

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 17

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1913.

No. 4

## The Elopement of Ellen

To be Given by Senior Class Next Tuesday Evening.

The Senior Class of East Jordan High School, assisted by local talent, will present the three-act comedy-drama, "THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN" at the Temple Theatre, next Tuesday evening, January 28th. The play is by Marie J. Warren and is a story of deep plot and high moral character. The young people, who take the various characters, have been rehearsing for some weeks past under the able instructions of Mrs. K. A. Risk. The play promises to be a good one and you should secure your ticket at once at Mack's—prices 25c, 35c, and 50c.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

**RICHARD FORD**, a devoted young husband. . . . . Francis Howe  
**MOLLY**, his wife. . . . . Miss Fern Howard  
**ROBERT SHEPARD**, Molly's brother. . . . . Stanley J. Risk  
**MAX TEN EYCH**, a chum of Robert's. . . . . Harvey Redson  
**DOROTHY MARCK**, engaged to Max, a guest of Mrs. Ford's. . . . . Miss Arlene Hammond  
**JUNE HAVERHILL**, Wellesley '06, who is doing some special investigation for economic courses during the summer. . . . . Miss Esther Porter  
**JOHN HUN**, rector of St. Agnes' . . . . . Leo Van Gorder

**SYNOPSIS**  
**ACT I**—Morning Room of Mrs. Ford's home at eight a. m.  
**ACT II**—Corner of Mrs. Ford's garden at five a. m. the next day.  
**ACT III**—Same corner in the evening of the same day.  
Place—Pleasant Hill, a suburb of New York City.  
Time, Summer of 1905

### Circuit Court Jurors.

Drawn for the February Term, to be held at Charlevoix, February 3rd.  
**Levi Metz**, . . . . . South Arm Twp.  
**August Knop**, . . . . . Whison Twp.  
**Fred Sarasen**, . . . . . Boyne City, 1st ward  
**John Daniels**, . . . . . Boyne City, 2nd ward  
**Enos Dean**, . . . . . Boyne City, 3rd ward  
**Walter Brooks**, . . . . . Boyne City, 4th ward  
**Ed O'Neil**, . . . . . Charlevoix, 1st ward  
**Chris Solsberg**, . . . . . Charlevoix, 2nd ward  
**W. J. Weikel**, . . . . . Charlevoix, 3rd ward  
**H. Goodman**, . . . . . E. Jordan, 1st ward  
**Robert Barnett**, . . . . . E. Jordan, 2nd ward  
**Wm. R. Stewart**, . . . . . E. Jordan, 3rd ward  
**Charles Skorla**, . . . . . Bay Twp.  
**Emmet Otto**, . . . . . Boyne Valley Twp.  
**Arthur Holares**, . . . . . Chandler Twp.  
**James P. Wilkinson**, . . . . . Charlevoix Twp.  
**Jones Duke**, . . . . . Evangeline Twp.  
**Oscar Ward**, . . . . . Eveline Twp.  
**Floyd Bartholomew**, . . . . . Hayes Twp.  
**John Davis**, . . . . . Hudson Twp.  
**Frank C. Blanchard**, . . . . . Marion Twp.  
**Rufus Weaver**, . . . . . Melrose Twp.  
**John Walker**, . . . . . Norwood Twp.  
**John Gallagher**, . . . . . Peaine Twp.

Last week Ralph Atkinson, a merchant of Burdickville, Leelanau county, brought a load of produce and eggs to Traverse City, and also his young son. He left the boy in a hotel and the produce standing out of doors while he proceeded to become intoxicated. Three days later the crying boy led officers to an investigation, and Atkinson was found in a drunken condition. The boy was sent home, his father sent to jail and the produce was frozen and a total loss. One year ago we heard a lot about the "well regulated" saloon over in Traverse City. Now the law says that a saloonist must not sell to a person under the influence of liquor, and yet these extortionists continued to sell contrary to law to this man for three days while his boy suffered and his produce went to destruction and they knew every time they sold him a drink that they were doing so in disregard of law.

### Making Seed Contracts.

The Everett B. Clark Seed Co. are contracting for growing of beans for the coming season. Full contract price paid for every bushel of merchantable beans, nothing deducted from price for handpicking. Your seed is charged up at the contract price, not at the market price. Call at their office or address.  
A. E. CROSS, SUP'T  
East Jordan, Mich.

## Rural Y. M. C. A.

Often it is called the County Y. M. C. A. This is a misnomer and while we are just beginning the work in Charlevoix county it might be well to get the habit of calling the organization by its right name. But while the technical name of the organization may be of passing interest you are definitely interested in knowing why the organization happened; where the idea originated, and why Charlevoix county happened to be one of the fortunate counties to be organized.

Then, first we will consider why the organization happened. If just one general answer would suffice it might be said that the Rural Y. M. C. A. happened because ninety per cent of America's boys are raised in the open country, the villages or the small towns. The foregoing statement is only part of the answer however. When Sir George Williams of London, England, organized a group of fellows and gradually developed the organization which since has been known as the Young Men's Christian Association he planned for the boys with city needs giving no thought to the villages, towns or open country. Later on when the work was started in North America it met with wonderful success and interested men in the smaller communities said, "We also will provide the boys of our towns with Y. M. C. A. privileges." Plans were made, financial canvasses carried on, buildings erected, and secretaries hired. In the New England states the weather does not change one bit as rapidly as this kind of association work failed. And these failures came not from a lack of interest that was genuine or because of a lack of consistent effort but because the small town was not the proper unit of organization. Failures had to occur in the East, West, North and South and numerous times in all four places before the people were convinced that the city pattern made too large a suit for the small town. Following the arrival at this decision a time elapsed before the present Rural Y. M. C. A. plan was perfected.

Where the idea of Rural Y. M. C. A. work with the county as a unit of organization originated will be considered next with out going much into detail. Robert Weidensath, the father of Rural Y. M. C. A. work as well as the father of all other departmental work of the association, organized the first rural work in Du Page township, Will county, Illinois in 1872. The next year a business man in Mason county, Illinois, voluntarily undertook the supervision of the work in seven or eight small communities and from that it was an easy step to the employment of a secretary to give his entire time to the supervision of the work in an entire county. Small town work developed here and in other parts of the United States and Canada but the Rural Y. M. C. A. was not recognized by the international committee as a department until 1906. At present there are 69 organized counties and provinces.

Michigan, leading with the largest number, has only twelve. The organized Michigan counties follow in the order of their organization: Lenawee, Allegan, Eaton, Hillsdale, St. Joseph, Clinton, Ionia, Calhoun, Sanilac, Gratiot, Charlevoix and Branch. Just why Charlevoix county should wait six years before calling on the state committee for the services of Mr. C. L. Rowe, Secretary of the Department of Rural Y. M. C. A. work, is of little concern now. The fortunate thing is that the county is now organized, due to the fact that some interested men took time to consider the need definitely and to secure the services and experience of the organization which has perfected the plan above mentioned. The work of Mr. Rowe and his assistants coupled with that of the men in the county culminated in a banquet held in Boyne City during the latter part of October when the organization was formally launched and the committee elected and instructed to secure the services of a secretary to proceed with the work. The following are members of the County Committee; chairman, A. L. Conlter, vice chairman, W. J. Pearson, clerk, John J. Porter, treasurer, S. C. Smith; executive committee, W. S. Shaw, W. H. White, B. W. Craney, M. J. Butters, and W. P. Porter.

On the 27th of December the committee met in Boyne City and arranged with A. Bruce Hall of Allegan county to take care of the work. He took up his new duties on the 20th of this month with headquarters at the Wolverine hotel in Boyne City.

## HEALTH MENACED

### Thousands of Children Suffer from Unventilated, Improperly Heated Schoolrooms.

The health of hundreds and probably thousands of children is being menaced today in Michigan because school boards have failed to arrange for proper heating and ventilating. While in most cities and villages these vital necessities are fairly well taken care of, considerably less than a third of the rural districts have protected their boys and girls from the disastrous results of over heating, impure air and under-heating. It is now possible to make the country schoolhouse just as comfortable and as sanitary as a city or town building and at an expense well within the reach of practically any district.

The oxygen in the air of the average schoolroom un-supplied with a ventilating system is exhausted in one-half hour, after which the children are forced to breathe over and over impure perm-laden air. While this may not bring a definite disease it lowers the resistance power of every child against disease. In addition to this the overheated condition of the room and the bad air cause drowsiness, headaches, and other difficulties, which make it impossible for the child to do good school work. It is impossible to heat satisfactorily many schoolrooms on cold winter days, this meaning that the pupils have to sit in discomfort throughout the day and of course, become more liable to disease. It is recognized today that bad air is the greatest cause of disease we have in this country and it is also known that children seldom catch cold going to and from school but that colds are most highly contagious and are transmitted by impure air.

These unhealthful conditions which exist in practically every stove-heated schoolroom can be easily remedied by the school board. It is possible to buy thoroughly guaranteed heating and ventilating systems at a nominal price or a very satisfactory one can be made by the board, providing they have a heavy cast-iron stove. The plan is simply a heavy cast-iron stove placed over in one corner of the room out of the way and surrounded with a heavy jacket. Cold pure air is drawn from outside of the building, passes between the heated sides of the stove and the jacket, strikes the ceiling and circulates throughout the room. A pipe extending from the roof to the floor acts as a foul air extractor. This sucks off the cold, impure air and the warm, pure air comes down and takes its place. As a result every child in every part of the room is equally comfortable as far as heat is concerned; the children have pure fresh air throughout the day; the children and the teacher are saved from coughs and colds and are comfortable, making efficient work possible every day in the year; the parent are saved doctor bills and the general efficiency of the school is more than doubled.

### Republican Co. Convention.

To the Republican Electors of Charlevoix County:

Notice is hereby given that a republican county convention will be held at the court house in the City of Charlevoix on Thursday, February 6, 1913, 10:30 a. m., for the purpose of electing nine delegates to represent said county in the republican state convention, called to meet in the Gladier Theatre, in the City of Lansing, Michigan, on Tuesday, February 11, 1913, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the convention. The several townships and wards will be entitled to delegates in the convention as follows:

Bay 2, Chandler 4, Charlevoix 1, Evangeline 1, Eveline 3, Hayes 3, Hudson 2, Marion 1, Melrose 3, Norwood 1, Peaine 2, St. James 2, South Arm 3, Wilson 3.  
Charlevoix, 1st ward 2; 2nd ward 4; 3rd ward 4. Boyne City, 1st ward 3; 2nd ward 5; 3rd ward 8. East Jordan, 1st ward 2; 2nd ward 2; 3rd ward 4.  
Dated, January 17, 1913.

E. L. STANFORD  
Secretary Republican Co. Com.  
W. J. PEARSON  
Chairman Republican Co. Com.

When a man comes home late at night and barks his shins on a rocking chair you can't make him believe his wife didn't arrange it that way on purpose.

## Don't Forget VINOL

For that cough that you can't get rid of.

Remember we find it one of the best preparations now on sale.

We recommend and guarantee it.

For acute coughs and colds use

## Spring's Cough Syrup

and stop coughing. We guarantee it.

## W. C. SPRING DRUG CO.

Escaped After Fifteen Years. W. P. Brayles made a successful escape after fifteen years of suffering from kidney and bladder troubles. Foley's kidney pills released him and will do just the same for others. He says: "They cured a most severe backache with painful bladder irregularities, and they do all you claim for them." Refuse substitutes. Hites Drug Store. (adv.)

## 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.

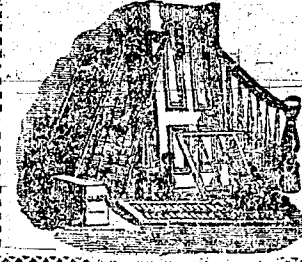
At Mill B, East Jordan.

## East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in



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

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

Burpee, Philadelphia, is sufficient for the front of a post card. If you will write your own address plainly on the other side we shall be pleased to send THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOG, an elegant book of 100 pages, which should be read by all who would leave the best garden possible and who are willing to pay a fair price for seeds of the

## Burpee-Quality

## FRED E. BOOSINGER

\$1.50 Corsets that Haven't an Equal at the Price

### THE J. C. C. PERFECTION.

For all-round corset quality, we know of no model that can compete with this at the price.

It is built on the latest lines; moderately low bust, prettily rounded waist and shaped to give the now fashionable hipless figure.

