

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 18

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1912.

No. 37

## Bumper Crowds

### Aeroplane Flights and Classy Horse Races

Were Main Features of Our County Fair

There were more people on our Fair Grounds, Thursday than at any one time during the twenty-seven years existence of the Charlevoix County Agricultural Society. The crowd was estimated at over 4000, nearly a thousand more than at any other one time. The Boyne City boat, which was engaged for the day by the Association, was loaded to the limit with people from Gaylord, Elmira, Boyne Falls and Boyne City. The Steamer Hum brought big crowds from Charlevoix, while the special train services from Petoskey, Charlevoix, Central Lake, Ellsworth and Belaire, and from Grayling, Frederic, Deward and Alba brought in good sized crowds.

The Wednesday crowd was estimated at 2000 while the Friday attendance was over that of years gone by.

Without doubt the feature above all others that swelled the attendance were the daily flights of the aeroplane. Northern Michigan cities have been particularly unfortunate in picking lion exhibitions in this line, and the first B.F.A.L. flight north of Grand Rapids took place on the grounds at East Jordan late Wednesday afternoon. On Thursday three flights were given and on Friday once.

The machine used here was a Curtis Bi-Plane equipped with a Kirkham six cylinder motor of 50 horse power. The gentlemen in charge of the aeroplane were; Ray F. Barnette of Danville, Ill., general manager; Clarence Bartchel of Danville, owner; Chris Fasschante, plane-man and Wm. Bender, machinist. John Sverkersson of Oregon, Ill., was the driver and he made some beautiful flights, going up nearly 1000 feet and remaining in the air for ten minutes or more at a time. The aeroplane people fulfilled their contract here in every particular and have the hearty good-will of our Fair officials and the thousands who witnessed the flights.

In the line of exhibits, the poultry and fancy fowls probably ranked the best from an exhibition standpoint. There were birds here from Bay City, Midland, and practically all points north.

The exhibit of horses, sheep and swine was excellent, and the new barn for sheep and swine showed the stock to advantage.

In the Floral Hall, the exhibit of fancy work, canned fruits, and school work was better than the average heretofore. The greatest falling off was in fresh fruits and vegetables; a backward season and early dates for our Fair combining to make the exhibit in these lines below the average. In the fruits were several samples of winter apples which had not yet attained their true color, while a number of the vegetables were not yet fully ripe.

In the Hall were also some fine exhibits by our local merchants; Empey Bros., Stroebel Bros., Spring Drug Co., C. H. Whitington, M. E. Ashley & Co., Malpass Hardware, and E. E. Hoosinger all having tastefully arranged booths.

In the annual election of officers all the outgoing officials were re-elected as follows:

President — Horace B. Hipp.  
Treasurer — Martin Ruhnig.  
Directors — E. B. Ward, and Elmer Ingalls of Charlevoix, Robert Price and Martin Staley of East Jordan.

One of the sources of revenue of the association is the various concessions and this year there were a total of thirty-five various stands, a merry-go-round etc.

The fair officials are deserving of praise for the efficient manner in which the various matters concerning this exhibition were handled. President H. B. Hipp and Gen'l Manager E. B. Ward, Secretary W. P. Squier and Treas. Martin Ruhnig all put forth their best efforts to make the event a success and they succeeded nicely.

For the speed events, over thirty-five race horses were entered, making in all cases a full starting entry for the various events and some excellent contests. Below is the result of the various races.

### Wednesday's Races

#### NOVELTY RACE, PURSE \$25.00

Bill.....2 1 1  
Barney.....3 4 3  
Maud.....4 3 2

#### 2:49 CLASS PURSE \$100

Dreadnaught.....4 4 4  
Gritty.....2 3 2  
Ben Gray.....1 1 1  
Earl Near.....3 2 3  
Cora Queen.....6 6 5  
Flying Direct.....5 5 4

#### RUNNING RACE PURSE \$50.00

Martha Stout.....4 4 4  
Chastana.....2 2 2  
Jenny Goff.....1 1 1  
Little Nell.....3 3 3  
Nelly Bly.....5 5 5

### Thursday's Races

#### 2:30 CLASS PURSE \$100

Robt. L.....1 1 1  
Wilkins.....2 2 2  
Dreadnaught.....3 3 3  
Surety Queen.....4 4 5  
Lady Stearns.....5 5 4

#### 2:10 CLASS PURSE \$200

Prince Erwin.....4 4 4  
Little Ed.....1 1 1  
John T.....3 3 2  
Lady Sphinx.....2 2 3

#### 2:25 CLASS PURSE \$150

Gritty.....2 2 2  
Bennie C.....3 3 3  
Harry Wad.....1 1 1  
Betsy Sphinx.....4 4 1

### Friday's Races

#### 2:20 CLASS PURSE \$100

Greatheart.....2 2 2  
Prince Irwin.....3 3 3  
Lady Sphinx.....1 1 1

#### FREE FOR ALL PURSE \$250

John T.....1 1 1  
Mollie B.....3 3 3  
Little Ed.....2 2 2

#### RUNNING RACE PURSE \$50.00

Martha Stout.....4 4 4  
Nelly Bly.....5 5 5  
Little Nell.....3 3 3  
Jenny Goff.....1 1 1  
Chastana.....2 2 2

### Republican County Convention

The republican County Convention was held at Charlevoix, Tuesday, and was quite well attended.

Delegates elected to the State Convention are: Hon. W. J. Pearson, Boyne Falls; W. J. Gallagher, St. James; L. O. White, Boyne City; Hon. J. M. Harris, Boyne City; Will H. Griffin, Boyne City; J. J. Porter, East Jordan; F. A. Kenyon, East Jordan; Arthur L. Fitch, Lisle Shanahan Charlevoix.

The committee on resolution made the following report, which was adopted by the convention.

Resolved, that Chairman Pearson must have been afflicted with temporary brainstorm when he selected his committee, however we feel that the county committee should be congratulated on securing his services for another term as chairman.

Resolved further, that the man who is to be his successor at Lansing is as wise a choice as the county ever made and that H. J. McMillan will be found to be the right man in the right place. He may permit automobiles to run over him in Charlevoix county but we think he can dodge the cars in Lansing and undoubtedly find time to give this county all the service she has coming.

Resolved further, that the balance of the tickets is worthy the support of all Republicans as it was the choice of the people.

### ADMINISTRATOR SALE

House and lot situated on Second Street, lot nine and ten, Block five, Nichols first addition to the City of East Jordan formerly owned by Juliette Watkins deceased.

Inquire of JOE ENGLAND, Belaire, Mich.

DRY CROOKS or CIRCLINGS is the best kind of cook stove wood for sale; 25 cents per load.—EAST JORDAN COOPERAGE CO.

## New Employers' Liability and Compensation Law of Michigan.

Assuming that a Michigan workman or workwoman receives an average weekly wage of \$15, the State puts this value on various parts of their anatomy for the purpose of carrying the new compensation law.

Thumb.....\$ 450  
Index Finger.....282  
Second Finger.....150  
Third Finger.....106  
Little Finger.....112  
Big toe.....225  
Other toes (each).....75  
Hand.....1,125  
Arm.....1,500  
Foot.....1,312  
Leg.....1,312  
Eye.....750  
Both Eyes.....3,750  
Both hands.....3,750  
Both arms.....3,750  
Both feet.....3,750  
Both legs.....3,750  
Life.....2,750

Taking effect Sept. 1, 1912, the employers' liability act provided compensation for the accidental injury or death of employees of Michigan corporations, the amount being on a sliding scale proportionate to the wages of that employee. Employers have the right to elect whether they will become subjects to the provisions of the act.

For instance, for the loss of a thumb 50 per cent of the average weekly wage during 60 weeks is paid, giving the amount of \$450 if the victim is paid \$15 per week. If a right hand, however, in all cases that half the average weekly wages must not be less than \$4 of more than \$10.

The loss of two hands, both legs, both eyes or both arms is placed on a par with total disability is paid for not more than 600 weeks, with a limit of \$4,000.

In case of death those dependent on the victim receive the regular weekly amount for not more than 300 weeks. In case there is no one dependent on the victim funeral expenses up to \$200 are paid.

No compensation is paid unless the injury incapacitates an employee for at least two weeks. Medical service and medicine are furnished for the first three weeks. Arrangement is made for the weekly compensation, based on a weekly rate.

Employers are allowed to pay more than the amount fixed in the schedule with the bill, but may not pay less.

An industrial accident board, consisting of three members to be appointed by the governor for two years each at a salary of \$5,000 a year is provided to supervise the working of the law. It will hear all disputes arising from the working of the law and if necessary to arbitrate differences. One member will act as chairman of a board of arbitrators with a member selected by each of the three other parties. These other members will receive \$5 a day. A secretary for the commission at \$2,500 is provided and extra help may be employed.

### Good News For Novel Readers.

When an author can get \$15000 for the serial rights of a new novel it is safe to guess that his book is going to be an affair of national interest. This is the price which Rex Beach, author of "The Spoilers" and "The Net-Do-Well," has just received for first publication of his new romance, "The Net," and the enterprising newspaper that has secured the story is The Chicago Record-Herald. "The Net" is described as a thrilling novel of love, mystery and adventure dealing with the murderous deeds of the Italian "Black Hand" in the United States. Mr. Beach himself says it is the best he wrote. "The Net" is to be published exclusively in The Chicago Record-Herald, beginning next Sunday. It will be an event for all story lovers.

### Village Property For Sale.

Dwelling and two lots for sale in the village of Ellsworth, Antrim Co. House in good condition. Fine garden spot; spring water. Plenty of shade. Near school and churches. In order to sell quickly we offer this property for only \$600. Address Mrs. CATHERINE HUDSON, Ellsworth, Mich.

## Michigan Crop Report.

WHEAT. The average estimated yield in the State is 30, in the southern counties 9, in the central counties 11, in the northern counties 14 and in the Upper Peninsula 20 bushels per acre. The quality as compared with an average per cent is 73 in the State, 70 in the southern counties, 87 in the central counties, 84 in the northern counties and 90 in the Upper Peninsula. The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marked in August is 500,000.

OATS. The estimated average yield in the State is 32, in the southern counties 23, in the central and northern counties 30 and in the Upper Peninsula 35 bushels per acre. The quality is compared with an average per cent is 84 in the State, 83 in the southern counties, 82 in the central counties, 89 in the northern counties, and 95 in the Upper Peninsula.

RYE. The estimated average yield in the State and southern counties is 13, in the central counties 12, in the northern counties 14 and in the Upper Peninsula 22 bushels per acre.

CORN. The condition of corn compared with an average per cent is 73 in the State, 79 in the southern counties, 81 in the central counties, 71 in the northern counties and 72 in the Upper Peninsula. The condition one year ago was 83 in the State, 84 in the southern and northern counties, 79 in the central counties and 89 in the Upper Peninsula.

BEANS. The probable yield of beans compared with an average per cent is 78 in the State, 81 in the southern and northern counties, 71 in the central counties and 77 in the Upper Peninsula. One year ago the probable yield in the State was 78, in the southern counties 76, in the central counties 75 and in the Upper Peninsula 85.

PEAS. The estimated average yield in the State is 16, in the southern counties 15, in the central and northern counties 14 and in the Upper Peninsula 20 bushels per acre.

POTATOES. The condition of potatoes compared with an average per cent is 88 in the State and northern counties, 91 in the southern counties, 78 in the central counties and 101 in the Upper Peninsula. The conditions one year ago was 82 in the State, 57 in the southern and central counties, 69 in the northern counties and 85 in the Upper Peninsula.

CLOVER SEED. The condition of clover seed compared with an average per cent is 79 in the State, 78 in the southern counties, 81 in the central and northern counties and 96 in the Upper Peninsula. The condition one year ago was 64 in the State and central counties, 62 in the southern counties, 66 in the northern counties and 88 in the Upper Peninsula.

LIVE STOCK. Live stock throughout the State is reported in good condition.

FREDERIC C. MARTINDALE, Secretary of State.

### Zemo For Your Skin.

Eczema, Pimples, Rash and all Skin Afflictions Quickly Healed.

No matter what the trouble, eczema, chafing, pimples, salt rheum, Zemo instantly stops irritation. The cure comes quick. Sinks right in, leaving no trace. Zemo is a vanishing liquid. Your skin fairly revels with delight the moment Zemo is applied. Greatest thing on earth for dandruff. Zemo is prepared by E. W. Rose Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo., and is sold by all druggists at \$1 a bottle. But to prove to you its wonderful value it is now put up in liberal size trial bottles at only 25 cents and is guaranteed to do the work or your money back. Sold at W. C. Spring's Drug Store.

### Carpets! Carpets!

At Empey Bros. can be found the genuine Columbia Carpet, fast colors with ingrained weave and reversible at the very low price of 35c.

### \$80,000,000.00 Lost Annually By Wage-Earners.

Dr. Sadler estimates that about \$80,000,000.00 in wages is lost annually to the American people as a direct result of colds. Lost time means lost wages and doctoring is expensive. Use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly. It will stop the cough, and heal the sore and inflamed air passages. Elite's Drug Store.

## THE MENACE OF WEALTH

With Its Powers To Corrupt Our Lawmakers Discussed in "The Lion and the Mouse."

If you are fond of a good love story the kind in which true-hearted, clean spirited young people play the principal roles—if you enjoy a battle royal between two mighty forces—the indomitable will of man and the clever wits of a bright woman go to see "The Lion and the Mouse" which the United Play Co., will present at the Temple Theatre, Saturday, Sept. 21.

If you wish a few suggestions concerning the terrible part wealth plays in the political, economical and social life of our country will find them easily obtainable. And, if you care for only a good play so admirably played that it will give you an evening of thorough enjoyment, you will not be disappointed.

In "The Lion and the Mouse" Charles Klein, the author, has constructed a play of exceptional strength and unusual interests. He has taken a subject which keenly appeals to every American citizen—the acquiring of wealth and its concentration in the hands of a few men. This Mr. Klein uses as a background for a love story which wins and holds the onlooker's sympathy. At the same time he has driven home without preaching or moralizing the fact of the menace which lies in the abuse of capital and oftentimes fearful results upon those who misuse it, and those who oppose its misuse.

In the plot for a story Mr. Klein has taken a judge who after long and faithful service on the bench has been impoverished, his honesty questioned and his position placed in jeopardy, from having handed down a decision unfavorable to the great amalgamated interests of John Burckett Ryder and his followers. His uprightness, a thorn in the side of the capitalists, induces them to resort to a scheme to dishonor and depose him. The daughter of the judge returns from Europe just as the blow falls and, finding her father in disgrace and in poverty, takes the matter in her own hands.

Finally Excused. A juror summoned to serve in the court of Judge Gates asked to be excused because of pressing business that he must attend to. The judge refused to excuse him and went on with the examination of other jurors. Every once in a while this juror would interrupt and ask to be excused because of the pressing needs of his business and the judge would command him to sit down. At last Judge Gates, losing patience, demanded:

"And what is your business, sir, that is so pressing?"

"I am a guard at the smallpox hospital and I have just six smallpox patients there this morning who need my attention," he answered.

There was a stampede from the court room and the judge, holding his handkerchief to his nose, nodded for the juror to go.—Exchange.

Difference in Fathers. Mme. de Stael, daughter of M. Necker, being at a ball with the daughter of M. de Guichen, lieutenant general of the marine, for whom she was in mourning, kept tormenting the latter to dance. The woman replied that she could not dance while she was in mourning for her father, but Mme. de Stael still importuned her, until she said:

"Consider, madame, if you had had the misfortune to lose your father, could you think of dancing so soon?"

"Oh!" returned the other with a haughty air, "there is such a difference between fathers and fathers."

"True, madame," replied her companion, "there is a great difference. My father say ed his king and country for sixty ars—yours, in a fortnight, has run ed both."

Women Who Know Silver. Rich women who are ever on the watch for antique bits of silver or pewter, says the New York Tribune, have taken to carrying small silver-mounted microscopes, so that the hallmarks can be examined with ease and the accuracy of the date be determined.

Dealers in antiques are very apt to talk glibly of George II. silver or of George III. and even of William and Mary, pieces of those of good Queen Anne, and this prattle is bound to make an impression with those who do not know, and can also fool the near-sighted customer. Hence the microscope and a little folded paper (not mentioned to the dealer), whereby the memory is refreshed.

Antoine Deloria, Postmaster at Garden, Mich., knows the exact facts when he speaks of the curative value of Foley Kidney Pills. He says, "From my own experience I recommend Foley Kidney Pills, as a great remedy for kidney trouble. My father was cured of kidney disease and a good many of my neighbors were cured by Foley Kidney Pills. Hiram's Drug Store.

## School Supplies

We can now furnish School Supplies of all kinds, Call and see us before buying.

