butt in.

Milky Way Causes Glaciers.
Another suggested cause of glacial periods is that they have been due to the shifting of the milky way, such as is known to have occurred. Assuming that much of the earth's heat comes from the stars, Dr. Rudolf Spittler finds that the change of position in relation to the milky way might have given a different distribution of temperature from that existing at the present time. The stars are not only crowded in the region of the milky way, but many of them are of the hottest type.

The Largest Bell.
"Great Paul," the bell of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, weighs nearly 17 tons and is nearly 30 feet around. The first "Big Ben" of Westminster was cast more than 50 years ago and weighed more than 14 tons. But "Big Ben" had a crack and was cast over, losing some weight, and the clapper was made smaller, now being about 600 pounds instead of a ton. The great bell, "Peter of York," cost \$10,000, weighs about 13 tons and is 22 feet in diameter.

The largest hanging bell in the world is in the great Buddhist monastery near Canton. It is 18 feet in height and 40 feet in circumference, being cast of solid bronze. This is one of the eight monster-bells that were cast by command of Emperor Yung Lo about A. D. 1400. It cost the lives of eight men, who were killed in the process of casting.

If You Like a Little Quiet Fun

Ask some pompous person if Grape-Nuts Food helps build the brain.

Chances are you get a withering sneer and a hiss of denunciation.

Then sweetly play with the learned toad.

Ask him to tell you the analysis of brain material and the analysis of Grape-Nuts.

"Don't know? Why, I supposed you based your opinions on exact knowledge instead of pushing out a conclusion like you would a sneeze."

"Well, now your tire is punctured, let's sit down like good friends and repair it."

The bulky materials of brain are water and albumin, but these things cannot blend without a little worker known as Phosphate of Potash, defined as a "mineral salt."

One authority, Geohegan, shows in his analysis of brain, 5.33 per cent total of mineral salts, over one-half being Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined, (Phosphate of Potash) 2.91 per cent.

Beaunis, another authority, shows Phosphoric Acid and Potash (Phosphate of Potash) more than one-half the total mineral salts, being 73.44 per cent in a total of 101.07.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows Potassium and Phosphorus (which join and make Phosphate of Potash) is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumin and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumin and water.

Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

Every day's use of brain wears away a little.

Suppose your kind of food does not contain Phosphate of Potash.

How are you going to rebuild today the worn-out parts of yesterday?

And if you don't, why shouldn't nervous prostration and brain-fag result?

Remember, Mind does not work well on a brain that is even partly broken down from lack of nourishment.

It is true that other food besides Grape-Nuts contains varying quantities of Brain food.

Plain wheat and barley do. But in Grape-Nuts there is a certainty.

And if the elements demanded by Nature, are eaten, the life forces have the needed material to build from.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day, as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LIMITED, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

FROM THE EDITOR.

He Forgot That He Had a Stomach

Talking of food, there is probably no professional man subjected to a greater, more wearing mental strain than the responsible editor of a modern newspaper.

To keep his mental faculties constantly in good working order, the editor must keep his physical powers up to the highest rate of efficiency. Nothing will so quickly upset the whole system as badly selected food and a disordered stomach. It therefore follows that he should have right food, which can be readily assimilated, and which furnishes true brain nourishment.

"My personal experience in the use of Grape-Nuts and Postum," writes a Philadelphia editor, "so exactly agrees with your advertised claim as to their merits that any further exposition in that direction would seem to be superfluous. They have benefited me so much, however, during the five years that I have used them that I do not feel justified in withholding my testimony."

"General 'high living,' with all that the expression implies as to a generous table, brought about indigestion, in my case, with restlessness at night and lassitude in the morning, accompanied by various pains and distressing sensations during working hours."

"The doctor diagnosed the condition as 'catarrh of the stomach,' and prescribed various medicines, which did me no good. I finally 'threw physics to the dogs,' gave up tea and coffee and heavy meat dishes, and adopted Grape-Nuts and Postum as the chief articles of my diet."

"I can conscientiously say, and I wish to say it with all the emphasis possible to the English language, that they have benefited me as medicines never did, and more than any other food that ever came on my table."

"My experience is that the Grape-Nuts food has steadied and strengthened both brain and nerves to a most positive degree. How it does it I cannot say, but I know that after breakfasting on Grape-Nuts food one actually forgets he has a stomach, let alone 'stomach trouble.' It is, in my opinion, the most beneficial as well as the most economical food on the market, and has absolutely no rival." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

MIRACLE OF SLUMBER

BEST OF ALL MEDICINES, AS WELL AS CHEAPEST.

American Nervousness, So Prevalent a Complaint, is Charged to the Habit of Doing Without Sufficient Natural Rest.

The railroad man who had been 36 hours without sleep was good natured about it, though it was evident that he was verging on a nervous condition that might well render him incompetent. There is an occasional person who can dispense with sleep in an astonishing manner, the New York Mail observes. Yet it is not certain that such persons really do escape the penalty. It has been asserted that Napoleon's later failures of judgment were the result of an unnerving that followed his earlier "four hours enough" sleep, which he boasted and practiced.

It is being said by medical observers that the "American nervousness" is not a little attributable to the social day demand, the hours after business, directly cut down from the sleep segment of the 24 hour day. It is probably true that no other country is so exacting on the full business day. That we insist on it. It must begin promptly and early. But the social demand is quite as imperative. Shall not a man go out with his wife in the evening, after she had been left alone all day?

She is quite ready. She took a nap after lunch at the very hour he was bustled downtown. The church is run by the evening meetings. So is politics. And it may be said that we spend our money mostly in the evening, except what the women spend in the shops. Can a man take time for sleep when he is spending his money? No more than when he is earning it. The result is that there is always a lack of sleep.

There is no medicine like sleep. There is such a miracle wrought by sleep, changing our fears into hopes, our despondency into courage, our thickheadedness into clear vision, that it is shameful to tilt sleep aside. The wine of the best vintage cannot illuminate the soul like a full night's sleep, and the wine is so costly and the sleep so cheap! The high cost of living has touched about everything, but it has not raised the price of sleep.

We have all made so many blunders by decisions when the windows of the mind were darkened by fatigue that we should learn the lesson: It is sleep that wipes away the mists. Teach the children the value of sleep. Insist on "early to bed." Get back to the Puritan habit, which certainly made giants. There is too much going on evenings for the children. It is very largely the cause of the "social unrest" at which we complain—too little sleep twenty years ago and since.

Germans Buy Nothing on Credit.
"People in Germany have much more money to spend than here" in America, even though the ratio of population there is much greater than in the United States," said William R. Steiny, just before sailing for Germany the other day.

"The German way is to pay cash for what one can afford, and there is absolutely no such thing as living beyond one's means, as we do here. Moreover, there are very clearly defined class distinctions, recognized by the people themselves, who never dream of trying to go above their station."

WITCHESHER PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND
Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for WITCHESHER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metal boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHELOIDIN. WITCHESHER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for Twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE TESTED.

Its Time To Plant a Tree

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

Wm. Tate
East Jordan, R. F. D. 4.

FAMOUS SWORDS OF SPAIN

For Centuries Toledo Stood First in the Making of That Equipment of the Soldier.

The swords of Spain have always been celebrated. Numerous authorities might be quoted in testimony of their unsurpassed excellence, even as long ago as the time of Cicero, who makes honorable mention of the little Spanish sword.

It is probable that the manufacture of swords continued at Toledo until the epoch of the Gothic kings, and it is certain that it was in full swing in the ninth century. These swords served beyond doubt as a pattern for the weapons used by the Moors of Spain in the middle ages, still to be seen represented in the pictures at the Alhambra.

The making of swords was not formerly confined to one establishment. The espaderos, or sword makers, worked at their own homes alone or with a certain number of apprentices. Like all craftsmen, they were bound together in guilds.

Many of the kings of Castile accorded to the finest sword-makers of Toledo certain immunities and duties appertaining to the sale of swords, the purchase of iron and steel and other primary material.

The steel used by the espaderos of Madrid was obtained in an iron mine situated about three miles from Madrid in the Basque provinces.

According to Palomeau, a Toledan swordmaker of the eighteenth century, it is an error to suppose that the Toledans preserved particular secrets for the tempering of their arms. They were compelled to use the water of the Tagus, as well as the fine white sand that the river contains in its bed. This sand served for the operation of what they termed *refrescar la calda*, or cooling, for when the metal became red and commenced to throw off sparks the espaderos instantly sprinkled it with sand.

The blade having become cherry-red, they plunged the point into a wooden reservoir full of the water of the Tagus, and, having once cooled it, they brightened it as much as was desirable.

They then subjected each of the blades as had not hitherto been exposed to the fire, and when it began to redden they took it by the tongue with red-hot pliers and plunged it into sheep suet until it cooled, an operation that imparted temper to it.

One famous Toledan swordmaker of whom mention is made was Julian, surnamed *El Moro*, or the Moor, by reason of his coming from Granada, where he worked until toward the end of the fifteenth century for King Ferdinand—Harper's Weekly.

Amateur Photography.
The pastor of a church in this city went to call on one of his parishioners who lived in a single room in a club house. He rapped on the door. There was no answer for a moment and then a rather suppressed voice said:

"Wait a minute. I can't let you in now—but wait a minute."
He waited. After what seemed several minutes he heard the voice again: "Now stand up close to the door, and when I open it come in as quickly as you can."

It was the pastor's first call, and he began to wonder what sort of Black Hand society of bomb-making club he was to visit. His worst fears seemed about to be realized, for as the door was opened he was met by a streaming red light and an "evil smell."
"Hurry," said the host, "or you'll spoil the plate. That lamp always smells like hell!"

Then he glanced up and saw who the man was who had invaded his dark room.—Indianapolis News.

Beautiful Hands.
A perfect hand, according to the long-established rule based upon the Greek sculptured ideal figures, should measure seven inches from wrist to the end of the second finger, but by the same criterion a hand which is classic in its shape and is in true proportion to the rest of the figure may be also given the palm of perfection. However, the painter of sculptor working to produce an "ideal" figure, with a model whose hand was other than seven inches, however true in proportion and form, would probably so scale the whole figure as to bring the hand to the higher sought measurement of perfection. Arching of the nails adds to the beauty of the hands, and this arching should increase from the index finger to the little finger, and the nails should be narrow and lengthwise straight.

