

FEMININE HABITS CHANGING.

If any boys run away nowadays it is not to sea, or if a few do their fireroom experiences do not lead to fame or wealth, says the New York Times. But several recent episodes hint that there is a "new girl," as well as a "new woman," and that she is inclined to give a belated imitation of the "old boy," now vanished or vanishing. This product of the age manifests the restlessness once monopolized by boys—she wants to be independent and self-supporting—she is tired of protection and advice. So she runs away. As yet, apparently, she does not often run far or stay long. In her case parents do not utter a philosophical, "Oh, well, she'll get along somehow and may learn wisdom from hardship!" They know her dangers, they get excited and they rush to the police for help. Then comes what must be painful notoriety to the runaway, but better than that a near worse, and the fear of it must have a wholesome deterrent effect. Come to think of it, the "old girl" did sometimes run away, but it was always to escape a compulsion into a distasteful marriage, not to seek fame or fortune. At present, to force a girl to wed against her will has become almost as nearly impossible as to stop her from following her own inclinations—which was never easy—and the orthodox excuse is lacking. Whether or not those replacing it are better time will doubtless tell, but only constitutional pessimists will consult their arterio-sclerosis for an answer to that question.

Italian engineers have finished what may be called an irrigation survey of Western Tripoli. They report that three-quarters of the 10,000 square miles lying between the mountains and the coast can be watered from wells. Some wells drilled on this survey are free flowing; in others the water must be pumped. At present this land bears about one crop in four years. With irrigation and Italian peasants to manage the soil it will bear not less than two crops per year. Farther east, where the mountains sink to desert level and disappear in sand dunes, rainfall is less, and problems of irrigation are not so easy to solve. Still farther in the same direction, in Cyrenaica, another mountain chain rises, and with the hills come life-giving rains. "There is a hole in the sky above this place," as old Greek colonists used to say. If Italy ever can finish guerrilla warfare of hostile desert tribes she will have a colony worth while.

Fashion's latest fable in feminine society is that a sort of Chinese method of securing small feet should be adopted. Dresses are being worn so short that dainty feet are desirable, but the modern girl has mostly enlarged on the pedal dimensions owned by her grandmother. So the beauty inventor has, according to a lady's paper, arranged an appliance for reducing the feet. It is a bandage of rubber-charged with astringent chemicals that are said to absorb the superfluous tissue in a remarkable way. Only the wealthy can indulge in the fad, for the chemicals are costly, but scores of women, we are told, are depriving themselves of things they really need in order to cable with this device and its luxurious lotions.

It was recently announced that extensive coal deposits have been discovered at Udi, southern Nigeria, west Africa. The test carried out by the government and the analyses at the Imperial Institute in London are said to have given results equal to two-thirds of the best Welsh coal. It is added that a survey for a railroad to connect this coal field with the river port of Onitsha is being carried out. The importance of this line, as affording cheap fuel for the two Nigerias, would be very great, while it would make for the development of the trade of this rich district and the settlement of internal disputes among the natives of the hinterland. The lignite deposits to the west of the Niger are also said to be valuable and that those at Okpanam vary from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness.

After all has been said and done regarding the apparel of the fair sex the ladies will continue to do as they have always done—wear what they want and when they want.

Now is the time to lay in next winter's supply of coal. Providing, of course, you don't think you need the money more for something else. Which you probably do.

The fellow who sells his high-powered, much snorting automobile, and then takes to riding in his wife's cute little electric, feels akin to the way he did when he was a little chap and his mother made him go to school in girls' shoes.

Democracy Among Boys and Girls in Schools

By CLARA BANCROFT BEATLEY

A democracy has been called a form of society in which every man has a chance and knows that he has it. In our public schools every boy has a chance. He knows that he has it. A clear way is provided for merit in whatever guise it may appear.

It is not my purpose to compare in general the worth of our public and of our private schools, or to lament that necessity of protest which has brought private schools into being. In the growth of institutions, as in the development of man, there is ever "something to cast off—something to become." The public school system has had its share of attendant defects which private schools have sought to lessen or to remedy. It is fair to say, however, that in the attempt to reach the ideal of democracy the public school takes precedence, not only of private schools, but of all other institutions. In the nature of its constituency, the public school provides opportunities of contact which within wise limits must ever be the basis of democratic society.

To unite people, young or old, in human associations of any kind, depends upon the ability to overcome certain instinctive prejudices. We need to rise above the tendency to put people into classes according to superficial marks of feature or of color. We need to see the individual rather than the class.

In the public schools throughout our land a social life based upon this lighter form of thinking is slowly but surely evolving. Inherited prejudices are laid aside, as character, ability, and the capacity for good comradeship come to the front, and win their rightful recognition. In a country in which the people is sovereign, it is important that the boys and girls who are to grow into sovereign power learn this great lesson of individual worth—that they cease to class one another according to race or religion, wealth or artificial power, that they be lifted into the larger thought of true neighborliness.

Clashes have no place in a public school. Secret societies are excluded as a menace to the democratic ideal. The common tasks, the daily recreations, the mutual enjoyment of the columns of the school paper, the sympathetic appreciation of the virtues and the foibles of teachers, the pride of the school's standing in the community, these are the interests that unconsciously lift the boys and girls into a social life that binds them for all the years to come in the joy of a happy retrospect.

The time is coming, I believe, when our boys and girls through the instruction of especially trained teachers, will better understand their relations to each other in the home and in society, and the foundations laid for a higher social order. I believe that inquiry would prove that cities which have adopted the co-educational plan would be able to present facts that would wipe away every vestige of ancient prejudice. I write this in full appreciation of the difficulties of such a plan, and in equal faith that they may be surmounted.

Clara Bancroft Beatley

Only Persons of Sound Health Should Marry

By Dr. J. P. MOORE, San Francisco

Physicians in nearly every state in the Union are now advocating that medical certificates shall be presented by persons who desire to be married. Tuberculosis is an awful disease, and persons who have contracted it should not be married. Education of the masses is necessary before the plan can be properly carried out. Parents should be educated by members of the medical profession, and they in turn should educate their sons and daughters. The matter should be taken up in the public schools. The teachers should be instructed so they can impart their knowledge to the children under them. The plan of requiring medical certificates before marriage is not new. The question has interested the public for 4,000 years. The ancients had to confront it. Now there is a national association to fight the white plague. Recently a resolution was offered in congress with a view toward compelling men to secure clean bills of health before marriage.

There is not a medical society in this country that has not discussed the matter, and it will not be very long before each state in the Union has a law compelling all persons to present a certificate.

The boards of health in all large cities have considered the matter and many of them have passed resolutions advocating the health certificates.

When only persons of sound health are married it will be one of the greatest steps that has ever been taken to stamp out contagious diseases.

Cats Prove Worth by Killing Rats and Mice

By H. D. JARRETT, Chicago

The cat taxing problem should be held up for reconsideration. Cats are undesirable only in so far as they spread disease, although their occasional duets on the back fence create some adverse comment. On the other hand, they are decidedly a benefit. There is little doubt that they are the workingman's best friends. If it were not for the cat, what about the rat? I think Chicago would have to call upon the fabled "Piper."

Rats and mice eat the workingman's hard-earned food to the value of thousands of dollars. If they were permitted to multiply undisturbed, imagine the value of the food this army of rodents would consume. Likewise they spread disease to a greater extent than do cats. Perhaps the Chinese plague question will throw some light on that point.

Cats do not simply drive out rodents as do some of the advertised "rat catchers." They catch, kill and consume their prey. Why tax a necessity for which no adequate substitute has been found while the rich are permitted luxuries on which either a very small tax or none at all is levied?

European Trip Made by Means of Cattle Boat

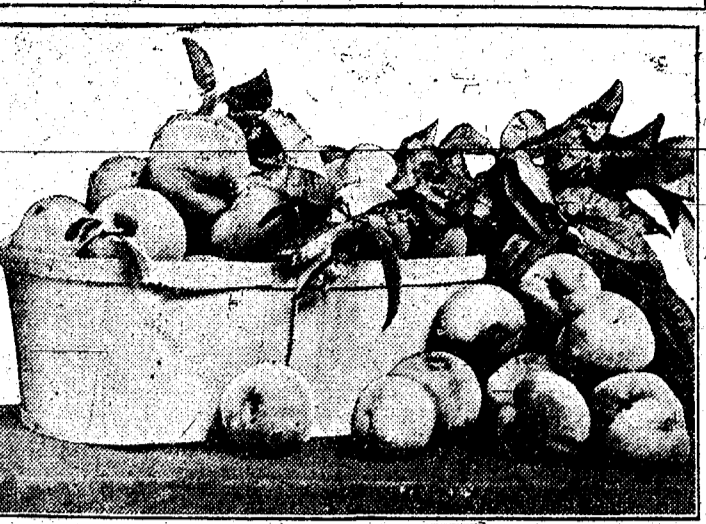
By E. C. JENSEN, Chicago

I made a trip to Europe by cattle boat years ago. Of course, a fellow has to rough it a little, but it is certainly a good experience for any young man. The work is not disagreeable, nor is it hard for any man who is used to work. I have passed two seasons in the harvest field, and the work on the boat is a snap compared to this. You are not compelled to "sleep with the cattle." Each man is provided with two blankets and a bunk or berth to sleep in.

I sailed from Boston and landed in Liverpool. We were twelve days making the trip. I enjoyed it more than anything I had ever attempted.

I passed nearly five months in Europe on very little money and visited England, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, Norway and Sweden and returned from Copenhagen, Denmark, arriving in New York after eleven days on the water.

SOME REMINDERS FOR THE ORCHARDIST



A New Seedling Peach—Unusual Variety.

(By BESSIE L. PUTNAM)

Whenever we see a farmer, particularly in the peach belts, buying peaches, we feel that one part of his education has been neglected. There are scores of communities in which about one-half of the residents grow their own peaches and the other half buy from them and then emit a wail that they cannot grow peaches themselves.

Peaches perhaps do best on sandy soil, but a good clay soil, thoroughly enriched and cultivated is now growing in many parts of the country excellent fruit.

No matter how thrifty our peach orchard may be constant planting is necessary to keep it thoroughly up to the mark because they develop and mature rapidly and are, therefore, short-lived. Peach trees decay more than any other fruit tree.

No reason now why fruit should not go to market packed in the most attractive manner. Boxes and hampers are now being made of paper and are just as cheap as wood.

There is almost as much in the selling of the fruit as in raising it and fruit that is well packed in attractive packages always brings the best prices.

It is a sad mistake to plant young trees in the midst of old and worm-eaten trees, particularly when no attention is paid to the eradication of insects.

It is permissible to allow a saw in

the orchard occasionally, but it becomes pretty nearly being a crime to take an axe among the trees.

Not much use to spray for leaf curl after the buds break. We tried to convince a man of this fact when we saw him spraying along the middle of June. He said he was spraying to prevent leaf curl, but did not know what caused it. Do you?

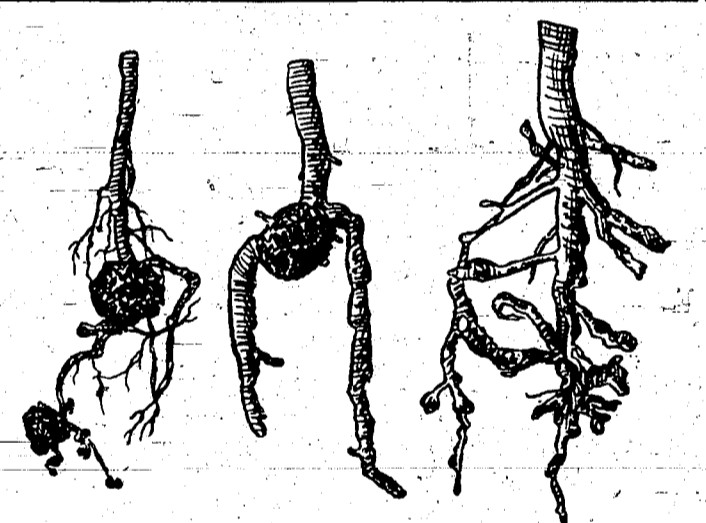
How many fine orchards we have seen ruined by allowing a top-heavy growth. The way some people treat their orchards one would imagine that they gave their trees credit for possessing human intelligence and the power to protect themselves from enemies and to rid themselves of disease.

The ground newly set trees should be firmed frequently for at least a year as otherwise they are apt to be blown out of line by the strong winds.

Do not be afraid to thin the fruit on the trees. Rub off the apples and peaches until one is left every five or six inches. It takes grit to do this, but you will have better and larger fruit if you will follow the plan.

Orchard soil must be rich in organic matter and for that purpose if for no other clover crops are valuable. Orchard ground should not be cultivated later than August first because cultivation keeps the sap running and the trees must have time to stop growing and harden before winter comes on.

"CROWN GALL" DESTROYS MANY TREES



"Crown Gall" on Peach "Crown Gall" on Apple "Nematode Galls" on Peach Roots.

(By F. W. CARD.)

There is a mysterious disease becoming very prevalent throughout the country at large of which as yet comparatively little is known. Its effects are apparent and familiar in many sections, but its cause has not been definitely determined. The name "root knot" would be the most natural one by which to designate it, but in using the term it is liable to be confused with another disease due to an entirely different cause. The name "Crown Gall" has been applied to it in California and hence will probably be retained though the knotty growths are not confined to the crown of the plant. It is characterized by a rough, knotty growth at the surface of the ground. This growth usually encloses the entire stem or main root at this point, and smaller knots frequently appear on the lateral roots deeper in the ground.

It is known to be more or less common in Europe. In Germany it is believed to be the result of injury to the roots received in cultivation or in some other way. In our own country it is more or less commonly known in many sections, and doubtless occurs throughout the greater portion of the United States.