Tablets  
Pencils  
Inks  
Rulers

and in fact everything needed for beginning of school.

Don't fail to call and see us.

## W. C. SPRING Drug Co.

### OBJECT LESSON WAS ENOUGH

After the Illustration Mrs. Jones Was Able to Understand Just How It Happened.

Mr. Jones believed that no one had ever fallen down. It was pure carelessness, he said. Anyone who walked straight, and did not dawdle round, was in no danger of losing his balance. He said so to Mrs. Jones many times, but she only smiled in a provoking way.

One bitter cold January morning he changed his mind. Everything outdoors had a coating of ice. The path leading from the barn to the house was smooth as glass and slanted treacherously on either hand. On one side of it was an old cellar, where the house had once stood. Jones was coming from the barn, after doing the morning chores, with a pail of milk in each hand. He was just opposite the cellar when—zzzt!—out flew his feet and down he went on his back. The next instant he had slid in a shower of milk over the edge of the cellar hole, and landed on the bottom with a thump that fairly took away his breath.

He looked round in a dazed way for a moment, and then crawled to his feet. After making reasonably sure that none of his bones were broken, he climbed out and went limping into the house to tell his wife.

"Matilda! Matilda!" he called. "Come out here!"

Obediently she came. "Why, Hiram, what has happened? Are you hurt?" she exclaimed, startled.

"Yes," answered Jones. "I fell down that old cellarway. Come here and I'll show you."

Mrs. Jones followed her husband gingerly. "See, Matilda," he said, as he reached the spot and turned, "I stood right here like this when—"

Once more Jones's feet flew up, and in precisely the same manner as before he landed in the bottom of the cellar. Silence reigned while Mrs. Jones gazed at the spot where her husband had stood. Then she saw his head appearing over the top of the bank.

"Hiram," she said, "you needn't explain any further. I understand exactly how it was done."

But Hiram's answer was a thoroughly ill-tempered grunt.—Youth's Companion.



FRANKNESS A LARGE ASSET

Old Time Air of Mystery No Longer Available in Business and Politics

A few very successful politicians to the contrary notwithstanding, frankness is a mighty big asset in any kind of business, and he who knows how to use it wins.

The other day a new "grease joint" opened up in our block. It wasn't much of a place to look at—just the ordinary cheap restaurant, except that it was new and clean and there was a very frank sign on the wall. It conveyed this information:

"Pay your bill and go out through the kitchen if you want to. There are no secrets in our business."

That "grease joint" is rapidly putting its two nearest competitors out of business. And thus far nobody has paid his bill and made his exit through the kitchen. Frankness bred faith in the breast of the hungry. They looked at the sign and cared to look no farther. Most of us are willing to accept on faith that which we are permitted to examine.

The air of mystery which used to cloak big business in industry and politics isn't so much of an asset any more. In these days we are poking our fingers into pretty nearly everything from the milk cans to the wheels that go round at 26 Broadway. Instead of the old superstitious awe of mystery, there is now a distrust of that which is hidden. Put up any sort of prohibitive sign and we consider it an invitation to get busy with the probe. If the sign says "wet paint," we stick our fingers in it; if it says "No admittance," we promptly bring on the battering ram to get in and find out why.

But frankness, confidence in your neighbor and the public promptly always curiosity and begets confidence in return. The man who throws his cards face up on the table and reaches for the money can pocket it without protest. Permission to get into the kitchen and find out what we are eating and how it is prepared is all we ask. We take it for granted that whatever is in the open is right, honest and satisfactory.

And the moral of the tale applies with equal force and equal practicality to business and to personal conduct.

Useful Word Indeed.

Apparently the popular word of the moment in America (where the election is) is "bolt," says the London Chronicle. We read that some one is preparing to bolt (meaning to change sides) and some one else will probably bolt Taft (meaning throw him over). But these do not end its meanings. A glance at the dictionary shows that when you bolt you may be running away, rushing forward, or sifting something through a sieve, according to the context. Further, a bolt can be an arrow, a roll of canvas, a bundle of sticks, and a narrow passage between two houses. And a plant bolts when it runs to seed. A very useful word.

Cleaning Up a Mystery.

The teacher was giving a lesson in mathematics and English combined. "A fathom," she said, "is a nautical word used in defining distance. It means six feet. Now I want some little girl to give me a sentence, using the word fathom."

Instantly a hand shot up in the rear of the room.

"Well, Mary, you may give your sentence."

Mary stood up proudly.

"The reason flies can walk on the ceiling," said the observant child, "is because they have a fathom."

A Rust Preventive.

To keep iron goods of any kind, and especially those parts of machines which are made of steel or iron, from rusting, take one-third ounce of powdered camphor and melt it before the fire in one pound of good lard. To give it a dark color, add as much fine black lead as is necessary to produce the desired effect. Clean the iron work and smear it over with this preparation. After this it should be allowed to remain untouched for twenty-four hours, when the grease should be removed by wiping the ironwork with a soft cloth.

Mrs. Eve Petulant.

"What shall we have for dinner to-day, Adam?" asked Eve, laying aside a fig leaf on which she had embroidered a letter "A."

"Oh," Adam replied, "let's have some nice spareribs and apple sauce, for a change."

"There you go again, Adam," exclaimed Eve, petulantly, "reminding me of your lost rib and that hateful apple we ate in the garden."

And Adam stole away to tell his troubles to little Cain.

Electric Lights.

The cost of installing electric lights on a farm, including outbuildings, is estimated at \$650. The engine needs to be operated only about eight hours every week. There is no danger from handling the live wires of such a home plant, since the voltage seldom exceeds 30, and with good wire there is little danger from fire. Many farmers have begun to install electric plants of this kind. Electric lights in the barn are particularly desirable in the winter months, when it gets dark early.

Passing of the Lumberjack



LOGS IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN

EVERY frontier region has its peculiar characters. On the plains the cowboys; in the mining regions, the miners; and in the timber regions, the lumberjack. While the work of the lumberjack is not so spectacular as the "round up" and "broncho busting" of the cowboy, he is an interesting and picturesque character who is rapidly disappearing with the vanishing of our forests. In the time of his glory he is the fellow well met who has labored all winter in a lumber camp, saved a few hundred dollars, gone to the city in the spring and perhaps in less than 48 hours after landing is minus his roll of bills and has nothing to show for it except a headache and a very indistinct recollection how he came by that. With the lumberjack will go the lumber camp, the camp "cook," the "funkey," the "boss" and other worthies.

From Michigan to the Pacific coast are found the lumber camps, employing at seasons of the year thousands of men. These lumber camps, small communities in themselves, have their unwritten laws and regulations, differing more or less in the several states.

A few years ago the writer with a crew of men was sent out early one fall to a lumber camp to cut basswood for a bedding firm. The cook with a few of the lumberjacks had remained in camp during the summer to load logs, but all the formal customs of the camp were preserved. We looked upon this excursion into the woods for the purpose of cutting wood as a sort of late summer vacation, and were accordingly in high spirits. When the horn blew for the first meal we rushed boisterously into the cook's shanty and seating ourselves at the table began to talk and joke. The lumberjacks looked at us with a sort of awe and then glanced at the cook.

Cook's Commands Obeyed.

"No talking at the table," the cook fiercely called out as he glared upon us. This command, so sudden and unusual, was strictly obeyed during the meal. At first we took it to be a rebuke for our noisy way of entering the cook shanty, but after the meal was over we were informed that talking at the table was a serious breach of the regulations and that we had better abide by the rule.

The privileged character in camp is the cook. Within his domain his authority is supreme. The saying that the way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach holds good in the lumber camp, and a cook can make or mar the efficiency of a crew of men by the quality of his cooking.

In Wisconsin and certain parts of Minnesota the lumberjacks enter the "cook shanty" at meal times with a sort of reverence. Next to the "boss" shanty, it is the holy of holies. When the door is reached all conversation ceases and the men silently file in and take their places. The head of the table is always reserved for the boss. Not a word is spoken at meal time, except when victuals are asked for. Meal time, instead of being a social hour as it is in society, is with the lumberjacks a time of silence, if not of meditation. The origin of this rule has been variously explained. The most plausible explanation is that the lumberjacks might inadvertently drop some remark reflecting upon the cooking, and thus insult the dignity of the cook.

In Washington, at least in some of the camps, no such rule exists. At meal time the men indulge in all kinds of rallies, not even excepting the cook.

Where They Sleep.

In all camps the meal hours are announced by blowing a horn, or more generally, by striking a large triangle made especially for this purpose. At the signal the camp swarms with men rushing from the bunk-houses to the cook shanty.

The lumberjacks sleep in bunk houses. During the evening they sit along their bunks smoking and con-

versing. Sometimes a boxing or wrestling match is arranged. By nine o'clock all lights are out and the man who has the tenacity to keep his light burning after that hour will be lucky if some boots or socks do not find their way in his direction.

The bunk houses are sometimes models of cleanliness, but the lumberjack is like average humanity and if no external influence is brought to bear upon him he does not make much of an effort to keep himself clean. Unless the management makes rules or the funkey carefully attends to his duties in keeping things clean, the bunk houses are apt to become filthy.

Sunday is wash day, and if a stream or river is at hand the lumberjacks can be seen lined up along the bank "boiling up." In this operation they violate the rules of the house wife when she does her laundry. Instead of rubbing the clothes and trying to free them from dirt first they boil them at once. The result is that though the clothes may be clean, they certainly do not look it. Boiling the clothes has at least one good effect. It annihilates any vermin that may be in them.

When spring comes and the snow disappears the camp breaks up. We to the town that in the early days was located near a lumber camp. The lumberjacks released from all restraint, swooped down upon the town and it was a wild time for a while. With the advent of civilization and law and order these raids of the lumberjack have become a thing of the past. Time has had its mollifying influence upon the lumberjack, seasoning him and making him more law-abiding, but he is still to a great extent the free, shiftless being who, when he comes in the city, is the victim of the saloon keeper and the crook.

TRACED TO RACING STABLES

Slang Phrase, "Getting His Goat," So Popular Now, Had Origin in Actual Occurrence.

Unlike many other vivid or picturesque slang expressions, which enrich and enliven the English language, but the source of which is either obscure or totally unknown, the origin of the phrase, "to get his goat," can fortunately be traced. Until it came into popular use, about half a dozen years ago, the phrase was confined to racing stables and to running horses and was part of the language of the racetrack.

It was formerly the rather widespread custom among owners of racing stock to keep a goat in the same stall with a horse, either from the superstitious belief in mascots or from the more scientific belief that the goat imparted some of his strength or magnetism to the horse. Ardent friendships have been known to spring up between goats and horses living thus in close intimacy and sleeping together.

When a horse that had the companionship of a goat chanced to win the jockeys would attribute his success to the influence of the goat, and it happened more than once that a stable boy would "get the goat" of the winning horse by entering the stable surreptitiously at night and taking the animal to the stall of his own favorite. If the horse that was deprived of his goat friend should lose the next day and the other horse should win, that would, of course, strengthen the belief in the efficacy of the goat.

The practice of relying on goats to help a horse win a race is said to be dying out, but it has left behind one of the most expressive phrases, which seems destined ultimately to become as respectable as any English idiom.

Ended.

"How long did your honeymoon last?" "Until the first day I asked George for money, I think."—Detroit Free Press.

NEW HANDKERCHIEF HAT



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

A new creation copied after the Indian Rumchumda hat. The trimming of the handkerchief, which is of a platted Indian silk, covers a Leghorn straw. A feather running on the side of the hat completes the trimming. It is good for summer outdoor wear and prevents sunburn.

COMBINE BLACK AND VIOLET—AVOID THE COLORED FROCK

Mixture of Colors That the Expert Dressmaker Uses to Much Advantage.

Dress is most alluring this season, and there is such variety in style that not only every taste but every individual figure can be suited. Black and violet as regards dress for reception and every afternoon wear is a fashionable alliance, and we note it principally in taffetas and satin costumes, while with the black cloth or sponge tailor-made blouse of bright velvet, charmeuse and gypure insertion veiled with black tulle de soie is a fitting accompaniment.

The mauve foulard with black or mauve nixon overskirt is being exploited with success, as is the purplish coat costume of black and deep purple Liberty satin.

A charming model of this style has the coat gathered at the waist, with belt coming high in front and made of exquisite black, purple and cerise embroidery. This continues in band form on either side of the coat fronts, while the bodice portion is arranged in wide pleats, and the pearl-shaped sleeves reach only a little way below the elbow.

IN OLD ROSE.



Here is quite an inexpensive dress of old rose casement cloth. The skirt has a seam up center-front and is trimmed with a fold of black satin and a row of black buttons with simulated holes.

The bodice, which is cut Magyar, is tucked each side front and back, also on the sleeves; it fastens in front, where it is trimmed like the skirt. The collar is of the material finely tucked, and a black bow finishes the neck.

Hat of cream-Tageel, trimmed with lace and roses.

Materials required: Four yards 40 inches wide, one-half yard satin on the cross, about four dozen buttons.

The Corsage Bouquet.

The corsage bouquet is one of the prettiest fancies in dress ornamentation. On special occasions, when one wishes the austere tailor-built costume to take on a glorified and festive air, a modish flower arrangement pinned to the coat front will work a very pretty miracle. The most fashionable of these artificial posies is a combination of orchids with lilies of the valley, or, if the bouquet is of violets or roses, sprays of lily of the valley must be tucked in.

Average Woman Will Make No Mistake When She Pins Her Faith to White Material.

The woman of limited income should not be tempted by colored linen frocks. They are not a wise investment when gowns must necessarily be few in number. They are almost sure to fade, and even while they possess all their original glory they cannot be touched up and varied by colored cravat and belt, as the white outfit can. Such is the imperishable beauty of white that even the inexpensive material known as sailcloth, which can be bought for about 30 cents a yard, can be made to look smarter than the average colored linen. Those venturing upon costumes of sail-cloth should, however, to make assurance doubly sure, see that the material has been well shrunk before it is made up.

Now the "Jupe Pantalon."

The latest thing in tailormades is the "jupe pantalon." It has little in common with the "jupe culotte," or harem skirt, except that that gave us the bottom of the trousers, and the "jupe pantalon" gives us the top of the same garments. It is a skirt with a series of little close gatherings at the waist. These are confined by small buckles similar to the one used on a man's trousers. At each side of the skirt is a pocket, and in order to complete the resemblance to masculine wearing apparel, braces fastened by buttons back and front hold up the skirt. With this garment is worn a shirt of white percale, perfectly fit and plain, with long sleeves, wristlets and a high stiff collar. In fact a man's shirt in all its undressed serenity. The wearers of the "jupe pantalon" costume when sitting around their clubs, smoking cigarettes, look at first sight like men in their shirt sleeves.

Collarless Frocks.

The girl who realizes how extremely becoming the collarless frock has proved to be will be glad to learn of its continued popularity.

For this reason the high-neck ruffles and ruches of tulle, chiffon and taffeta, with their small clusters of flowers set at intervals around the collar, will be worn when furs are discarded and it is necessary to have some protection.

If one chooses to wear a collarband, it must be unusually high. In models from Paris the high collars are shaped to follow the outline of the hair back of the ears.

The little-pleated frill, so dear to the French woman, makes a soft becoming line-around the face.

Plush for Winter Hats.

Hats' plush is expected to be used on many of the new fall hats, and beaver cloth will doubtless be seen on the tailored hat. This cloth will probably be popular with the business women, as it wears so well, and a hat of beaver looks trim and neat to wear with a tailored suit. Dresden taffeta will be much used for trimmings, especially in the way of large bows.

For the Small Boy.

One of the prettiest novelties this season is the suit of brown linen for small boys. These are embroidered with silk to match. Sailcloth is a practical material; it launders well, holding its color. For warm weather these are made with knickerbockers and tunic-tops caught about the waist with a belt. Dark blue sailcloth lined with collars and cuffs of white is another pretty combination.

Ribbed Fabrics.

It is said on good authority that corded weaves will be very popular in the autumn. These new ribbed fabrics will include materials so light in weight as to be suitable for dress draperies and heavier ones adapted for suits, outer wraps and trimmings.

Ideals. "What is your idea of a perfect husband?" "One with about a million, who would lose no time in making me a merry widow."

Fitting Crime. He—I know who egged you on to this. She—Who egged me on? He—That old hen.

In the Hotel Lobby. Mary—That tall man has been divorced five times. Alice—Goodness! Who is he? Mary—He's the man who invented the safety match.

Accounter For. "How is it so many people seem able to get the money to buy automobiles with?" "If you only notice, they are the easiest things in the world with which to raise the dust."

His Reason. He—Dearest—During the first dance I have with you be sure and say something to me. She—Why? He—Because you're so light, if you don't speak I will not know I have you in my arms.—Princeton Tiger.