Fashions in Canes.
The manager of a cane and umbrella department in a large New York concern was surprised at the question: "Is there such a thing as fashion in canes?" Of course there is. The straight canes, with knob handles of all shapes and made of all materials, were, so he said, "all the rage" a few years ago. Conservative men wore simple canes, but a miniature handmaster's baton was easily disposed of. Then came the thin switch cane, and a few years ago nothing sold better than canes with straight handles. Today everything wants a crook handle cane, and there is a good reason for the style. In crowded subway and elevated trains and surface cars where a man must hold to a strap and has only one hand left for cane and paper, the crook handle comes very handy. It hangs at the pocket or over the arm and its shape is graceful and sensible. It will not be displaced as the leader in many years.

KEPT THE PIPE ALIGHT

SOLDIER'S ONLY THOUGHT WAS OBEDIENCE TO ORDERS.

Incident That is Typical of the Devotion Field Marshal Blucher Inspired Among Men Who Followed Him to Victory.

Old Field Marshal Blucher was particularly fond of three things—a glass of wine, a game of cards and a pipe of tobacco. With the two former he was frequently obliged to dispense, but he could not and would not do without the latter, nor could he help indulging in smoking if it were ever so little, before he undertook anything serious. A few puffs at the spur of the moment would satisfy him, but to do without them at all was a matter of impossibility. For this purpose he had appointed as his pipebearer one of his "boys" (as he used to call his husband's fellow countrymen from Bostock—Christian Hennemann—who had charge of a large box of common long Dutch clay pipes, all filled with tobacco and ready for use at a moment's notice. This box constituted the principal item of the marshal's field equipment. Hennemann was devoted to his master and his charge that he would have killed on the spot anyone who attempted to purloin a pipe from the box or bring the latter in danger of breaking some of the precious (to him sacred) contents.

On the morning of the memorable battle of Waterloo Hennemann had just handed his master a lighted pipe, when a cannon ball struck the ground close by, scattering earth and gravel in all directions and causing the white charger on which Blucher was mounted to spring aside—a maneuver that broke the pipe into a thousand pieces before the owner had time even to lift it to his lips.

"Just keep a lighted pipe ready for me, I shall be back in a few moments, after I have driven away the rascally French churls." With these words, Blucher gave the command, "Forward, boys!" and off he galloped with his cavalry. Instead, however, of a charge of a few minutes, it was a rapid march of nearly a whole hot summer day, as we all know from history.

After the battle was over Blucher rode back with Wellington to the place where he first got a glimpse of the combating armies, and hearing the spot where Blucher had halted in the morning they saw to their surprise a solitary man, his head tied with a handkerchief, one arm in a sling and calmly smoking a pipe.

"Donner and blitz!" cried Blucher, "why, that is my Hennemann. How you look, boy; what are you doing here alone?"

"Waiting for your speedy return," was the grumbling answer. "You have come at last! I have waited for you long, my pipe in mouth, for the whole day. This is the last pipe in the box. The cursed French have shot away every pipe from my mouth. Have ripped the flesh from my head and shattered my arm with their deuced bullets. It is well there is an end to the battle, or you would have been too late even for the last pipe." Saying which, he handed to Blucher the pipe, to enjoy the remaining fumes of the weed.

Wellington, who had listened attentively to the conversation, here remarked to Blucher: "You have just admired the unflinching loyalty and bravery of my Highlanders; what shall I say to this true and devoted soul?"

"But your Highlanders had no pipes to regale themselves with."—From Spofford's Library of Wit and Humor.

Lovers Waited Long.
A miracle of patience was the courtship of a worthy slipper-maker of the town of Elbing, Western Prussia, and his bride of a few days. Their betrothal had lasted for 30 years. When the man was 28 years of age a marriage between the pair was actually arranged, but at the last moment an affluent aunt on whose fortune they had been counting interposed with the threat of disinheritance in case this particular union should take place. Accordingly the wedding was postponed till the obstacle should have been removed. It was not long before the aunt died, but when her will was opened it was found that she had bequeathed her possessions to her nephew only on condition that he did not marry the girl of his choice for at least another 30 years. With a combination of fidelity and prudence which is deserving of wonder, if not of admiration, the couple calmly set themselves to wait out this term. It has at last expired, and they have become man and wife, though it should be added that the marriage ceremony had to take place in the house of the bridegroom, who is now confined to his room by a heart complaint.

Barge Canal Ready in 1915.
The New York barge canal for the transportation of ore to New York harbor will be ready for use in 1915, according to State Engineer John A. Benschel. The Champlain canal, 81 miles long, will be the first section completed and will be opened in 1914. The boats to be used on this canal will be 207 feet in length and have 30-foot beams. They will draw 12 feet of water.

Where Does He Stop?
"Shimsen doesn't seem to be in any great hurry to get through life."
"No. He frequently stops along the way and nearly every time he stops he puts his foot upon a brass rail."

LAND OF DISTURBED SLUMBER

India Also is the Abode of the Festive Mosquito and the Sleepy Pookah-Wallah.

You cannot circumvent the mosquito as you can the fly. She has too many brains, wherever she may stow them. But she is frail and feeble on the wing, and you can get her there. For example, in India it is well known that mosquitoes will not bite under the pookah, therefore, exiles in that land of the twelve plaques sleep under a swishing pookah for the six summer months, and under a mosquito net for the rest of the year, for there is no closed season for mosquitoes in India. One sleeps as sweetly as may be in that hot, intermittent gale, lulled by the creaking ropes as the pookah flops and sags; sleeps fairly well until the pookah-wallah, who sits outside on your veranda and pulls the pookah by a string through the wall, himself begins to doze, and finally nods as the pookah sags, and slowly, after a spasmodic jerk or two, sinks to rest. The hot air settles down upon you. The mosquitoes settle down upon you, too, not singly, but in battalions. I have counted seventeen separate bites on a single finger. And then you wake, slowly, confusedly, as souls will awake in purgatory, wondering what is wrong. Finally you awake enough to discover what is wrong, and realize that the pookah has stopped, and that in consequence you are threatened with an accumulation of heat, apoplexy, malaria and blood poisoning complicated by approaching nervous prostration. You might as well resign yourself and make your will. But if you are unresigned and choleric you take a cork screw from the shelf, as the White Knight said to Alice, and go to wake him up for yourself. Then, for the rest of that night and for several nights to come the pookah blows a gale. Or if you are diplomatic rather than choleric you calculate that the pookah-wallah has almost certainly gone to sleep with the pookah-cord in his fingers. You reach up in the mosquito-haunted, dark for the slack of the cord on your side of the wall, pull in the slack as cautiously as if you were playing a salmon in a pool, not a pookah-wallah on a veranda, and when the cord is fairly taut you give one long, quick pull that whirrs the pookah-wallah half way across the veranda, where he wakes in a cold sweat, thinking the long-failed demons have got him at last. Your sotto voce remarks carry just that meaning you hope they have—Harper's Weekly.

Poisonous Snuff.
All sorts of odd ways of being poisoned by lead are recorded in medical history. The man who regularly took the first glass of beer each morning in a saloon, the beer standing over night in the lead pipe running from the keg to the bar splot; the maid using the first glass of water from the tap supplied by a lead service pipe; the painter who ate his luncheon every day with paint-covered hands; the painter apprentice who slept in the back room with the paint pails and white lead kegs. It might reasonably have been expected that the possibilities in the way of surreptitious lead poisoning had been exhausted. Not so. It was recently discovered, after the death of a woman who had been suffering from a mysterious case of lead poisoning not affecting any other members of her family that she was an inveterate snuff taker. The snuff was examined and found to be badly contaminated with lead from the foil in which it was wrapped.

Why Women Prefer It.

When the newsboy comes through the train with the Chicago papers, watch the married couple across the aisle. If the man is a well-regulated husband he will ask his wife which paper she prefers, and then you may lay odds that the one chosen will be the Record-Herald. There is no mystery about it. The man knows that he will find all the news in The Record-Herald, to be sure, but the woman knows that it is the only paper that also gives adequate attention to the things in which women are especially interested. In every daily issue she can find a bill of fare for the day's three meals, reliable society news, good book reviews, bright verses and jokes without vulgarity, a cartoon that anybody can enjoy and a fair share of the news of the day relating to women. Every Monday there is "Martin's Management," a very helpful column of culinary topics. In the Sunday edition a whole section is devoted to women, including the most complete department of household economy in the country, the latest fashions, beautiful embroidery patterns, Mary O'Connor Newell's breezy articles, Dame Cursey's "Novelties in Entertainment" and many special articles of timely interest. Then there is the Sunday Magazine of The Record-Herald, a real magazine, full of good love stories and beautiful pictures. Do you wonder the women prefer The Chicago Record-Herald?

Drab China.
Not a single little Chinese hat with a button is to be seen in Wuchang today, but such an assortment of caps upon badly barbered heads—caps of ordinary English make and strange varieties made from native fabrics; felt hats of every description, from the soft green, called Alpine, to England's familiar billycock. One scold was seen carrying water with his bamboo over his shoulder glorious in a silk topper. Nearly all the queues are gone.

I hear of Chinese gentlemen on all sides hastening to discard their charming silk gowns, white socks and picturesque shoes for ordinary prosaic European dress. I begin to fear that I may never see a gorgeous mandarin in all his grandeur of robes and umbrellas and lovely, buttoned peacock feathered hat again. It seems possible, and even probable, that mandarins—oh, and the pity of it! they were so beautiful—may become just ordinary mortals. Fancy a mandarin in frock coat and black silk hat!—Wuchang correspondent Pall Mall Gazette.

Poisonous Snuff.
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THINNESS

is often a sign of poor health. Loss of weight generally shows something wrong.

Scott's Emulsion

corrects this condition and builds up the whole body. All Druggists. Scott & Bowne, New York, N. Y.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

We are showing some very neat styles in

Summer Shirts

Both in Dress and the Soft Outing kind.