The only treatment that can be recommended at present is to vigorously exclude all affected plants when setting. No one can afford to plant such trees under any circumstances. The risk is too great and the chance of ever getting any profitable return from them far too small. Of course it is always desirable that the trees or plants should be obtained from nurseries where the disease does not exist, but it is not always possible to do this. The next best thing to do is to burn every tree in the orchard found to be affected.

Humus is Essential.

Our old friend Humus does not stand much of a show with some farmers. They have not yet learned that in order to make material to last through the crop rotation we must plow under grass sod and other crops of that kind. It takes a little nerve to plow under your crop of clover, for instance, but it must be done if we are to keep up with the procession.

Sheepy Taste.

The sheepy taste often found in mutton does not come from contact with the flesh with the wool but from some peculiar flavor in the inner or secondary skin which is released by cooking. The Tunis sheep is entirely relieved from objectionable flavor as are all breeds of fat-tailed sheep.

Guinea Pigs as Food.

The guinea pig market is at present furnished largely by the demand for pets and for animals for scientific laboratories, but there is no reason why the animal should not be used as food in this country as it is in South America.

Planting Corn.

It takes from 15 to 20 ears of corn to plant an acre. If one ear fails to grow, about six per cent of the stand is lost. About 15 minutes of time are required to test enough corn, by the ear method, to plant an acre.

Easy to Grow.

The trailing nasturtiums are among the easiest annuals to grow and will give a supply of flowers the whole season.

Encourage the Boys.

The ownership of a handsome colt or a half dozen well bred calves is often sufficient to keep a boy on the farm. Pretty cheap price and it's a pity that more farmers do not take advantage of the opportunity.

MOUTH STAYED OPEN FOR FORTY MINUTES

Both Dentist and Patient Were Greatly Relieved When Jaws Snapped Together.

Chico, Cal.—F. M. Price, proprietor of Price's candy store on Broadway, knows how it feels to have lockjaw. He suffered for forty minutes with it and lives to tell the tale. And his experience is one that he is not desirous of having repeated.

Price had some teeth that needed fixing, and sought the services of a local dentist. The tooth manipulator spent fifteen minutes at the job, which required Price to keep his mouth wide open—a good deal wider than he is in the habit of doing.

When the job was completed and the dentist gave the customary instructions to "expectorate, please," Price refused to expectorate. He simply couldn't, that is all. His jaws re-



His Jaws Refused to Come Together.

fused to come together, and all efforts of the dentist to bring them together failed. Price and the doctor became frightened. There was reason for fright. The doctor worked frantically for aid when a happy thought struck him. He braced his feet against the wall, placed two thumbs into Price's yawning mouth and gave a sudden and unusual jerk. The jaws snapped together with a sound like a pistol shot and the dentist came near being loser a pair of thumbs by the operation.

Price declares that he never wants a repetition of the experience, and the doctor shudders when he speaks of it. The jaws were locked just forty minutes by the clock in the dentist's office.

Aside from a soreness in both jaws, Price was all right the next day.

MAN BARKED LIKE A DOG

Thought He Was Holding a Skunk at Bay—Animal Fast in Trap.

Winsted, Conn.—By imitating the bark of a dog for a whole hour a Mount Carmel man standing behind a tree thought he held a skunk at bay for that period, but when his brother-in-law, E. J. Richmond, arrived with a gun and dispatched the animal it was discovered that a polecat was fast in a steel trap.

Richmond and the former's bull terrier were out in the country when the dog espied the skunk, the loud barking of the terrier prompted the man to investigate, and they found dog and skunk-facing each other, but some distance apart. Richmond volunteered to go back home, a half hour's walk, for a gun, and left his brother-in-law and barking dog on guard over the skunk. On noting its master's absence, the terrier abandoned its post and started post haste after him. Then from his position behind the tree, the brother-in-law began imitating a barking dog, and every time the skunk moved he barked. When Richmond finally returned with the gun, his brother-in-law exclaimed hoarsely: "Kill that skunk quick," and he did as commanded, to the chagrin of both men.

KITTEN PLAYS THE PIANO

Prefers Tinkling High Notes as it Scampers Up and Down the Keyboard.

Gentry, Mo.—A kitten belonging to the family of John Ellis of Gentry, is so fond of music it tries to play the piano.

The cat first showed its liking for music by sitting near the piano when some one was playing, listening intently. One day, when no one was in the parlor, the cat sprang upon the keyboard. It walked over the notes. Members of the family, hearing the sounds, hastened to learn the cause. From that time, whenever the kitten was permitted to enter the parlor, it immediately began practicing on the piano. Instead of walking slowly, as it did at first, it now runs swiftly from end to end of the keyboard.

She likes the tinkling of the high notes best.

Sweet Desserts Banned.

Boston.—Pie, pudding and other sweet desserts are banned at Memorial hall and the 1,200 Harvard students will now eat cereals as dessert to "build up their brains."

ELOPERS STOPPED BY A BLACK ALLEY CAT

Runs in Front of Prospective
Bride Who Considers Act an
Ill Omen.

Wellsburg, W. Va.—A big gaunt alley cat as black as the night was the cause of bitter tears and the indefinite postponement of a "love match marriage" here the other night when Harry Sanderson, a young coal operator of Dawson, Pa., driving a big car had outdistanced the machine driven by the father of his fiancée, Miss Julia Albright, and with her was about to enter the home of the minister where the ceremony was to have been performed.

Sanderson and his fiancée had a good hour's start on Henry Allen Albright, her father. Just a few minutes before the courthouse closed the big car containing Sanderson and Miss Albright halted in front of the building and the young couple hurriedly secured a license. After securing



A Big Black Cat Dashed in Front of Them.

the license, young Sanderson called up a minister known to him, over the telephone, and made the arrangements for the marriage.

Hurriedly entering the big car Sanderson and his fiancée were but a few minutes in reaching the home of the clergyman. Both had alighted on the sidewalk and were about to step on to the front porch of the minister's house when a big black cat dashed directly in front of them, hesitated a second and then scampered away. Instantly Miss Albright was in tears. Bewailing the cat's act an ill omen she refused to either enter the house or to have the ceremony performed. Sadly young Sanderson turned his car and headed back to Dawson.

SNAKE GOBBLED IRON BUNNY

So Badly Handicapped by Its Weight
the Reptile Could Not Make
Escape.

Rockwood, Pa.—Up at his home near Cresaptown, Md., Gibson Umstott, a wealthy farmer, has a cast-iron rabbit painted in the natural colors of a bunny, which is used to hold the front door open.

The other night Umstott heard a thumping noise on his porch and going out was astounded to find a monster blacksnake in the act of swallowing the cast-iron rabbit. Soon the snake completed the process of swallowing the iron rabbit, but could not escape with it. He was badly handicapped in his efforts to squirm away and was easily captured by Umstott and his hired man.

Umstott, taking the big reptile by the tail with the help of his man finally forced him to disgorge the rabbit. Then taking a silk handkerchief he pulled the snake's teeth rendering him harmless. He then took the snake to the distillery in Cresaptown and fed him rye mash, causing his snakeship to go to sleep.

Umstott later brought the reptile here and turned it over to the police where it was measured and found to be nine feet and one-half inch in length. The reptile was pronounced by Chief of Police Warren to be the largest blacksnake ever seen in these parts where big snakes are common.

Prince Spent His Allowance.

London.—An Oxonian, who vouches for its truth, tells the following story: Frequently when undergraduates make up a dinner party preceding a visit to a theater it is understood that each pays his own share.

One day a Magdalen man, on meeting the prince of Wales, asked him to join a party for a dinner and play. "I should love to go," the prince said, "but the fact is I haven't the three shillings."

"Why don't you write home?" the friend asked.

"I have," the prince replied, "but mother says I must make what I have do until the end of the term."

Wanted For Back.
New York.—In returning a marriage license to the city clerk a jilted suitor wrote: "This is no use to us. We are not going to get married; please send the one dollar fee returnable to her."

FRAN

BY
JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
O. IRWIN MYERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, and finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughing during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man deeply interested in charity work and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace, Mrs. Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at twenty-year-old street and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. The breach between Fran and Grace widens. It is decided that Fran must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an impostor. She threatens to marry Bob Clinton and leave Gregory's service, much to the latter's dismay. Fran decides that the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home, but Mrs. Gregory remains staunch in her friendship.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Miss Sapphira was highly gratified. "I wish you'd talked this reasonable at first. It's always what people don't see that the most harm comes of. I'll give a little tea out here on the veranda, and the worst talkers in town will be in these chairs when you bring Fran away from Abbott's office. And I'll explain it all to 'em, and they'll know Abbott is all right, just as I've always known."

"Get Miss Grace to come," Bob said sheepishly. "She doesn't like Fran, and she'll be glad to know Abbott is doing his duty by her. Later, I'll drop in and have a bite with you."

This, then, was Bob's "idea," that no stone might be left unturned to hide the perfect innocences of the superintendent. He had known Abbott Ashton as a bare-legged urchin running on errands for his widowed mother. He had watched him through studious years, had believed in his future career—and no, no bold adventures, though adopted into Hamilton Gregory's home, should be allowed to spoil Abbott's chances of success.

In his official character as chairman of the board, Robert Clinton marched with dignity into the superintendent's office, meaning to bear away the wilted Fran before the eyes of woman. Abbott Ashton saw him enter with a sense of relief. The young man could not understand why he had held Fran's hand, that night on the footbridge. Not only had the sentiment of that hour passed away, but the interview Fran had forced upon him at the close of a recent school-day, had inspired him with actual hostility. It seemed the irony of fate that a mere child, a stranger, should, because of senseless gossip, endanger his chances of reappointment—a reappointment which he felt certain was the best possible means of advancement. Why had he held Fran's little hand? He had never dreamed of holding Grace's—ah, there was a hand, indeed!

"Has she been sent down?" Bob asked.



"Did I Get—What?" He Returned With a Puzzled Frown.

asked, in the hoarse undertone of a fellow-conspirator.

"No," Abbott was eager to prove his innocence. "I haven't seen a sign of her, but I'm looking every minute—glad you're here."

Confidences were impracticable, because of a tousled-headed, ink-stained pupil who gloomed in a corner.

"Why, hello, there, Jakey!" cried Clinton, disconcerted; he had hoped that Fran's subjugation might take place without witnesses. "What are you doing here, hey?"

"Waitin' to be whipped," was the defiant rejoinder.

"Tell the professor you're sorry for what you've done, so you can run along," said the chairman of the board persuasively.

"Naw, I ain't sorry," returned Jakey, hands in pockets. Then bethinking himself—"But I ain't done nothin'."

Abbott said regretfully, "He'll have to be whipped."

Clinton nodded, and sat down solemnly, breathing hard. Abbott was restlessly pacing the floor, and Bob was staring at him unwinkingly, when the door opened and in came Fran.

Fran walked up to Abbott hesitatingly, and spoke with the indistinctness of averted humility. "You are to punish me," she explained, "by making me work out this original proposition—showing the book—and you are to keep me here till I get it."

Abbott asked sternly, "Did Miss Bull send me this message?"

"She is named that," Fran murmured, her eyes fastened on the open page.

From the yard came the shouts of children, breaking the bonds of learning for a wider freedom. Abbott, gazing severely on this slip of a girl, found her decidedly commonplace in appearance. How the moonlight must have bewitched him! He rejoiced that Robert Clinton was there to witness his indifference.

"This is the problem," Fran said, with exceeding primness, pronouncing the word as if it were too large for her, and holding up the book with a slender finger placed upon certain italicized words.

"Let me see it," said Abbott, with professional dryness. He grasped the book to read the proposition. His hand was against hers, but she did not draw away, for had she done so, how could he have found the place?

Fran, with uplifted eyes, spoke in the plaintive accents of a five-year-old child: "Right there, sir—it's awful hard."

Robert Clinton cleared his throat and produced a sound bursting with accumulated h's and r's—his warning passed unheeded.

Never before had Abbott had so much of Fran. The capillaries of his skin, as her hand quivered warmly against his, seemed drawing her in; and as she escaped from her splendid black orbs, she entered his brain by the avenue of his own thirsty eyes. What was the use to tell himself that she was commonplace, that his position was in danger because of her? Suddenly her hair fell slantwise past the corners of her eyes, making a triangle of smooth white skin to the roots of the hair, and it seemed good, just because it was Fran's way and not after a machine-turned fashion; Fran was done by hand, there was no doubt of that.

"Sit there," Abbott said, gravely pointing. She obeyed without a word, leaving the geometry as hostage in the teacher's hand. When seated at a discreet distance, she looked over at Bob Clinton. He hastily drew on his spectacles, that he might look old.

Abbott volunteered, "This is Mr. Clinton, President of the Board."

"I know," said Fran, staring at her pencil and paper, "he's at the head of the show, and watches when the wild animals are tamed."

Clinton drew forth a newspaper, and opened it deliberately.

Fran scribbled for some time, then looked over at him again. "Did you get it?" she asked, with mild interest.

"Did I get—what?" he returned, with puzzled frown.

"Oh, I don't know what it is," said Fran with humility; "the name of it's 'Religion.'"

"If I were you," Clinton returned, flushing, "I'd be ashamed to refer to the night you disgraced yourself by laughing in the tent."

"Fran," Abbott interposed severely, "attend to your work."

Fran bent her head over the desk, but was not long silent. "I don't like a-b-c and d-e-f," she observed with more energy than she had hitherto displayed. "They're equal to each other, but I don't know why, and I don't care, because it doesn't seem to matter."

Nothing interests me unless it has something to do with living. These angles and lines are nothing to me; what I care for is this time I'm wasting, sitting in a stuffy old room, while the good big world is enjoying itself just outside the window." She started up impetuously.