Moving Pictures Popular. In a recent number of the Daily Consular Reports are collected memoranda from cities and towns in various distant parts of the world showing the universal quality of the popular interest which the moving pictures excite. England, Japan, Turkey, Mexico, India, Australia and the islands of the sea all have the same story to tell: wherever the cinematograph goes it finds an instant and sustained welcome.

Look Slot Machine at Its Word. A Kansas City woman recently took her two small daughters to make their first visit to her husband's people, living in a small Kansas town. Naturally she was anxious to make as favorable an impression as possible. So the two little people, on going on an errand to the depot, were cautioned to be on their very best behavior. To the mother's surprise, they returned vigorously chewing gum. As they had no money, she asked them where they got it.

"Oh," explained the older one, "it said on the slot machine, 'Ask the agent for pennies,' so we did."

Matter of Justice. Where shall justice begin, with those who have power or with those who suffer wrong? If exact and ideal justice were done, the weak would make an effort to give to the strong all that is their due, and the strong would try to put their affairs in order so that no just cause of complaint should exist anywhere. The unhappy element in the relations of the strong and the weak is that both are thinking too much about exacting justice and not enough about doing that which is just and right. "Pay what thou owest" is the cry most often heard. "Give me that which is my due, then I will pay you what I owe."—The Christian Register.

Accorded Full Title. One of the New York representatives in congress tells of a social function in an assembly district political club on the East side, whereat the chairman of the entertainment committee acted as master of ceremonies.

The chairman was very busy introducing the newly-arrived members of the club to the guests, who included a number of municipal officers. The representative mentioned was presented in a way to halve his official honors with his wife, as "The Honorable and Mrs. Congressman Blank." Next came a couple who were not known to the master of ceremonies, but, after receiving the correct name in a whisper, he announced: "Mr. and Mrs. Inspector of Hydrants, Faucets and Shopworks Cassey."—Lippincott's.

WELL PEOPLE TOO. Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents.

A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee." (It's a well-known fact that tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.) "I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale.

"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes.

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any one remedy in the Materia Medica—in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results.

"When I once introduce it into a family, it is quite sure to remain. I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice.

"In convalescence from pneumonia, typhoid fever and other cases I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as a reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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



**SERIAL STORY**

**EXCUSE ME!**

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced By Henry W. Savage

Copyright, 1914, by H. K. Fry Co.

**SYNOPSIS.**

Lieut. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of train prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train. Transcontinental train is taking on passengers. Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man. The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train. "Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maudlin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears. She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb. Later blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Marjorie decorate bridal berth. Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling. Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell. Passengers join Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding huzzah. Marjorie is distracted. Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers at old seabeat, Anne Gattie, a fellow passenger. Marjorie vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers. Mrs. Wellington hears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb. Marjorie reports to Marjorie her failure to find a preacher. They decide to pretend a quarrel and Marjorie finds a vacant berth. Mrs. Jimmie discovers Wellington on the train. Marjorie again makes an unsuccessful hunt for a preacher. Dr. Temple poses as a physician. Mrs. Temple is induced by Mrs. Wellington to smoke a cigar.

**CHAPTER XIX—(Continued).**

And a lady who was evidently Mrs. Deacon spoke up:

"We'll miss you terrible. We all say you are the best pastor our church ever had."

Mallory prepared to spring on his prey and drag him to his lair, but Marjorie held him back.

"He's taking our train, Lord bless his dear old soul."

And Mallory could have hugged him. But he kept close watch. To the rapture of the wedding-hungry twain, the preacher shook hands with such of his flock as had followed him to the station, picked up his valise and walked up to the porter, extending his ticket.

But the porter said—and Mallory could have throttled him for saying it:

"Excuse me, posson, but that's yo' train ova yonda. You betta move right maht, for it's gettin' ready to pull out."

With a little shudder of dismay, the person clutched his valise and set off at a run. Mallory dashed after him and Marjorie after Mallory. They shouted as they ran, but the conductor of the east-bound train sang out "All aboard!" and swung on.

The person made a sprint and caught the ultimate rail of the moving train. Mallory made a frantic leap at a flying coat-tail and missed. As he and Marjorie stood gazing reproachfully at the train which was giving a beautiful illustration of the laws of receding perspective, they heard wild howls of "Hi! hi!" and "Hay! hay!" and turned to see their own train in motion, and the porter dancing a Zulu step alongside.

**CHAPTER XX.**

**Foiled Again.**

Mallory tucked Marjorie under his arm and Marjorie tucked Snoozeiums under hers, and they did a sort of three-legged race down the platform. The porter was pale blue with excitement, and it was with the last gasp of breath in all three bodies that they scrambled up the steps of the only open vestibule.

The porter was mad enough to give them a piece of his mind, and they were meek enough to take it without a word of explanation or resentment.

And the train sped on into the heart of Nebraska, along the unpoetic valley of the Platte. When lunch-time came, they ate it together, but in gloomy silence. They sat in Marjorie's berth throughout the appalling monotonous afternoon in a stupor of disappointment and helpless dejection, speaking little and saying nothing then.

Whenever the train stopped, Marjorie watched the on-getting passengers with his keenest eye. He had a theory that since most people who looked like preachers were decidedly lay, it might be well to take a gambler's chance and accost the least ministerial person next.

So, in his frantic anxiety, he selected a horsey-looking individual who got on at North Platte. He looked so much like a rawhided ranchman that Marjorie stole up on him and asked him to excuse him, but did he happen to be a clergyman? The man replied by asking Marjorie if he happened to be a flea-bitten maverick, and embellished his question with a copious flow of the words ministers use, but with a secular arrangement of them. In fact he split one word in two to insert a double-barrelled curse. All that Marjorie could do was to admit that he was a flea-bitten what-he-said, and back away.

After that, if a vicar in full uniform had marched down the aisle heading a procession of choir-boys,

Mallory would have suspected him. He vowed in his haste that Marjorie might die an old maid before he would approach anybody else on that subject.

Nebraska would have been a nice long state for a honeymoon, but its four hundred-odd miles were a dreary length for the couple so near and yet so far. The railroad clinging to the meandering Platte made the way far longer, and Marjorie and Marjorie left like Pyramus and Thisbe wandering along an eternal wall, through which they could see, but not reach, one another.

They dined together as dolefully as if they had been married for forty years. Then the slow twilight soaked them in its melancholy. The porter lighted up the car, and the angels lighted up the stars, but nothing lighted up their hopes.

"We've got to quarrel again, my beloved," Marjorie groaned to Marjorie. "Somehow they were too dreary even to nag one another with an outburst for the benefit of the eager-eyed passengers."

A little excitement beset them as they realized that they were confronted with another night-robeless and a morrow without change of gear.

"What a pity that we left our things in the taxicab," Marjorie sighed. And this time she said, "we left them," instead of "you left them." It was very gracious of her, but Marjorie did not acknowledge the courtesy. Instead he gave a start and a gasp.

"Good Lord, Marjorie, we never paid the second taxicab!"

"Great heavens, how shall we ever pay him? He's been waiting there twenty-four hours. How much do you suppose we owe him?"

"About a year of my pay, I guess."

"You must send him a telegram of apology and ask him to read his meter. He was such a nice man—the kindest eyes—for a chauffeur."

"But how can I telegraph him? I don't know his name, or his number, or his company, or anything."

"It's too bad. He'll go through life hating us and thinking we cheated him."

"Well, he doesn't know our names either."

And then they forgot him temporarily for the more immediate need of clothes. All the passengers knew that they had left behind what baggage they had not sent ahead, and much sympathy had been expressed. But most people would rather give you their sympathy than lend you their clothes. Marjorie did not mind the men, but Marjorie dreaded the women. She was afraid of all of them but Mrs. Temple.

She threw herself on the little lady's mercy and was asked to help herself. She borrowed a nightgown of extraordinary simplicity, a shirt-waist of an ancient mode, and a number of other things.

If there had been anyone there to see she would have made a most anachronistic bride.

Mallory canvassed the men and obtained a shockingly purple shirt from Wedgewood, who meant to put him at his ease, but somehow failed when he said in answer to Mallory's thanks:

"God-bless-my-soul, old-top, don't you think of thanking me. I ought to thank you. You see, the idiot who makes my shirts, made that by mistake, and I'd be no end grateful if you'd jolly well take the loathsome thing off my hands. I mean to say, I shouldn't dream of being seen in it myself. You quite understand, don't you?"

Ashton contributed a maroon atrocity in hosiery, with equal tact.

"If they fit you, keep 'em. I got stung on that batch of socks. That pair was originally lavender, but they washed like that. Keep 'em—I wouldn't be found dead in 'em."

**CHAPTER XXI.**

**Matrimony to and Fro.**

And the next morning they were in Wyoming—well toward the center of that State. They had left behind the same levels and the truly rural towns and they were among foothills and mountains, passing cities of wildly picturesque repute, like Cheyenne, and Laramie, Bowie, and Medicine Bow, and Bitter Creek, whose very names imply literature and war whoops, cowboy yelps, barking revolvers, another redskin biting the dust, cattle stampedes, town-paintings, humorous lynchings and bronchos in epileptic frenzy.

But the talk of this train was concerned with none of these wonders, which the novelists and the magazine-writers have perhaps a trifle overpublished. The talk of this train was concerned with the eighth wonder of the world, a semi-detached bridal couple.

Mrs. Whitcomb was eager enough to voice the sentiment of the whole populace, when she looked up from her novel in the observation room and, nudging Mrs. Temple, drawled: "By the way, my dear, has that bridal

**CHAPTER XXII.**

couple made up its second night's quarrel yet?"

"The Mallorys?" Mrs. Temple flushed as she answered, mercifully. "Oh, yes, they were very friendly again this morning."

Mrs. Whitcomb's countenance was cynical: "My dear, I've been married twice and I ought to know something about honeymoons, but this honeyless honeymoon—she cast up her eyes and her hands in despair."

The women were so concerned about Mr. and Mrs. Mallory, that they hardly noticed the uncomfortable plight of the Wellingtons, or the curious behavior of the lady from the stateroom who seemed to be afraid of something and never spoke to anybody. The strange behavior of Anne Gattie and Ira Lathrop even escaped much comment, though they were forever being stumbled on when anybody went out to the observation platform. When they were dislodged from there, they sat playing checkers and talking very little, but making eyes at one another and sighing like furnaces.

They had evidently concocted some secret of their own, for Ira, looking at his watch, murmured sentimentally to Anne: "Only a few hours more, Annie."

And Anne turned geranium-color and dropped a handful of checkers. "I don't know how I can face it!"

Ira growled like a lovesick lion: "Aw, what do you care?"

"But I was never married before, Ira!" Anne protested, "and on a train, too!"

"Why, all the bridal couples take to the railroads."

"I should think it would be the last place they'd go," said Anne—a sensible woman, Annie! "Look at the Mallories—how miserable they are."

"I thought they were happy," said Ira, whose great virtue it was to pay little heed to what was none of his business.

"Oh, Ira," cried Anne, "I hope we shan't begin to quarrel as soon as we are married."

"As if anybody could quarrel with you, Annie," he said.

"Do you think I'll be so monotonous as that?" she retorted.

Her spunk delighted him beyond words. He whispered: "Annie, you're so god-darned sweet if I don't get a chance to kiss you, I'll bust."

"Why, Ira—we're on the train."

"Da—darn the train! Who ever heard of a fellow proposing and getting engaged to a girl and not even kissing her?"

"But our engagement is so short."

"Well, I'm not going to marry you until I get a kiss."

Perhaps innocent old Anne really believed this blood-curdling threat. It brought her instantly to terms, though she blushed: "But everybody's always looking."

"Come out on the observation platform."

"Oh, Ira, again?"

"I dare you."

"I take you—but" seeing that Mrs. Whitcomb was trying to overhear, she whispered: "Let's pretend it's the seener."

So Ira rose, pushed the checkers aside, and said in an unusually positive tone: "Ah, Miss Gattie, won't you have a look at the landscape?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Lathrop," said Anne, "I just love scenery."

They wandered forth like the Sleeping Beauty and her princely awakener, and never dreamed what giggles and nudgings and wise head-noddings went on back of them. Mrs. Wellington laughed loudest of all at the lovers whose heads had grown gray while their hearts were still so green.

It was shortly after this that the Wellingtons, themselves came into prominence in the train life.

As the train approached Green River, and its copper-basined stream, the engineer began to set the air-brakes for the stop. Jimmie Wellington, boozily half-awake in the smoking room, wanted to know what the name of the station was. Everybody is always eager to oblige a drunken man, so Ashton and Fosdick tried to get a window open to look out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**CHAPTER XXIII.**

Truly a "Nervy" Youth.

A New York barber says he has discovered the nerviest man alive. He is young yet, but when he is fully developed with a mature growth of nerve he will be a startling prodigy.

"This fellow came into my shop the other day," said the barber, "and asked me to shave his neck. I speedily accomplished the gentle task, and called out, 'Next.' While I was adjusting a towel around the neck of the next customer I saw the other youth going out the door.

"Haven't you forgotten something?" I asked him.

"He felt in his pockets and said he had all that belonged to him.

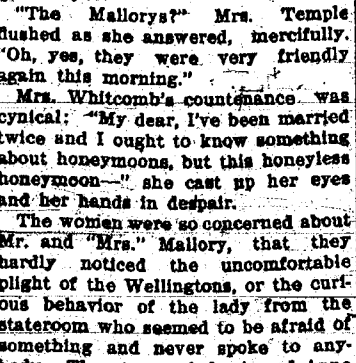
"I mean you forgot to pay me for that shave."

"Pay for that! Just shaving my neck!" he said, with astonishment. "I never heard of paying for so little a thing as that. I could have done it myself with my safety razor, only I couldn't reach back there."

"Big Sailer" of 1758.

In more hardy days than these snuff was used as an eye liniment. "The Complete Housewife, or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion," which had run into 16 editions by 1758, extols its virtues. Accomplished gentlewoman who find their sight failing with advancing years are advised to rub "the right sort of Portugal snuff into the eyes night and morning, and take it also through the nose." This treatment, it is asserted, "cured Sir Edward Seymour, Sir John Houbton and Judge Ayres, so that they could read without spectacles after they had used them for many years." Some people would prefer spectacles.

**GREAT VALUE OF THE BORDEAUX MIXTURE**



Cheap and convenient mixing platform for making Bordeaux mixture.

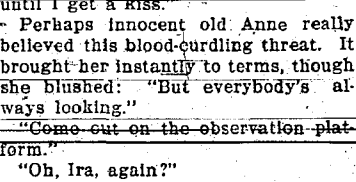
Farmers, gardeners and fruit growers can not fence out the many forms of insects and fungi which live upon their crops and which are as anxious for a harvest as is the grower. It is a fight between the grower and the pest and the latter has generally had the best of the battle. The farmer has not been properly equipped. He has often had invisible foes—foes which he did not understand, hence could not assail them and the general result has been that the insect or the fungus obtained an ample supply of nourishment and the grower has taken what was left, but, thanks to science, he need suffer in ignorance no longer.

**Power in Knowledge.**

A study of the investigations and experiments which have placed in the hands of the intelligent grower effective methods of warfare is as interesting as it is important; it reveals an educational movement which stands unparalleled in the effect. It has had in broadening the horizon of the agriculturist. It has forced him to see that there is more in his business than following the rule-of-thumb process so long in vogue. It has emphasized the power of knowledge and it has demonstrated and is daily impressing the fact upon all who take the trouble to see, that it requires more brains than brawn to succeed in an occupation at which formerly even the most ignorant could be at least fairly successful. The ignorant are going to the wall, and the student—the "book farmer"—if you please, is pushing them along and filling their places when they are gone.

**Bordeaux Mixture Perfected.**

For the purpose of answering briefly our many inquiries about Bordeaux mixture and its use, it will be sufficient to say that in 1885 a great



Equipment for mixing Bordeaux mixture in a small way. No. 1, lime slacking box. No. 2, stock solution barrel for lime. No. 3, stock solution barrel for sulphate of copper. No. 4, barrel spray pump. No. 5, bucket for dipping and measuring stock solutions. Two such buckets would be highly desirable.

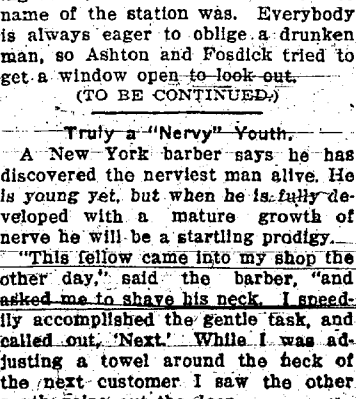
many men conducted experiments to test the value of the compounds of copper, very few other substances being used, and among them was A. Millardet, professor in the Academy of Science, Bordeaux, France, and to him may justly be given credit for discovering the value and use of the preparation which was destined to prove superior to all fungicides that have been used to this day, and which is now so well known under the name of Bordeaux mixture, and readily made on any farm.