You should see our New Outing Shirts

They are really some of the neatest patterns and most suitable goods for summer wear. Look in our Clothing window and see the new styles. Then come in and buy the kind, the color, the style and the size you want. You will find we carry the neatest and most complete line of Shirts in the city. We know this is true because we sell to the best customers. Particular people know when they find the correct goods. Let us show you.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Fr. Kroboth has been absent all week at the dedication of the new Bohemian church at Baguister, Mich.

The ladies of the Bohemian Settlement will serve a big dinner in their hall Thursday, June 6, after the procession.

O. H. Moyer resigned as director of the East Jordan Military Band, Tuesday, and Irvin Hyatt was elected to fill the vacancy.

Lightning which came down the stovepipe, instantly killed John Fisher, aged 7 years, of Central Lake, Tuesday. The lad was asleep in his bed.

Misses Eva Lewis, Anna Jamison and Lucille Boosinger were at Traverse City over Sunday, delegates from the local organization to the District Convention of the Christian Endeavor.

The Executive Committee of the Charlevoix County Republican Club have fixed June 14th at the Wagoner Hotel, Boyne City, as the time and place for their annual Republican banquet. The program has not yet been arranged nor the speakers secured and this will be announced later.

A pretty wedding took place Thursday afternoon, May 30, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Wm. P. Jepsen, when Miss Signa Soranson became the wife of Charles E. Sandle. The bride was assisted by Miss Jennie Ruback of Alba, and the groom was supported by John E. Vallance of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. Porter Bennett, and the ring service was used. A wedding dinner was served.

Memorial Day services held Thursday will probably go down in history as the best observance our city ever gave the day. The weather was propitious and the program of the day was carried through without a hitch. At Temple Theatre in the afternoon Judge Mayne addressed a packed house and the program given was fine. East Jordan Military Band rendered some fine music during the various services of the day.

It is said that fully half of the voters in the state have not registered as required by law, to enable them to vote at the August primaries, which be as important, if not more so, than the regular fall election. All who are not registered will have an opportunity to do so with their township clerk up to June 27. Failure to this registrar will prevent them from voting at the primaries, which in many counties like Charlevoix for instance, is equivalent to an election.

Col. George W. Dickinson, father of Mrs. Hugh Dicken, died at his home in Petoskey Saturday evening. He was taken ill while visiting his daughter here last Wednesday and was removed in an automobile to his home. Col. Dickinson was a civil war veteran, was Sheriff of Emmet County for several years, and was clerk of the county, at the time of his death, having served in that capacity for eighteen years. Funeral services were held Tuesday.

Cash Holmes was a Mancelona visitor this week.

Mrs. R. F. Steffen was a Traverse City visitor this week.

Miss Mary Porter is home from a fortnight's visit to Grand Rapids.

Mrs. T. V. Hardy and daughter, Mrs. James Haight, were guest of Mancelona friends this week.

Mrs. Pleasant Hyland returned to her home at Charlevoix, Monday after a visit with her son in this city.

Howard Porter was at New Haven, Conn., the past week attending the wedding of a Yale College chum.

Mrs. W. H. Hoy entertained the Loyal Legion and other friends to a "garden party" at her home, Friday.

Do not forget the delicious cream served by the young ladies of St. Joseph's church in the Richardson building this afternoon and evening.

Lightning struck the barn of Wright Carr during the storm of Monday night. Beyond tearing a few boards and stunning a cow, it did no particular damage.

EMPEY BROS. are the only people in East Jordan that carry a regular line of TRUNKS and GRIPS of all kinds. Their line is complete and not surpassed.

The Stewards of the Methodist church will serve a 2bc supper at the church parlors, Wednesday evening June 5th, from 5:00 to 8:00 o'clock. Everybody invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Richards were tendered a surprise party by a number of their neighbors and friends last Saturday evening. Games and a fine spread were enjoyed.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist church will hold their next regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Payne on Tuesday, June 4th, at 2:30 p. m. Visitors welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Blount received a visit the past week from the latter's brother, Atty George A. Cady of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Mr. Cady is impressed with the agricultural possibilities of this region and has decided to purchase a fruit farm near this city.

Robert Dickie died at his home in Eyeline township Tuesday last, aged 80 years. Deceased was a well-known resident of that township having resided there for years, and leaves a wife, three daughters and two sons to mourn his loss. Funeral services were held Thursday conducted by Rev. J. W. Ruehle and interment made in the East Jordan cemetery.

Jack Mahar received a broken and badly lacerated left leg in a fall at the Electric Light Plant Monday noon. He climbed a pole to loosen some wires and the pole fell carrying him with it. In endeavoring to loosen his clippers the rod tore an ugly hole in the leg, the pole falling on and breaking it. He was taken to the Russel House where he was boarded where physicians dressed the wound.

Leave your laundry at Mack's. Prest-O-Lite exchanges at Co.'s Store.

Dandy line of Go-Carts at Whittington's.

Buy Your Musical Instruments at MACK'S.

Over 5000 rolls of Wall Paper at Whittington's.

Bill collectors seldom dun as they would be done by.

Even a cat has too much sense to cry over spilled milk.

Good residence to rent. Centrally located, E. A. Lewis.

Our Wall Paper is here and ready for inspection. C. H. Whittington.

Want your parlor papered? Let Moyer do it. Satisfaction guaranteed. Phone 153-5.

Edison Talking Machines at all prices up to \$200. Liberal Terms. See C. C. Mack.

Now is the time to can Pineapples. We have a fine assortment just received. LEWIS & BURKICK.

FOR SALE at a Bargain—my house and lot on Bowen's Addition.—Jesse Kimes, Harbor Springs, Mich.

The new season's Wall Paper with special Orpingtons to match are now on display at the Hite Drug Store.

Automobilists ATTENTION! We keep on hand Prest-O-Lite tanks for exchange or sale. Also agents for the famous No Rim Cut Tires. EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO., HDWR. DEPT.

The P. L. A. S. will meet Friday afternoon, June 7th with Mrs. Richard Supernaw. Mrs. C. H. Pray will assist in entertaining. Everybody invited.

A bunch of our local firemen consisting of Chief Eugene Adams, A. E. Cross, Joseph Cummins and Charles Chykendahl, plan to leave next Tuesday with James Gidley in his auto for Kalamazoo to attend the State Firemen's meet.

Remember that Rugs are much cheaper than last spring. See Whittington's stock.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. A. D. Grigsby, Pastor.

Divine worship as usual morning and evening in the Presbyterian church and those not accustomed to attend church will receive a hearty welcome. The pastor will preach at both services.

Sunday School at 11:45. The superintendent urges all the young people to be sure and be there, and bring others with them.

The Y. P. S. C. E. holds its evening meeting at 6:45. The delegates from the society who last week attended the District Convention at Traverse City report most interesting and enthusiastic meetings and excellent results are anticipated.

Sunday evening, May 9th, the pastor will deliver the Baccalaureate address to the graduating class. The service will begin at 7:30.

St. Joseph's Church.

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday June 2

10:30 a. m. mass and sermon.

7:30 p. m. Benediction.

Thursday June 4

Feast of Corpus Christi.

9:30 a. m. High mass at the Bohemian Settlement and afterwards procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Friday June 5

8:00 a. m. Mass. Friday, Mass and Benediction.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. T. Porter Bennett, Pastor.

10:30. The seventh Beatitude. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God."

11:45. Sunday School; 167 scholars were out last Sunday. Will you try and help us make 12,200.

6:45. Epworth League.

7:30. "Life a Battle" will be the subject that the pastor will take for the evening service. A welcome awaits you at this church.

A Rockefeller Fake.

"It's a Rockefeller fake," said a Philadelphia broker, "one of those innumerable Rockefeller fakes that float around the country, but, take or not, I'll tell it to you."

"John P. (so the fake runs) got a very suspicious looking cake by mail the other day. He wrapped it up in a newspaper and took it to a chemist."

"Is this likely to be poisoned?" he asked.

"It certainly looks like a poisoned cake to me," said the chemist. "Leave it here. And he smelled it, then he tasted and spat out a very tiny curant. "Leave it here, Mr. Rockefeller. I'll analyze it for you."

"How much will the analysis cost?"

"Ten dollars, sir."

"John D. bundled up the cake in the newspaper again."

"Humph!" he said, as he tucked it under his arm, "it'll be cheaper to try it on Archbold's cat."

Sudden Death

Mrs. Florence Jepsen Died at Charlevoix, Thursday.

The people of our city were painfully shocked Thursday night when it was learned that Mrs. Florence Jepsen had suddenly died at Charlevoix that evening while on an automobile trip to that city. She left East Jordan with friends in the afternoon and went to Charlevoix. While there she visited her husband's grave in the cemetery. Returning home, she commenced to cough and her friends, realizing that there was danger, stopped the automobile. Mrs. Jepsen stood up for breath and shortly after dropped back unconscious and expired in a few minutes. The remains were brought home Friday noon.

Mrs. Florence Jepsen, wife of former Captain George Jepsen, and owner of the Steamer Hum, was perhaps the best known business woman in Northern Michigan. Following the death of her husband, Oct. 12th, 1905, she took up the management of the Steamer Hum and by good business judgment continued to make the East Jordan & Charlevoix Steamboat Line a paying proposition.

Florence Alexander was born in New York state June 28, 1862. She was united in marriage to Captain George Jepsen at Reed City, Mich., Aug. 12, 1886. From there they went to Manistee and about eighteen years ago removed to East Jordan when her husband purchased the Steamer Hum, then known as the Pilgrim. Five children were born to them, four of whom survive, viz: Mrs. Laura May Gregory, Capt. George H. James Lyle, and Florence Ruth.

Deceased was a member of the Episcopal church, and a member of the local lodges of Pythian Sisters, L. O. T. M. M., Rebekahs, and the W. R. C.

Funeral services will be held from the home at 12:00 o'clock Sunday noon, conducted by Rev. T. Porter Bennett, pastor of the Methodist church. Following the services, the body will be taken on the Steamer Hum and conducted to Charlevoix where the remains will be laid beside those of her husband.

Prest-O-Lite exchanges at Co.'s Store.

The new Spring Rugs at Whittington's are good values.

Now is the time to get that job of Paper-hanging done before the rush.

O. H. MOYER, Phone 153-5.

Wall Papers—the new 1912 designs—every roll up-to-date and fresh from the manufacturer are now on display at the Hite Drug Store.

