

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 18

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1914.

No. 33

MICHIGAN CROP REPORT.

WHEAT. The average estimated yield per acre in the State is 18.67, in the southern counties 18.58, in the central counties 20.33, in the northern counties 16.66 and in the Upper Peninsula 24.42 bushels. A large percentage of the crop correspondents throughout the State report wheat of good quality, some counties in the southwestern portion of the State report considerable damage by the Hessian fly. The estimates at present indicate that the State yield will be very close to 13,500,000 bushels. The per cent. of plowing done for wheat is 11 in the State, 10 in the southern counties, 15 in the central counties, 12 in the northern counties, and 9 in the Upper Peninsula.

The total number of bushels of wheat marketed by farmers in July at 66 mills is 76,801 and at 67 elevators and to grain dealers 125,573 or a total of 202,274 bushels. The estimate of wheat marketed by farmers for the twelve months, August-July, indicates that about 2,000,000 bushels are yet in possession of the growers. One hundred and thirty-three mills, elevators and grain dealers report no wheat marketed in July.

RYE. The average estimated yield in the State is 15.33, in the southern counties 15.17, in the central counties 15.43, in the northern counties 14.77 and in the Upper Peninsula 23.36 bushels per acre. According to the above estimate the State yield should be about 5,750,000 bushels.

CORN. The condition of corn as compared with an average is 89 in the State, 87 in the southern counties, 93 in the central counties, 91 in the northern counties and 96 in the Upper Peninsula. The condition one year ago was 87 in the State, 83 in the southern counties, 92 in the central counties, 90 in the northern counties and 89 in the Upper Peninsula.

OATS. The estimated average yield in the State is 35.06, in the southern counties 34.26, in the central counties 34.35, in the northern counties 35.88, and in the Upper Peninsula 43 bushels per acre. The above estimate indicates that the State yield will exceed 55,000,000 bushels.

POTATOES. The condition as compared with an average is 88 in the State 84 in the southern counties, 91 in the central and northern counties, and 100 in the Upper Peninsula. The condition one year ago was 80 in the State, 71 in the southern counties, 86 in the central counties, 90 in the northern counties and 95 in the Upper Peninsula.

BEANS. The condition of beans compared with an average per cent. is 88 in the State and southern counties, 89 in the central and northern counties and 95 in the Upper Peninsula. The condition one year ago was 87 in the State, 81 in the southern counties, 94 in the central counties, 90 in the northern counties and 96 in the Upper Peninsula.

SUGAR BEETS. The condition of sugar beets as compared with an average is 88 in the State, 93 in the southern counties, 82 in the central and northern counties and 100 in the Upper Peninsula. The condition one year ago was 89 in the State, 87 in the southern and northern counties, 90 in the central counties and 97 in the Upper Peninsula.

HAY AND FORAGE.—The yield per acre of hay and forage in tons is 1.23 in the State, 1.26 in the southern counties 1.36 in the central counties, 1.22 in the northern counties and 1.29 in the Upper Peninsula. One year ago the yield was 0.98 in the State, 0.95 in the southern counties, 0.94 in the central counties, 0.97 in the northern counties and 1.41 in the Upper Peninsula.

PASTURE.—The condition of pasture as compared with an average is 85 in the State, 79 in the southern counties, 93 in the central counties, 88 in the northern counties and 100 in the Upper Peninsula. One year ago the condition was 73 in the State, 64 in the southern counties, 77 in the central counties, 84 in the northern counties and 98 in the Upper Peninsula.

APPLES.—As a result of more thorough spraying than in former years and a fairly favorable season the apple crop promises to be considerably above the average, both in quantity and quality. The prospect for an average crop is 71 in the State, 63 in the southern counties, 73 in the central counties, 80 in the northern counties and 88 in the Upper Peninsula. One year ago the average was 68 in the State, 47 in the southern counties, 61 in the central counties, 59 in the northern counties and 91 in the Upper Peninsula. The State average for five years, from 1909 to 1913 inclusive was 48. The winter varieties that promise best, are in their

order: Baldwin, Northern Spy, Ben Davis, Greening, Wagner, Tolman Sweet, Tompkins King and Russet. Of the early sorts the most promising are Duchess, Wealthy, Fameuse, Red Astrachan, Yellow Transparent, Maiden Blush, Early Harvest and Fall Pippin.

PEACHES.—In many localities the peach buds started during the warm weather in January and were severely injured by frost in February, March and April and again by a late frost in June. The prospect for an average crop of peaches in the State is 34 and in the Michigan Fruit Belt 42 per cent. One year ago the prospect was 53 for the State and 54 for the Fruit Belt. The State and Michigan Fruit Belt average for five years, from 1909 to 1913 inclusive was 51 and 54 respectively. The varieties that promise best, are in their order: Elberta, Gold Drop, New Prolific, Kalamazoo, Engle's Mammoth, Early Michigan, Barnard and Hill's Chili.

FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE,
Secretary of State.

Commission Proceedings.

Special meeting of the City Commission held at Commissioner Hudson's office Saturday evening August 8, 1914. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present, Cross, Graff and Hudson. Absent, none.

The following resolution was offered by Commissioner Hudson who moved its adoption, seconded by Commissioner Graff:

Whereas, it is within the power of this Commission to extend the time for closing the polls at the primary election to be held in the City of East Jordan, Tuesday August 25, 1914, until 8 o'clock p. m., and,

Whereas, such action is deemed a matter of convenience to the voters of said City, therefore,

Resolved, That the City Clerk be, and hereby is instructed to give public notice that the polls in the several wards of the City will be kept open until 8 o'clock p. m. on said primary election day.

Adopted by the City Commission of the City of East Jordan, the eighth day of August, A. D. 1914, by an aye and nay vote as follows:

Ayes: Cross, Graff and Hudson.
Nays: None.

On motion by Graff, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

"THE GREAT DIVIDE"

The management of the Temple Theatre announces "The Great Divide" as the attraction next Friday evening, August 21st.

Henry Vaughn Moody, the author of this masterful piece of playwriting, has assembled characters in this great American play totally unlike those portrayed in trashy offerings usually depicted in cheap dramatic sensations. A play of deep and vital passions written with rare naturalism and beautifully acted, "The Great Divide" sets a new mark in American drama.

In no story of Western American life have we come in touch with characters so strangely contrasted in nature as those of Stephen Grant and Ruth Jordan, the central figures in the play. This man and woman are strangely brought together; the man untrammelled in mind and action, the woman in whose life and habits are ingrained the traditions and conventionalities of a long line of Puritan ancestors. Strange as has been their wooing, stranger still is their life together, their separation and their final reconciliation. In the unfolding of this intensely interesting story, its three acts are crowded with interest, charged with passion and filled with action. The big second act will be familiar to everyone with a knowledge of the Cordilleras, a plateau on "the roof of the world" from which summit is seen the vast expanse of mountainous country, its valleys and foot hills winding their way to the top of the great divide, truly named one of the seven wonders of the world.

C. S. Primrose, the producer, has secured a complete scenic production.

Yeggmen?

While a lady's hose supporter Seems a harmless little thing, It has a dual purpose, which To notice we would bring.

Their sale to all who want them Seems to us a little rank, When well we know their secret use Is holding up a bank.

TOURISTS.

A tourist is an excited, lichen duster and a cartload of baggage that are going or coming and that are in no hurry to arrive. They are an invention of the railroad companies who use them to maintain porter service for the traveling public. They are also used in returning the East's accumulation of money westward.

Tourists are a boon to post-card dealers while abroad and a nuisance to their acquaintances when returned. All of them threaten to write a book on Travel, but considerate publishers generally intercede before the crime is enacted.

Tourists find higher mountains and deeper canyons than the best of geographers have been able to locate. This probably is because their hotels start them out with better figures on which to base calculations. Tourists take a great deal of encouragement into the places where stop-overs are allowed and leave the natives satisfied with their lot. They are transforming all bankers west of Dodge City into souvenir venders and keeps eastern factories working over-time to supply their demands. An Indian can buy a Navajo blanket in a western store for eighteen dollars and double his money on it as soon as the first train from the East arrives. A piece of adobe crockery, guaranteed to break before you can get it home, will bring more money on a western depot platform than a cut-glass finger bowl at Tiffany's.

On their initial trip, tourists travel with only their pocketbooks and the baggage limit. After that, they take a gun and a mean disposition.

No word passed between them. This year the battered wanderer went into the harvest fields for work. No names were given. But as worked he sang—and he sang the song of other years.

The song had its echo in the memory of the employer—only they are no longer employer and hired hand, but Pat and Bob as they were when they left Ireland a half-century ago.

The moral? There isn't any at all number of things, and that among—except that the world is full of a number of things, and that among memories so deeply engraved that a song can wipe away the wealth of the prosperous and the scars of battered failure and leave them simply "brothers."

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PAYTON SAYS THINGS LOOK GOOD

County Treasurer Payton, who is a candidate for re-nomination in the coming primaries, was in the city Monday and tells us that his chances for the customary second term look mighty good in every section of the county from which he has received reports, and we can readily see why this is. D. S. Payton has been more actively interested in the welfare of Charlevoix county than any other citizen we know of.

He has worked hard and consistently for the development of the county, having spent days and days of his time, not time that belonged to the county, that we might live in a better and more advanced community, and he has spent his good money in as many cases for the same reason. That he has been an efficient officer cannot be denied; that he has taken care of the wants of every person who has had business with the office in a kindly and yet business like manner is acknowledged by everyone, and he has been strictly loyal to the party that put him in office; and we contend that without the latter virtue no man could be of value to any community. The whole situation is summed up in this manner: Mr. Payton is a real Republican and has always had the backbone to say so, whether it was to his interest at the particular time or not; he has been thoroughly unselfish in his efforts to make a better Charlevoix county; he is the most competent man for this office of whom we have knowledge. His is one case where the people have received more than they paid for—that he has held a county office for several terms means nothing. This is a business matter. That he can hold the office but one more term is the only thing we have to regret. Payton wouldn't say so for the world but instead of Payton being indebted to the county, the county is indebted to Payton.—Boysie City Journal.

Wise and Otherwise

A man who has good friends is never poor.

August is the shortest month in the year. Ask any school kid.

An incompetent hired man always finds fault with the tools he has to work with.

