

Charlevoix County Herald.

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No. 50

A Local Booster

Writer's Interesting Letter to Indiana Paper

The Idaville, Ind., Observer, of recent date contains the below letter from a former Indiana farmer who, seeing the possibilities for success in Northern Michigan, purchased a farm in Wilson township, Charlevoix County, and moved here with his family.

East Jordan, Mich.,
Nov. 23, 1912.

Publisher Observer:

I enclose renewal of my subscription, and as I have many acquaintances in your locality who may be more or less interested in knowing my whereabouts and of learning something of my newly adopted country, would like to tell them a few things through your columns.

Just two years ago I moved my family from the Lake Cleeton vicinity to 180 acre farm I purchased three miles out of East Jordan (commonly called "The Biggest Little City in Michigan") in Charlevoix County.

While this particular locality is especially "boosted" for fruit growing and would be hard to equal—particularly fine for apples—I find that general farming and stock raising is also very profitable and affairs, red clover, wheat, corn, buckwheat, potatoes, beans, and various kinds of grains and vegetables are very remunerative crops.

The soil is not heavy but there is something about it that gives it very productive qualities—limestone mixed with the gravelly loam seems a very important factor.

From 150 worth of seed I raised 150 bushels of carrots this year.

Potatoes are of excellent quality, and on the new hardwood lands often produce upward of 300 bushels to the acre as a first and second crop, while on the older land from 150 to 200 bushels seems quite common.

We have an apple orchard which provides more fruit than we need for our own use, and this year sold about 125 bushels. There are not many large bearing orchards here but most every farm has some, and the aggregate means a good many thousand bushels shipped out each year, and in a few years there will be immense shipments of fruit as there are numerous large commercial orchards starting and doing finely.

The winters are not nearly so severe as we had expected, and in fact we do not feel the cold so much as we used to in our former home. There is more snow and quite steady sleighing, but no muddy roads to speak of, and when the snow goes off in the spring we go right to plowing and working the land.

The conditions here in general are fine, and this part of Michigan surely has a great future before it.

Lands are very cheap yet, but show a strong tendency to advance, and in fact have increased in price since we came, but a renter or a small farmer from Southern Michigan or Indiana can soon have a big farm here and be in comfortable circumstances.

Country schools are good as well as the schools in town (the latter being on the University list) five rural mail routes and a large system of rural telephones out of East Jordan provide conveniences for the farmers.

Hoping that you will publish this and that it may prove interesting to some of your readers, I am

Yours very truly,
HENRY SLOOP.

Land Dealers to Meet

There will be a meeting of "The Western Michigan Land Dealers Association" held at Cadillac, Tuesday, Dec. 17th, at 1:00 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of adopting a Constitution and By-Laws to govern said association and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. All land dealers in Western Michigan are cordially invited to attend the meeting and become members of the association.

A. L. DEUEL, President
ISAAC KOUW, Secretary

It doesn't seem as though it would cost the government any more to put stickum on the postage stamps that would taste less like a burned rubber stamp.

MICHIGAN CLIMATIC CONDITIONS.

The Lower Peninsula Has a Very Favorable Climate

The effect of the Great Lakes, particularly that of Lake Michigan, in modifying the temperature effect of cold anti-cyclones and warm cyclonic storms makes for lower Michigan a more equable and less extreme climate than obtains in the states of similar latitude on the other side of Lake Michigan. This influence is very marked in the immediate vicinity of Lake Michigan, although apparent in all parts of the lower peninsula; in Wisconsin winter temperatures have frequently continued from ten to twenty degrees lower during periods of extreme cold weather than in lower Michigan, owing to the warming influence of the Great Lake which intervenes between the two. In spring the influence of Lake Michigan particularly, and all of the Great Lakes in general, is of untold value in modifying the eastward sweep of early hot waves and late cold waves. In summer the refreshing southwest to west winds are making the entire shore bordering on Lake Michigan a continuous summer resort.

A feature of Michigan climate in connection with its soil productivity, is the comparatively long days and short nights due to latitude. In lower Michigan the longest day of the year at the summer equinox is nearly 17 and one-half hours, while at New Orleans the longest day of the year is only a little more than fourteen hours in length. These long days and short nights during the crop season are climatic factors; the daylight promotes all vegetable growth, while the short nights often prevent late frosts in spring and early frosts in autumn. On the other hand, the frosting of the soil during the late fall and early spring greatly adds to its vitality and fertility. —C. F. Schneider.

Michigan Crop Report

Lansing, Mich., Dec. 7, 1912.

WHEAT. The condition of wheat as compared with an average per cent is 99 in the State and 100 in the northern counties, 91 in the central counties and 97 in the Upper Peninsula. One year ago the per cent was 86 in the State, 83 in the southern counties, 88 in the central counties, 92 in the northern counties and 94 in the Upper Peninsula. The total number of bushels of wheat marketed by farmers in November at 75 flouring mills is 96,095 and at 75 elevators and to grain dealers 60,663 or a total of 157,358 bushels. Of this amount 87,829 bushels were marketed in the southern four tiers of counties, 52,658 in the central counties and 16,873 in the northern counties and Upper Peninsula. The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marketed in the four months, August- November is 2,250,000. One hundred mills, elevators and grain dealers report no wheat marketed in November.

RYE. The condition of rye as compared with an average per cent is 92 in the State and 100 in the northern counties, 83 in the southern counties, 91 in the central counties and 96 in the Upper Peninsula. One year ago the per cent was 88 in the State and central counties, 85 in the southern counties, 93 in the northern counties and 96 in the Upper Peninsula.

FALL PASTURE. The condition of fall pasture as compared with an average per cent is 98 in the State, 97 in the southern and central counties, 99 in the northern counties and 102 in the Upper Peninsula.

LIVE STOCK. The condition of live stock throughout the State is 96 for horses, cattle, sheep and swine.

FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE,
Secretary of State.

GIVES INSTANT ACTION

James Gidley reports that A SINGLE DOSE of simple buckthorn bark glycerine, etc., as compounded in Adler-I-ka, the German appendicitis remedy, stops constipation or gas on the stomach INSTANTLY. Many East Jordan people are being helped.

Too many men make the mistake of overestimating their capacity when they are looking for trouble.

Now is the time of year when you buy something you can't afford and give it to someone who doesn't want it.

SUSPENDED SENTENCE

Given J. Newhouse, Who it Was Alleged, Ran a "Blind Pig."

It will be remembered that J. Newhouse, a night watchman at the Elm Cooperage Company, was arrested in the city a few weeks ago for entertaining a "blind pig" at his home on Main street, and taken to Charlevoix for a hearing. He pleaded guilty and the court suspended sentence. The United States court marshal immediately appeared upon the scene and arrested Newhouse for violating the United States revenue laws. The man was then taken to Grand Rapids where he appeared before Judge Sessions and again pleaded guilty. Upon recommendation of United States Revenue Officer, A. L. Coulter, of Charlevoix, the Judge suspended sentence and let the man return home to this city, where his family is reported to be in destitute circumstances.

Newhouse appears to be repentant of his misdeeds and says he will reform and make an attempt to lead a more worthy life. The statement is given out by the court that, by properly conducting himself, caring for his family and giving no other cause for complaint, his permanent release can probably be obtained. —Boyer Journal.

Teaching Positions, Philippine Islands.

In order to make it possible for those interested in positions in the teaching service of the Philippine Islands to take the examination for eligibility to appointment without interfering with their regular school duties, the United States Civil Service Commission announces an examination for teacher, industrial teacher and departmental assistant on Dec. 27-28, in many of the important cities of the United States.

Eligibility in these examinations is required for appointment to positions for: Women in Home Economics, Men in Agriculture, Manual Training, High School Science, Mathematics, English and Supervisor of School Districts.

The entrance salary of the majority of appointees is \$1,200 per annum and expenses to the islands paid by Government, with eligibility for promotion up to \$2,600 as teacher and up to \$3,000 as superintendent.

For information relative to the nature of the service and the examination, address: BUREAU OF INSULAR AFFAIRS, Washington, D. C.

In fishing for compliments use fresh bait.

A busy tongue is responsible for much idle talk.

The wheel of fortune has turned many a man's head.

Pessimists may be men who are disappointed in themselves.

Fresh people usually consider themselves the salt of the earth.

No man cares what kind of a necktie he wears after he is married.

When you are expecting an opportunity it is sure to miss the boat.

Anyway, trouble never dodges up an alley when a man is looking for it.

We all regret many things we haven't done—and only a few things we have.

But when a friend tells you something for your own good, it's a sign that the pleasure will be all his.

A narrow-minded man will admit that others have a right to their opinions—if they are the same as his.

You never catch a man in the act of sneaking up quietly behind your back for the purpose of putting money in your pocket.

Fame, after all, is but a pedestal on which the victim is elevated in order to give the public a better chance to throw mud at him.

Look yourself over carefully, and if you find you are devoting too much time to criticizing the affairs of your neighbors, cut it out.

It is possible for one woman to pass another on the street without seeing her, but she can't pass a milliner's window without looking in.

If, as some writers say, a man acquires wisdom through marriage, it is no wonder the late Mr. Solomon had wisdom to throw at the birds.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

Paul Rose of Frankfort, Stricken By Paralysis While In Indiana.

Dispatches from Benton Harbor state that Paul Rose of Frankfort, is suffering from a stroke of paralysis at the home of a sister east of that city. Physicians say that while his condition is very serious he stands a good fighting chance for recovery.

Paul Rose is one of the leading fruit growers of northwestern Michigan and in fact has acquired a national reputation. He is prominently identified with the Michigan horticultural society and as an exponent of scientific fruit growing has done much work for the Michigan Agricultural college. He is a frequent speaker at state meetings of fruit growers.

The great Rose fruit farm, two miles southeast of Frankfort, is one of the best known in the state. Mr. Rose began the cultivation of it nineteen years ago and it now embraces 500 acres.

Several weeks ago Mr. Rose went to Mitchell, Ind., with his wife to visit his orchard and it was there that he was stricken three or four days ago. As soon as he had recuperated from the first shock of the attack he was brought here by Mrs. Rose, arriving Saturday night.

Since coming to his sister's home the doctors say that he is showing slow but continual improvement and his condition today is reported to be more favorable than it has at any time since he was attacked.

Even good intentions prove too much of a burden for some men to carry.

Many a man who is rich in experience is unable to raise the price of a squar meal.

A woman is proud of her husband's insomnia—if she thinks it brands him as a brain worker.

With the advent of her first baby boy a mother begins planning for his inauguration as President.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

All persons liable for taxes in the City of East Jordan are hereby notified that the tax roll for the State, County, County Road and School District taxes for 1912 is now in my hands for collection, and the tax can be paid at my store in said city on or after December 10, 1912. If paid before January 10, 1913 there is no additional penalty, but on January 10, 1913 four percent penalty will be added to all unpaid taxes.

Dated December 3, 1912.
C. C. MACK,
City Treasurer.

Jewish Credit Unions.

Several co-operative credit unions have been formed among the Jewish farmers in Connecticut, New York and other sections. One of the first was the Jewish farmers' co-operative credit union of Ellington, C. which organized May 1, 1911. The membership is confined to Jewish farmers in that town, who are required to take one or more shares of the par value of \$5.

A shareholder is entitled to only one vote. In 10 months 105 shares were issued, which put \$525 in the treasury. The Jewish agricultural and industrial aid society loaned the credit union \$1000 at a very low rate of interest.

Loans are granted to meet current needs and expenses, and as most of the members are tobacco growers, they find it necessary to borrow money in anticipation of the sale of their crop. The maximum loan is \$100 for six months.

During the first ten months in which the union was in operation 31 loans were granted amounting to \$2560. Of these 14 were repaid in full and nearly \$2000 on the others. Interest is charged at the rate of 6 per cent annually.

Every man likes to see a feller git ahead, providin' the feller is himself.

Always laugh at a man's alleged jokes. You may be in a position some day to let him loan you money.

Time to buy Holiday Goods

In buying Holiday Goods call and see us. We have something for each member of the family.

Toilet Sets, every kind, every price.

Fancy Goods, Cameras, Military Sets, Shaving Sets, Fountain Pens, in fact anything you can imagine.

Books at all prices from the juveniles at 5c to the finest copies at \$4.00.

We have the finest line of Books ever shown in the city.

Do not buy until you see our line.

W. C. SPRING Drug Co.

Coughing at Night.

One bad cough can keep the whole family awake at night. Phil. Disor-neau, Schaffer, Mich., says: "I could not sleep on account of a bad cough, and I was very weak, I used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and soon the cough left and I slept soundly all night." Illte Drug Co. (adv)

Why Should You Buy "IRON CLAD" Stockings?

BECAUSE they possess the three essential qualities necessary to satisfy you, viz: Strength, Comfort, Attractiveness.

BECAUSE you can get the same style year after year with full confidence that the quality is as good or better than before, no matter what you pay for them.

BECAUSE everything we sell is guaranteed to give reasonable and satisfactory service and we do not add anything to the cost of the goods for our guarantee nor take it out of the quality.

Our line for this season is a beauty and contains some new features that will interest you. The popular prices of 25c and 50c.



High Quality Low Prices

You get both in plenteous measure in J. C. C. Corsets. That's why we feature them. We're not in business for today or tomorrow merely. We're looking not only to present profits but next year's and the year after.

As a consequence, we carry a big line of J. C. C. Corsets; because we know they will give most thorough-going satisfaction and keep you on friendly terms with our Corset Department.

Another reason why we specialize on J. C. C. is because of the variety of well-fitting, correct style models, they enable us to offer you each season.

In this line there are models for every type of figure, for every age and for every taste. All lengths and finishes.



"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL."

FRED E. BOOSINGER

MONEY THAT REALLY TALKS

Speaking Bank Note Is Now Urged as a Protection Against Counterfeiting.

The question of protection against counterfeit bank notes is one which is being discussed in England just at present.

A member of the Royal Society recently showed the results of a discovery which he made, and by this means he is able to imitate copper or steel engraved bank notes so perfectly that the president of a large bank was unable to pick out the single genuine bank note out of a lot of ten which included nine of the kind reproduced by the author.

At the same time that this somewhat disconcerting news comes out a new remedy against counterfeit notes is proposed, this being the "speaking" bank note, and should a system of the kind be adopted the note will not only concern the eye, but will assert its genuineness in a loud and intelligible voice should it be placed in a phonograph.

In fact the note carries a given phrase which is inscribed on the edge just as on a phonograph cylinder, using a specially prepared paper for this purpose. Any kind of phrase can naturally be used, as it is designed simply to have a check upon the quality of the bank note by the use of the voice.

All that is needed is to put the note into a properly designed phonograph, when it will speak for itself, according to the present idea, while a counterfeit remains silent. The method is certainly an original one, but it would not seem a very hard matter to counterfeit the phonograph record as well as the note itself.—Scientific American.

New Foot Rule.

Jenkins was an enterprising man. He was a bootmaker by trade, and in order to advertise his goods, he had a notice put up in his window to the effect that during the next week every purchaser of a pair of boots would be presented gratis with a fine foot rule.

"Just the very thing for me," said Brown, the carpenter. "I'm needing a new foot rule, and I can put the boots by until these I have are done."

So he entered the shop and bought a pair, receiving with his change a neat little envelope a trifle larger than a visiting card.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"That, sir, is the foot rule which we are presenting gratis for this week, sir."

"Rather small, isn't it?"

"A pocket foot rule, sir; very handy."

Brown walked home and opened the envelope, when, to his chagrin, he produced a small card on which was printed:

"Never Wear Tight Shoes."

Growth of Flax Industry.

The flax industry of this country has reached a stage of considerable importance, but the product is not made use of in the production of linen, but in the manufacture of linseed oil. It is said that at the present time about 2,500,000 acres of land are given up to flax growing. A problem of the industry is to make some use of the straw, which now goes wholly to waste, this amounting to about three million tons. Experiments have been made in the direction of papermaking with the straw and this proposition has met with some degree of success, but the scheme is not commercially practicable.

Blissful Ignorance.

At a village in central Africa some explorers met a local chief who refused at first to see them. The interpreter explained that the chief had retired to his hut to make himself presentable to the great white men.

After waiting nearly half an hour the party met the worthy African native. He was attired in a pair of corsets, a linen collar, which had once been white, tied round his neck with a fiber, a loin cloth, the remains of a soft felt hat and a large smite. He explained that he had desired to welcome the white men in their own costume.

Too Improbable.

George W. Perkins was talking to a reporter about the obituary, so frequently unjust, which nowadays attaches to great wealth.

"A little boy," he said, "once remarked to his father:

"Pa, I often read in the low-priced magazines about 'poor but honest people'—why do they never say 'rich but honest'?"

"Because, my son," the father answered, "nobody would believe them."

An Acute Ear.

"Acute hearing?" said little Binks, scornfully. "Don't talk to me about anybody's acute hearing—why, my mother-in-law—"

"Yes?" said the genial philosopher. "My mother-in-law has heard me say things I never even thought of uttering," said little Binks.—Harper's Weekly.

Done.

"Everybody's doing it now." "And I'm it."

Reading Test

Would Keep Out Many Honest Toilers

By MICHAEL BROWN, New York

I AM OPPOSED to any reading test for immigrants because it would keep out of this country millions of honest toilers, good and useful men and women who deserve an opportunity in life and who have been deprived of it through no fault of their own.

Illiteracy, as every one knows, is the result of oppression, and it would appear poor Americanism, indeed, to close the doors of our country, which has maintained the high doctrine that the oppressed and persecuted peoples of all lands should find an asylum here.

Labor omnia vincit. Men of brawn are far more important than the men of brain in the building of our railroads, subways, harbors. Every able-bodied immigrant coming to our country enriches it by his honest labor, whether it be in factory or mine, or as trench digger. On the other hand, American ideals may suffer rudely at the hands of one who possesses all the intellectual qualifications, but is devoid of that which is far more essential—true nobility of character, such as we often find among the illiterate class.

Have the supporters of and the agitators for the educational test considered that the marvelous growth of this country and its prosperity, unequalled in the history of the world, are due to the liberal immigration laws?

Some of our best citizens have sprung from parents who, had they been required to pass any kind of educational test, would surely have been excluded from the country. Our democratic ideas, together with the educational opportunities afforded immigrants and their children, do more to educate them than all the educational tests in the world could accomplish. Under our system of public school education the second generations of immigrants become perfectly assimilated. What is rarer to be deplored, however, is the fact that the second generation, like the born Americans, refuse to follow the occupations of their fathers, but seek lighter vocations. This is another argument in favor of the immigrants who are satisfied to do the work which the native born are loath to perform.

The claim that because people lack the opportunities in their own country they are therefore inferior to ourselves would be most dangerous if accepted. It not only deals a death blow to liberty, of which we have boasted in the past, but it is a concession to a decadent spirit and to antiquated and bigoted ideas.

President Eliot of Harvard properly declared that the only questions which should be asked of an immigrant are, Is he healthy, strong and desirous of earning a good living? This, to my mind, is an expression of true Americanism. And, like Dr. Eliot, I believe that a reading test should be applied when the foreigner proposes to become a citizen and not before.