According to a very conservative and carefully prepared statement of The Lansing State Journal, the saloonists of the Capitol city have not fulfilled their prelection promises. The journal states that during the first ten days of the booze regime there have been 200 or more cases of plain drunks on the streets and 77 arrests for drunkenness. More in ten days of wet than in a year of dry. Factories are feeling the effect of the open saloon in the very greatly increased number of workmen losing time because of drink, women are again applying for work to make good the loss of husband's wages which the gang saloonist has taken; this has been suspended for two years of the dry rule. Minors both male and female have been seen drunk on the streets and in the alleys, since the "well regulated" saloons again began their degrading business. One saloon is said to have taken in \$400.00 the first open day. It must indeed be a person willfully blind who cannot see how utterly untrue is the statement that as much liquor is consumed in a dry county as in the same county wet.

Regarding Rome.

Rome once upon her seven hills Sent out her troops and spanked the world.

Put other lands between the hills, On every sea her flag unfurled.

And I'm for Julius Caesar now— Although that gentleman is dead, Because of such a life he lead, That copied the prize in ev'ry row.

J. Caesar put Rome on the map, He advertised it near and far; He mixed in ev'ry kind of scrap— At boasting Julius was a star.

He talked about it when at home, He bragged about it when away, Until from Britain to Cathay They heard about the town of Rome.

I wish we had some Romans here, The regular, stem-winder kind Who'd whoop it up through all the year

And leave the other towns behind. I wish we had some Caesar, too, This good old town to advertise Until it grew to twice the size With brotherhood as thick as glue.

Let's get together you and I; We've got a town that's worth the while;

Let's open up, emit a cry That other folks can hear a mile. Let's talk about this burg so dear— Until it gets so big a thing They'll run excursion trains to bring The folks who want to settle here.

County Normal Notes

Tom Scroggie, class of '10, visited at the normal room last Monday morning.

The normal class, Miss Himes and Miss Whiting, visited at the Ironton school last Tuesday afternoon. After visiting both rooms in the school a most delightful time was spent at the Stuart farm on which Mr. and Mrs. Sam Straw live. Mrs. Straw was formerly Miss Mamie Williams and a member of the class of '08. Mrs. Straw kindly took us around and showed us the modern improved buildings and the thorough bred stock.

New Wagon For Sale; also New Range Stove, Single Buggy and Harness, and Seed Potatoes.—MRS. M. H. MISENAR, R. F. D. 4.

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

Clothes You're Glad To Wear

Clothes that look equally good after you've worn them. Clothes that are smart in style, cut from worthy fabrics—Tailored as only masters know how.

That's what we offer you in

Michaels-Stern Clothes

for Spring and Summer. No matter what you need, whether it be a Sunday suit or a business suit or an outing suit, don't fail to see our splendid assortment made especially for us.

L. WIESMAN

The season for Graham Pudding, Muffins and Gems

is here again. There is no food so well adapted for use in the warm and hot months as that prepared from Graham Flour, if the Graham is the real true-to-name kind as it contains the natural phosphates of the grain. Our Graham is made from native wheat, cleaned, re-cleaned, and ground by one reduction on a French Burr, so that it contains all the natural elements of the grain. It is far better than all the so-called health foods and cuts down the high cost of living. Ask your dealer for it and get the

"Argo Coarse Graham."

Land Lots for Sale.

I am now offering good garden and fruit lands in large or small quantities to suit the purchaser. Terms made easy.

Also Village Lots and two 30-acre Farms. One practically all improved with nice spring brook crossing it. The other entirely improved with house and barn.

All of the above within five or ten minutes walk of postoffice.

W. F. EMPEY

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Miles & Murray ELECTRICIANS

Are prepared to wire your house and repair your lights.

See them for prices.

Graduation Gifts

THAT WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME.

See the New Articles in OLD IVORY FINISH.



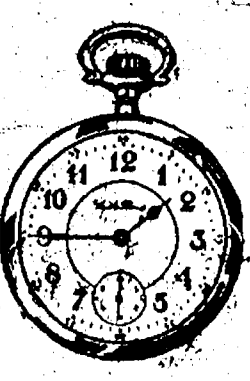
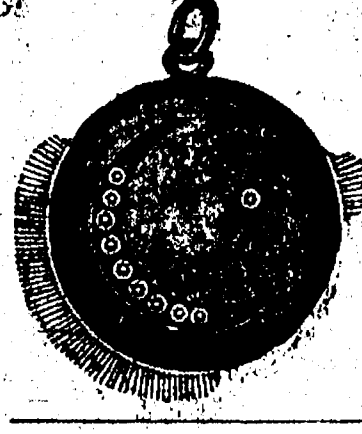
A Few Suggestions of Appreciated Gifts:

- | | | |
|-------------|----------------|---------------|
| Watches | Jewel Cases | Fountain Pens |
| Fobs | Chains | Pin Trays |
| Brooches | Rings | Book Marks |
| Locketts | Crosses | Nail Files |
| Belt Pins | Chatelain Pins | Napkin Rings |
| Collar Pins | Hat Pins | Soap Boxes |
| Bracelets | Spoons | Thumbes |
| | Tooth Brush | Toilet Sets |

Prices to Suit All—From 25 cents up.

I am always glad to have you come in and look over my stock.

Engraving FREE to order.



C. C. MACK, Jeweler

SERIAL STORY

THE GIRL from HIS TOWN

By MARIE VAN VORST
Illustrations by M. G. KEITNER

(Copyright, 1910, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

Dan Blair, the 22-year-old son of the fifty-million-dollar copper king of Blair town, 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. His next-door neighbor, Duchess 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. Dan recognizes her as the girl from his town, and going behind her scenes introduces himself and she remembers him. He learns that Prince Poniatowsky is a suitor and escort to Letty. Lord Galorey and an friend named Ruggles determine to protect the westerner from Lily and other fortune hunters. Young Blair goes to sea but he can talk of nothing but Letty and this aggers the Duchess. The westerner finds Letty ill from hard work, but she recovers and Ruggles and Dan invite her to supper. She asks Dan to build a home for disappointed theatrical people. Dan visits Lily for the time forgetting Letty and later announces his engagement to the duchess. Letty refuses to sing for an entertainment given by Lily. Galorey tells Dan that all Lily cares for is his money, and it is disclosed that he and the duchess have been mutually in love for years. Letty sings at an artistic action and Dan escorts her home. Dan confronts Galorey and Lily together. Later he informs Letty that his engagement with Lily is broken, asks the singer to marry him, and they become engaged. Ruggles thinks the westerner should not marry a public singer, and endorses the action. Letty to give him up. She runs away, fearing she is not good enough for Dan, and Ruggles makes the latter believe she has abandoned his love. Finally Dan finds Letty in Paris, where he is persistent in pressing his suit. The westerner meets Poniatowsky at Letty's rooms and a challenge results. Dan, with his mind in a turmoil, arranges for the duel.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

One of his companions offered Blair a cigar. He refused, the idea sickened him. Here the gentlemen exchanged glances, and one murmured: "Is he afraid?"

The other shrugged.

"Not astonishing—he's a child."

At this Dan glanced up and smiled what Lily, Duchess of Breakwater, had called his divine young smile. The two secretly were ashamed—he was charming.

As they got out of the motor Dan said:

"I want to ask a question of Prince Poniatowsky—if it is allowed, I'll write it on my card."

After a conference between Prince Poniatowsky's seconds and Dan's, the slip was handed the prince.

"If you get out all right, will you marry Miss Lane? I shall be glad to know."

The Hungarian, who read it under the tree, half smiled. The naïveté of it, the touching youth of it, the crude lack of form—was perfect enough to touch his sense of humor. On the back of Dan's card Poniatowsky scrawled:

"Yes."

It was a haughty inclination, a salute of honor before the fight.

The meeting place was within sight of the little rustic pavilion of Les Trois Agneaux, celebrated for its pre sale and belignets; the advertisements had confronted Dan everywhere during his wanderings these miserable days. Under a group of chestnut trees in bright feathery flower Prince Poniatowsky and his seconds waited their frock coats buttoned up and their gloves and silk hats in their hands. As Blair and his companions came up the others stood uncovered, grim and formal, according to the code.

Twenty-five paces. They were measured off by the four seconds, and at their signal Dan Blair and the prince took their positions, the revolvers raised perpendicularly in their right hands.

Still more indistinctly the boy saw the sharp-cut picture of it all—the diving bell was sinking deeper—deeper—into the sea.

"If I am," he said to himself, "I shall kill sure—sure."

Blair heard the command: "Fire!" and supposed that after that he fired.

CHAPTER XXX.

Sodawater Fountain Girl.

His next sensation was that a warm stream flowed about his heart.

"My life's blood," he could dimly think "my heart's blood." Redder than coral, more precious, more costly than any gift his millions could have bought her. "I've spent it for the girl I love." The stream pervaded him, caressed him, folded his limbs about, became an enchanted sea on which he floated, and its color changed from crimson to coral pale, and then to white, and became a cold, cold polar sea—and he lay on it like a frozen man, whose exploration had been in vain, and above him Greenland's icy mountains rose like emerald, on every side.

That is it—"Greenland's icy mountains." How she sang it—down—down. Her voice fell on him like magic balm. He was a little boy in church, sitting small and shy in the pew. The tune was deep and low and heavenly sweet. What a pretty mouth the soda-fountain girl had—like coral; and her eyes like gray seas. The flies buzzed, they dropped so loudly that he couldn't hear her. Ah, that was terrible—he couldn't hear her.

No—no, it wouldn't do. He must hear the hymn out before he died. Buzz—buzz—drone—drone. Way down he almost heard the soft note. It was ecstasy. Sky—high up—too faint. Ah, Sodawater Fountain Girl—sing—sing—with all your heart so that it may reach his ears and charm him to those strands toward which he floats.

The expression of anguish on the young fellow's face was so heart-breaking that the doctor, his ear at Dan's lips, tried to learn what thing his poor, fading mind longed for.

From the bed's foot, where he stood, Dan's chauffeur came to the gentleman's side, and nodded:

"Right, sir, right, sir—I'll fetch Miss Lane—I'll have 'er 'ere, sir—keep up, Mr. Blair."