The composition of the "Standard" or 3.6 per cent Bordeaux mixture is as follows:

Copper sulphate ..... 6 pounds  
Quicklime ..... 4 pounds  
Water ..... 22 gallons

This formula was at first extensively used, but it was found that a more dilute mixture would answer the purpose equally as well, as it was practically abandoned for the mix-

**GOOD TRAP FOR RINGING HOGS**



An excellent and yet inexpensive trap for ringing hogs may be constructed by following the instructions herewith and observing the illustration, which is quite clear:

The frame is constructed with 2x4-inch scantlings (D.D.), at the corners lapped and bolted. The lever C when pulled forward partially closes the opening and holds the hog firmly.

**It's easier to catch a husband than to uncatch him.**

**CURES BURNS AND CUTS.**  
Cole's Carbolic stops the pain instantly. Cures quick. No scar. All druggists, 25 and 50c.

It's usually the fool who rocks the boat that lives to tell the tale.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.

**Hurry, Girls.**  
Uncle Sam has just issued a little brochure on fattening calves. Hurry, girls, as the edition will soon be exhausted.—Washington Post.

**Mother's Linguist Attainment.**  
The mother of a little boy in Kansas City, Kan., speaks negro dialect stories charmingly. Her small son is quite proud of her accomplishment and frequently boasts of it. One day recently, when some of his playmates were vaunting the achievements of their several mothers, the little boy braggingly remarked:  
"My mother is smarter than any of yours; she can talk two languages."  
"What are they?" demanded his companions.  
"White and colored."

**How He Left.**  
The servants were discussing the matter below stairs.  
"Master and mistress 'ad something of a row last night, I 'ear," said the butler ponderously.  
"You should have heard 'em," answered the parlor maid in a shocked tone. "Scandalous is what I call it!"  
"They tell me 'e ran out, cranked 'is motor car and left in it."  
"No," said the maid, positively, "he didn't leave in his machine; I distinctly heard the mistress say he left in a huff."—London Answers.

**EXCELLENT FEED FOR DAIRY COWS**

**Dried Sugar Beet Pulp is Almost as Valuable as Original Beets—How it is Prepared.**

The dried sugar beet pulp is a most excellent feed, and, like silage and roots, more valuable than a chemical analysis seems to indicate. The pulp is almost as valuable, pound for pound, as the original beets from which it comes. The pulp is soaked in water a few hours before feeding. One peck of pulp when soaked will make a good bucket of thick slop. The usual ration for a cow is one peck of the soaked pulp mixed with two quarts of corn chop and two quarts of wheat bran, fed morning and evening. After this is eaten the cows are given a forkful of mixed hay, with straw at noon. The cows fed this ration give a large quantity of good, rich, well-flavored milk and fatten up fit for the market with four months' feeding. Cows that will come fresh in the early spring should be allowed to go dry at least four weeks before calving. Dry cows can be kept in good, thrifty condition on chaffed cornstalks and oat straw, with one quart of corn chop to a bushel of chaff. Those giving milk should get a bucket of warm slop twice a day to each, made by mixing one pint of corn chop, one pint of linseed meal and one quart of wheat bran, in addition to mixed feed.

Keep the stables clean, well lighted and ventilated. All stock, cows especially, should be carded and brushed down every morning. Stock cattle and young stock are less liable to have skin diseases if the hide is thoroughly cleansed and kept free from scurf or dandruff. A little crude petroleum rubbed over bare spots will soften the skin and promote the growth of hair. This oil is excellent for cuts and sores. First wash the sore with warm water and castile soap, wipe dry with clean cloth and then rub in the oil. Crude petroleum is better for this purpose than the refined oil as it has more body and greater healing properties. The oil may be had from any of the large paint stores for 12 cents per gallon.

**Births in the Air.**

The International Congress on Aerial Legislation, sitting at Geneva, Switzerland, is evolving a very detailed code of laws. One of its suggested paragraphs reads: "In the event of a birth occurring in an air craft the pilot is to enter the event in his log book and must notify the fact to the authorities at the first place at which he descends."

**Got His Answer.**  
When Oscar Wilde came to the United States to lecture on aesthetics in his highly aesthetic velvet costume—and incidentally to prepare the public mind for the proper appreciation of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," in which the aesthetic movement was held up to ridicule—he used to complain that America was very uninteresting since it had "no antiquities and no curiosities." But he ventured on this disparagement once too often, for in the course of his travels he uttered it to the American Girl, and she replied with the demure depravity of candid innocence that this was not quite a fair reproach, since "we shall have the antiquities in time, and we are already importing the curiosities."

**Carrying It Too Far.**  
Scientific management, like any other good thing, may be carried to excess.

The speaker was R. Marriott Thompson, the San Francisco scientific management expert. He continued, says the New York Tribune:

"We scientific managers musn't go as far as Hussler went.

"Hussler was the proprietor of a tremendous factory where scientific management had reduced the motions of every hand from 800 to 17. Hussler attended a very fashionable wedding one day, a wedding where the ceremony was performed by a bishop, assisted by a dean and a canon, and in the most impressive part of the writ Hussler, overcome by his scientific management ideas, rushed up to the altar and pushed the bishop and canon rudely back.

"Here, boys," he said, "one's quite enough for a little job like this."

**"That's Good"**

Is often said of

**Post Toasties**

when eaten with cream or rich milk and a sprinkle of sugar if desired.

That's the cue for housekeepers who want to please the whole family.

Post Toasties are ready to serve direct from the package.

Convenient  
Economical  
Delicious

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.



## In Tuberculosis CAMPS

### a part of the regular diet is Scott's Emulsion

Its highly concentrated nutritive qualities repair waste and create physical resistance faster than disease can destroy. All Druggists.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

### Chinamen & Students

There are today in some of the universities of America and Europe Chinese students who in laboratory work, in physics and other natural sciences are distinguishing themselves even in comparison with western students. The Chinese have a power of application and patience and a capacity for detail that is destined to bring success in scientific inquiry when once they get the background, adopt the method and make the start. The irresistible progress destined to be made by western science in the Chinese empire will surely undermine Chinese faith in the "Book of Changes," which is at the base of Chinese philosophy. "Whatever is permanently true will remain in imperishable blocks, but the structure as a whole will fall in ruins, with Chinese ideals pitilessly and irrevocably shattered. At this critical period of the disintegration of outworn forces, what new moral and spiritual ideas are to replace the old in order that the new state of these people may not be worse than the first?"—Dr. C. K. Edmunds in The Popular Science Monthly.

### Peculiarly Mean Swindler

An elderly man has just been arrested in Berlin, Germany, who had won quite a reputation as a swindler of widows. He was in the habit of visiting the cemeteries and bringing himself under the notice of widows who had come to weep over their husbands' graves. He would engage a bereaved woman in conversation and then pour forth to her his sorrow over the recent loss of his own wife. Acquaintanceship begun in this way invariably grew into friendships, and that resulted in a proposal of marriage from the "widower" to the widow. The man would then borrow a sum of money from his future bride, or pawn some of her late husband's possessions and disappear. Some dozens of widows have been defrauded by him.

### Oldest Almanac

The oldest almanac in existence is the "Almanach National," which has been issued by the French government since 1666. Its name has been changed a good many times during its career of 225 years. Originally the "Almanach-Royal," it became "National" in 1793, "Imperial" in 1805, and reverted to its original name nine years later. Since then the title has been altered four times. Like most publications of this sort, the "Almanach National" has grown bulky with advancing years. The first issue contained 48 pages, as compared with 1,580 pages in the current issue.

### Another of the Species

"Is this a little boy or a little girl?" a teacher asked when the new scholar, a boy with curls, came in. "He ain't none of 'em. He's a sis-y!" one of the class volunteered.—St. Louis Republic.

## Our Fall Stock of SHOES

are now in and we cordially invite you to call and inspect them.

We have the newest designs in

Tan, Gun Metal

and

Patent Leather

High Cut and Low Cut

## OUR Buster Brown School Shoes

are complete in every detail. Get your children shod in a pair and you will be forever pleased.

C. A. Hudson  
The Pioneer Shoe Man.

## CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1912.

### GREAT WRITER IN JEOPARDY

Charles Dickens Once Threatened With Arrest for Attempting to Pass Counterfeit Money.

One night when Dickens had retired at Gad's Hill he found he could not sleep. So he got up, dressed and determined to walk to London, about thirty miles away. He reached the suburbs early in the morning and applied at an early coffee house for some refreshments. When he had finished he gave the proprietor a sovereign, the smallest coin he had with him.

"It's a bad un," said the man, biting at it and trying to twist it in all directions, "and I shall give you in charge."

The coin did have a suspicious look. Dickens had carried some substance in his pocket which had oxidized it. Seeing that matters looked awkward, he said:

"But I am Charles Dickens!"

"Come, that won't do, any man could say he was Charles Dickens. How do I know?"

"The man had been victimized a week previous and would take no more chances. At length Dickens suggested that they go to a chemist's and have the coin tested. A chemist was finally found when the shops had opened. The chemist immediately recognized the novelist, in spite of his dusty appearance, and the coffee house keeper was satisfactorily convinced that he had not been entertaining a confidence man.

### WENT HURRIEDLY ON HIS WAY

Daring Man Threw Metaphorical Brick into Assemblage and Didn't Wait for Effects.

"Shall we not carry on this fight until we have mere man reduced to a hemipode?" said the suffragette orator.

"We shall. But what is a hemipode, anyway?" spoke up one of the assemblage.

"The black-necked hemipode is a bird about the size of a sparrow that lives in Madagascar. A friend of mine sent me a pair of them. The male hemipode alone sits on the nest of eggs and hatches the young and takes care of them until grown up," the orator explained.

"Wouldn't that be lovely?" exclaimed one of the audience.

"There are birds down in South America called groove-billed ails. They build a large communal nest of sticks, and several females sit on the eggs in company, so that their conversation need not stop because of hatching. I'd like to have a vote as to which is the more popular," said a daring man near the door.

"But he didn't wait for a vote," New York Sun.

### Passing of the "Writing Masters"

One sometimes regrets the passing of the "writing master" of the school of the last century, for even in these days of typewriting the signature must be handwritten. There seems to be a sort of slap-dash, conceited belief among the users of type machines that everybody can recognize his personal signature. This is an unfounded belief, and in a drawer by his side there are letters signed by unknown persons who have never learned to write their name. Their bankers may possibly recognize the hieroglyphic. But it would ease matters if the user of the type machine would learn to write his own name distinctly. We are not all everybody's bankers.

### Insures Promptness

"What ails that man?" said the city salesman. "I made an appointment with him for one o'clock tomorrow, and he asked me if I meant American time. It ought to be obvious that I am not making an appointment in New York for Madrid time."

"Don't grumble," said a friend.

"That question was a guarantee of good faith on his part. Every fresh arrival from Latin countries asks that when he really wishes to be prompt in his engagements. Let his own devices he would do as everybody does at home and come straggling along an hour or two late, but to him American time signifies right on the spot, and he'll be there."

### Her Proposal

Miss Ethel Barrymore, apropos of leap year, told a story at the Colony club, in New York.

"A girl," she said, "looked calmly at a caller one evening and remarked:

"George, as it is leap year—"

"The caller turned rather pale.

"As it is leap year," she continued, "and you have been calling regularly how four nights a week for a long long time, George I propose—"

"I'm not in a position to marry on my salary," George broke in, hurriedly.

"I know that well, George," the girl pursued, "and so, as it is leap year, I thought I'd propose that you lay off and give some of the more eligible boys a chance."

## RETAIN THEIR RACIAL TYPE

Gipsies in Spain Are of That Country Only Because It is Their Birthplace.

One of the things to attract the notice of every traveler that visits Spain is that strange race which he finds scattered here and there in small groups in the remote rural districts or near the great centers of population. It presents a type that can be mistaken for no other in the Spanish dominions.

The lips thick, the eyes large, black and piercing, the hair long, black and straight, the complexion olive tinted, the Spanish gipsy, whether encamped in a sheltering ravine or under the arches of an aqueduct or in the shadow of an overhanging cliff, is indeed Spanish because born in Spain, but in all else he is a gipsy.

Time was when Spaniards of the true blue blood called gipsies "New Castilians," or "Egyptians," or "Morish-footpads," but while their traits have undergone no change their name is now definitely gitanos, or gipsies.

Between fifty and sixty thousand is the number of them now in Spain, says America. Most of them have no fixed abode; but in some parts, and notably in Andalusia, there are several small settlements, for towns they can hardly be called, where these wanderers have taken possession of caves in the mountain side, whence they sallied forth to tell fortunes and to fleh. Wherever they are, they are inclined to be quarrelsome among themselves and to enforce their arguments by means of wicked looking knives, which they wield with great dexterity.

### SOUNDS MADE BY ELEPHANTS

Those Familiar With the Animal Easily Recognize Meaning of Its Different Expressions.

Elephants are said to make use of a great variety of sounds in communicating with each other and in expressing their wants and feelings. Some are uttered by the trunk, some by the throat. The conjunctures in which either means of expression is employed cannot be strictly classified, as fear, pleasure, want and other emotions are sometimes indicated by the trunk, sometimes by the throat. An elephant rushing upon an assailant trumpets shrilly with fury. Fear is similarly expressed in a shrill, brassy trumpet, or by a roar from the lungs; pleasure by a continued low squeaking through the trunk or an almost inaudible purring sound from the throat. "Want"—as a calf calling its mother—is chiefly expressed by the throat. A peculiar sound is made use of by elephants to express dislike or apprehension, and at the same time to intimidate, as when the cause of some alarm has not been clearly ascertained and the animals wish to deter an intruder. It is produced by rapping the end of the trunk smartly on the ground, a current of air hitherto retained being sharply emitted through the trunk as from a valve, at the moment of impact. The sound made resembles that of a large sheet of tin rapidly doubled.

### TO CONSUMPTIVES

Aid All Afflicted With Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Grippe or any Lung or Throat trouble.

After suffering for years with a severe throat trouble which ran into Consumption, Rev. E. A. Wilson was cured by following plain rules of health and using Dr. Churchill's prescription. Writing to help all sufferers he wrote, for free distribution, a full description of his trouble and the simple means he used to cure himself.

WILSON'S REMEDY (Dr. Churchill's prescription) has been doing its wonderful good work for over 40 years. It has been tried and proven; and is a household remedy in many, many localities to which it has brought health and happiness.

If you are suffering from any Lung or Throat trouble whatever, do not fail to give this invaluable remedy a trial. Send for Mr. Wilson's history of his own remarkable case which will be sent FREE, together with a \$1.00 package of the remedy, to all who write for it. Address: Wilson's Remedy Co., Westwood, N. J., U. S. A.

### 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 Eggs" from old Catfish. Trade mark established 1894 in which there is a trade mark successfully established all over the United States on the excellence of products. This also gives much needed room to the Carpet Cleaning and setting department, which includes a large sterilizing abator for purifying rugs and carpets. The cleaning department is fully equipped with all modern and time saving machinery devices run 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 plant is for fine rugs and oriental. 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. This with largest facilities, most up-to-date equipment, highest grade of workmanship, lowest possible prices, and prompt service, bespeaks a busy future for the Patonsky Rug Co. of which A. T. Washburne is proprietor and to which address all orders and correspondence should be addressed.—NO AGENTS.—Petoskey Evening News, April 13, 1911.—Make your shipment as early as possible.

THE UNITED PLAY CO. INC. PRESENTS



THE LION AND THE MOUSE

At the TEMPLE THEATRE  
SATURDAY, Sept. 21st

<p>Unless a man is chicken-hearted he is seldom henpecked.</p> <p>A woman who can speak seven languages generally does.</p> <p>Mrs. J. N. Hill, Home, Ga., has used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for years, and says she always recommends it to her friends. "It never fails to cure our coughs and prevent croup. We have five children and always give them Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for a cold and they are all soon well. We could not be without it in our house." Hite's Drug Store.</p>	<p>John's coming, watch him. It is well to exercise your rights but don't work them to death.</p> <p>Every man's credit is good when it comes to borrowed trouble.</p> <p>It's surprising how liberal some people are with their sympathy.</p>	<p>Some people who tell all they know don't have much to say.</p> <p>No married man ever has more money than he knows what to do with.</p> <p>You can sometimes do a friend a favor by refusing to give him advice.</p> <p>A really effective kidney and bladder medicine must first stop the progress of the disease and then cure the conditions that cause it. Use Foley's Kidney Pills for all kidney and bladder troubles and urinary irregularities. They are safe and reliable. They help quickly and permanently. In the yellow package. Hite's Drug Store.</p>
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## EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

# It's the Little Things That Count

Man with his microscope has added wonderfully to the world's knowledge, notwithstanding the fact that the things he searched for were infinitesimally small.