Man Had Never Seen the Ocean

By E. C. Hawtrev, St. Louis, Mo.

Not long ago I was talking with a noted and successful lawyer of a city in the interior of the nation, and was astonished to hear him say that he had never had a glimpse of the ocean.

He explained it on the ground that he was a creature of habit; he never left home except on pressing business, and then but for short distances. To travel means the breaking up of his regular habits and hence he had viewed none of nature's grandest sights.

The explanation sounded plausible to me, but a friend who was with me at the time and who knew the distinguished attorney better than I remarked as we left his presence that there was another and a stronger reason why he had never looked upon the salt sea waves.

"That old duffer," quoth my friend, "simply lied as to his real motives. I can tell you why he has never seen the tossing waves or heard the Atlantic's roar—he is too miserably stingy to pay the railroad fare to the coast. That's the sole reason and not because he is so averse to travel. If there were any way to decide the bet I'd wager you fifty plunks even up that he'd take the first train to the seashore if somebody would pay the expenses of the trip."

Fresh Air Leads to Good Health

By G. H. Goodwin, M. D., Washington, D. C.

Dr. Neff, director of the department of health and charities, Philadelphia, has issued a bulletin on the importance of fresh air. Pure air is as essential to the health of human beings as food or water.

Once this sensible slogan could be gotten through the mind of the public the sooner would all have general good health. Disease germs, states the bulletin, abound in the dust-laden air of poorly ventilated rooms, cars, factories and public meeting places. The antidote against these disease germs is pure air and plenty of it.

It would be a wise move for all persons to always lower the top of one window in each room, no matter how cold the weather; for it is a fact little known that fresh air will heat quicker than will stale air.

There is no danger of taking cold from the fresh air if the window be lowered from the top. Fresh air, plenty of it, in the eating, the sleeping and the reading room is the enemy of disease.

Therefore let us all practice this simple precaution and permit plenty of fresh air to enter all of our rooms.

Aviation Not to be Done Away With

By J. K. Taylor, Baltimore, Md.

Aviation will soon be a lost art unless the aviators invent some means of keeping ahead of the fatalities. There will always be more aviators than fatalities.

Aviation, despite the fatalities, will increase and improve.

There is in the human breast an almost divine something that perpetually defies fate, and this divine something is conspicuous in aviation and in everything that makes for progress.

It is a gift of the Almighty—a gift without which the world would remain as stationary as the civilization of Egypt.

So, despite the awful harvest of the air, the human race may expect as much perfection in aerial navigation as has been attained in the navigation of the high seas.

TURBANS FOR WINTER



Copyright, 1912, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

The model below is the Richelieu turban, named after Cardinal Richelieu of France. It is composed of red silk crown, denoting the Cardinal's color, puffed and bound with a gold-embroidered band. The brim is slightly rolled on the front and sides. The model above is wearing another style turban hat constructed of fur with a feather standing out at side, which will be worn at social functions, being specially fitted to go with low cut gowns and scarf drapery. The hat can be pulled down over the hair to be in style.

PLAIDS ALWAYS IN DEMAND DESIGN FOR SILK STOCKINGS

Now Bid Fair to Be More the Rage Than They Have Been for Some Time.

The material most commented on at present is Scotch plaid, which is always associated with autumn, says the Indianapolis News. Numbers of fashionable women are ordering two skirts with these new plaid costumes. The semi-fitting jacket covering the hips is worn with a short skirt made for the country. The material just touches the ankles, and the trimming consists of a wide box plait, back and front. The same box plaits repeat themselves on the second skirt, ordered for town wear. Below the knees starts a flounce of the plaid material with narrow box plaits touching one another. This flounce adds extra width to the new autumn skirts. Straps in plaid trim the jacket at the back, starting at the side beneath a long, square steel buckle. A couple of revers in surah widen as they cross the shoulders and form a hood ending in a point at the waist. One large plaid button fastens the jacket below the bust.

Oriental Characters Are the Latest to Be Used by Those Who Like Embroidery.

Girls who are fond of needlework will want to consider themselves two or more pairs of silk stockings in the now fashionable Oriental designs. Select a good grade of silk stocking woven with thread silk, black or any color you desire; then with a sharp-pointed piece of tailor's chalk outline a design representing some curious Chinese or Japanese symbol, lettering or number. These can be found in any Oriental shop or on a Chinese laundry check. They are not difficult to sketch, being for the most part broad lines crossing each other in a curious manner. These should be slightly padded with very soft darning cotton, so that the center will be raised above the outer edge. The embroidery is then done in fine floss silk, using brilliant red, green, yellow, purple and blue. All colors rich in tone are effective, and occasionally threads of silver and gold can be introduced in the embroidery. Care must be taken when applying the work to colored stockings that the colors used in the embroidery harmonize with that of the stocking itself. Any color or combination of colors can be used on black. Tiny beads and small flowers are lovely when worked in rich Oriental colors. For example, a spray of wistaria is charming on violet silk stockings. Cherry blossoms on white or green, iris on blue or yellow, and the flaming poppy on black. When working, an easy way to keep the stocking taut so the embroidery will lie smooth is to slip a china egg or very smooth darning egg into the stocking, then hold the silk tightly over that as you would for ordinary darning. The embroidery will then be perfectly smooth when worn.

EVENING CAP



The coiffure matters not at all with one of these quaint new evening caps which are much the fad for theater wear. The cap is made of pearl beaded gold net, which is mounted over thin silk. Heavy pearl bead and tassel ornaments at the sides drag the cap down over the ears. The hair is softly waved and drawn snugly beyond the edge of the cap.

Tinting Lace.

A weak solution of permanganate of potash will tint laces that deep shade of ecru so much used at present. It must be carefully dissolved, otherwise it will produce stains which are impossible to remove. Test the dye with a small piece of muslin before dipping the lace. If the color is too deep, dilute the solution until the required hue is obtained. Never allow the lace to remain in the dye; simply dip in and out again. Tea or a solution of coffee is excellent to tint laces. The latter produces the fashionable string color. Lace trimmings to match the material of the frock are much used this season.

French Raincoats.

The French raincoat is an excellent one to wear with fine gowns. It is made of rubberized crepe de chine and taupe de sole. These coats are excellent protectors, and yet are so light in weight that they will not leave their imprint on a beautiful gown.

ROYALTY WELCOMES THE AMERICAN SETTLER

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, WELCOMES AMERICANS TO CANADA.

It was a happy speech, that on that beautiful October day, the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, made at Macleod, Alberta. It was an opportune speech, heartfelt and resonant with good fellowship. And, as it was specially intended for American ears, the audience, comprised largely of so many American settlers in Canada, the time and place could not have been better chosen.

It was in reply to an address of welcome tendered to him at the pretty city of Macleod, with the foothills of the Rockies as a setting, and the great wheat fields between, and in fact all around the place as the foreground, that His Highness, true to the best interests of the country and to those of the Americans who choose to make Canada their home, said in part:

"I am well aware that among those whom I am now addressing, there are a very great proportion who were not born under the British flag. Most of these will have realized by now that residence under that flag implies no disabilities. All we ask is that the laws of Canada should be obeyed.

"With this provision every one is free to come and go, to marry, to live and to die as seems best to him, and as it pleases Providence.

"We bring no pressure to bear on anyone to adopt the Canadian nationality, for we do not value citizenship which is obtained under compulsion.

"Our American cousins are welcome from over the border. Thrice we welcome our Canadian and British brothers, who return to the Union Jack, after living under the Stars and Stripes.

"History is repeating itself. For many years hundreds of young Britishers have sought fortune in the western States. Time has brought about a change, and the tide has set in the other direction, bringing across the frontier numbers of our neighbors, to whom we are glad to return hospitality.

"One of the chief dispensers of such hospitality in proportion to its population has, as we have said, changed its character from an important cattle town to a thriving wheat producing area.

"What it has lost from the picturesque point of view, it has gained in the material side, and I wish, in conclusion, to express the hope that the prosperity which has evinced itself here for the past ten years, may continue unabated in the future."

There is no reason why at a hundred places on this educative, instructive and interesting trip of His Royal Highness he might not have expressed himself in the same terms, and on each occasion, addressed large gatherings of Americans who are now settled on the prairies of Western Canada.—Advertisement.

JUST WHAT THEY EXPECTED

Committee Made No Mistake When They Looked for Almost Inevitable Comment.

A committee of investigating scientists approached a lady.

"Madam," said Professor Prewins, the spokesman, offering her a magnificent chrysanthemum of rare and lovely hue. "Madam, permit me to present this flower to you as a token of our high regard."

She clasped the splendid blossom in her lily white hand.

Breathlessly the committee waited her reply.

"How beautiful it is?" she answered. "What an exquisite shade of purple! I should love to have a dress of that color."

Dr. Prewins nodded knowingly to the committee, as if to say, "I told you so."

The committee winked to the professor and whispered, "You win."

Lots of Money Well Spent.

Arthur Blanchard, who spent much of his time traveling over the country for the government, was seated behind a bride and groom in a Pullman car one afternoon when the train went through a long tunnel. As it emerged into the light of day the bride was grabbing desperately at her hat and fighting three fast rounds with one or two hatpins which had become loosened.

In order to relieve the situation and inject some harmless conversation into the gap, Blanchard remarked:

"This tunnel cost \$12,000,000."

"Well," said the bride judiciously, "it was worth it."—Popular Magazine.

Farmas for Children.

Perhaps the smallest farms in the world, each four by eight feet, have been devised by Mrs. Henry Parsons for the International Children's School Farm League, and demonstrated in New York. Each child becomes owner of his diminutive farm, in which he works, grows and harvests seven different kinds of vegetables, and these are borne by him in triumph to his family. About each farm is an 18-inch path, which he keeps in order; under his instructor it becomes a tiny object lesson in good roads.

His Suspicions Aroused.

Lecturer—All statistics prove that the blonde woman is more difficult to get along with than the brunette.

Astonished Man in the Audience (starting up)—Are you certain of the fact?

Lecturer—It is a fact.

Astonished Man—Then I believe my wife's black hair is dyed.

SERIAL STORY

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

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SYNOPSIS.

Lieut. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newcomb decide to elope, but wreck of taxi cab prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train. Transcontinental train is taking on passengers. Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man. The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train. "Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in manifold confusion. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears. She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb, sister of Mrs. Jimmie, for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory celebrate bridal berth. Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to cut through 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 classmate in giving couple wedding blessings. 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. Mrs. Wellington hears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb. Marjorie reports to Marjorie the failure to find a preacher. They decide to pretend a quarrel and Mallory finds a vacant berth. Mrs. Jimmie discovers Wellington on the train. Mallory again makes in unsuccessful hunt for a preacher. Dr. Temple poses as a physician. Mrs. Temple induces Jimmie to attempt to smoke a cigar. Slight of preacher on station platform raises Mallory's hopes, but he takes another train. Lathrop's hand baggage compels the couple to borrow from passengers. Jimmie gets a cinder in his eye and Mrs. Jimmie gives first aid. Cook is then resumed. Still no clergyman. More borrowing. Dr. Temple puzzled by behavior of passengers. Marjorie is jealously aroused by Mallory's baseball cap. Marjorie suggests wrecking the train in hopes that accident will produce a preacher. Also tries to induce conductor to hold the train so she can drop Marjorie's dog. Miss Gattie pulls the cord stopping the train. Conductor restores dog and lovers quarrel. Lathrop wires for a preacher to marry him and Miss Gattie. Mallory tells Lathrop of his predicament and arranges to borrow the preacher. Ritty Lewel, a former lover of Marjorie, appears and arouses Marjorie's jealousy. Preacher boards train. After marrying Lathrop and Miss Gattie the preacher escapes Mallory by leaping from moving train. Mallory's detection moves Marjorie to reconciliation. The last day of the train brings Mallory the fear of missing his transport. Mallory gets a Nevada marriage license. Marjorie refuses to be married by a divorcee.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

Dr. Temple and Mrs. Temple looked at each other in dismay, then at the flask and the cigars, then at the Wellingtons, then they stammered: "Thank you so much," and sank back. Wellington stared at his wife: "Loretta, are you sincere?" "Jimmie, I promise you I'll never smoke another cigar." "My love," he cried, and seized her hand. "You know I always said you were a queen among women—Loretta." She beamed back at him: "And you always were the prince of good fellows, Jimmie." Then she almost blushed as she murmured, almost shyly: "May I pour your coffee for you again this morning?" "For life," he whispered, and they moved up the aisle, arm in arm, bumping from seat to seat and not knowing it. When Mrs. Whitcomb, seated in the dining-car, saw Mrs. Little Jimmie pour Mr. Little Jimmie's coffee, she choked on hers. She vowed that she would not permit those odious Wellingtons to make fools of her and her Sammy. She resolved to telegraph him that she had changed her mind about divorcing him, and order him to take the first train west and meet her half-way on her journey home.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Duel for a Bracelet. All this while Marjorie and Mallory had sat watching, as kingfishers shadow a pool, the door where-through the girl with the bracelet must pass on her way to breakfast. "She's taking forever with her toilet," sniffed Marjorie. "Probably trying to make a special impression on you." "She's wasting her time," said Mallory. "But what if she brings her mother along? No, I guess her mother is too fat to get there and back." "If her mother comes, Marjorie decided, "I'll hold her while you take the bracelet away from the— from that creature. Quick, here she comes now! Be brave!" Mallory wore an aspect of arrant cowardice: "Er—ab—I—" "You just grab her!" Marjorie explained. Then they relapsed into attitudes of impatient attention, Kathleen floated in and, seeing Mallory, she greeted him with radiant warmth: "Good morning!" and then, catching sight of Marjorie, gave her a "Good morning!" coated with ice. She flounced past and Mallory sat inert, till Marjorie gave him a ferocious pinch, whereupon he leaped to his feet: "Oh, Miss—er—Miss Kathleen." Kathleen whirled round with a most

hospitable smile. "May I have a word with you?" "Of course you can, you dear boy," Marjorie winced at this and writhed at what followed: "Shan't we take breakfast together?" Mallory stuttered: "I—I—no, thank you—I've had breakfast." Kathleen scooped up again as she snapped: "With that—train-acquaintance, I suppose." "Oh, no," Mallory amended, "I mean I haven't had breakfast." But Kathleen scowled with a jealousy of her own: "You seem to be getting along famously for mere train-acquaintances." "Oh, that's all we are, and hardly that," Mallory hastened to say with too much truth. "Sit down here a moment, won't you?" "No, no, I haven't time," she said, and sat down. "Mamma will be waiting for me. You haven't been in to see her yet?" "No. You see—"

"She cried all night." "For me?" "No, for papa. He's such a good traveler—and he had such a good start. She really kept the whole car awake." "Too bad," Mallory consoled, perfunctorily, then—with sudden eagerness, and a trial at indifference: "I see you have that bracelet still."

"Of course, you dear fellow, I wouldn't be parted from it for worlds." Marjorie gnashed her teeth, but Kathleen could not hear that. She gushed on: "And now we have met again! It looks like Fate, doesn't it?" "It certainly does," Mallory assented, bitterly, then again, with zest: "Let me see that old bracelet, will you?" He tried to lay hold of it, but Kathleen giggled coyly: "It's just an excuse to hold my hand." She swung her arm over the back of the seat coquettishly, and Marjorie made a desperate lunge at it, but missed, since Kathleen, finding that Mallory did not pursue the fugitive hand, brought it back at once and yielded it up.

"There—be careful, someone might look." Mallory took her by the wrist in a gingerly manner, and said, "So that's the bracelet? Take it off, won't you?" "Never!—it's wished on," Kathleen protested, sentimentally. "Don't you remember that evening in the moonlight?" Mallory caught Marjorie's accusing eye and lost his head. He made a ferocious effort to snatch the bracelet off. When this onset failed, he had recourse to entreaty: "Just slip it off." Kathleen shook her head tantalizingly. Mallory urged more strenuously: "Please let me see it."

Kathleen shook her head with sophistication: "You'd never give it back. You'd pass it along to that—train-acquaintance." "How can you think such a thing?" Mallory demurred, and once more made his appeal: "Please, please, slip it off." "What on earth makes you so anxious?" Kathleen demanded, with sudden suspicion. Mallory was stumped, till an inspiration came to him: "I'd like to—to get you a nicer one. That one isn't good enough for you."

Here was an argument that Kathleen could appreciate. "Oh, how sweet of you, Harry," she gurgled, and had the bracelet down to her knuckles. Kathleen read the determination in his Berce eyes, and she struggled furiously: "Why, Richard—Chauncey!—er—Billy! I'm amazed at you! Let go or I'll scream!" She rose and, twisting her arm from his grasp, confronted him with bewildered anger. Mallory cast toward Marjorie a look of surrender and despair. Marjorie laid her hand on her throat and in pantomime suggested that Mallory should throttle Kathleen, as he had promised. But Mallory was incapable of further violence, and when Kathleen, with all her scenery bent down and murmured: "You are a very naughty boy, but come to breakfast and we'll talk it over," he was so added that he answered: "Thanks, but I never eat breakfast."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Down Breakfast. Just as Kathleen flung her head in baffled vexation, and Mallory started to sink back to Marjorie, with another defeat, there came an abrupt shock as if that gigantic child to whom our railroad trains are toys, had reached down and laid violent hold on the Trans-American in ruff career. Its smooth, swift flight became suddenly such a spasm of jers, shivers and thuds that Mallory cried: "We're off the track." He was sent flopping down the aisle like a bolster hurled through the car. He brought up with a sickening slam against the seat into which Marjorie had been flounced back with a breath-taking slam. And then Kathleen came flying backwards and landed in a heap on both of them. Several of the other passengers were just returning from breakfast and they were shot and scattered all over the car as if a great chain of human beads had burst. Women screamed, men yelled, and then while they were still struggling

against the seats and one another, the train came to a halt. "Thank God, we stopped in time!" Mallory gasped, as he tried to disengage himself and Marjorie from Kathleen. The passengers began to regain their courage with their equilibrium. Little Jimmie Wellington had flown the whole length of the car, clinging to his wife as if she were Francesca da Rimini, and he Paolo, sitting through inferno. The night ended at the stateroom door with such a thump that Mrs. Fosdick was sure a detective had come for her at last, and with a battering ram.

But when Jimmie got back breath enough to talk, he remembered the train-stopping excitement of the day before and called out: "Has Mrs. Mallory lost that pup again?" Everybody laughed uproariously at this. People will laugh at anything or nothing when they have been frightened almost to death and suddenly relieved of anxiety. Everybody was cracking a joke at Marjorie's expense. Everybody felt a good-natured grudge against her for being such a mystery. The car was ringing with hilarity, when the porter came stumbling in and paused at the door, with eyes all white, hands waving frantically, and lips flapping like flannel, in a vain effort to speak. The passengers stopped laughing at Marjorie, to laugh at the porter. Ashton sang out:

"What's the matter with you, porter? Are you trying to crow?" Everybody roared at this, till the porter finally managed to articulate: "T-t-train rob-rob-robbers!" Silence shut down as if the whole crowd had been smitten with paralysis. From somewhere outside and ahead came a popping as of fire-crackers. Everybody thought, "Revolvers!" The reports were mingled with barbaric yells that turned the marrow in every bone to snow.