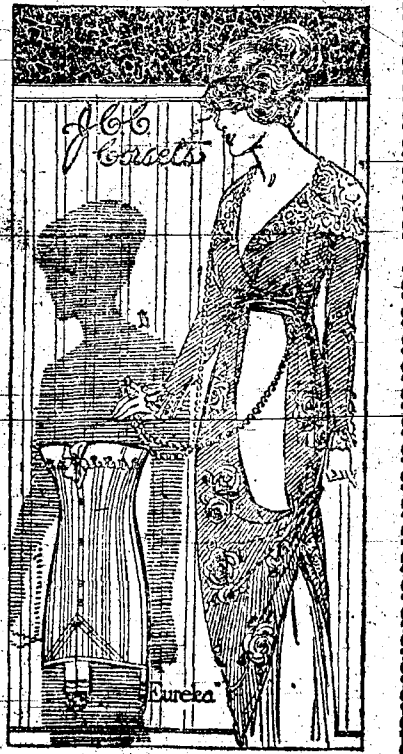
The several lines of transverse going run toward the center steel and accomplish the desired hip reduction. All the materials embodied in this number are the best of their class. The supporters are strong and well made with clasps that can't slip or tear the stockings.

## J. C. C. ROSITA

We introduced this model last season and it has proven so universally popular that we were compelled to reorder for 1913.

Our line is now complete, containing all sizes. The J. C. C. Rosita at \$1.50 is a corset value that has seldom been met and the women of E. J. have not been slow to appreciate this fact.

Built of fine coutil, boned accurately and finished tastefully.



"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL."

## FRED E. BOOSINGER



A Chicago woman says American girls are too artificial. It is self-evident.

A Chicagoan who wanted a good long sleep shot himself. No doubt he's satisfied.

A Kansas doctor asks a divorce because his wife constantly scolds him. A mighty thin excuse.

Tuberculosis leads to crime according to a Binghamton judge. Is there anything that doesn't?

Trouser skirts are predicted as the next thing. They have been coming for, lo, these many moons.

From Paris comes the announcement that vacations will not be narrower this season. They couldn't be.

A Columbia university professor says that vacations are unnecessary. Certainly, if salary stops during them.

The price of egg sandwiches has gone up in Washington. Are they getting ready for the inauguration this early?

Mere man will be grateful if woman will learn him how she keeps the hobble skirt from bagging at the knees.

A Detroit man wants a divorce because his wife talks too much. But wouldn't this plea, if allowed, clog the courts?

Bachelors are more apt to go insane than married men, says an expert. They don't seem to go crazy to get married.

A man in St. Louis had his heart taken out and sewed up. But many a broken heart has been easier mended than this.

A club has been formed in Chicago for the purpose of excluding cats from grocery stores. And Chicago claims to be a city!

Dr. Charles Dana of New York says love of animals is the latest disease. Now we understand why some women marry some men.

A Los Angeles man was arrested for carrying dynamite in a hand organ. Probably he was prepared to play a dead march.

A scientist says he can keep headless cats alive. He has a breed for the man who is troubled by midnight felines on the back yard fence.

Some insane individual is circulating \$10,000 bills. Watch out, one is easily induced to accept so small a thing as a counterfeit \$10,000 bill.

But even if platinum wears longer than gold in wedding rings it will not necessarily become the universal fashion in this era of matrimonial rapid transit.

A divorce was granted to the wife of a man who did not divide the bed covering fairly on cold nights. Divorces may yet come to follow seasonal causes.

Aeroplanes are now to be catapulted from battleships. Plainly, our boasted strenuousness is but a state of primrose dalliance compared with that which is to come.

Fifteen miles of motion pictures have been exported from this country during the last year. Judging from the ones which remain, most of the 15 miles must have depicted lively chases.

The man with the longest name has been found in Texas. He is Papsous Hegdonchourmyonwtopoloo. If you cannot pronounce it at the first glance set it to music. It sings better than it looks.

A New York man punched a hold-up man so hard that the would-be robber was identified by his nose. It should be a warning to other hold-up men to keep their noses out of what doesn't concern them.

New York is making another crusade against church bells. The general impression has been that the average New Yorker steals into the house in his stocking feet, Saturday nights, as early as 6 a. m.

If it be true that synthetic rubber for automobile tires can be made out of grain and potatoes, the anxious head of a household will naturally wish to know whether there is any acceptable substitute for food.

A Montana man has been arrested for robbing a butcher. The meat situation seems to be getting desperate.

According to Punch, trousers are about 120 years old now. The man who invented them is entitled to credit, which perhaps is more than can be said of the person who inaugurated the custom of keeping them creased.

In London not only hats are ordered removed in theaters, but high hair dressing is discouraged also. More downtowned man is determined that there are some rights he will still fight for, even if they are the little ones overlooked in the sweeping away of big ones.

# Divorce Increase

# Men Found More to Blame Than Women

By ARATHENA B. DRAKE, M. D.

**O**LIVER WENDELL HOLMES once said he dare not write as funny as he could. I dare not write as plainly as I can on marriage and divorce. I am asked, Are men or women more responsible for the increase of divorce? The court records go to prove that women most frequently ask for divorce, and as I admit this, I must give my reasons as I know them to exist in the common, every-day walks of life.

Man is responsible for nine cases out of every ten. Why? It is because of his roving power and his freedom in the sex relations. Women will chew that bitter weed, poverty. They will endure cruel and tyrannical treatment just short of violent assault or murder. Ask them why they try to live under such conditions, since slavery has ceased to be respectable in society, and the feeling of the times goes against the idea of one human being living in subject subjection to another, while the theory of personal responsibility and individuality is taking its place. Woman's reply almost invariably will be, "It is for the love of my husband, my home and my children."

Here is another prolific reason for unhappiness in married life, which often leads up to divorce. It is the incompatibility of men and women living together.

There is an unwillingness among men and women, especially among women, to go into the depths of the heart and bring up from thence its realities. This reluctance is natural. It is not only painful, but to some natures almost humiliating. Hence so many live on in silence and suffering.

This may seem praiseworthy, this effort to silence the cry of the heart. Yet I sometimes question the justice of it, and when I am asked to participate in their efforts to make better conditions I almost feel like standing aloof, the work seems so futile.

Another homely side of life and one which so often is up before the divorce courts: When a woman has unmistakable proof of her husband's infidelity it is here her feminine judgment admits of no possible contradiction, and no hand can hold an even balance between his faults and his follies.

My conception of the most perfect incarnation on earth is the great human heart filled and thrilled with love. We all have tendencies that often lead us wrong, while we know our own weakness. We ought to understand and appreciate the high and holy nature, the eternal love and truth that is born within within, and should give the coloring to our every-day lives.

When weary and worn with the struggles in life and the mastery over self, how sweet is that feeling that you can come into the home life, to the strong, loving arms of a loving man or woman. Where else can the throne of God be except in the heart of man or woman? Where else can the kingdom of love and of forgiveness, of rendering good for evil, of self-sacrifice, exist but in the home where the heart is?

Such as live on this plane of life will not resort to that venerable judiciary, the law, for divorce.

Arathena B. Drake, M. D.

# Origin of Word "Hangar" and Its Meaning

By C. ARYM, Milwaukee, Wis.

The word "hangar" occurs in French works of Dumas' time (1820). It is of Alsatian-German origin, a French spelling of the two German words, "anger" and "hanger." The first word, of extremely old root, means a high shed or a covered passage from house to barn, where farm utensils were and are stored; "hanger" is the old word, easily grasped by English, for the room where they used to "hang" up their weapons, swords; even in English the "hanger" of a sword exists. The French could not spell "hanger" in German form, because that would call for the false pronunciation of an-shay (!) hence they changed the "e" in "hanger" to "a."

The English, who pronounce it "hang-er," are much nearer right than the pseudo-French who try to but cannot get the nasal twang of "an-gar," without clear accent on either syllable.

The French word does not accentuate especially the "an" or the "gar." They are sing-songed alike.

Both words, "anger" and "hanger," are still now used in south Germany in the same old sense. "Anger" is of the same root as the Chinese "wang."

# Teach Boys Kindness to All Animals

By John Newell Lucas, Indianapolis, Ind.

If water were placed where dogs could slake their thirst at will there would be fewer complaints about "mad dogs." They will drink every half hour on a hot day if given the opportunity.

The cry of "mad dog" is a false alarm, being only craziness caused by heat, and not infrequently by the annoyance of worthless and lawless hoodlums.

Also, every street fountain should be provided with a receptacle containing water for small animals.

Every boy ought to have a dog and be taught to be kind to all animals. The frothing at the mouth of a dog is no sign of madness.

The dog is the most affectionate and loyal animal in all creation.

# Some Women Are Never Old Maids

By WILLIAM M. KELLEY, Omaha, Neb.

At what age is a woman an old maid? The age has nothing to do with it to my mind. Some women are never old maids if they never marry, and some women are always old maids no matter how much they are married. You can see it stamped on their faces, and it's a stamp that won't come off.

You can see it in their walk, hear it in their speech, and in every utterance or movement they make, their ideas and opinions alone are correct, and no one else must be allowed to think and do as he or she would like. The same applies to old bachelors.

This is a free country, and I believe in every one having opinions of his own, and every one being tolerant of others' opinions.

# CATTLE AMUCK IN CROWDED STREETS

Terrify and Threaten Hundreds of Men, Women and Children.

# MADDENED BY YELLS

Cow Crashes into Large Plate Glass Window and Another Falls into Cellar—Exciting Chase Through Crowded District of Pittsburgh.

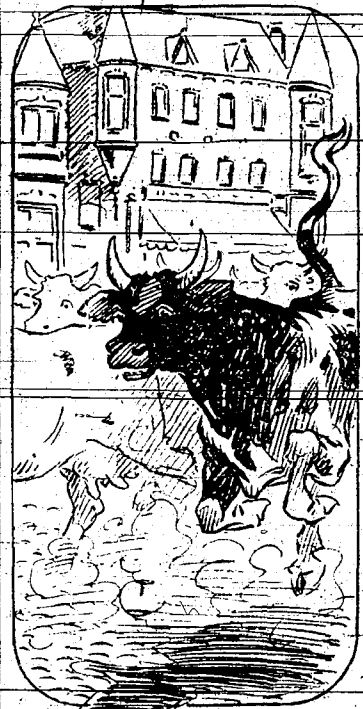
Pittsburg, Pa.—Two steers, five cows, and a calf, just arrived from their native haunts in the Muskingum valley, ran wild through the Hill district and downtown section the other night, terrifying and threatening hundreds of men, women and children, and were only captured after one of their number had smashed a large plate glass window, valued at \$500, and fell into the basement of a cafe on outer Fifth avenue. Policemen overran the Hill district, armed with ropes, beat on catching the animals.

The bunch, which was part of a herd that was being driven to the North side, was said to have been owned by Charles Beckel of the Pittsburgh & Cincinnati Packet line and had been brought to this city on the steamer Lorena from Zanesville.

The entire herd had been safely escorted to the North side when the eight became separated from the herd. Headed by the two steers, who raced along with lowered heads, bawling strenuously, the bunch passed over the Ninth Street bridge and passed over that structure without stopping to inquire about tolls. Two of the cows and the calf were captured on Penn avenue by Bremen.

The others continued up Ninth street to Fifth avenue. Maddened by the yells of the mob following and a number of street cars and automobiles, the animals galloped down Fifth avenue. At the store of Shelnberg & Weisberg, 1016 Fifth avenue, one of the cows plunged through a plate glass window. The crowd closing in captured one of the steers and tied him to a telegraph pole.

The other steer, followed by the two cows, darted into a small alley



# Ran Wild Through the Down-Town Section.

near the restaurant of John Mangieri, and a cow plunged through a door into the basement of the restaurant.

By this time several men untied the captured steer and started down the street toward the city stables. The animal broke loose. John Marshall of 2312 Corey alley, South side, grabbed the rope. It was jerked from his hand. Marshall grasped the steer by the horns and threw him in pretty style. He took it to the city stables. A number of policemen caught the remaining cow on Watson street and it too was taken to the stable. The other steer was caught on Sixth avenue. Here an unknown man lassoed the steer in true western style. This man suffered a broken little finger on his right hand, his leg was lacerated, and his suit ruined.

A huge block and tackle was necessary to lift the cow from the restaurant basement.

Says They Go Back.

Chicago.—Immigration Commissioner Packer of Wisconsin believes that city men who go back to the farm later return to the city. "Ten days of doing chores before breakfast discourages them," he said.