"Sit down!" Abbott commanded.

"Fran!" exclaimed Robert Clinton, stamping his foot, "sit down!"

Fran sank back upon the bench.

"I suspect," said Abbott mildly, "that they have put you in classes too far advanced. We must try you in another room."

"But I don't want to be tried in rooms," Fran explained, "I want to be tried in acts—deeds. Until I came here, I'd never been to school a day in my life," she went on in a confidential tone. "I agreed to attend because I imagined school ought to have some

connection with life—something in it mixed up with love and friendship and justice and mercy. Wasn't I silly? I even believed—just fancy!—that you might really teach me something about religion. But, no! It's all books, nothing but books."

"Fran," Abbott reasoned, "if we put you in a room where you can understand the things we try to teach, if we make you thorough—"

"I don't want to be thorough," she explained, "I want to be happy. I guess all that schools were meant to do is to teach folks what's in books, and how to stand in a straight line. The children in Class A, or Class B, have their minds sheared and pruned to look alike; but I don't want my brain after anybody's pattern."

"You'll regret this, Miss," declared Clinton, in a threatening tone. "You sit down. Do you want the name of being expelled?"

"I don't care very much about the names of things," said Fran coolly; "there are lots of respectable names that hide wickedness." Her tone changed; "But, yonder's another wild animal for you to train; did you come to see him beaten?" She darted to the



"Don't You See That You Are Holding Up Ignorance as a Virtue?"

corner, and seated herself beside Jakey.

"Say, now," Bob remonstrated, pulling his mustache deprecatingly. "Everybody knows I wouldn't see a dog hurt if it could be helped. I'm Jakey's friend, and I'd be yours, Fran—honestly—if I could. But how's a school to be run without authority? You ain't reasonable. All we want of you is to be biddable."

"And you!" cried Fran to Abbott, beginning to give way to high pressure. "I thought you were a school-teacher, not just, but also—a something very nice, also a teacher. But not you. Teacher's all you are, just rules and regulations and authority and chalk and a-b-c and d-e-f."

Abbott crimsoned. Was she right? Was he not something very nice plus his vocation? He found himself desperately wishing that she might think so.

Fran, after one long glowing look at him, turned to the lad in disgrace, and placed her hand upon his stubborn arm. "Have you a mother?" she asked wistfully.

"Yeh," mumbled the lad, astonished at finding himself addressed, not as an ink-stained hulk of humanity, but as an understanding soul.

"I haven't," said Fran softly, talking to him as if unconscious of the presence of two listening men, "but I had one, a few years ago—and, oh, it seems so long since she died, Jakey—three years is a pretty long time to be without a mother. And you can't think what a fault-blinded, spoilingest, candlest mother she was. I'm glad yours is living, for you still have the chance to make her proud and happy. No matter how fine I may turn out—do you reckon I'll ever be admired by anybody, Jakey? Huh! I guess not. But if I were, mother wouldn't be here to enjoy it. Won't you tell Professor Ashton that you are sorry?"

"Fran," Abbott began.

Fran made a mouth at him. "I don't belong to your school any more," she informed him. "Mr. School Director can tell you the name of what he can do to me; he'll find it classified under the 'E's.'"

After this explosion, she turned again to the lad: "I saw you punch that boy, Jakey, and I heard you say you didn't, and yet it was a good punch. What made you deny it? Punctures aren't bad ideas. If I could strike out like you did, I'd wait till I saw a man bullying a weaker one, and I'd stand up to him." Fran leaped impulsively to her feet, and doubled her arm—and I'd let her land! Punch-

ing's a good thing, and, oh, how it's needed. Except at school—you mustn't do anything human here, you must be an oyster at school."

"Aw-right," said Jakey, with a glimmering of comprehension. He seemed coming to life, as if sap were trickling from winter-congealment.

Bob Clinton, too, felt the fresh breeze or early spring in his face. He removed his spectacles.

"The first thing I knew," Fran said, resuming her private conversation with Jakey. "I had a mother, but no father—no that he was dead, oh, bless you, he was alive enough—but before my birth he deserted mother. Uncle turned us out of the house. Did we starve, that deserted mother and her little baby? I don't look starved, do I?"

"I am glad to hear it," Abbott exclaimed heartily. "You can take your cap to go, Jakey."

"Lemme stay," Jakey pleaded, not budging an inch.

Fran lifted her face above the tumbled head to look at Abbott; she sucked in her cheeks and made a triumphant oval of her mouth. Then she seemed to forget the young man's presence.

"But when mother died, real trouble began. It was always hard work, while she lived, but hard work isn't trouble; la, no, trouble's just an empty head! Well, sir, when I read about how good Mr. Hamilton Gregory is, and how much he gives away to folks he never sees—here I came. But I don't seem to belong to anybody, Jakey, I'm outside of everything. But you have a home and a mother, Jakey, and a place in the world, so I say 'Hurrah!' because you belong to somebody, and best of all, you're not a girl, but a boy to strike out straight from the shoulder."

Jakey was dissolved; tears burst their confines.

One may shout oneself hoarse at the delivery of a speech which, if served upon printed page, would never prompt the reader to cast his hat to the ceiling. No mere print under bold, beading lines did Abbott read, but rather the changing lights and shadows in great black eyes. It was marvelous how Fran could project past experiences upon the screen of the listener's perception. At her, "When mother died," Abbott saw the girl weeping beside the death-bed. When she sighed, "I don't belong to anybody," the school director felt like crying: "Then belong to me!"

Fran now completed her work. She rose from the immovable Jakey and came over to Abbott Ashton, with meekly folded hands.

He found the magic of the moonlight-hour returning. She had melted—glowed—softened—womanized—Abbott could not find the word for it. She quivered with an exquisite-ness not to be defined—a something



YOUR MIND ON YOUR WORK

Man Who Makes Good is One Who
Can Shut Out of Mind All but
One Thing.

The man who makes good is the man who can shut out of his mind all but one thing. An unsuccessful principal of a school once said that every teacher ought to be able to do three things at once. Of course, he was wrong. The teacher who does one thing at a time and does it well is giving the pupil the best possible object lesson in concentration. We have to learn to think clearly amid distracting noises, to go forward on a straight and narrow way without diversions and excursions that waste our time and our substance, and to keep at work regardless of the "tired" feeling, the "spring" feeling, and whether the fishing is good or not. When the soft breeze comes in at the window we stiffen the moral fiber against its allurements. We must pin our attention firmly to the turgid and dry geometry of a legal brief, or the barbed figures of the daybook, or the busy system of a mercantile establishment, and let every other thought await its turn at the end of office

in hair, or flesh, or glory of eye, or softness of lips, altogether lacking in his physical being, but eagerly desired.

"Professor Ashton," she spoke seriously, "I have been horrid. I might have known that school is merely a place where young people crawl into books to worm themselves from it to lid, swallowing all that comes in the way. But I'd never been to school, and I imagined it a place where a child was helped to develop itself. I thought teachers were trying to show the pupils the best way to be what they were going to be. I've been disappointed, but that's not your fault; you are just a system. If a boy is to be a blacksmith after he's grown, and if a girl in the same class is to be a music teacher, or a milliner, both must learn about a-b-c and d-e-f. So I'm going away for good, because, of course, I couldn't afford to waste my time in this house."

"But, Fran," Abbott exclaimed impulsively, "don't you see that you are holding up ignorance as a virtue? Can you afford to despise knowledge in this civilized age? You should want to know facts just because—well, just because they are facts."

"But I don't seem to, at all," Fran responded mildly. "No, I'm not making fun of education when I find fault with your school, any more than I show irreverence to my mother's God when I question what some people call 'religion.' It's the connection to life that makes facts of any value to me; and it's only in its connection to life that I'd give a pin for all the religion on earth."

"I don't understand," Abbott faltered. She unfolded her hands and held them up in a quaint little gesture of aspiration. "No, because it isn't in a book. I feel lost—out in space. I only ask for a place in the universe—to belong to somebody."

"But," said Abbott, "you already belong to somebody, since Mr. Gregory has taken you into his home and he is one of the best men that ever—"

"Oh, let's go home," cried Fran impatiently. "Let's all of us skip out of this chalky old basement-smelly place, and breathe the pure air of life."

She darted toward the door, then looked back. Sadness had vanished from her face, to give place to a sudden glow. The late afternoon sun shone full upon her, and she held her lashes apart, quite unblinded by its intensity. She seemed suddenly illumined, not only from without, but from within.

Abbott seized his hat. Robert Clinton had already snatched up his Jakey squeezed his cap in an agitated hand. All four hurried out into the hall as if moved by the same spring.

Unluckily, as they passed the hall window, Fran looked out. Her eyes were caught by a group seated on the veranda of the Clinton boarding house. There were Miss Sapphira Clinton, Miss Grace Noir, and several mothers, sitting after-noon tea. In an instant, Fran had grasped the plot. That cloud of witnesses was banked against the green weather-boarding, to behold her ignominy.

"Mr. Clinton," said Fran, all sweetness, all allurements. "I am going to ask of you a first favor. I left my hat up in Miss Bull's room and—"

"I will get it," said Abbott promptly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

hours. You may have heard a great lawyer in action in a crowded courtroom. What was the secret of his power? It was that he would not let the jury's attention or the witness' tongue wander from the relevant facts. He kept insistently to the straight line that is the shortest distance from point to point. He curtly dismissed all that was superfluous, immaterial and calculated to blur the salient outlines of the matter in controversy.

Anesthetized Rejection Slip.

Elizabeth Jordan said that with all the manuscripts the late Margaret E. Sangster had occasion to return, not one ever carried a heartache with it. She saw everyone who wanted to see her, receiving all callers. She was greatly interested in young writers. And when they had no writing gift, tactfully she would set them going on in some other direction. Perhaps some woman who had brought her poor little efforts to Mrs. Sangster could bake sweetmeats, though she couldn't write. Then would Mrs. Sangster work around among the club women she knew until she got sufficient orders for sweetmeats to give that woman employment.—Christian Herald

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SCIENCE RECORDS A TRIUMPH

After Research It Has Been Ascertained Just Why the Hungry Man Tightens His Belt.

Remembering the habit of tramps to tighten their belts when hungry, Prof. Dr. Rudolf Lennhoff decided to investigate the efficiency of this simple remedy in actually suppressing hunger. Assisted by physicians he made use of the property of the X-rays of being arrested by metals and their salts. Persons were given drinks which contained in suspension salts of bismuth or litigated lodestone, or they were required to eat solid food, such as mashed potatoes, which had previously been mixed with metallic salts.

Dr. Lennhoff reports to the Vossische Zeitung the following results: In the case of solid food, a contraction of the stomach could be observed, and a relatively small quantity proved to be sufficient to satisfy the appetite. When liquid food was given in the ordinary way—i. e., by swallowing—the contraction was considerably less, and a larger quantity was necessary for satisfaction.

In a third experiment the liquid was introduced into the stomach through a tube; in this case twice the quantity of liquid was required.

These experiments showed that the mechanical stimulus of swallowing by reflex action causes a contraction of the stomach, thus accelerating satiation. This suggested that by artificially increasing the pressure on the stomach satiation could be accomplished with a smaller quantity of food. The trick of the hungry tramp was therefore resorted to, and a belt was applied tightly around the waist of the eater. The result was anticipated.

OWNED HISTORIC OLD HOTEL

Proprietor of Structure Built Around Cabin of Captured British Frigate is Dead.

Jacob Smith, hotel proprietor of City Island, New York, died there at the age of seventy-three years. Mr. Smith's hotel has for years been one of the show places on the island. It was known as the Macedonian hotel, because it was built around the cabin of the British frigate Macedonia, which was captured by the United States frigate Decatur off Cape Verde islands during the war of 1812. After the engagement the Macedonia was towed to what is known as Cow Bay, City Island, and there Smith acquired it in 1874, pulled it on land and structurally added to it. In time he had a building large enough to accommodate a number of persons.

Three years ago a member of a historical society in England, which had learned of the existence of the Macedonia, came to City Island and offered Mr. Smith \$20,000 for it, but he would not sell. He said he wanted it to remain in the family, which consists of seven daughters and two sons.

Fortunate Little Waif.

A romantic history, attaches to a pretty little foundling at present being cared for in the West Ham and Eastern General hospital, London, England. A Stratford resident going home late one recent night heard a cry, the wall of a newly born child. He jumped over into a field situated in Knox road, struck a match, and discovered a bonny baby boy. The man conveyed the child to the police, who in turn took it to the West Ham hospital. "We could not think of sending him to the workhouse," the kindly ward sister stated, "and he is now the little 'duke of the ward.' He is daily gaining strength to fight the world, and we should like to find a good home for baby very soon. We called him 'Peter' to bring the little fellow good luck, and the cabbage patch is where he was found." This little foundling, who is quite alone in the world, has big blue eyes and pretty fair hair. He sleeps all day in a cozy hammock cradle in one of the children's wards, and is beloved by nurses and patients alike.

Colors of Sea Water.

It has been proved that the blueness of sea water is in constant ratio to its saltiness. In the tropics the tremendous evaporation induced by the blazing sun causes the water to be much more salt than it is in higher latitudes.

For about 30 degrees both north and south of the equator the waters of the world's oceans are of an exquisite azure. Beyond these latitudes the blue fades and changes to green, and in the Arctic and Antarctic oceans the greens are almost as vivid as the tropical blues.

China's Yellow sea is usually supposed to owe its origin to the flood of muddy water which its great river pours into it. But here, again, modern science has proved that living organisms are responsible for its peculiar tint.

It's not consistent to speak ill of a man if you know him well.

