

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 16

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1912.

No. 47

Y. M. C. A.

County Organization Effected Last Saturday

The members of the Y. M. C. A. county committee met at Boyne City Saturday to plan for future work. It was found upon investigation that enough money had been raised by pledges to warrant permanent organization and it is hoped to begin work by December 1.

A constitution, similar in form to that followed in the other counties, was adopted. The officers as chosen for the ensuing year are: A. L. Coulter, Charlevoix, president; Hon. W. J. Pearson, Boyne Falls, vice-president; Harry Potter, East Jordan, secretary; and S. C. Smith, Boyne City, treasurer. The executive committee will consist of the above named officers and W. H. Shaw and W. H. White of Boyne City, Hon. A. Butters and R. W. Kane of Charlevoix and W. P. Porter of East Jordan. It was authorized this committee to engage a permanent secretary and begin work as soon as possible.

Secretary Van Dis of the Boys' department of the State Y. M. C. A. was present and fully explained how the work had been successfully carried out in other counties of the state and the members of the committee feel sure the work will be a success in this county. Not only the boys living in the city but those in the country districts will be reached and given a chance to take advantage of the opportunities this organization offers them.

Plums for Hedges and Windbreaks.

Several of the plums are exceedingly good for hedges and windbreaks. At the same time they give fairly good crops. Among the very best for this purpose are Lombard, or Bleeker, as it is called in New York. This tree is given to suckering, and will grow anywhere, and it will bear profusely under most adverse conditions. In two or three cases where it was inclined to get out of bounds I have allowed it to make as much growth as it pleased after its own wild taste. It will bear on twigs 5 or 6 feet high, and will lead down branches that get up to 15 feet. Such a hedge need not be trimmed except to occasionally cut out a broken or dead limb. You must however be on the lookout not to let it take possession of more soil than you can afford to give it.

Coe's Goldendrop is another plum that you can let take care of itself until it forms a good, stout windbreak, and it will give annually a big load of plums. The Damsons, all of them, will make hedges and some of them will give loads of plums at the same time. Victoria is another, a large magnificent red plum, and this also likes to bear in the hedge style. Washington is another. This is a superb plum, and very productive.

The Japanese hybrids give us quite a number that will make good hedges if you can get them in their own roots. I have not been able as yet to do this, except with Abundance.

It is not at all difficult to get Lombard, Coe and the Damsons to root above the graft. I imagine that Feltenburg would be an ideal tree for the purpose if you could get it on its own roots.

Trees should be set about 5 feet apart and allowed considerable individuality. Their limbs will soon interlock, but it must not be left to form a mere wall of ventilation. Guidance and trimming should be given continually. A whole row, when grown, should present very much the appearance of a single well-trimmed tree. Such a hedge may be as neatly ornamental as one of privet or hemlock, only it is allowed to grow up and bear fruit, serving as a windbreak as well as hedge.

Were it not for the lazy men in the world lots of labor saving devices would never be invented.

Mrs. Emma Maier, 627 N. 7th St., Springfield, Ill., says her kidney trouble resulted from an operation; "From then until I used Foley Kidney Pills I did not know what a well day was. Then my backache left me that tired dragged down feeling was gone, I slept soundly and awoke refreshed. I had no more headache or dizzy spells." Safe and sure. Try them. Hites Drug Store. (adv.)

Circuit Court Jurors.

Gentlemen of the jury. Court will convene Monday December the 2nd.
I. N. Conrad Boyne City, 1st Ward
Harry Rotheburger Boyne City, 2nd Ward
Byron J. Quick Boyne City, 3rd Ward
Wm. Isaman Boyne City, 4th Ward
Robt. W. Paddock Charlevoix 1st Ward
John Withers Charlevoix, 2nd Ward
John Burns Charlevoix, 3rd Ward
Charles Brown East Jordan, 1st Ward
Oscar Mackey East Jordan, 2nd Ward
Anton Walstead East Jordan, 3rd Ward
Charles Holt Wilson
Charles Kotasky Bay
Herman Houseman Boyne Valley
Samuel Davis Chandler
Emmet Coulter Charlevoix
Virgil Gridley Evangeline
William H. Johnson Eveline
Albert O'Brien Hays
A. B. Woodward Hudson
J. H. O'Neil Marion
Delbert Hinkley Melrose
Amidon E. Stafford Norwood
John C. Gallager Peaine
James Lee Winnie St. James
DANIEL S. PAYTON
County Clerk.

He is a successful farmer who is able to raise a mortgage.
A girl seldom scores a hit if she throws herself at a man's head.

There is a great deal of flapdoodle about the Mad Rush of the city, as we are reminded every time an inflated clothing returns to his home town and finds fault, because it is Too Slow. As a matter of fact, there are all sorts of people in the city, including some much slower than those to be found around an isolated crossroads, and it is the observation of one who has worked in both places that the population of the small town put in harder ticks than their city cousins who might be following a similar occupation. There being less to distract attention, it is natural enough for the rural residents to labor longer in the vineyard, and a good deal of the Mad Rush of the city is devoted to getting home on time to dress to come down town again, or to get down in time the next morning after staying out too late.

Twinges of rheumatism, backache, stiff joints and shooting pain all show your kidneys are not working right. Urinary irregularities, loss of sleep, nervousness, weak back and sore kidneys tell the need of a good reliable kidney medicine. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic, strengthening, and restorative. They build up the kidneys and regulate their action. They will give you quick relief and contain no habit-forming drugs. Hites Drug Store. (adv.)

Commission Proceedings

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the City Hall, Monday evening, November 18, 1912. Absent, Steffes, Hudson and Kenny. No quorum being present meeting was adjourned.

Adjourned regular meeting of the City Commission held at the City Hall, Tuesday evening, November 19, 1912.

Meeting was called to order by Mayor ten Hudson. Present, Hudson and Kenny (2); absent, Steffes (1). Minutes of last meeting were not read.

Moved by Hudson supported by Kenny, that M. J. Quinn be granted permission to tap the sewer on Garfield street. Carried.

On motion by Hudson supported by Kenny, the following bills were allowed and the clerk instructed to draw orders for same.

City Treas. payment of street labor..... \$ 20.80
City Treas. election and registration expenses..... 81.00
Geo. Carr, broken window..... 9.15
James B. Clow and sons, balance on acc't..... 5.18
Samuel La Fave, fixing drain..... 3.00
E. J. Plating Mills Co., repairs on power house..... .75
E. Hammond, selling cemetery lots..... 14.00

A. Walsted, repairing steam roller..... 1.40
G. A. Lisk, printing..... 12.25
Dan Goodman, mdse..... 47.49
Fred Bissonet, sprinkling streets..... .50
C. O. Mack, salary..... 228.96
E. J. Hise Co. Price fire and false alarm..... 29.00
H. L. Winters, service as engineer..... 20.00
Mrs. E. Newson, supper for election board..... 3.50
Chris Taylor, supper for election board..... 3.50
Fred Miner, supper for elec. board..... 3.50
Total..... \$ 483.70

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenny, that the City Attorney be instructed to draft an ordinance, compelling the removal of all paper trees where they interfere with sewers, water mains, sidewalks or pavements and the further planting of such trees where similar conditions may arise. Carried.

Moved by Hudson, supported by Kenny to adjourn. Carried.
ORIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1913 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1913 is now ready. It is the most splendid number of this popular Year-Book ever printed. Its value has been more than ever proven by remarkable fulfillments of its storm, weather and earthquake forecasts this year. Professor Hicks justly merits the confidence and support of all the people. Don't fail to send 35c for his 1913 Almanac, or only \$1 for his splendid Magazine and Almanac one year. The best one dollar investment possible in any home or business. Send to Word and Works Publishing Company, 3401 Franklin Av., St. Louis, Mo.

Glasses Fitted

J. Leahy, the Optometrist, will again be at the Russell House Monday, Nov. 25th, until Tuesday night. Headache cured, crossed eyes straightened, fitting children's eyes a specialty. Glasses guaranteed to fit.

Notice Citizens Mutual

I have started suit against 100 policy holders and shall sue all who do not pay. Return day at Cheboygan Nov. 22, at Petoskey Nov. 26, at Charlevoix Nov. 29. Any wishing to look over the books are welcome.
JESSE L. BARABE,
Receiver.

Even if a man is a "big gun" the wolf may camp on his doorstep.

Mrs. Peter Holan, 11501 Buckeye Road, S. E., Cleveland, O., had a little son with a bad case of whooping cough. She says: "He coughed until he was blue in the face. I gave him Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and the first few doses had a remarkable and almost immediate effect. A few more doses cured him. Yes, indeed I can recommend Foley's Honey and Tar Compound." In the yellow package. Hites Drug Store. (adv.)



Main Street, Looking North From State Street, Showing Part of New Pavement.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. A. D. Grigsby, Pastor.

Every one is reminded that Thursday next is Thanksgiving day and agreeable with our own instincts of what is right and fitting and in compliance with the proclamation of the Governor a union service will be held in the Presbyterian Church at 10:30 prompt. Rev. T. Porter Bennett will preach the sermon. The public are urged to make an effort to be present and prepared with an offering to help make some one who is poorer and perhaps hungry and suffering a little less sad at this Thanksgiving season. Usual services in Presbyterian Church next Sunday, both morning and evening and the pastor will preach. Every one invited and heartily welcome.

All women love a lover—but most married men feel sorry for him.
Many a man who marries and settles down merely subsides under pressure.

Most men would rather give their wives credit for what they do than to give them money.
It's human nature to want to profit by the mistakes of others rather than by our own.

James Therto, Iron River, Mich., says of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound: "This winter both my child and I were troubled with bad coughs. We used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and it promptly cured us. I can recommend it as a good cough and cold cure." Contains no opiates. Hites Drug Store. (adv.)

The airship chauffeur looks down on the chap who runs an automobile.
Soon after marriage a girl's brain ceases to be a dream factory.