He was going barefoot, a boy still following the plow through the mountain fields. Miles and miles stretched away before him of dark, loamy land. He saw the plow tear up the waving furrows, tossing the earth in sprinkling lines. He heard the shrill note of the phoebe bird, and looking heavenward saw it darting into the pale sky.

"What a dandy shot!" he thought, "What a bully shot!"

Prince Poniatowsky had made a good shot.

Ah, there was the smell of the hay-fields—no—violets that sweetly laid

CHAPTER XXXI.

In Reality.

Dan awoke from his dream, and sat suddenly up in bed in his shirt sleeves, and stared at the people in his room—a hotel boy and two strangers, not unlike the men in his dream. He brushed his hand across his eyes.

"Sit down, will you? Do you speak English?"

They were foreigners, but they did speak English, no doubt far more perfectly than did Dan Blair.

"Look here," the boy said, "I don't know what's the matter with me—I must have had a ripping jag on last night—let me put my head in a basin of water, will you?"

He dived into the dressing-room, and came out in another second, his blond head wet, wiping his face and hair furiously with a towel. He hadn't bared as he did now on these two strange men—for weeks.

"Well," he asked slowly, "I expect you've come to ask me to fight with Prince Poniatowsky—yes? It's against our principles, you know, in the States—we don't do that way. Personally, I'd throw anything at him I could lay my hands on, but I don't care to have him let daylight through me, and I don't care to kill your friend. See? I'm an American—yes, I know, I know," he nodded sagely.

These dainty accessories to our wardrobes become soiled very quickly, and we often regret having to use water upon them, for they never regain their first freshness.

To send them to the dry cleaner's each time is an expensive luxury. They may be cleaned in this manner at home:

When a number of pieces have accumulated, place them in a quart jar and fill it three-quarters full of gasoline.

After closing it airtight, shake vigorously and allow it to stand for several hours. Shake from time to time.

Remove the articles and rub the soiled spots with a pure white soap, using an old toothbrush. Repeat this process until the neckwear is thoroughly clean.

Hang out of doors, that the air may quickly dry them. When the gasoline has evaporated, bring them in and hang them in a warm place.

Heat helps wonderfully in dispelling the odor of gasoline.

Place in a closely covered box containing sachet bags. By the time the neckwear is needed it will have lost the disagreeable odor.

French women adore linings, and when a new coat, or stole, or muff is being chosen the lining is certainly as important as the outside material. Furs will have white satin linings covered with real lace; evening coats will be enchantingly lined with layers of chiffon in different shades, so that when the coat falls away from the shoulders a beautiful effect of color catches the eye.

Underpetticoats of vivid chiffon have the same result when the upper skirt is lifted. A tailor-made of quite ordinary serge will be lined with a dainty silk flowered, cachemire. In fact, linings are large items in the mind of the woman who understands the art of dress.

Nothing gives a surer note of distinction to a garment than its inside material, and one may go so far as to say that a tailor-made or evening cloak of any kind, that is badly or differently lined is as lacking in finish as hair that is not well brushed or shoes that are not irreproachable in heels, soles and general polish.

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Returning Property.

Up-to-Date Miss—Ma, I am golp' to give you Mr. Smith's conga.

Shocked Ma—Of course, you give it to him. You hadn't no business to take it from him in the first place.

From Greenland's icy mountains,

From India's coral strands . . .

They were merciful and let him listen in peace. Through the blur in his brain, over the beat of his young ardent heart, above the short breaths the notes reached his falling senses, and lifted him—lifted him: There wasn't a very long distance between his boyhood and his twenty-two years to go, and he was not so weak but that he could travel so far.

He sat there by his father again—and heard. The flies buzzed, and he didn't mind them. The smell of the fields came in through the windows and the Sodawater Fountain Girl sang—and sang; and as she sang her face

but we don't have your kind of fights out our way. It means business when we go out to shoot."

He threw the towel down on the table, soaking wet as it was, put his hands in the pockets of his evening clothes, which he still wore, for he had not undressed, threw his young, blond head back and frankly told his visitors:

"I'm not up on swords, I've seen them in pictures and read about them, but I'll be darned if I've ever had one in my hand."

His expression changed at the quiet response of Poniatowsky's seconds.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Simple Silk Waist

This simple waist is of colored silk with kimono sleeves. It is trimmed with bands of silk embroidery and has a little yoke of lace.

Styles Change Gradually.

On the whole the radical change expected in spring fashions will certainly not take place all at once. Little by little fuller skirts, overdresses and even paniers will make their appearance, but these effects will only appear slowly and gradually. Undoubtedly the fuller styles will prevail later on, but the evolution of fashion, like every other action or movement aiming at attaining perfection, is of the "festina lente" category.

Judging from reports from Paris the change of silhouette will not be remarkable this year, La Parisienne has not yet tired of "la ligne" and the simple lines of the figure, especially from hip to hem. Gracefully arranged tunic, loopings or knottings of mouseline de soie, low down upon the skirt, either in front, at the back or upon the sides, will be seen, and a tendency toward the double skirt will be gradually accentuated.

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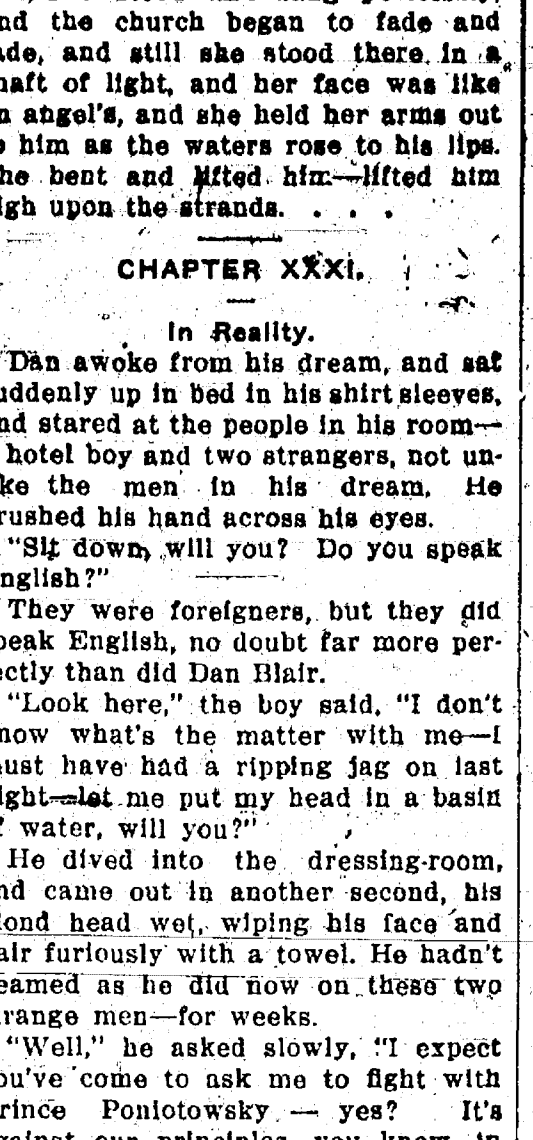
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Latest Creation in Hats



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

It does not matter what the braid of the hat may be, the shape is the thing—the hat shown above is made of white peanut braid caught with a tassel of fiber. The wings are all inclined to point to the back.

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are made of the best leather by skilled workmen over full, roomy lasts; insuring durability, comfort and satisfaction.

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The quality, style and fit of "Rouge Rex" Elkskin Shoes make them the most popular summer footwear on the market for the man who works. Ask your dealer for "ROUGE REX," made from Wolverine Leather, well put together. Look for the Indian Head Trademark on the sole of the shoes and in colors on the box.

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Mrs. S. H. Keeson, Camden, N. J., writes: "I have great faith in Purifico. I was cured of cancer after my physician and specialist said that nothing could help me. I am now entirely well and have had no return of the disease." For further proof and particulars address THE PURIFICO CO., Prospect Street, Forestville, N. Y.

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Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LIA., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER
Quickly relieves eye irritation caused by dust, sand or wind. Washes eyes clean.

LESSER LIGHTS

If, from the starry heavens' mythic height, The stately orbs which now with pinions slow Through all the hours their way pursue, till low Within the west they drift down from our sight, And heavy dawn overtakes their waning light, If these should never return, the steady glow Of countless fainter lights, full well I know, Would lend their soft effulgence to the night.

So, if Earth's mightiest ones were swept away, And conquer and conquest were forgot, And humble folk—accounted little worth—Alone were left, the burdens (as today) Would yet be borne; and loving hearts, I wot, Would still find peace and gladness in the Earth.

Convalescents
By Donald Allen

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

If anybody had suggested to Miss May Forbes, of Forbes Manor, that she wring the neck of the parrot she had had for a pet for the last three years, she would have given that person a glance so awful that a congestive chill must have followed. That parrot had a scream that could be heard half a mile away against the wind. She could say that Polly wanted a cracker. She could hang head downwards from her perch. When a stranger called, especially a subscription book agent with a large family to support, she could inquire in aggressive tones what in the devil he wanted.

That parrot had a score or more of cute and cunning tricks, and there was a bit of sentiment connected with her besides. A sea captain had brought her back from a far-off land, presented her to Miss May with his love, and had then sailed away again with a shipload of kerosene in blue-painted barrels and had never been heard of since. Not one of the crew had turned up on South street to explain over his beer that the captain was or was not doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Miss Forbes was not one to crush out sentiment by wringing a parrot's neck.

One day, while hurrying home for fear Polly might be lonesome, the young lady stumbled over a barrel that some boy had left on the sidewalk. She was carried home and the doctor called. He could find no broken bones, but after long and serious thought he decided that she had wrenched herself and must take the tenderest care of herself for many days to come. And now, while prop-



Could Watch the Bird by the Hour.

ped up in an easy-chair and tired reading, how the girl did bless the memory of the man that had given her the parrot! She could watch the bird's tricks and talk to her by the hour.

About the time that barrel had brought about the wrench the Smythes had moved out from next door and the Islington had moved in. Miss May had been told that there were a father and mother and son, the latter about 22 years old. He had been brought to the house in a carriage. A few days before, while trying to beat the record of the high jump, he had twisted his ankle and would be disabled for weeks. One accident was a wrench and the other a twist.