But it is not alone in the laboratory that "little things count."

The man who knows

## Good Tailoring

may try on a new suit, look at himself in the mirror and exclaim "It fits fine." A month later

the Suit may begin to pucker and stretch all out of shape. It did not have the little safeguards and good material put into the inside or invisible parts that would hold it in shape.

Little things do count. Every suit.

## FRED KAUFFMANN

The American Tailor—Chicago makes is made right—nothing slighted just because it is invisible. Even his sewing silk is tested. His tailors are trained to know "Its the little things that count."

We are his local representatives.

# East Jordan Lumber Co.




*St. Thomas's Clothes*



## Briefs of the Week

Watch that John he's coming this way.

Adjourned August term of Circuit Court will convene at Charlevoix.

Bruce Cross received a broken collar bone while at football practice last Saturday afternoon.

Extra, Extra. Manager Temple Theatre East Jordan—If walking is good I will arrive Monday night sure, John.

Mrs. Lou Rice, a former teacher in our city schools was guest of East Jordan friends this week. She is traveling nurse in the employ of the M. C. R. B. with headquarters at Detroit.

Services will be held in the Christian Science Rooms over Post Office Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Subject of the sermon "Substance." Sunday school is held immediately after service. You are cordially invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wilhelm are moving their household effects here from Boyne City and will again make East Jordan their home residing in the former Curkendall house on Bowen's addition.

James Friend of Bellair lost a racing horse at the Fair grounds here Tuesday. The animal was being exercised when it stumbled and broke one of its forward legs. It was taken out and killed.

Dr. Nelson Abbott of Lake City, Mich. a representative of the "Bill Moose" aggregation of office-seekers, was in our city first of the week. To the Herald he complained about the utter lack of Moosey sentiment in northern Michigan.

The greatest "stunt" on the Fair grounds was not the airplane flights, kind reader, neither was it on the program. It was pulled off late Friday afternoon out back of the Floral hall the. Two poor "BLIND" men, who worked the grounds during the four days, were discovered with their glasses off assiduously matching the pennies that they had received from their hard earned toil.

It was reported in Charlevoix last evening that the steamer City of Boyne on her return trip to this city in the afternoon had run upon a snag and a great number of the excursionists were drowned, but to all who witnessed the departure of the boat from the city dock at 8:30 this morning the false report seemed very false indeed. The boat was loaded long before 8:00 o'clock and when she left the dock she carried one of the largest crowds her decks have ever held. It would have been almost impossible to have carried even half a dozen more and as the boat drew away from the dock, strains of music from the Boyne City Marine band were wafted back, and many of the bystanders left behind firmly resolved that they would by all means visit East Jordan fair today even though it be late in the afternoon. Thursday's Boyne City Journal.

Percival J. Chattaway suffered a painful accident Wednesday while cleaning a window in the house on Mitchell street into which he and his family are preparing to move from their present residence on Maple street. As he stood on the ledge of the window on the interior of the house, Mr. Chattaway's left hand slipped and went through the glass which cut three of the tendons, allowing the fingers which those nerves controlled to drop beyond the power of Mr. Chattaway. The latter was taken to Petoskey hospital, where the proper treatment was administered by surgeons, and the injuries are now on the mend, though Mr. Chattaway probably will be incapacitated from work for at least a month. Petoskey Independent.

John, why don't you come to our town? I am coming, John.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mortimer were here from Boyne City this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lewis were guests of W. C. Spring on Thursday.

Mrs. George McCray of Northport is guest of her sister Mrs. Jay Hite.

W. S. Ritter and family were guests of T. Brennan this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Keany returned from Valparaiso, Ill., Thursday.

Mrs. G. G. Glenn returned home from her visit in Pennsylvania, this week.

Mrs. Godfrey McDonald of Ironton is guest of her daughter, Mrs. F. Sheldon.

Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Dixon are entertaining the former's sister, Mrs. J. D. Reed of Ann Arbor.

Dr. W. E. Zavitz of Detroit was in the city this week calling upon old friends and visiting the fair.

Suplt. De Voe and wife of Charlevoix were in the city on Wednesday and Thursday and taking in the Fair.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Thomas Passenger will entertain the ladies of St. Joseph's Altar Society.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Osborn of Petoskey were guest at D. C. Loveday's home during Fair.

Miss Lucy Menzies of Vanderbilt is guest of her sister Mrs. Leroy Sherman.

Mrs. B. Mason of Charlevoix and children are guests of J. Keany and family.

Miss Georgie Redfields of Boyne Falls was guest of Miss Mary Berg this week.

Mrs. Miller and daughter of Charlevoix were guests at the A. E. Lewis home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Payton of Charlevoix were guests of East Jordan friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Rogers of Bellair, were guests of M. F. Brotherton and family this week.

Will Carpenter, Dan Hutchings of Gaylord, with their families, attended the Fair here.

Mrs. W. Hite, who has been visiting her mother at Cadillac, is home again.

Miss Hunsberger of Grand Rapids is guest of her uncle and family Mr. and Mrs. Hunsberger.

Mr. and Mrs. Oral Mienar left Monday for Alma where they resume their studies in the college there.

Mrs. S. J. Blount of Chicago is guest of her son, H. C. Blount, and family and will remain indefinitely.

Miss Hazel Capelin of Boyne City spent a couple of days this week with her sister, Miss Genevieve, in our city.

Miss Gene Thompson, one of our public school teachers, was sufficiently recovered to return home and begin her duties.

Mrs. Ray Hilton of Boyne City returned home Thursday after a few days visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Light.

Miss Verne Greacen of Washington, D. C. and Miss Susan Greacen of Kalkaska were guest of Mrs. James Howey the past fortnight.

Mr. Moore of the State Bank Alma an uncle of Mr. Bisbee spent a few days as guest of his nephew and wife and left Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Dunlap who has been spending a few weeks in the Whittington cottage Monroe Creek left for home Wednesday.

John Robb returned to his home in Chicago accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Graham after a visit with his sister, Mrs. Henry Sheldon.

Chas. J. Bristol of Boyne City this week purchased through Loveday Agency, the forty acre farm in Wilson Township recently owned by A. J. Etlinger.

Charles Gidley and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Bidelman and child of Empire came over in their motor car on Wednesday on a visit to the former's brother and family.

Methodist Ladies Aid will be entertained by Mrs. M. Chaplin and Mrs. James Hifford, at the home of the former, Wednesday Sept. 18. Every member attend. Visitors welcome.

Mrs. G. A. Bell is guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harold Boyd, at Winona, Minn. Mrs. Bell's mother, Mrs. A. J. Carver of Elk Rapids, is caring for their household during Mrs. Bell's absence.

Monday night sure John will come. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ruhlberg a son, Monday.

Ben Smatts was home from Williamston over Sunday.

Miss Lydia Malpas left for Alma College Tuesday morning.

Mrs. H. S. Price is entertaining Miss Keel of Northport this week.

Mrs. Abbie Gauthorn with son were guest of E. Flagg and family this week.

Mrs. A. E. Cross is entertaining Mrs. Martin of Central Lake this week.

Miss Agnes Smith of Petoskey was guest of Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Dicken over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Danto entertained a few friends on Thursday evening it being their Jewish new year.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold entertained his parents Mr. and Mrs. F. Bechtold, and sister, of Bellair this week.

Mrs. J. Roy returned to her home at Sturgis Friday morning after a visit with her mother Mrs. L. A. Kenyon.

Judge Wellington Batterson and daughter, Miss Ruby, of Grayling were guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Flagg this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Supernaw with children are here from Big Rapids guest at the home of the former's parents, L. J. Supernaw.

R. J. Langland and wife of Chicago are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Trombley. Mr. Langland is a member of the Associated Press staff in that city.

The W. C. T. U. will hold its regular meeting with Mrs. Robertson Friday Sept. 20, 2:30 P. M. Leaders Mrs. W. L. French and Mrs. T. Fayat. Visitors welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Dunlap with son and daughter returned to their home at Holly after spending a month here, where they purchased a summer home and will build a bungalow the coming year.

It is reported from Ingham county that because the county jail is crowded at Mason with drunks and prisoners awaiting trial, Justice Haight of the municipal court at Lansing has ordered a new supply of pledge blanks and is introducing as many saloon drinkers as possible to swear off. The crowded county jail at Mason is testimony as to the result of the return of the saloons to Ingham county more convincing, perhaps than could be provided through any other object lesson. It may be possible for Justice Haight to lessen to a slight degree through his pledge cards the unfortunate results of Lansing saloon temptation, but it would not be necessary for such pledge cards to have been provided for the county jail at Mason to be filled with drunks had it not been for the decision of the voters of that county at the recent election to experiment again with the promise of the saloons to obey the law and to successfully "regulate" themselves. The crowded jail cells and the almost pathetic effort to use the pledge cards tell in full the story of the failure to regulate and of the broken pledges as to saloon observance of the law.

Many a gem of thought is injured by a bad setting.

Pleasant Quarters for French Prisoner. A retreat rather than a prison is the new institution which has been raised at Evreux on the road from Paris to Trouville, says a correspondent of the London Globe. It is ovoid in form, much in appearance to that of a large castle, and is surrounded by a wall over 30 feet in height.

It is situated on high ground overlooking the town, and to say the least prisoners should have a very comfortable time. Each has his own cell with hammock bed, washing utensils and a table for books. The cells are lighted by electricity and heated by radiators. The authorities have not forgotten the spiritual needs of their inmates. The consideration of the ministry of justice for the welfare of the prisoners is seen by an electric bell at the head of each hammock, so that the detained, if he be taken suddenly ill, can communicate with the guard.

The Spider Cheat. Many species of spiders are interesting on account of their physical construction or their habits, but the most curious specimens are probably to be found in the woods of Sumatra; and these naturalists call, not without reason, "spider cheats." This insect, in order to trap the flies, etc., on which it feeds, hides on a leaf and spins a web of neutral color, making an illusion so perfect that the prey not only does not fly, but seems attracted by the peculiar termination of the web on the edge of the leaf. This is a perfect knot in appearance and gives to the trap the general shape of a miniature palm-leaf fan with indented handle.—Harper's Weekly.

**Episcopal Church.**  
Beginning Friday evening, Sept. 20 services will be held in the church of the Redeptorist the Friday before the second and fourth Sunday of each month. It has been found impossible to reach East Jordan on Sundays so this plan is adopted in order to minister to the members of the Episcopal Church who live in East Jordan.  
CHESTER HILL.

**St. Joseph's Church**  
Rev. Timothy Krakoth.  
Sunday Sept. 15.  
8:00 a. m. Mass and Sermon.  
Communion for Ladies Altar Society.  
Society meetings.  
Monday, Altar Society;  
Tuesday, Young Ladies Society.

**First Methodist Episcopal Church**  
Rev. T. Foster-Bennett, Pastor.  
10:30 "The Lord's Supper," will be the subject of the morning address. Communion at the close. The pastor wishes to meet all the members at this service.  
11:45 Sunday School.  
8:45 Epworth League the pastor will be the leader.  
7:30 The pastors closing address for the year. All are invited to attend. Last Sunday nineteen were received into the church. The evening sermon by Rev. W. F. Kenderick was enjoyed by all present.

**Presbyterian Church Notes**  
Rev. A. D. Grigby, Pastor.  
Public worship in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning at 10:30 and evening at 7:30 to which strangers and newcomers are cordially invited. "Come with us and we will do you good."  
Sunday School at 11:45.  
Y. P. S. C. E. in the evening at 8:45. Supt. Northon had charge of the meeting last Sunday evening, and it was good to be there.

**HASTENED TO MAKE HIS WILL**  
Dyspeptic Convinced That Mistake Could Mean Nothing Less Than Imminent Dissolution.

The dyspeptic who gives prayerful thought to every bite he eats glanced dubiously over the French dinner card on which a dozen items were marked with a cross in red ink. "To my untutored mind," said he, "those things look all right. Some other fellow with a stomach has been here ahead of me and has marked off a few things that a Christian can eat without inviting sudden death."

In his delight at finding the dinner problem solved the dyspeptic ordered six of the red-cross dishes. They were unpronounceable and unrecognizable, but they tasted good and he liked them. When the crumb of the last course had disappeared the dyspeptic said genially to the waiter: "Run old chap that must have been who ate at this table ahead of me."  
"Yes, sir," assented the waiter. "He was one of them diet cranks that drive restaurant people crazy by marking up the bill of fare with red danger signals before the dishes that nobody that ain't got a sound digestion can afford to trifle with."  
"Good Lord!" moaned the dyspeptic.

**SNAPS IN DIRT**  
20 Acres  
Close to City Limits, with Comfortable Buildings, good well and pump; productive soil.  
ONLY \$750.

4 Acres  
Near Town, with Dwelling—fine for Fruits and Poultry—ONLY \$200.

7-room Dwelling on Main Street within 2 blocks of Postoffice. A bargain, only \$900.

**Loveday Agency**  
East Jordan, Mich.

**CLOSING OUT SALE of LADIES' WAISTS AND DRESSES.**

We have still on hand a quantity of Ladies' Summer Waists and Dresses. As the season is drawing to an end, we are bound to close these out Regardless of Value.

This is a rare opportunity and the ladies should call and see the remarkable values we are offering.

**L. WIESMAN**

**John's Coming**

Keep Your Eye On **HIM**

**"GO TO THE BEST"**

This is the first essential of assured success. By enrolling at the McLaughlin Business University you are getting "The Best" Michigan has to offer in the line of a Business Education. Its broad course of modern business methods presented individually by the best business educators in the country eliminates every vestige of risk on your part. You should know this fact.

**OUR BEAUTIFUL CATALOG FREE**

You are not familiar with the methods of Michigan's Greatest School of Business and Short-hand if you have not seen this catalog. It is acknowledged by all to be a worthy representative of a great school.

We allow your railroad fare here. Excellent opportunities to work for board. Hundreds of students placed annually. Let us tell you more about our school. Begin now.

**McLaughlin Business University**  
110-118 PEARL ST.  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



Scene from "THE LION AND THE MOUSE"  
At Temple Theatre Next Saturday, Sept. 21st

**STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN**

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$5000

**4 PER CENT**  
PAID ON DEPOSITS

Officers  
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# The Man-Eaters of M'Wembi

By Captain Fritz Duquesne

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**D**LET DU TOIT saw the ending of the Boer war with the peace of Vereeniging, but there was no peace for him under English arms. His heart was burning like the live-coal of a slow match while the Union Jack dangled over his head, and he longed for a wilderness where he could live to his dying day without seeing so much as the print of an English foot.

He was a farmer of Lichtenburg, a grazing district lying in the west of the Transvaal, and it was easy for him to muster a little company of kinsmen and friends of like temper to trek with him out of the Transvaal a few days after the close of the war. There were twenty-six whites in his party, men, women and children, and about a hundred Kafirs, most of whom had been attached by years of service and good treatment.

Du Toit had no definite choice of a spot to settle on. He planned in a general way to spy out the land amid and beyond the swamps of Mozambique and laid his course straight over the veld to Komatipoort at the railroad crossing between the Transvaal and the Portuguese territory. For some time his trek was heard from more or less frequently, but after passing the Portuguese border the news began to shrink to bare reports that the Boers had been seen by natives from time to time, still pressing on to the northeast through the wilderness to the vast swamps.

They were doggedly entering the most repellent region of the dark continent, a fearful expanse of fetid pools and loathsome mire, under the glare of the torrid sun, the breeding-ground of the crocodile and all manner of reptiles, insects and vermin, a perpetual fount of miasma and deadly fevers, but jealously held against intrusion by the fiercest and most bloodthirsty natives of Africa. All cunning and hate are lodged in these people, into whose native blood has come a touch of the Arab and of the trader of Madagascar. Their normal life is war; their chief amusement is murder; the savage with most blood on his hands is a hero, and may become a god when he dies.

It was presumed that the Boer trek had passed into the swamps, but no native had seen the entry and no news came out and back to Lichtenburg. After several months of vain waiting and growing anxiety, a search for the trek was begun with the help of native scouts.

Every path leading into the marshes was traced for many miles by the searching parties, but no marks of Du Toit's trek were detected and no tidings of the missing party could be gathered from the natives. Yet every Africander persisted in the belief that the party was somewhere alive or that its fate could be learned. All African history has no record of a lost Boer; but, after hunting vainly for many weeks, the Portuguese government was on the point of giving up the attempt, and it was evident that the Boers must renew the search for their countrymen or it would be abandoned.