Working the thermometer overtime is one occupation for which the weather never becomes too hot.

A New Jersey judge who sentenced a drunkard to matrimony is awarded the palm over the Seattle magistrate who ordered a prisoner to enlist in the army.

Once in a while you will hear of a chorus girl who doesn't think she is better than the prima donna, and you may also come across a clerk who doesn't imagine he knows more than the boss.

EMOTIONS THAT LIVE

A prosperous farmer and a battered tramp drove into a little Nebraska town the other day—but neither the bleared eyes of the vagrant nor the keener eyes of the farmer saw the whirling maze of life.

For the hearts were full of other visions—drawn from the dusts of a half-century by the humming of a song. They saw the white-washed hut, the peat fields, the donkey carts of Ireland and they felt again the throb of boyhood and of brotherhood.

Two brothers left the Emerald Isle to try their fortunes in America. One found his place in the broad wheat fields of Nebraska, where each summer son added to his stock of worldly goods. The other kept looking—gazing to often through the bottom of glasses to see opportunities and ever moving on in the hope that fate would toss a fortune, ready-made into his hands.

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The song had its echo in the memory of the employer—only they are no longer employer and hired hand, but Pat and Bob as they were when they left Ireland a half-century ago.

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Facts Worth Knowing.

"Uncle Sam," the popular title for the United States. In the year 1812 a large quantity of provisions for the army was purchased at Troy, N. Y. by Elbert Anderson, a government contractor. The goods were inspected by two brothers, Ebenezer and Sam Wilson. The last named was invariably known among the workmen as "Uncle Sam." The packages were marked E. A.—U. S. On being asked the meaning of these initials a workman jokingly replied that he did not know unless they meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam. So the title became current among workmen, soldiers, and people, and the United States Government is known now by those who affectionately call it Uncle Sam.

Statement From Andy Ross

To The Voters of Charlevoix County:

I have lately learned of a report that I did not want the office of Register of Deeds, and that I was a candidate simply to benefit someone else. Such rumormongering is malicious and harmful. It is unjust, and besides it is an absolute falsehood. I have made no combinations with anyone and will make none. I WANT THE OFFICE. I have a fair education and a little horse-sense. I have worked hard all my life, and have tried to help others.

I have never asked for public office or public favor. I have never held an office except that of village trustee, and that was forced upon me. I am not versed in political trickery. I have nothing to say about the other candidates. All I ask is a square deal.

Yours respectfully,
ANDY ROSS.

Mr. Martindale as a Vote Getter

Mr. Martindale's popularity and vote getting qualities are shown by the results of the last two general elections, 1910 and 1912.

In the election of 1910 running on the same ticket, Osborn received a majority of 43,033, Martindale 38,824, and Ross 82,806; Mr. Martindale's being 45,687 more than that of Mr. Osborn.

In Wayne County, his own county, his majority was 5,000 greater than that of Osborn, and in Chippewa County, Osborn's home, he lacked but 273 votes of getting as many as did Mr. Osborn.

In 1912 Mr. Martindale's plurality over his democratic opponent was 55,000 more than Musselman's, and 10,000 more than that of Ross.

In Wayne County, Mr. Martindale's home county, his plurality was 14,000 greater than Musselman's and in Kent County, Musselman's home, it was 2,208 more than Musselman's.

This proves Mr. Martindale to be a remarkable votegetter.

HIS NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR AT THE PRIMARIES WOULD ASSURE THE ELECTION OF THE ENTIRE STATE, DISTRICT AND COUNTY TICKETS.

Next week Mr. Martindale will write a short, plain letter to the voters of Michigan.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

For State Representative

I have decided to be a candidate for re-nomination on the Republican ticket for Representative in the State Legislature from this district, and if my course in the last session is approved, would respectfully solicit your votes at the coming primary election.

HERMAN I. McMILLAN.

For Register of Deeds

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds on the Republican Ticket, subject to the August primaries.

ANDREW ROSS
Charlevoix, Mich., June 24, 1914

For County Clerk

To the voters of Charlevoix County:

I hereby announce my candidacy for nomination for the office of County Clerk on the Republican ticket, subject to the August primaries.

Please look up my past record and if my work has been satisfactory, I will greatly appreciate your support.

RICHARD LEWIS.

Capt. Geo. W. Weaver

For County Treasurer

I am a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Charlevoix County on the Republican ticket at the August 25th Primaries. If nominated and elected I will perform the duties of said office faithfully and to the best of my ability. I respectfully solicit your support.

CAPT. GEO. W. WEAVER.

For Prosecuting Attorney

To Republican Electors of Charlevoix County:

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for Prosecuting Attorney of Charlevoix County to succeed myself. If nom-



inated and elected, I promise to continue to give the office and the people the same conservative and efficient service I have endeavored to give in the past.

Your support will be appreciated.
DWIGHT H. FITCH

J. Lee Morford

OF OTSEGO COUNTY



Candidate for nomination for office of

State Senator

on the Republican ticket, 29 Senatorial

District, at the coming primary

Election, August 25th, 1914.

Keep your Liver Active During the Summer

Months—Foley Cathartic Tablets for Sluggish Liver and Constipation.

It does beat all how quickly Foley Cathartic Tablets loosen your liver and overcome constipation. Ney Oldham, Wimberley, Texas, says:—

"Foley Cathartic Tablets are the best laxative I ever used. They take the place of calomel." Wholesome, stirring and cleansing. No gripping. A comfort to stout persons.—Hites Drug Store.

A GREAT MESSAGE

IN A FEW WORDS

Few men can be successful in life without health. Fewer still can retain health without an occasional use of drugs. No man can get satisfactory results from POOR drugs.

We never buy a poor drug—we never buy a stale drug—we handle only the purest and the best. They bring you health, prosperity, long life and happiness.

A fifty-cent drug investment IN TIME may save you a long sickness and many dollars.

W. C. SPRING Drug Store.

Rollie L. Lewis



Solicits Your Support for the Nomination for the office of

Prosecuting Att'y

on the Republican ticket, at the primaries, August 25th, 1914.

CHAS. NOVAK



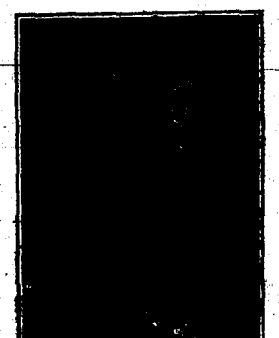
Candidate for the Republican Nomination

for Sheriff

Primary Election, August 25th, 1914

T. O. BISSELL

OF BOYNE CITY



Candidate for Republican Nomination

for County Clerk

Your support in the coming Primaries will be greatly appreciated.

Mr. Bliss and the Highway Man

By Montague Glass
Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.

To the commuters of the South Shore Railway the name of Dinglewood was one to be spoken with bated breath. It conjured up visions of broad, green lawns, and stately mansions with foyers and libraries and two copies of the "Social Register," this year's and last year's, on the revolving bookcase next to the full morocco encyclopedia in twenty volumes and an appendix.

The Dinglewood station was a masterly example of the railroad architect's skill, being constructed of trap rock in Tudor style, and together with the horse-drawn vehicles that blocked the station plaza it was the envy of hatred of every patron of the line hailing from less fortunate localities.

On either side of Dinglewood were such places as Dinglewood Heights and Dinglewood Park, which as much approached the elegance of that fashionable borough as near-silk and silkoline resemble the genuine article of commerce.

It was the proud boast of Dinglewood that not a factory darkened its precincts save an establishment devoted to the production of an artificial ice, the entire output of which was consumed by the Dinglewood Golf Club in Scotch highballs alone.

Dinglewood's women were the most correctly attired, if not the fairest, of their sex. Their sons and daughters, to the last fair-haired youngster, were educated privately by tri-lingual governesses, while its solitary public school was scantily attended by the children of its retinue of servants and tradespeople.

Dinglewood's male residents migrated to Wall Street daily, and the unit of their monetary system was a million dollars. It is difficult to say what might have happened, in view of the temper of the other commuters, had the club car been attached to a later train than the four-twenty. At that unseasonable hour—the inhabitants of Dinglewood Heights, Dinglewood Park, and the remaining parks and heights of the South Shore Railway, were still occupied with the cares of their dry-goods, hardware, and other businesses, than the wrecking of insurance companies and railroads. They were not on hand to see the social cleft of Dinglewood swing aboard the four-twenty, and take a hand at bridge, or a highball or so, in the club car that brought up the rear of the dingy coaches provided for the ordinary traveling public.

One September afternoon, it was within three minutes of train-time that Mr. Frederic B. Porteous climbed ponderously up the steps of the club car and sank puffing into a wicker chair. Mr. Porteous occupied two entire pages in the "Directory of Directors." He had graduated from an insurance office to a railroad reorganization, and hence to a metal trust, and, like an extravagant as he might be, he couldn't even scratch the surface of his tremendous income. Having no pronounced views on religion, art, or literature, he lavished the whole of a nose too affectionate nature on his only daughter, Lida Porteous, and on the borough of Dinglewood, of which he was the president.

Mr. Porteous, heaved a quivering sigh, which reflected no worried condition of his mind, but merely a slight oppression from a rather too hearty lunch. Then, adjusting a pair of gold glasses to the proper angle, he took from his pocket a conservative evening paper. He was about to turn to the financial page, when a glaring headline on the outer cover arrested his attention.

"Heaven bless my soul!" he ejaculated for the benefit of the entire car. "What a shocking occurrence!" "What a shocking occurrence?" "What's that?" "Dwight Finley inquired with his usual levity.

Dwight had been Porteous's special animosity ever since, in the conduct of an official correspondence with the borough of Dinglewood, he had spelled its president's Christian name with a final "k." Mr. Porteous elevated his eyebrows and glared at the young man in what the millionaire himself would have described as a withering fashion.

"If you find anything amusing in the fact that your own mother and sisters were held up at the point of a revolver this morning—and he indicated the column under the flaring head line with a trembling finger—"all I can say is that your sense of humor is somewhat distorted!"

"Let's see!" said Dwight, grabbing the paper unceremoniously from under Porteous's nose. He read the account carefully, and then whistled. "It's all right," he said shortly. "They weren't hurt, and the fellow didn't get much."

"Porteous snorted.