The difference between "The Summer Girl" and "The Summer Woman"

While the former is having a "good time" the latter is dragging around nervous, run down, tired out, with aching back and weary limbs, sleepless and wretched. Often it is kidney trouble not female trouble and Foley Kidney Pills are a direct and positive help for the condition. Hites Drug Store.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1913.

LITTLE DEMAND FOR LEECHES

Almost Nothing Compared With What It Used to Be Only a Few Years Ago.

Forty years ago there were in Paris alone 10 wholesale dealers in leeches, each of whom sold between 300,000 and 400,000 leeches monthly, for which they received on an average about \$50 a thousand.

Today there is only one dealer in the capital and he gets from six to seven francs (\$1.20 to \$1.40) a hundred. His name is Lays and he handles about 130,000 per month, his best market being the United States. He has sometimes half a million in stock.

In former times the Paris poor law administration purchased 30,000 francs (\$18,000) worth a year; this was in the '30s and '40s of the 19th century; the administration now finds itself amply supplied with \$40 worth annually.

The great breeding ground for French leeches was the marshes around Bordeaux. A poor peasant named Bechade was the great of the industry. He rented a tract of marsh land for about \$60, and this, when properly stocked with leeches, became worth \$5,000.

Bechade collected the leeches by buying all the worn out horses he could get hold of and driving them into the marshes five or six times a month, especially in April, May, June, October and November. Bechade's business flourished, and when he died he was worth 1,000,000.

After a while the French leech trade was ruined, not only on account of the great decline in the demand, but on account of the accessibility of other sources of supply brought about by the improved facilities of transport, fast trains bringing them in a short time from Turkey, Bohemia and Palmaria, and to a more limited extent from Algeria and Russia.—Medical Brief.

KEEPING OUT FLOWERS FRESH

Water Must Be Changed Frequently and the Blossoms Should Be Sprinkled Every Hour.

Almost the first thought that follows admiration for a freshly picked bouquet is how it can be preserved the greatest length of time? Many experiments have been undertaken to prevent flowers from fading—such as placing salt in the water, or nipping them off and applying sealing wax. We have tried all methods, and have come to the conclusion that changing water in which the stems are plunged frequently and sprinkling the flowers hourly, will keep them fresh and fair longer than will other treatment.

The water used should be tepid. The cooler the temperature of the apartment the better. Never leave flowers under a gas jet, or they will immediately blight. The last thing at night, change the water on the stems and sprinkle the flowers thoroughly. Tie over the vase or basket tissue paper which has been soaked in water. Over this tuck a newspaper. In the morning the flowers will be found as fair as the night previous.

Roses fade sooner than almost any flowers. Heliotrope will wither and blacken with the tenderest care. It should be nipped from a bouquet as soon as it loses freshness. Lilies, tulips, narcissus, euphorbia, hyacinths and all flowers with succulent stems can be preserved several days.

Retarding Home Influence.

A writer in the Boston Transcript remarks upon the new factors which antagonize home relations and absorb so much time and attention that home is a less constant factor and seems to the child less important than it did a generation ago.

"The school, not only with its regular work, but with its athletics and affiliated social interests, demands an increasing amount of time. The church, with its many organizations, calls for many evening hours as well as for a large part of Sunday. In some communities the children seem to have about as few hours for free, quiet home life as the busiest of business men, and the mother needs the best methods as well as the finest of spirit in the ever lessening amount of time she has to exert those influences which are recognized as the most potent as well as the most uplifting in life. The church is making a mistake in pushing so vigorously missionary, philanthropic and social organizations for women, while relegating to a minor place that organization whose aim is to strengthen the very heart of the social organism—the home. More attention should be given to the honoring and helping of motherhood."

There is always a great demand for a thing that cannot be had. Anyway, a married man never has to waste any time making up his mind.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.
Sunday, July 20
8:00 a. m. low mass. Communion for Ladies Altar Society
Monday, July 21
8:00 p. m. meeting of Altar Society

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. A. D. Gageby, Pastor.
Usual services in the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning and evening. A very cordial invitation to be present extended to strangers and visitors, and all persons not in the habit of attending church.
Sunday School meets 9:30. Please note the change of time placing Sunday School before Public worship instead of after.
Y. P. S. C. E. meets every Sunday evening at 6:45.

Christian Science Church Notes.

Christian Science Society hold services in their room over the postoffice Sunday morning at 10:30; Subject of lesson "Life."
Sunday School at 12:00 m.
Wednesday evening meeting at 7:30
Reading room in the same place open every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons from 2 to 4.
All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the reading room.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. of Charlevoix County Herald, published weekly at East Jordan, Mich. Editor G. A. Lisk, East Jordan, Mich. Business Manager and publisher, same.

Known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: State Bank of East Jordan.
G. A. Lisk.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of July, 1913. Elisha N. Clark, Notary Public. (My commission expires July 23, 1913.)

WILL HOLD "BETTER BABIES CONTEST" IN SEARCH FOR MOST PERFECT BABY IN MICH.

Convention of Happy Children Will Be Feature at West Michigan State Fair
—Woman's Home Companion Offers Two \$50.00 Prizes.

"Better Babies Contest" is the subject of a bulletin issued recently by the West Michigan State Fair Management at Grand Rapids. The bulletin as the title suggests is explanatory of one of the new contests that will be featured at the Fair which is to be held at Comstock Park, Grand Rapids, the



The "Sunlight of Life" in One Michigan Home.

her Baby will Measure—more than this, the experience of this contest will be a revelation of helps to healthful exercise and ministrations. All Mothers need this knowledge and the world needs Better Babies.

This movement which is being introduced for the first time in this section of Michigan is in no sense local but as wide as the boundaries of the contest. The eminent and progressive physicians of our country have become ardent and vigorous supporters of this movement and are magnanimously contributing of their time and talent to the end that we may know, as we never before have known, what a perfect type of child at a given age should be.

In order to further stimulate interest in this contest that many babies may be entered the fair management offers over \$250 in cash prizes in this contest alone. Already much interest is taken—the fact being evidenced by the large number of inquiries which the management have received so far.

This department which is known as the dept. of child hygiene will be under the able supervision of Dr. Collins H. Johnson of Grand Rapids as dept. director. The examining specialists will view babies in Section "B" of the large Merchants Building.

The contest as defined by the bulletin will be divided into three separate contests; one for babies in the larger cities of the state, another for those in the small cities and towns, and the third for babies in villages and rural districts and will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday respectively of Fair week. In each contest four sets of the following prizes will be offered: \$10, \$7 and \$5, making a total of \$39. Then above all these the Woman's Home Companion will award each of the two babies (boy and girl) receiving the highest score a cash prize of \$50.

On Thursday, September 4, at 4:00 p. m., all babies in the various contests will be assembled on the large stage in front of the Grand Stand and names of successful contestants, together with names and addresses of parents will be given. A Post Card addressed to Sec. Kennedy at Grand Rapids will bring one of the bulletins which further explains the contest.

first five days in September. The bulletin points out that this contest is for "The Most Perfect Baby in Michigan," stating as a matter of explanation that "the contest is to be vastly different from a Beauty Show, a contest where the Art of Dressing and Decorating dominate. Each mother knows that her baby is the sweetest, the smartest and the most beautiful baby in Michigan. Even the ruling of all the committees in the world would not change her views on these points. What she does not know however and what the contest will tell her is how nearly true to the Standard of the Perfectly Formed Child

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

July Clearance Sale Now On!
Closes Next Wednesday.
Dry Goods—Clothing
Ladies' Furnishings
Shoes and Oxfords.

This is our greatest summer clearance sale, and it is creating bigger business every day.



Hundreds of customers are taking advantage of the extraordinary values in summer merchandise and apparel and are spreading around the news of the remarkable values they are finding here. If not already supplied it will be real economy to buy now, with such money-saving opportunities presented you.



East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

The funeral of little Cecilia Crowley took place from St. Joseph's church Tuesday. Father Krobuth officiated. A large concourse of friends followed the little coffin to the cemetery.

Marriage licenses issued this week were: John Jacobson, aged thirty-two and Della Charon, aged forty-four, both of Boyne City; Harry Howard, aged twenty-two of Detroit and Elina E. Faut, aged twenty-five of Boyne Falls.

Wm. Kleper, aged 19 years, of Central Lake, accidentally killed himself last Friday, when the shotgun he was carrying discharged. The full charge caught the boy in the head, and his skull was shot to pieces. The accident happened about three miles from town, when Kleper was on his way to work. His small brother cannot tell how it happened.

The decision of the prosecuting attorney in regard to the opening of the saloon in Frederic, owned by Wm. Calahan and continued by his administrator after his death until April 30, that the death, operated under the law, the same as a voluntary surrender, and cannot be contested by anyone, if the township had more than one saloon to each 100 inhabitants, which was the case, was affirmed by the attorney general, and is now approved by the supreme court, Grayling, Avalon, etc.

Rev. Yost, at one time pastor of Methodist church here, is now stationed near Hastings. While he was preaching a recent afternoon at a little town called Quilby, a fire alarm was given, and it was discovered that a lumber yard had caught fire, and if it went the town was doomed. Calling his congregation to follow, and reinforced by two base ball teams and the spectators who were enjoying a game near by, the pastor led the way to fight the fire. It took four hours hard work with a bucket brigade to save the town, but they did it.

Miss Vera, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. I. McMullan, was the victim of a rifle bullet Tuesday afternoon, the bullet penetrating her right leg just above the knee. She had been out in a row-boat with a bunch of girl friends and was climbing onto the dock when a lad with a 22 calibre rifle fired, the bullet going astray and entering the girl's leg. She was taken to a local physician's office, but the bullet could not be located. She was then taken to Charlevoix where an X-Ray examination was made, the bullet being located about a quarter of an inch from the bone above the knee joint. It was deemed advisable to leave the bullet where it was.

The annual school meeting held last Monday night was fairly well attended considering the several public attractions going on in our city that evening. About twenty-five were present and considerable interest was manifested in the proceedings. The annual financial statement, as published elsewhere in this issue, was presented and adopted. In the election of trustees, L. A. Hoyt was elected to succeed himself, Atty F. E. Boosinger was elected to succeed A. M. Murphy who declined to run again. E. J. Crossman, who has served the board efficiently and faithfully for years, presented his resignation as a member of the board, owing to his continued ill health. Gen. G. Glenn was elected to fill this vacancy. Nine and one-half months of school for the ensuing year was voted. Ira D. Bartlett acted as president pro tem in the absence of President Squier, and in the absence of Secretary Crossman, Wm. Sloan was elected clerk for the evening.

Mrs. E. P. Dunlop leaves today for a visit at Detroit.

Mrs. Ray Kinner is convalescing from her long illness.

Miss Jessie Fay is at Detroit this week, guest of friends.

Chris Bulow is at Traverse City this week on business.

Len Swafford was a Boyne City business visitor, Friday.

W. A. Strobel is at Saginaw this week, guest of relatives.

Dr. J. R. Coiden was a Bellairs business visitor, Tuesday.

John Mollard left Friday for a visit with relatives at Munising.

John Brzezinske of Isadore is guest his sister, Mrs. A. Blawick.

Miss Violet Grigsby will spend Sunday at Boyne City, guest of friends.

Miss Lillian Mohlo of Traverse City is guest of relatives here this week.

Oral Mischar returned home Thursday from a business trip to Newberry.

Mrs. Wm. F. Hashaw and children are guest of Charlevoix friends this week.

Misses Olga and Anna Berg are guest of Traverse City friends over Sunday.

Miss A. M. Kneale and Miss Emma Lou Hoyt were Traverse City visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. Albert Supernaw of Traverse City was guest of relatives and friends here this week.

Mrs. Brock of West Branch is expected here today for a visit with her son, Harry Redson.

Mrs. C. Walsh left Monday for AuSable for a months outing with the Sylvan Club of Detroit.

The Misses Pardy of Vermontville, Mich., arrived Thursday and will visit Mrs. Forest Dingman for a few weeks.

Mrs. John Belton with son, John, is here from Moose Jaw, Sask., guest of her parent, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington.

Mrs. Elmer Porter and children left Monday for an extended visit with her sister Mrs. M. Waterhouse, at Mt. Pleasant.

Contractor Jos. Zoulek went to Bellairs with his moving outfit, Monday where he has a contract to move a store building.

Mrs. R. V. Wrigley and Mrs. Fred Warne of Chicago, sisters of Mrs. Harry E. Potter, are expected here today for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Benford of Mt. Pleasant are guest of the latter's mother, Mrs. A. E. Cross and family for a short time.

The Electa Club of the O. E. S. will be entertained at the home of Mrs. E. A. Risk, Thursday afternoon; Mrs. A. K. Hill assisting.

The Cemetery Improvement Ass'n met with Mrs. Nyquist, Thursday. About thirty were present. Refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Nicholls, who have been living in Bay City, were in the city first of the week; they are moving to Detroit.

B. E. Waterman, sec'y-treas. of the East Jordan Clay Products Co., is in the Upper Peninsula this week in the interest of his company.

Miss Bertha Dunson from Mark Center, Ohio, is spending her vacation here with her uncle and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dunson.

Mrs. Preiberg and daughters, Misses Minnie and Martha, and Miss Leila Clark, are taking an outing at their resort farm down the lake.

Miss Nellie Curoit, a field worker of the Michigan State Telephone Co., was here from Grand Rapids, Thursday, instructing the telephone girls in their work.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Storms with daughters, of Chicago, are guests at the home of Atty and Mrs. E. N. Clark. Mrs. Storms and Mrs. Clark are sisters.

J. W. Rogers and J. H. Kober returned home first of the week from their Gettysburg reunion trip. On their return they spent several days in Washington.

During the month of May there were forty six births and eighteen deaths in Charlevoix County, giving this county an annual birth rate of 29.9 per 1,000 estimated population and death rate of 10.1.