I had gone to Lorenzo Marques to select land for the same purpose as Du Toit in a territory beyond the stretch of British dominion. The mysterious disappearance of the Boer trekkers was table-talk in the little kiosks on the street-corners. Within an hour after my arrival a Portuguese colonel, who was seated at one of the tables, rose to meet me as I entered a kiosk and greeted me as an old acquaintance. I sat down to share a bottle of wine with him, and, after a few minutes of polite inquiries and flowery talk, he urged me to enlist in the hunt for the missing party.

The governor-general was persuaded to make one more trial, and my friend, Colonel Andreas, was put in command of a troop of four hundred men, with myself and a number of friendly natives as scouts.

On the second day the raw men showed signs of fatigue, and before the end of the third day the horses were fagged and plodded along with drooping heads.

As days went on, the column thinned out more and more, stretching out for over a mile. Millions of insects hovered over our marching troop, drinking our sweat and settling in such swarms that every man's back looked as if it were coated with flies' wings. One by one the stragglers in the rear would cry for help and drop swooning from their saddles. The horses, too, were falling from exhaustion. At intervals from the surrounding bush we would hear the sharp crack of a rifle, or an arrow humming like a frightened humming-bird would reach its mark in one of our ranks. It was idle for us to attempt pursuit. Before we could spur our tired horses to the cover, the lurking native would slip off into the thickets.

After a month of this traveling by forced marches, stopping only a few minutes to rest at a pool or stream, our ranks were too fatigued to go further. We knew that we were not far from the border of the swamps and the colonel determined to make the entry on foot.

In order to lighten the load of the

marching men to the uttermost, the lances were broken up and thrown away and the troopers carried nothing in their packs but stunted rations for a week. The horses were shot and our men tramped off to the marshes. We expected that the natives with us would be able to keep us supplied with game, and all who were not needed to carry our tents and cooking outfit were sent out to hunt for meat; but it seemed that they were unwilling to take the risks of a hostile country, for the hunters almost always returned empty-handed. We were forced to cut our rations to eight ounces a day, and, at length, to a few morsels of food; for we had misjudged the distance that lay between us and the swamps.

Finally, after a wearisome tramp for two weeks, our famishing troop came upon a long declivity stretching for miles before us. The horizon, veiled in a blue haze, was dotted by a black jungle, the margin of the dreadful marshes of Mozambique.

After some search we found a newly made path and followed its narrow way into the swamps.

I was leading the troop when I saw ahead a company of armed natives blocking the way. The path was so narrow that our troop could not



THEY DANCED AROUND THEIR VICTIMS

charge in force, and the screens of the swamp made an attack from them on the flanks and rear hard to resist. Still, it was impossible to retreat, and a bold front was the only resource. I leveled my rifle at the chief who headed the natives. He opened his arms, bearing his shield on the left and lifting his spear at full stretch in his right hand, so that his brawny, glistening body was fully exposed. His action meant: "I am a friend."

I lowered my rifle, and our troop was soon in friendly touch with the natives. The chief asked what we were seeking in the swamps and we told him that we were looking for the missing Boer trekkers. He told me that he had heard of their settlement in the country to the northwest beyond the swamps and would put us on the way to them. After resting for a few hours, the chief and his followers led us across the marshes by paths which we traveled for little more than a week until we came out into an open country where the kopjes were sticking up stiffly like the horns of a young koodoo.

We had hardly reached firm land when our soldiers fell sick. The only one of the company of unshaken spirit was the priest of the troop, a little gray-headed man who was constantly praying, with undimmed faith in God's help, while the men groaned and raved in the delirium of fever. We made hammocks of grass and bamboo poles and natives of the country agreed to carry our sick men for a few of our cartridges.

From the day that we left the swamps a string of graves stretched behind us. One after another of the little troopers fell out of the ranks. At length we passed the ridge which was pointed out to us as the last to be crossed before reaching the well-watered country called M'Wembi, where the missing party was most likely to be found.

With every passing day our troop dwindled away. Colonel Andreas had been prostrated by fever in the course of our march and was carried in a hammock to our halting place, where he lay for days too sick to take any charge of the camp.

As usual I left my tent about midnight to relieve the watch which the priest was keeping. He was praying before the flickering campfire and stood beside him for a moment silently. Suddenly a heart-shaking sound like the roar of lions, but with strange muffled tones, seemed to spring out of the earth beneath us. It rose and fell in swells, now loud and hoarse, now low and muttering.

I took a sextant from its box and

went out a little way from camp to a clear space where I could get our bearings. As I was finding my stars I saw a party of natives coming away from our tents, bearing a soldier in a hammock. I supposed that they were taking the body away to bury it. The experience was too common for me to question what they were doing. Once more, after a little time, the mysterious roars arose, and then they stopped and the night was still.

The next night I was aroused again by the strange roars. I took my arms and, half unknowing what I was doing, wandered off from the camp. In a clump of bushes not far away I heard a noise which grew more distinct as I approached. It was the peculiar weird chant of the natives. I crept through the bush and reached an open space where the natives were clustered. There, swung in a hammock, tied hand and foot, was one of our sick soldiers who I could see was still living, and around him danced half a hundred negroes. When the dance was over the blacks took the hammock and went off into the forest. I tried to follow, but my legs trembled and I fell to the ground.

Again the mysterious roars resounded through the darkness. In my

When we came in sight of the camp on the distant hillside the sun was setting. I decided that he would go to the camp with me and lay out a plan of action before the natives learned of the arrival of the Boer commando. We reached the tent under cover of the night, and Van Vigl for the first time heard the mysterious roaring that came out of the earth.

"My God!" he cried, "that's the roar of lions, but it is unearthly!" "You are right," I muttered. "It came from hell!"

We left the tents and made our way through the bush to the opening in the rocks. "When did you say they feed a man to these devils?" Jan asked. "I looked at the stars and saw it was about an hour from midnight." "In an hour, or perhaps two," I answered.

Without a word Van Vigl turned on his heel and walked away. I followed him down hill for some distance. "What shall we do?"

"We shall do what we always do— an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth! Return to the tent and when you hear an owl screech twice come back to the cave."

I returned to the camp, armed myself and filled my bandoleer with all the cartridges it would hold. After an impatient wait I heard the signal and made my way to the mouth of the den. As I passed through the bush a black figure rose before me.

"We are here," said Van Vigl. "If they come tonight the lions will have more than their fill!"

An hour passed, when the brushing of men through the bush caught our ears. In the opening a troop of men was carrying a body bound tight in a hammock. They halted before the cave and, a moment later, the torches illuminated the night, and they danced around their victim. Then, when the slow whirl ceased, two of them raised the body and carried it toward the mouth of the pit.

A roar of horrid welcome came from the depths of the den, cut by the crack of a rifle driving a bullet into the heart of the black nearest the hole. With a groan he dropped the hammock and fell dead. The natives hurried their torches to the ground and tried to escape. The bushes were riven with flashes as a merciless hail of bullets poured from the guns of the Boers. On every side dry grass and brush set on fire by the torches blazed up, showing the savages against the livid background.

Frantic with the pelt of the bullets and the raging flames that leaped from the grass around their bodies, they rushed in their madness toward the only break in the ring of rifle-men, unmindful that it was the mouth of the pit, or seeking any cover from the fire. In a moment we saw them plunging headlong into the depths of the den and heard the roaring rise to the pitch of fury as the waiting lions bounded on their prey.

When the last man fell with a screech we rushed forward and dragged the unconscious soldier from the burning grass.

The next day we returned to the den and filled the mouth with lighted bundles of bushes and dry grass to scare back the lions. When the fire burned out we entered and found the brutes suffocated by the smoke in the farthest recesses of the caves. Scattered about on the stony floor were fragments of human skeletons and rags and patches of clothing and leather, and we saw the tattered felt-soled shoes of the Boers mingled with the uniform of the Portuguese soldiers. Rings and trinkets, which Van Vigl's party recognized as belonging to the voortrekkers, made the horrid identifications beyond question.

There could be no possible doubt that the adventurous party of Piet Du Toit had fallen sick like our own and had been hurled, one by one, into the den by the fiendish natives of M'Wembi. Thanks to the coming of Van Vigl and his rescuing party in the nick of time, our colonel and the remnant of his party were saved.

I walked and crawled through the dorn bosch, but with daylight the trees vanished. There was nothing to do but rest, for I was not sure of the direction of the movement of the campers.

A few hours later gray columns of smoke rose perhaps five miles, to the south. Hungry and thirsting and bleeding from thorn scratches, I set out toward the smoke as fast as I could in my fatigued condition. Two hours' walk brought me in view of the unmistakable Boer laager, a square of white-topped wagons around which horses were hitched. Broad-shouldered bearded men, heavily armed and booted, sat around the fires. I cried with joy and, taking my hat in one hand and my rifle in the other, I waved them and staggered on as the campers rushed forward to meet me. It was a party of Boers searching for the same lost voortrekkers.

I told them in a few broken sentences my incredible story. Jan Van Vigl, the leader, listened to me intently.

Word was given to Inspan and, ten minutes later, oxen were dragging the groaning wagons in a long line across the country. I was placed on a horse and led the way.

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## THE GREAT MIDWAY

Sterling List of Attractions at the Michigan State Fair.

In arranging for its Midway attractions this year the Michigan State Fair dealt with Herbert A. Kline, who conducts a Carnival Company, and who puts on none but clean cut and interesting shows, fitting in with the policy of the State Fair management. Mr. Kline has a sterling list of attractions and the women and the children as well as the men will seek the Midway eagerly and find it reformed from the center of the grounds as was planned in the first place. There are many new and novel shows this year filling twenty-one huge tents and including the best only. There are no moving picture shows, and nothing is seen that is stale or out of the ordinary. There are animals galore and many of them are performers. There are trained seas and an Indian village, a large case of Japanese spinning mice, an inevitable fat woman, merry-go-round, dancers, an ostrich farm, and above all a lot of courteous attendants. The ostrich farm contains seven birds which are hitched to sulkeys. Some will cover the half-mile in very near the minute mark. The London Cakewalk and Roulette cause a roar of laughter all the time. The Oriental dromery, assisted by Arabs, are good in fencing, bouts. Quincy's three diving girls, Mills' Four-in-One, the Circling Wave and Jumping Horse Carousel, and other attractions are reported excellent. There is a large boa constrictor, and Ricker & Company's zoo contains a great collection of animals, including one or more specimens of every monkey in existence today. Purple storks, ant eaters and porcupines are to be seen by those able to withstand the spectacle. In the wild-beast show a tiger does a horse-back act. Benta the horse that does arithmetical sums, is also a great drawing card. The Samar twins are two youngsters gained by nature at the back. Rubins' original flea circus shows what human patience can do in training anything. There is also a dog and monkey hotel with no human being in the cast and the largest piece of amusement is the Indian village, several of the Indians being college graduates from Carlisle Indian School. These Indians indulge in some of the picturesque dances of their tribes.

## STATE BRIEFS.

Farmers in Hamtramck township and Macomb county have struck gas in quantity. Many of them are using it for power.

The thirty-fourth annual convention of the Michigan Funeral Directors' and Embalmers' association held a two days' session in Flint.

Mrs. Nicholas Weber, of Grand Rapids, was killed instantly by a motor car driven by John D. Murray, Jr. She walked in front of a street car directly into the path of the machine.

A coroner's jury in Lansing returned a verdict that Norma Breze, the Rives Junction farmer, was killed by a shot fired by Andrew Smith, who is under arrest for the crime. Smith has confessed.

Brighton Democrats organized a Wilson and Marshall club. State Chairman Edmund Shields, of the Democratic central committee, delivered an address. A. M. Cummins, of Lansing, candidate for congress, also spoke.

Attempting to get over a crossing a mile south of Bay View, Mrs. James Ferguson, 75 years old, was run down by a C. R. & I. passenger train and was instantly killed. The body was hurled nearly 30 feet from the right of way.

Burns operatives are working in Detroit, despite the fact that Operative Brennan has come out in the open. It is stated that several new men have come into the city and are following up the graft trails at the instance of the prosecutor.

Hotel Sizing is the name of a new \$20,000 hostelry which will be opened in Kalkaska in about two months, thus filling Kalkaska's greatest need. It will be a thoroughly modern, fire-proof structure, being of white brick, with a front of yellow brick.

At a meeting of the Grand Rapids millers and millers of western Michigan, the wheat situation in this section of the state was discussed. The present condition is uncertain. The millers, however, are afraid that the crop has been injured by heavy rains.

Karl C. Cloudman, a clerk employed in the postoffice at Maxton, on Drummond island, is held by Sheriff Bayless charged with forgery. He is charged with opening mail addressed to Joseph Warden, a trapper and extracting a check which he is alleged to have forged and cashed.

After an absence of two months from Sault Ste. Marie during which time they participated in the regular army maneuvers at Dubuque, Ia., and Sparta, Wis., 200 troops stationed at Fort Brady returned and were immediately ordered to the rifle range a few miles from the city.

John Bolinski, aged 25, a Polish laborer, is dying in a Saginaw hospital from wounds received when attacked by several of his countrymen. Bolinski attended a dance and it is said he caused trouble by taking Peter Dudewitz's sweetheart home. Dudewitz and another foreigner are locked up in the county jail.

Orders have been issued from the department of agriculture for the immediate establishment of weather bureau stations at Ludington and at Saginaw.

Gov. Osborn announces the appointment of John T. Owens, of Benton Harbor, as state oil inspector to succeed Frank S. Neal, of Northville. The appointment takes effect Sept. 1.

Two weeks ago Mrs. Harry Freese of Dayton was thrown from a load of hay and her hip was broken. Tuesday her husband was driving to a picnic when his horse ran away and threw him out. His collarbone was broken.

## MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Tells How She Keeps Her Health - Happiness For Those Who Take Her Advice.

Scottville, Mich. - "I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house."



"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has helped her."

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to your wonderful medicine."

- Mrs. J. G. Johnson, Scottville, Mich., R. F. D. 3

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for woman's ills known.

## Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Finest Quality - Largest Variety



"GILT EDGE" is the only shoe polish that positively contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes ladies and children's shoes and boots, shines without rubbing. 25c. "French Gloss" is the "STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of rubbers, tan shoes, 10c. "Dandy" size 25c. "QUICKWHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c and 25c. "ALBO" cleans and whitens canvas shoes. In round white cakes packed in tin boxes with sponge. 10c. In handkerchiefs aluminum boxes with sponge. 25c. If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us the price in stamps for a full-size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO. 20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.



## Legs raw with itching, burning eczema

Pittsburg, Pa., May 23, 1912. - "A friend of mine had big red blotches from all over his legs, body and arms. It was pronounced a very bad case of eczema. After two months' treatment he was suffering through tortures and would scratch his hands all over blood. His legs were like a piece of raw meat, itching and burning. For two months he slept scarcely any, but would get up and walk the floor. He says he simply felt as if he were burning up. After the case had lasted six months he began the use of Resinol Soap and Ointment. He was cured, and his skin was as clear as crystal."

(Signed) W. D. BUCHANAN, 903 Deely St.

Resinol samples mailed free. Your druggist tells and recommends Resinol Soap (25c) and Resinol Ointment (50c), but for generous sample of each, free, to Dept. R. K. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

## The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible - they not only give relief - they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

## DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

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

## READERS

of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.



## ABOUT "GROUNDING" LIGHTNING RODS

By A. R. Sawyer, Professor of Electrical Engineering.

An interesting experience in connection with the protection of buildings from lightning by means of "lightning rods" has just come to notice.

In the southern part of the state a barn was rodged and some time last fall (probably) the rod was pulled in two due to the barn being struck. The severed lightning rod was discovered this spring and repaired and since being repaired the barn was struck again and set on fire and four pigs outside the barn but near the rod were killed. The way in which the barn was rodged will throw some light on the cause of this.

In order to protect the copper cable from mechanical injury an inch and a quarter iron pipe was slipped over the rod and allowed to extend into the earth six inches or a foot, the pipe not being well grounded. The agent who put the rod up stated that the copper cable was burned in two about six inches below the top of the iron pipe, supposedly by a stroke which occurred last fall, the severed condition not being found until this spring. The short piece of rod was taken out and spliced. This piece which was taken out tells the story which is of considerable interest. Upon examining the broken piece it was found that the rod was not burned in two as there is no indication of any burning of wire. On the other hand the part that was in the upper six inches of the pipe was drawn up and expanded which put a tremendous pull on the lower part of the rod, and below the break the copper cable was reduced in diameter from seven-sixteenths to three-eighths, of an inch in diameter, which shows the tremendous pull that it took to break the cable in two.

The question of why the rod was pulled in two needs to be explained. In general, most lightning strokes constitute an alternating current of high frequency and this current in trying to go down the cable induced in the iron pipe by transformer action. The two reacted on each other just as often occurs at the time of a short circuit in connection with commercial circuits.