"And how about the shock that an old lady like your mother would sustain?"

Dwight laughed.

"I'd like to see you call the mater an old lady to her face, that's all!" he cried. "However, if there are hold-ups in Dinglewood, it's up to you, as president of the borough, to prevent them."

Porteous grew crimson with indignation.

"You know very well, sir," he roared, "that under the present borough tax-rate it is impossible to secure a police force large enough to patrol the entire territory adequately!"

"Nevertheless, you ought to make some attempt to get this fellow," Finley retorted. "He terrorizes the whole country side."

The train was pulling into Dinglewood as he spoke and Finley saw a fine chance for a parting shot.

"Hang it all, why do you suppose we elected the richest man in Dinglewood president of the borough?" he cried above the chromatic hissing of the air-brakes. "Pay it out of your own pocket, of course."

He jumped gaily down the car-steps into a dog-cart that was in waiting, while Porteous's chauffeur was almost obliged to assist his employer into his forty-horsepower machine, so wrought up was he by his wordy encounter.

II.

Finley's proposition was made with no other purpose than to chaff Porteous, but it had found serious reception in that gentleman's mind. As president of the borough, he reflected, it would accord well with the character of a wealthy, public-spirited citizen to offer the reward in question. Being a man of quick decision, he directed the chauffeur to stop at the village job-printer's. It was a rush order, and that very evening posters appeared on the main street, and on fences and trees everywhere, offering five hundred dollars in the name of the president of the borough of Dinglewood for the apprehension of the hold-up man.

Finley strolled over to the golf club after dinner, and found a small knot of the members gathered around one of the posters, discussing the reward and praising old Porteous's generosity.

"Hello!" he cried when he read it. "The old boy came down with the goods. Well, I am surprised!"

The group he addressed comprised young Howard Bliss and George Farwell, the president of the Dinglewood National Bank. Farwell was a man of about forty, who, having amassed a fortune in mining speculation, had settled down in Dinglewood with his mother, and, chiefly for the purpose of avoiding a prematurely aged leisure, had assumed the presidency of the local bank.

Bliss greeted Finley uproariously. "Good old Finley!" he shouted. "To you belongs the credit. I heard you kidding the old man in the car this afternoon."

Finley shook his head in exaggerated solemnity.

"Look here, Howard," he said, "that's no way to talk about your future father-in-law. Suppose Farwell here should give you away to Lida! Everybody knows he'd like to cut you out if he could."

Both Bliss and Farwell turned red under their summer tan, and Finley entered the club-house with a fiendish laugh.

It was Finley's prime amusement to say things calculated to annoy and embarrass his friends. Withal, he was a lively companion; and a few minutes later he was joined by Farwell and Bliss, accompanied by a waiter-bearing a tray freighted with liquid refreshments. The conversation soon became a trifle noisy, and the crescendo of laughter testified to the rapid depletion of the club's stock of Scotch.

Bliss was a bit of a joker himself. His humor, as opposed to Finley's, took the concrete form of causing physical discomfort to others; and when he had emptied a good half of a siphon down Farwell's neck, he fairly rolled on the floor in a paroxysm of mirth. It depended on Finley whether or not there should be a rough-and-tumble around the veranda. Had he maintained a sober commendation of Bliss's fool joke, the chances were good for an ugly scrap. But his sense of the ludicrous asserted itself in a huge guffaw, and he slapped Farwell jocularly on the back; so that there was nothing else for the damp victim to do but consider the alleged joke a good one on himself and join in the laugh.

Presently the three rose to leave for their homes.

"Oh, by the way, I almost forgot," said Finley at parting. "I'll be five tomorrow under the trees. Mother and the girls expect both of you. If you have any funny lumps, Bliss, please leave them in town. The folks are nervous since the hold-up, and one of your brand of jokes might break 'em all up." He beckoned both his friends to come nearer, and distorted his face into an expression of mock importance. "Lida will be there!" he whispered. "Then he vaulted over the veranda rail, and strode across the lawn to his home near by."

Farwell and Bliss walked silently down to the village, where they parted with a curt good night.

As usual, there was enough truth in Finley's banter to drive it well home. Secretly, Porteous felt rather flattered by Farwell's attention to Lida. The match would have been in every way perfectly satisfactory; for in it he saw not only the amalgamation of two fortunes, but the acquisition of a husband for Lida who would have sense enough to conserve his father-in-law's estate instead of dissipating it. On the other hand, while Bliss's prospects were fair, he had expensive habits, for the indulgence of which he had made no bones about seeking a wealthy wife. He was very good-looking in a blond, unintellectual way, and to Lida he represented all that there was of masculine beauty and charm.

Lida herself inherited the small and rather neutral features of her mother. Her eyes, however, reflected a sensitive nature that craved the affection it lacked. Her mother had died when she was an infant, and it was not until she had grown almost to womanhood that Porteous transferred any considerable portion of his affections from his metal trust to his daughter. Money was to Forteous the concrete expression of any and all sentiments; accordingly, Lida's allowance was at once the envy and despair of every girl in Dinglewood. She used it to advantage in the adornment of her own person, and with her pretty auburn hair and small hands and feet she presented at times quite a charming figure.

She was the first to arrive at the Finleys' the next afternoon. Dwight's two sisters were as effusive in their greetings as the financial standing of her father warranted.

"How well you're looking!" exclaimed Margaret Finley, who was the elder of the two. "I declare, child, you wear the prettiest frocks in Dinglewood. Take the steamer chair under the maple," she contin-

ued. "The men will be here any minute, for I heard the club train whistle just now."

Lida fanned herself idly, and remained silent. She had no large fund of conversation, and cast about for some topic that might serve to fill in the time till Howard should arrive.

"I suppose you're all ungrateful by the hold-up?" she said at length to Margaret, who laughed gaily.

"Not at all," the other replied. "He was awfully polite, and said he only wanted our jewelry and money. He took Jeannette's pearl pin, and my mother's pocketbook with twenty dollars in it."

"Did you have time to see him closely?" Lida asked.

"Of course we did," said Jeannette. "He was rather good-looking, and not at all like the robbers you read about."

Just then the first masculine guest appeared. It was Farwell.

"What a resemblance!" Margaret exclaimed.

"To whom?" said Farwell.

"Why, you're the very image of the highway man," she answered.

Farwell threw up his hands.

"I can prove an alibi," he said. "I didn't leave the bank all day."

In the midst of the laughing chatter that ensued, Dwight came in with several men and girls who formed a little group in the shade of the maple-tree under which Lida was sitting.

"Where's Howard?" she asked.

Dwight grinned.

"He stopped at the toy-store near the station," he said. "I fancy he has some freak of a joke to perpetrate on us. Last night he gave Farwell the benefit of his humor—didn't he, old man?"

Farwell forced a difficult smile.

"He's young," he muttered. "Possibly he'll outgrow it."

Mrs. Finley came down from the house and kissed Lida. If only Dwight would be more tractable, she reflected and sighed, perhaps—

"Tea isn't quite ready, girls and boys," she said. "Dwight, show us your new litter of bull-terriers, won't you?"

III.

They all moved off to the stable. As they disappeared Howard sneaked from the thicket of rhododendrons behind the tall maple and climbed into its lower branches, where he was completely hidden by the thick September foliage. He had his pockets stuffed with confetti, and intended sprinkling the paper fragments over the little gathering when tea should be served.

Farwell, Finley, and his two sisters returned first, and continued a conversation already begun.

"Pay him back in his own coin, of course," Finley said.

"What do you mean?" Farwell asked.

"Why, play some joke on him that he won't forget in a hurry," Finley replied.

Howard pricked up his ears and lay perfectly still.

"Here is my plan," Dwight went on. "We'll send him down to the village for some important mail which I am supposed to have forgotten. I can't leave the guests, you know, and since the letter contains money, the servants are not to be trusted; so we ask him as an especial favor to get it for us."

"But there isn't a letter," said Margaret.

"Certainly not, old stupid," said Finley. "And we'll tell him not to wait if it hasn't arrived. On his way back, Farwell will meet him in the drive and hold him up with my old army revolver. The rest of us will hide behind the hedge and see the fun. It'll be great sport!"

Farwell slapped his thigh with enthusiasm.

"I'm on!" he cried, and all four returned to the house for the pistols.

No sooner were their backs turned than Howard shinned rapidly down the tree. When they came back he was engaged in brushing the dust from his trousers, as if he had just walked in from the road.

"Oh, hello, Howard!" Finley cried. "Can I speak to you for a moment?"

"Certainly," Howard said, and the two held a whispered consultation apart from the others. Howard nodded his head in vigorous assent, and returned to the maple-tree.

"I'm going down to the village," he said gaily. "I'll be back in half an hour. Go on with your party, and I'll join you as soon as I can."

"Much obliged, old chap," Finley called after him as he passed down the garden path.

Howard waved an airy farewell.

"Don't mention it," he said, and closed the gate behind him. He walked about half a mile along the road to the village, and entered the rear yard of his sister's house.

"Here, Wilson," he called to a stable assistant, "give me about twenty feet of good strong clothesline."

The groom brought a small coil of rope, which Howard placed in his breast pocket. Then he retraced his steps to the Finley drive. He was close to the gate when a figure, unmistakably that of Farwell, darted into the road. He wore a linen duster, an automobile mask, and goggles, below which the ends of his long mustache projected in two brown tufts.

"Hands up!" he bellowed ferociously, and leveled two dangerous-looking revolvers at Howard Bliss's head.

Instead of replying, Howard ran straight for the goggles and planted a neat swing, with all his strength behind it, full on the point of the man's jaw. He did so both revolvers spoke at once, but the bullets whizzed harmlessly past, and the alleged highwayman measured his length on the ground.

"Infernal ass!" Howard muttered. "If those guns were loaded, he might have killed me!"

He took the rope from his pocket, and wound it round and round the unconscious man until he was securely bound, hand and foot. He was kneeling beside the recumbent figure when Finley came tearing down the drive.

"For Heaven's sake," he gasped, "what's all the row about? Who's been shooting?"

Howard smiled calmly.

"Come off," he jeered. "Stop your kidding. I didn't know who it was when I hit him, but it's his own fault. You fixed up nicely be-

tween you, didn't you?" He shook the bound highwayman by the shoulder, and tried to drag him to his feet.