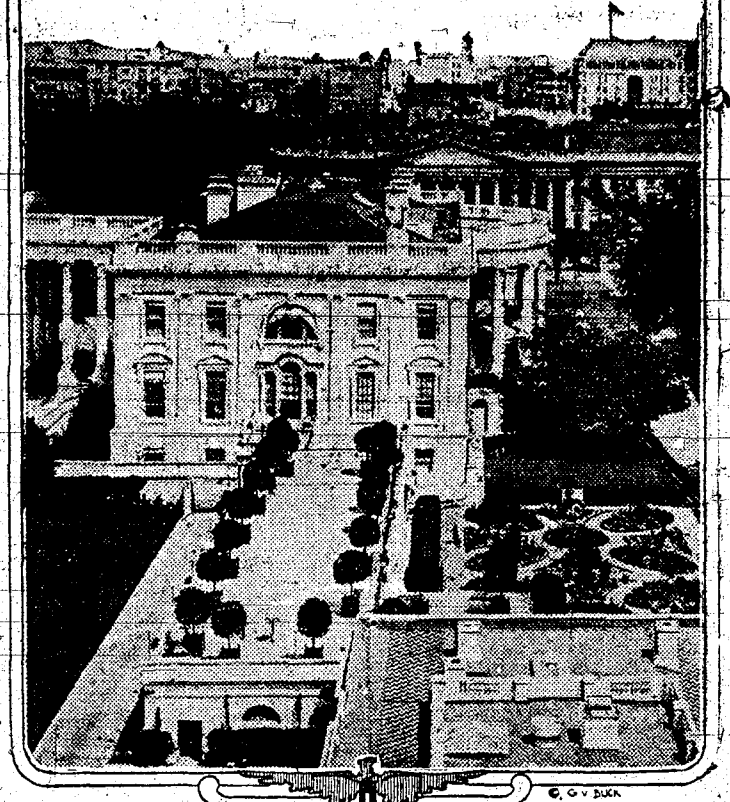
Bushel of Hair.

Olivet, Mich.—Released from an election pledged by Wilson's victory, Ebenezer Henderson, a bachelor farmer here, had his sixteen-years' growth of hair cut off. The locks filled a bushel basket.

His Dog Refused.

Steinach, Saxony.—Tius Greiner, butcher, urged his dog to bite his (Greiner's not the dog's) mother-in-law's head off. The dog refused, but Greiner has gone to jail for sixty days.

# Mistresses of the White House



WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON

**N**OT only has Woodrow Wilson been elected president of the United States, but what is fully as important in the estimation of multitudes of Americans, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Jessie Wilson and Miss Eleanor Wilson will move into the White House next March.

The place of the ladies of the White House has been kept before the country almost as prominently through all these years as has that of the president himself. Eternally questions of precedence and etiquette have come forward. The public has wanted to know all about the daily life and the domestic doings of the presidential family, the housekeeping woes of the mistress of the mansion and her behavior at the official receptions; the tastes and habits of all the feminine members of the family, and without there have been at times little tales of boudoir plots and parlor intrigues. Although the history of the United States has very little of the backstairs kind of gossip that has played a large part in the histories of the nations of Europe.

Abigail Adams, First Mistress. The wife of the first president did not live in the White House, of course. Abigail Adams of Quincy, Mass., was the first mistress of the mansion, although in her time it was a mansion in the making, and the finishing seemed to her very far away indeed. It was she who used the "great, unfinished audience room" as a place in which to dry the family wash.

Dolly Madison was almost as much mistress of the mansion in Jefferson's time as in that of his successor, her husband, and it was she who saved the one piece of the original furnishings which is this day in the presidential residence. When the British burned the house in 1814 the redoubtable Dolly managed to carry away the portrait of Washington which hangs now over the mantel in the Red room.

It has taken a long time for the mansion to approach completion, and no sooner was it finished than it was destroyed by the ruthless hands of the English soldiery.

The building which succeeded the first residence was a faithful reproduction in form and dimensions of the plans drawn by the original architect, Maj. Hoban. The very foundations and part of the outside walls are relics of the building which went in fire in 1814.

Mansion is Now Complete. Then in 1902 work was begun the White House improvements which have resulted in the mansion of today becoming almost precisely what the president's house was intended to be by those who made the original plans for it. It was necessary to relieve the residence of the necessity of being headquarters for the business of the executive. An office annex was built and thus the disfiguring additions to the mansion could be taken away.

The original plans were studied for the restoration of the residence itself, and the buildings of the University of Virginia, planned by Jefferson, were investigated. A dining room was provided in which 100 guests might be entertained. Space for the comfortable housing of such a family as that of Woodrow Wilson was secured. And finally, in 1912, the office building has been enlarged and reconstructed, so that the new president will have such family accommodations as many of his predecessors sighed for in vain.

The story of the successive White House families has much of picturesque variety. Not always has the mistress been the wife of the president. Buchanan was a bachelor; he had been disappointed in love as a young man. Jefferson, Jackson, Van

Buren and Arthur were widowers. Grover Cleveland alone of the line was married in the mansion. Tyler lost his wife while in office, and married again, but the ceremony took place in New York. Benjamin Harrison's wife died while he was in the presidential chair. Mrs. McKinley was an invalid, as was the first Mrs. Tyler.

Andrew Jackson had a battle that cost him more sleep probably than did the battle of New Orleans, a battle over the social recognition of a certain lady while he was living in the presidential home. The Pierces lost a son by a sad accident, and the calamity threw a shadow over most of their four years in the residence. And each of the two last presidents has had a daughter to take her place as the first young lady of the land, and now the new president has not only one, but three.

Ed Howe, the famous Kansas funny man and story-teller, has an article in the American Magazine in which he says:

"When a woman has charge of a sick man she feels as important as the marshal of the day at a county Fourth of July celebration, and, however amiable she may be at other times, she is very bossy when she has medicine to give a man, or lotions to put on him; if he wants a drink of water, she expresses the opinion that he is drinking too much, and remembers that her Aunt Harriet's husband once drank a great deal when he was sick, and had convulsions. If the sick man becomes impatient, and says the medicine is doing no good, she reminds him curtly that time is necessary; she has even been known to dip into the classics and say that Rome was not built in a day. The air of wisdom with which she examines the doctor books convinces the sick man that, however intelligent his medical adviser may have been, after his recovery he will be informed that he would have been sick much longer had she not used her homemade lotions. Whatever she does at night, the doctor will agree in the morning that it was very good."

"The sleepiest woman in the world will stay up all night cheerfully if she can get a chance to doctor somebody and if a man has medicine to take at an unusual hour he will get it, whether it is a woman around."

Detecting Invisible Finger-Prints. Officers of the San Francisco bureau of identification have, it is said, perfected a process by which they develop invisible finger-prints. The discovery consists of a chemical solution that is kept secret. In a recent murder case, a former suitor of the murdered girl was suspected. He disappeared mysteriously after the crime, but the detective found a time table in the room where the young man had lived. The new solution was sprayed on the pages of the booklet. Gradually green marks began to develop, and they proved to be bloodstained finger-prints. This was three days after the murder. A streak made by a finger soon disappeared. At the end of it was a clearly defined finger-print. It pointed straight to a small village in Ohio, where the detectives journeyed and arrested their man.

A Proud Miss. "Miss Prinkle, I understand, is going away to a finishing school in Boston."

"Thank you for the information. When I passed her on the street yesterday I was at a loss to account for the unusual elevation of her chin."

SEE HE TAKES HIS MEDICINE

No Chance for Man to Escape When a Woman is Responsible for Administering the Dose.

Ed Howe, the famous Kansas funny man and story-teller, has an article in the American Magazine in which he says:

"When a woman has charge of a sick man she feels as important as the marshal of the day at a county Fourth of July celebration, and, however amiable she may be at other times, she is very bossy when she has medicine to give a man, or lotions to put on him; if he wants a drink of water, she expresses the opinion that he is drinking too much, and remembers that her Aunt Harriet's husband once drank a great deal when he was sick, and had convulsions. If the sick man becomes impatient, and says the medicine is doing no good, she reminds him curtly that time is necessary; she has even been known to dip into the classics and say that Rome was not built in a day. The air of wisdom with which she examines the doctor books convinces the sick man that, however intelligent his medical adviser may have been, after his recovery he will be informed that he would have been sick much longer had she not used her homemade lotions. Whatever she does at night, the doctor will agree in the morning that it was very good."

"The sleepiest woman in the world will stay up all night cheerfully if she can get a chance to doctor somebody and if a man has medicine to take at an unusual hour he will get it, whether it is a woman around."

Detecting Invisible Finger-Prints. Officers of the San Francisco bureau of identification have, it is said, perfected a process by which they develop invisible finger-prints. The discovery consists of a chemical solution that is kept secret. In a recent murder case, a former suitor of the murdered girl was suspected. He disappeared mysteriously after the crime, but the detective found a time table in the room where the young man had lived. The new solution was sprayed on the pages of the booklet. Gradually green marks began to develop, and they proved to be bloodstained finger-prints. This was three days after the murder. A streak made by a finger soon disappeared. At the end of it was a clearly defined finger-print. It pointed straight to a small village in Ohio, where the detectives journeyed and arrested their man.

A Proud Miss. "Miss Prinkle, I understand, is going away to a finishing school in Boston."

"Thank you for the information. When I passed her on the street yesterday I was at a loss to account for the unusual elevation of her chin."



# The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTNA BELLINGER

COPYRIGHT 1911 THE BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY

## SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger sent as her chauffeur. She is annoyed, but he remains. Leaving the car, she goes into the park to read the will of an old friend of her mother, who has left her property. There she is accosted by a stranger, who follows her to the auto, climbs in and chloroforms her. James Hambleton of Lynn, Mass., member of an old New England family, decides he needs a holiday. He goes to New York and there witnesses the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Hambleton sees Agatha forcibly taken aboard a yacht.

## CHAPTER III.—Continued.

On the instant his brain became active again. It did not take long, as a matter of fact, to find the car; though when he stumbled on it, turned about and neatly stowed away close beside the partitioning wall, he gave a start. It was such a tangible evidence of what had threatened to grow vague and unreal on his hands. He squeezed himself into the narrow space between it and the wall, finally thrusting his head under the curtains of the tonneau.

It was high and dry, empty as last year's cockleshell. Not a sign of life, not a loose object of any kind except a filmy thing which Hambleton found himself observing thoughtfully. At last he picked it up—a long, mist-like veil. He spread it out, held it gingerly between a thumb and finger of each hand, and continued to look at it abstractedly. Part of it was clean and whole, dainty as only a bit of woman's finery can be; but one end of it was torn and twisted and stretched out of all semblance to itself. Moreover, it was dirty, as if it had been ground under a muddy heel. It was in its way a shrieking evidence of violence, of unrighteous struggle. Hambleton folded the scarf carefully, with its edges together, and put it in his pocket.

Jimmy's actions from this time on had an incentive and a spirit that had before been lacking. He noted again the number of the car, and returned to the edge of the dock to observe the yacht. She had steamed up river a little way for some reason known only to herself, and was now turning very slowly. She was but faintly lighted and would pass for some pleasure craft just coming home. But Jim knew better. He could, at last, put two and two together. He would follow the yacht—indeed, he could not help following it. In him had begun that divine experience of youth—of youth essentially, whether it come in early years or late—of being carried off his feet by a spirit not himself. He ran like a young athlete down the dock to the nearest workman, evolving schemes as he went.

The dock-hand apathetically trundled a small keg from one pile of freight to another, wiped his hands on his trousers, took a dry pipe out of his pocket, and looked vacantly up the river. Before he replied to Hambleton's question.

"Queer name—Jens Dark they call her."

It was like pulling teeth to get information out of him, but Jim applied the forceps.

The yacht had been lying out in the river for two weeks or more, possibly less; belonged to foreign parts; no one thereabouts knew who its owner was; nor its captain; nor its purpose in the harbor of New York. At last, quite gratuitously, the man volunteered a personal opinion. "Slippery boat in a gale—wouldn't trust her."

Hambleton walked smartly back, taking a look both at the yacht and the motor-car as he went. The yacht's nose pointed toward the Jersey shore; the car was creeping out of the dock. As he overtook the machine, he saw that it was in the hands of a mechanic in overalls and jumper. In answer to Hambleton's question as to the owner of the car, the mechanic told him pleasantly to go to the devil, and for once the sight of a coin failed to produce any perceptible effect. But the major-general, waiting half a block away, was still in the humor of giving fatherly advice. He welcomed Jim heartily.

"That's a hole I ain't got no use for. 'Owd you make out?"

"Well enough, for all present purposes. Can you undertake to do a job for me?"

"If it ain't nothing I'd have to arrest you for, I might consider it," he chuckled.