EMPEY BROS. are not surpassed in this country for Rugs. They are certainly head quarters for Rugs of all sizes. 27x34, 30x42, 36x48, 40x54, 44x60, 48x66, 52x72, 56x78, 60x84, 64x90, 68x96, 72x102, 76x108, 80x114, 84x120, 88x126, 92x132, 96x138, 100x144, 104x150, 108x156, 112x162, 116x168, 120x174, 124x180, 128x186, 132x192, 136x198, 140x204, 144x210, 148x216, 152x222, 156x228, 160x234, 164x240, 168x246, 172x252, 176x258, 180x264, 184x270, 188x276, 192x282, 196x288, 200x294, 204x300, 208x306, 212x312, 216x318, 220x324, 224x330, 228x336, 232x342, 236x348, 240x354, 244x360, 248x366, 252x372, 256x378, 260x384, 264x390, 268x396, 272x402, 276x408, 280x414, 284x420, 288x426, 292x432, 296x438, 300x444, 304x450, 308x456, 312x462, 316x468, 320x474, 324x480, 328x486, 332x492, 336x498, 340x504, 344x510, 348x516, 352x522, 356x528, 360x534, 364x540, 368x546, 372x552, 376x558, 380x564, 384x570, 388x576, 392x582, 396x588, 400x594, 404x600, 408x606, 412x612, 416x618, 420x624, 424x630, 428x636, 432x642, 436x648, 440x654, 444x660, 448x666, 452x672, 456x678, 460x684, 464x690, 468x696, 472x702, 476x708, 480x714, 484x720, 488x726, 492x732, 496x738, 500x744, 504x750, 508x756, 512x762, 516x768, 520x774, 524x780, 528x786, 532x792, 536x798, 540x804, 544x810, 548x816, 552x822, 556x828, 560x834, 564x840, 568x846, 572x852, 576x858, 580x864, 584x870, 588x876, 592x882, 596x888, 600x894, 604x900, 608x906, 612x912, 616x918, 620x924, 624x930, 628x936, 632x942, 636x948, 640x954, 644x960, 648x966, 652x972, 656x978, 660x984, 664x990, 668x996, 672x1002, 676x1008, 680x1014, 684x1020, 688x1026, 692x1032, 696x1038, 700x1044, 704x1050, 708x1056, 712x1062, 716x1068, 720x1074, 724x1080, 728x1086, 732x1092, 736x1098, 740x1104, 744x1110, 748x1116, 752x1122, 756x1128, 760x1134, 764x1140, 768x1146, 772x1152, 776x1158, 780x1164, 784x1170, 788x1176, 792x1182, 796x1188, 800x1194, 804x1200, 808x1206, 812x1212, 816x1218, 820x1224, 824x1230, 828x1236, 832x1242, 836x1248, 840x1254, 844x1260, 848x1266, 852x1272, 856x1278, 860x1284, 864x1290, 868x1296, 872x1302, 876x1308, 880x1314, 884x1320, 888x1326, 892x1332, 896x1338, 900x1344, 904x1350, 908x1356, 912x1362, 916x1368, 920x1374, 924x1380, 928x1386, 932x1392, 936x1398, 940x1404, 944x1410, 948x1416, 952x1422, 956x1428, 960x1434, 964x1440, 968x1446, 972x1452, 976x1458, 980x1464, 984x1470, 988x1476, 992x1482, 996x1488, 1000x1494, 1004x1500, 1008x1506, 1012x1512, 1016x1518, 1020x1524, 1024x1530, 1028x1536, 1032x1542, 1036x1548, 1040x1554, 1044x1560, 1048x1566, 1052x1572, 1056x1578, 1060x1584, 1064x1590, 1068x1596, 1072x1602, 1076x1608, 1080x1614, 1084x1620, 1088x1626, 1092x1632, 1096x1638, 1100x1644, 1104x1650, 1108x1656, 1112x1662, 1116x1668, 1120x1674, 1124x1680, 1128x1686, 1132x1692, 1136x1698, 1140x1704, 1144x1710, 1148x1716, 1152x1722, 1156x1728, 1160x1734, 1164x1740, 1168x1746, 1172x1752, 1176x1758, 1180x1764, 1184x1770, 1188x1776, 1192x1782, 1196x1788, 1200x1794, 1204x1800, 1208x1806, 1212x1812, 1216x1818, 1220x1824, 1224x1830, 1228x1836, 1232x1842, 1236x1848, 1240x1854, 1244x1860, 1248x1866, 1252x1872, 1256x1878, 1260x1884, 1264x1890, 1268x1896, 1272x1902, 1276x1908, 1280x1914, 1284x1920, 1288x1926, 1292x1932, 1296x1938, 1300x1944, 1304x1950, 1308x1956, 1312x1962, 1316x1968, 1320x1974, 1324x1980, 1328x1986, 1332x1992, 1336x1998, 1340x2004, 1344x2010, 1348x2016, 1352x2022, 1356x2028, 1360x2034, 1364x2040, 1368x2046, 1372x2052, 1376x2058, 1380x2064, 1384x2070, 1388x2076, 1392x2082, 1396x2088, 1400x2094, 1404x2100, 1408x2106, 1412x2112, 1416x2118, 1420x2124, 1424x2130, 1428x2136, 1432x2142, 1436x2148, 1440x2154, 1444x2160, 1448x2166, 1452x2172, 1456x2178, 1460x2184, 1464x2190, 1468x2196, 1472x2202, 1476x2208, 1480x2214, 1484x2220, 1488x2226, 1492x2232, 1496x2238, 1500x2244, 1504x2250, 1508x2256, 1512x2262, 1516x2268, 1520x2274, 1524x2280, 1528x2286, 1532x2292, 1536x2298, 1540x2304, 1544x2310, 1548x2316, 1552x2322, 1556x2328, 1560x2334, 1564x2340, 1568x2346, 1572x2352, 1576x2358, 1580x2364, 1584x2370, 1588x2376, 1592x2382, 1596x2388, 1600x2394, 1604x2400, 1608x2406, 1612x2412, 1616x2418, 1620x2424, 1624x2430, 1628x2436, 1632x2442, 1636x2448, 1640x2454, 1644x2460, 1648x2466, 1652x2472, 1656x2478, 1660x2484, 1664x2490, 1668x2496, 1672x2502, 1676x2508, 1680x2514, 1684x2520, 1688x2526, 1692x2532, 1696x2538, 1700x2544, 1704x2550, 1708x2556, 1712x2562, 1716x2568, 1720x2574, 1724x2580, 1728x2586, 1732x2592, 1736x2598, 1740x2604, 1744x2610, 1748x2616, 1752x2622, 1756x2628, 1760x2634, 1764x2640, 1768x2646, 1772x2652, 1776x2658, 1780x2664, 1784x2670, 1788x2676, 1792x2682, 1796x2688, 1800x2694, 1804x2700, 1808x2706, 1812x2712, 1816x2718, 1820x2724, 1824x2730, 1828x2736, 1832x2742, 1836x2748, 1840x2754, 1844x2760, 1848x2766, 1852x2772, 1856x2778, 1860x2784, 1864x2790, 1868x2796, 1872x2802, 1876x2808, 1880x2814, 1884x2820, 1888x2826, 1892x2832, 1896x2838, 1900x2844, 1904x2850, 1908x2856, 1912x2862, 1916x2868, 1920x2874, 1924x2880, 1928x2886, 1932x2892, 1936x2898, 1940x2904, 1944x2910, 1948x2916, 1952x2922, 1956x2928, 1960x2934, 1964x2940, 1968x2946, 1972x2952, 1976x2958, 1980x2964, 1984x2970, 1988x2976, 1992x2982, 1996x2988, 2000x2994, 2004x3000, 2008x3006, 2012x3012, 2016x3018, 2020x3024, 2024x3030, 2028x3036, 2032x3042, 2036x3048, 2040x3054, 2044x3060, 2048x3066, 2052x3072, 2056x3078, 2060x3084, 2064x3090, 2068x3096, 2072x3102, 2076x3108, 2080x3114, 2084x3120, 2088x3126, 2092x3132, 2096x3138, 2100x3144, 2104x3150, 2108x3156, 2112x3162, 2116x3168, 2120x3174, 2124x3180, 2128x3186, 2132x3192, 2136x3198, 2140x3204, 2144x3210, 2148x3216, 2152x3222, 2156x3228, 2160x3234, 2164x3240, 2168x3246, 2172x3252, 2176x3258, 2180x3264, 2184x3270, 2188x3276, 2192x3282, 2196x3288, 2200x3294, 2204x3300, 2208x3306, 2212x3312, 2216x3318, 2220x3324, 2224x3330, 2228x3336, 2232x3342, 2236x3348, 2240x3354, 2244x3360, 2248x3366, 2252x3372, 2256x3378, 2260x3384, 2264x3390, 2268x3396, 2272x3402, 2276x3408, 2280x3414, 2284x3420, 2288x3426, 2292x3432, 2296x3438, 2300x3444, 2304x3450, 2308x3456, 2312x3462, 2316x3468, 2320x3474, 2324x3480, 2328x3486, 2332x3492, 2336x3498, 2340x3504, 2344x3510, 2348x3516, 2352x3522, 2356x3528, 2360x3534, 2364x3540, 2368x3546, 2372x3552, 2376x3558, 2380x3564, 2384x3570, 2388x3576, 2392x3582, 2396x3588, 2400x3594, 2404x3600, 2408x3606, 2412x3612, 2416x3618, 2420x3624, 2424x3630, 2428x3636, 2432x3642, 2436x3648, 2440x3654, 2444x3660, 2448x3666, 2452x3672, 2456x3678, 2460x3684, 2464x3690, 2468x3696, 2472x3702, 2476x3708, 2480x3714, 2484x3720, 2488x3726, 2492x3732, 2496x3738, 2500x3744, 2504x3750, 2508x3756, 2512x3762, 2516x3768, 2520x3774, 2524x3780, 2528x3786, 2532x3792, 2536x3798, 2540x3804, 2544x3810, 2548x3816, 2552x3822, 2556x3828, 2560x3834, 2564x3840, 2568x3846, 2572x3852, 2576x3858, 2580x3864, 2584x3870, 2588x3876, 2592x3882, 2596x3888, 2600x3894, 2604x3900, 2608x3906, 2612x3912, 2616x3918, 2620x3924, 2624x3930, 2628x3936, 2632x3942, 2636x3948, 2640x3954, 2644x3960, 2648x3966, 2652x3972, 2656x3978, 2660x3984, 2664x3990, 2668x3996, 2672x4002, 2676x4008, 2680x4014, 2684x4020, 2688x4026, 2692x4032, 2696x4038, 2700x4044, 2704x4050, 2708x4056, 2712x4062, 2716x4068, 2720x4074, 2724x4080, 2728x4086, 2732x4092, 2736x4098, 2740x4104, 2744x4110, 2748x4116, 2752x4122, 2756x4128, 2760x4134, 2764x4140, 2768x4146, 2772x4152, 2776x4158, 2780x4164, 2784x4170, 2788x4176, 2792x4182, 2796x4188, 2800x4194, 2804x4200, 2808x4206, 2812x4212, 2816x4218, 2820x4224, 2824x4230, 2828x4236, 2832x4242, 2836x4248, 2840x4254, 2844x4260, 2848x4266, 2852x4272, 2856x4278, 2860x4284, 2864x4290, 2868x4296, 2872x4302, 2876x4308, 2880x4314, 2884x4320, 2888x4326, 2892x4332, 2896x4338, 2900x4344, 2904x4350, 2908x4356, 2912x4362, 2916x4368, 2920x4374, 2924x4380, 2928x4386, 2932x4392, 2936x4398, 2940x4404, 2944x4410, 2948x4416, 2952x4422, 2956x4428, 2960x4434

PLEASURES OF THE POOR

"The pains of poverty," wrote Thomas De Quincey, "I had lately seen too much of; more than I wished to remember; but the pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their repose from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate." Indeed there are pleasures of the poor, says the Kansas City Star. One is not so sure of the delight of "reposes from bodily toil." That phrase, as used by De Quincey, is reminiscent of Senator Vest's story of the little negro boy who was pounding his finger with a hammer and was crying from the pain. "Why do you do that?" the senator asked him. "Oh," he said, "it feels so good when I quit." But if the toll is not oppressive, surely the period of rest is the sweeter because of it. The pleasures of the poor include a love of good reading and leisure for it; appetites for the best eating in the world, boiled dinners; childhood, storing memories of swimmin' holes and bare feet and circuses and bumble bee fights; the treat of an occasional good play; the not-miserably exultation at money put by for a rainy day; the selfish satisfaction of self-sacrifice; the romance of youth where marriage is of helpmates, "partners." Oh, there are pleasures of the poor—and a country whose pioneers knew them so well, whose newer communities know them yet so well, must restore them by eradicating needless unilluminated poverty.

Many persons are worrying, in print and out of it, lest woman is "making a man of herself," and in her eagerness to grasp new opportunities is forgetting her immemorial privileges. But there is an equally serious cause for anxiety in man's indifference to certain of his prerogatives. He seems to be forgetting the pleasures that accrue to him as a parent. "Pa" is no longer "onto his job." He has turned his responsibilities over to the feminine side of the house, and is starving a profound need of his nature in so doing. There has been rather too much idealization of motherhood at the expense of fatherhood. Not infrequently it is the father rather than the mother who is able to attain to the vision of the family as a sacred institution. He may be more intimate with the children than the mother, and have depths of understanding and tenderness which she lacks. But whether he exceeds her or not in spiritual comprehension of his sons and daughters, should he be shut out of that inner room and confidence into which all parents and children should enter by right of community of interest? No question about it, the American father too often is out in the cold. Perhaps he made the blunder in stepping out there himself, but none the less it is the business of the woman who are wise and the children who are dutiful to see that he is brought back into heart association with the others.

There's one good thing about the dog days coming so late; they are the insect-breeding days. The flies and mosquitoes when they begin their season early have a way of setting upon people's garments just before they go indoors and of darting inside whenever screens are opened for a minute. When the insects begin their season late there isn't a chance for so many of them to get into the house.

An electrical scientist destroys all the mites in cheese by electrocution. He did not count them, but he estimated that in one cheese weighing two pounds there were 5,000,000 mites. Of course the dead ones were all left in the cheese, which arouses the query: What is the difference between eating a dead mite and a living one?

A French aviator predicts air machines which will fly at a speed of about two hundred miles an hour. At present what an alarmed public is looking for in travel of all kinds is legs attention to whirling haste to a goal and more prospect of getting there alive.

It is said that side whiskers and frilled shirts of the olden time are to be revived for masculine fashions. The denunciations which feminine styles have been receiving will now have the field of criticism broadened, and the women will have the chance of their lives to hit back.

Five hundred students worked their way through Columbia last year, which is highly creditable both to them and Columbia. But we venture a conjecture that they did not do it by standing around yelling after football matches, or by imbibing cocktails.

It sometimes brings up unpleasant recollections when you dig up last winter's derby and contemplate its fatigued and generally dilapidated appearance.

Banking Money

Every Person Should Deposit His Savings

By JOHN OSKISON

EVERY ONE with money should be a bank depositor—either putting the money into a savings bank which will pay a low rate of interest and keep it safe, or into a commercial bank if it is needed for day to day business.

There ought at this time to be no difference of opinion on this point. Yet experienced bankers know that in every community there are many possible bank depositors whom they never see in front of their receiving tellers' windows.

We are not well supplied with banks, considering our population, and not a third of our people who ought to be depositors are so in fact. We have one national bank to every 67,000 population; in England there is one for every 3,000 and in France one for every 5,000.

In Sweden 40 per cent. of the people are depositors in national banks; in England and France 25 per cent. have money in banks; in Italy 20 per cent. In the United States, however, only 9 1-3 per cent. of our population are depositors in the national banks. Of course the state, private and savings banks and the trust companies get a vast bulk of deposits.

To overcome the prejudice which undoubtedly exists against them, the banks should advertise, widely and simply, the exact nature of their business.

The savings bank should explain carefully and fully why it can pay interest on deposits left in the bank for a definite period.

It should make clear to the people its purpose to serve them—make anyone with a dollar believe that it would be profitable both to the dollar's owner and to the bank if the bank received that dollar as a deposit.

A commercial bank should explain that it is a business house, buying and selling commercial credits. It should succeed in eliminating the old type of small business man or farmer who deposits money in an iron safe at the back of the store or in a tin can behind a window sill.

Courtesy behind the grill work of the bank counters is vital if the small depositor is to be won and kept.

Also, one of the best methods of getting and keeping small depositors is to induce as many as can be supplied to buy stock in the bank.

Girl Who Secures Best Not Always Clerk
By Mrs. Anna Thompson, Muncie, Ind.

The unsatisfied servants are in the minority. I am quite sure of this, as I tried several kinds of work in my youth and found that at housework I could save more money than a clerk and at the same time be treated with respect and be happier in every day. I had lots of time to myself and could do with it as I pleased. I was never insulted and the little woman for whom I worked was an angel. I am sure she loved me and she treated me as an equal (which I was not). She often took me to the big stores to shop and to the parks, always paying my fares and treating me to lots of good things.

She also took me to church, so that I could be friendly with the young folks.

I am sure that my employer could not have been improved upon.

Neither was I lacking in beaux. They called on me and remained until I had to tell them to go—not one, but several, and good fellows, too. I married a competent man with a salary. Think of it, you girls, with your pulled heads, your wasp waists and high heels! The girls who clerk do not always get the best. Sometimes little Grtchen or Bridget gets him.