Ruby Avis Kidder the five year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Kidder was buried on Thursday afternoon. The sermon was preached at the Bennett school house by Rev. T. Porter Bennett of East Jordan. Interment at Morehouse Cemetery.

F. R. Bulow went to Boyne City, Friday.

S. J. Risk returned from Mackinaw Thursday.

Miss Sophia Thronson is clerking at the City Bakery.

Mrs. Peter Hipp returned from Phelps Saturday last.

E. G. Carrier of Bellairs was an East Jordan visitor, Monday.

H. Taylor of Ellsworth was a business visitor here Friday.

Miss Myrtle Ward is working at the "Globe" in Traverse City.

Mrs. J. H. Kocher was guest of Pelston friends over Sunday.

Floyd Tompkins returned to his work at Detroit, Monday.

Miss Edith Ramsey is at Traverse City this week visiting relatives.

Floyd Wilson of Central Lake is guest of relatives here this week.

Master Edward Carr returned this week from his visit at Charlevoix.

Miss Florence Goodman from Detroit is at home for a two week's visit.

Mrs. Geo. Carr was guest of friends at Charlevoix latter part of last week.

Miss Edith Brit of Standish is guest of Miss Lydia Blount for a few weeks.

Myron Cohen of Charlevoix was up the Jordan, Friday, on a fishing trip.

Mrs. R. N. Spence and Mrs. J. W. Hawkins spent Friday at Green River.

Miss Mina Hite returned from a visit with Northport friends, Monday.

Walter Fly returned to Munising Friday after a short visit here with friends.

John Bruce of Central Lake was guest at the Durand home over Sunday, last.

Lavater Meech and sister, Miss Helen, returned home from Charlevoix, Thursday.

George Ramsey of Traverse City was in the city, Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. May Martin of Atwood is guest of her daughter, Mrs. Alice Lalonde, this week.

Messrs. A. Cameron, Geo. G. Glenn, and Dr. Dicken were at Charlevoix Thursday.

Mrs. Harry Price and two children, are visiting relatives at Northport for few weeks.

The local Rebecca ledge attended the school of instruction at Charlevoix Lake Wednesday.

W. A. Loveday and family will occupy the Dunlop summer cottage this coming week.

Mrs. D. C. Loveday was called to Lansing on Thursday last by the illness of a sister.

Mrs. Ida Hubbard of Battle Creek is guest of her mother and other relatives in the city.

Mrs. Shoe of Mancelona, who has been guest of Mrs. Dolezel, returned home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy King and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brabant were at Charlevoix Tuesday last.

Miss Jeanette Mosler of Provenom is guest of her sister Mrs. W. Svoboda of Jordan township.

Marie Price is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sutton, at Afton for several weeks.

Mrs. Taylor of Green River has returned home after a short stay at the home of L. F. Beckman.

Mr. Denton of Saginaw is in our city on business. He is accompanied by his wife and two sons.

Mrs. George Sherman is having her residence on Williams-st, occupied by Dr. Risk and family, repainted.

Mrs. Carver returned home to Elk Rapids Friday, after a three weeks visit with G. A. Bell and family.

H. Rosenthal returned home Thursday from a business trip to Chicago and other places, purchasing stock.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Henry, Mrs. E. A. Gibson and Miss Emma Gibson were at Charlevoix, Wednesday, on a picnic.

Under a new law in the state of Michigan, which became effective July 16, 1913, "It is unlawful for an intoxicated person to enter, be or remain on any coach, or for any person to publicly drink intoxicating liquor as a beverage on railway cars, or give such beverage to others, except where sold, or served under license, in regular licensed cars." This law also "authorizes conductors to arrest offenders without warrant, and deliver to an officer at the next station where an officer can be found; to take liquor from the violators and deliver to the nearest agent, giving the owner a receipt; if receipt is presented within ten days, the liquor must be delivered to the owner, and if not, it must be destroyed."

Mrs. M. E. Heston is at Charlevoix this week.

Fred Miner is in Petoskey taking treatment this week.

Harry McFala was at home from Deward over Sunday.

Louie Peppin and daughter Ruth were in the city over Sunday.

Mrs. Sam Rogers, Jr., was at Petoskey this week guest of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter drove to Charlevoix on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ward were Traverse City visitors, Tuesday.

Arthur Ward and family now occupy the Severance home on Fourth st.

Mrs. Earl Gould of Mt. Bliss is guest of Mrs. Ella Barkley this week.

Mrs. F. P. Ramsey was a Central Lake business visitor, first of the week.

Miss Hilda Staack of Boyne City is guest of Mrs. A. G. Rogers this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Rogers were at Charlevoix over Sunday guest of relatives.

Mrs. E. Newson and Mrs. R. F. Steffen were at Grayling, Friday on business.

Mrs. Elmer Richards, who has been very low the past week, is considered some better.

Mrs. John Woods of Deward was guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. Dunston over Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Wychoff of Gary, Ind., is guest of her sister, Mrs. Felix Green for a short time.

Postmaster Harry E. Potter was at Mackinac Island over Sunday, guest of F. A. Kenyon.

Mrs. Guy Hunsberger of Petoskey is guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hunsberger for a few days.

Miss Grace Dufstan of Bellairs returned home Thursday after a visit with relatives here.

Three dozen handsome SHIRT WAISTERS at 49c. Did you get one? M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Miss Lucy Menzies of Vanderbilt is guest of her sister, Mrs. Roy Sherman and family this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Crawford of Harbor Springs are guests of relatives to the city for a week.

Mrs. H. H. Fortelle of Detroit is guest of her daughter, Mrs. Edward Mackey, for a fortnight.

Mrs. C. A. Sweet and children, who have been camping near Internediate Lake returned home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. VanLeuven of Boyne City were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gremmel last Sunday.

Mrs. J. Mathers, who has been guest of Mrs. G. Crawford for a few days returned to Central Lake Thursday.

Mrs. D. Hammond and Miss Sadie of Ironton, mother and sister of Mrs. Huggard were visiting here Friday.

Mrs. John Roy of Sturgis, Mich., is guest of her mother Mrs. L. A. Kenyon. She will remain for some weeks.

Mrs. J. Morrow of Wabashing Ont., who has been here guest of her sister Mrs. E. Newson returned to her home Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. Dickerson of Detroit are in the city and expect to remain for some time enjoying the fishing and boating.

H. A. Tape returned home to Grand Rapids, first of the week, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richardson.

Robert Dickson, with son, Walter of Winnipeg, Man., is guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. W. G. Fortune and family.

Only ten days more in which to take advantage of the many attractive prices offered during our July sale. We invite you to call. M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Mrs. Palmer and daughter, Miss Clare, mother and sister of Mrs. V. G. Holbeck, who have been visiting here for some time, returned to Lansing, Wednesday.

By invitation of Mrs. C. H. Whittington, the Pythian Sisters spent a very pleasant day at the cottage at Monroe Creek. A pot luck dinner and supper and various kinds of entertainment helped to pass the time very pleasantly for all present.

Mrs. Dickle left Tuesday to visit her old home in Pennsylvania where she will remain for six weeks before returning to her home at Warm Springs, Oregon. Miss Esther Porter accompanied her as far as Pennsylvania.

Initiatory work will be given by South Lake Lodge No. 180, Knights of Pythias, at their meeting next Wednesday evening. Three will be initiated in the rank of Squire and five in the rank of Knight. Following the work, a banquet will be served. All members please take notice and be present.

Harry Avery of Traverse City was in our city on business this week.

Mrs. Charles Monroe with child returned to Chicago on Friday after a visit here with Mrs. Howard Porter.

Harry Bates and bride of Grand Rapids were guests at the home of Mr. L. A. Hoyt and family, Tuesday.

Miss Leonard Kenny who has been visiting relatives near Grand Rapids for a fortnight, returned home Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Grigsby of Hastings were guests of the former's parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Grigsby the past week.

Mrs. F. H. Boosinger entertained The Disturbers at her home on Tuesday afternoon to a six o'clock dinner. A very enjoyable time for all present.

Charles E. Adams and Miss Hilma W. Alstrom were united in marriage at the home of the groom's brother, E. I. Adams, in this city, Wednesday evening. Rev. A. D. Grigsby, pastor of the Presbyterian church, performed the ceremony in the presence of a few relatives. The groom is in the employ of the Michigan Central R. R. with headquarters at Grayling and the bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alstrom of Deward, who were present at the wedding. The newly wedded couple left Thursday morning for a ten days wedding trip to Detroit and other places.

A tiresome speech is a cheerless affair.

Who hits the pipe must pay the piper.

Uneasy lies the head that wears no hair in fly time.

Some men are honest—just as some women are silent.

CHILDREN'S PRESSED 50c to \$1.50. M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

The height of a girl's ambition is seldom less than 5 feet 6.

WALL PAPER, WALL PAPER, WALL PAPER at WHITTINGTONS.

Peanut politicians should not complain if they get well roasted.

Call at WHITTINGTONS, get prices, and inspect his WALL PAPER.

There will always be plenty of hard work to do—and plenty of people who are easy to work.

PAINTING and PAPER HANGING, WOOD GRAINING, and KALSOMINING. Good work at a reasonable price.—ELMER RICHARDS. Phone 69.

The first thing the average hired girl does is to look in the closet and size up the family skeleton.

Bring in all your RUBBERS, and METAL, HIDES and WOOL to HARRY KLING and get the right price for it. Second St East Jordan. 12-13.

POULTRY WANTED.—Highest market price paid for young and old poultry. Address Mrs. Ada M. Shockley, Charlevoix, Mich., Route 2. (26-4)

FOR SALE—The S. 1 of the N. 1 of the N. E. 1 of Section 16, Echo township, Antrim County.—F. ALCOTT, 625 Oakland, Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Grounds for Divorce.

A Cleveland lawyer tells this one: "A woman came up to my office the other day and wanted to know if she could get a divorce because her husband didn't believe in the Bible. I told her that unless she had something else on him there would be no use in bringing suit."

"But he's an absolute infidel!" she insisted.

"That makes no difference," said I. "Doesn't it, indeed?" she cried, triumphantly. "Well, you are a fine lawyer, I must say. Here's the laws of Ohio, and they say that infidelity, if proved, is a ground for divorce!"

Special Paving Tax Notice.

All persons owning property in Paving Districts No. 2 and No. 3 in the City of East Jordan, and subject to special paving tax, are hereby notified that the special paving tax roll for these said districts is now in my hands for collection; that the first part of the paving assessment is now due and should be paid at once and save expense.

Dated July 16, 1913.

C. C. MAACK, City Treasurer.

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$5500

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.

Our Annual JULY CLEARANCE SALE

Time's up on Spring and Summer Merchandise and the event you have all been looking for—the greatest money-saving opportunity of the season—is now on at this store. This is so far a record-breaking sale and we invite you to come and participate in the many rare bargains offered.

L. WEISMAN

Primitive Mountain Folk



TYPICAL MOUNTAINEER'S HOME

ONE of the most interesting regions in the United States is the southern Appalachians. It is a land of giants and patriarchal families and of isolated simplicities in life which have deep human interest. One can explore on horseback this fascinating region, traveling through the western part of Virginia and North Carolina and the eastern districts of Tennessee and Kentucky. You can stop off anywhere you happen to get tired and board, indefinitely and sumptuously, for \$2.40 a week. These mountain folk are rich in the material things if poor in the luxuries the outer world esteems needful. They are still shut in their fastnesses; but conditions are changing now from the absolute isolation that existed before the civil war.

In following one of the mountain trails the traveler is well paid. Throughout these ranges are bridle paths, where notches are cut in the rock on the steep mountainside for the horse or mule to secure good footing. A traveler can find nowhere such a variety of scenery. He starts at the foothills, along the banks of some stream. The cliffs are completely covered with moss and ferns, watered by innumerable springs, which in summer form a hanging garden of foliage.

Following one of these cataracts between mountains, one discovers all of a sudden that the trail he is in comes to an end. Looking to the left he discovers a path leading off up the mountain. By a modified climb, placing one foot above the other, one can reach a high cliff and stop for a rest. Only a few feet below is the trail, a switchback, and to reach one-fourth of a mile you climb a whole one.

in the Evergreens. Rarely could one find so fascinating a picture of mountain grandeur, all in contrast with the enticing charms of the valley below, where hundreds of cattle are peacefully grazing on vast fields of blue grass. You are on the edge of the evergreen timber, called the hemlock belt.

Once in the evergreen timber, the view is entirely shut off, except now and then where the trail leads over some cliff; then the glimpse is just for an instant. There are forests of laurel oak thick in places that one cannot see two feet away. The laurel trees are from 18 to 25 feet high, some measuring eight inches in diameter.

You rest again and hear sounds that tell of some habitation. Listen! Yes, you can hear dogs bark. You resume the journey, and through open places for the timber you can now see fields. Soon you come to a log fence, and afterward the trail leads off into a cove.

A cabin appears, built of logs, fireplaces on the outside and split-oak roof. A short distance away is the spring. Just back of the cabin lies the peach orchard, and alongside the path leading to the barn are the grape vines and quinces and other fruits, such as apples, pears and paw-paw.

This is the land of milk and honey. You can count over 50 hives of bees, or "gums"—a hollow tree sawed in two, then set on end on hewn timber and covered with a slab split from a log. Away in the distant woodland one hears the "ting, ting" of the cow-bell.

A man about six feet four inches in height emerges from the door. "How'd you do, stranger?" is his greeting.

You give him the usual handshake, which is the custom of the country, and commence to tell your story. But before it is finished he says: "Step in, sah, brother."

Now enter the door before your host, which is customary among mountain folk, and are told to have a seat. In one end of the room is a fireplace with the old-fashioned mantel shelf. Above the whole the chimney comes down and the upper cabin thrills to the old-time air—My Old Kentucky Home, Maggie Gray and Barbara Allen and all the songs that make home of a wilderness.