"I want you to go to the Laramie Club and tell Aleck Van Camp got the name—that Hambleton has gone off on the Jeanne d'Arc and may not be back for some time; and he is to look after the Sea Gull."

"Hold on, young man; you're not going to do anything out of reason, as one might say?"

thing in the world. You take this money and be sure to get the message to Mr. Van Camp, will you? All right. Now tell me where I can find a tug-boat or a steam launch, quick."

"O'Leary, down at pier X-2—O has launches and everything else. All right, my son, Aleck Van Camp, at the Laramie. But you be good and don't drown yourself."

This last injunction, word for word in the manner of the pert Edith, touched Jimmy's humor. He laughed ringingly. His spirit was like a chime of bells on a week-day.

The hour which followed was one that James Hambleton found it difficult to recall afterward, with any degree of coherence; but at the time his movements were mathematically accurate, swift, effective. He got aboard a little steam tug and followed the yacht down the river and into the harbor. As she stood out into the roads and began to increase her speed, he directed the captain of the tug to steam forward and make as if to cross her bows. This would make the pilot of the yacht angry, but he would be forced to slow down a trifle. Jim watched long enough to see the success of his maneuver, then went down into the cuddy, which served as a cabin, took off his clothes, and looked to the fastenings of his money belt. Then he watched his chance, and when the tug was pretty nearly in the path of the yacht, he crept to the stern and dropped overboard.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Mr. Van Camp Makes a Call.

Aleck Van Camp turned from the clerk's desk rather relieved to find that Hambleton had not yet made his appearance. Aleck had an errand on his mind, and he reflected that Jim was apt to be impetuous and reluctant to await another man's convenience; at least, Jim wouldn't perceive that another man's convenience needed to be waited for; and Aleck had no mind to announce this errand from the housetops. It was not a business that pertained, directly, either to the Sea Gull or to the coming cruise.

He made an uncommonly careful toilet, disengaging two neckties before the operation was finished. When all was done the cravat presented a stuffed and warped appearance which was not at all satisfying, even to Aleck's uncritical eye; but the tie was the last of his supply and was, perhaps, slightly better than none at all. Dinner at the club was usually a dull affair, and to Mr. Van Camp, on this Monday night, it seemed more stupid than ever. The club had been organized in the spirit of the English clubs, with the unwritten law of absolute and inviolable privacy for the individual. No wild or woolly manners ever entered those decorous precincts. No slapping on the shoulder, no half-fellow greetings, no chance dinner companionship ever dispelled the awful penumbra of privacy that surrounded even the humblest member. A man's eating and drinking, his coming or going, his living or dying, were matters only for club statistics, not for personal inquiry or notice.

The result of this habitual attitude on the part of the members of the club and its servants was an atmosphere in which a cataleptic fit would scarcely warrant unnoticed interference; much less, would merely mawkish or absent-minded behavior attract attention. That was the function of the club—to provide sanctuary for personal whims and idiosyncrasies; of course, always within the boundaries of the code.

On the evening in question Mr. Van Camp did not actually become silly; but his manner lacked the poise and seriousness which sophisticated men are wont to bring to the important event of the day. He was as near being nervous as a Scotch American Van Camp could be; and at the same time an unwonted flow of life and warmth in his cool veins. He went so far as to make a remark to the waiter which he meant for an affable joke, and then wanted to kick the fellow for taking it so solemnly.

"You mind yourself, George, or they'll make you abbot of this monastery yet!" said Aleck, as George helped him on with his evening coat.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," said George.

He left word at the office that in case any one called he was to be informed that Mr. Van Camp would return to the club for the night; then, in his silk hat and generally shining togs, he set forth to make a call. He was no stranger to New York, and usually he took his cities as they came, with a matter-of-fact nonchalance. He would be as much at home

on his second day in London as he had ever been in Lynn; or he would go from a friend's weekend house-party, where the habits of a Sybarite were forced on him, to a camp in the woods and pilot-bread fare, with an equal smoothness of temper and enjoyment. Since luxury made no impression on him, and hardship never blunted his own ideals of politeness or pleasure, no one ever knew which life he preferred.

Choosing to walk fifteen or twenty squares to the Archangel apartment house, his destination, Van Camp looked about him, on this night of his arrival, with slightly quickened perceptions. He cast a mildly appreciative eye toward the picture disclosed here and there by the glancing lights, the chiaroscuro of the intersecting streets, the constantly changing vistas. For an unimpressible man, he was rather wrought upon. Nevertheless, he entered the charming apartment whither he was bound with the detached and composed manner which society regards as becoming. A maid with a foreign accent greeted him. Yes, Mademoiselle Reynier was at home; Mr. Van Camp would find her in the drawing-room.

The stiff and unrelaxed manner with which Mr. Van Camp bowed to Miss Reynier a moment later was not at all indicative of the fairly respectable fever within his Scotch breast. Miss Reynier herself was pretty enough to cause quickened pulses. She was of noble height, evidently a woman of the world. She gave Mr. Van Camp her hand in a greeting mingled of European daintiness and American frankness. Her vitality and abundant interest in life were manifest.

"Ah, but you are very late. This is how you become smart all at once in your New York atmosphere! But pray be seated, and here are cigarettes, if you will. No? Very well, but tell me: has that amorphous gill-slit—or, no, the bronchial lamella—has it behaved itself and proved to be the avenue which shall lead you to fame?"

Mr. Van Camp stood silent through this flippant badinage, and calmly waited until Miss Reynier had settled herself. Then he thoughtfully turned the chair offered him so as to command a slightly better view of the corner where she sat, leaning against the old-rose cushions. Finally, taking his own time, he touched off her greeting with his precise drawl.

"I'm not smart, as you call it, even in New York, though I try to be." His eyes twinkled and his teeth gleamed in his wide smile. "If I were smart, I'd pass by your error in scientific nomenclature, but really I ought not to do it. If one can not be exact—"

"That's just what I say. If one can not be exact, why talk at all?" Miss Reynier caught it up with high glee. She had a foreign accent, and an occasional twist of words which proved her to be neither American nor Englishwoman. "That's my principle." She insisted. "Leave other people in undisturbed possession of their hobbies, especially in conversation, and don't say anything if you can't say what you mean. But then, you won't talk about your hobby; and if I have no one to inform me, how can I be exact? But I'm so ready to learn."

Mr. Van Camp surveyed first the bantering, alluring eyes, then turned his gaze upon the sofa luxuries about him.

"Are you ready to turn this bijou dreary laboratory smelling of alcohol and fish? Are you willing to spend hours wading in mudbanks after specimens, or scratching in the sand under the broiling sun? Science does not consult comfort."

Miss Reynier's expression of quizzical teasing changed to one of rather thoughtful inquiry, as if she were estimating the man behind the scientist. Van Camp was one of the lean, angular type, like Jim Hambleton. He was also every manly and wholesome, but even in his conventional evening clothes, there was something about him that was unconventional—a protesting, untamed element of character that resisted all rules except those prescribed by itself. He puzzled her now, as he had often puzzled her before; but if she made fun of his hobbies, she had no mind to make fun of the man himself. A cheerful, intelligent smile finally ended her contemplating moment.

"Oh, no; no digging in the sand for me. I'll take what science I get in another way—put up in predigested packages or bottled—any way but the fishy way. But please don't give me up. You shed a good deal of light on my mental darkness last winter in Egypt, and maybe I can improve still more." She suddenly turned with friendly, confidential manner toward

Aleck, not waiting for replies to her remarks. "It's good to see you again! And I like it here better than in Egypt, don't you? Don't you think this apartment jolly?"

The shaded lamps made a pretty light over Miss Reynier's cream-colored silk flounces, over the delicate lace on her waist, over her glossy dark hair and spirited face. As Aleck contemplated that face, with its eager yet modest and womanly gaze, and the noble outline of her figure, he thought, with an unwonted flowering of imagination, that she was not unlike the Diana of classic days. "A domestic Diana," he added in his mind. "She may love the woods and freedom, but she will always return to the hearth."

Aloud he said: "If you will permit me, Miss Reynier, I would like to inform you at once of the immediate object of my visit here. You must be well aware—"

At this point Mr. Van Camp, who, true to his nature, was looking squarely in the face of his companion, of necessity allowed himself to be interrupted by Miss Reynier's lifted hand. She was looking beyond her visitor through the drawing-room door.

"Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd-Jones," announced the servant.

As Miss Reynier swept forward with outstretched hand to greet the newcomers, Van Camp fixed his eyes on his hostess with a mingled expression of masculine rage and submission. Whether he thought her too cordial toward the other men or too cool toward himself, was not apparent. Presently he, too, was shaking hands with the visitors, who were evidently old friends of the house. Madame Reynier, the aunt of mademoiselle, was summoned, and Van Camp was marooned on a sofa with Lloyd-Jones, who was just in from the West.

Aleck found himself listening to an interminable talk about copper veins and silver veins, a new kind of assaying instrument, and the good luck attendant upon the opening of Lloyd-Jones' new mine, the Liza Lu.

Aleck was the essence of courtesy to everything except sham, and was able to indicate a mild interest in Mr. Lloyd-Jones' mining affairs. It was sufficient. Lloyd-Jones turned aside on his end of the sofa, spread out plump, gesticulating hands, and poured upon him an eloquent torrent of fact, speculation and high-spirited enthusiasm concerning Idaho in general and the future of the Liza Lu in particular. More than that, by and by his cheerful, half-impudent manner threatened to turn poetic.

"It's great, living in the open out there," he went on, by this time including the whole company in his exordium. "You ride or tramp, or dig rock all day; and at night you lie down under the clear stars, thankful for your blanket and your rock-bed and your campfire; and more than thankful if there's a bit of running water near by. It's a great life!"

Miss Reynier listened to him with eyes that were alternately puzzled and appreciative. It was a discourse that would have seemed to her much more natural coming from Aleck Van Camp; but then, Mr. Van Camp really did the thing—that sort of thing—and he rarely talked about it. It had probably been Mr. Lloyd-Jones' first essay in the world out of reach of his valet and a club cocktail, and he was consequently impressed with his achievement. It was evident that Miss Reynier and the amateur miner were on friendly terms, though Aleck had not seen or heard of him before. He had hobnobbed with Mr. Chamberlain in London and on more than one scientific jaunt. The slightest flicker of jealous resentment gleamed in Aleck's eyes, but his speech was as slow and precise as ever.

"I was just trying to convince Miss Reynier that outdoor life has its peculiar joys," he said. "I was even now suggesting that she should dig, though not for silver. Does Mr. Lloyd-Jones' lure seem more alluring than my little wriggly beast, Miss Reynier?"

If Aleck meant this speech for a trap to force the young woman to indicate a preference, the trick failed, as it deserved to fail.

"I couldn't endure either your mines or your mudpuddles. You are both absurd, and I don't understand how you ever get recruits for your hobbies. But come over and see this new engraving. Mr. Jones; it's an old-fashioned picture of your beloved Rhine."

Aleck, thus liberated from Mr. Lloyd-Jones and his mines, made his way across the room to Madame Reynier. The cunning of old Adam was in his eye, but otherwise he was the picture of deferential innocence.

Madame Reynier loved Aleck, with his inoffensive Americanisms and un-failing kindness; and with her friends she was frankness itself. With two men in Miss Reynier's hands for entertainment, it seemed to Aleck unlikely that either one could make any alarming progress. Besides, he was glad of a tete-a-tete with the chaperone.

Madame Reynier was a tall, straight woman, elderly, dressed entirely in black, with gaunt, aristocratic features and great directness of speech. She had the fine kind of hauteur which forbids persons of this type ever to speak of money, of disease, of scandal, or of too intimate personalities; in Madame Reynier's case it also restrained her from every sort of exaggerated speech. She spoke English with some difficulty and preferred French.

Van Camp seated himself on a spindle-legged gilt chair by Madame Reynier's side, and begged to know how they were enduring the New York climate, which had formerly proved intolerable to Madame Reynier. As he seated himself she stretched out saving hands.

"I can endure the climate, thank you; but I can't endure to see your life endangered on that silly chair, my dear Mr. Van Camp. There—thank you." And when he was seated in a solid mahogany, he was rewarded with Madame Reynier's confidential chat. They had returned to their New York apartment in the midst of the summer season, she said, "for professional advice." She and her niece liked the city and never minded the heat. Melanie, her aunt explained, had been enabled to see several old friends, and for her own part, she liked home at any time of the year better than the most comfortable of hotels.

"This is quite like home," she added, "even though we are really exiles." Aleck ventured to hope that the "professional advice" had not meant serious trouble of any sort.

"A slight indisposition only." "And are you much better now?" Aleck inquired solicitously.