These regions are full of historic terror. All along the Nevada route the conductor, the brakemen and old travelers had pointed out scene after scene where the Indians had slaked the thirst of the arid land with white man's blood. Ashton, who had traveled this way many times, had made himself fascinatingly horrifying, the evening before, and ruined several breakfasts that morning in the dining-car, by regaling the passengers with stories of pioneer ordeals, men and women massacred in burning wagons, or dragged away to fiendish cruelty and obscene torture, staked out supine on burning wastes with eyelids cut off, bound down within reach of rattlesnakes, subjected to every misery that human devilry could devise. Ashton had brought his fellow passengers to a state of ecstatic excitement, and like many a recounter of burglar stories at night, had tuned his own nerves to high tension.

The violent stopping of the train, the heart-shaking yells and shots outside, found the passengers already apt to respond without delay to the appeals of fright. After the first flush of dread, came the reaction to panic. Each passenger showed his own panic in his own way. Ashton whirled round and round, like a horse with the blind staggers, then bolted down the aisle, knocking aside men and women. He climbed on a seat, pulled down an upper berth, and scrambling into it, tried to shut it on himself. Mrs. Whitcomb was so frightened that she assailed Ashton with fury and seizing his feet, dragged him back into the aisle, and beat him with her fists, demanding that he protect her and save her for Sammy's sake.

Mrs. Fosdick, rushing out of her stateroom and not finding her luscious-eyed husband, laid hold of Jimmie Wellington and ordered him to go to the rescue of her spouse. Mrs. Wellington tore her hands loose, crying: "Let him go, madam. He has a wife of his own to defend." Jimmie was trying to pour out dying messages, and only sputtering, forgetting that he had put his watch in his mouth to hide it, though his chain was still attached to his waistcoat. Anne Gattie, who had read much about Chinese atrocities to missionaries, gave herself up to death, yet rejoiced greatly that she had provided a timely man to lean on and should not have to enter Paradise a spinster, providing she could manage to convert Ira in the next few seconds, before it was everlasting too late. She was begging her first heathen to join her in a gospel hymn. But Ira was roaring curses like a pirate captain in a hurricane, and swearing that the villains should not rob him of his bride.

Mrs. Temple wrung her twitching hands and tried to drag her husband to his knees, crying: "Oh, Walter, Walter, won't you please say a prayer?—a good strong prayer!" But the preacher was so confused that he answered: "What's the use of prayer in an emergency like this?" "Walter!" she shrieked. "I'm on my vacacion, you know," he stammered. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Oldest Almanac. The oldest almanac in existence is the "Almanach National," which has been issued by the French government since 1685. Its fame has been changed a good many times during its career of 225 years. Originally the "Almanach Royal," it became "National" in 1793, "Imperial" in 1805, and reverted to its original name nine years later. Since then the title has been altered four times. Like most publications of this sort, the "Almanach National" has grown bulky with advancing years. The first issue contained 48 pages, as compared with 1,580 pages in the current issue.

A Desert Garden



CANYON SCENE NEAR DESERT GARDEN

IT is proposed to set aside 72 square miles of the Painted Desert of Arizona as a national monument, under the provisions of the Lacey act, that it may forever remain in its present condition for the enjoyment of the people. The locality is desired to thus distinguish in Apache county, beginning nine miles north of Adamana station. A recent railroad survey runs through the district. When this line is built it is believed that the locality, which is now little known and not often visited, will become one of the famous scenic wonderlands of the southwest. There is no more vague and indefinite term in American geography than "The Painted Desert." The appellation was invented by the early Spanish explorers, who applied the term "El Pintado Desierto" to any stretch of multi-colored bad lands, but never attempted to confine it to any particular locality. On some maps the Painted Desert is indicated as a narrow strip of territory bordering the Little Colorado river; but this is open to the objection that there are at least a score of desert stretches of equal or greater extent, with hues as gorgeous. George Wharton Jans defines the Painted Desert region as extending from the Rio Grande to the Salton sea, and from southern Utah to northern Mexico. By no means all of this vast region is desert in character, and much of its desert expanse consists of mere stretches of neutral-colored sands; but the essential conditions of color and barrenness exist at intervals throughout the whole region, writes John L. Cowan in the Philadelphia Sunday Record.

Transcendental travelers obtain tantalizing hints of the greater glories that lie beyond the car window perspectives, with here and there a cliff of coal black lava, or an extinct volcanic cone, that are visible nearly the whole way from the Rio Grande to the Colorado river. It includes the tawny cliffs of Pajarito park, the Mesa Emantada, the imposing rocks and cliffs of the Acocoma country, the dazzling desolation of the white sands, the petrified forest, the haystacks, the Gila, Salt River and Hassayampa valleys, Canyon de Chelly, Canyon Diablo and the Grand canyon of the Colorado, the green slopes of the San Francisco peaks, the purple Superstition mountains, the Mogotons and the Panamint, Funeral and Caltico ranges, with the grisly depths of Death Valley.

Where the Desert Blooms. Parts of this vast Painted Desert region are as fertile as any of the world's garden spots. It is crossed or bordered by the Rio Grande, the Colorado, the Virgin, the Hassayampa and a score of other streams. It is crossed by the Continental Divide, and some of the noblest pine forests remaining in America are within its limits. It is creased in places, by irrigation canals, and dotted with ruined cities and cliff homes and isolated dwellings of peoples who lived, loved, suffered, fought and died so long ago that no legend or tradition so much as preserves their names. It is the home of the Pueblo, the Navajo, the Apache and the Mohave tribes of Indians; and the abiding place of the horned toad, the Gila monster, the tarantula, the centipede and the rattlesnake. Here and there are wastes of burning, dun-colored sand, that stretch away to the horizon's rim; and yonder are the ruins of Paradise, or the battlefields of warring gods—chaotic bad lands, upon which the Master Painter of the universe has spread a divine harmony of color.

In some of these painted desert sketches and coloring is as rich as that of the Grand canyon; and the prospect, if less sublime, is more varied and of softer aspect. The view is limited only by the power of human vision. The winds and storms and rushing waters of ages have chiseled basalt, sandstone and clay into images, monuments, towers, spires, minarets, pagodas, temples, flying buttresses and a thousand

nameless fantastic forms. Irrespective of the colorings, these Painted Desert bad lands deserve to rank among the scenic wonders of the southwest. Yet the coloring is the greatest wonder of all. Here may be seen a red wall 500 feet high and 100 miles long. Facing it may be a coal black mess of hardened lava, rising from a valley floor of snowy alkali. From any vantage point one may survey a glowing landscape that shows a score of shades of pink, gray, green, red, chocolate, carmine, mauve, brown and yellow.

In Deadriver Canyon. If one drives north from Adamana to the Painted Desert district that it is proposed to set aside as a national monument, he obtains his first view from the rim of Deadriver canyon. To describe the vista from this point is as hopeless an undertaking as for an enamored youth to describe the charms of his lady love. As far as the eye can carry is a succession of buttes, terraces and castellated hills, painted with almost the glory of the rainbow. Pervading all is the mystic, purple southwestern haze (due to the impalpable dust of the desert) that would blend chaos itself into a harmonious land of enchanted dreams. Off to the northwest is a black flat-topped mesa, beyond which lies the land of the Hopi Indians. At one's feet is the sandy, boulder-strewn river, whose healing flow ceased ages ago, perhaps when this gorgeous desolation was green with tropic vegetation and melodious with the songs of birds. From the parched wastes rise shimmering heat waves, invisible undulations, so that one involuntarily shrinks from the descent into the canyon, as into a fiery furnace.

However, it really is not as hot as the imagination leads one to anticipate. A circuitous path leads to the bottom of the canyon, over glittering beds of gypsum and thick deposits of mineral paint. Near the bottom the edge of a vast deposit of silicified wood is reached. This is not the famous Petrified Forest (which is about 15 miles south), but in many respects it is not less wonderful. Officially it is known as the North Sillilaria Forest. Here the petrified tree trunks are not agatized, as in the more famous deposits farther south, and the amazing coloring that distinguishes the petrified wood in the latter locality is wanting. Most of the petrifications are a brilliant black, and nearly all are deeply marked with the "Sillilaria pittings" characteristic of the species of tree. An inspection of the treetops shows that they grew like palms, the foliage forming a crown at the top. For hours one may wander through a labyrinth of winding gorges, around titanic monuments and over distorted buttes and crazy hills, until the mind becomes puzzled and confused with the endless variety of form, and until the eye is surfeited and weary with the dazzling succession of tints and colors. Yet one may follow this little strip of the Painted Desert for a hundred miles, seeing something new and wonderful with almost every rod. And this is but a patch of the Painted Desert, no more wonderful than a score of other patches of equal or greater extent.

Modern Morals. Bishop Wilson of New York, remarking the other day that the morality of New York politics was not all that could be desired, said: "In politics, as in some lines of business the remarks of the very cynical young woman holds true. "So you are going to marry George at last," she said to a friend. "What is he like?" "He is the most upright, high-minded, honorable fellow in the world, was the enthusiastic reply. "Goodness, my dear," said the pretty cynic, "you'll starve to death." Course Wit. "In what course does your son expect to graduate?" "In the course of time."

Speak on Their Black 'Scutcheon. Mollie, a light-colored mulatto housemaid who has been in the employ of a South Side family for a number of years recently gave up her position to get married, relates the Kansas City Star. A few days ago she returned and asked to have her old place back. The woman of the house was glad to have her return, but surprised that she came so soon after being married, and questioned her as to her reason for wanting to return. In reply the maid said: "My husband's folks is all jealous of me because I'm so light colored. You know my husband is very dark and all his folks is dark too; and was mad because he married me. Why, one of his sisters told me, 'You's so bright you make a spot in our family.'"

Counsel of Despair. "I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle," said the bride, on her first trip to market. "Yes, ma'am," replied the butcher. "I would suggest that you take an egg." —Youth's Companion.

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HOME FOR CHRISTMAS



HAD been west taking a convalescent patient to his home and was returning to New York when a case fell unexpectedly into my hands. The Pullman conductor started us early one morning by calling out to know if there was a physician in the car. There was no response, so without hesitation I offered my services. He took me at once into the stateroom and introduced me to a worried-looking young man. There was no need to ask his trouble. On the couch tossed a little girl of five or six years, her cheeks and eyes bright with fever.

I had a few simple remedies with me, but the child showed rather alarming symptoms of an aggravated cold. Deciding to take no risk, I sent a telegram ahead, and when we reached Chicago a physician with necessary medicines came aboard and accompanied us to Buffalo.

Dorothy escaped all of the maladies with which she was threatened and by the time we reached New York was very much better. However, Mr. Singleton, her father, retained me, and the three of us went to a fashionable hotel.

The little girl continued to improve, but the spontaneous gaiety of childhood was lacking.

Christmas was approaching and Dorothy was now able to go about. I was instructed to take her to shops and matinees—in fact, to do everything to afford her amusement. Her father suggested that she give a Christmas tree for twenty less fortunate little girls, and he kept the big limousine par-touring the shopping district while we played Santa Claus.

One day we had been out all of the afternoon. Dorothy had selected twenty dolls, and in retrospect I viewed my own meager childhood and fancied what such a glorious afternoon would have meant to me, but the child appeared even more listless than usual. Feeling rather anxious, I took her temperature, gave her some stimulating nourishment, and asked her to get into my lap while I read to her.

Dorothy had the beautiful old-young manners in which the little children of the rich are drilled—and always treated me with careful consideration and politeness, regardless of her own wishes. Obediently she climbed into my lap, put her head against my shoulder, and I began to read aloud a wonderful Christmas tale. We are all of us children at Christmas, and I found enjoyment in the story. Dorothy was very quiet, and as I turned a page I looked down to see if she had fallen asleep. To my consternation, the wide blue eyes were brimming with tears, fast overflowing and running down the child's white cheeks. As I dropped the book and clasped her closely in my arms she gave way to convulsive sobs.

Mr. Singleton came in. The opening of the door roused Dorothy, and, seeing her father, she stretched eager arms to him and cried out:

"Father, dear, I don't want a tree. I just want mother for Christmas."

I placed the child in her father's arms and left the room. An hour passed and then Mr. Singleton rapped on my door. He told me the story.

Mrs. Singleton was not dead, as I had supposed; she was in Paris, and if the separation of which her long illness was caused by fault of hers he did not so much as hint at it.

Mr. Singleton cabled at once to Paris. There would just be time. Christmas Eve came and still no word, and though Mr. Singleton's face looked thin and strained, he started out with Dorothy at noon, telling her they were going to have a grand and glorious time that afternoon.

I was left to attend to the last details of the tree that stood in glittering prayer in the center of the sitting room. There was a lot to do, and I was bustling around when the door flew open and a radiant young woman rushed in, calling:

"Dan! Dorothy!"

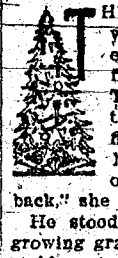
Stopping quickly, her look arrested by my uniform, she exclaimed: "Hello—oh, who is it?" She faltered, going white.

My smiling assurance that all was well brought forth a thousand questions, and we both talked at once, and I helped her off with her wraps. She cried in my arms and blazed me with terror when I told her of how Dorothy had begged for her, and then she bubbled over and we had a gay afternoon finishing the tree.

Mrs. Singleton was on the step-ladder laughing down at me when Dorothy and her father came in. The laugh died on her lips, but I caught his glowed look and heard Dorothy's glad cry. Then I crept silently from the room, feeling the loneliness of epistolary love I had never thought to do.



THE CHURCH MOUSE.



HEY stood in the deserted vestry of the church, facing each other angrily for the first time in their lives. Then suddenly Janet swept the diamond from the third finger of her left hand and held it forth. "You will oblige me by taking this back," she said bitingly.

He stood looking into her eyes, growing grayer of face as he saw the stubborn anger that reposed within them. "Which means that our engagement is broken, and that I may not hope for its renewal," he replied very low.

For an instant their gaze met as the glittering thing, lightly held, was passing from hand to hand; then as she released it and before his grip had become secure there was the slip of a nervous finger and with a tinkle the ring fell upon the iron grating of the floor register. Faintly they heard it go bounding far down the metal pipe which led to the furnace below, each supposing it lost forever in the flames and not knowing that in its fall by some strange fate it had bounded through a small hole in the pipe and now lay amidst the rubbish of the church's basement. For an instant the girl's eyes softened, then hardened again and she turned them aside. Upon the floor in a corner of the room the little church mouse was sitting upon its haunches, and she nodded towards him. "To be renewed when the little church mouse brings it back to me," she returned coldly.

They turned their backs upon each other and walked away.

A week passed, and the little church mouse, prowling about in the darkness of the basement, saw something through the gloom that glittered even more brightly than did his own eyes. Cautiously, hungrily, he approached it, smelt of it, felt of it with his gray whiskers, then stood it up before him. Its glitter fascinated him. Surely this glittering thing about the size of a kernel of corn must be good to eat, and he tried his sharp teeth upon it. Yet gnaw as he would, he could not even scratch it, and at last he decided that it was only good to play with. He was a little thing, and half starved as are all church mice, so it came to pass that it was not long before he had worked his head and forelegs through it and was running about with it encircling his middle, a very small creature wearing a diamond saddle with a gold girth. It was fun for a time, but he soon became tired of it and tried to crawl out. He could not. Becoming panic stricken he had nearly reached the stairs.

Janet, alone and very unhappy, sat in her pew at the Christmas morning service. It was rather chilly in the church and she slipped one hand into her muff. Then she gave a start for within it she felt a small, struggling thing with something round and hard about it. Involuntarily she closed her hand, and as she did so the little church mouse popped out of the muff and scampered away, leaving the round object in her fingers. She drew it forth. It was her engagement ring.

The last of all to leave her pew, Janet stepped into the vestry upon her way out. Dick was standing before a window with head bowed, looking older, grayer of face than he had a few weeks ago, and she saw the deep unhappiness that lay in his eyes. She approached him, looking up at him with the old expression which he knew so well. Softly she slipped one hand into his own, and as his fingers gently closed about it he felt something hard, round and familiar within his grasp. He raised her hand. The engagement ring—his own—encircled her third left finger.

"The little church mouse brought it back to me, Listen while I tell you," she said, drawing a trifle closer. For a moment her voice murmured.

"Is it not wonderful!" she exclaimed, half awed, as she finished. His eyes lightened.

"Wonderful, dear! It is far more than that. It is a miracle of His Spirit wrought upon His day—His token of love everlasting and that even we are not forgotten."

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I was left to attend to the last details of the tree that stood in glittering prayer in the center of the sitting room. There was a lot to do, and I was bustling around when the door flew open and a radiant young woman rushed in, calling:

"Dan! Dorothy!"

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD.

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1912.

COST THE LEOPARD HIS LIFE

Baboons Had Revenge for the Seizure of One of Their Number, Though Many Were Sacrificed.

The leopard likes the meat of certain monkeys, but the indulgence of his taste sometimes costs him dear. A remarkable battle between a leopard and a company of baboons, seen by a traveler in Africa, is described in Das Buch fur Alle.

I was sitting in the shade of a ravine, resting from the midday sun, when a company of baboons came clambering down the opposite wall toward the water that trickled through the gully. I sat still and watched them. A big male led, and after satisfying himself that all was safe, uttered a few deep notes.

Reassured by the call, the others quickly followed; a mother, with an ever watchful eye on her two young ones, brought up the rear.

Suddenly, like a streak of lightning, a leopard sprang from behind a rock, and with one blow of his paw, felled the little baboon nearest him. But before he could make off with his prey, the furious mother attacked him. The attack had come so quickly that the rest of the company hardly realized what had happened. But at the mother's cry of rage they all at once turned and fell upon the robber.

In a moment the leopard was surrounded and almost covered with furious baboons. The battle waxed hot. Although numbers of baboons went down before the powerful paws of the cat, their places were immediately filled by others. It was not long before the leopard began to tire; he could make no noticeable impression upon his assailants, and his strength was sapped by their sharp teeth. He struggled bravely, but in vain; slowly he sank out of sight beneath the fiercely chattering foe that he had despoiled. The baby baboon was avenged.—Youth's Companion.

Yes, I finally got rid of him," she said, "without having to tell him in so many words that I never could learn to love him. I didn't want to do that, because he's an awfully nice fellow, and I should have been very sorry to cause him pain."

"How did you manage it?" her friend asked.

"Why, you see, he's subject to hay fever, so I decorated the house with goldenrod whenever he sent word that he was coming."

WORLD OF HIS OWN CREATION

Great French Writer in His Absent-Mindedness Lived Far Apart From His Fellow Men.

A writer in the St. James Gazette tells us that Theophile Gautier's absent-mindedness amounted to actual somnambulism. He so identified himself with his mental pictures as to lose all consciousness of time and place, and for the time he would actually live in the scene that he had created. We are told that rarely, if ever, has a man had such a gift for getting out of himself. He would enlarge on his magnificent golden tea and breakfast service, when the most humdrum china lined his shelves. And though his servants were all treated in the most fatherly way, Gautier would tell you that he never permitted them to utter a word in his presence, that he only employed negroes. "I give my orders by signs. If they understand my signs, well and good. If they don't, I kick them into the Bosphorus." And there is no doubt that he actually heard the wave closing over the head of a black slave. He actually meant what he said. The street outside was actually for him the Bosphorus.