"Get up, Farwell!" he cried. "Don't lie shamming there."

"Farwell!" Finley exclaimed. "Why, blame it all, that's not Farwell! He was telephoned for, just as you left."

Bliss nodded his head in ironic comprehension.

"I know all about that," he said. "But don't you think we'd better carry him to the house? The joke's gone far enough."

Finley jumped up and down and swore aloud.

"Why, you blithering idiot," he shrieked, "that's not Farwell, I tell you! Here, see for yourself!"

He tore away the mask and goggles, and disclosed the damaged features of an entirely unfamiliar visage. Bliss turned white and licked his lips, which became suddenly parched. His knees displayed the symptoms of St. Vitus' dance despite his efforts to control them.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he stammered. "It must be the hold-up man!"

IV.

It was a week later that Finley and Bliss came home together in the club car.

"How about that five hundred?" said Dwight. "I suppose Porteous gets out of paying it, now that you and Lida are engaged?"

"Not by a long shot!" Lida replied. "The reward was offered in the name of the president of the borough, and he sent me a check this morning."

Finley sighed, half enviously.

"You're a lucky dog, Howard," he murmured. "You get the money and Lida, too!"

"Well, not exactly," said Bliss, and he drew from his pocket a narrow gold ring set with a dazzling white diamond. "I got Lida, but Lida gets the reward."

Army Worm On Ramp-

age In Michigan

Grand Rapids—Many sections in the state have been visited the past week by the army worm. The question has been asked by many. Where did the worm come from, what does it look like and how to rid the pest?

These worms are emerging from eggs laid by moths that apparently swarmed up from the south.

The army worm is a smooth, striped caterpillar about an inch and a quarter long and a quarter of an inch in diameter. It is rather dark in appearance. While normally it feeds by night and hides by day, not being generally noticed, as soon as it has increased to such a number that its food supply falls short it starts to travel and, becoming bolder, feeds both night and day.

The moth from which this worm hatches is brown with a white spot on the center of each fore wing. It measures about an inch and one-half from wing to wing.

Destroyed.

If the worms have not yet attacked a field, the most practical way to keep them out is to plow furrows in front of them, throwing the furrow in the direction toward which they are traveling. The worms will fall into the furrow and when this is full they may be killed either by dragging a log back and forth in the furrow or by destroying the worms in holes previously dug at intervals of 20 feet in the bottom of the furrow. Kerosene poured on them in the holes will destroy them.

Parent moth of the army worm. Enlarged. Natural size 1 1/2 inches from tip to tip of wings.

Department for Dairymen

CONDUCTED BY E. K. SLATER 234-242 Lyon Street GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

With the Blue Valley Creamery Company in charge of the Dairy Information Service

Corn Silage For Beef

Cattle And Horses

We are often asked whether silage is as good for fattening stock and feeding to horses as it is for feeding milk cows. It is quite as good as we think we can best answer the question so far as it relates to the feeding of beef animals by referring to the results of a steer feeding test conducted by the Indiana Agricultural Experiment Station.

The following conclusions are taken from Bulletin No. 116:

First, the addition of corn silage once daily to a ration of shelled corn, cottonseed meal and clover hay reduced the cost \$1.82 for each hundred pounds of gain and increased the total profit \$8.86 per steer.

Second, the addition of corn silage twice daily to a ration of shelled corn, cottonseed meal and clover hay reduced the cost \$3.17 for each hundred pounds of gain and increased the total profits \$11.19 per steer.

Third, the substitution of corn silage for clover hay in a ration of shelled corn, cottonseed meal and clover hay reduced the cost \$4.85 for each

hundred pounds of gain and increased the profit \$17.97 per steer.

Fourth, the more nearly corn silage replaced the clover hay in the ration, the cheaper was the gain and the greater the profit.

Five, corn silage produced a very rapid finish on the cattle.

Six, the silage used in this trial contained an unusually high percentage of dry matter and was, judging from previous experience, more efficient for fattening cattle than silage containing a higher percentage of moisture.

Seventh, a ration of shelled corn, cottonseed meal, oat straw and corn silage (twice daily) proved to be as efficient for fattening cattle as a ration of shelled corn, cottonseed meal, clover hay and corn silage (twice daily).

Corn silage, as a part ration for horses, has been used by many farmers for many years. High priced forage and grain demands a greater economy in feeding.

The question as to the use of corn

silage for feeding horses can be best answered by reviewing some of the experiments and tests conducted along this line.

A test conducted by the Pennsylvania Experiment Station resulted as follows: "The horses fed silage as a portion of their ration consumed less grain, made their gain of a lesser cost per pound, were sleeker and better finished than those fed on rations not containing silage."

In this test it was noted that silage could be fed in amounts varying from 5 to 20 pounds per day. They recommended silage free from mold, and made from corn fairly well matured. They also advised against feeding horses large quantities of silage, especially after coming in from heavy work when they are in a heated condition.

The Michigan Experiment Station has been feeding horses for many years on silage and favor its use, especially for horses not at heavy work. In a test made some years ago, with the 17 work horses, one horse of each team was fed hay and grain, while the other received small amounts of hay and grain with about 15 pounds of corn silage. These teams were doing moderate work. The experiment lasted for 12 weeks and the following results were noted:

The silage fed horses showed an average gain of 5 pounds per head. Besides the increase in body weight, the drivers noted that the silage fed horses worked fully as well and did not appear to be any softer than those not receiving silage. The silage fed horses showed a better finish and sleeker coat.

Among the many thousands of silo owners in the United States, it is safe to say that a great majority are using silage as a part ration for their horses. Many farmers in the east who have had silos for 25 or 30 years report most favorably on the use of this great feed, especially do they recommend silage for growing colts and mares with colts and for horses during the winter months when they work short hours.

If we would just keep in mind that silage in the winter time answers the purpose that grass does in the summer time, we will always know how to feed it and how to appreciate it.

ALFALFA EXCELLENT.

As a Roughage for Fattening Sheep It Has No Equal.

R. J. Kinger, of Petoskey, has much faith in alfalfa as a fattening food for sheep. He says:

"The use of alfalfa cannot be too strongly urged with sheep, either the breeding or fattening stock. As the method of farming has become more intensified and the open range grows less each year, an acre of alfalfa must be made to take the place of many acres of range pasture."

Sheep, being ruminants are able to handle a much more bulky feed than horses. The breeding flock of sheep can be carried through the winter season very successfully with but little grain in addition to alfalfa hay. Ordinarily the first cutting of alfalfa is not as good for sheep as the second and third cuttings, as it is usually coarse and stemmy and sheep do not eat these stems readily.

It is about as safe to pasture old sheep on alfalfa as it is cattle. They thrive on it and make excellent gains, but sheep bloat easily and there is likely to be a little loss from this source. Lambs can be pastured on alfalfa with but little danger of bloat, and the way they grow on alfalfa is a delight to the shepherd. They should never be put on the pasture when they are empty and hungry, and it is always well to allow them access to some dry feed and keep them off the alfalfa until the dew is off; also on damp days. A mixture of alfalfa and orchard grass is a safer pasture than alfalfa alone.

A flock of ewes and lambs can be grazed for a short time each day on alfalfa with but little danger of any loss. If a lamb-creep can be arranged from the sheep corral to an alfalfa pasture, the lambs will soon learn what it is intended for and will do far better on it than if confined to a dry yard. Newly seeded alfalfa can be pastured with less danger of bloat than an old field, and the packing of the ground by the sheep passing over it is frequently a great benefit to the alfalfa.

As a roughage for fattening sheep alfalfa has no equal, and cases rare. It can be fed either whole or of bloat from the hay are exceedingly cut, and fed with grain. Many prefer this method of feeding, claiming that there is less waste by it. In feeding experiments nothing has been found for roughage that equals alfalfa for fattening sheep. In an experiment at the Kansas station, alfalfa and prairie hay were compared as roughages. In the test the grain ration was corn and cottonseed meal for both lots. Those receiving alfalfa hay made an average daily gain of .335 pounds per head, while the lot on prairie hay made only .188 pounds per head daily, the alfalfa lot making almost twice as great gains. The alfalfa seemed to give the lambs a better appetite and they were always ready for their grain, and as soon as their grain was cleaned up they were ready for the alfalfa."

Dire Confusion.

John Henry was keeping company with Myrtle Marie and when the father of the latter returned from the office one evening he was timidly approached by his pretty daughter.

"Papa," said the fair one, "did John Henry call on you this morning?"

"Yes," answered the paternal one, "but I could not make out much of what he said."

"Couldn't make out what he said?" returned Myrtle Marie, wondering.

"What do you mean?"

"As near as I could understand," explained Papa, "he said he wanted to marry me; that you had enough money to support him; and that we had always loved each other, so I told him to go home and write it out in plain English."

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Home Classes in Practical Farming and Domestic Science For Groups of Farm Workers

Department of Agriculture in Co-operation With Certain State Colleges Organizing the Classes and Making Available the Textbooks, Lectures, Lantern Slides and Laboratory Equipment for Conducting Them.

Washington, D. C.—A plan whereby ten or more farmers or farm workers can form home classes in agriculture or domestic science and receive the textbooks, lectures, lantern slides, laboratory and cooking equipment necessary to conduct them, has been devised by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in co-operation with Agricultural Colleges of certain states.

The object of the plan is to make accessible at home, to men and women who have not the time or means to attend the regular courses at the colleges, practical short courses in agriculture and home management, specially adapted to their districts. These courses, which will consist of 15 to 20 lectures, and will consume five or more weeks, can be arranged to suit the spare time and convenience of each group of people.

The courses to be offered at first are poultry raising, fruit growing, soils, cheese manufacturing, dairying, butter making, and farm bookkeeping; and for the women especially, courses in the preparation, cooking and use of vegetable and cereal foods. The Department will supply lectures and lantern slides covering these subjects, and the States which have agreed to co-operate in the plan will lend to each group laboratory and cooking apparatus valued at \$100 and a reference library. The textbooks and lectures will be made so complete that each group can safely appoint one of its members as study leader to direct the work of the course.