"Oh, it wasn't I; it was Melanie." Madame smiled. "I became my own physician many years ago, and now I never see a doctor except when we ask one to dine. But youth has no such advantage." Madame fairly beamed with benevolence while explaining one of her pet idiosyncrasies. Before Aleck could make any headway in gleaming information concerning her own and Melanie's movements, as he was shamefully trying to do, Lloyd-Jones had persuaded Miss Reynier to sing.

"Some of those quaint old things, please," he was saying; and Aleck wondered if he never would hang himself with his own rope. But Lloyd-Jones' cheerful voice went on:

"Some of those Hungarian things are jolly and funny, even though you can't understand the words. Makes you want to dance or sing yourself." Aleck groaned, but Melanie began to sing, with Jones hovering around the piano. By the time Melanie had sung everybody's favorites, excluding Aleck's, Mr. Chamberlain rose to depart. He was an Englishman, a serious, heavy gentleman, very loyal to old friends and very slow in making new ones. He made an engagement to dine with Aleck on the following evening, and as he went out, threw back to the remaining gentlemen an offer of seats in his machine.

"I ought to go," said Jones; "but if Van Camp will stay, I will. That is," he added with belated punctiliousness, "if the ladies will permit?"

"Thank you, Chamberlain, I'm walking," drawled Aleck, then turning to the company with his cheerful grin he stated quite impersonally: "I was thinking of staying long enough to put one question—er, a matter of some little importance—to Miss Reynier. When she gives me the desired information, I shall go."

"Me, too," chirped Mr. Lloyd-Jones. "I came expressly to talk over that plan of building up friendly adjoining estates out in Idaho; sort of private shooting and hunting park, you know. And I haven't had a minute to say a word." Jones suddenly began to feel himself aggrieved. As the door closed after Chamberlain, Melanie motioned them back to their seats.

"It's not so very late," she said easily. "Come back and make yourselves comfortable, and I'll listen to both of you," she said with a demure little devil in her eye. "I haven't seen you for ages, and I don't know when the good moment will come again." She included the two men in a friendly smile, waved a hand toward the waiting chairs, and adjusted a light shawl over the shoulders of Madame Reynier.

But Aleck by this time had the bit in his teeth and would not be coaxed. His ordinarily cool eye rested wrathfully on the broad shoulders of Mr. Lloyd-Jones, who was lighting a cigarette, and he turned abruptly to Miss Reynier. His voice was as serious as if parliament, at least, had been hanging on his words.

"May I call tomorrow, Miss Reynier, at about twelve?"

"Oh, I say," put in Jones, "all of you come to luncheon with me at the Little Gray Fox—will you? Capital place and all sorts of nice people. Do come. About one."

Van Camp could have slain him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PREPARING FOR NEW SETTLERS

### EXTENDING THE AGRICULTURAL AREA IN WESTERN CANADA.

For sometime past the Canadian government has had surveyors at work platting new areas for the accommodation of the largely increasing number of settlers coming in to occupy the agricultural districts of the three prairie provinces. There were those connected with the work of securing settlers for western Canada who last spring prophesied that there would be as many as 175,000 new settlers from the United States to Canada during the present year, and there were those who doubted that the previous year's figures of 132,000 could be increased. Recent computation made by the officials of the immigration branch at Ottawa show that the largest estimates made by officials will be beaten and that the 200,000 mark from the United States will be reached. As great an increase will be shown in the figures of those who will reach Canada from other countries this year. The results of the year's work in Canadian immigration will give upward of a total of 400,000 souls.

But this is not to be wondered at when it is realized what is offering in the three prairie provinces and also in the coast province of British Columbia, which is also bidding strongly and successfully, too, for a certain class of settler, the settler who wishes to go into mixed farming or fruit raising. When the central portion of this province is opened up by the railway now being constructed there will be large areas of splendid land available for the settler.

Reference has frequently been made of late by those interested in developing the American west to the large numbers who are going to Canada, high officials in some of the railways being amongst the number to give voice to the fact. The more these facts become known the more will people seek the reasons and these are best given when one reads what prominent people say of it. What the farmer thinks of it and what his friends say of it. James A. Flaherty, supreme knight of the Knights of Columbus, was in western Canada a short time ago. He says:

"If I were a young man I would sell out my interests in less than two months and come right to the Canadian Northwest, where so many opportunities abound."—Advertisement.

### Patriotism.

A quaint little incident is related by a French war correspondent, which sheds light on the enthusiasm and nervousness with which the Greeks entered upon their war with Turkey. When the mobilization orders reached the little town of Chalkis, all owners of horses and mules hastened to comply, but there were no soldiers to escort the animals to Athens, where they were urgently needed, the military being already on the frontier. Thereupon the mayor of Chalkis set an example, which was followed by two or three of the oldest lawyers, school teachers, doctors and hotel keepers. All these notable and learned men put their dignity on one side, and turned themselves for the nonce into grooms and stable lads. After two days' journeying they gravely marched in procession through the principal streets of Athens, leading their beasts, and nobody laughed, which, indeed, there was no reason to do.

### Effective Personalities.

When you bring yourself to realize how many different kinds of effective personalities there are in the world, you will have your own troubles trying to pick out the wrong kind.

### Didn't Mean to Say It.

One heard an awkward speech at an evening party last Friday. It was one of those things a fellow says before he thinks and then wishes he hadn't. One of the gentlemen retired with a small group to the smoking room and didn't return until the lady he was escorting grew anxious about him.

"Where have you been?" she asked, when she found him at last.

"You must excuse me," he answered. "I have been listening to a very clever man for the last hour."

"Then I'm afraid you'll find my conversation rather dull."

"Not at all, not at all. One gets too much of that sort of thing, you know, and it's a relief to—er—that is—"

### Sound.

Hub (angrily)—Here! What do you mean by waking me out of a sound sleep?

Wife—Because the sound was too distressing.—Boston Transcript.

### Probably the Truth.

Bobbie's sarcasm was unintended. The visitor, "talking down" to the child beautifully, remarked: "And you know, dear, my father was in the Civil war."

"So was my grandfather," replied Bobby, jealous of the family honor.

"But my father, dear, was captured."

"Gee!" cried Bobby, quite unimpressed and even scornful. "why did he let himself be caught by the enemy? My granddaddy could run too fast for that!"



### Finger Stall for Child.

Every mother of a small son knows how well nigh impossible it is to keep a bandage on his finger. Also, how frequently little boys' fingers are in need of bandaging. Before throwing away old kid gloves cut off the good fingers for "finger stalls" for the boy. Cut the under side short, but let the top run back to the wrist of the glove; then split this strip to form straps to fasten around the child's wrist with a small safety pin. These

stalls will be quite large enough to cover the bandaged finger of a small child and will save endless time and worry, says Mothers' Magazine. For larger children use fingers from a man's glove.

### Classification.

"When you come to simmer them down," maintained the finicky boarder, "there are only two classes of people—those who call it 'incommoda' and those who call it 'discommoda'."



## To Defeat Winter Ills

**START NOW**

Susceptibility to colds, sore throats, tonsillitis and such, indicate impoverished vitality—lack of reserve strength to weather changing seasons.

A spoonful of **SCOTT'S EMULSION** after each meal starts healthy body-action like a small match kindles a great fire—and more: it makes rich, healthy, active blood—fortifies the tissues and stimulates the appetite—it makes sound body-strength.

**SCOTT'S EMULSION** is the purest cod liver oil, made cream-like and palatable without alcohol or drug—the quintessence of purity.

Reject imitations they are impostors for profit.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-38

A silent man never has to eat his words.

There's many a slip 'twixt the ax and the chip.

Love levels all things—when it is on the level.

It is usually safe to judge a man by his manners.

We seldom take a deep and vital interest in the affairs of our neighbors—unless they owe us money.

Cut the High Cost of Living.

H. Chapman, Cambridge, Neb., tells how he did it. My two children had a very bad cough and the doctor's medicines did them no good. I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and before it was all used the children were free and cured of their cough. I saved a doctor's bill for the 25c bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. No opiates. Hite's Drug.

## "A Shine In Every Drop"



Coca-Cola Today

## TO CONSUMPTIVES

And All Afflicted With Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Grippes or any Lung or Throat Trouble.

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

**WILSON'S REMEDY** (Dr. Churchill's prescription) has been doing its wonderful good work for over 40 years. It has been tried and proven; and it 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 \$1.00 package of the remedy, to all who write for it. Address: Wilson Remedy Co., Westwood, N. J. U.S.A.

## CHICHESTER PILLS

**DIAMOND BRAND**

Beware of Counterfeits.

Refuses all substitutes.

**LADIES:** Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Beware of cheap imitations. Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for twenty-five years' reputation. Beware of cheap imitations. **SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. TIME TRIED. EVERYWHERE. WORTH TRYING.**

## SEEDS

Fresh, Reliable, Pure

Special Offer

FOR 10 CENTS

we will send you our FAMOUS COLLECTION

1 pkg. 60 Day Top Soil	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Garden Soil	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Flower Soil	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Lawn Soil	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Potting Soil	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Peat Moss	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Compost	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Fertilizer	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Bone Meal	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Superphosphate	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Gypsum	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Lime	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Kainit	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Sulphate of Potash	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Borax	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Muriate of Potash	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Rock Phosphate	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Bone Ash	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Wood Ash	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Peat Moss	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Compost	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Fertilizer	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Bone Meal	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Superphosphate	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Gypsum	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Lime	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Kainit	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Sulphate of Potash	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Borax	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Muriate of Potash	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Rock Phosphate	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Bone Ash	70c
1 pkg. 60 Day Wood Ash	70c

Write today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage for shipping and receive the above "Famous Collection" of 30 different fertilizers and soil conditioners. **GREAT NORTHERN FERTILIZER CO.** 606 Home St. Rockford, Illinois

## Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

## Reno, Magician

Temple Theatre, Friday Next, Jan'y 31st.

Second Number of High School Course of Entertainment.

**RENO, MAGICIAN.**

For thirty-three years Edward Reno has been a magician, and in that time he has traveled all over the world, including India, Syria and Egypt. He is constantly inventing new things in magic and illusions, also in foreign lands he picked up many things unknown to many professionals. Magic, like everything else, has progressed with rapid strides during the past few years.

Reno has the usual light paraphernalia, but performs his tricks while in ordinary evening dress and so, as to escape detection in every case. In this respect he is a wonder. He does things that set absolutely impossible of execution without the aid of supernatural power.

One of his performances that never fail to amaze his audiences is known as the "dove trick." He buries a piece of common paper, and a dove rises phoenix-like from the ashes. He apparently tears the dove in two, only to find that he has two doves in his hands.



**RENO, THE MAGICIAN.**

He throws a glass of water into the air, and it changes into a dove and flies away.

Not the least enjoyable feature of Reno's performance is the running fire of comment with which he enlivens everything he does. These fragmentary remarks are full of fun and wit, with flash after flash of good tempered satire aimed at himself or his work. He is a man of fine personality and engaging stage presence, with a keen mentality and an artistic appreciation of the success he has achieved in his profession.

In a performance two hours in length he is able to spring one surprise after another on his audience, keeping his audience in a state of breathless wonder and delight until they forget to note the flight of time. The fact that many of these tricks are inventions of his own adds interest to the entertainment.

### Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. A. D. Grigsby, Pastor.

The pastor of the Presbyterian church will preach next Sunday morning on "Dreams," and what they suggest; and in the evening on "Pay as you go." Morning service at 10:30 and evening at 7:00. A hearty invitation is extended to strangers to the church and city to come. "Come with us and we will do you good." Good crowds last Sunday at both services.

Sunday School meets at 11:45 and the superintendent, Mr. Joyn, invites the "grown-ups" to come and if they are parents to bring the children.

The Young People's Society meets every Sunday evening at 6:15, and is open to all who are inclined to come, whether young or old. Mrs. Joyn led the meeting last Sunday, and it was a most inspiring and instructive time.

### St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, January 20th.

8:00 a. m. Low Mass. Communion for Young Ladies Sodality and the Children of Mary.

10:30 a. m. High Mass.

2:30 p. m. Meeting of Children of Mary.

### 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 "Truth." Sunday School is held immediately after services. You are cordially invited to attend.

Only the office without a salary has to seek the man.

Cheap advice is apt to be dear if you act upon it.

**CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD**

G. A. Link, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1913.

### Gov. Ferris on the Swift Case.

Governor Ferris in a recent interview, during which he is reported to have discussed matters pertaining to our state prisons, pardon board and other subjects, made the following statement:

"I am being pestered to death just now by persons trying to get me to pardon Herman Swift. Now I won't listen to most of the pleas I receive relative to him. This man had every chance in the world. There is no excuse why he should have committed the crime of which he was convicted. If he committed it, I refuse absolutely to see any mitigating circumstances in his case. If he can prove he never committed the offense, that is one thing, but if he committed it there was no excuse, and he will be obliged to serve his term out for anything I will do to prevent it."

### Harriet Lanway DeLong.

On Thursday January 16, 1913, Mrs. Harriet Lanway DeLong, after a prolonged illness fell asleep at her home on Echo street, East Jordan. She was born over seventy-three years ago in St. Lawrence County, N. Y. Her first husband was killed in the Civil War. In the fall of 1865 she was united in marriage to Daniel DeLong who is still to mourn her loss. She was the mother of five children, four of whom are living, A. B. Rowley of Bay Ridge, Ala., Carrie Hudkins of Olive, Alberta, and Alley Hudkins of Alex, Alberta, who with three sisters, Rosa Bittion of East Jordan, Mary Bronette of Washington, Lizzie Brown of Tennessee and five brothers, James, William, Peter Lanway of East Jordan, Lewis Lanway of Clifford and Thomas Lanway of Minnesota deeply feel the loss of a good mother and a true sister. She has been a resident of East Jordan for about thirty-two years. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon and was conducted by Rev. T. Porter Bennett, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. Interment took place at Jones cemetery.

### Dissolution Notice

East Jordan, Mich., Jan. 24, 1913

TO ALL CONCERNED—

The co-partnership known as Squier Morris Co., Room 2, Post Office Block, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the firm are payable to W. P. Squier, and all claims against the firm will be paid by him.

W. P. SQUIER  
M. R. MORRIS

### THE OLD "LEGIT" OBJECTS

Scene in Moving Picture Theater Too Much for His Idea of the Dignity of the Stage.

An old "legit" reeled into the street from out a ten-cent moving picture theater, his hand to his head, and exhibiting all the symptoms of having received a mortal blow. Two or three sympathetic citizens, one of them the usher of the theater, rushed to his assistance, asking if he was hurt much and wondering if they should call for an ambulance. The old man turned fiercely on the usher and replied: "Of course I am hurt much—morally wounded—look at that!"

He pointed dramatically to a poster which announced that "The Merchant of Venice" was being performed within.

"I went in to see that masterpiece even as a moving picture, for I am without prejudice, and know that pantomime is a great art—but what do I see? A Portia that wears an Irish lace collar around her head for a Venetian cap, who skips through her part like a frisky soubrette; and when the manufactured scene showing her visit to the Duke of Bellario is introduced, and the duke with a goodly amount of dignity evidently tells her with lips that are hidden by whiskers what she is to do nods her head gayly and says, her movement of lips showing the words plainly, 'That'll be fine. Shade of Shakespeare! Had he been buried in this country he would have risen today to expire again in agony.'"

### HAD FOLLOWED THE ADVICE

Lecturer Probably Was Not Proud of the Immediate Effect of His Discourse to the Students.

At a certain well-known medical college there is a staff lecturer who is never tired of dilating on the advantages of doctors being able to sleep at odd minutes. The gentleman in question, be it added, is as prosy in the enunciation of this theme as he is insistent upon it, wherefore he is affectionately known as "Cap-Naps."

He was for the hundredth time enlarging on his pet topic at the close of a long ninety minutes' discourse, something like this:

"And let me again impress upon you, young gentlemen, the prime necessity of training yourselves to that invaluable habit of sleeping here, there, and everywhere, whenever an unexpected fifteen minutes offers itself to recuperate your often exhausted energies. It may be in a car, with a ride ahead and no one at

### Finger Stall for Child.

Every mother of a small son knows how well nigh impossible it is to keep a bandage on his finger. Also, how frequently little boys' fingers are in need of bandaging. Before throwing away old kid gloves cut off the good fingers for "finger stalls" for the boy. Cut the under side short, but let the top run back to the wrist of the glove; then split this strip to form straps to fasten around the child's wrist with a small safety pin. These stalls will be quite large enough to cover the bandaged finger of a small child and will save endless time and worry, says Mothers' Magazine. For larger children use fingers from a man's glove.

### Repertee.

It is perfect, when it effects its purpose with a double edge. Repertee is the highest order of wit, as it speaks the coolest yet quickest exercise of genius, at a moment when the passions are roused.

Voltaire, on hearing the name of Haller mentioned to him by an English traveler at Ferney, burst forth into a violent panegyric upon him; his visitor told him that such praise was most disinterested, for that Haller by no means spoke so highly of him. "Well, well, n'importe," replied Voltaire, "perhaps we are both mistaken."

### EAT CHOCOLATE WITH FRUIT

Ideal Food Combination According to Writer Who Claims to Know Whereof He Speaks.

Some silly things have recently been said about chocolate, which have attempted with some air of authority to discount its value as an article of food, says the Lancet. Practical experience of course long ago decided in favor of the view that chocolate is a good sustaining food, and this finding is not surprising, having regard to the food substances which well-made chocolate contains.

Chocolate has been employed for its staying powers and its nutritive properties with considerable success in army maneuvers.

Chocolate can only do harm, in common with all good foods, when eaten to excess. Chocolate contains from 27 to about 60 per cent of sugar, from 20 to 45 per cent of fat, from 4 to 12 per cent of nitrogenous matter, from 2 to 3 per cent of mineral matter, and about 0.75 per cent of theobromine. It is therefore sweetmeat, food and stimulant.

Thus far the Lancet. Now comes Dr. J. Sim Wallace, an eminent London dentist, with a letter asserting that chocolate does a vast amount of harm, especially to the teeth, by being eaten between meals and before going to bed. He says it should be eaten toward the end of a meal and should always be followed by fresh fruit.

### The Nutshell.

The residents of a certain suburb of Chicago were for a time governed by a passion for giving sweet, poetical names to their "egates." There was one such man who built a handsome villa, calling it "The Nutshell." Thus was the home introduced to his friends and it became widely known. To the surprise of all, therefore, the name was one day suddenly changed to "Sylvan Nook," and a flood of inquiries soon began to pour in.

"Why have you given your home a new name?" a friend asked. "What was the matter with 'The Nutshell'?" "I got sick of being joshed about it," said the owner, with a sigh. "There isn't a boy within two miles hereabouts who hasn't stopped and rung the doorbell to ask if the colonel was in."—Lippincott's Magazine.

### Antiquity of Tennis.

Tennis is probably one of the most ancient ball games, and was a sport long before cricket was dreamed of. Though undoubtedly not existing during the Arthurian period, tennis, or as it was called "tenez," is mentioned in the Arthurian legends, written in 1500, and the Knights of the Round Table were pictured as engaged in the sport when the weather was too hot for tournaments or jousts. From a very simple beginning, and through many centuries, the intricacy of the game's rules have been developed. Its present name seems to be a corruption of the term "tenez," which the server used in the same way "ready" is called out now. In the beginning the name was "jeu de paume," taken from the fact that the ball was struck with the hands instead of with a racket. Later the hand was encased in a glove and still later the glove was covered with strings, running criss-cross, from which condition there was but a short step to the short-handled racket. In feudal times the courts were merely open grass plots, oftentimes the lawn of a castle, and not till late in the seventeenth century was the court in

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

# 1-4 OFF SALE

Jan. 15 Jan. 31

We call attention of all to our Mid Winter Sale which offers the greatest of all inducements to all Bargain Seekers this season.

For Fifteen Days we are offering the best that the market affords in Clothing, Ladies and Childrens Coats, Ladies Waists, Furs, Men's Fur Coats, Men's Sheep-Lined Coats, Sweaters, Mackinaws, Heavy Wool Pants, Heavy Work Shirts, Men's Winter Caps, Felt and Sheepskin Shoes, German Sox, Fur Driving Mitts, Mittens and Sox, Men's Suits and Overcoats, Woolen Dress Goods, Carpets, Etc.

## East Jordan Lumber Co.



## Briefs of the Week

Reno, the Magician, at Temple Theatre next Friday night.

Charlevoix Piquette Grange will meet with Maple Grove Grange, Thursday, February 20th.

The Harbor Springs High School Basket Ball Team play East Jordan teams this Friday evening.

The firm of Squire Mack Morris, has been dissolved by mutual consent. W. P. Squire will continue with the office.

Second number of the High School course of entertainments next Friday, when Reno, the Magician, will appear at the Temple Theatre.

Charles Wheaton of Boyne City was lodged in the county jail Thursday, to answer a charge of attempted criminal assault upon Mrs. John McCloud of that city.

"The Elopement of Ellen" a three-act comedy drama will be presented by the Senior Class of 1913 at Temple Theatre next Tuesday evening, Jan. 28th. Admission, 25c, 35c, and 50c.

Owing to the Erie-Marquette change of passenger schedule, a new schedule goes into effect on the East Jordan & Southern Railroad, Sunday. Trains will leave East Jordan at 7:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Will arrive at East Jordan from Bellaire at 10:30 a. m. and 10:00 p. m.

Frank Kotalik of Jordan township died at his home on Tuesday. He was buried on Thursday in the cemetery in the Bohemian Settlement. His sudden demise is greatly regretted as he was a good neighbor and loyal friend. He leaves a wife and three small children to whom the most heartfelt sympathy of the entire community goes out.

Mary, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanda, died at her mother's home on Wednesday night. She was seventeen years old and greatly loved and esteemed especially by the young people who loved her effusive companionship. She leaves a heartbroken mother, and three brothers, her father having died some two years ago. The funeral will take place on Saturday at 9:30 a. m. from the church in the Bohemian Settlement.

William Henry Hall, a well known Boyne City drayman, who resides on the corner of Boyne avenue and East Main street, was arrested yesterday on complaint of County Agent Madison, of East Jordan. The warrant was issued by Prosecutor Fitch and was issued in the court of Judge McCallum at East Jordan. Hall is charged with taking improper liberties with Anna Buckner a 14 year old girl who resides with her uncle, A. H. Clark, on Douglas street. The Buckner girl was taken to East Jordan Wednesday by the county agent, and a warrant was served on Hall the same eve. He is at present out on bonds furnished by J. S. Meacham but will be taken to East Jordan Friday by Deputy Sheriff Houghton. Prosecutor Fitch is in the city today investigating and obtaining evidence to be produced at Hall's hearing tomorrow.—Boyerne Journal. The hearing in the case was held before Justice McCallum, Friday morning and Hall was bound over to the Circuit Court, with bonds of \$1,000.

South Lake Lodge No. 180, Knights of Pythias, installed the following officers Thursday evening:  
C. C. L. C. Madison,  
V. C. Eugene Adams,  
Prelate, A. E. Cross,  
M. of W., George Bechtold,  
M. of A., Milo Fay,  
K. of R. and S., Ira D. Bartlett,  
M. of E., Harry Potter,  
M. of E., George G. Glenn,  
O. G., Allen Lancaster.

**STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN**

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$5,000

**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.

"The Elopement of Ellen" next Tuesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Talbot a daughter Thursday.

Ira Mills suffered a slight stroke of paralysis last week.

Miss Emma Severance is at Cadillac this week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Peck returned home from Detroit last week.

Mrs. A. Walstead returned home last week from Traverse City.

Will Webster is confined to his home with the grippe this week.

L. C. Madison was a Charlevoix and Boyne City business visitor this week.

The Eighth grade boys are working at the ice getting ready for skating.

Mrs. Mort Tyner, who is at a hospital in Detroit, is reported as improving.

Laurence Lemieux of Flint is at home over Sunday visiting his parents.

J. H. Graff and Bert Reid went to Bad Axe Monday to finish up some work.

Mrs. John O'Neill of Phelps is guest of her daughter Mrs. Peter Hipp.

Miss Leona Jewell of Scottville is guest of her cousin Miss Myrtle Lucia.

Charles Hanson went to Grand Rapids on Monday last for a short business trip.

Clifford Springsstead of Central Lake was an East Jordan business visitor this week.

Mrs. Charles Quick of Nashville is guest of Mr. and Mrs. Addison Stewart for a short time.

Mrs. O. S. Sunstedt was called to Manistee last week by the illness of her mother.

Ellis Malpass, who has been at Keshish for some time is at home for a short visit.

Mr. Hill of Elk Rapids was guest of his son, Arthur and family latter part of last week.

Mrs. Joseph Zehle had the misfortune to sprain her ankle quite severely one day recently.

The Electa Club Party at their hall Tuesday afternoon was much enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Eliza Lee of Munising is visiting at the home of Mr. Lee and family, north of town.