Young Mr. Hugh Islington did not own a pet-parrot. Had he been presented with one he would have brained her with an ax within the hour. He sat, outside of high jumping, was the violin. He could make one talk. He could also make people talk for three blocks around. Scarcely had he been carried into the house when that violin began to wail out its musical notes. It wailed high and it wailed low and as Miss May Forbes wrenched ears caught the sounds she started and exclaimed:

"Gracious, mother, but what's happening now!"

"Only the young man next door playing on the fiddle, dear."

"Only playing on the fiddle! Only! Only! And I must be wrenched again—wrench upon wrench! Mother, waken up Polly!"

Polly was given a poke and she opened her eyes and ears and screamed out. She had a rival at last. The idea that something had come into the neighborhood to compete with her voice maddened her, and she set out to do justice to the occasion.

"Great snakes, mother, but what is that!" gasped young Islington as he ceased to draw the bow to turn pale.

"It's nothing, dear—nothing tall," soothed the mother. "I think the folks next door have a parrot—just a parrot."

"Think! Think! Why, of course they have, and I am housed up here with this twist and may be for a month to come! By the high jumpers of Jericho, but I won't stand it!"

"But, Hugh dear—"

And he fiddled and fiddled and fiddled, and the parrot yelled and yelled and yelled, and the minister writing his next Sunday's sermon in the house across the street mopped his brow and walked the floor and didn't say anything—not aloud.

From the first wall of the violin and the first yell of the parrot it was rivalry. It was violin vs. parrot—parrot vs. violin. Oh, the sadness of it—for the neighbors!

From morning 'till night, day after day! If the best Polly could do was to yell out that she wanted a cracker, the best the fiddler could do was to play "Old Black Joe" over and over again. The advantage rather rested with the violin. It didn't have to sleep o' nights, while Polly did. She did her very best to realize that honor was at stake, and that she must triumph or perish, but two hours after lamplight would find her nodding and played out, while the violin was still wide awake at 11 p. m.

"Mother, that wretch shall never conquer me—never!" Miss May would exclaim half a dozen times a day; and like an echo young Mr. Islington would call out:

"I'll bring her to her knees, mother—to her knees!"

For a long month the battle raged. When a doctor who knows his business catches a patient with a wrench or a twist he is not going to surrender his inestimable privilege a day short of four weeks. Even at the end of that time he is going to pay an extra visit—fee \$2—to warn him not to try to climb a thorn tree without pulling on stove-pipe trousers!

But the day came when Miss May was permitted to walk out. Also Mr. Islington! There was a grove a quarter of a mile away. Miss May naturally headed for the grove. Mr. Islington naturally headed for the same place.

Miss May naturally carried Polly along to reward her for her heroic efforts to preserve the family honor, and Mr. Islington carried his violin along that he might once more hear the sweet strains of "Old Black Joe" in the sunshine. The girl reached the grove first and was softly meditating when a step aroused her. That young man! That violin! They stood before her, and as she shuddered the parrot screamed.

"You—you—you!" gasped the wretchedness.

"The girl with the parrot!" exclaimed the "twister" as he looked down upon her.

Could aught save the day? Could anything avert the impending tragedy? Had it been two old men or two old women—good-bye! But it was a good-looking girl and a not at all bad-looking young fellow, and they had had a square fight and were a bit ashamed of their petulance, and after a gasp or two a bit of a smile came to their faces. Then the smiles broadened. Then grins succeeded. Then Polly stood on her head and there were two hearty laughs and Mr. Islington said:

"You are Miss Forbes, I believe, and I congratulate you on getting out again."

"And you are Mr. Islington, I believe, and I also congratulate you."

"I hope my violin was not disagreeable to you."

"And I trust that Polly's chatter did not make you nervous?"

He sat down beside her and he told her about that high jump, and she told him about the barrel, and it's on record at the county clerk's office that she even said that of all musical instruments she preferred the fiddle, and that he replied that no nightingale was in it compared with a parrot. And they went home to tell their mothers a lot of good things about each other.

Hard on the Other One.

One hot summer day a Kentucky beau stopped at a florist's to order a box of flowers sent to his lady love. At the same time he also purchased a design for the funeral of a friend. On the card for his girl's box he wrote:

"Hoping these may help you bear the heat."

The other card bore the one word, "Sympathy."

Very soon the girl telephoned: "Thank you so much for the flowers, but why did you write 'Sympathy' on the card?"

When Honor Counts.

She—Oh, yes; she married a man with a highly honored name.

He—Why, I never considered Splotgs a highly honored name.

She—Well, you should see the way it's honored at the bank—Tit-Bits.

If a wife can induce herself to submit patiently to her husband's mode of life, she will have no difficulty to massage him.—Aristotle.

A MARVELOUS RECOVERY.

Mrs. Ray Truesner, 30 W. 3rd St., New Albany, Ind., says: "Kidney disease had rendered me a chronic invalid. I lay in bed unable to move hand or foot. My right limb was swollen to twice normal size. I looked the picture of death and my case puzzled the doctors. Kidney secretions were highly colored and scalded terribly. Marked improvement followed the use of Doan's Kidney Pills and in six weeks I was a well woman. My friends and relatives marvel at my recovery."

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

Time.

"How long have you been a widow, Mrs. Weed?"

"It will be a year the 4th of next month."

"Dear me! Is it as long as that? How time flies!"

"Oh, do you think so? Well, if you ever have to wait a year to look pleasant when men offer you attentions you'll give up the idea that time is much of a flyer."

MRS. SELBY AND PRIZE BABY

"I have always used Cuticura Soap and no other for my baby and he has never had a sore of any kind. He does not even chafe as most babies do. I feel sure that it is all owing to Cuticura Soap, for he is fine and healthy, and when five months old, won a prize in a baby contest. It makes my heart ache to go into so many homes and see a sweet-faced baby with the whole top of its head a solid mass of scurf, caused by poor soap. I always recommend Cuticura, and nine times out of ten the next time I see the mother she says: 'Oh! I am so glad you told me of Cuticura.'" (Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redondo Beach, California, Jan. 15, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Inhuman Fellow.

"Upon what grounds do you seek a divorce?" asked the lawyer whom she had just retained. "Non-support, cruelty or—"

"Both," she cried, tearfully. "He would not support my passionate longing for a diamond necklace, and if that isn't cruelty I'd like to know!" —Catholic Standard and Times.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Blurred Vision. It is the only eye medicine compounded by Dr. O. S. Murine. It is used by successful Physicians. Practice for many years. Now directed to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per bottle. Murine Eye Remedy, 4c. Aseptic Tubes, 5c and 10c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Needed It.

The Star—I must have real food in "the banquet scene" tonight.

Hard-Pressed Manager—Why?

The Star—Because I'm hungry.

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

Something Just as Good.

Barber—Getting pretty thin on top, sir. Ever use our Miracle Hair-growth?

The Chair—Oh, no! It wasn't that that did it.—Judge.

Garfield Tea keeps the liver in condition, insuring a clear head and good general health. Drink before retiring.

A Lady Humorist.

"Who says there are no women humorists?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"My typewriter spells as funny as Josh Billings in his palmiest days."

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other.

Many a man loses time trying to explain a mistake that he might utilize in making others.

Unightly eruptions disappear after a course of *Garfield Tea*.

Even the absent-minded man may have a good presence.

NO ONE STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy of London was firmly of the opinion that disorders of the stomach were the most prolific source of human ailments in general. A recent medical writer says: "every feeling, emotion and affection reports at the stomach (through the system of nerves) and the stomach is affected accordingly. It is the vital center of the body." * * * He continues, "so we may be said to live (through) the stomach." He goes on to show that the stomach is the vital center of the body. For weak stomachs and the consequent indigestion or dyspepsia, and the multitude of various diseases which result therefrom, no medicine can be better suited as a curative agent than

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"Several months ago I suffered from a severe pain right under the breast-bone," writes Mrs. G. M. MURKIN, of Corona, Calif. "I had suffered from it, off and on, for several years. I also suffered from heart-burn, did not know what was the matter with me. I tried several medicines but they did me no good. Finally, I was told it was my liver. I did not dare to eat as it made me worse. Whenever I swallowed anything it seemed that I would faint—it hurt so. I grew very thin and weak from not eating. Was told to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took five bottles of it, and could feel myself getting better from the first dose. I could eat a little without pain and grow strong fast. To-day I am strong and well and can do a big day's work with ease. Can eat everything and have put on flesh wonderfully. I will say to all sufferers write to Dr. Pierce. He has my undying gratitude."

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One lb. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

Before Allowing an Operation

Please Read These Two Letters.

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how true it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before. Then after all that suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored her health.

HERE IS HER OWN STATEMENT.

Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement—I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for several months without much relief, and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. To-day I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise every woman who is afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Mich.

"THERE NEVER WAS A WORSE CASE."

Rockport, Ind.—"There never was a worse case of women's ills than mine, and I cannot begin to tell you what I suffered. For over two years I was not able to do anything. I was in bed for a month and the doctor said nothing but an operation would cure me. My father suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so to please him I took it, and I improved wonderfully, so I am able to travel, ride horseback, take long rides and never feel any ill effects from it. I can only ask other suffering women to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation."—Mrs. MARGARET MEREDITH, R. F. D. No. 3, Rockport, Ind.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine, made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world

\$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND BOYS

W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes are worn by millions of men, because they are the best in the world for the price. W. L. Douglas \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00 shoes equal Custom Bench Work costing \$6.00 to \$8.00.

Why does W. L. Douglas make and sell more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world? **BECAUSE:** he stamps his name and price on the bottom and guarantees the value, which protects the wearers against high prices and inferior shoes of other makes. **BECAUSE:** they are the most economical and satisfactory; you can save money by wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. **BECAUSE:** they have no equal for style, fit and wear. **DON'T TAKE A SUBSTITUTE FOR W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES.**

If your dealer cannot supply W. L. Douglas shoes, write W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass., for catalogue. Shoes sent everywhere delivery charges prepaid. *West Color Equestria Brand.*

For Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Use Camphorated Vaseline

Camphorated Vaseline gets right to the seat of the trouble. Gives quick and grateful relief from rheumatic and similar pains. Put up in neat, metal-capped glass bottles. Every mother should know all about the different Vaseline preparations. They are just what she needs for the minor family ailments and accidents. Send a postal to-day for 25c illustrated booklet—free prepaid. Address Dept. B.