When a group has decided to take up the work, the State which co-operates sends an agent with the Department's representative to organize a sample class and assist the leader whom they elect in laying out the work and in showing him the best methods of procedure. The classes commonly are held from 8 to 12 in the morning and from 1 to 4 in the

afternoon, two or three days each week. The sessions are not held every day, so that the members will have time to attend to their farm duties in between the sessions, as well as before and after the instruction period. The classes meet commonly at the most convenient farmhouse. During the morning hours, textbook work is done. In the afternoon laboratory work is conducted, and the women who have elected to take the domestic science courses have practical lessons in cooking.

As soon as a class is established, the State organizer withdraws to start a class in some other district. The work thereafter is left in charge of the leader, who receives assistance by mail from the college or the Department in carrying on the work.

As there is no regularly paid instructor, classes can be carried on all over the State as rapidly as the college organizer can visit the groups, and as quickly as the laboratory sets supplied by the college become available. The local leader will preside during the reading of the lectures and references, for which full texts and lantern slides are supplied by the Department. He will also be responsible for the laboratory equipment. Every one who completes the course will receive a certificate from the State College.

Not all of the States have yet agreed to co-operate in this plan. Last winter experiments along these lines were carried out successfully in Pennsylvania, and this has stimulated an interest in the method of other States. In one of the Pennsylvania classes more men applied than could be accommodated, and all of the 20 men and 15 women who began the course completed it. Pennsylvania is now arranging for more classes, while Massachusetts, Michigan, Vermont and Florida expect to take up the work. Other States such as Maine, New York, New Jersey, and Delaware, have signified their willingness to co-operate.

Ordinarily a college in a State usually applies to the Department seeking its co-operation, when sufficient interest has been shown in the plan in several communities where ten or more people have sought the instruction. For financial reasons, certain colleges are not so able to engage in the work as are others.

The advantage claimed for the new home courses with local leaders and laboratory equipment over the ordinary correspondence courses is that only a small percentage of those who take the individual correspondence course finish it. Studying in a group, with laboratory work and a leader, seems to stimulate the interest and add a social feature which lead the members of the group to follow the work conscientiously and complete it. Experiments with free correspondence courses show that while many individuals gain advantage from them, many others, because the material is furnished free, do not feel the same obligation to complete them as they do when they pay a substantial sum of money for the instruction.

INTEREST IN GOOD ROADS IN BARRY COUNTY INCREASES.

Hastings.—Interest in good roads is growing to such an extent in Baltimore township that the residents have surveys made for the construction of two miles of trunk-line highway, north of Dowling, which is on the old stage road between Hastings and Battle Creek. The road between Hastings and Battle Creek is the southern portion of the route of the trunk line highway between Grand Rapids and Battle Creek. Two miles of this trunk line have already been built west of Middleville, in Thornapple township. This was the first section of trunk line road built in Barry county.

GREATER PROSPERITY FOR MICHIGAN FARMERS ASSURED

European War Will Boost Price of Wheat and Michigan Farmers Will Profit at Least \$65,000.

East Lansing.—Authorities at the Michigan Agricultural college figure that the Austro-Serbian war will fatten the pocketbooks of Michigan farmers by at least \$65,000. The money will come from the increased price offered for wheat as a result of the European outbreak.

Wheat for September delivery jumped 6½ cents a bushel following the declaration of war between Austria and Serbia, and on an estimated Michigan production of 1,000,000 bushels this increase will net Michigan farmers approximately \$65,000. The boost in wheat, the college crop experts say, was due to the fact that the Austrian and Serbian crops will be prevented from reaching the world market if the European war continues.

Michigan is Prospering

State Banking Department Shows Banks Has \$76,664,714 in Reserve and Increased Deposits Over June Last Year of \$26,405,997.10.

Grand Rapids.—From the report on conditions of Michigan State Banks and Trust Companies for the month which ended June 30, it is easy to discern that our State in general is prospering and from all that may be said to the contrary, the report is proof.

The report indicated an increase of \$26,405,997.10 in deposits over June, 1913. Savings deposits were shown to be \$10,376,001.03 over what they were a year ago, while the increase in commercial deposits was \$16,029,996.54.

Large Increase in Loans. General improvement in financial circles was attested all along the line. The increase in loans over March, 1914, was \$15,035,914.40; the growth in deposits in the same time

was \$13,945,878.89 and the capital stock increase was \$956,345.00. The total reserve maintained by state banks on June 30, this year, was \$76,664,714.82, while the total cash reserve was \$27,485,466.37. Savings deposits in the banks totaled \$181,640,582.62, in addition to which there was \$43,847,600.10 in savings certificates of deposit.

Decrease in Savings Loans. Compared with June, 1913, increases and decreases were noted as follows: Increase in commercial loans and discounts over June, 1913, \$4,600,845.98; decrease in savings, loans and discounts, \$8,586,150.94; increase in commercial bonds and mortgages, \$5,707,847.31; increase in savings, bonds and mortgages, \$15,716,404.06; net increase in loans, \$17,438,946.36; and increase in capital stock, \$1,980,893.21.

During the period from January 1, 1914, to July 27, 1914, 10 new banks were organized, while 14 increased their capital stock.

NEW SPECIES OF BUSHY TAIL RAT FOUND IN BUNCH OF BANANAS AT PINE LAKE.

The Lansing Journal prints the following news, which gives to us a peculiar rat and we print it in full:

"Since the discovery of a live snake in a bunch of bananas at F. N. Loftus grocery a few weeks ago, grocers here have been careful to scrutinize their banana stock and J. N. Miller, proprietor of a grocery at Pine Lake, was surprised Tuesday to find a new species of rat and two young ones in a bunch of the yellow fruit.

"The rat was red and has a bushy tail and the young ones were carried in a sort of a pouch giving the rodent the appearance of a small kangaroo. Evidently the animals had lived off the fruit for some time as several of the bananas were partially eaten. The rats are now in a cage at Pine Lake."

SHORT STATE STORIES

Lansing.—Apportionment of the primary school fund amounting to \$5,725,614.71 was made by the state department of public instruction. Each county will share in the money, according to the number of school children enrolled within its boundaries.

Harbor Beach.—The people of Harbor Beach are going to have a five-day Chautauqua, commencing Aug. 18, and they have decided to turn that week into a double-header by having a home-coming.

Battle Creek.—In the excitement of preparing to take his father-in-law, Frank Stringham, to the insane asylum, Roy H. Preston dropped dead at Gull lake of heart disease. Mr. Preston was a member of a local business firm, about 38 years old, and leaves a widow and one son.

Lansing.—A herd of 50 elk has been ordered for Michigan by State Land Commissioner Carlton, who expects to "plant" the animals on the state forest reserve at Houghton lake. The reserve, which is 72 square miles in extent, will be protected from hunters until the elk have a chance to multiply.

Lansing.—Governor Ferris has appointed these delegates to the National Star Spangled Banner centennial celebration at Baltimore, Sept. 6 to 15: Junius E. Beal, Ann Arbor; George G. Jenkins, Big Rapids; Mrs. Oscar B. Marx, Detroit; Mrs. James M. Turner, Lansing; Mrs. Marie B. Ferrey, Lansing.

Lansing.—The state grange committees which have been working on a tonnage tax bill to be presented to the next legislature have adjourned without completing the work. They will meet again in this city Aug. 10.

Kalamazoo.—While on a visit to his daughter in Plainwell, Henry Meerlberg, 64, and a Kalamazoo pioneer, died suddenly. He was well known here.

Muskegon.—Two sheriffs are racing toward Detroit in an effort to capture John Byers, who is charged with the theft of a pair of valuable gray horses from a local livery stable.

Mason.—Army worms are increasing rapidly in this section. Farmers are protecting their corn and bean fields by plowing around them and scattering poison.

Hudsonville.—Henry Seifert lost half of his left hand when the member was caught in the cutter-bar of a reaper. He was alone in the field. He used a piece of binder twine for a tourniquet and stopped the flow of blood until he could reach the house and ask for help.

Flint.—Samuel Pere, 25 years old, was drowned in Flint river. He was bathing with two companions and could not swim. He got beyond his depth and sank. The body was recovered. This is the first drowning in the Flint river this year.

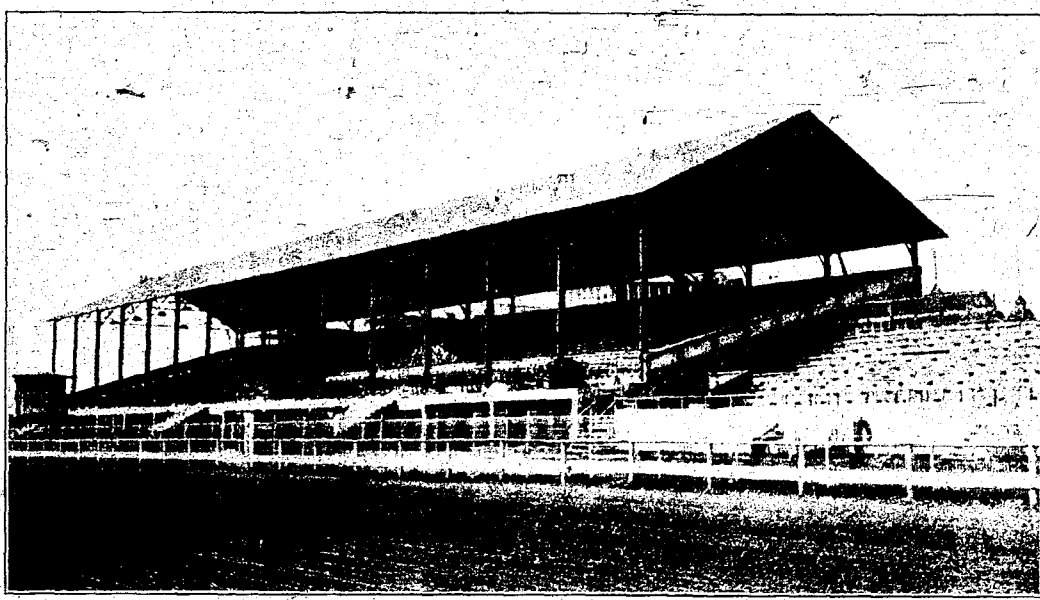
Owosso.—John T. Walsh, a wholesale and retail cigar dealer here for many years, died at his summer home at Little Crystal, Montcalm county. He was 60 years old and a well known pioneer of Shiawassee county.