Then, too, see how near to the pantry you are if you entertain in a kitchen. It does not take long to fix up a pitcher of good coffee and to bring out some macaroons on a warm evening.

But if a girl makes up her mind to do housework I would advise her not to get a position with the ultra-fashionable, but in some place where she can receive instruction. Then she will be happy and successful.

Boys and Girls go to School Hungry
By Dr. V. B. Callen, Member of School Board, St. Louis, Mo.

The opening of a new school season brings up the old troublesome question of thousands of poor children going to their lessons without having breakfast.

It is true, that in every large city a multitude of boys and girls seek their desks each morning without having had any food. Many more go without a morsel to sustain them for long hours after they reach the schoolroom. It seems a crime against humanity that these future citizens of the United States should be subjected to such severe punishment at a time when they should be stimulated and encouraged in the most important pursuit of life. To abate this evil has been the ambition of some of our noblest philanthropists, and a great deal has been done by them in aid of children.

It is a difficult matter to deal with for many reasons. For one thing, a great many youngsters are loath to admit that they left home without food, their sense of pride making them hesitate to reveal their unfortunate domestic situation. It may be a long way off, but I am inclined to think a time will come when our juveniles will be given at least one square meal during school hours, at public expense.

Some of the recent articles on the sanitary cup have recalled to me certain of my experiences at the time when I was a cow puncher.

In riding the range it frequently happened that our outfit would be twenty-five to fifty miles from a stream or spring, but we did not have to do without water.

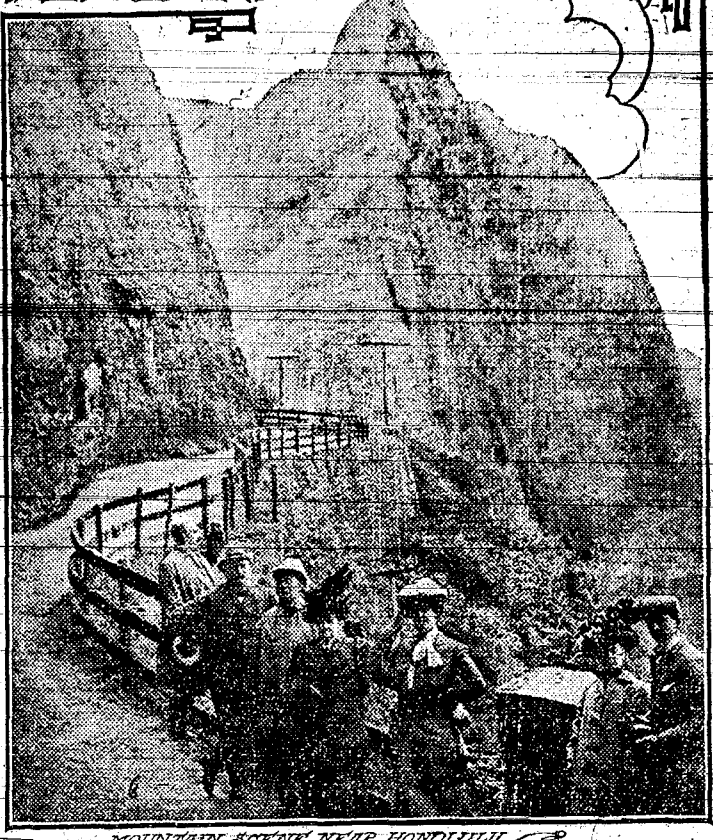
All we had to do was to look for a "buffalo wallow," cut out a piece of the green scum on top and drink to our hearts' content of water as clear as crystal and as cool as spring water. Many a time this has quenched my thirst.

No Real Danger in Common Drinking Cup
By Richard Kooti, Omaha, Neb.

In all my experience on the range I never knew of a case of typhoid fever contracted from this practice.

I would not take a chance in a residence district, as the water would be unsafe. I will never refuse to drink from a "buffalo wallow."

IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS



MOUNTAIN SCENE NEAR HONOLULU

IN June I returned from a month in the Hawaiian Islands. Last year I spent six months there. My family, who went out with me last July on a month's vacation trip, all of us having return tickets back to New York, are still there—and what is more, do not want to return. From our experience I am sure that few people in the United States, even those on the Pacific coast, have any conception of the beautiful scenery, the glorious climate, the gorgeous sunsets and sunrises, the superb rain-bows, the exquisite foliage and verdure and the entrancing conditions of life in a semi-tropical climate—where none of the rigors of winter are known and the delights of the tropics can be enjoyed with none of the tropical objections to detract from that enjoyment; writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Record.

To most of us the Hawaiian Islands represent a few dots like pin-points on the map in the middle of the Pacific ocean and we think of them at all it is to dimly recall something we learned in our school days about Captain Cook and the missionaries, and in our mind's eye we see some half-naked savages lolling under palm trees. Only here and there is a person who knows that Honolulu is as near Paradise as anything on earth, that its streets are paved like other cities, some good, some bad; that its buildings are modern, its parks splendid, its schools as good as in any city on the mainland; that Paris gowns can be bought in its shops; that more than a thousand automobiles run on its streets and that its people are among the most traveled, cultivated, hospitable and charming in the world. I have been over most of the map and if there is a more beautiful place or one with more natural opportunities for happiness, I have not yet discovered it.

Sunrise over Diamond Head, the old volcanic crater which dominates Waikiki Beach, seen when taking a morning swim in water that averages 78 degrees Fahrenheit the year round, is a delight to the eye. The pink flush of the dawn shading into the azure of a tropical sky and both reflected in water clear as crystal, touched here and there with white caps, together with the intense green of the tropical foliage, and sometimes all the colors blended in a rainbow in the west, make an impression not soon to be effaced.

Ever Changing Panorama. In the early morning Mt. Olympus, Mt. Tantalus and the other mountains back of the city present an ever-changing panorama, sometimes dark green with overhanging gray clouds, their scarred sides lost in the mist, at other times the tops as clear as cut glass and the ridges outlined against the blue as sharp as the teeth of a saw.

These pictures are presented to the early riser even from the deck of a ship on the morning of its arrival off the shores of the Island of Oahu and recollections of them recur to the memory for months afterward, bringing a longing for the place that seems to get into the blood.

Should one happen to be at Waikiki at midday, under the rays of a tropical sun, and drowsy with the scent of tropical flowers, scented by the singing of the birds, and lulled by the rustling of the palms and the murmur of the waves, yet dazzled by the sparkle on the water and charm of a sea grading from deep purple in the distance through all the colors of the spectrum to the light-green of the breakers and the gray and white of the sand and foam—it is difficult to determine whether the dawn or the noon presents the most attractions, but a moonlight night at Waikiki Beach, with the soft trade wind rustling the palms overhead, the long rollers of the ocean breaking at one's feet and a full moon over Diamond Head casting a sheen on the water

and throwing the serrated sides of the old brown crater which dominates the entire landscape into deep shadows, while the strains of "Aloha Oe" or "Una Like No a Like" sung softly by some natives strolling under the palms to the accompaniment of strumming "Ukuleles" leaves a memory that will last forever. Verily, the place is rightly named "The Paradise of the Pacific," and the expression "The Lure of the Islands," which I have seen somewhere, fits the feeling that comes over one after leaving them. There are other beautiful places, but nowhere else have I felt the same call to "go back."

Comfort in Honolulu.

Honolulu presents every convenience and comfort for good living. Its hotels measure up to all requirements and fit every taste and purse. "The Young," a modern stone block, gives the usual good European service downtown. "The Royal Hawaiian," gives the beautiful surroundings of the old days; also downtown, "The Pleasanton," a fine old mansion about half-way between the business district and Waikiki remodeled to make a modern American plan hotel, is set in fine grounds surrounded with all of the vegetation of the tropics, while its outlying cottages and a swimming pool make it very attractive. At Waikiki "The Moana," a pretentious modern wooden building, fronts on the beach. It is of the type of many along the shores of both oceans and about what we of the east would expect to find at Atlantic City. It has some fine cottages, and is a fine hostelry.

But the charm of all is summed up in the so-called Seaside hotel at Waikiki, a collection of cottages set in a beautiful coconut grove right on the beach, which was formerly a part of the king's seashore estate. The main building, which is not very pretentious, was the royal cottage. Attached to it is a beautiful "Lanai" or porch used as a dining room, and this Lanai with its overhanging trees and its beautiful views and surroundings is architecturally the finest thing in Honolulu.

A family party, or a friend or two, taking one of these cottages, containing from two to five rooms and one or more baths, has the best of everything that goes with tropical living. Here one can get a swim at high and before dressing. Afterward, a cold shower and then breakfast on the Lanai in the open, gives a zest to the life that is found in few places. If one cannot partake of the joy of living under these conditions, one's case must be nearly hopeless.

The schools at Honolulu and generally throughout the islands measure up to the best American standard. Undoubtedly it will surprise most people, as it did me, to learn that the first college west of the Mississippi river was at Honolulu, being established about eighty years ago by missionaries. This school is known as Oahu college or "Punahou" and with its attendant preparatory school is as good as there is on the mainland. My daughter, coming from one of the best schools of the east, entered the junior class and took up the same course in the same books as if she had continued in the high school near Philadelphia. Oahu certifies admit the holders to nearly all of the large eastern colleges, including Yale, Harvard, Wellesley, Vassar, etc.

"High Brow" Identified.

A correspondent asks us for "a full definition of the term 'high brow.'" How can we give it? As well ask us to define a picture which can only be described, not defined. "High brow" is a picture, a metaphor, a poke to the imagination, an invitation to individual thinking about the persons to whom in any case it may be applied. It is not yet dictionaryed. When it is it will be cabined or confined and become a dead thing, a mere word instead of a living metaphor.

GUY RICH IN THREE YEARS

EXPERIENCES OF A BRITISH IMMIGRANT IN CANADA-WEST.

The following straightforward statement needs no comment to add to its force and effect. It appears in a recent issue of the Liverpool Mercury.

H. Patterson, of Nutana, Saskatchewan, Canada, when he arrived from Liverpool, had "Six of us to support," to use his own phraseology, and his funds were getting low. He secured a homestead 22 miles out from Sundrum, and started living on it April 15, 1907. The previous fall he put all his money, \$137, into a shack and lot, making sure of a home. As cook and caterer in a local hotel he made \$75 a month, and out of this had some savings out of which he paid his breaking and improvements on the homestead. The shack was sold to good advantage. Then Mr. Patterson tells the story after he had removed his family to the homestead:

"For the first month life was so strange and new that I hadn't time to think of anything, only fixing up our new home. I was so 'green' to farm life that I didn't know the difference between wheat and oats (I do now)! Between working out, cropping my place, and with my gun, we managed to live comfortably for the three years, which time was required to put in my duties. I had accumulated quite a stock of horses, cows, pigs, fowls, and machinery in the three years.

"In October, 1909, I secured my patent to my land, so took a few days' holidays to Saskatoon to locate a purchased homestead (viz., 15s. per acre) from the Government. Instead of getting the purchased homestead, I secured a half section (320 acres) on the Saskatchewan River for \$25 per acre on easy terms, nine years' payments with a cash payment of \$1,000. I mortgaged my first homestead, obtained chattel mortgages on my stock, and on December 24th, 1909, took possession; on June 10, 1910, I sold out again for \$40 per acre, clearing, besides my crop (140 acres), \$4,800. I also sold my first homestead, clearing \$1,800 and two Saskatchewan town lots, which we value at \$1,000 each today. We placed all our capital in another farm (river frontage) and some trackage lots (60), also a purchased homestead (river frontage). I remained as Manager of the Farm I had sold on a three-year contract at a fine salary and house, garden, and numerous privileges.

"So by the time my three years have expired, with my investments and the increased value of my frontage and lots, I am hoping to have a clear profit on my \$137 investment of \$50,000. My land doesn't eat anything and it is nearly all paid for. I hold a good position (and secure) Adv.

HE WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

Small Boy's Precautions May Have Been Excessive, but He Still Had the Suit.

The Rev. John N. Underwood, one of Pittsburg's most eloquent and earnest ministers, said the other day: "In a temperance address in the spring I pointed out that drunken husbands kill every year, with revolvers and hatchets and clubs, 3,600 wives. That 2,500 babies are killed by drunken fathers, who crush them in bed. That 90 per cent. of all our divorces are due to drunkenness."

Mr. Underwood paused, then added: "I heard recently of a little boy to whom a warm and comfortable suit had been given. The boy's father was a drunkard, and it was feared that the suit would soon find its way to the pawnshop. But a week after the lad had got the suit he was still wearing it."

"Good for you, Johnny!" said a city missionary to the little chap. "Still wearing your suit, I see."

"Yes, sir," the urchin explained. "I sleep in it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Surprise for Mother.

A certain mother, given to mysticism and impressive theories regarding her highly natural children, one evening was entertaining visitors. Suddenly came the sound of little feet pattering to the head of the stairs. The mother raised her hand in solemn warning. "Listen," she said, softly. "The children are going to deliver their good-night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them—they are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak so wonderfully, sometimes. Hush! One of them is speaking now."

Then, breaking through the tense silence, came a shrill whisper: "Mamma!—Why's found a bug in his bed!"

A Husband in Jest.

Solicitor (endeavoring to discover client's legal status)—But, madam, how long is it since you heard from your husband?

Client—Well, yer see, 'e left me the day 'e was married, and truth is, I ain't heard nothin' of 'im since, nor wanted; least ways, I did 'ear casual like that 'e were dead, but it may be only 'is fun.—Punch.

Ungrateful Guest.

Brown—So you spent Sunday with the Suburbs, eh? How far is their house from the station?

Towne—About two miles as the dust flies!—Judge.

Usual Answer.

"What is this joy-riding accident all about?"

"The joy riders are about all in."