Cheesebrough Manufacturing Company
17 State Street (Consolidated) New York

HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know what you sell or buy through the sale, but about one chance in fifty to escape **SALABLE DISTEMPER**. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods stores, or delivered by the manufacturers.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

Splendid Crops
In Saskatchewan (Western Canada)

800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat. 1000 bushels from 100 acres. Return from a Lloydminster farm in the season of 1910. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion.

LARGE PROFITS are thus derived from the growing of **HOMESTEAD LANDS** of Western Canada. Grain growing in these lands should double in two years' time. Greatly increased farming, cattle raising and dairy farming. Write for particulars and building material. For particulars as to location, low settlers' railway rates and descriptive literature, write to "SPOHN'S" at Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, Canada, or to Canadian Government Agent, N. Y. Melrose, 708 Jefferson Ave., Detroit. Or C. A. Lauer, Marquette, Michigan. Please write to the agent nearest you.

DEFIANCE STARCH easiest to work with and starches clothes alike.

START FACTORIES. Send for free book how to start a factory. Patent secured or fee returned. **Rices & Company, 1407 7th St., Washington, D.C.**

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 20-1912.

"Dr. Miles' Nervine Completely Cured Our Little Boy of Fits."

A family can suffer no greater affliction than to have a child subject to fits or epilepsy. Many a father or mother would give their all to restore such a child to health.

"I am heartily glad to tell you of our little boy who was completely cured of fits. He commenced having them at 10 years of age and had them for four years. I tried three doctors and one specialist but all of them said he could not be cured, but Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and Dr. Miles' Nervine and Liver Pills made a complete cure. He is now healthy, hearty and gay. It has been three years since he had the last spell. I will give Dr. Miles' medicines praise wherever I go. You are at liberty to use this letter as you see fit and anyone writing to me I will gladly answer if they enclose stamp for reply."

F. M. BOGUE, Windfall, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

is just what it is represented to be, a medicine compounded especially for nervous diseases, such as fits, spasms, St. Vitus' dance, convulsions and epilepsy. These diseases frequently lead to insanity or cause weak minds. Dr. Miles' Nervine has proven most effective in relieving these dreaded maladies.

Sold by all druggists. If the first bottle fails to benefit your money is returned.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

REV. CHAS. SAGER SAYS

August 22, 1905.
Dear Sir: I have known you for over 40 years of the effects of Wilson's Remedy in the preparation of Hypochondria and Neuritis. I have used it many times. At this point I will say to you what you have not before. I have seen it cure a case of epilepsy which I was a resident of N. Y. City. I was severely ill with lung trouble. Physicians said I was a consumptive and my family physician told my wife that he thought I could not recover. My attention was directed to the Wilson Remedy, which I used with splendid effect. I have been on my feet and at work ever since. Yours truly,
REV. CHAS. SAGER,
Pastor M. E. Church, Hunter, (Greene Co.), N. Y.

On Dec. 2, 1904, Mr. Sager wrote Mr. Abbott: "My health is very good."

If you will write Mr. Abbott he will gladly furnish you any further information you desire.

Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist

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

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Dr. F. P. Ramsey

Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.

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Over Lovaday's Real Estate Office.
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Blacksmithing and Carriage Work.

HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.
All Work Guaranteed.
Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited.
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Frank Phillips

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

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'SUBSTIFUGE' AT WORK

MRS. ROSE LILLA BOUNCE ON TO THE JOB.

Of Course She Had Her Own Ideas as to Washing Clothes, but They Came Out Whiter Than the "Drivin' Snow."

"Mis Johnsing cayn' come dis mornin'" announced a big, strapping colored woman, as Mrs. Younglove opened the front door of her apartment in response to a long, steady peal of the electric bell, "her baby might 'down sick an' 'de got to stay home an' 'min' it, so she done sen' me as a substifuge—reckon Ah cayn do yo' wash mos' well as she cayn. 'Wot de matter wil de baby?' Ah dunno 'zackly, but it 'pears to be on de verge ob de racket, so de doctah say—anyway, 'wotever 'tis dat alls de chile, it mighty low."

"Now, Ah ah' had no b'k'us. 'Two gals an' some sa'sage?' Yaas, I reckon dat'll 'do yo' 'jes' to keep me a-goin' 'till you has de lunch ready. No, Ah nevah takes coffee. It don' 'gree wif me an' some folks say it turn de complexion dark. Oh, yaas, Ah cayn drink tea—or choocit of 'yo' has it. Well, tea'll do of 'yo' ah' got no choocit. Ah ah' so awful partic'lar."

"Yo' cert'nly is a m-i-g-h-t-y good cook," admitted the "substifuge," as she rose from the kitchen table after a somewhat protracted consumption of the food provided by Mrs. Younglove. "Now, 'bout de clo's? 'How yo' wan' 'em washed? 'Eve'body has dere own way. Ah I talkes to obligate de folks I 'wike to by doin' 'zackly de way dey's 'decid' to have 'em done. Ah's allus somadatin'."

"Dis heyah yaller soap? Dat 'wot yo' use? If don't wash de clo's clean. Well, of co'se of yo' wan' me to use it, an' yo' ah' got no oder, Ah'll do mah best—but it de' wus kin' to de clo's."

"Yo' wan' de clo's biled? Dogs yo' bile yo' clo's? No, m-a-a-m. Ah nevah biles clo's. Bilin' 'jes' disumalates de dirt 't'ro de garinks, so yo' cayn 'git it out no-how. Some la'gles dey don' lakke bilin' fo' not'in—dey say 'it make de 'partment smaff; but mebbe yo' don' min' dat 'speckitly now de woder is cool an' de winders is close."

"Ah'n't yo' got no oder starch dan dis, honey? 'Tain' de kin' Ah lukkes. Ah know it's call de best, but Ah nevah use dat kin' down South. O, yaas, Ah'll use it of yo' wan' me to, but Ah wan' make no 'p'dictions of how de clo's gwine to look. Yaas, Ah seen de wringer ovah by de tubs, but Ah don' nevah use none. Usin' wringers is 'jos' hyn' in de 'face ob Providence. 'How does Ah wring de clo's?' 'W'y, wif mah han's of co'se. Dats de rail prajer way. De Lord nevah mean' dat wringers should be used, especially on dese heyah fine pieces. Ah knows a lady use to go out washin', she mo' kill hersef usin' a wringer. She discomated de spine ob her back an' it nevah got well no mo', so one ob her shoulers is higher'n de other evah sepe. So yo'll 'jes' have to 'c-u-s-e me, honey, ef Ah wrings wif mah two han's. Say, honey, yo' just leave dis heyah wash to me. Ah'll do de clo's mah own way dis time. Dey'll come out w't'er'n de drivin' snow, yo' see ef dey don'."

"'Wot mah name? 'W'y mah name Mis Bounce—but yo' cayn call me Rose Lilla, dat mah 'us' name. 'Tain' all de ladies I wike fo' dat I tells 'em mah 'us' name, de Ah lakkes yo', honey, ah—Ah don' wai' no fomentallies 'bout mah name."—New York Press.

Her Idea of Love.
"I grew up with my romantic ideal of love, and I married," confesses a woman. "The pathetic part of my romantic ideal was that I believed fully and firmly that there was some mysterious power in love that would henceforth glorify every moment of my life."

"True, some of my friends had tried to explain to me that there was a 'glamor' which would 'wear off,' but I laughed at them."

"I insisted that I was not at all sentimental; that I knew we were poor; that I was quite willing and anxious to work—and that I was going to be happy."

"Well, I have been happy, strangely happy."

"Possibly I may be wrong, but it is a theory of mine that few men spend much time and thought on the business of making their wives happy. The wife, more than any other creature, has to make her own happiness. Her world is made by her way of thinking, and her way of thinking about the man she marries is the key-note of their natural happiness."

St. Mark's Campaign.
The new Campaign of St. Mark's, Venice, "based on the site of the old tower, has been practically complete for months, but it has been wanting the great golden angel which crowns the tower and dominates the city. The angel has been placed in position and the removal of the scaffolding has begun."

The Reigning Sensation.
"Anything exciting in the paper today?"

"I should say so! There's a complete description of Mrs. Puffery's rope of pearls."

Too Much So.
"Flitters seems to have an alert mind."
"So alert, in fact, that it never flitters long enough on any one subject to become master of it."

LIVED MUCH AS AT PRESENT

Excavations at Pompeii Reveal Little Difference Between Their Life and Ours.

Some eighteen centuries ago life suddenly ceased in the streets of Pompeii. Many of the inhabitants escaped from the showers of ashes and stones which Vesuvius dropped upon the doomed city, but they left behind them hundreds of things which illustrate the familiar saying, "There is nothing new under the sun."

Those old Pompeians were very modern. They had folding doors and hotwater urns; they put gratings in their windows and made rookeries in their gardens.

Their children had toys like ours—bears, lions, pigs, cats, dogs, made of clay, and sometimes serving as pitchers, also. People wrote on walls and cut their names on seats, just as we do now. They kept birds in cages.

They gave tokens at the doors of their places of entertainment—the people of the gallery had pigeons made of a sort of terra-cotta. They put lamps inside the hollow eyes of the masks that adorned their fountains. They even made grotesques of shells—vulgarity itself is ancient.

They ate sausages and hung up strings of onions. They had stunts for public vehicles, and the schoolmaster used a birch on the dunce. They put stepping stones across the roads, that the dainty young patrician gentleman and the pursy old senators might not soil their gilded sandals.

It was never cold enough for their pipes to burst, but they turned their water on and off with taps, and their cook shops had marble counters.

They clapped their offenders into the stocks; two gladiators were there for eighteen hundred years.

When their crockery broke they riveted it. At Herculaneum there is a huge wine jar half buried in the earth. It had been badly broken, but it was so neatly mended, with its many rivets, that it no doubt held wine as well as ever. Those rivets have lasted more than 1,800 years. What would the housewife have said if some one had told her that her cracked pot would outlast the Roman empire?—Harper's Weekly.

About the Dog.