Petoskey.—Extensive paving to be done in Petoskey this summer placed a problem before the city dads which could only be settled by bonding. Consequently, the council passed a resolution authorizing the issuance of \$12,000 worth of bonds.

Kalamazoo.—Floyd Bassett, 15 years old, lies in Bronson hospital suffering from a bullet wound. The boy was playing with a rifle, when it was accidentally discharged. Doctors say the wound is a serious one.

Mancelona.—The proposition to bond Mancelona for \$5,000 to build a new council hall, repair the water works plant and pay off the present indebtedness was defeated at a special election last week by the vote of 42 to 32. A two-thirds vote was necessary to carry the question.

Saginaw.—That there are few wrecks on the Pere Marquette railroad is shown by the fact that a sparrow's nest has been built in the steam wrecker and has remained there undisturbed for nearly a month. Officials say this is an excellent omen that the road is a safe one to travel on.



THE NEW \$30,000 GRANDSTAND OF THE GREATER MICHIGAN FAIR.

Realizing the growing importance of the Greater Michigan Fair (formerly known as the West Michigan Fair) the management decided upon the construction of the handsome grandstand shown in the above picture. The stand cost \$30,000, and is of concrete and steel and will comfortably seat 3,250 people. The tiers of seats rising sharply are so arranged that a splendid view of the entire race course is had from any seat in the stand. The attractions that will be shown before the stand at this year's fair, September 2 to 7 are unusually fine. In the first place Rollo, a daring performer, will loop-the-loop on roller skates, turning a double somersault in the air. Herr Von Ritter will ascend a tight wire to a height of 70 feet, then on a platform will adjust a trolley to his head and descend the wire on his head at lightning speed. The renowned horses King and Queen will dive into a tank fifteen feet deep from a height of 40 feet; the Morocco Swingers, a troop of splendid acrobats, will perform on the platform and race track. A band of Pottawattamie Indians will give a war dance before the stand and a Royal Hippodrome with nine great acts will furnish amusement for the patrons of the grandstand, while the Band-de-Roma with 35 pieces will please the crowds with excellent music. The races this year will be much superior to those given in 1913 and will include some running races and possibly a steeple chase.

MONEY ORDER FEES TO FOREIGN POINTS.

Uniform Rates Will Be Charged by United States After August 1.

Going into effect August 1, this year, a uniform fee will be charged by the United States postal service on all foreign money orders except those rated under the domestic money order class.

The fee will amount to 1 per cent of the maximum amount that may be sent under any of 10 subdivisions ranging, by tens, from \$10 to \$100—that is, the fee for all amounts up to and including \$10 will be uniform, 10 cents from any postoffice in the United States to any foreign postoffice in the system. For all amounts greater than \$10 and not exceeding \$20, 20 cents will be charged. It will cost \$1 to send any amount greater than \$20 and less than \$100. Under the existing system there are a number of scales varying for various groups of foreign countries and the newly adopted uniform scale is that known as table No. 3 in the present system. An order has been received by the postmaster at Houston from Postmaster General Burleson announcing the new fees.

Development Bureau Securing Finest Display Of Farm Products

Traverse City.—A much larger and more elaborate display of farm products in glass is being prepared by the Western Michigan Development Bureau this year than has been the case in former seasons. Heretofore the efforts of the chemists have been largely confined to the processing of fruits, particularly strawberries, cherries, plums, peaches and grapes. This year, however, an effort is being made to increase the number of different fruits put in glass, and also to process certain vegetables which make a nice appearance, when preserved. Already several jars have been filled with samples of large string beans, also samples of peas in the pod. These specimens are being saved that the prospective settler may see exactly what these crops will do on Western Michigan soil and with Western Michigan climate. As has always been the case, the great problem is that of preserving the natural colors of the fruits and vegetables. Little difficulty is experienced in finding chemicals that will preserve vegetable tissue,

but great difficulty is found in discovering the chemicals which will "set" the original colors and preserve them. Many experiments are conducted and about every chemical that is believed to have any color qualities, is being tried out.

The Development Bureau, in addition to its fruit in glass, is securing samples of Western Michigan grasses and grains and arranging these into sheaves to be used for decorating the exhibits which it is planning for this fall.

Marshall.—Russell, the 4-year-old son of Gilbert Secher of Homer, was drowned at his own doorstep, when he fell into a horse trough.

Eaton Rapids.—The attendance at the State Holiness camp meeting which is holding its 30 days' annual session here, shows an increase over previous years. More than a dozen states are represented.



KOENIG HALL, MICHIGAN COLLEGE OF MINES.

The chemistry work at the Michigan College of Mines is given in Koenig Hall, named after Professor George A. Koenig, head of the department until his death a year ago. Chemistry at the College of Mines is specialized so as to fit the student to work with metals and other minerals. Blowpipe Analysis is given in the first year and analysis for iron, copper, lead, zinc, tin, etc., in the second and third years.

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TAKE THE CHICAGO BOAT TO

Connections with Railroads at GRAND RAPIDS, HOLLAND, BENTON HARBOR & ST. JOSEPH From Grand Rapids via Grand Rapids, Holland & Chicago Electric. Cars every hour and special boat cars to connect with boat at dock. One way, \$2.50; round trip, \$4.75. From Holland, boat dock, boats leave 9 a. m. daily except Sunday and 9:30 p. m. daily except Saturday. Saturday only, \$3.00 p. m. Sunday only, 2 p. m. One way, \$2; round trip, \$3.75. From Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, Central Dock, boats leave daily at 5 p. m. daily except Saturday 7:10 p. m. daily except Sunday, 8 a. m. Saturday only, 11 p. m.; Sunday only, 6 p. m., 10 p. m. One way, 85c; round trip \$1.50. All Steamers Equipped with Wireless Telegraph. THE GRAHAM & MORTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY. Chicago Illinois. Docks foot of Wabash Avenue.



This Company is fully equipped for the growth and conservative management of all affairs entrusted to it, without the hampering of outside responsibilities and duties common to the individual executor or guardian.

GRAND RAPIDS TRUST COMPANY
123 Ottawa Avenue N. W. Grand Rapids, Mich.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

PRIMARY ELECTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a General Primary Election will be held in the several Wards or Precincts of the City of East Jordan, State of Michigan, on Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1914, at the places in each of said Wards or Precincts as indicated below, viz.:

- First Ward, at Bisnett Building
- Second Ward, at Town Hall
- Third Ward, at City Hall

For the purpose of nominating by direct vote candidates by each of the several political parties for the following offices, viz.:

National—One candidate for Representative in Congress for the Congressional District of which said City forms a part.

State—One candidate for Governor, and one candidate for Lieutenant-Governor.

Legislative—One candidate for Senator in the State Legislature for the Senatorial District of which said voting precinct forms a part; one candidate for Representative in the State Legislature for the Representative District of which said voting precinct forms a part.

County—One candidate for each of the following County offices, viz. Sheriff, Clerk, Treasurer, Register of Deeds, Prosecuting Attorney, Surveyor, Drain Commissioner; also one candidate for Circuit Court Commissioner, two candidates for Coroner, Candidate for County Auditor.

Delegates to County Convention—There shall also be elected as many delegates to the county conventions of the several political parties as said ward, precinct or district is entitled to under the call of the county committees of said political parties, which number will be indicated by the number of blank lines printed on the official primary ballots used at said election under the heading, "Delegates to County Conventions." The Board of Primary Election Inspectors will furnish delegates with credentials, entitling them to seats in the county conventions, except that where there is more than one precinct in a ward or district and the county committee require the election of delegates from the ward or district as a whole, such delegates should be admitted without credentials. Names of candidates for delegates to county conventions will not appear on the official primary ballots, but will be written or pasted in by the voter, in the place designated on said ballots.

SUGGESTIONS RELATIVE TO VOTING

First find the column on the ballot containing the name of YOUR political party. Then mark a cross in the circle under the name of your party. If you stop here, you will have voted for NO ONE, and your ballot will be THROWN OUT. To make your vote count you must put a cross in the square before the name of such candidate as you wish to vote for. If you wish to vote for someone whose name is not on the ballot, write it in, and put a cross before the name. No votes will be counted unless there is a cross before his name.

If you neglect to make a cross in the square under the name of your political party, but do make a cross before the names of a number of candidates in any column, your vote will be counted as to candidates having a cross before their names, provided they are all contained within one party column, but if candidates are voted for in more than one party column, in such case the whole ballot will be thrown out. Your vote will not be counted for any one unless you mark a cross (X) in front of his name.

REGISTRATION

All party enrollment is done away with, but every person must be registered, same as required for other elections. If your name is not already registered in your precinct, you can have it registered any day before primary day, by applying to your city clerk or whoever is in charge of the registration books making a written request accompanied by an affidavit. See City Registration Notices.

The Polls of said election will open at 7 o'clock in the forenoon and will remain open until 8 o'clock, standard time, in the afternoon of said day of election.

OTIS J. SMITH
City Clerk

Dated the 12th day of Aug., A. D. 1914.



No, the above is not a picture of "Bill Taft" although his friends call him that owing to the resemblance. It is a picture of John H. Lewis of Boyne City who is asking the support of the Republicans of Charlevoix County for the nomination of sheriff at the Primary Election August 25th.

While the newcomers in our city are probably not acquainted with Mr. Lewis, the older residents know him well as he was a regular visitor to our village in the days gone by.

John H. Lewis is the oldest butcher in Charlevoix County today. He was born in Ionia County in 1864 and came to Charlevoix County when only a lad of 18 years. Locating at Boyne City he started at the butcher trade the following year without any capital. About eighteen years ago he established the "Central Meat Market" and by hard labor and conscientious efforts he built up this business until now his taxes amount to about \$300.00 a year.

Mr. Lewis was for years a frequent visitor to East Jordan, coming here on both business and pleasure. He was leader of the Boyne City Band for several years, and being an able cornetist he assisted the East Jordan Band and played for dances at the old Loveday Opera House.

Last October, as a member of the Board of Supervisors from Boyne City, he gave the East Jordan supervisors valuable assistance in securing the thousand dollar appropriation for the bridge here across the arm.

John H. Lewis has proven himself a business man and would use the same careful management of finances in the Sheriff's office as he would in his own affairs. He is one of the substantial business men of our neighboring city, and fraternally is a member of the Masons, Elks, Moose and Eagles.