Close to Nature.

The head of the house asks if you would like to lie down. You are ready enough, and you are shown a ladder to one corner of the room. It leads to a bed in the floor above, where

there are several beds in one of the most home-like rooms imaginable. Sinking lazily into a feather bed which fills the old four-poster, the tired wayfarer is soon in the land of dreams.

Awakened the next morning by the quack, quack of geese—for this is a place of many fowls—the voices of ewes and lambs are heard calling across the hilltop. The cowbells tinkle cheerily. This is mountain life.

The housewife cooks the breakfast. You are up, dressed and ready. Soon one of the girls goes out to milk. She uses a cup to milk in. When it is full it is emptied into the bucket. Ask her why she doesn't milk in the bucket, and her reply is: "If the cow should kick, I'll lose only a cupful of milk instead of a bucketful."

In these mountain homes there are many children. Usually one or two of the older girls wait on the table, and they press you always to have more. The children eat when the rest do, every one sitting in his accustomed place on the long bench, but not until the guest is seated first.

In the center of the table is a large dish of honey. Near it is a pitcher of milk. The honey is passed first, for the mountaineers are "good livers" and they believe in having the best first. Next come the corn or wheat bread, apple butter, peach butter, stewed blackberries, paw-paw, ham and eggs, beans and tree sirup.

The mountains have only bridle paths and trail oftentimes so steep that one misstep would mean death to horse and rider hundreds of feet below. The first automobile has yet to come. The locomotive halts in a far-distant valley. The telephone does not ring. These trails wind and wind until you have lost all points of the compass, but are the main thoroughfares of travel.

Where they cross streams, notches are cut in trees on the river bank. If the water is above the notch cut in the tree, it is unsafe to cross at the nearest habitation until the waters fall below the safety mark. At different points along the larger streams dug-outs are used for crossing. They are logs chopped out, something in the shape of a boat. They are the ferries at foot-path crossings, as well as the ranges of hunters and trappers.

Down near the Kentucky line you are liable, in the forest on the steep mountainside, to meet a man on horseback, a bag of grain in front of him. A short distance away, in a deep ravine, is a log building about six by nine feet. It is the grist mill. The roof is covered with thin boards, split out of oak timbers, called "shooks." They are laid like shingles. To hold them down a stiff pole is laid crosswise in the center, and a hole is bored in the end of the pole. A pin is then driven in to hold the shooks down.

The people come to the mill, carrying their grain on the horses, from many miles. The mills are free for them to do their own grinding. The door, if there is one, is never locked. A small water wheel in the bottom turns the burr stone. After the grist is ground, it is placed on the horse and the miller returns. Sometimes it takes one day to come and grind, and the shades of twilight fall the second day before home is reached.

When the distance is not too far, the women go to market. Their eggs are placed in either end of a bag made with both ends closed and the opening in the middle. The eggs are packed in buckets of grain and then they are placed on a horse, one on each side.

Nearly everything is packed, except in the valley, where wagons are used somewhat, though it's not unusual to see a six-footer with a pack on his back slowly winding his way up the mountainside.

Even Uncle Sam's mail is carried in leather bags. The men and women in the region are of giant stature and the families are large. There are families in which the children number twenty and many where the number runs from a dozen to fifteen or eighteen.

Crude as is the life, the people are really progressive. They are honest and industrious. Their hospitality is unbounded. But if you do them an intentional wrong, you might just as well disappear, quietly and humbly. They have no use for a "crooked man."

Western Michigan

A Region that is Rapidly Developing as a Fruit Growing and General Farming Section



Setting Out the Cherry Trees.

PLAN GREAT ORCHARD

TO RAISE CHERRIES ON LARGE SCALE IN LEE LANAU.

What is to Be the Largest Cherry Orchard in the World is Being Laid Out in the Peninsula.

The fruit growing industry is changing the character of the northern part of the Leelanau peninsula, particularly the section to the north of Northport. Not a few of the old-time settlers who helped to clear away the virgin timber and helped to develop general farming to its present status, are being replaced by men who are bringing in new ideas, an abundance of capital, and who are changing the very character of the basic industry of the region. During the past four years men from Ohio, Missouri, Illinois and Nebraska have bought farms in this section and have made heavy settings of fruit trees, particularly cherry. These men have also improved the appearance of the landscape by clearing up the fields and brush piles and by erecting attractive and modern farm homes. Among those who are giving new life to the region is J. H. Bowles, who has a model orchard on the northern outskirts of Northport village and who has erected a pretty summer home, with all the comforts to be desired.



Work on Largest Cherry Orchard in World.

He now has started a wind-break on the west side of his place which in a few years will change the very appearance of the country to the north of the village.

A. M. Leslie of Chicago has made heavy settings of trees on his acres to the north of the village. Don L. Sanders of Grand Rapids has a fine orchard started in the same neighborhood. Two miles to the north of the village and overlooking Northport is the magnificent summer home erected by E. J. Eustick. Mr. Eustick came to this region from St. Louis, Mo., two years ago, and has made heavy investments in land and in fruit trees. His orchards are so large that eventually power machinery will be needed to secure proper cultivation. Near the Eustick place, which has been given the name of Bay View orchard, is the large orchard belonging to A. A. Lash of Lincoln, Neb., which orchard contains close to 20,000 trees. A beautiful farm home of modern design has been erected near this farm.

Work began late last fall upon what is to be the largest cherry orchard in the world. G. M. Dame of Northport and H. F. Boughie of Traverse City were successful in securing 558 acres of the best orchard land on the Leelanau peninsula. Several farms had to be combined to make the large acreage which is now being improved. The fences have been taken down, the old buildings removed, the ragged edges cleared up, and nearly 200 acres have been plowed. The middle of April a crew of thirty men commenced setting the cherry trees, and were kept busy to the end of the month. The trees are all of the Montmorency variety, and the rows, the long way of the orchard, have a length of nearly one mile. The ground is well drained and the soil is extra good. Natural forests form wind breaks on four sides. The trees are set 24 feet apart and no crops will be grown between the trees. Some kind of a tractor will be used to facilitate the cultivating. Every tree is set in exactly

the right place, the rows having been tried by a gang of surveyors, the rows running with the points of the compass. The trees are the very best stock attainable, each tree being absolutely perfect.

As soon as the planting was completed the task of putting the buildings in shape preparatory to making the proposition an ideal one will be taken in hand. Such buildings as are necessary will be erected according to the latest ideas regarding comfort, sanitation and usefulness. A water works system is already being installed and a sewerage system has been started. The buildings will eventually be lighted by electricity, the dining hall to be erected will seat 600. There will be twelve bunk houses, six for men and six for women. When the trees come into bearing it will take an army of men and women to harvest the crop and put the cherries upon the market. A registered label will be used and the products of the orchard advertised so that there will be a demand for the fruit.

The lines along which this orchard is being developed indicate that a change is occurring in the fruit growing methods, and that the hit-and-miss way of the past will soon be no more. Scientific exactness is to be the rule in the future. Scientific management is to be employed as truly in fruit growing as it now is in the big well-organized machine shops.

With the new blood that is coming into the Northport territory, that sec-

tion of Leelanau county is bound to push itself to the front and become one of the most important fruit sections, if not the most important, on the continent.

Plan Big Fish Bake.

A fish bake in the public park at Frankfort is being arranged for the automobilists who make the inspection tour over the Western Michigan lake shore highway on July 7 to 11, next. The inspectors including Governor Ferris, are expected to arrive here at ten o'clock in the morning, whereupon they will be given an excursion on Lake Michigan and an opportunity to inspect the deep water fishing industry. Frankfort village is located upon the very beach of Lake Michigan, and in July enjoys weather that is the envy of most of the cities of the state. It is also the headquarters of a large number of fishing crews which go after lake trout and whitefish for the large city markets. The excursion on Lake Michigan will give the visitors a chance to see Lake Michigan at its deepest part, which is just off Frankfort, also to inspect the car ferry method of transferring freight, the big boats of the Ann Arbor line, making this their eastern terminal. Following the excursion and the inspections the guests will be treated to one of Frankfort's famous fish bakes, the tables for which will be spread in the city park near the water. Following the banquet the fruit raising industry and the canning industry will be on inspection for those interested in these phases of the state's resources.

Pasturing Too Close.

If the pastures are eaten close to the roots when the grass first starts, there will be practically nothing left for the cows later in the season.

Speed of Separator.

The speed of the separator is fixed by the manufacturer at a stated number of revolutions per minute.

IS IT RIGHT TO ADVERTISE COCA COLA?

Men who play the wily game of politics have discovered that the best way to distract the attention of the public from their own shortcomings is to make a loud-mouthed sensational attack upon someone else. As the cut-throat eludes its pursuer by eluding the surrounding water with the contents of its ink sac, so the political adventurer takes advantage of the ignorance and prejudices of the people to escape from his indefensible position by muddying the waters of public opinion.

A case in point of the recent attack made upon the religious press for carrying Coca-Cola advertising. This attack was made by a politician who was supposed to be an expert in chemistry but who, having brought a suit against the Coca-Cola Company, was humiliated by having to acknowledge that he could not qualify as an expert. The court decided in favor of the Coca-Cola Company as it was clearly shown that the only essential difference between Coca-Cola and coffee or tea is that the former contains only about half as much caffeine as the latter and that the flavor is different.

The question as to whether it is right to advertise Coca-Cola seems to resolve itself therefore into the question as to whether it is right to advertise coffee, tea, chocolate, cocoa and other beverages of the caffeine group.—Adv.

How Mad She Was.

The limit of forgiveness was surely reached by the woman who, after receiving 25 lashes from a hatchet and having two ribs broken, refuses to prosecute her husband, and asks: "What is the use of starting up a lot of trouble?" Perhaps it is as much dependence as forgiveness. In London, where wife-beating is a favorite sport of the slums, the police find the greatest difficulty in bringing the offenders to book because women have to choose between denying that they were ill-used or starving while their brute husbands are in jail. One woman was brought into court all bruised and beaten up, but she denied that her husband had done it and pleaded that she had fallen downstairs. "But," said the judge, "a piece of your ear has been bitten off."—Yes, I did that myself; I was so mad.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Convict Made Pets of Mice.

An interesting story of a convict and his two pet mice is told in the report of Captain Hanson, the prison commissioner of London.

Captain Hanson said the convict, who was imprisoned at Parkhurst, had two pet mice, but was ordered to another prison, where he was unable to take his pets. Captain Hanson promised to have them cared for and himself went to the cell for the mice.

"Never shall I forget the parting scene," continued the officer. "The man took each of the mice, calling them by name, kissed them, and then put them in a little box he had lined with fannel, and with them a piece of bread and a piece of cheese he had saved."

The Tortures of Prickly Heat and all skin affections are quickly alleviated and in a short time completely cured by using Tyree's Antiseptic Powder. 25c. at druggists. For free sample write J. S. Tyree, Chemist, Washington, D. C.—Adv.

Ready to Be Dished.

"Why do they talk about laying bills on the table?" "Because they mean to dish them."

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

There is no effect without a cause, except when a woman changes her mind.

More men might get to the front if they didn't stop to talk.

Obvious Course.

"What do you do when you get in deep water for speeding?" "Send for the first friend I can think of to ball me out."

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

The people who complain that life isn't worth living are the very ones who do nothing to make it so.

When a man gets full he is apt to use a lot of empty words.

AILING WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Hilbert Tells of Her Distressing Symptoms During Change of Life and How She Found Relief.

Westwood, Pa.—"During the Change of Life I was hardly able to be around at all. I always had a headache and I was so dizzy and nervous that I had no rest at night. The flashes of heat were so bad sometimes that I did not know what to do.



"One day a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me a strong well woman. I am very thankful that I followed my friend's advice and I shall recommend it as long as I live. Before I took the Compound I was always sickly and now I have not had medicine from a doctor for years. You may publish my letter."—Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Westwood, Pa.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, back-aches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly headed by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, stimulate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

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

YOU CAN INVEST YOUR SAVINGS in a good reliable business, give an interesting income and dividing large profits. Small investment. Every Prospectus. Agents Wanted. LAWRENCE & LAWLESS, 1100 Bank Building, Detroit, Mich.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed
Aloes
Rhubarb
Sassafras
Licorice
Cinnamon
Mentha
Cloves
Cardamom
Nutmeg
Peppermint
Sage
Anise
Fennel
Caraway
Mustard
Sulphur
Castor Oil

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of
Dr. H. H. Mitchell

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act

Exact Copy of Wrapper

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of *Dr. H. H. Mitchell*

In Use For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Some New Styles in Hats for Fair Young Wearers

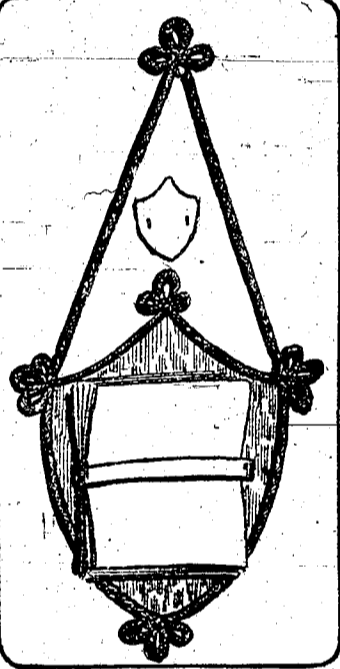


The sketch on the left shows a hat of white straw, veiled in shell-pink satin, with a draped crown of broderie Anglaise. To the right is a pretty shape in brown straw trimmed with cherries and ribbon.

VERY USEFUL AND—PRETTY LATEST STYLE OF TEACLOTH

Shaving Paper Holder Is Easily Made and Makes Tasty Decoration for Wall.