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First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. T. Porter Bennett, Pastor.

10:30 "The Lords Prayer." This will complete the series of sermons on this great prayer. You are cordially invited to attend this church and worship with us.

11:45 Sunday School. A wide-awake Sunday School.

6:15 Epworth League. Miss Elma Seiden, leader.

7:00 The Sixth Saying on the Cross, will be the subject that the pastor will take for his evening service.

Rev. W. F. Kendrick of Traverse City District Superintendent will conduct a short service on Wednesday evening at 7:00. All are invited to attend this service. After the service the First Quarterly Conference will be held. There will be no prayer meeting on Thursday night on account of the public service Wednesday evening. Note that the Sunday morning bell will ring at ten o'clock and ten thirty standard time. Service to begin at ten thirty.

Rough on "Good Samaritan." Frank Koetsch, a laborer, was put on trial at Graz for his action in saving the life of a would-be suicide. He had found a man dangling from a tree, and had promptly cut him down and taken him to a hospital. The man recovered from the effects of the hanging, but complained of a scalp wound he had received when falling to the ground, and he brought a charge of personal injury by carelessness against the man who saved his life. Koetsch was acquitted, but declared he would take care never to act the Good Samaritan again.

Cure for Love. "Yes, I finally got rid of him," she said, "without having to tell him in so many words that I never could learn to love him. I didn't want to do that, because he's an awfully nice fellow, and I should have been very sorry to cause him pain."

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"Dan! Dorothy!"

Stopping quickly, her look arrested by my uniform, she exclaimed: "Hello—oh, who is it?" She faltered, going white.

Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

The Woman Makes the Home

She makes it best who, looking after the culinary department, turns her back resolutely upon unhealthful, or even suspicious, food accessories. She is economical; she knows that true economy does not consist in the use of inferior meat, flour, or baking powder. She is an earnest advocate of home made, home baked food, and has proved the truth of the statements of the experts that the best cooking in the world today is done with Royal Baking Powder.

Church of God

Evangelistic services will begin at the Church of God chapel on the evening of Dec. 25 and to continue indefinitely.

Two evangelists are expected and the gospel will be presented in its fullness. All are respectfully urged to attend both to get good and to do good.

Evening services during the week will begin at 7:30 p. m. and on Sunday at 12 m. and 7 p. m.

The preacher and the sailor tie a good many knots.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth—Sunday, Dec. 15. 8:00 a. m. Mass and sermon. Communion for Ladies' Altar Society.

Christian Science Church Notes.

Services will be held in the Christian Science Rooms over Post Office Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Subject of the sermon "God, the Preserver of Man." Sunday School is held immediately after services. You are cordially invited to attend.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

If You're Up In The Air

About what to buy for the Holiday season, call at this store and we will gladly help you make your selections.



We have a store full of articles especially suitable for Christmas Gifts, that are appropriate and pleasing but not too expensive. We will be very pleased to give you some suggestions if you are in doubt what to give and you can surely gain many ideas from our stock of things for Christmas for it is a varied one and bought especially for the holiday trade.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Frank Phillips

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

MULE TIDE



IMPORTANT

Do you realize that Christmas is only Eleven days away?

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

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

L. WEISMAN

BARGAIN DAYS

December 18th to January 1st.

We have made greater efforts than ever to secure for our readers a combination of reading matter that will give you the biggest possible value at the lowest possible price. No other value was ever offered than those in our

THREE BIG BARGAINS

In a matter which you choose you are sure of getting more for the worth of your money. Your best home paper, a big city daily included in each combination covers every feature of news service from the personals of your town to the big happenings throughout the world. All News, General News, Markets, Sports, Farming, Bookkeeping, Fashions, Fiction—everything you can possibly want in the way of reading matter is offered you here

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All One Year
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GRAND RAPIDS HERALD
WESTERN RURAL ROUTER

BARGAIN No. 2
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CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD
GRAND RAPIDS HERALD
WESTERN RURAL ROUTER
UNCLE REMUS'S MAGAZINE
FARM AND HOME
HOME LIFE
AGRICULTURAL EPITOMIST
FAMILY MAGAZINE

BARGAIN No. 3
All One Year
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CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD
GRAND RAPIDS HERALD
WESTERN RURAL ROUTER
MICHIGAN FARMER

These Bargains are all high class. You can't do better anywhere. Order today—then you're sure you'll not be too late. These Big Bargains will be withdrawn January 1st.

Address Orders to

Charlevoix County Herald, East Jordan

The Busy Women's Day.
It begins early, ends late, and is full of work. She often has kidney trouble without knowing it. Her back aches, and she is tired and worn out. Sleeps poorly, is nervous, no appetite. Her bladder gives her trouble, too. Foley Kidney Pills will do all that and make her strong and well. They are the best medicine for kidney and bladder disorders. Hite Drug Co. (adv.)

Some of the Democratic aspirants for a postoffice feel that the situation is so acute that they may call up Mr. Wilson with the wireless emergency signal.

It would be an unfortunate thing for both President Taft and his successor if the Rhode Island farmer who usually supplies the White House with its Thanksgiving turkey should turn out to be a Bull Moose partisan.

HER BEST CHRISTMAS



COME on along, Sandy; I'll treat to dinner at the Metropolitan!"
Sandy, a tall girl who didn't look her thirty years, was busy glancing over a typewritten sheet and for a moment did not answer. Bob stood watching her, taking in the delicate lines of her face and the beauty of the "sandy" hair, which, when he was alone and forgot that Sandy was a newspaper woman and his "pal," he was pleased to call golden.

"Cut that out, Sandy. You'll be back. I have a check and it's Christmas Eve. I'm for a treat. I say—did you hear me ask you to go to the Metropolitan? You take it as calmly as if I had asked you to go around to Otto's lunch counter. Deuce take it! Why can't you be a little enthusiastic?"

Slowly the girl raised her head. More than a sheet of copy had been holding her attention. But she caught Bob's frown and immediately the mother instinct in her was aroused. She broke into her usual comrade laugh.

"All right, Bob. The invitation overwhelmed me. The Metropolitan? But I couldn't, Bobby dear. My shirtwaist is soiled and you yourself said there was a hole in my beautiful brown coat."

"Oh, come along! I was only joking. You'd outshine all the women at the Metropolitan if you went there in a khaki suit. I wish you had a little more vanity. Women are awfully tame when they haven't."

"Come, now, you know I'm vain of the fact that I haven't any vanity. Don't call me tame. I won't go to the Metropolitan with you if you do. Somehow I feel

"Fiddlesticks! Get on your hat. I'm going. The idea of a newspaper woman's feeling! Cut it out!"

The Metropolitan was filled with the "vulgar rich" in holiday attire; but Sandy and Bob were happy in true bohemian style as they sat at their little table chatting and joking like two boys. Sandy never would play the woman—that was the only objection Bob had to her.

"I say, Sandy, I bet you've no plans for tomorrow and I'm coming to take you out. I've a great plan. Put on that brown silk and play your woman for once."

"Yes, a sweet, young, clinging feminine creature with my heart on my sleeve! 'Twill be charming, of course. Do you really think I could play the part?"

"Stop joking, Sandy. You never will take me seriously. You will go won't you?"

"I'd like to please you, Bobby, but I really must be home tomorrow. I have work that must be done, and besides I have a feeling that I ought not to go."

"Feeling be darned! If you had fewer feelings, and more feeling for a poor fellow—What's the matter, Sandy?"

The girl had cast a glance over the room and had grown suddenly pale. She closed her eyes for a moment. Bob had caught the pailor.

"Oh, nothing. I had a little twinge of that old neuralgia."

Thus the chasm was bridged and the dinner ended happily. If anything, Sandy was gayer than usual.

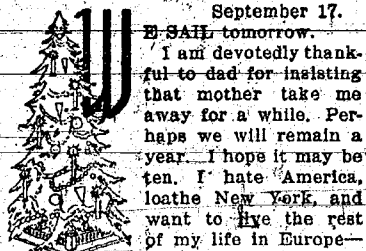
Four o'clock the next day Sandy's heart was beating loud. Her "studio," as she was pleased to call it, wore its very best attire. Even the inevitable typewriter was out of sight.

She was older, older by six years, than when he had last seen her, but happiness made her wondrously beautiful. Bobby would have lost his wits. If he should not come! But he would come. If he should come and the dream could not be realized! But he would not come unless he could.

"A rap at the door!"
"Miss, there's a gentleman a-askin' for ve. Should I send him in?"

"Yes, Mary." The tones were perfectly calm. Six years of patient waiting had not been without their power.
"Margaret!"
"John!"
"I knew you would come. I saw you last evening. I knew you would find me. Oh, John, I am so happy!" She rested her head on his shoulder to hide the tears.
"My Margaret, now and forever!"
"And Constance?"
"Constance is gone—and she wished it to be."
A long silence.
"Sit down, John. There is your chair. How often have I pictured you in it. Let me think. Let me get my breath. I knew you would come. I wonder what Bobby will say? He thinks I have no heart. But—it was to be."—New York Mail.

HER CHRISTMAS GIFT



September 17.
E-SAIL tomorrow.
I am devotedly thankful to dad for insisting that mother take me away for a while. Perhaps we will remain a year. I hope it may be ten. I hate America, loathe New York, and want to live the rest of my life in Europe—Asia—Africa—anywhere, as far away from Riverside as possible. Mother says I'm a silly little lovesick girl; but dad thinks I need a change.

I'm not silly—and I'm not lovesick. Carl has behaved in a most ungentlemanly way. Just because I motored to Lakewood with Sam Perkins and his sister is no reason why he should get cross and take that actress-looking person with him everywhere he goes.

Sam's sister says she is a Frenchwoman. I always did hate French, and I'm glad I refused Carl to meet her, glad I snubbed Carl and glad I was out when he called.

Two long, miserable weeks without seeing Carl—and tomorrow we sail. Perhaps I won't see him for months—maybe never again. I wonder if I care.

October 20.
More than a month has passed since I have written in my little diary. I wouldn't write now, only this morning a letter came from Carl and I just have to record it.

Carl says he is lonely; he misses me, and he cannot understand why I ran away to Europe so suddenly.

The letter is full of reproaches for MY treatment of HIM, when all the time it was HIS meanness to me that made me so ill, so that I had to get away from everybody.

He does not mention one word about that horrid French creature.
I shall not write. Well—perhaps I will.

November 24.
At first I hated Paris.
London was nice, Vienna stupid, but Paris—impossible, until last Sunday, when we met Mrs. Harmon.

Isn't it strange what a change one day, one hour, can make in a girl's life?
Mr. and Mrs. Field, friends of mother's, gave a dinner for us. Mrs. Harmon was one of the guests. She looks much better in the evening gown than in her street suits; not nearly so frowsy, and the rouge on her cheeks doesn't show at night. I was appalled when mother introduced me to her, to recognize Carl's French friend. She is his cousin, but she has lived in Paris since she was a little girl.

We had a lovely talk. She told me all about her recent visit to America and how good Carl had been in taking her about.

I like her now that I know her. She says Carl was perfectly miserable over a girl he was in love with, who had gone abroad for the winter. She did not know the girl's name. I blushed furiously when she spoke of it.

That was Sunday. We have seen Mrs. Harmon several times since then. I made mother promise to take me home. She cabled dad, and said she would be thankful to get back to plain home cooking and her own bathroom. Mother is a dear, and so funny.

December 25.
What a happy, happy Christmas day it has been!

The very best I have ever known. Once I said I hated America—New York—but I don't. I love New York and America, Riverside, home, mother, dad and Carl. Oh, I love Carl best of all!

He has been so sweet, so dear and kind, since we came home two weeks ago. He met us at the pier. I was never so glad to see anybody in my life as I was to see dear-old Carl. Dad was there, too. My Christmas gifts are lovely. Best of all is Carl's love and the ring he gave me as a token of his deep, undying love. I think it was sweet of him to give me such a wonderful diamond, besides the candy and books and flowers. It flashes fire as I turn my hand in the light. Daddy says I'm too young to marry, but I shall coax him to let me marry Carl in June. I'm the happiest girl in the world tonight, and Carl is the happiest man. He has told me so himself. I wish everybody in the world were as happy as we this Christmas night.

Lots There to Capture.
During the civil war there was an Irishman of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, who, while on the skirmish line at Dallas, saw a good chance to capture a confederate. He availed himself of the opportunity, captured his man, and was passing to the rear with his prisoner, when one of his comrades called out to him: "Pat, let me have that man. I will take him over to General Gross, our brigade commander."

"Niver mind, me boy," replied Pat. "I left a million back over the hill there. Go yourself and fetch one of the lads over and take him to General Gross."

Christmas CANDY



For the Holiday Trade we have the finest and largest line of both

HOME MADE AND BOX CONFECTIONERY.

ever offered the citizens of East Jordan. Come to this store and let us supply your candy wants.

THE SUGAR BOWL

JOHN BATSARIS, Prop'r.

The Laying Hen

Get Your Hens Ready

for heavy laying this fall and winter. Push the pullets to early maturity; help them pass through the moult; feed them a varied ration and include

The Poultry Regulator

Increased egg production is assured. Your money back if it fails.

In packages to suit your needs. 25c, 50c, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.50

Get Poultry Profit—Increase—Boost!

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.
W. C. SPRING DRUG CO.

The Paving Hen

ICES A UNIVERSAL DELICACY

People of the South of Italy Remarkable for Their Fondness for This Simple Refreshment.

If you wish to realize what devotion to ices means you should go to Palermo. All over the south of Italy ices are eaten to an extent of which we do not dream, but in Sicily and Palermo in particular the custom has attained amazing proportions. Ices are eaten by people of all ranks and ages from morning to night. Where a true Briton would demand a glass of beer the Palermitan asks for an ice. Morning, noon, and night the consumption of ice goes on. They are in wonderful variety and cheap.

The stranger in that beautiful country finds the cafes invaded between 4 and 5 o'clock by ice eaters. He sees officers and men of the army, merchants and work people, the rich and the poor of both sexes consuming ices with gusto. No one evades this pleasant duty. Lines of carriages draw up at the side of the pavement before the cafes, the occupants, the coachman and the footman all with their favorite delicacy. At first the stranger wonders, then he falls a victim.—London Chronicle.

Reward, but No Claimant.

Despite the view that players are extravagant and do not save their money, Ada Lewis is a frugal actress and she has been putting her money away for years. She is the owner of an apartment building in New Rochelle. When she went down there to make arrangements for building the apartment she was waited upon by some members of the chamber of commerce who congratulated her upon her enterprise.

"Will dogs be allowed in the building?" was asked.

"No."
"Will children be barred?"
"No, indeed," was the quick reply. "and I will go you one better. I will give a month's free rent to the parents of every baby born in the apartment."

"This pleased the committee immensely, and as they bowed out she smiled a little and remarked:
"But, I forgot to say, this is to be a bachelor apartment."—Cleveland Leader.

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GIVE IT A TRIAL

BLACK STAR SOAP

THE AFRICAN TODAY

NEW YORK CLIPPER

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

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

Madam, Read McCall's The Fashion Authority

McCALL'S is a large, artistic, handsomely illustrated, 166-page monthly Magazine that is adding to the happiness and efficiency of 1,100,000 women each month.

With its 166 pages of fashions, fancy work, interesting short stories, and scores of labor-saving and money-saving ideas for women. There are more than 50 of the newest designs of the celebrated McCALL PATTERNS in each issue.

McCALL PATTERNS are famous for their style, fit, simplicity and economy. Only 10 and 15 cents each.

The publishers of McCALL'S will send thousands of dollars extra in the coming months in order to keep McCALL'S hand and shoulders above all other women's magazines at any price. However, McCALL'S is only one year's positively worth \$1.00.

NOTE—All the free copies of McCALL'S mentioned in this advertisement are for the year 1914. The year 1915 is only one year's positively worth \$1.00.

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AS ROMANCE MY CHRISTMAS DREAM

As I was preparing for Christmas—me. Goodness knows I wish I was, but Christmas doings ain't for me no more. And just because I was a baking something to eat tomorrow, which happens to be Christmas, she thought I was preparing for that day a special."

Betty Green sighed as she placed the pie in the oven, and pulled a kitchen chair up beside the stove. The new neighbor, who had but recently moved into the town, and who knew nothing of Betty's history, had just left. With the Christmas spirit everywhere she had thought of course Betty was preparing a feast for the day.

"Now, if Jim hadn't never sailed away on that water-logged old Mary Ann, as he did a-going on four year ago, I guess I could a been preparing for Christmas like other folks. If there hadn't been nobody else, Jim and me could of enjoyed Christmas, and then maybe there'd a been somebody else—somebody what just about now would a been liking dolls or tin cars, and if so Jim and me would a been buying a Christmas tree for that day."

Now, this was the wonderful dream I had—a dream of the Christmas Tree; I dreamed that a melody sweet and glad rang out from somewhere to me, and out of the east they came and out of the west—More children than ever a man might name or ever a man has guessed; And going and coming, and coming and going, With drummers a-drumming and buglers a-blowing, Were all the children that ever were known since ever there was an earth, In hundreds, in couples, and all alone, each chanting a song of mirth.

And then in this wonderful dream of mine the children ran to and fro And marched in a long and winding line as swiftly as they might go; And each as he passed the Christmas Tree looked up with a radiant face, And each as he came there bent the knee with curious, childish grace— And coming and going, and going and coming, With buglers a-blowing and drummers a-drumming, Were all of the children that ever have been since there was a world at all And none was a-hungered or pale or thin, or crippled or like to fall.

And all of them sang in this dream of mine, a song that I wish I knew, For it had a melody fair and fine and every tone was true; And all of the children they looked at me in pity or so it seemed— While stars in the boughs of the Christmas Tree in marvelous glory gleamed.

And going and coming, and coming and going, With drummers a-drumming and buglers a-blowing, Were all of the children that ever have played since ever the world began.

And each little fellow and each little maid delightedly laughed and ran.

And then in this wonderful dream I dreamed, I thought that the Christmas Tree, Grew fairer and fairer until it seemed no fairer a thing could be; And all of the children they called my name, and all of the children smiled— And suddenly then to my heart there came the faith of a little child, And going and coming and coming and going, With drummers a-drumming and buglers a-blowing, I marched with the children of all the lands, of all the years and times, And laughed as we ran with our close-linked hands and chanted our world-old rhymes.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

With the baking finished, Betty left the kitchen and went into her bedroom. She wanted nothing so much as to be alone in that room that had been her father's—in that room where she kept carefully preserved the wedding clothes she had lavished so much care upon four years ago. These clothes and the faded photograph of Jim Busby on her bureau were all that were left her of her romance. These she would spend her Christmas eve, would live over again her stirring days. And Jim should be with her. That would be her Christmas.