Fr. Kroboth was a Manistee visitor this week, attending a conference of the Manistee Deanery.

Mrs. Chaplain returned home, Tuesday, from a fortnight's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Alex Weldy.

Miss Bertha Shier returned home of Thursday eve from Traverse City where she is teaching.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Miles a son, Wednesday.

A. Cameron returned home from Detroit, Thursday eve.

W. C. Spring is able to be out again after a week of sickness.

Mrs. Lou Sheldon who was seriously ill last week is improving.

Miss Carrie Moon of Alanson is guest of East Jordan friends.

Mrs. H. H. Onmjins is confined to her home with illness this week.

A few Choice Pieces of CHINA going of cost at Miss A. M. Kneal's. (adv.)

Mrs. Chas. Johnson and children, are visiting relatives at Green River.

Godfrey McDonald of Ironton was an East Jordan visitor on Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs. Myron Durand now occupy rooms in Mrs. M. C. Isamau's home.

Dr. Yardon was called to Detroit Sunday evening last by the illness of his child.

The Electa Club will meet with Mrs. Ed. Price next Tuesday afternoon, January 28th.

Will Balmittel fell on the ice one day recently and the result is a badly sprained ankle.

Tom Whittier received a telegram Thursday stating his mother had died at Chicago.

A. Bruce Ball, secretary of Charlevoix County's Rural Y. M. C. A. was an East Jordan visitor this week.

Miss Emma Harvey of Pite Lake has returned home from a visit with her sister, Mrs. H. A. Brockway.

Mrs. Harry Potter and daughter Jacqueline returned Friday last from an extended visit with relatives at Chicago.

Spring opening of WHITE GOODS at the East Jordan Lumber Co's Store next week. A fine line of EMBROIDERIES included. (adv.)

F. H. Thayer, who has been employed at Mack Jeweler's store has accepted a position with the Keystone Watch Co. of New York.

Notice these prices in EMBROIDERIES—15 inch Flourings, only 20c; Curset Cover embroidery, 5c and 18c, at the East Jordan Lumber Co's store.

Anthony Steffes of Wyandotte and sister, Mrs. Gertrude Roselle of Monroe, are in our city to attend the funeral of their brother, Richard F. Steffes.

Miss Jennie Boosinger went to Cold Water with a dependant boy for County Agent Madison on Tuesday, and will visit her people at Lansing for a week before returning home.

JOHN G. CARLSON, Chiropractor, office at the corner of Main and Garfield Streets. Office hours, 10:00 to 12:00 A. M. and 2:00 to 5:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 P. M. Phone 36. Consultation, free.

James Milford is confined to his home this week from the injury he received last week when a flying crank of a gasoline engine struck him in the forehead. Inflammation set in and his forehead is badly swollen.

Quite a business change took place last Saturday when the partnership existing between James Milford and Paul Schelle was dissolved. Mr. Milford to continue with the business Milford and Schelle purchased the Sherman market over a year ago and have conducted a successful market.

Mr. Milford has had a wide experience in handling groceries and meats and will undoubtedly continue to make that store one of the leading markets of our city.

The W. C. T. U. and Civic Society took a ride last week, Friday; it was originally intended for a sleigh ride, but as the "Beautiful" disappeared the night before, we had to go with our equipage on wheels. We wended our way to Mrs. James Howey's two and one-half miles from the City and spent a very pleasant afternoon. Mrs. Heston President of W. C. T. U. presiding with her most pleasing manner, and entertained right royally by our genial hostess with a delicious lunch, and a hearty invitation to come again, which we shall eagerly accept, when strawberries gather the rich bloom on their cheeks, and the roses scatter their perfume in the air.

## Mayor Steffes Passes Away

### Stricken With Apoplexy, Lives Only Few Days.

A gloom was cast over our citizens Tuesday evening when it was learned that Mayor Richard F. Steffes had died from the effects of an apopleptic stroke received Sunday evening.

"Dick" as we all called him, was about the city Sunday in seemingly good health. In the evening, while in one of our stores he was stricken with apoplexy. He was removed to the Russell House, where he was stopping owing to his home being quarantined with scarlet fever, and everything possible was done for the unfortunate man. He never seemed to regain any and he passed to the beyond early Tuesday evening.

Funeral services will be held from the Russell House Sunday afternoon at 2:30 conducted by Rev. T. Porter Bennett.

Richard F. Steffes was born at Monroe, Mich., July 28th, 1873. On Oct. 6th, 1900, he was united in marriage to Miss Rose Shier at Charlevoix. Three children were born to them two daughters and one son—Frances Fayon, aged nine years, Bertha Kathryn, aged six years, and Richard Earl, aged four years. Deceased was a member of F. and A. M., K. of P., Elks, Woodman, Maccabees, and Moose.

Mayor Steffes was a resident of East Jordan for thirteen years, owning the cigar manufactory here. He has held several public offices of trust being deputy sheriff for several years treasurer of South Arm township, and village trustee. He was East Jordan's second mayor under city government.

With the death of Mayor Steffes, there passes from our midst a man who was true to himself, true to his convictions, and true to his fellowmen. Those who knew the man most intimately realized his true worth, and the heartfelt sympathy of our entire city goes out to his bereaved family in their hour of sorrow.

## Orvis-Metz Nuptials.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Carrie E. Orvis near Eveline Orchards, Jan. 15, when her daughter Josephine was united in marriage to George W. Metz.

Rev. C. E. Taggart of Charlevoix officiated, using the ring service. Miss Effie Mascho acted as maid of honor and Everette Orvis, brother of the bride as groomsman. The wedding march was played by Jessie Metz, the grooms sister.

The bride was attired in a gown of white wool whipcord trimmed with white satin and Valenciennes shadow lace. The maid of honor wore white wool peplorcord trimmed with rose messaline. Immediately after the ceremony the guests partook of a very sumptuous dinner served in three courses.

The young couple received numerous gifts of value. The many friends of the popular young people wish them a long life of happiness and prosperity.

## First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. T. Porter Bennett, Pastor.

10:30 "Where art Thou?" will be the subject of the morning address, in connection with the special services that are going on in this church. Do not fail to attend, you will know you are welcome if you attend.

11:45 Sunday School. This school is managed by an excellent corps of teachers; every scholar is wanted to be present next Sunday. We were glad to see the new scholars last Sunday, remember a class awaits you.

6:15 Epworth League. Miss Gertrude Bretz, Leader. Will you not attend?

"We have all said it," this will be the theme of the address that the pastor will take for the evening service. Good singing, a wide-awake service. Come Last Sunday night was the greatest service that the pastor has conducted since he has been pastor of this church. The meetings through-out the week have been very successful. A number of new ones have entered the fight against unbelief, ungodliness, and every form of evil in our City. The large congregation Thursday night voted unanimously to have the meetings continued another week at least. The following will be the subjects for next week.

Monday, "Saying Power of God." Tuesday, "True Joy." Wednesday, "Excuses." Thursday, "Prodigal Son." Friday "Heaven and its call to us."

Some men seem to have the happy faculty of being able to recognize their duty in time to sidestep it.

OUR JANUARY  
**Clearing Sale**  
is now on and will continue until the end of the month.  
Goods are being moved rapidly and you should come at once to secure a good assortment.

**L. WEISMAN**

**2,000 Cords  
Kiln Wood  
Wanted!**

SPECIFICATIONS and PRICES ON APPLICATION.  
**East Jordan Clay Products Co.**

**Trees Trees Trees**

Special Prices for a Short Time on  
**Apple, Cherry and Peach**

Trees and our usual Low Prices on other stock.  
Send a list of your wants.  
Our Catalogue is Free to Planters.

**Grand Rapids Nursery Co.**  
Retail Dep't, Ashton Building  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

**MAKING GOOD**

You do not care to know what one person out of a hundred would do, but what 100 out of a hundred would do if they tried a pound of our Coffee. We will tell you; they will always buy their Coffee at Milford's Market.

We handle these brands of **Coffee**

Karavan Club 28c Blue Seal 35c  
"M. H. G." 35c Table Talk 28c  
Swiss Villa, 40c XXXX 25c  
Barrington Hall 45c "Keep Fresh 25c

**JAMES MILFORD**



# Samoan Ceremonials

OF E. W. Pickard



ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO THE KING

WITH the mild persistence characteristic of their race, the natives of Samoa have declined to permit the white man to abolish the habits and customs that developed in their beautiful islands during the long centuries before the conquering stranger came. They have dropped their primitive religion and become Christians—on the surface, at least. The "mission girls" allow themselves to be clad from neck to heel in white "Mother Hubbards" and in Apia all the women wear some scanty covering for the upper part of the body, though none of them will put on shoes and stockings except while attending church. But in most other respects these lovable brown people live as they always have lived.

This is notably true concerning the ceremonies, those of daily observance as well as those which mark some great occasion. It was my good fortune to be in Samoa at a time when it was possible to witness various ceremonials not often seen. Mataafa was recently dead. Mataafa was elected king by a majority of the people and Tanoa had been chosen by the minority and what was more important, by the Protestant missionaries. From all parts of the little archipelago the adherents of Mataafa had assembled on Mullinui Point, just outside Apia, and there took place almost daily some decidedly picturesque doings.

Greatest and best of these, naturally, was the coronation of the white-haired old chief, though the word is a misnomer for there was no crown.

Mataafa sat alone in the center of a large open space, and all around, in the shelter of palms and banana trees, were thousands of natives and the entire white population of Upolu island. The king's own house was turned over to the consuls, naval officers and other distinguished persons. When all was ready five "ancient" talking men representing the chief districts, advanced within a hundred feet of Mataafa and delivered long addresses to him upon his duties as ruler, concluding with the administering of what passed for the oath of office. The king replied with utmost dignity, rising to speak, and the talking men thereupon closed in on him and anointed his head with a sacred oil. His majesty then retired amid the loud cheers of his people, and the rest of the afternoon and the evening was given up to feasting. The innocent revelers were not lessened by the fact that bloody war was imminent. On the other side of the town were encamped the forces of Tanoa, and to precipitate the conflict there was needed only the decision of the white judge of the supreme court that Mataafa's election was invalid. That came later, and so did the fighting.

Next day we all went out again to see a "talo," or food procession. Once more Mataafa sat in state, and before him filed his subjects, a long line of men, women and children. Leading the delegation from each district or village was its special taupo, the maiden who is designated official hostess of her village and who retains the office until her marriage. She was attired only in the old-time lava, or skirt of bark cloth, and her ornaments consisted of flowers, wreaths and plenty of palm oil. Chanting some ancient song in archaic language, she danced in advance of the slowly moving and chanting procession for some fifty yards and then waited until the talking men who led it reached her side. This was repeated all along the beautiful pathway until the "throne" was reached. As each person passed the king he or she tossed in a heap before his majesty some article of food. One might bring a live pig, trussed up but squealing; another a squawking fowl, or a fish wrapped in fresh leaves; another a huge bunch of bananas, or a basket of pineapples. But not one was without his offering, even if it was but a breadfruit or a piece of taro. So dancing and singing, the parade passed, and then, without any sense of the ridiculous, broke up, turned back and helped the king eat up all the gifts. That was indeed a monster feast.

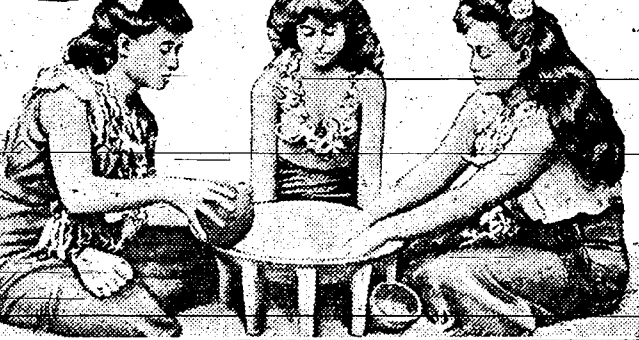
Perhaps the people ate up Mataafa's food with the less compunction because they knew how abstemious he was. One morning I called on his majesty by appointment and found him at his breakfast. The royal meal consisted of a bowl of kava and two bananas, big purple ones of a variety not known here; and the king courteously offered to share the fruit with me. Grave, side-looking and big physically, mentally and morally, Mataafa sat there cross-legged in his simple hut and chatted with me about his loved friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, munching his banana and driving away the flies with his fly-flapper. He was a true nobleman and his death last summer deserved more than the four-line



SAMOAN GIRL IN WEDDING ATTIRE



TAUPO AND TALKING MEN LEADING THE TALOLO



SAMOAN GIRLS MAKING KAVA

Perhaps the German papers paid some tribute to his memory, for the Germans in Samoa, though they could not maintain him on the throne against the Americans and the British, recognized his worth by making him high chief of German Samoa after the partition of the islands.