He respectfully solicits your support at the August Primary.

(Political Advertising.)

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, AUGUST 15, 1914.

NOVEL FREE FEATURE AT TEMPLE THEATRE

For 5 nights commencing Friday evening, August 14, the Morton-Eichman United Adv. & Amusement Syndicate will offer their great fun frolic "The Country Store" at the Temple Theatre, to those who do not know what the "Country Store" is it will be explained.

A country store in a small town keep everything from salt to furniture and over 25 of the local merchants of East Jordan have contributed over 200 articles in the eating and wearing line to stock up the country store.

Every person who buys a ticket on their five nights will have a chance to participate in the distribution of the \$200 worth of merchandise. See the display adv on page 5 for full particulars.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Krobath.

- Sunday, August 16th
10:30 a. m. high mass
7:30 p. m. Devotions and Benediction
- Monday, August 17
8:00 p. m. Meeting of Ladies Altar Society.

Go to Kleinhaus Greenhouse for your CUT FLOWERS — Asters, Perennial Phlox and other flowers in abundance. Phone orders receive prompt attention.

(Political Advertising.)

McWAIN TELLS WHAT SHERIFF COSTS COUNTY

Shows That Present Administration Has Been More Expensive Than His

To the Voters of Charlevoix County:— I believe that the time has come when the people of this county consider that the two important considerations in the selection of a county officer, are efficiency and economy—that the taxpayer has grown to realize that the man who will do the county the greatest amount of good with the expenditure of the smallest amount of the county's money is the man, and in consideration of the same I desire to submit the following which will show the cost of the two last county sheriff administrations, together with a number of state prison commitments.

I was sheriff of this county for the years 1907-8-9 and 10, and during the four years of my administration, there was sentenced from the city of Charlevoix and the circuit court thirty-three men to the state prisons and Detroit House of Correction. During the three years and six months of the present administration there have been only sixteen men sentenced from the City of Charlevoix and the Circuit Court to the prisons and to Detroit.

I find from an examination of the records of the bills allowed by the County Board of Supervisors that my four years administration as sheriff cost the county less than fifteen thousand dollars which includes one thousand dollars that was appropriated for a previous administration for detective services but not used, and which the supervisors instructed me to use for the detective services, as the proceedings will show.

I find that three years and five months of the present administration have cost the county the sum of approximately \$17,413.75, at same rate of increase for next seven months or balance of term will make an increase of 47 percent. My under sheriff, W. J. Weikel, cost the county for the four years of my administration \$1,169.74. The present under sheriff, Mr. Novak, my present opponent, has cost the county for three years and five months the sum of \$1,723.88 or \$554.14 more, being 50 per cent more expensive, both men residing in Charlevoix.

So it can be readily seen that since my administration as sheriff, with less than half as many men sent to prison, the sheriff's expense has increased 47 per cent and the under sheriff's, Mr. Novak's expense has increased 50 per cent.

I believe if elected sheriff again that I can reduce the expense of the office and that of the under sheriff to equal that of my former administration, and thus save the tax payers in the neighborhood of \$3,500 during the next two years.

Respectfully submitted,
FRANK McWAIN
Candidate for Sheriff on the Republican Ticket.

COMPANY "X" TO THE FRONT

East Jordan, August 9.
Company "X" went to Camp "SMITH" last night to get a few more pointers in the "War Game." The first transport left the Esterly St. dock at 7:00 returning at 8:30 and leaving with the remainder of the Company at 9:00.

On reaching the grounds we found the place in fine running order with pickets stationed completely around the camp and had some trouble in getting to our tents, as we had not yet been furnished with the password. Capt. Winters and Leut. Spring came to the rescue and we were admitted.

The writer in company with six others was assigned to Tent 1 and we were immediately dubbed "THE DIRTY SEVEN." There was quite a lot of noise and confusion in some parts of the camp, but Tent 1 was orderly and quiet—the occupants being men of quiet and sedate habits—who went to bed and to sleep early.

At 5:30 a. m. Reveille was sounded and the boys all piled out, feeling fine and ready for breakfast and it certainly was some "FEED" that Camp Cook Giles served up. He's "some cook," believe me.

Breakfast over, we started on a hike with a full equipment of officers and men. On reaching the ground proper, we went through guard mount, Company formation and other drills and got back to Camp in time for dinner.

After dinner the boys went in swimming and amused themselves in different ways. About three o'clock the bugle sounded "Assembly" and the boys were again marched to the parade grounds (with the exception of three who were in the hospital tent) where they were put through a severe extended order drill.

At five o'clock the U. S. transport "Idler" started with the first detachment on their homeward journey.

The boys all join in saying that they had the best time ever at Camp "SMITH."—W. E. H.

THE "PRUDENT YOUNG MAN HAS MONEY IN OUR BANK FIRST"



It is the DUTY of a young man before he "pops the question" to pile up a snug little sum in the bank.

The young man who banks his money gains fast in the race for SUCCESS over the one who squanders his entire income. He is the one who is trusted and taken into PARTNERSHIP.

We love to encourage young men to save their money and are always pleased to advise with them.

Make OUR bank YOUR bank.

We pay FOUR per cent. interest.

State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$20,000.

Those contemplating the purchase of a Monument can save money by interviewing Mrs. Geo. Sherman who is local agent for a well-known manufacturer of high grade monuments.

Frank Phillips

Social Artist.

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

August is the shortest month in the year. Ask any school kid.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

For Fancy Work

We now have in stock a complete line of stamped and by-the-yard

LINENS

A full assortment of Working Silk and Cotton, and Crochet Thread of all colors. Let us supply your wants in the fancy work line.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

For Quick Sale
Terms or Cash

6 BUILDING LOTS—of any one of them—Choice Location in City of East Jordan.

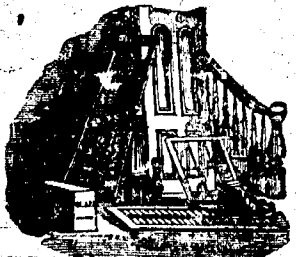
3 CHOICE LOTS—on Stone's Addition. Just Fine for a Garden.

Ask W. A. LOVEDAY.
(Some Furniture to Dispose of.)

"Pythian Club"

EAST JORDAN CABINET CO.

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.



Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

Briefs of the Week

The "Midgets" are camping at Love-day's Point for a week.

Mrs. M. Chapman is at Petoskey taking treatment this week.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. E. E. Hall next Friday, Aug. 21st.

Supt. and Mrs. L. P. Holliday expect to be in East Jordan next week.

The Stone tenant house on upper Main st. is being repaired inside and out.

J. Lee Mortford of Gaylord, candidate for state senator, was here in the interest of his candidacy this week.

Pros. Atty Fitch had the misfortune to scald his foot badly on Saturday last, but is now able to be around again.

Miss Susie Bala of East Jordan and Mr. Fred Longton of Bay City were married last Saturday at Traverse City by Rev. McKee.

Pat Foote, the popular rural mail carrier on No. 2, was united in marriage to Miss Jennie Graves, also of this city, at Charlevoix last Saturday. They are taking a fortnights wedding trip to Southern Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whittington accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Skinner and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lucks of Jackson, Mich., are expected at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whittington for a ten days visit, this Saturday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Shearer and Francis Cronin, both of this city, were united in holy wedlock, by Rev. Father Kroboth on Tuesday morning. They were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. John Nachazel also of this city. Immediately after the wedding breakfast the interested parties left for a brief honeymoon to Cheboygan after which they will reside in East Jordan.

Some of the good things on the Woman's page in this issue: Latest in patterns and embroideries, "Rewards of Well Doing in the Home," "Girls Should Prepare for Marriage," "True and Tried Recipes" and "Young Folk's Department." This page, every effort is being put forth to make it valuable and entertaining. We trust our efforts are appreciated.

The Methodist church and parsonage which have been undergoing some very extensive repairs which has added much to the improvement and comfort, will hold an "Opening" on Wednesday Sept. 2nd. A Supper will be served in the parlors of the church followed by a program. The District Superintendent Rev. W. F. Kendrick will be present. The public will be invited to attend.

Two Sisters of the Good Shepherd were up from Grand Rapids this week soliciting contributions for their institution of charity. Their work is two-fold. They care for orphan girls and harbor the straying and fallen women who come to them to be brought back to the paths of Christianity and pure womanhood. As they refuse admittance to none of these kind, their work is mostly done for charity. The Sisters feel grateful to the people of East Jordan for their charitable interest in these straying and neglected souls of Christ.

Guy Mast was at Charlevoix, Friday. Atty D. L. Wilson was at Charlevoix Monday.

Miss Rose Gogna spent Sunday at Petoskey.

Mrs. C. Walsh returned home Tuesday from Ausable.

Mrs. Mattie Bacon visited friends at Mancelona, Friday.

L. A. Hoyt and family drove to Traverse City, Sunday.

Miss Alice Porter returned from Suttons Bay, last week.

Miss Sophia Berg returned from Traverse City, Monday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hegarberg a son, Tuesday.

Phyllis Weisman returned from Boyne City, Monday.

Joe Phelps of Bay City, is visiting his brother, Frank Phelps.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Taboe of Eveline a son, Tuesday.

Mrs. Bert Reed and children were at Rogers City over Sunday.

Rev. Fr. Kroboth was a Charlevoix business visitor, Monday.

Miss Alto Barrinton of Boyne City, is visiting at Mrs. H. Kling's.

Mrs. Charles Alexander returned Thursday from a visit at Honor.

Mrs. Chester Thompson returned to her home at Grand Rapids, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Lavally are visiting friends at Traverse City, this week.

Mrs. Geo. Bechtold and Mrs. M. Berger were at Charlevoix, Thursday.

Miss Mac Stohman is visiting friends at Petoskey and Boyne Falls this week.

Elder Dudley and family now occupy the Brennan residence on the west side.

Alfred and Bert Bissonette of Fort Williams, Ont., are visiting relatives here.

Miss Martha Frieberg and Miss Lelia Clink were at Mackinac Island, this week.

H. Berman and wife of Detroit were guests of A. Danto and family, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zobel of Joliet, Ill., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Votruba.

Mrs. Cecil of Benton Harbor, is visiting at the home of her brother, R. Gunsolus.