With care she took each garment from its wrappings in the bureau and spread them on the bed. The pretty wedding dress which Sarah Glover had helped her make, yes, she would put it on tonight just as she had planned to four years ago. Jim would like her to do that; he had always liked to see her prettily dressed, and maybe Jim might see her from the spirit world tonight.

As she fastened the gown she almost forgot that Jim could not be there, that it was all a make-believe. As she stood before the mirror, the smile of four years ago came back again. She noted the color in her cheeks; it was like a bridal blush.

A rap at the door dispelled the illusion she had permitted herself for a few moments. She could not go to the door in that dress. The caller would have to wait, but he did not wait. She heard the door swing, a heavy step on the floor, and a voice—oh! such a familiar voice—calling Betty.

"Jim! My Jim!" she answered, as she pulled open the door of her bedroom and sprang into the arms of a strong, bronzed sailor.

Far into the night she listened to Jim's tale of shipwreck on the Patagonian coast, of the months and years of practical captivity before he could get back to a seaport.

"And now," he said, "I am home to claim my Christmas bride."

"And I have our Christmas baking done," said Betty.

Tree in marvelous glory gleamed. And going and coming, and coming and going, With drummers a-drumming and buglers a-blowing, Were all of the children that ever have played since ever the world began.

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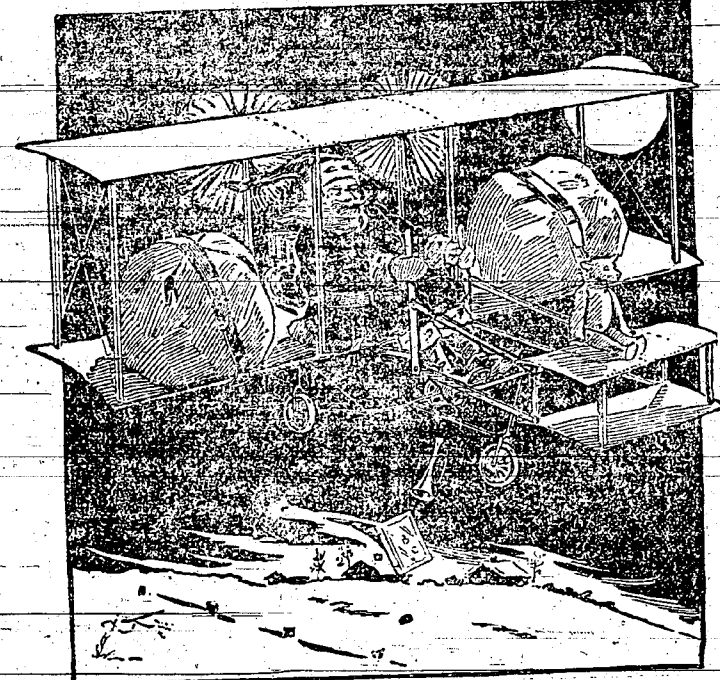
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SEASONABLE HINTS



Never Before Have We Been So Well Equipped to supply the people with Dependable Holiday Goods. This fact applies to you at this time of the year when you are planning your Holiday shopping. Carrying out our idea of serving our customers right, we have been making preparations for you during the past few months, and here is an idea of what we have:



Indian Baskets 5c to \$2.00.
Sewing Baskets, Scrap Baskets, Hampers, etc.
Novelty Goods, Doll Furniture for the Girls and Smoking Sets for the Papa.
Dolls, Sewing Sets, Toilet Sets, Scarfs, Beads, Collars, Books, Doll Cabs and Go-Carts for Girls.

For Boys. Sleds, Air Guns, Hobby Horses, Games.
 Santa has sure been here and left presents for the kids.

For Grown-ups we have Dishes, from plain to Hand Painted, and Cut Glass.

Call and Make us a Visit.

THE BAZAAR OPPOSITE TAYLOR'S INN.

SPENCER BLOCK

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PLATINUM REALLY AN ALLOY

Its Use by Jewelers and Dentists is What Has Made it a Costly Metal.

The mineral called platinum is really a natural alloy of iridium, rhodium, palladium and often osmium, with varying amounts of iron, copper and gold. It is usually found as small nuggets, scales and rounded or irregular grains. Its color is steel gray. The specific gravity of the crude platinum varies from 14 to 19. The output of platinum in the United States is practically limited to California and Oregon.

Owing to its high melting point and great resistance to acids, platinum is extensively used for laboratory utensils. Platinum salts are employed in chemical analyses. In the manufacture of sulphuric acid the metal has been used in making large concentration kettles, but of late gold has been substituted for it. In photography, dentistry and electric installation much platinum is used. Of late the manufacture of jewelry has consumed large quantities of it. It is extensively used for chains and for the setting of diamonds, the claim being made, not only that it is more resistant than silver and harder than gold, but that the stones are better offset by platinum and appear larger than in any other kind of setting.—From a Geological Survey Report.

They Always Help Elderly People.

Foley Kidney Pills give just the help elderly people need to tone and strengthen their kidneys and bladder and regulate their action. John McCormick, Streator, Ill., says, "I feel better and stronger than I have for many years, and Foley Kidney Pills did it." Hite Drug Store. (adv.)

"AM I TICKLED?"

"Well, I guess I am. Did you see the Fruit hanging from the trees in my Orchard? After buying peach trees for years, someone told me to buy of McCormick at Monroe, Mich. I did so and the trees and fruit speak for themselves.

Don't be pessimistic, plant McCormick's trees and have a good income in your old age."

McCormick's Trees are the result of years of experience, high-grade soil and modern methods. Get their Free Catalog and "Tree Talk." Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Vines, Roses, etc.

MCCORMICK NURSERY CO.
 40 Elm Street, Monroe, Mich.

WISDOM OF GREAT PAINTER

Meissonier's Comments Show That He Was a Philosopher as Well as a Superb Artist.

We always like to know what a great man has said about his work, and how he feels about other things that are of interest to every one. Fortunately, Meissonier left a record of many of his feelings and opinions, published as his "Conversations." Of all the painters, Rembrandt was his favorite.

Among his sayings were the following:

"Let well enough alone! is the motto of the lazy."

"The man who leaves good work behind adds to the inheritance of the human race."

"The master is an artist whose works never recall those of some other artist."

"I would have drawing made the basis of education in all schools. It is the universal language."

"No artist would paint if he knew he was never to show his work, if he felt no human eye would ever rest upon it."

"I never sign a picture until my whole soul is satisfied with my work."

"To will is to do" has been my motto. I have always willed. Oh! how I regret the lost time that can never be made up ever."

From Charles L. Barstow's "Famous Pictures" (Meissonier), in St. Nicholas.

FRUIT TREES

SPECIAL PRICES
 Apple Trees, 4-5 ft. \$15 100
 3-4 ft. \$12 100
 Cherry Trees, 4-6 ft. \$15 100
 3-4 ft. \$10 100

These prices for a short time only, the trees are an extra fine lot, thrifty, healthy and well shaped. Our catalogue is free; we have a complete list of all the trees adapted to Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS NURSERY Co.
 Retail Dept., Ashton Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Jasper Ellington is the only man in our town who can strut while standing still.

TO CONSUMPTIVES

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

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

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

If you are suffering from any Lung or Throat trouble whatever, do not fail to give this invaluable remedy a trial. Send for Mr. Wilson's history of his own remarkable cure which will be sent FREE together with a 100-page package of the remedy, to all who write for it.

Address: Wilson Remedy Co., Westwood, N.J., U.S.A.

Briefs of the Week

There were thirty-three births and eighteen deaths in Charlevoix County during the past month.

East Jordan's Santa Claus Girls are organized. If you know of a worthy case kindly drop a line to this office or Postmaster Potter.

Among the marriage licenses issued in Antrim county was one to Walter Petrie, 19, Echo Township, to Luella Greon, 17, East Jordan.

Ann O'Donnell of St. James, was adjudged insane Tuesday and was taken to Traverse City Wednesday afternoon by Under-sheriff Novak.

Complete returns on the recent election show that Roosevelt received 219,012; Taft, 162,244; Wilson, 150,761; Debs, 23,211 votes in Michigan.

Supts. of the Poor W. A. Davoll of Boyne Falls and Fred Smith of Hayes held their monthly business meeting with Sec'y A. E. Cross in this city, Tuesday.

Another addition has recently been made to the theatrical colony at East Jordan. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, now filling a vaudeville engagement in Chicago, have just purchased four acres outside the city limits, east, and expect to spend their summer vacations and do a little fruit farming here.

A telegram received Friday morning by County Clerk Payton from Sheriff Robbins stated that "Swift's parole had been extended sixty days by Governor Osborne for further hearing." As Osborne goes out of office the first of January the matter will be practically left up to Governor-elect Ferris. And if Ferris is worse than Osborne, then Heaven help us.

Santa Claus is going to be a very busy man a week from next Wednesday, and for fear he might overlook some of his young friends, he invites them to drop him a line to either care of this office or Postmaster Potter stating their wants. The letter will be immediately forwarded to that worthy gentleman, who will give it his careful consideration, and if the requests are worthy will see to it that his young friends' wants are more than supplied.

Furs, Furs, Furs. Just the thing for an Xmas gift. See them M. E. ASHLEY & Co. (adv.)

Mrs. A. Roy is seriously ill with sciatic rheumatism.

Robert Morris was a Gladwin business visitor this week.

Mrs. R. O. Bisbee was guest of Cadillac friends this week.

Guy Graf left Tuesday for Florida where he will spend the winter.

Henry Richard of Bellairs was an East Jordan business visitor, Tuesday.

W. C. Spring and E. A. Ashley were Detroit business visitors this week.

V. G. Holbeck was a Frankfort business visitor latter part of the week.

Harry Adams of Everett, Mich., is guest of his brother, Eugene, and family.

John A. Ash of Detroit, state boiler inspector, was here this week on business.

Mrs. C. E. Mitchell with daughter Irene, were guests of East Jordan friends first of the week.

Miss Violet Grigsby leaves today to spend the Holidays with Grand Rapids and Hastings friends.

Mrs. William Hawkins, who has been visiting her parents at White Cloud, returned home this week.

Miss Louisa E. Loveday arrived home this week to spend the holidays with her brother, W. A., and family.

Mrs. A. Cameron with son left Wednesday for an extended visit with her parents at Toronto, Canada.

J. L. Wiesman, who has been confined to his home some time with illness is able to be at his store again.

Miss Norma Baughman gave a handkerchief shower in honor of Miss Maud Cross, Friday evening, at the home of C. A. Hudson.

Alexander Bush of East Jordan, has rented the Bennett house on Park avenue, and will move here in a short time.—Charlevoix Courier.

Mrs. L. A. Kenyon returned home from Mackinaw Island, Wednesday, where she has been guest of her son, F. A., and family for some weeks.

Mrs. W. Vanderver of the West Side, left Wednesday morning for Detroit where she goes for treatment. Mrs. James Murray accompanied her.

Christmas Gifts at Mack's. (adv.) Fred Thayer spent last Sunday at Boyne City.

M. Frazer was a Boyne City visitor Wednesday.

Arthur Shepard left Wednesday for Grand Rapids.

E. P. Hubbard returned to his home at Montague, this week.

Bav. Fr. Krebth was a Traverse City business visitor, Monday.

Mrs. Earl Farmer, who has been very sick, is reported on the gain.

Miss Margaret Geck is cashier at the East Jordan Lumber Co's. store.

Judge Bailey of Manacelona was an East Jordan business visitor, Wednesday.

W. Woolsey of Saginaw was guest of J. L. Wiesman and family this week.

A Davidson of Manacelona was an East Jordan business visitor this week.

The Whist Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. C. C. Mack, Wednesday.

E. C. Plank of Frankfort spent Sunday with friends here, returning home Monday.

Harry Walstad of this city is now working for a telephone company at St. Cloud, Minn.

Mrs. R. Jones leaves first of next week for Los Angeles, Cal., where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. T. Porter Bennett was taken seriously ill, Wednesday, and is still under the physicians' care.

Mrs. Minnie Roach of Luther, an aunt of Miss White, is here caring for her during her long illness.

Mrs. O. F. Miner received word, Thursday, from Jackson, that her sister, Mrs. G. Cursus, was very low.

Mrs. Robert Bruce, who has been guest at the home of D. P. McGuirk, returned to her home at Marquette, Wednesday.

Att'y E. N. Clink now has his law office over the State Bank of East Jordan, in the suite recently vacated by Att'y Nicholas.

The W. C. T. U. will hold its annual meeting for the election of officers, Friday, Dec. 20, 1912, 2:30 p. m. with Mrs. Henry Cummings on Main Street. Every member is urgently requested to be present. Officer and superintendents are expected to give yearly report. Visitors welcome.

Christmas Gifts at Mack's. (adv.) Mrs. Jennie Bedell, sister of Mrs. Robert Price, who has been here on an extended visit, returned to her home at Manitowoc, Wis., on Thursday, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. J. Bedell.

The Petoskey Evening News is responsible for the statement that no coasting will be tolerated on the sidewalks of that city and that upon three streets only will the children be allowed to coast. The officers will be on the watch all the time and will enforce the ordinance to the best of their ability. This same law might be used advantageously in our city and prevent numerous slips and falls and various other accidents during the winter months wherever the children are found coasting.

At the last meeting of the Ironton Grange the following officers were elected: Master, Frank J. Hammond; Overseer, Neil Kemp; Lecturer, John E. Knudsen; Steward, Matthew Saunders; Chaplain, Sylvia Lewis; Secretary, Emil Nasson; Treasurer, Ole Lyngklip; Gate Keeper, Neils Lyngklip; Ceres, Clara Nowland; Pomona, Edith Nowland; Flora, Sadie Hagmond; Fire Insurance Director, Ben Nowland; Degree Team Captain, John Knudsen.

Sheriff Robbins is the last man in Charlevoix county to insult by word or action any official or private citizen but at the same time, he is positive in the performance of duty as seen by himself. The fact was even more positively shown this week. On Wednesday the officer was enroute for Ionia to deliver H. L. Swift to the reformatory to begin serving his sentence. Upon reaching Grand Rapids, Sheriff Robbins was informed by wire from the executive officer in Lansing that he should release the prisoner because the sender of the message had paroled Swift. Robbins courteously, but positively informed Governor Osborne that he was authorized to deliver Swift to Ionia and he intended to do so, after which he would not be responsible and they could do as they liked with the man. Naturally this displeased the governor, but with Robbins to deal with he soon found nothing else would be tolerated, so the base of operations was changed to Ionia and shortly after Swift was landed there he was released on the governor's order. Charlevoix county people generally do not like the releasing of this man, but they certainly commend their sheriff for his "stand pat" to duty attitude.—Boysen Journal.

Satin-Party Slippers in colors White, Evening Blue and Black at HUDSON'S SHOE STORE. (adv.)

One half off on all Fall Hats. Get one while the selection is good. M. E. ASHLEY & Co. (adv.)

Special sale of Edison Phonograph Records. Regular 35c records now 21c. Regular 50c records now 31c. Come now while the assortment is complete at C. C. MACK'S JEWELRY STORE. (adv.)

We are nearing Christmas and we are thinking what shall we buy to please our children, whether it will be a nice Reed Chair or a fine Reed Rocker or a Solid Oak Tea-table for the older people, we can safely say we have the most complete line of Solid Oak Upholstered Rockers that ever was displayed in this city. Our line of rugs never was more complete, our display rack is full, it is only too true we are carrying the largest line north of Grand Rapids. You cannot make any mistake in looking over our line for a Christmas present. (adv.) EMPEY BROS.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. A. D. Grigsby, Pastor.

The pastor of the Presbyterian Church invites every reader of this announcement to attend public worship on Sunday morning at 10:30 and evening at 7. There is always a very warm welcome for all who come and a message that may be helpful and inspiring or encouraging and comforting to you just now. Come with us and we will do you good.

Sunday School convenes at 11:45. The scholars and teachers are urged to be in their places on time. Christmas exercises are close at hand. The Y. P. S. C. E. are having interesting and instructive meetings every Sunday evening at 8:15 and the public are very welcome to attend.

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.

Mrs. E. C. Plank returned home to Frankfort, Thursday morning.

R. N. SPENCE has HOME MADE CANDIES and FRESH NUTS for the Xmas trade.

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

From now until Xmas we offer our complete stock of Ladies Suits and Coats at greatly reduced prices. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity. M. E. ASHLEY & Co. (adv.)

Special sale of Edison Phonograph Records. Regular 35c records now 21c. Regular 50c records now 31c. Come now while the assortment is complete at C. C. MACK'S JEWELRY STORE. (adv.)

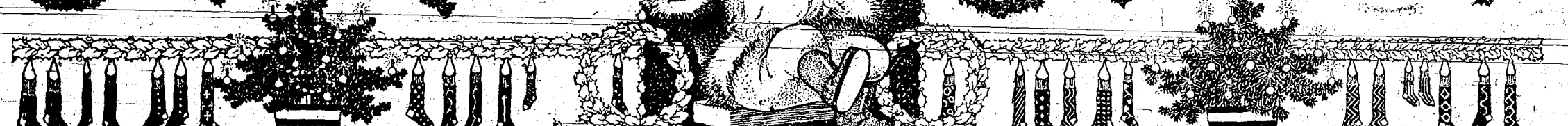
PHOTOS! PHOTOS!

A photo of the family group or any member of the family cannot fail to please your friends and relation at Xmas time. Now is the time.

LOCAL VIEW CALENDARS.

BOSWELL - Photographer

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT MACK'S

I am showing one of the largest Holiday Stocks ever shown in Charlevoix County, and a large portion of it is bought direct from the factories, which enables us to sell at a much lower price.

One-Quarter Off On All Goods UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

TIMELY GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Diamond Rings,	Hand Bags,	Locketts,	Fobs,	Waist Sets,
Veil Pins,	Jewel Cases,	Brooches,	Cuff Buttons,	
Belt Pins,	Hat Pins,	Gold Rings,	Bracelets	Bed Room Clocks,
Brush, Comb and Mirror,	Signet Rings,	Stone Rings		
	Beads,	Rosaries		
Ash Trays,	Clothes Brushes,	Vest Chains,	Fobs,	Desk Sets
Military Sets,	Locketts and Charms,	Scarf Pins,	Smoking Sets	
Shaving Cups and Brushes,	Fountain Pens.			

Make your selections now before the Holiday rush—pay a small deposit and we will hold the goods until Christmas. Every article bought here is fully guaranteed. We are glad to show our goods and prices and than you decide where to buy. Consider quality and price and you will buy at

MACK'S JEWELRY STORE

LAUNCH THE HYDROAEROPLANE!

"MAN the hydroaeroplane!"
That will be the cry along our coast when shipwrecked vessels are pounding on the reefs.

A simple yet nearly tragic incident at Sea Cliff, Long Island, on the 10th of October last demonstrated most emphatically the practicability of an airship with pontoons—a hydroaeroplane—as a life saving apparatus, writes Roy L. McCordell in the New York World.

Walter Strohbach, aged twenty-three, a chauffeur of Flatbush, has the distinction of being the first person rescued from a watery grave by means of a hydroaeroplane. The greater distinction of being the first hydroaeroplane operator to save a drowning man comes to Charles Wald, aged thirty, enthusiastic aviator.