This is a wonderful little article to make for hanging upon the wall by the side of the dressing table or slinging upon the post of the looking glass. In making it, a piece of stiff cardboard is cut out in the shape shown in the diagram on the right hand side of the sketch, and smoothly covered with some prettily colored



Shaving Paper Holder.

remnant of silk. The edge is ornamented with a silk cord of a fancy pattern, chosen in some contrasting shade of color and carried into the three little loops on either side and again at the top and base. A long loop of cord is attached to the upper part and serves to suspend it from a nail in the wall or the post of the glass.

The papers are held in their places by a broad band of elastic which is run through two slits cut on either side and the ends securely sewn together at the back. The position of these two slits is clearly indicated in the diagram on the right.

The little article would also be very useful for hanging upon the wall by the side of the writing table, and under those circumstances it would be handy for holding unused half-sheets of note paper, and they could easily be withdrawn, like the shaving papers, one by one, as they may be required.

Cleaning Curtains.

Many housewives own curtains of Arabian lace. They realize that a great amount of their beauty is lost after washing. The lovely ecru tint has disappeared, and to recolor them is not always satisfactory.

These curtains can be dry cleaned in the following manner: Spread a sheet or two upon the floor and lay the curtains carefully on them. Mix two parts of boiled cornmeal with one of salt.

With a clean brush rub this mixture thoroughly through the curtains. Hang out of doors for a couple of hours and the curtains will be sweet and clean.

In this simple way they may be frequently cleaned. If the dust is not allowed to settle in them for any length of time, they will wear much longer.

Practical Violet Holder.

An extremely simple and practical rubber novelty comes in the shape of a bunch of violets and is designed for the protection of a gown when the natural flowers are worn.

It is made of green rubberized silk, the shade of the violet leaves and is outlined with a green wire. When worn it effectually prevents the penetration of any moisture to the gown. The wire edge permits of shaping the holder to the bouquet proper and the latter is then attached to the corsage wherever else desired.

Lovely Bits of Cluny and Insets of Filet Work Seen in Table Linen.

Quite the latest tealcloth shows a plain rather than a lace border. With in the border is an Irish-crochet insertion, the center of the cloth having a hand embroidered design. The linen is hand woven in the more expensive cloths.

Another has a heraldic design of lions in a heavy stitch, contrasting with fine hand-drawn work.

The usual size of these fine cloths is a yard and a quarter. The best workers are put on them, and the satiny effect of the embroidery on some, such as a shamrock, thistle and rose raised design, is produced by the mercerizing of the embroidery. The simple designs are as perfectly worked and cost much less, according to the Indianapolis News.

Lovely bits of cluny and insets of creamy filet work were seen on another kind of table linen. There were much more elaborate designs, applied to deep, ivory toned tealcloths, round table covers and cushion covers. They are somewhat wanting in neatness and simplicity for good taste, but there is a demand for them.

LETTERING FOR THE LINEN

Many Old Designs and Shapes to Be Found by Delving in the Public Library.

I used to spend many pennies having monograms and initials stamped for embroidery, writes a contributor to Good Housekeeping. Now, when I wish to mark linen, I go to the public library and get a book on lettering. There are many old letters and unusual shapes that the embroidery stampers do not have to be found in these books. I traced them from the book on tissue paper, and at home marked through carbon paper on to the linen. There is a long, very thin letter that is especially pretty embroidered, and by overlapping the letters a little, and adding a few extra lines to join them together, I have made some fine monograms.

CHARMING COSTUME.



Model of champagne and darker chiffon with heavy silk embroidery.

Touch of Color on White.

The fashionable spring idea is the white costume with a touch of color. It sometimes comes in a border print or embroidery, again as a girle or collar, or as a decorative button. Sometimes the color is seen in the weave, a yarn of bright color intermingling with white.

ALIVE AND KICKING

Jabez Thorpe's Manipulation of Real Affection for the Deserving One.

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE.

"One foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel—that's Jabez Thorpe, to my way of thinking."

"Exactly my opinion. A man of his age crossing the ocean! Never was a hundred miles away from his own hearthstone before. It's a terrible risk he is taking!"

Thus the gossiping neighbors of the reputed wealthy proprietor of the Thorpe Farm. It was an echo of the current chatter of the village. When hard-fisted, miserly old Jabez Thorpe announced that he was going to England to settle the estate of a distant relative, it had been a nine days' wonder. It had been reported that the interest of old Jabez in the estate was uncertain. He was a fighter, however, and strenuously declared that he was going to see it that he got his rights.

Thorpe Farm was not the pleasantest place in the world. It had a pretty fair house on it, but poorly furnished. As Thorpe grew older he had enclosed three acres near the house, and rented out the rest of his land.

Ten years previous he had adopted the child of a second cousin, Nellie Thorpe. She had grown into his life more of a comfort, guide and support than he realized. It was when he came to give up to Nellie the entire charge of his business during his absence, that he began to understand how much he depended on her. If Nellie felt that he was loading down upon her a vast responsibility, she reflected upon the gratitude she owed him. Jabez Thorpe had given her a shelter when she was homeless, and she took up her new duties seriously, but with her bright little heart full of confidence and cheer.

"It is not so hard as I fancied," Nellie wrote to Evan Pearson, her



Asleep With His Feet on the Table.

lover, who was filling a clerkship in another town. "A sister of the man who rents the west farm is seeking to restore her broken health through sunshine, garden work and good food. She helps me with the milking and chickens daytimes, and stays at the lonely old homestead nights. Uncle Jabez does not know that I am keeping right on with my little business. I want to prove to him what a busy housekeeper I am when he returns. Besides that, I must fit myself for our own home—long, long ahead, dear, but sure to come if you long for it as I do."

Nellie's "business" was selling milk and eggs. Her exacting relative had cut her down to a minimum as to household expenses, but the economical little housekeeper had managed to save something even out of that. As to the eggs and milk, at the end of a month, Nellie's bookkeeping showed such splendid results that she worked with added pleasure and interest.

Then there was an interruption—sudden and overwhelming. The steamer in which Abner Thorpe had sailed on his homeward trip was reported lost off the Canada coast. Only a few of the passengers had been saved. The name of Jabez Thorpe was not among the list. A week later it was generally accepted in the village that he had met a watery fate. Nellie went to his lawyer, who was a sensible, kind-hearted old man. He told Nellie to remain right at her post of duty. So far as he knew, no will had been left. This being true, the nearest of kin would inherit. Nellie was not in that list, but he encouraged her to believe that the heirs would make some provision for her.

And then, much to the discomfort of Nellie, the heirs apparent began to arrive. There was the relic of a brother of Jabez Thorpe, in weeds, and always snuffing and pitying herself. There was a fantastic, fussy old maid cousin who entertained great hopes because Jabez Thorpe had once sent her a birthday gift. There was a callow youth studying for the bar, who claimed near relationship, and a vast deal of knowledge as to the legal phases of the estate. There was a shiftless youth, besides, and all these planted themselves about the premises. For two days Nellie welcomed them. Then she thought the situation all over. She went modestly but firmly before them one morning.

"I have only the directions of the lawyer, Mr. Randall," she said, "as to being in charge here, but he has told

me to go right on doing my duty in Mr. Thorpe's interests until the estate is settled. Mr. Thorpe left me only enough money to cover the regular expenses, and I fear I cannot afford to entertain so much company."

Thereupon the lazy young man growled out something about niggardly treatment, the lady in mourning frowned out of the room in hysterics, and the fussy old maid flared up like an offended pussy cat. The young legal sprig walked out on his dignity. There was no dinner that day.

The tribe thereafter got their meals at the village hotel. They by no means deserted the old homestead, however. There was too much envy and suspicion among them for that. They watched one another as though afraid that some one was going to carry off the estate—house, farm and all.

Never would the faithful, persevering, Nellie forget one bright afternoon as she went about the house attending to her manifold duties. The young limb of the law was smoking a pipe in the sitting room, the other male watcher of the slow development of the estate was asleep with his feet on the table. In the parlor the snuffing relic and the fussy old maid were chattering away like magpies, when Nellie heard a roar.

She dropped the plate she was holding, and it was smashed to smithereens at her feet. Then with a scream of delight she darted into the sitting room, gave one glance at a sturdy, wrathful figure filling the doorway, and bounded straight into the arms of Jabez Thorpe.

"Oh, uncle! uncle!" she cried. "I am so glad—so glad!"

"Yes, and the only one who is," replied the old man, as he placed a sheltering arm about her. "You young sprig of insolence!" he shouted at the astonished smoker, "out of here with that vile pipe of yours! Here, wake up and march!" he added, pulling the sleeper from his chair. "As to you, ladies," he sang out to the occupants of the parlor, "I've heard in the village of how you've all flocked here like a set of crows after a carcass. Well, old Jabez is alive and kicking, after all. And before the day is over he's going to save you the expense and trouble of coming to any more funerals by leaving what he's got, when it's ready to leave, to the only one among the crowd of you who is worth two pence—and that's Nellie."

It was after the dejected, disappointed mob of fortune seekers had left that Nellie proudly exhibited her bookkeeping. It ended by the old man manifesting real affection for his loyal and faithful housekeeper in the words:

"You have proved what you are, dear child—true and good, with a heart of gold. We will have Evan Pearson down here Saturday evening, and make a new deal all around." (Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Like a Thousand of Brick."

Years ago, in city and country, a common phrase to indicate retribution for wrong, real or fancied, was, "I'll come down on him like a thousand of brick," but this threat seems insignificant in the light of an assertion by Jefferson Middleton of the United States geological survey, that during the year 1912 more than a million thousand brick were used in Greater New York, and that nearly all were manufactured in the kilns along both sides of the lower Hudson river.

The total production in this region was 1,019,259,000. Valued at \$5.74 a thousand, a total of \$5,856,770, as against 926,072,000, valued at \$5.09 a thousand in 1911, a total of \$4,717,633, making an increase of production in 1912 over that of 1911 of 92,187,000 brick and \$1,139,137 in value.

For several years before the use of cement or concrete in construction appeared, to be displacing brick to some extent, but now according to Mr. Middleton, there is a distinct movement "back to brick," caused by large advertising by brickmakers, the failure of some concrete buildings and improvement in the quality of Hudson river brick.

That Was Mike, Sure Enough! Sometimes beggars make mistakes in their calls as the following incident shows.

By mistake a tramp knocked at a wayside cottage in Scotland inhabited by a policeman, and was astonished when that official answered the door himself. With evident alarm the man blurted out, "Does Mike go and so stay about here?"

"What is he like?" said the policeman, and receiving a very vague description in reply, he made pretense of going inside to ask his wife. Reappearing in a minute or so with his hand held behind his neck, he said: "Would you know Mike if you saw him?" "Yes," replied the tramp. "Is this anything like him?" asked the good-natured policeman, and he held out a substantial buttered scone. With a broad grin of relief and satisfaction the tramp said, "That's the very chap."

Surprised Her. The stout party had been in the bootshop for over an hour, and the patient shop assistant had had half the shop down for her inspection. She found fault with them all, until his patience became quite exhausted.

"These should suit you," he said, taking another pair down as the last resort.

Still the lady was not satisfied. "I don't like this sort," she said; "they have a tendency to get wider when they are a bit old."

"Well, madam," retorted the exasperated assistant, politely, "didn't you?"

Libby's Luncheon Delicacies

Dried Beef, sliced wafer thin, Hickory Smoked and with a choice flavor that you will remember.

Vienna Sausage—just right for Red Hots, or to serve cold.

We suggest you try them served like this: Cut rye bread in thin slices, spread with creamed butter and remove crusts. Cut a Libby's Vienna Sausage in half, lengthwise, and lay on the bread. Place on the top of the sausage a few thin slices of Libby's Midget Pickles. Cover with the other slice of bread and press lightly together. Arrange on plate and serve garnished with a few parsley sprays.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago



Do As Others Do, Take

this time-tested—world proved—home remedy which suits and benefits most people. Tried for three generations, the best corrective and preventive of the numerous ailments caused by defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion and elimination has been proved to be

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World)

If you have not tried this matchless family medicine, you do not know what it means to have better digestion, sounder sleep, brighter eyes, clearer complexion, which come after Beecham's Pills have cleared the system of impurities. Try them now—and know. Always of the same excellence—in all climates; in every season—Beecham's Pills are

The Tried, Trusted Remedy

Sold Everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.
Directions with every box are very valuable, especially to women.

Oddest of Jails.

One of the oddest of jails is that at Clifton, Graham county, Ariz., which lies in one of the copper mining centers of the new state. This jail comprises four large apartments hewn in the side of a hill of solid quartz rock. The entrance is situated in a boxlike vestibule built of heavy masonry and the gates have three sets of steel bars. At intervals in the rocky walls holes to serve as windows have been blasted and in these apertures a series of massive bars of steel has been fitted firmly in the rock. The floor of this rockbound jail is of cement. The prisoners are confined wholly in the larger apartments. In certain places the wall of quartz about the jail is no less than fifteen feet in thickness. So solid and heavy are the barriers to this institution that no prisoner has ever attempted escape—Harper's Weekly.

Get a Canadian Home

In Western Canada's Free Homestead Area

THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA

160 ACRES IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

For Grain Raising and Cattle Raising

Perfect climate; good soil; always convenient; the very best; and social conditions most desirable.

For further particulars write to M. V. McInnes, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agents, at address Superior Industries, or Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

RINGWORM ON CHILD'S FACE

Stratford, Iowa.—"Three years ago this winter my seven-year-old son had ringworm on the face. First it was in small red spots which had a rough crust on the top. When they started they looked like little red-dots and then they got bigger, about the size of a bird's egg. They had a white rough ring around them, and grew continually worse and soon spread over his face and legs. The child suffered terrible itching and burning, so that he could not sleep nights. He scratched them and they looked fearful. He was cross when he had them. We used several bottles of liniment, but nothing helped.