The making and drinking of kava is a daily ceremony of the Samoan household. Kava is their ordinary beverage, but there is never any relaxation of the formal etiquette connected with its consumption. It is made and served usually quite early in the morning. Already the members of the family have taken their daily bath in the sea or, preferably, in a stream or fresh water pool, and the women have dressed their abundant black locks. The big wooden kava bowl is taken down from the hut post and the maidens prepare the dried root of the piper methysticum. Formerly they chewed it after carefully rinsing out their mouths, but in later times it usually is grated. One of the girls sits in front of the bowl and pours water upon the kava, meanwhile stirring it with a mass of fibrous root which serves as a strainer. This from time to time she tosses over her shoulder to another girl, who shakes from it the debris and throws it back into the bowl. Every motion, the stirring, the tossing, the shaking, is done in a stated way that must not vary.

Finally the drink is brewed and the fact is announced by the clapping of hands. This is a general invitation to everyone within hearing to enter and participate, and the sound is a welcome one to the thirsty wayfarer. Neighbor and stranger are alike welcome. When all are seated in a circle as large as the house permits, the maiden who made the kava proceeds to serve it. Filling to the brim the polished, thin shell of a half a coconut, she sends it by another girl to the member of the household or the guest who is highest in rank. He receives the shell in both hands, and with the salutation "manua"—good health and fortune—empties it at a single draught. To remove the cup from the lips before it is empty is a serious breach of etiquette. The newcomer in the islands finds this somewhat of a task, for at first kava is not a delectable beverage, tasting much like soapuds. But the liking for the drink grows rapidly and one soon admits that it is both refreshing and delightful.

Having emptied his cup of kava, the drinker returns the shell to the maiden by spinning it across the floor, never by the hand of the girl who brought it to him. My first attempt to do this sent the cup so far wide of the mark that it altogether upset the gravity of the occasion and covered me with confusion.

Not only in the morning does the kava drinking take place. It marks all important events or conferences, and once it was my privilege to be present when every single point of old-time etiquette was rigidly observed, even to the chewing of the kava root by the maidens. I had carried to Mullinui an important bit of information for the Mataafa leaders—a tip that the British were to land a party of marines to search the point for weapons—and while the guns were being hastily concealed in the bush or carried aboard canoes, the leaders were assembled to discuss the news. As they talked three really handsome taupo maidens prepared the kava in the good old-fashioned way, and so nicely was it done that I had no desire to decline the cup even

notice it received in the newspapers.

If common courtesy had not demanded that I accept it without hesitation.

"Perhaps in writing of ceremonies the marriage ceremony should not be omitted. But that rite, as we know it, really is omitted by the Samoans, except those who have been educated by the missionaries. The latter always demand a "mission marriage," but other natives still are satisfied with the ancient forms, which consist in the main of an exchange of presents and a feast. Divorce with them is even easier, for the dissatisfied one merely leaves his or her mate. But while the marriage is in force the Samoan sets an example to more civilized peoples in the matter of conjugal faithfulness. Lack of dress does not necessarily mean laxity of morals, the opinion of the casual tourist; to the contrary notwithstanding.

### HOW ANIMALS LIVE IN WINTER.

Winter is coming, and the wild creatures in the north are preparing for the cold months. Some, like the squirrel, store up food, but many more go to bed to sleep through the cold days when food is scarce. This winter sleep is called hibernation.

Each animal chooses some comfortable place for its long rest. The woodchuck rolls up in a burrow in the hillside; the coon and bear find caves among the rocks. Many of the warm-blooded animals do not sleep all winter, but take long naps from which they awaken on warm days.

The cold-blooded creatures hibernate, too. Snakes knot themselves up under a log or rock; toads, wood frogs and tortoises push down in the soft earth; mud turtles and water frogs bury themselves in the bottom of shallow streams and ponds.

They all sleep until hunger wakes them, and the first thing they do in the spring is to hunt for a good meal.

If you want to see something hibernate it is easy to keep a box tortoise or a water turtle all winter in a box of earth and moss with a pan of water at one side.

Before they go to sleep don't forget to feed them every two or three days bits of raw meat or earthworms. They do not care to eat every day and are able to go a long time without food.

A box tortoise which a boy has had in the house for two years went to sleep the first winter just as though he were out in the cold, but the second winter he only took short naps and had become so tame he would eat out of the hand.—Mabel R. Goodlander in the Churchman.

### A Slight Mistake.

"What are you doing here? I should not think such an out-and-out horseman as you would find pleasure in a musical farce."

"I don't care anything about the farce. I came to see the ponies they said were in the piece."

### Mutual Distrust.

"You wouldn't tell a trusting girl things you didn't mean, would you?"

"No, indeed," he answered. "Say, you wouldn't ring in a dictograph on a fellow, would you now?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Superfluous.

"Why does a ship have to have an anchor?"

"To keep her fast when she is at a port or where she wants to stop."

"But doesn't she always keep her hold?"

## LIFE IN THE HAREM

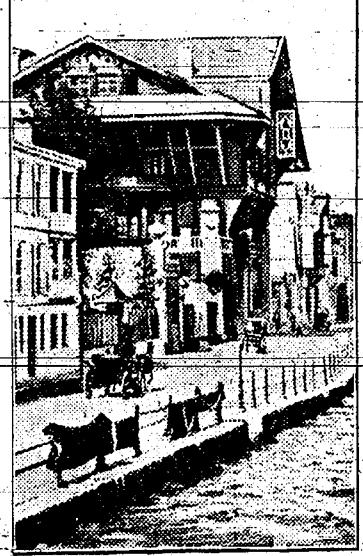
### Hospitality and Luxury in a Turkish Home.

#### Women Spend Their Time Playing Cards, Listening to Professional Story-Tellers and Eating—Perfume Baths Taken.

Constantinople.—Hospitality among the Turks is carried to a fine art. A short time ago it was my privilege, writes a correspondent, to spend some weeks in the harem of the son-in-law of one of Turkey's greatest generals, whose leg, shot off in the battle of Plevna, was buried in a cemetery side by side with the body of his grandchild. My hostess knew nothing but Turkish. She was young, beautiful and happy. Sixty slaves were always ready to do her bidding—not slaves in our sense of the word, but more like adopted children.

The square, spacious house stood in a lovely garden, and was divided into two portions, one-half (the haremlik) occupied by women and the other half (the salamluk) by men. The sofas and chairs in the drawing-room were covered with red and yellow silk, and here ladies and slaves, all wearing loose garments, like dressing gowns, sat for hours chatting or playing cards or backgammon, or listening to the tales of the miradjis, the professional women story-tellers. They have no regular hours for meals, snacks of food being brought to them at all hours. They did not sit at table in the dining-room, where the host entertained his friends and where foreign ladies were admitted.

Visits to a harem are looked upon as an indefinite thing. Some of the ladies staying in the house had arrived with a small bundle of clothes for a few days and had stayed on more than a year. On an embroidered carpet in one corner of the room a large tray on short legs held all courses of each meal, placed there before the repast began. Women, old and young, in picturesque, flowing garments and swathed heads, handed delicious stews, one or two meats, and vegetables and rice in every form. The windows opened from the inside, behind wooden, immovable lattices. Flower baths were a great institution. There were baths of rose leaves and baths of heliotrope—rose petals were rubbed in the hair and



Summer Quarters of a Wealthy Turkish Family.

scalp and over the whole body. The ordinary Turkish baths were built away from the house and seemed to be occupied all day long. Until the age of twelve boys remain in the harem. At thirteen or fourteen girls don the tchertchaf or veil and are considered fit for marriage.

There is many a bride of fifteen with a husband of seventeen. Marriages are arranged by the two families; the bridegroom does not see the bride until after the marriage ceremony, when he raises the veil. If he omits to do this she remains his official wife only in name. Each Turk is allowed by the Koran to have four legal wives; but most of them nowadays are satisfied with one.

### "FAT JOB" IS DISCOVERED

\$9,000 Position in Missouri Is Revived After a Lapse of Thirteen Years.

St. Louis.—A state appointive office, with fees estimated at \$9,000 a year, which has been overlooked for 13 years, was filed for the first time with the appointment by State Auditor Gordon of Thomas Bond, a young attorney, as the auditor's local counsel in the collection of the collateral inheritance tax. How the lucrative position had been overlooked so long, politicians are at a loss to understand.

### TWO BEANS TAKEN FROM MAN

Doctor Removes Pellets, One of Which Had Begun to Sprout, From Ear Tube.

San Bernardino, Cal.—Two beans, one of which had sprouted into an embryo plant, were removed from the head of a Mexican laborer here by Dr. H. V. Beeson. For months the man had complained of severe pains. The beans had entered his head through his left ear. The growing plant was nearly an inch long, and apparently had flourished in the ear tube.

## BLAME PLACED ON PHYSICIANS

### Growth of Drug Habit in United States Alleged to Be Due to Opiates Ordered in Prescriptions.

That 99 per cent. of all the cocaine and morphine manufactured in this country is used by persons who have formed the drug habit through physicians' prescriptions is the startling statement made by Dr. L. F. Kebler, Chief of the Division of Drugs, Department of Agriculture. This statement, and others, proving that physicians and not "patent" medicines are responsible for the appalling growth of drug addiction in the United States was made by Dr. Kebler in an address at Washington, before the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Narcotics.

Dr. Kebler is quoted by Washington papers as having declared that drug using had increased 100 per cent. in the last 40 years, and that American medical men were not discriminating enough in their use of opiates. Their overindulgence to their patients, he said, is creating thousands of drug users every year.

"It is a very sad thing to say that our physicians are doing the greatest work in promoting the use of cocaine and morphine," said the doctor. "State laws are not saving the public from the grip of the drug habit, and the American public is sinking tighter and tighter into the black abyss of the morphine and cocaine fiend."

"The worst of it is that the importation of opium into the country is becoming larger and larger year by year. I have heard it said on reliable authority that 99 per cent. of the cocaine and morphine manufactured in this country is used by persons who have formed the habit through doctors' prescriptions."

Almost simultaneously with Dr. Kebler's address, Dr. J. A. Patterson, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in a public statement said that 19 out of every 20 patients who come to an institution with which he is connected for treatment for the drug habit owe their downfall to physicians' prescriptions.

### Eager for His Rights.

As little Freddie had reached the mature age of three, and was about to discard petticoats for manly raiment in the form of knickerbockers, his mother determined to make the occasion a memorable one. The Bristol Times tells what happened.

The breakfast table was laden with good fare as the newly-breeched infant was led into the room. "Ah!" cried the proud mother, "now you are a little man!"

The fledgling was in ecstasies. Displaying his garments to their full advantage, he edged closer to his mother, and whispered: "Mumple, can I call pa Bill now?"—Youth's Companion.

### SHORT ON BROTHERLY LOVE

Luckily William Had Grace Enough to Remember That Henry Was Sacred.

William was not kind to his small brother Henry; in fact, he looked upon him as a nuisance, a scourge sent from heaven to try his spirit and spoil his fun. Especially that day was Henry a thorn in the older boy's flesh. In his efforts to rid himself of his burden, William resorted to all the methods the mind of youth suggested, but in vain. Henry continued to stick as close, if not closer, than a brother.

"William," finally said the boy's father, who had witnessed, unheard, the final paroxysm of the unequal struggle, "you should be ashamed of yourself to treat your little brother in that way! He ought to be sacred to you!"

William made no reply; but shortly afterward, believing himself to be free of surveillance, he was heard to address Henry thus: "Always tag'din' after me! If you weren't sacred I'd break your blamed face for you!"—The Sunday Magazine.

### STEADY HAND.

A Surgeon's Hand Should Be the Firmest of All.

"For fifteen years I have suffered from insomnia, indigestion and nervousness as a result of coffee drinking," said a surgeon the other day. "Tea is equally injurious because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee."

"The dyspepsia became so bad that I had to limit myself to one cup at breakfast. Even this caused me to lose my food soon after I ate it."

"All the attendant symptoms of indigestion, such as heart burn, palpitation, water brash, wakefulness or disturbed sleep, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, etc., were present to such a degree as to incapacitate me for my practice as a surgeon."

"The result of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum was simply marvelous. The change was wrought forthwith, my hand steadied and my normal condition of health was restored." Name given upon request. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown. Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers—50-cup tin 30 cts., 100-cup tin 50 cts.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Adv.