The love of man for the dog is only second to his love for humanity. He who is brother to his fellowman, in whose heart swells the inspiration of human love, can never close his heart to the mute appeal of the dearest of the dumb animals. Our society, as it grows finer and more sane, does not love the dog less, though part of it loves him, often, less wisely. The fadism which fawns on the dog, and causes him to displace affections which have a higher place, has no consideration here. It is the honest, sincere, appropriate relation between the human and the canine, that affection brought down to us from a cruder age, when the dog was really a guide and guardian, as he is now, when occasion arises, which deserves and must hold our earnest admiration.

The dog in his place is a member of the social order not yet to be dispensed with. As our population crowds and our life grows more complex, our responsibility for the dog grows something. Not alone for our own sake we have passed laws regarding and protecting him. It remains our duty to see that these laws are sensibly and humanely enforced. The dog is likely to be with us, a part of our economics, for a long time to come.—New Haven Register.

The House Fly.

The open season of the house fly is here once more, and it behooves us to remain early and with-renewed energy the campaign against this dangerous insect begun last year. Cleanliness is the most effective weapon in the war upon this carrier of disease, cleanliness in the home and the stable, in streets and alleys, above all in places where foodstuffs are prepared for the market or placed on sale. Bakeshops, meatshops and the kitchens of restaurants should be the concern of every citizen, not of the board of health alone. Fly hunting is repulsive; prevention in the proper places, ruthlessly enforced when necessary, will ultimately do away with its necessity. No doubt the various public and voluntary bodies that last year undertook, directed and encouraged the war upon this disseminator of typhoid fever will take the field this season in ample time. The warnings issued by them early in 1911 and the methods suggested met with a gratifying prompt reply. The whole country was made fully aware of the danger that lurks in the sticky feet of these scavengers. A word in time should suffice for the season that is before us.

Page Was Too Busy.

At one of Empress Catherine's private parties, when she was as usual walking about from card table to card table looking at the players, she suddenly rang the bell for her page, but he did not come; she looked agitated and impatient, and rang again, but still no page appeared. At length she left the room, and did not again return; and all the players wondered what the fate of the poor page might be. Shortly after, however, someone, having occasion to go into the antechamber of the pages, found a party of them at cards, and the empress seated at the table playing with them.

She had found that the page she rang for was so interested in the game, that he could not leave it to attend to her summons; so she had quietly taken his hand for him, to play it out, while he went on the errand.

CALLS LIFE A FAILURE

ONE MAN THAT EVIDENTLY CHERISHES NO ILLUSIONS.

Possibly the World's Verdict Would Be the Same as His Own, but Many There Be Who Envy Him His Record.

The following "human document" is placed at our disposal for what it may be worth, declares the Chicago Record-Herald. We shall make no attempt to pass judgment upon it, preferring to let our readers do that for themselves.

"I am probably a failure. Do not hastily conclude that I need food or clothes or that I may become a future ward of charity. I have a little home which has been paid for out of my earnings. I have three children whom I have managed to send through college, and I have been able to save enough money to provide such things as I shall need after my earning power is gone. But I am probably a failure."

"Let it be understood that I have never willingly or knowingly wronged any one; that I have been a law-abiding citizen; that I have kept myself free from debasing habits; that I have always endeavored to vote for the good of my country, of my state, and of my city, rather than for the benefit of any man or party, and that I have tried to keep my heart as clean as if it, like my face, were visible to the world."

"I have no quarrel with people who do not believe as I believe. I acknowledge that there may be things which I do not understand, that a thing is not necessarily wrong because I think it wrong, and that a thing is not made right merely because I suppose it to be right. It is probable, however, that the people who fix our standards of success, the people who are leaders in society, the people in authority, would, if my case were brought to their notice, consider me a failure. I have not accumulated a fortune. I have not caused my name to become familiar to the public. Few people consider my favor worth courting. If I coin an epigram it is unnoticed, owing to my obscurity, and I have never been a guest of honor."

"I believe I am qualified to fill any high position except that of champion heavyweight pugilist, but I have never been called upon to accept executive responsibilities. I have in an obscure, subordinate position done my work skillfully and conscientiously, and I have been permitted to remain in it undisturbed."

"I have not the slightest doubt that if because of some upheaval of nature or through some other extraordinary agency I had been hurried out of my little, unimportant corner into some high place, I should have been able to prove my fitness as an administrative genius, a master of strategy or a transcendent organizer. But no upheaval has occurred; I have waited patiently for the reward which we are assured must come to him who does well that which he has to do, and I begin to see my superiors cast furtive glances at me and shake their heads, and in fancy I hear them say:

"'Poor old chap! He is a faithful, conscientious soul, but he has no talent, and in a little while he will have outlived his usefulness.'"

"So I must write myself down a failure. If I did not do so the world would do so for me. I have not been tried and found wanting. If that had happened I should have no reason to complain because the world has decided that I am unworthy. I have not been tried at all, yet judgment has been passed upon me. That is my grievance."

Have your house wired now for electric lights while you are cleaning house. See MILES & MURRAY.

Mrs. Lela Love, wife of Wiley Love, a farmer living near Covena, Ga., says: "I have taken Foley Kidney Pills and find them to be all you claim for them. They gave me almost instant relief when my kidneys were sluggish and inactive. I can cheerfully recommend them to all sufferers from kidney troubles."

THE FINEST IN THE STATE

Is the big modern plant recently purchased from the Booth Fisheries Co. by A. T. Washburne and located at foot of "Midway" on the bay shore, as a permanent home for the constantly increasing business in the manufacture of "Sanitary Rugs from 6 Carpets" (trade mark established 1878) in which like a trade has been successfully established all over the United States on the excellence of products. This also gives much needed room to the Carpet Cleaning and Restoring department, which includes a large sterilizing abattoir for purifying rugs and carpets. The cleaning department is fully equipped with all modern and time saving machinery driven by electricity. Two of the largest rotary renovating machines for general cleaning and a powerful Vacuum machine 100 per cent times more powerful and efficient than the portable ones this letter is for the rugs and orientals. The plant is also equipped with three machines for the sewing of carpets of all kinds in the most approved manner with flat elastic seams. Thus with largest facilities, most up-to-date equipment, highest grade of workmanship, lowest possible prices, and prompt service, besides a busy future for the Peabody Rug Co. of which A. T. Washburne is proprietor and to which address all orders and correspondence should be addressed—NO AGENTS. Peabody Evening News, April 15, 1911.—Make your shipments as early as possible.

Tan Button Oxfords and White Nu Buck



Are going to be the styles this season, and if you would be in on the ground floor, it would seem to us that now would be the time to purchase, while stocks are full and the sizes unbroken.

Everything points to a scarcity in these lines and we are informed that it will be impossible to get them later when resort season opens up. So a word to the wise is sufficient. Would be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock and we will do our best to please. Prices range from \$2.00 up to \$4.00.

Children's Black and Tan Slippers, \$1.00, up.

YOURS TO PLEASE **Chas. A. Hudson**

Even pessimists can see the bright side of a silver dollar.

Better a bird in the bush than two bats in your belly.

The average wife isn't a politician, but she is usually the speaker of the house.

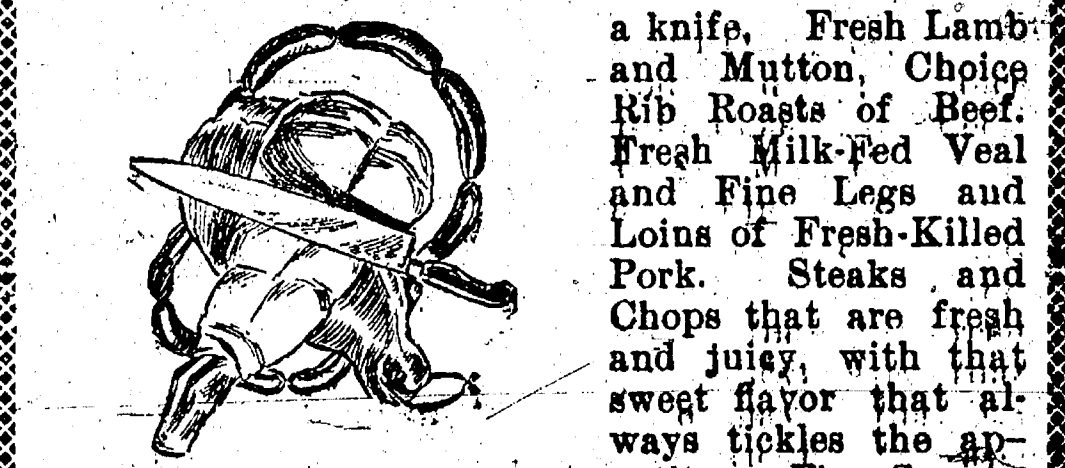
They Put An End To It
Charles Sable, 30 Cook St., Rochester, N. Y., says he recommends Foley Kidney Pills at every opportunity because they gave him prompt relief from a bad case of kidney trouble that had long bothered him. Such a recommendation, coming from Mr. Sable, is direct and convincing evidence of the great curative qualities of Foley Kidney Pills. Hit Drug Co.

Helped to Keep Down Expenses
Mrs. J. P. Henry, Akron, Mich., tells how she did so: "I was bothered with my kidneys and had to go nearly double. I tried a sample of Foley Kidney Pills and they did me so much good that I bought a bottle, and feel that they saved me a big doctor's bill."

Who cares to meet us. And we are "meating" with success in supplying the careful and particular part of the community with the choicest Meats ever cut by a knife. Fresh Lamb and Mutton, Choice Rib Roasts of Beef, Fresh Milk-Fed Veal and Fine Legs and Loins of Fresh-Killed Pork. Steaks and Chops that are fresh and juicy, with that sweet flavor that always tickles the appetite. Fine Sugar-Cured Mild Ham and Bacon, Fresh Sausages, etc.

We "Meat" Everybody

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Cured Mild Ham and Bacon, Fresh Sausages, etc.

Milford & Schnelle

CHOICE GROCERIES & MEATS

Phone No. 49

Have your house wired now for electric lights while you are cleaning house. See MILES & MURRAY.

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Hot Water

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

MARINE SUPPLIES

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

East Jordan Planing Mills Co.

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