SERIAL STORY

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By **Rupert Hughes**

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Author By **Henry W. Savate**

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SYNOPSIS.

Lieut. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie decide to elope, but wreck of taxicab prevents their going 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 couple have an exciting time getting to the train. "Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in main condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears. She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb. Later James Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory decorate bride and groom. 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 hazing. Marjorie is distracted. Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Annie Gattie, a fellow passenger. Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers. Wellington hears of Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb. Mallory reports to Marjorie his failure to find a preacher. She decides to pretend a quarrel and Mallory finds a vacant berth. Mrs. Jimmie discovers Wellington on the train. Mallory 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. Sight of a preacher on a station platform shakes Mallory's hopes, but he takes another train. Missing hand baggage compels the couple to borrow from passengers. Jimmie gets a cinder in his eye and Mrs. Jimmie gives first aid. Cousin's is then resumed. Still no clergyman. More horrors. Dr. Temple puzzled by behavior of different couples. Marjorie's jealousy aroused by Mallory's baseball jargon. Marjorie suggests wedding the train in hopes that accident will produce a preacher. Also tries to induce the conductor to hold the train so she can see Marjorie's dress. Just as she is about to stop the train, conductor stores dog and levers quarrel. Lathrop wires for a preacher to marry him and Mrs. Gattie. Marjorie tells Lathrop of her predicament and arranges to borrow the preacher. Kitty Lovell, sister sweetheart of Marjorie, appears and arouses Marjorie's jealousy. Preacher boards train. After marrying Lathrop and Mrs. Gattie the preacher escorts Marjorie by leaving from moving train. Mallory's destination moves Marjorie to reconciliation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

About the same time the man who was still her husband according to the law, rolled out of berth number two. There was an amazing clarity to his vision. He lurched as he made his way to the men's room, but it was plainly the train's swerve and not an inner lurch that twisted the forthright of his progress.

He squeezed into the men's room like a whole crowd at once, and sang out "Good morning, all!" with a wonderful heartiness. Then he paused over a wash basin, rubbed his hands gleefully and proclaimed, like another Chanticleer advertising a new day:

"Well—I'm sober again!"

"Three cheers for you," said his rival in radiance, bridegroom Lathrop.

"How does it feel?" demanded Ashton, smiling so broadly that he encountered the lather on his brush.

While he sputtered Wellington was flipping water over his hot head and incidentally over Ashton.

"I feel," he chortled, "I feel like the first little robin redbreast of the merry springtime. Tweet! Tweet!"

When the excitement over his redemption had somewhat cooled, Ashton reopened the old topic of conversation:

"Well, I see they had another scrap last night."

"They—who?" said Ira, through his flying toothbrush.

"The Mallorys. Once more he occupied berth three and she number seven."

"Well, well, I can't understand those modern marriages," said Little Jimmie, with a side glance at Ira. Ira suddenly remembered the plight of the Mallorys and was tempted to defend them, but he saw the young lieutenant himself just entering the washroom. This was more than Wellington saw, for he went on talking from behind a towel:

"Well, if I were a bridegroom and had a bride like that, it would take more than a quarrel to send me to another berth."

The others made gestures which he could not see. His enlightenment came when Mallory snapped the towel from his hands and glared into his face with all the righteous wrath of a man hearing his domestic affairs publicly discussed.

"Were you alluding to me, Mr. Wellington?" he demanded, hotly.

Little Jimmie almost perished with apoplexy. "You, you?" he mumbled. "Why, of course not. You're not the only bridegroom on the train."

Mallory tossed him the towel again: "You meant Mr. Lathrop, then?"

"Me? Not much!" roared the indignant Lathrop.

Mallory returned to Wellington with a fierce: "Whom, then?"

He was in a dangerous mood, and Ashton came to the rescue: "Oh, don't mind Wellington. He's not sober yet."

This inspired suggestion came like a life-buoy to the hard-pressed Wellington. He seized it and spoke thick-

ly: "Don't mind me—I'm not sober yet."

"Well, it's a good thing you're not," was Mallory's final growl as he began his own toilet.

The porter's bell began to ring furiously, with a touch they had already come to recognize as the Englishman's. The porter had learned to recognize it, too, and he always took double the necessary time to answer it. He was sauntering down the aisle at his most leisurely gait when Wedgewood's ruffled mane shot out from the curtains like a lion's from a jungle, and he bellowed: "Pawtahi! Pawtahi!"

"SHH! on the train," said the porter. "You may give me my portman-teau."

"Yassah." He dragged it from the upper berth and set it inside Wedgewood's berth without special care as to its destination. "Does you desire anything else, sir?"

"Yes, your absence," said Wedgewood.

"The same to you and many of them," the porter muttered to himself, and added to Marjorie, who was just starting down the aisle: "I'll suitably be interested in that man gittin' where he's goin' to git to."

Nothing that she carried Snoozeleums, he said: "We're comin' into a station right soon." Without further discussion she handed him the dog, and he hobbled away.

When she reached the women's door, she found Mrs. Wellington waiting with increasing exasperation: "Come, join the line at the box office," she said.

"Good morning. Who's in there?" said Marjorie, and Mrs. Wellington, not noting that Mrs. Whitcomb had come out of her berth and fallen into line, answered sharply:

"I don't know. She's been there forever. I'm sure it's that cat of a Mrs. Whitcomb."

"Good morning, Mrs. Mallory," snapped Mrs. Whitcomb.

Mrs. Wellington was rather proud that the random shot landed, but Marjorie felt most uneasy between the two tigresses: "Good morning, Mrs. Whitcomb," she said. There was a disagreeable silence, broken finally by Mrs. Wellington's: "Oh, Mrs. Mallory, would you be angelic enough to hook my gown?"

"Of course I will," said Marjorie.

"May I hook you?" said Mrs. Whitcomb.

"You're awfully kind," said Marjorie, presenting her shoulders to Mrs. Whitcomb, who asked with malicious sweetness: "Why didn't your husband do this for you this morning?"

"I—I don't remember," Marjorie stammered, and Mrs. Wellington tossed over-shoulder, an apothegm: "He's no husband till he's hook-broken."

Just then Mrs. Fostick came out of her stateroom. Seeing Mrs. Whitcomb's waist sags, she went at it with a brief, "Good morning, everybody. Permit me."

Mrs. Wellington twisted her head to say "Good morning" and to ask, "Are you hooked, Mrs. Fostick?"

"Not yet," pouted Mrs. Fostick.

"Turn round and back up," said Mrs. Wellington. After some maneuvering, the women formed a complete circle, and fingers plied hooks and eyes in a veritable Ladies' Mutual Aid Society.

By now, Wedgewood was ready to appear in a bathrobe about as gaudy as the royal standard of Great Britain. He stalked down the aisle, and answered the male chorus's cheery "Good morning" with a ramlike "Baw."

Ira Lathrop felt amiable even toward the foreigner, and he observed: "Glorious morning this morning."

"I dare say," growled Wedgewood. "I don't go in much for mornings, especially when I have no tub."

Wellington felt called upon to squelch him: "You Englishmen never had a real tub till we Americans sold 'em to you."

"I dare say," said Wedgewood indifferently. "You sell 'em. We use 'em. But do you know, I've just thought out a ripping idea—I shall have my cold bath this mornin' after all."

"What are you going to do?" growled Lathrop. "Crawl in the water tank?"

"Oh, dear no. I shouldn't be let, and he produced from his pocket a rubber hose. "I simply affix this little tube to one end of the spigot and wave the sprinkler hwar over myself—my person."

Lathrop stared at him pityingly, and demanded: "What happens to the water, then?"

"What do I care?" said Wedgewood.

"You durned fool, you'd flood the car."

Wedgewood's high hopes withered. "I hadn't thought of that," he sighed. "I suppose I must continue just as I am till I reach San Francisco. The first thing I shall order tonight will be four cold tubs and a lemon squash."

While the men continued to make themselves presentable in a huddle, the hook-and-eye society, at the other end of the car, finished with the four waist, and Mrs. Fostick hurried away to keep her tryst in the dining-car. The three remaining resealed into dreary attitudes. Mrs. Wellington shook the knob of the forbidding door, and turned to complain: "What in heaven's name ails the creature in there. She must have fallen out of the window."

"It's outrageous," said Marjorie. "The way women violate women's rights."

Mrs. Whitcomb saw an opportunity to insert a stiletto. She observed to Marjorie, with an innocent air: "Why, Mrs. Mallory, I've even known

women to lock themselves in there and smoke!"

While Mrs. Wellington was rummaging her brain for a fitting retort, the door opened, and out stepped Miss Gattie as was.

She blushed furiously at sight of the committee waiting to greet her, but they repented their criticisms and tried to make up for them by the excessive warmth with which they all exclaimed at once: "Good morning, Mrs. Lathrop!"

"Good morning, who?" said Anne, then blushed yet redder: "Oh, I can't seem to get used to that name! I hope I haven't kept you waiting?"

"Oh, not at all!" the women insisted, and Anne fled to number six, remembered that this was no longer her home, and moved on to number one. Here the porter was just finishing his restoring tasks, and laying aside with some diffidence two garments which Anne hastily stuffed into her own valise.

Meanwhile Marjorie was pushing Mrs. Wellington ahead:

"You go in first, Mrs. Wellington."

"You go first. I have no husband waiting for me," said Mrs. Wellington.

"Oh, I insist," said Marjorie.

"I couldn't think of it," persisted Mrs. Wellington. "I won't allow you."

And then Mrs. Whitcomb pushed them both aside: "Pardon me, won't you? I'm getting off at Reno."

"So am I," gasped Mrs. Wellington, rushing forward, only to be faced by the slam of the door and the click of the key. She whirled back to demand of Marjorie: "Did you ever hear of such impudence?"

"I never did."

"I'll never be ready for Reno," Mrs. Wellington wailed, "and I haven't had my breakfast."

"You'd better order it in advance," said Marjorie. "It takes that chet an hour to heat an egg three minutes."

"I will, if I can ever get my face washed," sighed Mrs. Wellington.

And now Mrs. Anne Lathrop, after much hesitation, called timidly, "Porter—porter—please!"

"Yes—miss—missus!" he amended.

"Will you call my—" she gulped—"my husband?"

"Yes, ma'am," the porter chuckled, and putting his grinning head in at the men's door, he bowed to Ira and said: "Excuse me, but you are sent for by the lady in number one."

Ashton slapped him on the back and roared: "Oh, you married man!"

"Well," said Ira, in self-defense, "I don't hear anybody sending for you."

Wedgewood gestured at Ashton. "I rather fancy he had you there, old top; eh, what?"

Ira appeared at number one, and bending over his treasure-trove, spoke in a voice that was pure saccharine: "Are you ready for breakfast, dear?"

"Yes, Ira."

"Come along to the dining-car. It's cosier here," she said. "Couldn't we have it served here?"

"But I'll get all cold, and I'm hungry," pouted the old bachelor, to whom breakfast was a sacred institution.

"All right, Ira," said Anne, glad to be meek; "come along, and she rose. Ira hesitated. "Still, if you'd rather, we'll eat here." He sat down.

"Oh, not at all," said Anne; "we'll go where you want to go."

"But I want to do what you want to do."

"So do I—we'll go," said Anne.

"We'll stay."

"No, I insist on the dining-car."

"Oh, all right, have your own way," said Ira, as if he were being bullied, and liked it. Anne smiled at the contrast of men, and Ira smiled at the bontrairiness of women, and when they reached the vestibule they kissed each other in mutual forgiveness.

As Wedgewood stropped an old-fashioned razor, he said to Ashton, who was putting up his safety equipment: "I say, old party, are those safety razors safe? Can't you really cut yourself?"

"Cut everything but hair," said Ashton, pointing to his wounded chin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Inn of the Mild Henry.

The inn "of the mild Henry (zum saunten Heinrich) in a little town of Posen has evidently changed hands during its career, for there is at least an intimation, in an advertisement recently inserted in a Posen newspaper by Hermann Dunkelberg, the present owner, that he may not be especially mild. The advertisement reads: "It has come to my notice that I am accused of having denounced colleagues because they suffered 'Tannebaum' (a forbidden game) to be played in their places. As I have no desire to waste my time in court, I hereby promise three marks to anybody who spread it because of malice and tea marks to the originator of it, which he can get on personal application to me. Will pay fair price for a good, usable bullwhip. Hermann Dunkelberg, Inn of the Mild Henry."

Hoe Came First.

The hoe seems to have been the first aid to the husbandman's labors after the hands and sharpened sticks became insufficient; and in Egypt was made of wood, as elsewhere shown. The plow was preceded by a larger hoe, dragged and operated by two or more men or women. The plow in many countries (a sharpened beam), was at an early date shod and strengthened by strips of iron, the share only being of steel or iron. Single and double wheels are by no means modern additions to this ancient and characteristic labor-saving implement.—The Farmer in Ancient Times, Charles Winslow Hall, in National Magazine.

CHECKING EVAPORATION OF MOISTURE IS SECRET OF SUCCESS WITH TREES

In Order to Keep Plant in Good Condition Adequate Supply of Water Is of First Importance — Pruning Depends Upon Soil and Climate.

Why is it that a mere cutting or willow stake should be more successful in the hands of an experienced person than a well rooted tree in the hands of a bungler?

The answer is simply the tree is a vessel full of water and in order to be kept in such a condition it must have an adequate supply of water. When the water goes out faster than it comes in the tree dies.

The gardener grows his plants under glass and starts his cuttings in soil-climate and other conditions and the intelligence of the planter. In a dry climate where the trees are exposed to hot and drying winds or a hot drying sun, the top of the tree must be thinned out to meet the short supply of moisture or the undue evaporation or if the tree has become partly dried out before planting the wood must be thinned out to meet the short supply of moisture.