"I saw where a child had a rash on the face and was cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I decided to use them. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment about one month, and they cured my child completely." (Signed) Mrs. Barbara Prim, Jan. 30, 1912.

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

It doesn't pay to go entirely on the theory that it's the unexpected that always happens.

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

Love maketh a light heart; also a dark parlor.

DON'T CUT OUT A VARICOSE VEIN

USE ABSORBINE, JR. FOR IT

A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles.

Mr. R. C. Kellogg, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins; they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Wens, Cysts, Callouses, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 5 G Free. Write for it. W. F. Young, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

A HIDDEN DANGER

It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

When the kidneys fail, uric acid causes rheumatic attacks, headaches, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy or heart disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and urinary ills.

An Indiana Case

Mrs. George Harrington, Crawfordsville, Ind., says: "My limbs ached twice normal size, and my body was so bloated I could hardly breathe. I had awful pains in my back, and terrible headaches. I went weeks in a hospital, but could not get better. I had given up hope when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely and I have had no trouble since."

Get Doan's at Any Store. See a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

If you feel "out of sorts" and "down" or "got the blues" or suffer from KIDNEY, BLADDER, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, ULCERS, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, write for my FREE book, THE MOST IMPROVED MEDICAL BOOK EVER PUBLISHED. ALL THE BEST KNOWN DISEASES AND THE REMARKABLE CURES SPECIFIED BY THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, NEAL'S 3-DAY CURE.

NEAL'S 3-DAY CURE

placed anywhere, abstracts and bills, all after. Real, clean, permanent, one-week cure. Lasts all season. Made of meat, seaweed, and other purest ingredients. Guaranteed effective. All ailments cured. Express paid for. Write for FREE BOOK.

RABOLD SOMERS, 350 DuSable Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR DRINK AND DRUG HABITS

Harmless, an Appetizer. Money back if not satisfied. Write for Booklets and Free Guarantees. Neal Institute Co., 71 Sheldon Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

JOHN L. THOMPSON, 808 N. CO. ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. H. C. Coleman, Wholesale Agent, 1111 E. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS

LIVE AGENTS for District Sales Managers, etc. Write today: OXYGEN FUEL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 25-9912

A Nervous Woman Finds Relief After Many Years

Women who suffer from extreme nervousness, often endure much suffering before finding any relief. Mrs. Daniel Kintner, of Defiance, O., had such an experience, regarding which she says:



"I had stomach trouble when I was eighteen years old that broke down my health, and for years I suffered with nervousness, headache, indigestion and nervous spasms. The spasms got so bad I would have them three or four times a week. After trying nearly every remedy recommended, I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine, and I must say it helped me wonderfully. I have had no severe nervousness for several years."

MRS. DAN KINTNER, 1003 Pleasant St., Defiance, O.

Many remedies are recommended for diseases of the nervous system that fail to produce results because they do not reach the seat of the trouble. Dr. Miles' Nervine has proven its value in such cases so many times that it is unnecessary to make claims for it. You can prove its merits for yourself by getting a bottle of your druggist, who will return the price if you receive no benefit.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

HUNTING WITH THE FALCON

Kirghiz, More Than Any Other People, Probably Carry This Sport to an Extreme.

All wanderers are lovers of the chase, but for sheer love of sport and daring exploits the Kirghiz take the palm. Central Asia is the home of fanconry, which was not introduced into Europe until the crusaders brought back falcons with them from their eastern wanderings. But imagine the ambition of the men who fly their birds at wolves and foxes instead of at quails and partridges! Not content with hunting game birds with small falcons, the Kirghiz capture and train the great golden eagles, with which they hunt such game as gazelles, foxes and even wolves.

A well mounted Kirghiz falconer, carrying on his wrist one of these magnificent birds, is a fine sight. The weight of the eagle is such that the owner requires a support for his wrist, and the hunters are usually to be seen with a little wooden bracket that supports the arm against the hip. The eagles are hooded, as all falcons are, but can be used only in winter, when they are hungry and keen. In summer they are fed on marmots and live a restful life, sitting in the sun in front of the tent doors.

When gazelles or wolves are the objects of the chase the eagles are aided by long sleek greyhounds of a small breed, the dogs running in and pulling down the quarry when the eagles have sufficiently bewildered it.

COMING BACK TO EAST JORDAN

UNITED DOCTORS SPECIALISTS will again be at Russell House FRIDAY, JULY 25th

Hours, 9:00 A. M. to 6:00 P. M. Remarkable Success of These Talented Physicians in the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

The United Doctors, licensed by the State of Michigan for the treatment of deformities and all chronic and nervous diseases of men, women and children, offer to all who call on this visit, consultation examination and advice free of charge.

These Doctors are among America's leading stomach and nerve specialists and are experts in the treatment of chronic diseases of the blood, liver, stomach, intestines, skin, nerves, heart, spleen, kidneys or bladder, rheumatism, splatica, diabetes, bed-wetting, tape-worm, leg ulcers, weak lungs, and those afflicted with long standing, deep-seated chronic diseases, that have baffled the skill of other physicians, should not fail to call. Deafness has often been cured in sixty days.

According to their system no more operations for appendicitis, gall stones, tumors, goiter, piles, etc. By their method these diseases are treated without operation or hypodermic injection. They were among the first in America to earn the name of "Bloodless Surgeons," by doing away with the knife, with blood and with pain in the successful treatment of these dangerous diseases.

If you have kidney or bladder troubles bring a two ounce bottle of your urine for chemical analysis and microscopic examination.

Worn-out or run-down men or women, no matter what your ailment may be, no matter what you have been told, or the experience you have had with other physicians, settle it forever in your mind. If your case is incurable they will tell you so. Consult them upon this visit. It costs you nothing.

Married ladies must come with their husbands and minors with their parents.

People who travel at a rapid pace aren't necessarily fast friends.

When a girl begins to call a young man by his first name she probably has designs on his last.

A satisfactory wife tells her husband that, she could not possibly have married better than she did.

Obey That Impulse!

Instead of enduring the daily torment of weak back, backache, sore kidneys, swollen joints and rheumatism, obey that impulse to take Foley Kidney Pills. They co-operate with nature, which accounts for their success in all kidney and bladder disorders. They are healing, strengthening and tonic. Obey that impulse to-day and give them a chance to help you. Hites Drug Store.

City Tax Notice.

The Tax Roll for the year 1913 for the City of East Jordan will be in my hands for collection on and after July 1st, 1913. All taxes named therein may be paid at any time up to and including July 31st, 1913, without any collection fee thereof. If not paid on or before that date the Charter of said City has provided that an addition of 2 per cent. shall be made thereto on the 1st day of August thereafter, and additional 1 per cent. shall be added thereto on the 1st day of each month that the tax remains unpaid until returned to the county treasurer.

Dated June 24, 1913. C. C. MACK, City Treasurer.

Curfew Notice.

All persons interested are warned that according to the provisions of Ordinance No. 36, all children under 14 years of age found contrary to those provisions on the streets of East Jordan after the curfew bell at 9:00 p. m. will be dealt with as provided in said ordinance.

HENRY COOK, Chief of Police.

FOR SALE!

1913 Model, Motor Cycles and Motor Boats at Bargain prices, all makes, brand new machines, on easy monthly payment plan. Get our proposition before buying or you will regret it, also bargains in used Motor Cycles. Write us today. Address Lock Box 11, Trenton, Mich.

If it is perfume a woman doesn't care how much it costs.

Give a girl a dollar and she will spend ninety-eight cents of it for a mesh purse to carry the rest of it in.

Contrary to the colloquialism to that effect, and to the opinion of those who never lived on a farm, the cows do not come home. They have to be driven in.

DON'T use a cough medicine containing opium or morphine. They constipate the bowels and do not cure any style the cough. Examine the label and if the medicine contains these harmful opiates refuse it. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound contains no opiates, is healing and soothing. Hites Drug Store.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the 15th day of March, in the year 1910, executed by George W. Blake and Gertrude M. Blake, his wife, of East Jordan, Michigan, to Jerome B. Allen, of the State of Georgia, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Charlevoix, in the 45th of mortgages, on page 28, on the 21st day of March, in the year 1910 at 1:00 o'clock, p. m. And whereas, the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of \$38.50 of principal and interest, and the further sum of fifteen dollars as an attorney's fee stipulated for in said mortgage, and the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage is the sum of \$53.50, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now therefore, Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage, will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the east front door of the court house in the City of Charlevoix, in said County of Charlevoix, on the twenty-ninth day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to-wit: Lot 1, of Block 1, of Bowen's Addition to village of South Lake, now the incorporated village of East Jordan, Charlevoix County, Michigan, as per the recorded plat of said addition.

Dated, July 1st, 1913. JEROME B. ALLEN, Mortgagee.

A. B. NICHOLAS, Attorney for Mortgagee.

PROBATE NOTICE

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. In the matter of the estate of Charles A. Sweet, deceased. Notice is hereby given that four months from the 20th day of June A. D. 1913, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on or before the 20th day of October A. D. 1913, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday, the 20th day of October A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated June 20th, A. D. 1913. SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. In the matter of the estate of Harriet B. Barrett, deceased. Notice is hereby given that four months from the first day of July A. D. 1913, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on or before the 31st day of October A. D. 1913, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday, the 31st day of October A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated July 1st, A. D. 1913. SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

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East Jordan, R. F. D. 4

THE FINEST IN THE STATE

Is the big modern plant recently purchased from the Booth Fisheries Co. by A. T. Washburne and located at foot of "Midway" on the bay shore, as a permanent home for the constantly increasing business in the manufacture of "Sanitary Rugs from old Carpets" (trade mark established 1888) in which life a trade has been successfully established all over the United States on the excellence of products. This also gives much needed room to the Carpet Cleaning and Refitting department, which includes a large sterilizing abator for purifying rugs and carpets. The cleaning department is fully equipped with all modern and time saving machinery devices run by electricity. Two of the largest rotary reupholstering machines for general cleaning and a powerful Vacuum machine 100 per cent times more powerful and efficient than the portable ones, this latter is for use on rugs and oriental. The plant is also equipped with three machines for the sewing of carpets of all kinds in the most approved manner with flat elastic seams. Thus with largest facilities, most up-to-date equipment, highest grade of workmanship, lowest possible prices, and prompt service, bespeaks a busy future for the Petoskey Rug Co. of which A. T. Washburne is proprietor and to which address all orders and correspondence should be addressed—NO AGENTS.—Petoskey Evening News, April 13, 1911.—Make your appointments early as possible.

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We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will put this out and send it to us with 4 cents to pay postage and mailing and say that you will show them to some of your friends. If you wish, we will also put your name in our POST CARD EXCHANGE free on request. Be sure to state in your letter if you wish your name inserted. By entering your name in our Exchange column, you will get post cards, sample magazines and other mail matter from all over the world. You also get FREE sample copies of our weekly and monthly magazines, THE NEW YORK FAMILY STORY PAPER and GOLDEN HOURS.

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HIS LOVE BEYOND A DOUBT

Surely Impossible to Ask Further Proof After This Really Sublime Declaration.

"Do you love me?" he asked. In reply the modern young girl looked at the modern young man with eyes pervaded with emotion.

"Do I love you?" she repeated. "I do. I love you psychologically, sociologically, economically. From the psychological standpoint, I feel that our different organisms are so nicely differentiated as to form a properly articulated area of combined consciousness. Sociologically, our individual environment has been enough in contrast to form a proper basis for a right union. Economically, I feel sure that when we come to combine we shall be able to introduce into the management of our affairs the right financial balance to produce the scientific result which every well-ordered and conducted business produces. And now, how do you love me?"

The young man reached forward. He clasped her swiftly but surely in his arms. He hugged her and kissed her alabaster cheeks and her ruby lips.

"How do I love you?" he replied. "My dear girl, I love you just as much as if you really knew what you were talking about."

Gospel of Forgetfulness. The gospel of forgetfulness is now being strongly advocated by persons interested in various new-thought movements. The theory is to get rid of your troubles by forgetting all about them—by substituting happy, hopeful thoughts for the sad, despairing ones. The adherents of this gospel go so far as to claim for it a physical potency. They declare that illness can be cured by forgetting all about it.

This doctrine, like all the other doctrines that assume the control of mind over matter, is a splendid one when not pushed to the excess to which fanatical adherents are liable. Like the other doctrines, too, is as old as the human race, and has been put into excellent practice in all periods of history. Proverbs and epigrams have been written about it. "Worry killed a cat." "Let the dead past bury its dead." "Things past redress are now with me past care." "We are never so unhappy as we imagine," and the like, and in his "Cure for Heartache" Thomas Morton, the dramatist, advised, "Push on—keep moving."—Indianapolis Star.

Following the Hounds. Smith was a great cyclist, but had rarely been on a horse. One day when staying with a sporting uncle he thought he would like to follow the hounds, which were to meet near by, so he borrowed from a young relative a horse which was not much accustomed to the hunting field. At first he went steadily until the horse, being startled by a rabbit darting from a clump of grass, broke into a mad gallop. The rider was flung forward on the horse's neck.

"What are you doing, my lad, with your arm there?" jokingly called out his uncle.

"I'm feeling for the brake," was the muffled reply, "but I can't find it."

Make your words palatable when you can. You may be forced to eat them some day.

The agonizing discomfort and sense of suffocation that accompany hay fever and asthma may be greatly alleviated by the use of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It has a soothing effect on the mucous lining, and relieves the gasping and tickling sensation in the throat and bronchial tubes. Hites Drug Store.

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