Strohbach was upset from a rowboat during bad weather in Hempstead harbor, and Wald, a mile away, conducting experiments in a thirty-five mile an hour gale, swooped down in his hydroaeroplane upon the exhausted and sinking man and saved him.

Since this repeated demonstrations prove conclusively that the hydroaeroplane not alone can be used to rescue men overboard, but is available also to save imperiled persons from doomed ships on lee shores in the wildest weather.

For Coast Guard Service.
The matter of the efficacy of hydroaeroplanes as coast guard life saving appliances has been brought to the attention of the United States government and the Volunteer Life Saving Service, and efforts are being made to put hydroaeroplanes into practical life saving service along with the lifeboat, the life-line and mortar and the breeches buoy.

Let Wald, the aviator, tell the story, for I went out to his hangar at Sea Cliff and discussed the matter with him.

The hangar is a wide, low shed by the water's edge, with rolling doors that open the front to permit "the wide winged" hydroaeroplane its entrance and its exit.

But Wald? Well, Wald is a boy of thirty. That is, he has a man's years upon him, but his every action and all his enthusiasms are boyish. Consider a smooth faced little fellow, followed by the sun; his height five feet five; his weight 130; small hands, small feet, sinewy and alert—a quick but quiet way, the confident air of the mechanic who knows that Wald, the aviator, first man to save a life from a flying machine.

"Strohbach?" he said in response to my first question. "Well, he was a chauffeur holidaying out here, and he went out into the bay in a rowboat in a rising gale and got capsized."

Saw Man in Danger.
"I was just showing my machine out of the hangar," said Wald, taking me to the water's edge and pointing out over the Sound, "and had taken the water when I heard the cries of people along shore who had seen the accident; these and the drumming of feet down the plank causeway told me something out of the ordinary was taking place out on the water."

"A glance down the cove and out upon the rougher water of the bay showed me an overturned rowboat with a man clinging to it, while a hundred yards away and being carried further out by the strong ebb tide I saw, bobbing up between the whitecaps, the head and splashing arms of a man who was giving every evidence by the awkward energy of his actions that he was an inexperienced swimmer."

"I threw the motor over and the propellers began to hum. Another half minute and the machine was moving, gaining speed at every turn. The pontoons hit the whitecaps at the mouth of the cove and the old water bird skipped like a hard flung flat stone from wave to wave. She looks like she is bumping the bumps when she does that, but she rides like a feather bed in twice the gale this was."

Made Two Miles in a Hurry.
"When I first sighted the overturned boat," he went on, "it was about two miles away. The spray from where the pontoon bows struck the water stung my face and showered over the planes, but with a hop, skip and a jump, and riding like a rocking chair, the old flier hit the high spots on the bay, and before you could have counted a hundred I was within fifty feet of the struggling Strohbach, now almost all in and going under."

"I could see his friend, who was still clinging to the capsized rowboat, was in no danger; and that, motor boats were being started up along shore to get to him, so I kept my eye on the weakening man in the water, and shouted to him to hold up."

"Then I shut off the motor, and turned the rudder so that we scraped the right pontoon within eight inches of him. As soon as I had stopped the engine I stepped down on the frame that holds the aeroplane to the pontoons, and, as we went past the man in the water, I reached down and got him. He grabbed my hand and held on like the proverbial drowning man, and the impetus of the moving machine carried us still into the wind for



Out over a surf that no lifeboat could be launched through the life saver aviator will fly, taking the life-line.

about fifteen feet, when the drag anchor of his bulk in the water stopped our headway, and the thirty-five mile wind we were going into began to blow us back.

Completed Work of Rescue.
"I let the man get his breath and strength as we drifted back, and then, bringing him around between the pontoons helped him up into the passenger seat. He was weak and full of water, and he wasn't quite aware of what had happened to him until I got the engine started again and brought him back to the hangar."

Wald led me back to the hangar and we went inside and looked at the winged thing.
"It was an important day for Mr. Strohbach of Flatbush," resumed the little aviator as he patted a water-warped plane, "but it was of equal importance to the thousands of hydroaeroplanes going to save from drowning from this on. I could have picked up ten Strohbachs and brought them safely to land, and I could have picked them all up, one after another, and saved all ten at the same time."

"He picked up a piece of oiled waste and rubbed the brasswork of the motor as he talked.
"Of course with ten people the hydroaeroplane wouldn't have risen up into the air from the water, but the buoyancy of its pontoons and the strength of its engines would have been sufficient to bear us all up and bring us all in."

"I then questioned him about real rescue work by hydroaeroplanes at sea.
What Hydroaeroplane Can Do.
"The hydroaeroplane will not only pick up the man overboard, as I picked up Strohbach," he replied, "but it can operate in a gale and go out to sea in the teeth of a storm and take a line out to a wreck. Not only that, but it could come along the lee side of the wreck and pick up men, women and children who might be loved over the side."

"When a ship goes ashore in a storm a few years from now," he said enthusiastically, "the cry will not be 'Man the lifeboat!'; it will be 'Man the hydroaeroplane!'; maybe the coast guards will just shorten the word to 'plane'."

"Anyway, there will be the doomed vessel pounding to pieces on the reef, and here, from the hangar at the life-saving station, will come the 'put, put, put,' of the hydroaeroplane's motor, and out over a surf that no lifeboat could be launched through and over a stretch of raging sea that no life line mortar could throw its lead, the life saver aviator will fly, taking the life-line and bringing back cargo after cargo of precious human lives!"

He got up in the driver's seat and worked the levers of the winged thing as though his eyes were on just such a scene.
"Big ocean steamers could easily carry several hydroaeroplanes," he said, coming back to his quieter manner. "The experiment of flying from and landing on a ship at sea has been repeatedly made. An aeroplane on the ill-fated Titanic would have

scouted out and brought rescuing ships out of the ice field."

"But suppose it is a real storm, a tempest?" I asked.
"It must not be thought that an aeroplane and a hydroaeroplane cannot be flown into a gale," he answered readily. "The storm that might dash a land-flying machine against trees or buildings would have no effect on a hydroaeroplane with sufficient water surface to maneuver on."

"I have tested this machine, and it is an old one of no great power, in forty-mile-an-hour storms. They all work all the better into head winds; though, according to the velocity of the wind, their speed forward is lessened."

"We left the winged thing and came out of the hangar to the light and water.
"As matters are now, the work of our coast guards is hampered during a shipwreck off shore by the limited efficiency of the lifeboat and the breeches-buoy," said Wald as we walked down the launching rails. "As an auxiliary life-saving apparatus a hydroaeroplane would be the means of saving thousands of lives. With a surf too high to launch a lifeboat, with the reef on which the ship is wrecked too far out to fire a life-line to, the helpless life guardsmen have stood and watched scores of ships batter to pieces while they have been helpless to save."

Sees Future for Machine.
I asked him how long he thought it would be before the hydroaeroplane would be part of the United States life saving equipment.

"In five years," he answered quickly, "and it should be in one. Every life station along our coast will be equipped with a hydroaeroplane in that time, and every great ocean steamer will be compelled to carry a hydroaeroplane as it is now compelled to equip with wireless."

Young Mr. Wald, hydroaeroplane life saver, knows something of the sea and ships. He was seven years in the United States customs service, three of these in the Philippines. He is a graduate in mechanical engineering of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.
At present, he told me, he is taking a thorough course in astronomy and navigation, as he fully expects to be the commander of a passenger-carrying life-saving-at-sea transatlantic airship by the time he is forty.

"It is coming in ten years sure!" said the enthusiastic young Mr. Wald. "I'll lock up the hangar and walk to the station with you. I'd take you home with the old waterbird, but I can't land on land on pontoons, you know!"
Were Longfellow alive today he could amend "The Wreck of the Hesperus" thusly:

"Then up spoke an ancient sailor
Who had sailed the Spanish Main,
"Though the storm is wild, we'll save the child
With the Hydroaeroplane!"

TOOK PHOTOS IN THE HAREM

Traveler Was Granted This Extraordinary Privilege in Algiers Because He Had Gray Hair.

This was in the city of Algiers, in that wonderful north Africa. Not in the beautiful, new-French quarter, with its wide streets and fine buildings, but in the old Arab town, with narrow alleys and ancient crowded houses, foul with the unremoved filth of years. The ladies of our mission had long searched for a house in the native quarter which they could hire for the purpose of holding meetings with the native women and classes for girls. They finally secured one where the blind woman lived.

I was asked to visit it and take some photographs, says a writer in the Christian Herald. This was a most extraordinary thing for a man to be allowed to visit the apartments of the women and take their photographs. The privilege was secured by each of the married women asking the consent of her husband, assuring him that there would be no cause for jealousy, since I had gray hair, and so must be an old man.

The street was reached after passing through a maze of bazaars, alleys and little squares. It was a steep flight of stone steps between high walls, having here and there a heavy nail-studded door and an occasional window high above the walk. A knock on the door was answered after a short wait by a timid hand from within, of "Who is it?" then another wait while hurrying feet went to carry the message. A second call from within to make certain that all was right on our side and our door opened cautiously for me to enter, but not for my guide. Though he was a Christian Kabyle, he was a man, a young man! Under no circumstances could he be admitted to the women's apartments of a native house.

Their Welcome.
On the arrival of the duke and duchess of Connaught in Khartoum three years ago, it was thought by the troops, says the Egyptian Gazette, that it would be right to decorate the place as much as possible. Accordingly, with infinite pains, a triumphal arch was erected, to the great satisfaction of all concerned.
A picture of the queen and the prince of Wales graced the arch, but no pictures of the duke and duchess were to be obtained for love or money. Advice was therefore sought from one of the English sergeants, and he advised placing a notice between the two portraits referred to bearing the inscription, "Let 'em all come!"
This was accordingly done, much to the amusement of the duchess, who insisted on taking a snap-shot of the arch.

DAVID WON A WIFE

Encounter With a Burglar Lucky Stroke for Plucky Young Salesman.

By AUGUSTUS GOODRICH SHERWIN.

There was only one ray of light visible about the plant of the Interstate Manufacturing company. That was in a corner of the main office, where David Harris sat poring over an account book. Once in a while he lifted his eyes and stared dreamily at the wall. It was not from weariness or distaste for the extra work he was doing. It was when the picture of his fiancée, pretty Mary Lee, came floating into his mind, and the air castles concerning her formed a perfect vista of magical creations.

As to the extra work, David welcomed that heartily. It meant extra money, and ready cash was a large element in his prospects just now. The company employing him did not pay princely salaries. Practical, hard-fisted old Silas Lee, Mary's father, had set the figure David must earn before he would consent to a marriage with his daughter. What worried David was that an advance in salary seemed a long way off. Worse than that, he believed old Lee capable of encouraging the advances of suitors more desirable in a money way.

"Mary loves me, that's sure," soliloquized John, "so I can only keep plugging away." Perhaps a new opening may come along. Anyhow, I'll go at the work with the best that's in me. Hello!"

David was suddenly startled. The office-door went open with a crash, and Mr. Morse, president of the company, plunged into view. He held an open telegram in his hand, and he looked anxious and flustered.

"Nobody here but you," he spoke in a disappointed tone, David fancied.
No, sir, I had some extra work—
"Yes, yes—I know all about that; but where is Simmons, the head salesman?" asked the manufacturer.

"He started on his vacation this afternoon."
Mr. Morse sank into a chair, mopping his brow and acting pretty well



He chuckled when David explained why he was an early caller.

disgusted. Then he fell to looking David over.
"See here," he said finally, "did you ever sell our goods?"
"Except to calling customers and through correspondence, no sir," admitted David, rather reluctantly.
"Do you think you could?"

"I'd try mighty hard, given a chance," replied David, wondering if the "new opening" was coming his way.
"Very well, I'm going to test you out," declared Mr. Morse with sudden determination. "Now, listen carefully. You know Borden, our traveling salesman? From the office we worked up a ten thousand dollar order for four machines from a Mr. William Henry of Acton. There were other bids, but our goods seemed to please Henry."

"I remember the case," said David.
"Three days ago Borden started for Acton. The next day we forwarded to his address at the American hotel there the specifications and contracts. Today we learned that he had gone off on one of his irregular bouts. I have just received a telegram from the American hotel, stating that he has not shown up there. You know Borden throws everything to the winds when his drinking at takes him. I believe that some business rivals are in a plot to sidetrack him, and probably have his shut up somewhere, dazed or drugged."

"That is a pretty bad state of affairs," suggested David.
"Now for the remedy," said Mr. Morse sharply. "The contract is to be let tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. If you think yourself strong enough to undertake the job—start out. If you succeed it will mean a good deal for you, I can tell you that. A train leaves in half an hour."
"I shall be a passenger on that train," said David simply, and put on his coat.
At five o'clock the next morning David was camping on the front porch of the home of Mr. William Henry. He had reached Acton at midnight, had got the forwarded specifications and contract at the hotel, and had learned that Mr. Henry lived at a suburb ten miles out of the city. He had hired a taxicab, had arrived, and now—David

was waiting for daylight and for his prospective customer to wake up.

He sat on the top step of the porch rather drowsily, but figuring out what he would say to Henry, and thinking of Mary. He had been there an hour. Suddenly the front door was pushed open. Quite as suddenly a man came out. He carried a bundle done up in a sheet so big that he could not see over it, ran against David, and before the latter could get out of the way, both tumbled head over heels to the bottom of the steps.

The bundle burst open. With a clatter, silverware, jewelry and clothing spread all over the steps. David grabbed at the man. The latter nearly stunned him by kicking out, made a dive for some near shrubbery, and disappeared.

"What's all that racket?" demanded a stentorian voice, and a man in pajamas appeared at an upper balcony out of a room opening upon it.
"Burglary, I guess," replied David.
"I'll be down in a minute," shouted the man aloft. "The mischief!" he added as he reappeared below.

"The thief got away," explained David. "You see, he stumbled over me."
"Yes, but how came you to be on my porch at this unearthly hour of the morning?" inquired the disturbed house owner suspiciously.

"That will be easy to explain," assured David with a smile. "I am not a trespasser with evil designs."
"I should say not!" exclaimed Mr. William Henry. "You've saved me a heap. Hello, all the silver! My watch and chain! My fur winter overcoat! Why, the robber must have been ransacking the house for hours."

Mr. Henry went inside the hallway and sounded a gong. Two servants appeared. He directed the wonder-stricken pair to gather up the scattered plunder.

"You come in," he directed David. "Just wait till I get dressed. You must have something of a story to tell."

David was soon rejoined by his host in the library, into which he had been ushered.

"Now, then," spoke Mr. Henry, "let's hear all about it."
He looked pretty serious as David described the sudden appearance and wild flight of the burglar. Then his fat, jolly face creased into smiles, and he chuckled when David explained why he was an early caller.

"See here," said Mr. Henry, "you'll stay to breakfast with me. Then I've got something to say to you."
If David had been drowsy from his long vigil, the encounter with the burglar had roused him up pretty thoroughly. The ample meal to which he was invited by a most agreeable host encouraged him in the belief that Mr. Henry fully appreciated his accidental helpfulness in his behalf.

"Well," spoke Mr. Henry, when the repast was concluded, "let us get down to business."
"Yes, sir," said David expectantly.
"You produce that contract, and we'll just sign up. If you don't deserve that and better for what you've saved me, I'm mistaken. I'd do it, anyway, for I think your business rivals have played a trick on you."

David Harris went proudly back to his employer with his big ten thousand dollar order. A raise in salary and position came within a week, a happy marriage within a month, and one of the pleasantest surprises of the event was a wedding present from Mr. William Henry of Acton of the best piano money could buy.
(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

ACCOUNTING FOR GRAY HAIRS

Possibly Here is Explanation of Why Some Men Seem to Be Prematurely Aged.

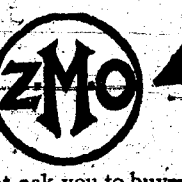
It is this kind of a wife that makes some men old and gray before their time.
"William," she says, after William is curled snugly up under the blankets for the night, "did you lock the front door?"
"Yes," says William briefly.
"You're sure you did?"
"Yes, sure."
"And you slipped the bolt, too?"
"Yes."
"You know you forgot it once, and it gave me such a turn when I found it out in the morning, I didn't get over it for a week. We haven't much that anybody'd want to steal, I know; but I don't want the little we have taken, for I—"

"I tell you I attended to the doors."
"Well, I hope so, for goodness sake. You attended to the basement door?"
"Yes, I tell you."
"Because if you hadn't, you or I, one or the other, would have to get up and attend to it now. I read today of—"
"Don't care what you read!"
"It said that a man forgot to—"
"I don't care if he did!"
"And in the night a burglar walked right in and—"
"I don't believe it."
"I've a good mind to get up and see if you have locked that door. You're sure?"
"How many times have I got to tell you what I did?"
"Well, you thought you locked it that time you left it unlocked."
Driven to desperation, the poor man crawls out of the warm bed and makes his way down the stairs to see if he locked the basement door; and when he comes back the wife opens her eyes long enough to say:

"Are you sure that it was not locked when you went down?"—Pittsburg Leader.

Unusual.
"He has a very magnetic personality."
"He has, indeed. Why that man keeps his friends even after they get automobiles."

RHEUMATISM Backache and Piles



We do not ask you to buy—send your name and address and receive a sample bottle free.
Z-M-O penetrates to bone thru skin and muscle and removes pain 5 minutes after you apply it.
You may not need Z-M-O today, yet tomorrow pay any price to relieve pain.

FREE BOTTLE

If you have Rheumatism, Piles or Backache write to M. R. Zaegel & Co., 913 Main St., Sheboygan, Wis., for a free bottle Z-M-O by return mail. At drug stores, 25 cts.

MADE A CLEAN JOB OF IT

First Time Old Gentleman Had Eaten a Crab, and He Left Nothing on the Dish.

A jolly old boy, from the Midlands entered into one of the hotels at the seaside, and, seeing on the slab on the right a crab dressed on the shell with legs, claws and parsley ranged round, said to the landlord:
"What d'ye call that?"
"Crab," was the answer.
"Looks good. I'll have 'un; and give us a pint o' ale."

Bread and butter was added and the diner left to his dinner. In about an hour the genial landlord entered the dining room to see if his guest was getting on all right. He found him chawing up the last claw, the chawer red in the face, but beaming.

"Like the crab, sir?"
"Yes; he was capital. I never tasted one afore. But I think you baked 'un a little too long; the crust was hard. Let's have another pint."
"He had eaten the lot—shell, claws and all complete.—London Tit-Bits"

GOOD NAME.



Weston—I'm going to call my private golf links Bunker Hill.
Preston—Why?
Weston—I can never win on them.

Some Names Easily Remembered.
"Now, children," asked the teacher, addressing the class in United States history, "who was it that shot Roosevelt?"
"Why—erah!"—hesitatingly answered the brightest pupil. "I think it was a crank by the name of Swank or Frank, or something like that."
"What surgeon attended the colonel, and—"
Thereat they all arose and exclaimed as with one voice: "Scurry L. Terrell, M. D.!"