Here again the intelligence of the planter is made manifest. The inex-



One-Season's Growth on Cit. Back Catalepa Plantation at Iowa State College.

perienced planter cuts all the branches back alike, while the experienced planter bears in mind that his purpose is to check evaporation.

He knows that the smaller branches make the heaviest demands and that the more vigorous ones are more sappy. He cuts out the smaller thin branches and leaves the more vigorous ones. He can give the tree a severe pruning without ruining its form.

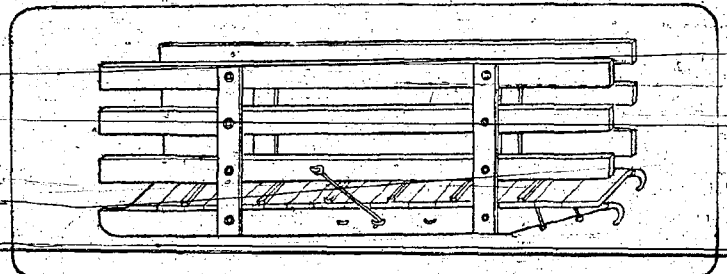
The roots should be pruned so that they will contain no bruised roots and so that they will correspond with the size of the top.

The top and the roots should be evenly balanced.

Numbers of trees die because they have too many roots, that is, they form a thick mass that prevents the soil from packing around the stronger roots and the tree can not make moisture connections with the soil.

How much to prune plants and trees, will depend upon the locality.

PIG CHUTE IS A GREAT CONVENIENCE



A loading chute is a great convenience, if not a necessity, on every farm where pigs are reared. A hog chute, to be right, needs to be just wide enough to allow one big hog to pass through it at a time and not turn around, say, from 20 inches to 24 inches. Use no legs. Make the chute 3 feet long, using good hardwood 2x4s for sides (oak is best), round the bottom corner or heel and taper the bottom corner at top back 18 inches (see diagram), now on the top or flat sides nail floor of inch boards, putting on occasionally a cleat to prevent animals from slipping. Take two pieces of iron 1-2 inches x 1-2 inches, sharpen one end and bend over, forming hooks 1 1/2 inches long (old wagon tire is good). Bolt these to shaped toe with hooks bent down to hooks on tail of wagon. The widest are best made of elm strips 3 inches or 4 inches wide, the same length as the bottom and three strips to the side, evenly spaced. Cut the uprights so that they will make the sides 2 1/2 feet high when put together. Fasten with bolts, one bolt to the slat and one to sill. This allows the sides to close down or above at rear of wagon, which cannot be done with the stiff sides of chute with legs, and the chute will be the right height for any wagon. These sides are kept in place by long heavy hooks bolted to bottom slat, and fastened to body or sill by stables at close intervals to allow for shutting up space at rear of wagon. Do not put anything across the top as stags are in the way in case you want to make a rush up the chute in case of some emergency.

Cut Valuable Wheat Seed. Persons passing the Kansas State agricultural experiment station during harvest days were surprised to see a number of students cutting wheat with scythes in the old fashioned way. The plot was two and one-half acres of very valuable seed wheat obtained in Europe and was part of 700 bushels Professor Roberts had selected from the best wheat he could find on the continent.

A Hog Shortage. President H. J. Waters of Kansas Agricultural college says that this country has the greatest hog shortage in years, and that it will take two years of good crop crops to bring the hog supply back to the normal. Eastern farmers who are turning their attention to pork production will have little cause to regret their action during the coming two or three years. There is money in good hogs.



BEST For Every Baking CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Best—because it's the purest. Best—because it never fails. Best—because it makes every baking light, fluffy and evenly raised. Best—because it is moderate in cost—highest in quality. At your grocers.



RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

LEFT THE HUSBAND SHOCKED

Wife's Departure From Ordinary Line of Conduct Both Puzzled and Annoyed Him.

Jimjon was a little, sharp-eyed shoemaker with stooped shoulders and a chin whisker. He lived in a Missouri River town, and whenever he drank too much he used to wind up by going home and thrashing his wife. She never failed to go over to a neighbor's after a session with the old man and complain bitterly of his treatment.

After a while the neighbors grew weary of the oft-repeated tale and remarked: "Well, you seem to like it. You always take it willingly. Why don't you pick up something and hit him with it the next time he whips you?"

The wife considered the matter, and the next time her lord began to beat her she grasped a chair and smashed it over his head. The old man fell back in stark amazement, dropped his hands, and stared at her.

"Why, Mary! Why, Mary!" he whimpered. "What on earth is the matter with you? You never done this way before?"

Of course.

"Doesn't the sight of a peach make you want to smack your lips?"

"No, indeed. The sight of a peach makes me want to smack her lips."

ALBERTA THE PRICE OF BEEF

160 ACRES FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

ITS HIGH AND SO IS THE PRICE OF BEEF.

For years the Province of Alberta (West Canada) was the Big Ranching country. Many of these ranches today are in income grain fields.

Given place to the settlement of what Canada and the United States are coveting. Many splendid in other ranches, but in income grain fields.

There is a unique opportunity now to get a

Free Homestead

of 160 acres (and another as a pre-emption) in the newer districts and produce either cattle or grain. The crops are always good, the climate is excellent, schools and churches are excellent, markets splendid. In either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

Send to the nearest Canadian Government Agent for literature, the latest information, railway rates, or write: Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

M. V. McIntosh, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup—Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cook son, Wednesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jake Tofelski a daughter, Saturday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Deno a son, Saturday last.

The P. L. A. S. will hold their annual Bazaar and supper in the K. of P. hall Dec. 4th.

Lost—The chain somewhere on our streets Friday. Will kindly return same to Dr. H. W. Dicken.

A new passenger coach has been purchased by the East Jordan and Southern Railroad and will probably be put into service this Saturday.

The bride erected by the engineers, a remarkable feature of the films, was another source of anxiety. —Detroit News, Nov. 21. Why the anxiety?

Thursday's Boyne City Journal contained a column article on "Tuff Sentiment Increasing." The election was quiet but we didn't realize it was bad as that.

J. M. Clifford of Petoskey district manager of Michigan State Telephone company, has been transferred to Manistee in the same capacity. He will be succeeded in this district by Mr. Hoodman of Manistee.

Well, it is no more than what was to be expected with woman suffrage. A Kalkaska woman advertises that her husband, having left her bed and board, she will not pay any of his bills.

Orville Neff, residing near Phelps, was the victim of a bad accident, Saturday when his left hand, became entangled in an ensilage machine. The arm was so badly mangled that Drs. Dicken and Sweet found it necessary to remove same.

Under-sheriff Novak has been kept busy the past week serving papers on 29 Charlevoix county farmers who were members of the Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Charlevoix Emmet and Cheboygan counties, and who are jointly holden for the liabilities of the company.

Henry Sheldon was found unconscious and lying on the sidewalk near his home on Second-st., about six o'clock Monday evening. He was removed to a nearby residence and a physician summoned. He recovered sufficiently to be taken to his home the next day and is now convalescing. A weak heart is supposed to be the cause of his illness.

The best money maker on the farm is the lion. She turns grass into greenbacks, grain into gold, and from sand and gravel she coins silver. There is nothing else on the farm to compare with her. The horses and cattle are heavy consumers, and to get their value one must part with them, but not so with her. In her small way she is a gold mine on the face of the earth, a mill that grinds with others overlook and refuse.

The oil fever has struck Charlevoix county. For several days, Mr. Norton, a representative of a Buffalo oil company, in company with Deau Scroggie, has been buying up oil leases in Hayes township. Leases have also been made out in Bay and Resort townships in Emmet county. A test well will be sunk in the near future somewhere in the vicinity of Bay Shore. There has long been a suspicion that oil might be found in Northern Michigan. Small pockets have been discovered at different times but never in paying quantities. Now with the oil excitement all over the state, following the discovery of the real thing at Saginaw, it is the intention of the Buffalo company to find out whether or not oil does exist in this section. The operations of the company will be watched with much interest.

Miss Zae Moore is quite ill with pneumonia.

K. of P. Feather Party next Tuesday evening.

Fred Thayer was a Boyne City visitor over Sunday.

Mrs. E. Newson is a Detroit business visitor this week.

Mrs. J. G. Houlday is here from Bellaire guest of friends.

Miss Margaret Bowman is here from Bay City on business.

Mrs. Shue of Mancelona is guest of her niece, Mrs. John Dolegel.

Miss Myrtle Ward is confined to home with sickness this week.

Mrs. Bacon of Bellaire was guest of friends in our city this week.

Rev. Fr. Kroboth was a Grayling business visitor first of the week.

James Votruba is putting in a drive well on his farm south of this city.

E. A. Ashley and W. O. Spring were Traverse City visitors, Tuesday.

Mrs. Dan Goodman, who has been quite ill, is able to be out once more.

The Electa Club met with Mrs. Dewitt Kenholz on Thursday afternoon.

Datus Dean of Charlevoix was guest at the home of E. A. Lewis, Thursday.

Mrs. Daniel Siminaw of Charlevoix is spending a week here with her parents.

Andrew Kime leaves Monday for a trip through the southern part of the state.

Mrs. D. H. Fitch, who has been quite ill, is convalescing and able to be up again.

Mrs. M. R. Drecher from Deward was guest of Miss M. Drecher first of the week.

Miss Nerina Baughman is stenographer at the Squier-Mack-Morris Co.'s office.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Whitford are building an addition to their home on the West Side.

Rebekah Lodge will meet next Wednesday night. Special business. All members come.

R. B. Owen and wife of Bellaire are guest of Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Risk a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Allen are visiting friends at Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids and other points this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sweet, and daughter, Clarissa, are here from Grand Haven guests of friends.

Mrs. Oral Misenar was called home Wednesday by the serious illness of her mother Mrs. Josiah St. John.

Wm. Crawford, Ernest Lanway and Arthur Blair left Wednesday for the Upper Peninsula on a hunting trip.

Mrs. F. A. Ashley entertained a few friends to a dinner in honor of the Misses Nicholas first of the week.

Mrs. James Howey and daughter, Mrs. Arthur Stewart were guest of Kalkaska friends a few days the past week.

Edward Ruhling and son Harold are here from Collins, N. Y., guest of the former's brother, Martin, and other relatives.

Miss N. A. McGuirk, who has been visiting at the home of D. P. McGuirk, returned home to Mancelona, Thursday.

Mrs. Charles C. Dean arrived here Wednesday from Kalamazoo for a visit with her mother, Mrs. E. B. Greenwood.

Mrs. Roscoe Mackey arrived home from Detroit Thursday evening, where she has been for sometime taking treatment.

Robert Grossett has sold his farm near the Rock Elm school house and moved with his family in the Earl Danford house on the West Side.

Misses Madge and Fay Nicholas left Monday for Meriden, Miss., going by way of Chattanooga, Tenn., where they will visit friends a short time.

Judge C. J. Bisbee returned to his home at Bad Axe last Monday after a visit with his son, R. O. Mrs. Bisbee expects to follow on Saturday.

Mrs. Bert Reid and son Earl returned Wednesday from a week's visit at Saginaw. They were accompanied there by Mr. Reed who went on to his contract work at Bad Axe.

Go to the TEMPLE CAFE for your SUNDAY DINNERS. The menu for tomorrow includes chicken served in several different ways. Served from 1:00 to 3:00 p. m. Fred Miner, Prop.

Among those who were here to attend the obsequies of Frank J. Porter last week were: Mr and Mrs. George Kraker and Mrs. Frank Kraker of Omena, Edwin Steffins of Leland, Rev. Redpath of Petoskey, August Otto of Provenom, and Fred Otto of Sutton's Bay.

Hour for Rent—Apply to E. A. Lewis.

Thanksgiving Post Cards at Hite Drug Co.

Many an old settler doesn't—as any grocer will inform you.

Miss Clara Houghson spends Sunday with Boyne City relatives.

G. Hureau and family now occupy the Payne residence on Main-st.

Harvey & Co. have a new sign in front of their place of business.

Dec. 4th. is the date of the P. L. A. S. annual Bazaar and supper.

Boscoe Mackey and Mr. Bartholomew were Detroit visitors this week.

Miss Retta Carr was home from her school near Boyne Falls over Sunday.

Mrs. George Carr with son Edward was guest of Charlevoix relatives this week.

The place to buy Comfortables, Blankets, Suit Cases, is at EMPEY BROS. (adv.)

Mrs. E. B. Greenwood was guest at the M. Rubling farm home first of the week.

Allen Malone and wife of Rome City, Ind., are guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hudson.

Miss Emma Severance is spending a week with her aunts, Misses Agnes and Carrie Porter.

Mrs. Thomas Whiteford goes to Vanderbilt to spend Thanksgiving with her parents.

Call at the Hite Drug Store and look over their assortment of Thanksgiving Post Cards.

Bert Grossett and family moved here from near Charlevoix this week, locating on the West Side.

Joseph Whiteford will be home from Big Rapids, where he is attending school, for Thanksgiving.

Invitations are out announcing a dancing party under the auspices of the K. of P. club of Boyne City for Monday evening.

Lee Howland and wife, and Mrs. Peter Howland and daughter, of Charlevoix, were guests of Charles Howland and wife, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jewel Walters are spending a few days at Taylor's Inn, prior to leaving East Jordan for the winter. They plan to return to their fruit farm in the spring.

W. S. Whitney of Boyne City committed suicide in Detroit Monday by inhaling gas. The act was caused by homesickness and financial reverses. He leaves a wife and two children.

M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained by Mrs. Maud Hughes and Mrs. H. Milford at the home of the latter on the West Side Wednesday p. m. Nov. 27. Members please take notice. Visitors welcome.