As stated before, after this was repaired the barn was struck again this spring and the discharge instead of going down the cable inside of the pipe jumped over to the iron track from which a door was hung and went to earth another way, setting fire to the building. At the same time the discharge going down the cable at the diagonally opposite corner met with similar difficulty in going down through the iron pipe surrounding the cable and instead was deflected and killed four pigs standing near.

The lesson to be learned from all this is just what one would predict who is acquainted with the action of alternating currents and just the mistake that is forbidden by the underwriters in wiring a house, that it is not allowable to run a single conductor in an iron pipe.

If one drives an iron pipe down into permanently moist earth and uses that for a ground this is usually approved, but should not be approved where the rod goes through an iron pipe which is not well grounded.

## VALUE OF SANDY SOILS EXPLAINED

By J. A. JEFFERY, Professor of Soils, Michigan Agricultural College.

At the present time considerable areas of sandy soil are being offered for sale in Michigan. These soils range from the coarse dune sands to the finer Miami fine sands. The greater part of the soils offered for sale are properly embraced under what is known as Miami sands.

The dune sands possess little or no agricultural value. The Miami sands vary from soils that possess much intrinsic agricultural value to soils that can never be profitably productive under ordinary methods of management.

The value of Miami sand will depend chiefly upon four things:

1. Its origin—Whether made up largely of material produced from the breaking down of granitic rocks and other rocks rich in plant food constituents, or whether made up of material chiefly silicious—pure quartz.

2. Upon the fineness of the material—The finer the material the greater is its water-holding capacity and the greater, also, the amounts of plant foods which it will give up for the use of the plant.

3. The subsoil—The finer the subsoil the more valuable are these lands for cropping purposes. It is not an uncommon thing to find areas of these Miami sands so coarse in appearance as to cause the observer to wonder at the excellent crops which they produce. The secret is found usually in an underlying subsoil of clay located 18 to 60 inches below the surface and having a depth of a few to several feet. This subsoil of clay is of value that: (a) It acts as a reservoir to hold the water in the soil above, and in itself, which otherwise would disappear downward by gravity, and (b) in that when close enough to the surface the roots of the growing crop above find their way into the clay itself, and

thus procure a larger supply of plant food.

4. The distance of the water table from the surface, regardless of the kind of underlying subsoil. That is, the distance which should have to be dug or driven to secure a well.

Indications of Cropping Values. The possible cropping value of these lands is indicated by the original vegetation which they are supporting, or have supported.

1. Nearly all of these sands originally covered by hard wood, such as maple, oak, beech, elm, etc., can be depended upon to produce fair to good crops.

2. Areas which originally supported good growths of white pine usually prove reasonably productive, and for some crops, such as potatoes and clover, quite productive.

3. Areas originally covered with Norway pines are uncertain.

4. Areas originally covered with Jack pine can rarely be depended upon for profitable crops, and never under ordinary methods of soil management.

5. Where the original forest vegetation has been removed the productivity of these soils is indicated by the density of the growth of grass, shrubs, brakes and other plants which occupy the ground.

It sometimes happens that the prospective purchaser of wild lands may form a fair estimate of the cropping value by observing the crops growing upon nearby cultivated areas having the same formation.

## GRAIN BAGGER IS CONVENIENT

By H. H. MUSSELMAN, Instructor in Farm Mechanics.

A cut is presented herewith of a convenient bagger which may be easily constructed by one at all familiar with the hammer and saw. The advantage of its use will be appreciated by the man who is obliged to fill bags with grain and without assistance.

The bagger is designed to be hung up at any convenient place on the wall or bin where screws, nails or spikes may be driven. The bagger may also be moved from one place to another. Another feature of the bag-holding attachment is that it will not tear the bags. In many schemes of this kind the bags are held by wire hooks, by which the bags are very likely to be torn, particularly if any considerable weight comes upon them, as for instance when a short bag is used, or when the bag happens to be hung rather high. In attaching the bag to the holder it is opened and caught over the four points. The right hand still holding the top of the bag is brought over the knob from below, hooking one thickness of the bag over the knob. The bag is then drawn taut

and the second thickness brought over the knob and under the clamp which is closed by simply pulling the handle to the right with the right hand. To make the clamp hold more securely the lower end may be notched slightly with a wood rasp or pocket knife.

The dimensions shown in the cut give about the right proportion to take the bag properly. Holes are bored in the back of the bagger, one on each end, for hanging over spikes or nails driven at any convenient place, as for instance, the front of a bin from which the grain is to be bagged.

Wheat as a Food for Horses. Concerning wheat as a horse food Shepperd of North Dakota writes: "It was with difficulty that they (the horses) were kept from getting 'off feed' and otherwise deranged in digestion, when fed this ration of pure wheat. A large proportion of the kernels were passed through the alimentary tract unbroken, while other grains were broken but only partly digested. The test demonstrated clearly that it is not advisable to use wheat alone as a grain ration for horses, and the less expert the feeder the greater the risk."

Reliable Information. The most reliable sources of information on farm questions are the experiment stations and agricultural colleges. The results of experiments performed and experiences gained by these institutions are published in bulletins form and these are free for distribution. If you are interested in better farming your name should be on the mailing list, and you should secure a list of the available bulletins of the Michigan experiment station, East Lansing, Mich.

Use for Cow Peas. On the sandy soils of southern Michigan the cow pea is being much used as a green manuring crop. Peas are sown at the rate of 3 pecks per acre, about the first week in June, and the crop is plowed under from the first to the middle of September. When wheat is sown after cow peas thus plowed under, the yields of wheat are greatly increased; and when clover is seeded with the wheat the following spring, it seldom fails to make an excellent catch.

## GEORGE SPEEDS AS THE POLICE HUNT

Four-Year-Old Chicago Boy Pedals Tricycle Ten Miles Through Busy Streets.

### DODGES ALL DANGER

Goes on Visit in Automobile With Parents and Decides to Ride Home on His Trusty Wheel—Four Hours Making the Run.

Chicago.—All long distance records, national, international and interplanetary, for that matter, for little boys four years old riding tricycles bareheaded in black shoes and stockings and white jumper suits were smashed to smithereens the other afternoon.

The new champion is George Reis, also known as Jo and Georgie, son of Dr. George W. Reis. He pedaled continuously without let, stop, or hindrance from 801 Windsor avenue to his home, 3247 Armitage avenue, about ten miles. He triumphed over many perils of the road, including strange dogs and railroad and street car tracks, and arrived at the end of his marathon as fresh as a daisy.

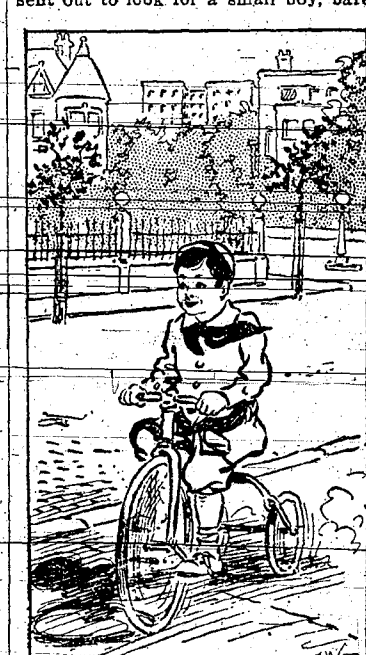
When his mother and father announced early in the afternoon that they were going over to the residence of George Remus, at 801 Windsor avenue, for a visit in their automobile, and that George had better get his face washed if he wanted to go along, the young athlete went out quietly to the back yard and brought his trusty tricycle around and placed it in the car. Then he performed his ablutions with a dexterity that astonished his mother.

When the Reis party arrived at the Remus domicile Georgie submitted to being chucked under the chin and asked what his name was and what he intended to be when he grew up to a man. He showed not one of his customary signs of discontent. But after all these tedious social formalities were over Georgie made an announcement.

"I guess I'll do out and take a wide," said he.

This was about four o'clock. At about five it was discovered that Georgie was missing. By 5:30 Mrs. Reis was nearly distracted. At six Dr. Reis, who had been down town on business, arrived at the Remus house in the car. Mrs. Reis promptly fell upon her husband's neck.

Dr. Reis called the police. He notified all the stations of the North and Northwest sides and bulletins were sent out to look for a small boy, bare



headed and wearing a white jumper suit, with shoes and stockings of conventional black.

Meanwhile Georgie was attending strictly to his road work. His objective point was his home at 3247 Armitage avenue, and he knew the road thoroughly, because he had traveled the route between it and the Remus house in his father's car dozens of times.

When the tricycle champion turned into Armitage avenue it was eight o'clock, and dusk was descending. Mrs. Reis was standing on the porch and straining her eyes into the distance, and her husband was standing beside her feeling just about as bad as it is possible for a father of a young "Tricycle Mike" to feel.

Suddenly there came down at the corner the faint but steady "clank, clank, clank" of weary little legs pushing hard against stubborn pedals, and then a little figure in white loomed up in the twilight.

"O, Georgie!" exclaimed Mrs. Reis, clasping her small marionette.

"O, muvver," said Georgie, "div me somink to eat."

Tramp Shows \$250,000. Omaha, Neb.—Arrested as a vagrant and lodged in the city hall all night, Mike Curtain in police court produced more than \$250,000 from an old bandanna handkerchief. Curtain was picked up with several tramps. "I can't neither read nor write and I have to carry my money around with me," explained Curtain, who proved to be a wealthy farmer from Hamilton county, Nebraska.

## POPULAR SYMBOL OF VALUE

Young Man Evidently Was Lacking in His Appreciation of the Country's Statesmen.

There is plenty of food for cynical thoughts in the national capital, as is shown by the following incident which happened on a Washington street car:

A worldly young man, prone to criticism, was gazing at the advertisements which decorate the interior of the car. One advertised a new kind of collar for men. The dome of the capitol was represented encircled by one of the collars, and on the other side were placards giving prices and sizes. The placard on the senate end of the capitol read, "Quarter size," and that on the other end said, "Two for a quarter."

The worldly cynical young man turned to his companion.

"That," he remarked, "just about expresses my opinion of some of these here congressmen."—Judge.

Instinctive.

"So you took your wife to the baseball game?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton.

"Did she enjoy it?"

"Only part of it. She thought they wasted a great deal of time running around the lot, but she thought the arguments with the umpire were quite interesting."—Washington Star.

## CHILD'S FACE ALL RED SPOTS

632 N. 5th St., Terre Haute, Ind.—"My little nephew, a boy of four years, had a breaking out on his face. It was little red spots at first, then he would rub and scratch and water blisters would form, and wherever the water would run another would come until his face was covered with them.

He would cry and fret. His mother got some medicine, but it did not do any good. He would scream and cry and say it hurt. We hardly knew him, his little face was all red spots and blisters. So I begged him to let me put some Cuticura Ointment on them. The next morning I made a strong soap suds with Cuticura Soap and washed his face in the warm suds. The little blisters burst by pressing the cloth on them. After I had his face washed, I put the Cuticura Ointment on and in a short time his little face was all red and dry. I kept using the Cuticura Soap and putting on the Cuticura Ointment and his face got as well and it did not leave a scar. He was entirely cured in about one week and a half!" (Signed) Mrs. Arthur Haworth, Jan. 19, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Child's Fear of the Dark. If mother's notice that the brains of very susceptible organization and the sights and thoughts from the shadows of a room more or less dark, let the light burn brightly. To force a child to become accustomed to the darkness is a grave error, if its nervous system is so organized that this forcing is productive of a fright.

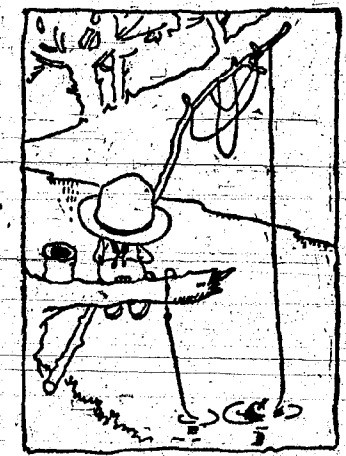
The nervous system of a child is a very susceptible organization and the deleterious impressions made upon it will often make their influence felt throughout its whole after life. If the child asks for a light under such circumstances do not refuse it.

Lots of people are more anxious to pay their social obligations than their debts.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer.

A man knows more at 21 than he can unlearn between that and 60.

## SMALL WONDER.



The Fisherman—Doggone it, I've sit here for an hour and ain't even got a bite yet.

Really Had Best of It.

John Burroughs is well known as one of the foremost of nature writers in this country. Some time ago he visited his brother, Eden Burroughs, who lives in the Catskills, at a place called Hobart. The two brothers went fox hunting together. The honor of the hunt came to Eden, who shot the only fox. It so happened that fox-skins were worth five dollars at that time, and the successful Nimrod took much pride in telling how he got the "lovely" specimen. "You see," he boasted to a few friends about it in the presence of his brother, John, he was interrupted by, "You have bragged about that fox hunt long enough. You shot the fox, sold the skin and got five dollars. I wrote a little account of the hunt, and got \$75 from the magazine which published it. So there you are!"

The Other Way 'Round.

A good little story, long current in England, is just now gaining American circulation. It has for leading characters Rudyard Kipling and Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's little grandchild. Kipling was visiting Hawarden, and being fond of children, devoted himself to little Miss Dorothy until her anxious mother expressed the hope that the child had not been wearing the great author.

"Oh, no, mamma," spoke up Dorothy, before any one else had a chance to say anything, "but you have no idea how Mr. Kipling has been wearing me!"

Kind Man.

A local philanthropist ordered a fan for himself, a nice electric buzzer. He also took the key out of the door so that some of the air could go through the keyhole into the adjoining room, where there are eight peering clerks.

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston, Mass., will send a large trial box of Factice Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request.

Job Not Satisfactory. "I'm a self-made man," said the proud individual.

"Well, you're all right except as to your head," commented the listener.

"How's that?"

"The part you talk with is too big for the part you think with."

A CURE FOR PILES. Cole's Carbolic stops itching and pain and cures piles. All druggists, 25 and 50c.

Even the man who is his own worst enemy is always ready to forgive himself.

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

Your discretion might look like cowardice in another.

## HARD FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

It's hard enough to keep house in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering all of the time with an aching back has a heavy burden to carry. Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered at all. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of women suffering in this way. It is the best recommended special kidney remedy.



Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c a Box

Doan's Kidney Pills

## USE ABSORBINE, JR. FOR SWOLLEN VARICOSE VEINS, PAINFUL, KNOTTED, TORTURED, BAD LEGS, MILK LEG, THROMBOSIS, ELEPHANTIASIS.

It takes out the inflammation, soreness and discoloration; relieves the pain and tiredness; reduces the swelling, gradually restoring part to normal strength and appearance. ABSORBINE, JR., is a mild, safe, pleasant antiseptic liniment, healing and soothing. Severe cases where veins have ulcerated and broken have been completely and permanently cured. First few applications of ABSORBINE, JR., will give relief and prove its merit. \$1.00 and \$2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Detailed directions, reports on recent cases and Book 6 G free on request. W.F. Young, P.O. 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

## Health And Success

are such intimate relations that no one can be expected to be well acquainted with success who does not keep good hold on health. Most serious sicknesses start in minor troubles of the digestive organs. Thousands know by actual experience that health and strength—and therefore success—

## Are Increased By Use of

Beecham's Pills in time, and before minor troubles become deep-seated and lasting. This famous family remedy will clear your system, regulate your bowels, stimulate your liver, tone your stomach. Then your food will properly nourish you and enrich your blood. You will be healthy enough to resist disease—strong enough to take due advantage of opportunity after taking, as needed.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere in boxes 10c., 25c. W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 34-1912.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

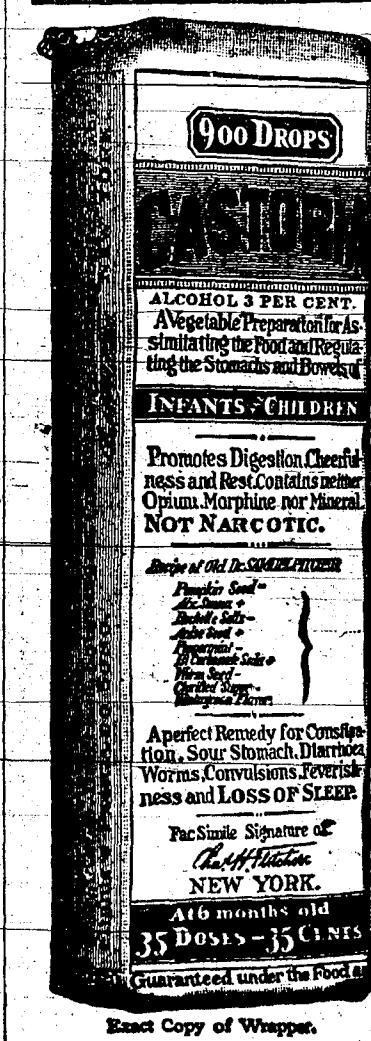
## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS.