From this we should learn that an unforgettable name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Stretching It Some.
The men were boasting about their rich kin. Said one: "My father has a big farm in Connecticut. It is so big that when he goes to the barn on Monday morning to milk the cows he kisses us all goodby, and he doesn't get back till the following Saturday."
"Why does it take him so long?" the other asked.
"Because the barn is so far away from the house."
"Well, that may be a pretty big farm, but compared to my father's farm in Pennsylvania your father's farm ain't no bigger than a city lot!"
"Why, how big is your father's farm?"
"Well, it's so big that my father sends young married couples out to the barn to milk the cows, and the milk is brought back by their grandchildren."

YOU CAN CURE CATARRH
By using Cole's Carbolicine, it is a most effective remedy. All druggists, 25 and 50c. Adv.

The Other Fellow.
Miss Oldmaid (purchasing music)—Have you "Kissed Me in the Moonlight?"
Mr. Dopenutt—Why—er—no. It must have been the other clerk.

Sometimes a burglar leaves little to be desired.

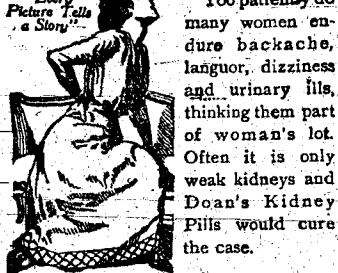
FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Are Richest in Curative Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER
Quickly relieves all eye troubles, inflamed eyes, Boldt's Eye Water, Sold every where. Booklet Free. JOHN L. THOMPSON BROS. & CO., Troy, N. Y.

Patience is No Virtue!

Be Impatient with Backache!



Too patiently do many women endure backache, languor, dizziness and urinary ills, thinking them part of woman's lot. Often it is only weak kidneys and Doan's Kidney Pills would cure the case.

NEBRASKA CASE.
Mrs. Mary H. Bizler, Gordon, Nebraska, says: "I had sharp, darting pains all through my body when I sat down. My back was so weak I had to grasp something for support. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me entirely and improved my condition in every way."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN
Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Colds and correct disorders of the stomach and bowels. Used by Mothers for 22 years. At all Druggists. Sample mailed FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Pettit's Eye Salve SMARTING SORE LIDS

As a girl grows older she becomes wiser and quits wearing so many pins in the vicinity of her waist line.

CURES ITCHING SKIN DISEASES.
Cole's Carbolic Salve stops itching and makes the skin smooth. All druggists, 25c and 50c.

Question of Gratitude.

"Suppose I were to ask you to contribute a hundred dollars to my campaign fund," said the ambitious young man. "What would you do?"
"That isn't the important question," replied Mr. Austin Stax. "If I should help to elect you, what would you do?"

Shop Talk.

The inventor was talking to himself. "What with my heatless light, my leakless fixtures, my invisible ash-can and my disappearing bed, I have made the life of the urbanite well worth the living."
"Wrong!" corrected the down-weighted Benedict. "You have yet to perfect the footless meter and the vanishing gas bill."—Judge.

THE LUCKIEST MAN.



Eben—So Miss Antio is going to get married at last. Who is the lucky man?
Flo—The clergyman. He's going to get paid for it and assumes no responsibility.

SCOFFERS

Often Make the Staunchest Converts.

The man who scoffs at an idea or doctrine which he does not fully understand has at least the courage to show where he stands.

The gospel of Health has many converts who formerly laughed at the idea that coffee and tea, for example, ever hurt anyone. Upon looking into the matter seriously, often at the suggestion of a friend, such persons have found that Postum and a friend's advice have been their salvation.

"My sister was employed in an eastern city where she had to do calculating," writes an Okla. girl. "She suffered with headache until she was almost unfit for duty."
"Her landlady persuaded her to quit coffee and use Postum and in a few days she was entirely free from headache." (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.) "She told her employer about it, and on trying it, he had the same experience."
"My father and I have both suffered much from nervous headache since I can remember, but we scoffed at the idea advanced by my sister, that coffee was the cause of our trouble."
"However, we finally quit coffee and began using Postum. Father has had but one headache now in four years, due to a severe cold, and I have lost my headaches and sour stomach, which I am now convinced came from coffee."
"A cup of good, hot Postum is satisfying to me when I do not care to eat a meal. Circumstances caused me to locate in a new country and I feared I would not be able to get my favorite drink, Postum, but I was relieved to find that a full supply is kept here with a heavy demand for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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

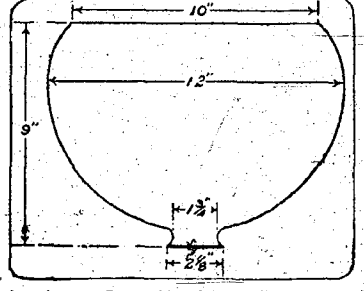
HEROIC EFFORT TO EXTERMINATE DREAD BROWNTAIL AND GYPSY MOTH IN THE EAST

One of the Most Successful Devices Yet Used Is the Hannigan "Moth-Pot"—Electric Company—Makes Experiments With Arc Lamp Especially Arranged.

Although the work has not attracted a great deal of attention outside of New England, it is nevertheless a fact that the United States department of agriculture has been expending about \$100,000 annually in New Hampshire in an heroic effort to exterminate the dread browntail and gypsy moth pests. In addition, the legislatures of New Hampshire and Massachusetts have set aside smaller sums to help on the work. Both pests continue to advance over an everwidening area, so that it will not be long before other states which now neglect the opportunity of warding off trouble will find themselves engaged in the same battle.

The widest variety of devices for killing off the pests have been put into service. One of the most successful of these was the so-called Hannigan "moth pot," which consisted in the essence of a flaring pot and a quantity of burning crude oil. At first these were set upon the ground in commons and other open places but later they were hung from the mast arms of street lamps; the best location being found to be about three feet back from the arc lamp, measured along the mast arm, and three feet below. Even at this distance, however, the heavy black smoke from the smudge soiled the arm and was in several ways disagreeable.

The Manchester Traction, Light and Power company had meanwhile been experimenting with an arc lamp ar-



Arc Lamp Bowl Used in Electrocuting Moths.

angement to accomplish the same ends as the moth pots and the accompanying drawing shows the type of globe which was finally adopted after considerable experimenting. It is used on 72 volts, 7 1/2 ampere, series alternating arc lamps, fitted with clear glass inner globes. From the drawing the glass workers manufactured a mold and from this 605 of the special globes were cast. By the terms of the contract, the electric light company was to cart these globes to the lamps, put them on, take away and store the regular globes, empty the globes daily, keep track of the quantity, caught and, at the end of the moths' flight, replace the old globes and store the special globes until the next year.

The globes were put on with the cut away part up, so that the moths fluttering around the light would fall into the bowl. The first gathering was made July 8. The flight, which usually continues about eight days, this year lasted 15 days. Between July 8 and July 23, there were collected from the globes 107-516 bushels within the city and 12-16 bushels from the globes placed at two of the summer resorts.

Two different quarts were counted, one moth at a time, and it was found that there were just about 1,600 moths to a quart. Of these about two-thirds were females. This fact could easily be determined from the moths as taken from the globes, but careful observations were made of these which thickly encrusted the street lamp poles, trees, sides of buildings, etc., and gave good evidence that this percentage was accurate enough for all purposes. In a bushel there were, of course, 51,200 moths, according to these figures, or 5,494,500 in all. If 60 per cent. were females, the figure would be 3,296,640. In a year the development resulting from the eggs deposited by each female would be about 400, so that if the quantity mentioned had not been destroyed in the electric light globes, they would have produced in excess of 1,318,656,000 other moths to get busy on the trees in 1913. Adding to this figure the number that would be developed by the females captured at the two summer resorts, Lake Massabesic and Pine Island Park, the total of 1,474,560,000 is reached, a truly astounding figure.

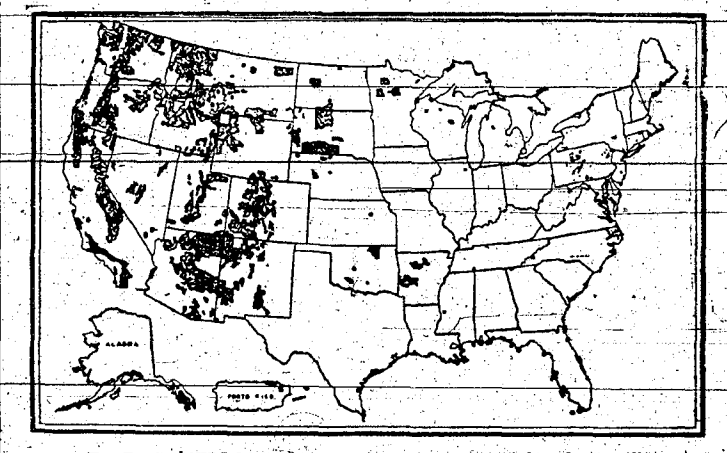
In collecting the moths from the globes the lamp trimmer simply placed his hand over the opening at the bottom, removed the globe and dumped the contents after measurement into two-bushel bags of close woven goods. Measuring was done by means of a ten-quart flaring pail, suitably marked on the sides. The condition of the employees who attended to this job was shocking, as they were covered with rash from their toes to the top of their heads. Some of them found it necessary to bathe in creoline or strong yellow soap-baths five or six times a day.

When thrown loosely in, such a globe as that shown would hold about 10 1/2 quarts of moths. However, after a globe got about half filled the moths seemed to stew from the heat of the lamp, so that about half way through the heap would be wet and at the bottom "muddy." Several of the inner globes gave way under the confinement of the heat and were badly distorted and discolored. Sometimes the globes would be so full that the moths would be heaped up and on most of the heavy catch days they were almost full to the brim. From the globes the moths were taken to one of the generating stations, where they were thrown into the furnaces and burned.

The theory upon which the device works is that the globes shall be cut off at such a height that the moths can easily fly inside but be unable conveniently to fly out. The shape shown was found to be best when used with the regulation type of obtuse angled reflectors. Examination of the moths when taken from the globes showed them not to be badly burned, except occasionally on the head. Death seemed to have resulted from general suffocation from the intense heat or from impact against the walls of the death chamber.

The mold is now at the glass factory and any public service corporation or municipality can obtain the special globes at the same price as the regular type, as the mold has been placed on file.

TIMBER SUPPLY OF THE UNITED STATES



(By R. S. KELLOGG.)
Most of the forests in the United States are privately owned. Approximately 20 per cent. of the standing timber in the country is held by the federal government in national forests, Indian reservations, national parks and on the unreserved public domain, and by the states in the state reserves or other state lands. These public forests contain more than 100,000,000 acres of saw timber.

The estimated total amount of standing saw timber controlled by the federal government is 448,860,595 M. board feet. The most of this timber is, of course, in national forests. In addition to the above amount, there are perhaps seventy-five billion feet held by the states either in reserves or upon lands of various classes.

The private forests are of two distinct classes, (1) farmers' woodlots and (2) large holdings, either individual or corporate. The farmers' woodlots are chiefly scattered and detached remnants of the original forest, which as a rule have been severely culled. They are mainly in the western half of the United States and

cover some two hundred million acres, with a stand of perhaps three hundred billion board feet of saw timber and one and one-half billion cords of wood. Aside from their protective and ornamental value, they furnish much firewood, many posts, poles, and cross-ties, and some lumber and cooperage stock.

The larger private holdings contain about seventeen hundred billion feet. These holdings generally include the best timber in the regions in which they occur, since private capital always seeks the best possible investment. They are the principal sources of the lumber which is used today, and upon the manner in which they are managed depends in a large degree the timber supply of the future.

So far, true forestry has been practiced to only a slight extent, or not at all, upon the forests in private hands, and, because of lack of funds, it has not yet been possible to apply right methods of forest management to all public forests, though such methods will eventually be used in handling them. The map given here-with shows the forest lands of the government.

CONTENTION WAS ALL RIGHT

Lawyer, However, Qualified Admission With a Remark That Had Unkind Sound.

The jury was hearing the closing arguments in a damage suit before Judge Ben M. Smith, in which slander was alleged. The attorney for the plaintiff had been directing his broadsides against the defendant for his show of ingratitude, when the latter's counsel objected.

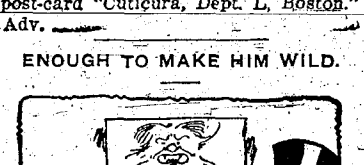
"Gratitude is inspiring but not a constitutional requirement," interposed the objector, who had borrowed several law books from the other lawyer some time before.
"One look at your face convinces me that you are right," said the first lawyer. "If gratitude were a constitutional requirement you couldn't be a citizen."
—Chicago Evening Post.

RASH SPREAD TO ARMS

759 Roach Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.—"At first I noticed small eruptions on my face. The trouble began as a rash. It looked like red pimples. In a few days they spread to my arms and back. They itched and burned so badly that I scratched them and of course the result was blood and matter. The eruptions festered, broke, opened and dried up, leaving the skin dry and scaly. I spent many sleepless nights, my back, arms and face burning and itching; sleep was purely and simply out of the question. The trouble also caused disfigurement. My clothing irritated the breaking out."
"By this time I had used several well-known remedies without success. The trouble continued. Then I began to use the sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Within seven or eight days I noticed gratifying results. I purchased a full-sized cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and in about eighteen or twenty days my cure was complete." (Signed) Miss Katherine McCallister, Apr. 12, 1912.

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

ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM WILD.



Manager—Yes, the old farmer was a little skeptical about our wild man really being wild, but I satisfied him.

Pat Man—You did? How?

Manager—Why, I told him the wild man was a bigamist who once had 16 wives.

JUDGE CURED HEART TROUBLE.

I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart-Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and back-ache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly,
PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan.
Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Rather Mixed.
"He's dead in earnest."
"Yes, I've noticed he's a live one."

Equivoical.
"Thrifty habits are your friends."
"Yes, I suppose a man nowadays is known by the bank-accounts he keeps."

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

Many a boy has acquired some very good habits by not following in the footsteps of his father.

If a man and wife are one it is because they are tied for first place.

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red-Cross Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

You can always get a lot for your money if you patronize a real estate dealer.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Fix Colors. RENNER DRUG COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Calumet Ends "Bad Luck."

Remember when you were a youngster, what a trial baking day was? If Mother was lucky, everything went finely—but if she had "bad luck" her cakes and her pies and her bread were failures. Her success in baking seemed to depend almost altogether on "luck."
"Nowadays there's no such thing as 'baking luck.' At least, not in the kitchens of the up-to-date cooks. Simply because Calumet Baking Powder has made old-time ideas obsolete. It has made baking sure of success. It has made inexperienced cooks able to bake perfectly, and day after day it is saving hundreds of dollars' worth of time and materials by going away with costly failures."

Calumet Baking Powder is the purest baking powder made—and guaranteed not only to BE pure, but to STAY pure in the CAN and in the BAKING. Calumet has twice been officially judged the BEST baking powder made—receiving the highest awards at the World's Pure Food Expositions in Chicago (1907) and in Paris (1912). Adv.

WISE FATHER.



Allsa—What did papa say when you asked him for my hand?

Alfred—He said he guessed I'd find it in the pocket he carried his money in.

Not Needed.
While a traveling man was waiting for an opportunity to show his samples to a merchant in a little backwoods town in Missouri, a customer came in and bought a couple of night-shirts. Afterwards a long, lank, lumberman, with his trousers stuffed in his boots, said to the merchant:

"What was them 'ere that feller bot?"
"Night shirt. Can I sell you one or two?"
"Naup, I reckon not," said the Missourian; "I don't set around much o' nights."—Lippincott's.

Explained.
"Why do epitaphs always begin, 'Here lies—?'"
"Because the majority of them do."

Parched.
"He says she made his life a Sahara."
"Maybe that's why he has such a terrible thirst."

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

Comprehensive.
Uplift Theorist—How does the psychological drama go in this town?
Blunt Manager—It goes broke.

Buy experience if you want a permanent investment.

Shipping Fever

Influenza, pink eye, epizootic, distemper and all nose and throat diseases cured, and all others no matter how exposed, kept from having any of these diseases with SPOHN'S FLUID. DISTEMPER CURE. Three to six doses often cure a case. One 50-cent bottle guaranteed to do so. Best thing for brood mares. Acts on the blood. 50c and \$1 a bottle. \$3 and \$11 a dozen bottles. Druggists and harness shops. Distributors—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

HENKEL'S The Commercial Milling Co.

Selects Good Grain for Henkel's Flour and Meal. Henkel's Bread Flour is Not Bleached. It comes to you rich and Creamy as Nature makes it. It leaves our mill in neat white packages, a symbol of the purity within. Good as it always has been, we expect to make it better in a mill that will delight the extreme ideas of those who make or use good FLOUR

\$400 From One Acre in Mississippi

In 1911, Mr. James A. Cox of Centerville, Mississippi, had one acre of unfertilized ground. He planted sugar cane and that acre produced just 862 gallons of molasses. He put it up in ten pound tins and sold it, deriving a net profit of \$400.


How Much Did You Make Per Acre?

Go South where there are no long cold winters or crop failures. Land in Mississippi and Louisiana is very cheap and can be bought on very advantageous terms. Write for beautifully illustrated booklets to J. C. CLAIR, Immigration Commissioner, Room M600 Central Station, Illinois Central R.R., Chicago, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Clears and keeps the hair from falling out. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Revives the hair. Cleanses the scalp. Prevents hair from turning gray. 50c and \$1.00 at drug stores.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 47-1912.



Take One Pain-Fill, then Take It Easy.

To Head-Off a Headache

Nothing is Better than

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

They Give Relief Without Bad After-Effects.

"It gives me great pleasure to offer a word of recommendation for Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, as there are thousands suffering unnecessarily from headache. I was afflicted intermittently for years with headache and after other remedies failed, I tried Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. For the past ten years I have carried them constantly with me, getting instant relief by using one or two on the approach of headache. They are also effective for neuralgia, giving immediate relief."

C. M. BROWN, Estherville, Ia.

For Sale by All Druggists.
25 Doses, 25 Cents.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

County Normal Notes

Misses Sophia Berg, Blanche Rogers and Desie Groevink were absent from school last Monday on account of not returning on an earlier train after the Thanksgiving holidays.

Miss Mary Cliffe was absent from school last Monday on account of illness.

The class in primary methods has finished its work in primary reading and has completed its alphabet charts.

Misses Lois Erazier and Florence Alexander called at the normal room last Wednesday afternoon.

The class in reading dramatized the story, "Christmas at the Cratchits," last Wednesday afternoon.

The class has begun its work in Parliamentary law.

Miss Elia Ludington of Bay Shore was a visitor at the normal room last Thursday afternoon.