The only place to buy Trunks, Suitcases and Grips of all kinds is where they keep a regular line. EMPEY BROS. are carrying a large line of all kinds and you will find their prices are very low. (adv.)

Death of Samuel Richardson

Another of the pioneers of the county and veteran of the Civil war was taken from us when Samuel Richardson Sr., died on Saturday last after a long and lingering illness borne with exemplary patience.

Deceased saw the light first in Canada as long ago as 1836 so that he was 76 years of age at time of death. He served in the Civil war being a member of Company E, Fifth Michigan Infantry and was present at thirteen engagements and was wounded. At the close of the war he returned to his home in Canada, remaining later in New River, near Assabie and thence to East Jordan.

He was married in Finland, Canada and lived with his wife 56 years and she, with two sons Wm. W. and Samuel F. of this city, and two daughters, Mrs. Mary Haley and Mrs. Josephine Milster, both of Los Angeles, Cal. survive him.

He has been for a long time a member of the Presbyterian Church and his pastor, Rev. A. D. Grigsby officiated at the funeral services on Monday last at the home. A large number of friends and neighbors were present.

A choir consisting of Mesdames O. Malpass, E. Bretz and Mrs. W. E. Malpass accompanied by Miss Grigsby sang appropriate hymns and there were many beautiful floral tributes of friendship.

A number of the G. A. B. local post of which deceased was a member attended and afterwards took part in the committal service at the grave. The body was interred in East Jordan.

Deceased was one of the Charter officers of North Star Tent No. 136, K. O. T. M. M. which organized in this place in 1881. At the time of his death he was an old age beneficiary.

And so passes with the deep regret of a very large circle of friends and the grief of his dear ones a well known, industrious and honest man.

Our Special Effort this Season

in the direction of original Novellies and new features has met with most gratifying success, and we shall deem it a privilege to show you a very extensive assortment of fall and winter goods that are as new as they are pleasing and appropriate. We invite your attention to the latest and best throughout our stock are many choice and desirable goods from the finest to the most inexpensive, yet all grades the best of their kind. Remember that we represent all things as they are and regulate the price by the true value of the article. We have the newest and choicest in pleasing variety which insures an easy selection of appropriate goods for old or young. We feel confident that the most critical examination of our complete and very appropriate lines of desirable goods will convince you that they are not equalled elsewhere in merit or in price. Look through our beautiful stock and you will be pleased.

L. WEISMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS

Correct Styled and Finishes To Please the Most Fastidious for the Coming Xmas Season. Come early for Sittings.

BOSWELL - Photographer

East Jordan Planing Mills Co.

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS



Wilson

Indian summer for a few days.

Regular meeting of Wilson Grange next Saturday evening.

James Simmons has his house nearly ready for occupancy.

Ethel Brintnall who is teaching at Rock Elm, spent Sunday at her home in Wilson.

Miss Pearl Chendler the teacher in Afton spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in East Jordan.

Miss Florine Hudkins spent a few days visiting relatives and friends in East Jordan last week.

Mr. Danimore and family who have been living on Bert Allen's place the past summer moved to Boyne City the first of this week.

Chas. Burch who has been in poor health for some time has gone to Ohio to visit his sister during the winter months.

Mrs. Highly Ensign went to Petoskey last Monday where she will take treatment for rheumatism at the Sautarium in that place.

Owing to the bad weather there was not a large crowd at the Night Cup social held in Wilson Grange Hall last Saturday evening, but a pleasant time was enjoyed by all. About \$6 was realized toward the fund of the Ladies Auxiliary.

The pessimist stays away from the picnic because it might rain.

Bring in all the HIDES, FURS and PELTS to KING BROS. They pay the highest prices. \$3.00 for No. 1 horse hides. 43-13 (adv.)

"Tells The Whole Story."

To say that Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is best for children and grown persons and contains no opiates tells only part of the tale. The whole story is that it is the best medicine for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and other affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Stops all grippe coughs and has a healing and soothing effect. Remember the name Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, accept no substitutes. Hites Drug Store. (adv.)

Size and Strength.

Increase of population is not necessarily a good thing of itself, nor is a low birth rate necessarily a bad thing. Increase of population does not even make any necessary additions to the national strength.

England would be a stronger nation than she is today if her population had not out-run her food supply. Many thoughtful observers believe the same true of Germany.

Patrons of the prize ring used to say that a man weighing 180 pounds weighed enough. A man of that weight was deemed big enough to encounter any adversary, and additional weight was thought as likely to be a hindrance as a help.

The rule may hold good with nations as with men, though to be sure no one knows where to draw the line. But the nation which is much too big to feed itself has taken on a handicap, to say the least.

Bicycles in France.

The number of bicycles in France appears to be on the increase, judging from the latest returns for 1914, which give a total of 3,009,626; as compared with 2,697,406 of the previous year.

The total revenue from the tax on bicycles last year amounted to upward of nine millions of francs, or about half a million francs more than in 1910. The ten departments having the greatest number of bicycles last year were those of the Seine, with 309,759; Nord, 159,656; Seine-et-Oise, 97,271; Gironde, 75,890; Pas-de-Calais, 70,610; Seine-Inferieure, 68,997; Maine-et-Loire, 60,265; Saone-et-Loire, 58,585; Seine-et-Marne, 55,594; Loiret, 54,510.

The department with the smallest number was that of Lozere, with only 1,920 cycles.

Which Do You Choose to Be?

If gentle speech and kindly views of life and people, if attractive manners and sympathetic and loving habits of thought are to obtain in old age, they must be practiced in early life. We do not suddenly become transformed.

The critical, fault finding, carping, severe old woman is a creature to be avoided by men, women and children.

The kindly, patient, companionable old lady is a joy and a comfort to all who know her.

Which type do you think you have begun to emulate?

It is only a little step from youth to maturity.—Exchange.

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$5000

4 PER CENT

PAID-ON DEPOSITS

Officers

W. P. Porter, President
W. L. French, Vice Pres
Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier

Directors W. P. Porter, W. L. French, Chas. M. Schaffer, F. M. Severance, M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroebel, Fred Smith, B. E. Waterman, Geo. G. Glenn.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Nov. 24.
8:30 a. m. Low Mass. Communion for Young Ladies' Sodality.
10:30 a. m. High Mass and sermon.
7:00 p. m. Benediction.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. T. Porter Bennett, Pastor.

10:30 "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." A continuation of the sermons on the Lord's Prayer. The pastor is pleased to note the interest manifested in his sermons. You are invited to worship with us.

11:45 Sunday School. This is one of the best Sunday School in the county. If you or your children are not attending any Sunday School there is a class in this school that awaits to welcome you.

6:15 Epworth League, Leader, Mrs. Flora Pinny.
7:00 "The third saying on the Cross" will be the subject of the address the pastor will take for the evening service. Good singing—a wide awake service. We are very fortunate in having Miss Beiding as Leader of the Evening Choir.

The Sunday School voted to have Christmas Exercises.

The Epworth League held a very successful Prayer Meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hagerman on Division Street last Tuesday evening. About twenty-five were present. The pastor took charge of the meeting. Mr. Hagerman has been confined to his house for about eight years. They greatly appreciated this service. If there are any who would like a similar service they will notify the pastor or the first vice-president of the Epworth League, Miss Harriet Graf arrangements will be made.

TRADE

If You Have Anything To Trade In

REALESTATE

Call In and Match It Up With

Loveday Agency

SOME REAL BARGAINS:

For Sale

3 LOTS with DWELLING \$350
DWELLING, rents for \$12 per mo. \$900
DWELLING, with full lot, \$10 mo. \$900
DWELLING, with full lot, \$8 mo. \$700
DWELLING, 2 LOTS & STABLE \$1200
4 ACRES with DWELLING \$250
19 ACRES with 2 DWELLINGS \$1000
40 ACRES with IMPROVEMENTS \$1000
AND MANY OTHERS.

BUILDING LOTS \$75 AND UP.

The Best of Fire Insurance Both City and Farm.

Loveday Agency

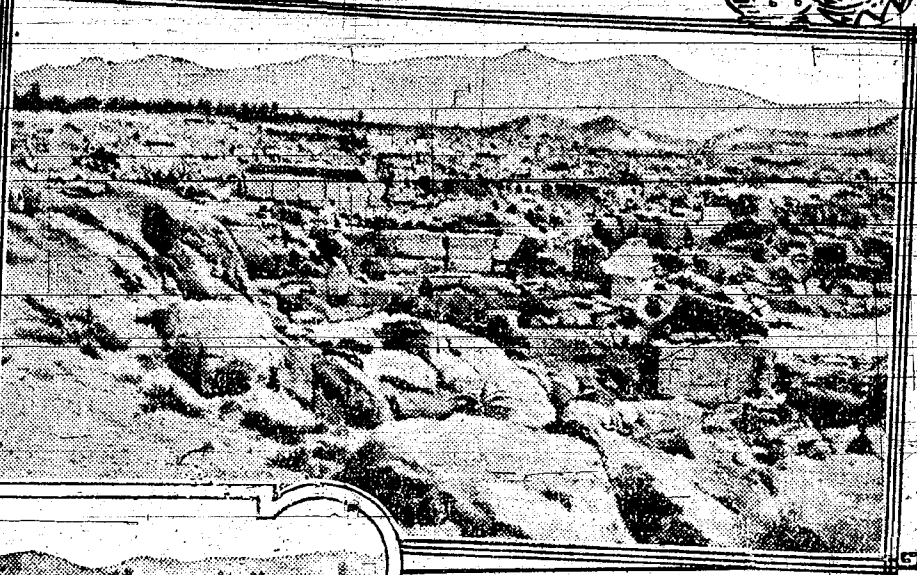
East Jordan, Mich.

The DEAD CITY of CAJAMARQUILLA

Charles Warren Currier, Ph. D.

If the thousands of people who inhabit Lima, or of the many who, in the winter months, take a run up to Chosica, on the Oroya railway, there is probably not one in a hundred who knows anything of Cajamarquilla. I was about to leave the capital of Peru without dreaming that, within a stone's throw, there were slumbering the ruins of a prehistoric civilization that had not yet passed away when Pizarro laid the foundation of the City of the Sovereigns.

The sacred city of Pachacamac is known to, and mentioned by every traveler who intrudes Lima within the limits of his itinerary. It has been visited and described from the days of the Conquistadores with more or less accuracy, until Dr. Max Uhle made a special study of it and published his monumental work. If these ruins of the Lurin valley are world famous, it is not thus with those of the valley of the Rimac, and if Pachacamac is



RUINS OF CAJAMARQUILLA, PERU

part of the city is buried would indicate remote antiquity, and a possible destruction of the place long before the advent of the Europeans, were it not for what Estete tells us. Miguel Estete accompanied Hernando Pizarro from Cajamarca to Pachacamac, at the time when Atahualpa's people were scouring the country to collect sufficient gold for the ransom of their unfortunate chief. He gives us the itinerary of Hernando day by day until the return to Cajamarca. Wherever he goes he finds the country thickly populated with towns and villages, surrounded by cultivated fields of maize and orchards, with flocks of a kind of sheep. He judges that Pachacamac is of considerable antiquity, and he finds within it a certain number of ruins. No mention is made of Cajamarquilla, yet it is probable that his journey led him through the valley of the Rimac, and Markham even supposes that he passed over the present site of Lima.

According to Midden-dorf, who infers his statement from Estete's narrative, the valley was at that time thickly populated, having besides many smaller places three large towns, Huadca, now Huatica, Armatambo, and Cajamarquilla. Huadca, he says, was the principal town of the district. Its ruins still exist between Lima and the village of Magdalena, but they seem to be even less known than those of Cajamarquilla.

The valley, together with the entire coast, was overrun and conquered by the Incas, a century or more before the arrival of the Spaniards, about the time that these lords of the Peruvian uplands imposed their rule on the Grand Chimu farther north and on Pachacamac. Though there is little or nothing to indicate an Inca occupation at Cajamarquilla, it is quite likely that after the conquest its population more or less mingled with the conquerors. To judge from the names of places in the conquered districts, the victors imposed their language, no doubt gradually supplanting the original tongue of the valleys and coastlands. Cajamarca is a Quechua name meaning "rock city." Cajamarquilla is the Spanish diminutive of Cajamarca. The city in the Rimac valley was thus called Little Cajamarca, to distinguish it, no doubt, from that other Cajamarca to the north, so intimately connected with the sad history of Atahualpa.

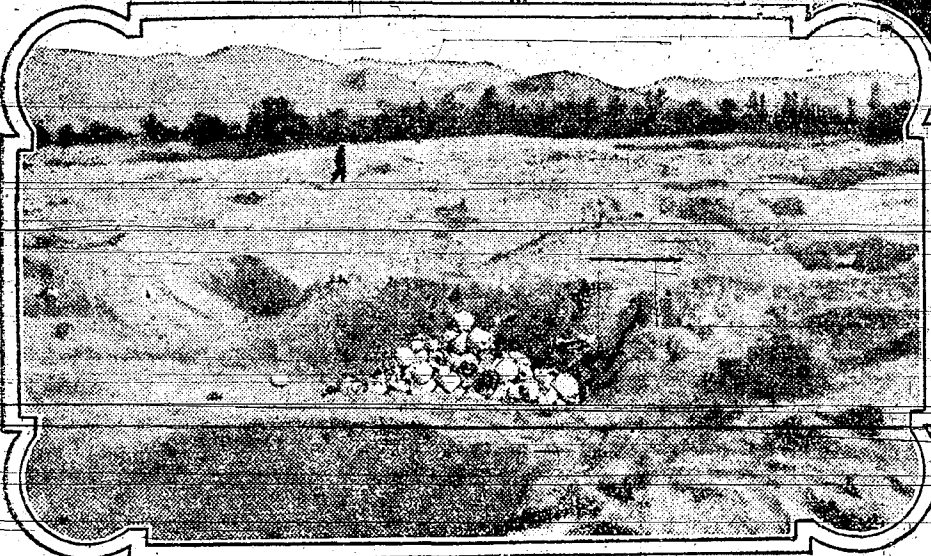
Among old writers who have treated of the coast people that preceded the Incas, Don Francisco de Avila, priest in the principal village of Huacochiri, may be profitably consulted. His work was translated and published by Sir Clement Markham in the forty-eighth volume of the Hakluyt series.