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.





**Constipation, if Neglected, Causes Serious Illness**

Constipation, if neglected, leads to almost innumerable complications affecting the general health. Many cases of typhoid fever, appendicitis and other severe diseases are traceable to prolonged clogging of the bowels. Regarding the effects of constipation, C. E. Ayers, of Sabin S. Montpelier, Vt., says: "I was afflicted with constipation and biliousness for years, and at times became so bad I would become unconscious. I have been found in that condition many times. Physicians did not seem to be able to do me any good. I would become weak and for days at a time could do no work. Not long ago I got a box of Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets, and after using them found I had never tried anything that acted in such a mild and effective manner. I believe I have at last found the remedy that suits my case."

Thousands of people are sufferers from habitual constipation and while possibly realizing something of the danger of this condition, yet neglect to long to employ proper curative measures until serious illness often results. The advice of all physicians is, "keep your bowels clean," and it's good advice. Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets are sold by all druggists, at 25 cents a box containing 25 doses. If not found satisfactory, your money is returned.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

**REV. CHAS. SAGER, D.D.**  
August 28, 1926  
60 Ann St., New York City  
Dear Sir: I have known for over 40 years of the effects of Wilson's Remedy (Wilson's Preparation of Hypophosphites and Biotin) in cases of pulmonary troubles. At this point I will say to you what you have not before known of. At 42 years of age, while I was a resident of N. Y. City, I was severely ill with lung trouble. Physicians and 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 able to work ever since my cure. Yours truly,  
REV. CHAS. SAGER,  
Pastor M. E. Church, Hunter, (Orleans Co.) N. Y.  
On Dec. 1, 1921, 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.

**C. A. Sweet**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office Over  
East Jordan Lumber Co. Store.  
Office Hours: 10:00 to 12:00 a. m.,  
2:00 to 5:00 p. m.  
Telephone: Office, 73-2; Res., 73-3.

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

**Dr. G. W. Bechtold**  
DENTIST  
Over Loveland's Real Estate Office.  
Office Hours: 8:00 to 12 a. m., 1:00 to 5:00 p. m.  
Evenings by Appointment.

**Dr. C. H. Pray**  
Dentist  
Office Hours:  
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.  
And Evenings.  
Phone No. 228.

**It's Time To Plant a Tree**  
We are prepared to furnish you Shade Trees of any description, Lawns Grade and put in first class condition. Sodding a specialty  
**Wm. Tate**  
East Jordan, R. F. D., 4

**KEEP OLD CUSTOM AT ETON**

Distribution of Small Coins to the Scholars Was First Begun 400 Years Ago.

Eton has celebrated "threepenny day" when a new threepenny piece is presented to each of the pupils. The custom was founded nearly 400 years ago by Roger Lupton, who was provost of the college from 1502 to 1535. Lupton arranged with the fellows for an annual distribution of money on the anniversary of his death. The provost received 2s. 8d., the fellows, headmaster and Lupton's chaplain, 1s. 4d., the other chaplains and usher, 8d., and the scholars and choristers, 1d. each.

The scholars still get this penny in the threepenny pieces distributed to them on February 27, the other two pence being from the gift of Provost Boat, Lupton's predecessor as provost. There was a tradition at Eton which has been disproved, but which subsists to the present day, that half a sheep is what the collegier is really entitled to, and that the college evade their obligation by giving the value of half a sheep in the Middle Ages. Some time in the middle of the last century a boy named Charles Henry Bramwell, on being tendered his threepence by Bethell, one of the fellows, said: "No, thank you, sir; I want my half sheep."

"Bethell flew into an awful rage," says the late Montagu Williams, who tells the story, "and exclaimed: 'I'll mention this matter to Dr. Hawtrey and have you flogged,' and flogged the unfortunate youth was."

**JUDGMENT BY THE KIMONO**

Womans Size Each Other Up by a Method Which They Consider is Infalible.

Even as men judge one another by a Masonic emblem, an Elk pin or the band of a cigar, so do women in sleeping cars weigh each other according to the rules of the Ancient Order of the Kimono.

Seven seconds after Emma McChesney first beheld the negligee that stood revealed in the dim light she had its wearer neatly weighed, marked, listed, docketed and placed.

It was a kind of kimono that is associated with straw-colored hair, and French heeled shoes and overfed dogs at the end of a leash.

The Japanese are wrongly accused to having perpetrated it. In pattern it showed bright green flowers that never were sprawling on a purple background. A diamond bar fastened it not too near the throat.

It was one of Emma McChesney's boasts that she was the only living woman who could get off a sleeper at Bay City, Mich., at 5 a. m. without looking like an immigrant just dumped at Ellis Island.

Traveling had become a science with her, as witness her seamy, iceable dark-blue silk kimono, and her hair in a schoolgirl braid down her back—American Magazine.

**Stomach Rebelled Against Tacks**

"I remember swallowing a few brads," casually admitted a Philadelphia shoemaker the other day, whose internal pains had puzzled the doctors for a year. The "few brads" turned out to be about a hundred brass tacks, which the X-rays showed to be sticking in the walls of the man's stomach. For the last ten years he had been using his mouth as a temporary tack-box while at work at his bench, and he was quite philosophical when occasionally one or two eluded his palate and slipped down his throat. The surgeons who examined him say that one section of the man's stomach has more tacks in it than the sole of a boot, and an operation is to be performed in the Philadelphia hospital, in which he lies, with the hope of saving his life.

**Influence of College Men**

As educated men filter through the community, reforms are obtained that twenty years ago seemed millennial. The separation of local from state sources of revenue, the separation of local from national elections, the treatment of a franchise as valuable property, the discriminating between ordinary industry and natural monopoly, the practice of scientific charity and penology, the concentration of responsibility in government—these and a score of other good things which once seemed as far above popular comprehension as four-dimensional space, have come to pass, thanks chiefly to the radiations from the classrooms—Century Magazine.

**Receiver Has Sanitary Ear Pad**

Sanitary attachments for the transmitters of telephones are numerous in this country, but France has gone one better in the matter of a sanitary pad for the receiving end of the telephone. The ordinary hard-rubber ear-piece of the monophone type of instrument, which is much used in France, is removed and its place taken by a round pad formed of 250 leaves of sterilized paper. Every time the telephone is used one of the leaves is torn off. The purpose of the pad is, of course, to protect the ear from being soiled—Popular Mechanics.

**Contrast**

Upton Sinclair at a vegetarian dinner in New York condemned certain laws. "We scrap machinery that is five or ten years old," said Mr. Sinclair, "but we are content to live under laws framed three centuries ago."

**ECZEMA OF THE SCALP**

AFTER 20 YEARS SUFFERING SAXO SALVE BRINGS RELIEF.

"For 20 years I suffered with dry eczema of the scalp during which time I had tried every so called eczema remedy on the market without benefit. At last I saw Saxo Salve advertised and decided to try it—and after using one tube, for the first time in 20 years I am free from that terrible itching and scaly dandruff. I wish every one suffering from eczema or other skin troubles only knew what a wonderful remedy Saxo Salve is. T. P. Thompson, Hopkenville, Ky.  
Saxo Salve allays the frightful itching and burning of eczema, destroys the germs and heals the skin. You cannot do better than to try it for eczema, tetter, ringworm or any skin affection. We give back your money if Saxo Salve does not satisfy you.

W. C. Sprague Drug Co.

**BEEES AT WORK ALL THE TIME**

In Many Localities There is No Closed Season for Those Indefatigable Laborers.

Although bees are apt to turn out on any sunshiny day, the bulk of their work is done by the first of November and they have retired for their winter's sleep. The beekeeper must now put cushions into the tops of the hives, taking only what honey he is sure can be spared by the bees, and leave them for their hibernation.

In Florida there is no such work to do, says a writer in Outing. The bees work all winter, and they have as good feed in February and March as they do in July. The orange orchards are alive with the honey gatherers, and their buzzings blend into almost a roar in March, for that is when the orange flowers are open; but it must be confessed that the honey has a twang, something like the acidity of an orange, and it does not compare at all with that made from the basswood.

Besides the orange there are successive flowerings of legumes of all sorts all the year, every one having a positive flavor and very few of them giving to honey a familiar flavor. Yet Florida is a natural home of the bee, and honey in the southern states will yet become as familiar a product as cane sugar.

In the Mississippi valley and elsewhere professional beekeepers carry their hives to the south to meet the coming of the flowers early in the season, turning around toward the north and carrying them to gather the later sweets from later flowering apples and berries. In this way, or by carrying them up and down mountain sides, the feeding spells on clover or basswood and other trees can be greatly lengthened.

**Yellow Writing Paper Easy on Eyes**

Oculists have often called attention to the fact that the eyes are easily fatigued by the reflection from white paper, especially when the surface is under a strong light. Since green is known to be the color most restful to the eyes, it is a common practice to use wall-papers and draperies of that color in libraries and private studies. For writing paper, however, green is an unsatisfactory color. It imparts a reddish appearance to the writing, and makes it hard to read.

Yellow writing paper is not open to the same objection. In strong daylight it is softer than pure white paper, and in artificial light is not too dark. Black letters on a yellowish background show clear and distinct. Many mathematicians use yellow paper in figuring long and difficult calculations, and many writers have adopted it for manuscripts. It has the additional merit of cheapness—Youth's Companion.

**V. A. Smith, Bridgeton, Ind., had kidney trouble for years, and was so crippled with rheumatism he could not dress without help. He started using Foley Kidney Pills, and says: "I began to get better at once, and now at my trouble has left me, and I do not feel that I ever had rheumatism. I rest well at night and though 59 years old, can now do the work of a man of 35 years. I would like to be the means of others getting benefit from Foley Kidney Pills." Refuse substitutes. Hites Drug Store.**

**Man and the Mammoth**

The skeleton of a mammoth discovered in the department of Pas de Calais, France, measures 49 1/2 feet in length. The head is well preserved, with finely enamelled molars of the true Siberian type, thus furnishing one more proof that the whole country was once a land of ice and snow. At a dinner given recently on a sand-bar in the Danube an attempt was made to convey an idea of the food consumed by man in the time of the mammoth. Cabbage soup cooked over hot stones, horse ham, roast pork with boiled millet, and turnips cooked in hot ashes composed the bill of fare. The dessert was dried pears and honey.—Harper's Weekly.

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**Exaggerated Expectations**

"I'm afraid," said Bronco Bob, "that Plute Pete's ideas of the game is getting in kind o' warped."  
"What's the trouble?"  
"Every time he plops up a hand an' ends less than three aces he thinks it was a square deal."

**IMPRESSES THE OFFICE BOY**

Chicagoan Enthusiastic Over Scheme Which He Claims is Great Success in New York.

Gerald Jones came here from Chicago. Consequently there are a number of things about New York which he compares with the same things in Chicago—much to the disadvantage of New York. One that chiefly irritates him is the office boy habit here, the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent writes. Gerald Jones enters the office of a friend of his. A small, cynical boy meets him at the mahogany rail. Mr. Jones declares that he wishes to see his old college pal, P. Norval Smith. The small boy demands a card, and hands him a blank form. "Write here what you want to see him about," says the small boy.

Mr. Jones protests. What he wants to see Smith about is something that he does not propose to confide to any small boy in the world—especially to a small boy toward whom he feels a sentiment perilously approaching hate. He waves his hand. He directs the small boy in a lordly way to take his name and be quick about it, and never mind the card. "Just say Jerry Jones is here," he says to the small boy. The small boy puts back the hunk of gum and sits down on his slippery little bench and indicates with an air of finality that there will be nothing doing until he gets the card he asked for and the full history of Mr. Jones' recent past. If Mr. Jones gets in to see P. Norval Smith it is only by assenting to the terms made by the small boy. Therefore, Mr. Jones has had a fresh set of cards printed for use upon the office boys of his friends. They bear the most awe inspiring names—Jim Jeffries, for example, and James J. Corbett and Packey McFarland and Cut Throat Jenkins, the terror of the gulch. He observes that the small New York boy is not well posted upon the life and crimes of Bloody Hand Ben, the scourge of the Sierras, but every one of them knows all about the men of the ring. "And tell that old fool Smith," he bellows, in the character of Tom Sharkey, "that if he doesn't come out here I'll beat him to death."  
Gerald Jones is perfectly happy. He knows how to circumvent the office boy.

**WORTHY OF GREAT MONARCH**

King of Sardinia's Eminent Manner of Concealing Kindness Done to Impoverished Follower.

The King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, was very kind and obliging to the French royalists who were at Turin. The Duke of P., with whom he was connected, had an employment about the court—he had been severely wounded, and lost a leg in the affair of the Three Days. The king heard that the duke was anxious to visit the king and royal family at Prague, but that his finances were not favorable to so long a journey. His majesty, therefore, thought of an expedient which would enable the duke to gratify his loyalty, without his feelings being wounded.

"Duke," he said, "would you do me the favor to choose some horses for me in Bohemia; and as your best way will be through Prague, of course, you will pay respects to the royal family there."

As the journey was on the king's service, the duke could feel no reluctance about having his expenses paid.

**The Overwrought Nerves**

Fresh air will string up any group of nerves not hopelessly demoralized. When you feel that "flying to pieces" inclination overtaking you, jerk yourself to order with the check rein of determination and then, if you cannot regain self-control, stop anything on earth you may be doing and go out of doors. If you cannot leave the home, lean out of a window, or step for a little while on a porch. You will not lose any time you will, in fact, gain time by increasing efficiency in whatever you may be doing. Sleep also is a great restorer of nerves to a normal tone, and sleeping with all windows open secures for us two nerve curers at the same time. In foods, raw onions, carrots, lettuce and celery, with plenty of olive oil, are excellent nerve foods, all valuable as aids in the good work, but the chief remedy is strong will and the compelling of your body to obey your mind.

**Man and the Mammoth**

The skeleton of a mammoth discovered in the department of Pas de Calais, France, measures 49 1/2 feet in length. The head is well preserved, with finely enamelled molars of the true Siberian type, thus furnishing one more proof that the whole country was once a land of ice and snow. At a dinner given recently on a sand-bar in the Danube an attempt was made to convey an idea of the food consumed by man in the time of the mammoth. Cabbage soup cooked over hot stones, horse ham, roast pork with boiled millet, and turnips cooked in hot ashes composed the bill of fare. The dessert was dried pears and honey.—Harper's Weekly.

**Exaggerated Expectations**

"I'm afraid," said Bronco Bob, "that Plute Pete's ideas of the game is getting in kind o' warped."  
"What's the trouble?"  
"Every time he plops up a hand an' ends less than three aces he thinks it was a square deal."

**IT'S THE BEST POLISH I EVER USED**



That's What Every One Says Who Tries

**Black Silk Stove Polish**

Don't imagine for a moment that all brands of stove polish are the same. Don't get the idea that to keep a nice glossy shine on your stove you must black it every few days. It's not a question of oft-repeated application. It's a question of the stove polish to use. Black Silk Stove Polish is so much better than other stove polishes that there is absolutely no comparison. It's a class all by itself. It makes a brilliant glossy shine that doesn't rub or dust off. It adheres to the iron—becomes a part of the stove. It makes old stoves look like new and lasts four times as long as any other shine. Get a can and give it a trial. Try it on your parlor stove, your cook stove, or your gas range. If you do not find it the best stove polish you ever used, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Black Silk Stove Polish has been made by the same formula and sold under one name for 30 years. Here is what some of the ladies write us:

"I sent you for a can of Black Silk Stove Polish and found it so much better than any I had ever used that I asked my hardware dealer to order a supply. He did, and is now selling nearly everyone in the place your polish. I had no idea there could be such a difference in stove polishes."

"I was visiting friends and they used Black Silk Stove Polish on their stoves. It made the best shine I ever saw, and after blacking the polish did not rub or dust off. It is way ahead of any polish I have ever used."

Ask Your Dealer for Black Silk Stove Polish and refuse a counterfeit brand. If you have the best, made in liquid or paste—one quantity.

**Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Ill.**  
Use Black Silk Air-Drying Enamel for grates, tinders, registers, stove pipes, etc. Prevents rusting. Not affected by heat or cold. Produces a permanent glossy black surface. Can, with brush for applying enamel, be used on any metal. Ask your dealer.  
Use Black Silk Metal Polish for nickel, brass, silverware or tinware. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

"A Shine in Every Drop"

**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."

**Lombard Plums**

We have arranged for a number of bushels of Lombard Plums and people looking for canning stock will do well to consult us before buying.

**Fresh and Cooked Meats**

Native and Chicago Steaks, Pork, Veal, Lamb, Chicken, Sausage.  
Fresh Fish Every Friday.  
Boiled Ham, Minced Ham, Luncheon Loaf, Frankfurts, Bologna, Summer Sausage.

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