Fighting Hog Cholera

Hog cholera is quite prevalent again this year. Iowa and Ohio, two states that suffered least last season are losing more hogs than any other section of the country, but the loss is not confined wholly to these two states. Hogs are dying freely in Illinois, Indiana and Missouri, with quite a number of farmers losing their animals in Oklahoma, Nebraska and Kansas. Even in Wisconsin some of the hogs are dying. Undoubtedly the lack of proper sanitary surroundings, too free use of new corn, a lack of a variety of feeds, are responsible for much of the trouble. The infection apparently carried over from last year. Treatment with hog cholera serum theoretically should be an absolute preventive. As a matter of fact in the practical application of this remedy there has been a great deal of confusion. Dr. A. T. Peters of Illinois says that success in treating hogs depends not only upon careful and scientific preparation of the serum but also upon its intelligent administration. He further states that serum is a preventive and not a cure, and should not be given to hogs already sick with cholera; nor can it be expected to prevent hogs from becoming sick from other conditions. In many places farmers are convinced that the use of serum has resulted in the introduction of cholera, and consequently great loss. As a matter of fact, properly handled, serum is a splendid thing, but in the hands of an ignorant veterinarian, or even of a farmer who is not thoroughly informed, it is a dangerous proposition. It ought to be administered only by men who know what they are doing. Unless more care is taken in the handling of serum this method of combating cholera will be given a black eye.—Orange Judd Farmer, Nov. 30, 1912.

"FAGGED-OUT" WOMEN

Will Find a Helpful Suggestion In This Letter.

Overworked, run-down, "fagged-out" women who feel as though they could hardly drag about, should profit by Miss Richter's experience. She says: "Last winter I was completely run down and felt fagged out all the time, was nervous and had indigestion.

"One of my friends advised me to take Vinol, and it has done me great good. The tired, worn-out feeling is all gone, and I am strong, vigorous and well. The stomach trouble soon disappeared and now I eat heartily and have perfect digestion. I wish every tired, weak, nervous woman could have Vinol, for I never spent any money in my life that did me so much good as that I spent for Vinol."

Marie Richter, Detroit, Mich.

Thousands of women and men who were formerly weak and sickly owe their present rugged health to the wonderful strength-creating effects of Vinol. We guarantee Vinol to build you up and make you strong. If it does not, we give back your money.

P. S. For itching, burning skin try our Sazo Salve. We guarantee it.

W. C. SPRING DRUG CO.

The Secret Terror.

The haunting fear of sickness and helplessness is the secret terror of the working man. Health is his capital. Kidney diseases sap a man's strength and vitality. They lessen his earning capacity. Foley Kidney Pills bring back health and strength by healing the disease. They are the best medicine made for kidney and bladder troubles. The genuine are in the yellow package. Refuse any substitute. Hite Drug Co. (adv.)

Pimple Face.

BLACKHEADS

SKIN BLOTCHES

Coarse Features

Are Ugly Looks—Refrain Folks Avoid Your Acquaintance.

FRECKLE FACE

And Coarse Pores Always Repulsive.

"Yaak" (Special) Quickly Removes these Homely Spots—The Greatest Remedy in the Wide World for Quick Results

GET "YAAK" (SPECIAL)

Have you ever seen so many careless people with yellow rough faces, snags, blotchy, pimply blotchy skin, walking the streets, to greet you, in the work and at social gatherings? They ought to know that their own friends turn from them with disgust.

Freckles and coarse pores are an ugly sight in society and business life. Refrain folks usually avoid meeting those with such repulsive looks.

The very worst cases of pimples, blackheads and blotchy skin, blotches on coarse pores can positively be got rid of by "Yaak" (Special). It is a wonderful product, and makes the face smoothly plump, fresh and extremely young looking; the greatest preparation in the world for quick results. "Yaak" is delicate, harmless, and fascinating to the skin, absolutely free from dangerous drugs. "Yaak" (Special) is purely vegetable. Herbs, Oils of Nuts, Lily-bulb Juice, ceramide, Olive Oils and Coconut Chips, which give the face a healthful glowing appearance. Apply a little at night, and every morning; you will quickly see a surprising change. Just try it and be convinced. "Yaak" gives a peachy white, velvety skin, and contains special ingredients for what it claims. Just ask anybody who has used "Yaak" and you will hear of quick results. Even the best application will amaze you. Get "Yaak" today. Don't delay it for tomorrow, and permit those ugly features on your face. You will only be disliked by your neighbors, and they gossip about you. "Yaak" (Special) sets everywhere in America for \$1 per box, and also for 10 cents per box, 20 sizes. If your facial blemishes are of long standing, it is best that you get the larger size box. You will surely need it for necessary repairs. Beware of substitutes, don't listen to it but demand the "Yaak" special. Ask the druggists in town for it, they get it from the wholesalers. Or else we will ship direct to you, either size box, postpaid, by next mail by any of the following Chicago firms. Send your money order to any firm you choose: Carson Pirie, Scott & Co., The Big Four Store, Back-Royers Drug Store, The Power Drug Store, Rothchild & Company, big-department store; The Economical Drug Co., opposite Marshall Field Co., all big Chicago firms. "Yaak" (Special) on your shopping list to day. There is nothing on the market can equal it. "Yaak" does not give samples, the ingredients are special products and expensive.

It is positively the greatest preparation in the world for beautifying the skin of all ugly facial blemishes toward a velvety, plump, youthful complexion. Just try it. "Yaak" (Special) is worth its weight in gold and when you have used it, you will regard it as one of your most treasured possessions. Get it today without delay in your own town, or else any of the above Chicago firms will ship at once.

Expressed in the phraseology of football, Leap Year gives a woman the right to tackle the man—she is pursuing.

The older the man the less the necessity for baiting his reading matter with a love motif.

The people who retard progress and those who believe the groundhog fixes the weather for February and March all be dug to the same crowd.

As soon as the members of the family leave the room in which they are on display, criticism of the wedding presents begins.

Tank Beverly says he has noticed that the man who says he likes Scotch whiskey is often untruthful in other matters.

Dr. Wm. Sadler, author of "The Cause and Cure of Colds," says that common colds should be taken seriously, especially when they "hang on." Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a reliable household medicine for coughs and colds, equally effective for children and for grown persons. Take it when you feel a cold coming on. It will avert danger of serious results and cure quickly. No harmful drugs. Hite Drug Store. (adv.)

Generally speaking, an optimist is a man who has had a couple of drinks.

It is easy enough to walk up to a cannibal's mouth. The brave man is one who admits his name is "Algerion."

When two women get to telling each other their secrets it is a cinch they will be bitter enemies inside of a month.

A great many Democrats do not know yet what Armageddon means beyond the fact that it swept the country for them though their vote fell off.

Mr. Bryan has not been invited to Bermuda. But the invitation he issues may be of more Democratic consequence than those he receives.

Cuba is reported quiet again. The fact that the United States will intervene if necessary is the effective argument in maintaining order in the island.

Governor Should Investigate

Judge Mayne has sentenced Herman L. Swift, Superintendent of the Beulah Home for Boys to from one to five years at Ionia, for improper conduct with some of the boys in the institution. Swift was tried about two years ago at Charlevoix and convicted, but the case was taken to the supreme court, where the verdict of the lower court was sustained. This being the case there was nothing for Judge Mayne to do but to sentence the convicted man according to law. The legal fight has been a long one, and friends of Swift have concluded to make a determined effort to have Governor Osborn pardon him. Swift was given a fair trial and found guilty by a jury in his own county, and the evidence brought out at the trial made any other course impossible, for it was conclusively proved that he was guilty, and that he also been indicted in Chicago and in Jackson County, for similar offenses before he came to the home at Boyne City. Swift had enlisted the services of his board of directors in his behalf, all of whom are his personal friends, and who will try to save him from serving the time that the court imposed. The evidence of guilt in the case was sufficient to convict the man, but how that the work has been accomplished a still graver problem arises which should not be lost sight of by the governor when the case is laid before him.

The Beulah Home is an institution that has done a great deal of good in Michigan, and will do still more in the future. It fills a need in this part of the state that is shared by no other institution. Furthermore, it is supported by the public which has an interest in its future that the governor or any other person can afford to ignore. The homeless boys who are placed in the home are entitled to the very best brought up. It is possible to give them, and a man of the stripe that Swift has been proven to be has no moral right to be at the head of the home. The boys should have the best moral training that good men can give them but this they cannot possibly obtain from Swift, who has been convicted of one of the most degrading practices known. With his conviction his usefulness at the head of the home ceased, and no governor's pardon can ever wipe the stain from his life, or restore him to usefulness as a mold of boys' lives. Governor Osborn owes it to this part of the state to carefully investigate the evidence that was brought out at the trial before he takes any action in regard to issuing a pardon for this man Swift. He also owes it to the young boys who are housed in this institution to keep from its head a man who has been proven guilty of such base practices. The home should be kept intact, but the people of Michigan do not want such a man as Herman L. Swift to be responsible for the shaping of the young lives that are given into the keeping of the institution. If a pardon should be granted, it should also carry with it the resignation of Swift from the superintendency of the Beulah Home.—Traveler in the Court.

Probate Order.—State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

A session of said court, held at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 11th day of December A. D. 1912.

Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Samuel M. H. H. deceased.

John P. E. Adams, being filed in a docket his petition praying that a certain instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, on file in said court, be admitted to probate, and that a "trustee" or "sole trustee" be appointed to administer the same.

It is ordered that the 13th day of January A. D. 1913 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said probate office, be and he hereby appoints for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

THE FINEST IN THE STATE

Is the big modern plant recently purchased from the Booth Fisheries Co. by A. T. Washburne and located at foot of "Midway" on the bay shore, as a permanent home for the complete ice-making business in the manufacture of "Sanitary Regatta Carpets" (trade mark established 1898) in which the trade has been successfully established all over the United States on the excellence of products.

This also gives much needed room to the Carpet Cleaning and retinting department, which includes a large sterilizing abattoir for purifying rugs and carpets. The cleaning department is fully equipped with all modern and time-saving machinery, driven by electricity. Two of the largest rotary renovating machines for general cleaning and a powerful vacuum machine 100 per cent times more powerful and efficient than the portable one. This latter is for fine rugs and oriental. The plant is also equipped with three machines for the sewing of carpets of all kinds in the most approved manner with flat elastic seams. Thus with largest facilities, most up-to-date equipment, highest grade of workmanship, lowest possible prices, and prompt service, bespeaks a busy future for the Petoskey Rug Co. of which A. T. Washburne is proprietor and to which address all orders and correspondence should be addressed—NO AGENTS.—Petoskey Evening News, April 13, 1911.—Make your arrangements as early as possible.

THIS CARD IS WORTH \$1 ONE DOLLAR

IN SECURING WM. ROGERS GUARANTEED SILVERWARE AS LISTED BELOW.

Corona or La France	Chester Sterling	10 10
Per Set	Per Set	
6 Table Knives	\$2.59	\$2.89
6 Table Forks	2.19	2.49
6 Table Spoons	2.19	2.59
6 Dessert Spoons	1.98	2.39
6 Tea Spoons	1.89	1.89
1 Sugar and Butter Set	1.55	1.69
6 Fruit Knives	2.39	
6 Coffee Spoons	1.89	
6 Soup Spoons	2.39	
1 Berry Spoon	1.69	
1 Cold Meat Fork	1.59	
1 Gravy Ladle	1.59	
1 Three-Piece Child's set	1.49	

Bring this card to our store every time you make a cash purchase and have the amount punched. When the card is all punched out—a total of \$5.00—we will accept it the same as \$1.00 in cash for your choice of any of the above Silver Sets or pieces, and you pay the few odd cents in cash.

We will then give you a new card and continue to do so until you have obtained as large a Silver Set as you wish.

On this plan you can get a complete set of this beautiful high grade ROGERS silverware at a mere trifle of expense.

FOR EXAMPLE: If you want a set of tea spoons (Price \$1.69) pay us the sixty-nine cents and we will take the card punched out for the \$1.00, and so on on all the sets.

Extra Charge of 20 cents for Each Gift Piece

MILFORD & SCHNELLE
—CHOICE GROCERIES & MEATS—
EAST JORDAN MICHIGAN

THE SEASON FOR BUCKWHEAT CAKES

IS HERE AGAIN. This year's crop is of fine quality and we are making the same old-fashioned Stone Ground Absolutely Pure Flour.

It's Got the Flavor.

Don't let your dealer substitute any of the mixed compounds that the Pure Food Law still allows; insist on the PURE STONE GROUND—it is cheaper in the end. Made by

The ARGO MILLING CO.
At Mill B, East Jordan.

You've Heard of the "Broncho Buster."

Anyhow, a good broncho buster stands for a whole lot. It means the ability to outride, outwear, outdo, and Win! What broncho-busting was in ITS way, so Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes, for boys, for girls, are to Shoe Leather.

BUSTER BROWN BLUE RIBBON SHOES

FOR BOYS—FOR GIRLS

Actually outwear and outlook other shoes for youngsters, and they win in a walk; there's nothing like them for dandy, up-to-date, dressy finish; good, close, snug fit, and long, sure service. They're the best shoes made for boys, for girls.

CHAS. A. HUDSON
EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEALER

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, CASTINGS

DR. C. A. SWEET

Physician and Surgeon

Office Over East Jordan Lumber Co. Store.

Office Hours: 10:00 to 12:00 a. m., 2:00 to 5:00 p. m.

Telephone: Office, 73-2; Res., 73-3.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey

Physician and Surgeon.

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

OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold

DENTIST

Over Lovelady's Real Estate Office.

Office Hours: 8:00 to 12 a. m., 1:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Evenings by Appointment.

Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist

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

Phone No. 225.

It's Time To Plant a Tree

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

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

CHICHESTER PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES: Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Blue metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take one or two pills three or four times a day. Beware of cheap imitations. Sold by all Druggists. THE FINEST EVERYWHERE TRIED.

Charlevoix County Herald.

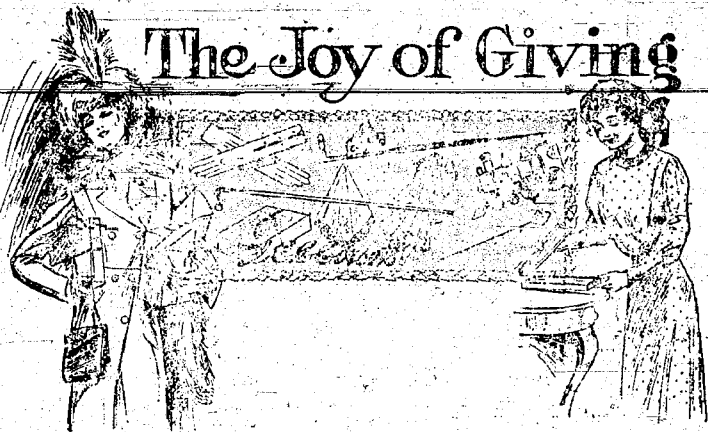


CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Frank VerBeek

CHRISTMAS

The Joy of Giving



The joy of receiving is more than equalled by the joy of giving. What we are wont to call the Holiday Spirit is really the joy of giving. Where we love we want to give, and to give the thing that will best please the recipient. Judicious giving necessitates wise selections.

WE ARE WELL READY

With the broadest and most comprehensive showing of Staple and strictly Gift Goods.

From such a line it is easy to make a wise selection for each and every member of your family and acquaintanceship.

It is easy to select a gift that is altogether pleasing at a price that accords exactly with your idea of expenditure, regardless of what your idea may be.

Every year besides the hosts of Holiday Goods proper, we sell more Staple Useful Merchandise for gift giving.

Gloves and Fans, Dresses and Dress Goods, Pocket Books, Neckwear and kindred lines are considered staple Christmas suggestions.

But it is none the less usual to give stockings, or a dainty piece of underwear, or a well-made J. C. C. Corset, or a Petticoat of silk.



To those who dislike crowds, we recommend the morning for Holiday shopping.

To those who appreciate the advantage of an early selection we recommend that it is none too soon to begin.

Herewith we offer a list of suggestions which may serve to refresh your memory.



In Our Dry Goods Department

Lace and linen neckwear 25c to \$1.50. Belts 25c to \$1.50. Pocket Books 25c to \$3.00. Back Combs and Barretts. In more staple lines a pair of Warm Shoes or Slippers from \$1.00 to \$2.00. splendid wool Hose from 25c to 50c

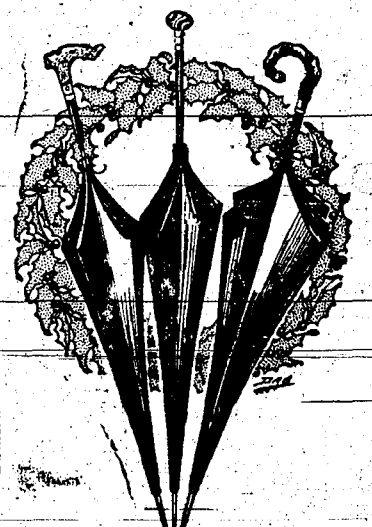


All kinds of Pins, Belt Buckles, Belts, Hair Ornaments and other little dainties. These useful little things



are priced by us at from 25c to \$1.00 and are really worthy of your close inspection. We would suggest something in Pocket Books, Neckwear, or Furs. We have a liberal stock of Scarfs ranging in price from 50c to \$2.00 in all the colorings - in lace and cloth, also Dress Goods suitable for Dressing Saques, Waists or Skirts. Then to go with these we have the well-known J. C. C. Corsets, prices from 50c to \$2.00 and really we cannot recommend too highly these well-known corsets.

Pins from 10c to 25c, dainty little Shoes, soft or stiff soles, in black or colors from 25c to 50c, Baby Bonnets from 25c to 50c.



In Our Clothing Department

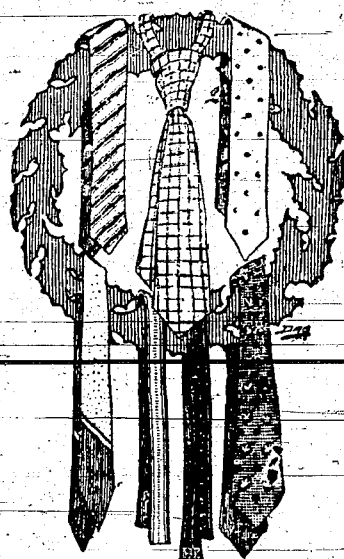
A good pair of Gloves or Mittens, the real substantial kind from the genuine home made mittens at 50c to the fine Kid Gloves at 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00.

A good pair of Suspenders 25c, 50c, 75c, to \$1.00, also a splendid selection of men's wool Hose 25c to 50c. Many of these things are put up in dainty boxes that make them both new and attractive to



send out as gifts.

There are so many that we would hardly know where to begin or where end in this line of up-to-date presents. Let us mention a few of these that are always substantial and useful in a boy's wardrobe. A most elegant selection in Neckties, bows, tecks or four-in-hand. These ties are made from silk selected from the latest Paris and London styles in silks. In colorings and style there has never been anything more up-to-date in neckwear.



Do you want a good, substantial stylish pair of Gloves? Ours are from the big manufacturing concern of S. A. James & Co., which is proof enough of their reliability. Priced by us at \$1.09, \$1.25, to \$2.00. How would a suggestion of one of our well-known "Clarendon" Shirts and the C. C. C. Collars do? A boy never has too many of these. How is the young man fixed for Caps or Hats, for some stockings or Underwear? If you were only a boy you would appreciate a present of this kind.



"Quality First of All"
our Motto.

FRED E. BOOSINGER