Unfortunately, Cajamarquilla furnishes little data to the archaeologist. It contains no inscriptions, no works of art and its pits have been opened and searched, probably by treasure hunters, who have long since carried off any objects of value they may have contained. Yet the ruins are of the greatest interest for the beauty of their situation, their general plan, and their adobe architecture. Cajamarquilla must rank as one of the finest remains of that mysterious pre-Inca civilization which existed on the coast between the Pacific ocean and the mighty Andean ranges. Unlike the massive ruins on Lake Titicaca, or the oft-mentioned Pachacamac, it has attracted little attention on the part either of tourist or scientist and its history does not exist. Yet a careful study of its houses, with their apartments, of its streets and of its burial places may, I think, throw some light on the mode of life of the primitive people that once dwelt within it. The ethnologist may also find some material in the skulls that lie scattered throughout the ruined city, or buried in its pits.

As you wander through the Rimac valley and contemplate its vast solitudes and crumbling ruins, you ask yourself what has become of the population. Alas, what has become of the Indian population of the West Indies, and where are our Indians of the United States? They have melted away before Caucasian civilization.

Some day a patient explorer and archaeologist may pitch his tents among the ruins of Cajamarquilla to study them in detail and force them to reveal some of their secrets. At least he may give us a plan of the city, and reconstruct it, drawing some order from its confusion.

For the present, Cajamarquilla is a mystery. It has neither history nor tradition; no legends cluster around it; its existence is ignored, even archaeologists appear to neglect it. It is, in very truth, a dead city of the desert.



CEMETERY OF NIVEREA NEAR CAJAMARQUILLA

known to all, solitary Cajamarquilla is buried in an obscurity as deep as the sand that covers it, while few, very few, ever make mention of it.

I said that I was about to leave Lima. It was the eve of my departure when I learned from Professor Saville, of New York, the well-known Ecuadorian explorer, that he had visited the ruins that very day. How I wished that I could have accompanied him! I concluded that regrets were useless, and I was about to relinquish all hope of ever seeing the old Peruvian city, when I learned that the departure from Callao of the Ucayali had been postponed for a day. Communicating this fact to Doctor Scahill, he most graciously volunteered to accompany me on the morrow. It was an opportunity I could not resist.

Thus it happened that we met by appointment at the Lima station of the Oroya railroad at 8:30 on a morning early in July. Gray clouds, as usual, hung heavily over the city when we boarded the train, which soon pulled out of the station, to begin the steep journey up the Andean slopes. A little way outside of Lima the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, scattering its rays through an atmosphere as transparent as any you could wish to see in Castile or Aragon. Here and there on the route the adobe ruins of pre-Inca civilization might be observed, for the Rimac valley is richer in such ruins than any other part of the coast.

The morning was bright and exhilarating when we arrived at Santa Clara railway station. Leaving Mrs. Saville to proceed to Chosica, the professor, his young son, and myself alighted. A little mule car, run on tracks, awaited us. It might accommodate about nine persons. We sprang to the seats, the driver whipped up his mules, and off we were on the long, sandy road between fields of sugar cane. Poor mules, cut and bleeding, how we pitted them! But in those countries animals are handled without mercy.

A run of a couple of miles or more, passing on the way the little train that is used to haul the cane, or carry the laborers, we arrived near the dwelling of the hacendado, now leased, I understand, by Chinese. Some distance from the house we alighted, to continue the journey on foot in the direction of the mountains. For a while we had a good, though dusty road, but the greater part of the journey had to be made through sandy plains, which did not improve our personal appearance, so that we presented a picture of dust and wretchedness on our return to the Hotel Maury in Lima. Our way was now and then obstructed by adobe walls, or by the canals used for irrigation; and over these we had to climb or jump. It was not long before we caught sight of the ruins, solitary and abandoned. With the exception of a herd of cattle and the mounted herdsmen, besides an occasional buzzard or vulture, no living being was in sight.

Cajamarquilla lies about 23 miles from Lima, as you ascend the valley of the Rimac, but in a side valley, in a plain among the spurs of the Andes. The valley is watered by a canal, dug, probably, at a period antedating the advent of the Spaniards. In the vicinity are several haciendas, such as Huachipa and La Niverea, and an occasional "tambo" or rural inn, where, if you care to, some kind of refreshment may be had. These, however, are hardly visible from the ruins, near which one solitary but is to be seen. Years ago, when Squier visited the place, the ruins were the haunt of robbers that gave no little trouble to the Peruvian authorities, but the railroad has driven them out of business, and it



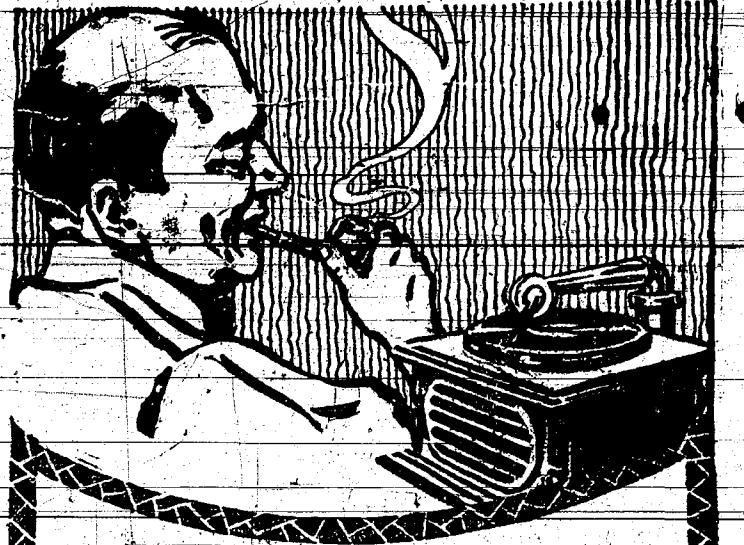
STREET SCENE IN CAJAMARQUILLA

is now quite safe to visit Cajamarquilla. In fact, the thought of robbers was not connected in my mind with Cajamarquilla, until I read Squier's work.

During our brief stay among the ruins it was impossible to make anything like measurements, except with the eye, but as far as the vision extended towards the mountain we saw nothing but ruins which stretched to a great distance to right and left. Toward the river they seemed to melt away into the plain. Squier says that they cover an area of nearly a square league, and Midden-dorf estimates their extent at four square kilometers. From my observations, the ruins consist of houses built of immense adobe blocks, closely adjoining each other, and there separated by streets. Some of the houses consist of several apartments. Admission is gained through a low doorway, but nowhere is there a sign of a window. As in Pompeii, the roofs, whatever may have been the material of their construction, have long since fallen in. Outside the buildings, the soil has risen to a great height, sometimes nearly to the top of the wall, but inside, the walls the depth gives an idea of the original height of perhaps 10 feet or more. Toward the mountain, a large portion of the city is almost completely buried in the sand, which, in the course of ages has come drifting down from the hills. There are within the city a few elevations or small hills, which may have been occupied by temples or forts. Pits are everywhere within and without the houses, with a width of from two to four and a depth ranging from six to twenty feet or more. Human remains in the shape of skulls and bones are found within the pits or scattered over the ground, together with bits of pottery and other articles, such as corn-cobs, which were probably interred with the dead. Some of these pits are said to have served the purposes of storehouses or granaries, while others were certainly graves. The inhabitants of the city buried their dead within or in the immediate vicinity of their houses, although the mass of the people must have used the necropolis, some distance away from the residences. Many of these pits, excavated in the hard soil, are in the form of a jar or urn, while others are square. Squier thus describes the ruins as he saw them:

"These consist of three great groups of buildings and around the central mass, with streets passing between them. It would be impossible to describe this complicated maze of massive adobe walls, most of them still standing, albeit much shattered by earthquakes, or to convey an idea of the pyramidal edifices, rising stage on stage, with terraces and broad flights of steps leading to their summits."

He adds that the history of the place has been lost to tradition. As standing on an eminence, surrounded by the ruins, with the silence of death upon you, you look down upon what was once a city, capable of containing a population of ten or twelve thousand, you wonder what people dwelt there. The accumulation of soil and the fact that a large



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There is smoke pleasure in this pure old Virginia and North Carolina bright-leaf. Thousands prefer it to any other pipe tobacco. Thoroughly aged and stemmed and then granulated. A perfect pipe tobacco—nothing better rolled as a cigarette.

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A Mistaken Idea. "The storm caused me a great deal of suffering by breaking all the windows in my house."

"Why, I always understood that breaking windows was a perfectly painless operation."

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

Miss Oldgirl says that you ought not to show your feelings; that no matter what happens she can keep her countenance.

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Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile. Adv.

A woman's second thoughts are nearly always the most unsatisfactory.

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

Be wise; soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.—Massinger.

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to those who meet at the...
Everybody's Magazine...
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WABSOREINE
Cures Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Pott's Evil, Fistulas, Boils, Sores, Wire Cuts, Bruises, Swelling, Burns, Scalds, and all other skin troubles. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER
Quickly relieves eye irritation caused by dust, sand, or other foreign matter. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant.

WANTED
Local agents for a...
Liberal commission. Ad. J. W. Jones, 801 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

\$927.33 NET FROM 3 ACRES

Remarkable, say? You can do the same thing. Get some land in Mississippi or Louisiana. On August 20, 1912, Mr. James A. Cox of Centerville, Miss., writes that in 1912 to date he had gathered 1029 crates of tomatoes and sold them for \$927.33. And in this figure he did not take into account the culls which were sold separately.

IT'S THE LAND OF PROMISE
and corn, cotton, alfalfa, oats, fruits, vegetables, hogs and cattle. Better investigate. Write for illustrated booklets and full information to J.C. CLAIR, Immigration Comm., Room K600 Cent. Sta., I.C.R.R., Chicago

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\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 AND \$5.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Boys wear W. L. Douglas \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00 School Shoes, because one pair will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary shoes, same as the men's shoes. W. L. Douglas makes and sells more \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS. The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas latest fashions for fall and winter wear, notice the short ramps which make the foot look smaller, points in a shoe particularly desired by young men. Also the conservative styles which have made W. L. Douglas shoes a household word everywhere.

If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price.

CAUTION.—To protect you against inferior shoes, W. L. Douglas stamps his name on the bottom. Look for the stamp. Beware of substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 78 own stores and shoe stores everywhere. No matter where you live, they are within your reach. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to factory for catalog showing how to order by mail. Shoes sent everywhere, delivery charge prepaid. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.



NAMED THE FIRST REQUISITE

Wright Boy May Have Lacked Originality, but He Surely Had Correct Answer.

"This brave man, beloved by all France, was then buried with full military honors," a Baltimore boy read from the lesson, when his name had been called.

"What are military honors in this connection?" the teacher asked, and several boys seemed to be possessed of the right idea.

"And what must one be to receive such honors?" was the next question. "A general?" "A hero?" "A captain?" were a few of the tentative replies. Only the "bright boy" of the class remained silent.

"Have you no answer, James?" the teacher suggested, "what must one be?"

"Why, I should say dead, Miss Mary," was the reply.

Thinking It Over.

"Some of the old Egyptians worshipped animals."

"Well," replied Farmer Cortness, thoughtfully, "if I had a hen that laid the year round or a cow that wouldn't go dry, of course I wouldn't worship 'em. But I surely would show 'em a heap of respectful consideration."

A CURE FOR PILLS.

Cole's Carbolic stops itching and itching cures piles. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

If a man doesn't know how to make love to a widow she knows how to teach him.

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

It's an easy matter to forgive those who trespass against others.

WOMEN SHOULD BE PROTECTED

Against So Many Surgical Operations. How Mrs. Bethune and Mrs. Moore Escaped.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."—Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.



Murrayville, Ill.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a very bad case of female trouble and it made me a well woman. My health was all broken down, the doctors said I must have an operation, and I was ready to go to the hospital, but I decided that I began taking your Compound. I got along so well that I gave up the doctors and was saved from the operation."—Mrs. CHARLES MOORE, R. 2, No. 3, Murrayville, Ill.

Women Appreciate
The value of good looks—of a fine complexion, a skin free from blemishes, bright eyes and a cheerful demeanor. Many of them know, also, what it means to be free from headaches, backaches, lassitude and extreme nervousness, because many have learned the value of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

as the most reliable aid to better physical condition. Beecham's Pills have an unequalled reputation because they act so mildly, but so certainly and so beneficially. By clearing the system, regulating the bowels and liver, they tone the stomach and improve the digestion. Better feelings, better looks, better spirits follow the use of Beecham's Pills so noted the world over

For Their Good Effects

Sold everywhere, 10c. 25c. Women especially should read the directions with every box.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS
If you feel hot or sore, "run down" or "got the blues," suffer from kidney troubles, nervousness, chronic constipation, or any other ailment, write for my FREE BOOK. It is the most instructive medical book ever written. It tells all about the kidneys and how to cure them. It is the remedy for French Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, No. 1, No. 2, and you can decide for yourself if it is the remedy for your ailment. Don't send a cent. It is absolutely FREE. No "follow-up" circulars. Dr. Lee Clarendon, 208, Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, London, Eng.

Pettit's FOR SORE EYE WEAK EYES Salve

PLACE APPOINTED

Mistake in Posting Letter Proves Right Thing.

By HAROLD CARTER.

John Brett was in the seventh heaven of happiness on Saturday morning, and there were three distinct contributing causes. First, it was Saturday, and he did not have to go to work that day; second, his new suit had come home; third, and immeasurably greater, though in a message bound up with reason two, he had received a letter from Georgia Gaines. "Yes, I shall be in town Saturday, but only for a couple of hours," she wrote. "And then, perhaps I shall answer the question you want to ask me. If you decide to ask it, I shall arrive about 10 o'clock, shall do my shopping at 11, shall expect you outside."

Brett skimmed the letter hastily. Later he would read it at leisure, lingering over each letter or every word of that handwriting which always thrilled him, even before he had torn open the envelope. On such occasions the address—even the simple superscription, "John Brett, Esq."—overwhelmed him with emotion.

Reason two turned to gall and wormwood. The suit did not fit. It did not fit approximately. It might have fitted the Living Skeleton or made a passably good garment for the Elastic Man, but it was not built for John Brett. And there was no possibility of changing it.

"I'll take it to the circus—I'll give it to Marcelline, the clown," he soliloquized, when the first burst of anger had spent itself. "No, I won't, either. I feel so fine today—here, Bill!"

The janitor looked up from the yard at the man in the window. "Here's a new suit for you," cried Brett, and flung the garments down to him. Then, after donning his ordinary attire, with a little sigh for a lost impression, he finished his breakfast and went downtown.

"Now, where are we to meet?" he asked himself a little later, and felt for the letter. His pockets were empty. Suddenly the appalling consciousness came to him that he had left the letter in the discarded suit.

He rushed back and summoned the janitor. "I've got to have the letter



"Postman, There's a Letter in There, Posted by Mistake."

"I left it in that coat," he explained. "Hurry, Bill, or I'll miss an important engagement."

The janitor looked sheepish. "Why, Mr. Brett," he stammered, "I—I haven't got it now. I let it go."

"You sold it, you mean?" cried Brett. "Where?"

"Why, Mr. Brett, I've had some dealings with Mr. Peterman's Mischief Parlors on Fourteenth street, and—"

John Brett waited not an instant, but hurrying out of the house, leaped aboard a moving car, and 15 minutes later found himself at his destination.

"You bought a suit this morning," he explained. "A brownish tweed. It—"

"Our purchases run to five dozen suits a morning, mister," cried Peterman. "Among 'em many—"

"But surely you'll remember it," persisted Brett. "It had an important letter in the pocket. It was brought in by a colored janitor—"

"O, sure, I remember," said the proprietor affably. "That suit I just sold not three minutes ago to—say, young feller, you hurry down that street and you'll meet it walking away on a biggish man, but that—"

"I bet he was thin," muttered John, hurrying out of the store.

He ran like a madman in the direction which Peterman had indicated, looked here and there and round the corners—then, to his indescribable joy he saw the very suit in question, hanging on—or draped, rather—the back of a tall, ascetic-looking man who was leaning against a street letter box. John Brett ran up to him.

"You've just bought that suit at Peterman's," he panted. "I want to get a letter out of the inside pocket."

"Letter?" inquired the ascetic cheerlessly. "Why—I thought that was the letter my wife gave me to post. I'm sorry, but it's in that letter box. Better ask the postman." And he sauntered away, enveloped in the coat's voluminous folds.

John felt like murder, but at that very moment a postman stepped across the street, whistling briskly, and unlocked the box. John inter-

posed.

"Postman, the letter, there's a letter in there posted by mistake. It's addressed to John Brett, in a slanting feminine hand. I want it back."

"You'll have to go to the postoffice department if you want it before it's delivered," the postman answered.

"That'll take three days. You'll get it tonight if you go home and sit down and cool off a little."

"Does money talk?" inquired John, waving a ten-dollar bill in the air.

"Well, I ain't against free speech," answered the other, taking the bill and handing John the letter. He seized it, and then, so great was the reaction, he was unable to open it for several moments. At last he did so.

Inside was a communication from an unknown man. John made out signature with difficulty. Clo—Clo—Closest! Then his senses reasserted themselves. It was the bill for the suit, which the tailor had enclosed in the inside pocket. And he must have left Georgia's letter at home after all!

"There was no time to get it now—not the ghost of a chance that he could return within a half hour of the time, for he knew that Georgia must have made it 11:30 or 11:45. And it was 11:25 now. He tore the letter into a hundred pieces and then, very slowly, with down-hanging head, he walked down Fourteenth street.

He would go home, he would write to Georgia and tell her what an ass he had been—no, he would take the first train to her home and crave forgiveness. At the thought he swung round, nearly colliding with a young and attractive lady, and started in the direction of the terminal. But before he had gone three steps he felt a touch on his arm and looked around.

"Well, you are rude, running away from me like that!" she said petulantly.

"Georgia!" exclaimed John Brett. "Well, didn't you expect to meet me? Didn't you come here for that purpose? And didn't you get my letter appointing this place?"

"What place, Georgia?" John muttered.

"Why, this place," said Georgia sharply. "Peterman's Mischief Parlors. John, if you don't prove to me instantly that you haven't been drinking I may change my answer."

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

WHY THEY DID NOT RETURN

Little Story Lacked Pathos Promised by the Altogether Growsome Introduction.

"Talking about omens," said the Canadian soldier, "a queer thing happened in the Boer war—"

"A troop of mounted rifles were returning after a hard day's scouting to our camp near Middleburg, in the eastern part of the Transvaal. On our way back we had to pass the town cemetery, which was on the side of a hill. Near the gate of the cemetery stood a shed in which was kept the town hearse."

"The doors of this building were open as we were riding past, and in some manner the blocks which were usually kept under the wheels of the hearse must have become dislodged, for the hearse slowly moved out of the shed and rolled down the hill into the middle of our party, who scattered in all directions."

"The officer in charge of the troop ordered four men to dismount and take the hearse back. Now comes the queer part. Soon after this we went to Cape Town and took ship for home. Every man of that scouting party returned alive and well to Canada except the four men who handled that hearse. Not a man of that four returned."

"The former warrior paused and heaved a sigh. "Good men, true comrades they were," said he.

"Have another drink," said the bartender, "and tell us how the poor fellows died."

Silently the soldier drank to the memory of his comrades, set down the empty glass and edged toward the door.

"The reason they did not come back was because two of them got good jobs in Cape Town; the other two married Boer widows and settled down on farms," he said.

Loneliest England.

A man who was described as living in one of the loneliest parts of England has been given a parliamentary vote by the revising barrister at Brampton, Cumberland. The conservative agent said he had visited the place—a farm situated on a fell between Newcastle and Maltwhistle on the border of Northumberland. In an area of 30,000 acres there were only four cottages. The members of this farmer's family had lived in the cottages concerned for 600 years, and tradition said that the kitchen fire had never been extinguished for 200 years. The claimant, William Goodfellow, slept in a bedroom eight feet square. He would have to walk fifteen miles to vote. The Liberal agent said he endeavored to reach this remote spot, and finding the route so difficult and dangerous turned back when he had still twelve miles to travel. He understood a child was at the place who had not seen another child for two years.—London Evening Standard.

Precaution Against Trichina.

A temperature of about 160 degrees Fahrenheit kills the parasite responsible for the disease Trichina, or flesh worm, as it is more commonly known. Fresh pork should be cooked until it becomes white and is no longer red in color, in all portions of the piece, at the center as well as near the surface.

BEAR CAPPED WITH A TIN MILK PAIL

Is Charged With Assault and Battery and Disturbance of the Peace.

BRUIN'S SAD MISTAKE

In an Effort to Drain Bucket of Warm Milk Animal Gets Vessel Fast on Its Head—Escapes Farmer's Bullets and Gets Out of His Yard.

Bangor, Me.—Somewhere in the wilds of northern Maine there is cruising a big bear, for whose arrest Pete Tarrio of Shin Pond is willing to pay a suitable reward. Pete charges this bear with assault and battery, disturbance of the peace and larceny, and he is willing to go to almost any expense and trouble to get him. The bear can be identified easily. He is wearing over his head one of Tarrio's best ten-quart tin milking pails with five bullet holes in it, and on that account staggers about like a drunken man.

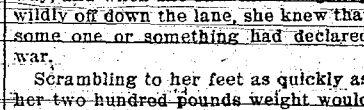
It was sunset at Shin Pond, which peaceful locality is a few miles north of Bangor, and Mrs. Pete Tarrio, who is fat and fifty, was sitting on a stool just outside the barn milking their best cow. Pete was just inside the barn door milking another cow. Suddenly Mrs. Pete was startled by a loud "woof," "woof" behind her.

At first she merely smiled and kept on milking, for she knew that her husband was a great joker and thought that he was trying to have some fun with her. But when she got a cuff across the back that knocked her sprawling, she knew that it was no joke, that Pete wouldn't treat her that way, and when she saw the cow gallop wildly off down the lane, she knew that some one or something had declared war.

Scrambling to her feet as quickly as her two hundred pounds weight would allow, Mrs. Pete was astonished to see a 400-pound bear with his nose stuck into the pail of warm milk. She yelled to her husband, who came out, took one look, and raced to the house for his rifle.

While Pete was gone the bear lapped up most of the milk, and then, in an effort to get what was in the bottom of the pail, he lifted his head to allow the milk to run down his throat. That was a bad move to the bear, for the instant he tilted the pail the pail fell down over his neck and caught in the thick fur. He paused—in a puzzled way, then began to run around in circles, occasionally butting into something, which had the effect of forcing the pail more firmly down over his shoulders.

Pete appeared with his rifle and took a shot at the blindfolded bear, the bullet making a nice round hole in the tin pail but not disturbing the animal.



Took a Shot at the Blindfolded Bear.

At all the bear raced around the barnyard like a hen with its head cut off, knocking over a churn, a beehive and a swinging clothes reel.

Another shot made another hole in the pail but didn't stop the war dance, and the bear now raced across to the house, climbed up on the back porch and knocked into eternal smash three dozen jars of raspberry preserves that Mrs. Pete had set out too cool. He daubed his fur with the hot mess of sugar and berries, and thereafter everything stuck to him—burs, reath-ers, dried grass and dust, so that presently he was a disgrace to bear society.

Tarrio's dog now took a hand and worried the bear, while Pete made more holes in the critter's tin helmet. Finally the bear, with muffled grunts and snorts of rage and fear, managed to steer out of the yard and put off down the road toward Shin Pond.

Many of those who behold the apparition of the feathered bear wearing a tin helmet have taken pledge, which they are likely to keep until they know the circumstances.

New Divorce Cause.

New York—Irwin V. Graves was given a divorce when he produced an agreement his wife signed promising that if she stayed out all night again it would be a sign she wanted Graves to kill himself.

NOTHING ELSE TO DO.



"Why did you leave your last place?" "Well, I couldn't get along with the boss and he wouldn't git out!"

FACE ALMOST COVERED WITH PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Atchison, Kan.—"For a number of years I suffered very greatly from skin eruption. My face was very red and irritated, being almost covered with pimples and blackheads. The pimples were scattered over my face. They were a fine rash with the exception of a few large pimples on my forehead and chin. My face burned and looked red as if exposed to either heat or cold. It was not only unsightly but very uncomfortable. I tried several remedies but couldn't get any relief. I was recommended to use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment.

"I applied the Cuticura Ointment in the evening, leaving it for about five minutes, then washing it off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. I washed several times during the day. After about four months of this application, my face was cleared of the pimples. I still use the Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Miss Elsie Nielson, Dec. 29, 1911.

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

Talk With Shakespeare.

"But, Bill," says Shakespeare's friend, "I'll be bodkinized if I see the sense in that song Ophelia sings, nor why you put the song in there for her anyhow."

"When you've been in the show game as long as I have," replies Shakespeare, still a bit excited over the first performance of "Hamlet," "you'll know that when the producer wants a song in a scene, the song goes in. Besides, this girl that's playing Ophelia was a hit in musical comedy, and the manager argued that the public expected to hear her sing somewhere in the piece. Let's go over to the Mermaid and buy drinks for the critics."

Tokio's First Skyscraper.

With the completion of a seven-story building, Tokio is able to boast of the first skyscraper in its history. The structure, begun in January, 1910, was but recently completed. It is considered fire and earthquake proof. It was designed for offices, and is especially noteworthy because it is probably the highest of its kind in the Far East.

CURES BURNS AND CUTS.

Child's Carbolic stops the pain instantly. Cures Blisters, Nostril. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

A precaution by any other name would be quite as unwanted.

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.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FOR BACKACHE-RHEUMATISM RICH IN CURATIVE QUALITIES—NO HABIT FORMING DRUGS

Stops Backache

Sloan's Liniment is a splendid remedy for backache, stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica. You don't need to rub it in—just laid on lightly it gives comfort and ease at once. Best for Pain and Stiffness

Mr. Geo. BUCHANAN, of Welch, Okla., writes: "I have used your Liniment for the past ten years for pain in back and stiffness and find it the best Liniment I ever tried. I recommend it to anyone for pains of any kind."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is good for sprains, strains, bruises, cramp or soreness of the muscles, and all affections of the throat and chest.

Got Entire Relief

R. D. BURGUYNE, of Maysville, Ky., R.R. 1, Box 5, writes: "I had severe pains between my shoulders; I got a bottle of your Liniment and had entire relief at the fifth application."

Relieved Severe Pain in Shoulders

Mr. J. UNDERWOOD, of 2000 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I am a piano polisher by occupation, and since last September have suffered with severe pain in both shoulders. I could not rest night or day. One of my friends told me about your Liniment. Three applications completely cured me and I will never be without it."

Price 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 at All Dealers.

Send for Sloan's free book on horses.

Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.