Miss Olive Hunsberger spent Sunday at Petoskey guest of her brother and family.

A. B. Nicholas of Detroit, formerly of East Jordan, is in the city greeting old friends, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Preist and family of Pellston, were guests of Mrs. H. Keen-both over Sunday.

Will H. Jarman, editor of the Cope-mish Progress, was visiting friends in our city this week.

Mrs. Rob't Cooper of Mancelona was guest at the home of her cousin, Mrs. C. Evans, over Sunday.

Misses Leona and Vera Lather of Suttons Bay, were guests of Mrs. Frank Porter, last week.

Mrs. Julian Bissonette, and son, Bert, left this week for Bay City to visit her daughter, Mrs. W. LaRose.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gunson of Lansing, are guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. Jessie Isaman.

Mrs. Wrigley and Mrs. Warren both of Chicago are visiting their sister Mrs. Harry Potter and family for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kelley and daughter, Marie of Birmingham, Mich., are visiting at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kenny.

Mrs. Robert Patrick of Valparaiso, Ind., is expected here this Saturday for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kenny, and other relatives.

In addition to those at the Freiberg cottage, Atty D. L. Wilson is entertaining his brother Dr. Geo. K. Wilson and wife, Mrs. Dixon and daughter Miss Nora, all of Streator, Ill.

In this issue we are publishing a new and intensely interesting story, "Mr. Bliss and The Highway Man." This is a late production by Montague Glass and it is a good one. Don't fail to read it.

Mrs. Henry Cummings entertained some young lady friends on Thursday evening at her home on upper Main-st, in honor of Miss Irene McGuirk, who returns to her home at Mancelona, this Saturday.

Rev. Maurice Grigsby of Hastings, his wife and son are spending their vacation at the parsonage; and with Mrs. Suleba, daughter Miriam, and Miss Grigsby went to Charlevoix on the Hum, on Thursday.

A. Benedict is clerking at Burdick's market.

James Gidley drove to Traverse City Monday.

Mrs. W. L. Peck was at Petoskey, Tuesday.

Mrs. A. Brooks was at Charlevoix, Tuesday.

Mrs. W. Williams was at Petoskey Thursday.

R. T. McDonald returned from Central Lake this week.

Miss Mary Miller returned from Charlevoix, Thursday.

Mrs. Jerome Smith visited relatives at Charlevoix last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Potter were at Charlevoix Saturday last.

Mrs. Herman DeWitt returned this week from Portland, Mich.

Mrs. Will Barkley of the west side is at the Hospital at Petoskey.

Francis and Margaret Round returned to Traverse City, Friday.

A. W. Clark was at Kalkaska for two days last week on business.

Mrs. Cornelson of Oklahoma City, is in the city this week on business.

Miss Belle Roy and Mrs. Mary Barkmeire were at Petoskey, Tuesday.

Miss Hettie Bala of Gaylord is visitor grandmother, Mrs. S. M. Bala.

Mesdames Goodman and Passenger were Petoskey visitors, Thursday.

Mrs. R. Gleason and children returned home from LaGrand last week.

Miss Helen Peck is visiting friends in Bay City and Detroit, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Muma and children returned to Grand Rapids, Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Wicks of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Fitch, Sunday last.

Miss Buleau Smith of Mt. Vernon, Ill., is in the city this week on business.

Mrs. L. Weisman left Tuesday for Chicago where she will purchase goods.

Miss Neva Jenkins of Harbor Springs is visiting friends in the city this week.

Miss Elsie Reynolds and Miss Winifred Raino were at Frederic, over Sunday.

J. Leroy Sherman spent a part of this week visiting relatives at Luther, Mich.

Henry Myers of Petoskey is guest of his sister, Mrs. E. B. Hite and family this week.

Merle Crowell returned from Elk Rapids, Saturday where he has been employed.

Rev. James Hyslop of Hudson, Mich. was guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Fitch, Wednesday.

Miss Blanche Zoulek returned this week from Old Mission where she visited relatives.

Leon Koolvord from Allegan, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah St. John over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wye of Alba are visiting the latter's brother, George Crozier and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Web Hott of Albion, Ind., are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gunsolus.

Miss Hazel Zoulek and Miss Florence Christopher of Old Mission are guests of Miss Blanche Zoulek this week.

Charles and Rosabell Danto returned from Detroit, Thursday where they visited relatives, through vacation.

A. L. Caviness Supt. of the public school at Fairbury, Nebraska, was guest of H. L. Dunson, Wednesday.

Master Gregory Boswell gave a party to his little friends at the home of his grandmother, on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Ethel and Alfred Blake, Mary Weldy and Miss Ula Dewey returned from Mt. Pleasant summer school this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray I. Fox with daughter are spending a fortnights vacation with friends at Mullet Lake and other places.

A. Walstad spent Sunday at Mancelona with his friend, Mr. Parks, formerly of the South Arm Lumber Co. of this place.

Mrs. Geo. Atkinson of Jackson, Mich. is expected Saturday and will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ruhling and other relatives here.

Mrs. Hardy and son, Foster and daughter, Gertrude, returned to Big Rapids, Tuesday, after ten days visit at the home of Mrs. Spencer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mollard, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fallis and son, Charles, also John Fallis, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Patterson at Ellsworth first of the week.

John Roy who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. H. Roy and family returned to Sturgis, Wednesday, his two daughters, Kathleen and Katherine who have been visiting their grandparents here some time, accompanied him.

Wm. Muma was at Petoskey Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hill spent Sunday at Charlevoix.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Weikel returned from Chicago this week.

Mrs. A. Walstad returned from Traverse City, Saturday last.

Mrs. V. G. Holbeck and Mrs. Geo. Bell were at Charlevoix, Wednesday.

Mr. Mohan returned to Erie, Penn., Wednesday after a visit with relatives here.

Extra fine Hothouse LETTUCE for sale at Kleinhans Greenhouse. Order by phone.

Mrs. B. E. Waterman is spending a week at Traverse City guest of her friend, Miss Lyttle.

Firestone Tires, Tubes and Auto Supplies for sale by E. E. Hall, East Jordan, Phone No. 28.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Webster of Big Rapids, Mich., are guest of their son, Roy and family for a week.

The ladies of St. Joseph's Church will have another bake-sale on Saturday afternoon, August 22, in Mrs. C. A. Sweet's Millinery Parlors on Main St. Please come in.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. A. D. Grigsby, Pastor.

Usual services to-morrow, Sunday. The pastor will preach in the morning on "The Death of the Presidents Wife and its Suggestions." In the evening the Rev. Maurice Grigsby, Pastor of the Presbyterian church Hastings, will preach. The many who have listened to him before, will doubtless be glad of this opportunity of hearing him again. Services at 10:30 and 7:30.

Sunday School at 11:45. Will all interested be in their place at that time.

Y. P. S. C. E. holds its meeting at 6:45.

Public Baptism tomorrow morning. It is hoped that parents will bring their unbaptized children without fail.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. T. Porter Bennett, Pastor.

10:30 "Thy Refuge" will be the subject that the pastor will take for the morning service. At this service there will be a Baptismal Service of Children and Adults. Also the Reception of persons desiring to unite in full membership into this church. You are invited to come and worship with us.

11:45 Sunday School. A wide awake school. Come.

6:45 Epworth League. Mr. R. T. McDonald, Leader. You ought to attend.

7:30 Right Rev. J. Nardby of Lee, Ill. will deliver his lecture "Journey in the Holy Land." You ought not to miss this lecture. All are welcome. Bring your friends.

Mrs. Freeman LaValley

Mrs. Elmira LaValley, wife of Freeman LaValley of Finkton was born in Clinton County, N. Y., fifty-nine years eleven months ago and fell asleep on Sunday August 9th, 1914, after an illness of some time.

She was united in marriage to Freeman LaValley, August, 1873, and settled in Antrim County in 1876 where she has since resided. She was the mother of two children, a son and a daughter, the daughter died a few years ago. She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, and son Efton, of Finkton. Two sisters, Mrs. Phoebe Miller of Boyne City, and Mrs. Esther Ross of Fitchburg, N. Y., and a large circle of friends. She was a kind wife, a true mother and a generous neighbor and was loved and respected by all who knew her.

The funeral took place on Tuesday at Finkton and was conducted by Rev. T. Porter Bennett of the East Jordan Methodist church assisted by Rev. J. Shumaker. Interment in Echo.

For State Representative

Re-nomination on the Republican Ticket



Herman I. McMillan

HE STANDS FOR A SQUARE DEAL AND MAJORITY RULE.

City Tax Notice

The Tax Roll for the year 1914 for the City of East Jordan will be in my hands for collection on and after July 1st, 1914. All taxes named therein may be paid at any time up to and including July 31st, 1914, without any collection fee thereof. If not paid on or before that date the Charter of said city provides that an addition of 2 per cent shall be made thereto on the first day of August thereafter, and additional 1 per cent, shall be added thereto on the first day of each month that the tax remains unpaid until returned to the county treasurer.

C. C. MACK, City Treasurer.

CITY TREASURER'S NOTICE

The Special Assessment Roll for Sewer District No. 4, of the city of East Jordan, Michigan, is now in my hands for collection, and the taxes due and payable thereon must be paid and returned on or before the 18th day of September, 1914. The said assessment is divided into five parts, and all may be paid at once or parts 2, 3, 4, and 5 may be deferred. Part 1 must be paid or I am required to levy distress and sale upon goods to satisfy the same on or before the date above specified.

C. C. MACK, City Treasurer. Dated August 4, 1914.

ICE CREAM Delivered To Any Part of the City. Phone Orders to the CREAMERY—Phone No. 29.

Short Items

A clearing out of all odds and ends left over from our mid-summer sale.

All good reasonable material that MUST be disposed of irrespective of cost before the arrival of our fall merchandise.

Summer Dresses and Waists and Muslin Underwear

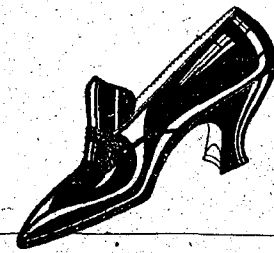
At 1/4 off regular prices until they are gone.

L. WEISMAN

Expert Shoe Fitters

We pride ourselves on our fitting service. We do not allow anyone to leave this store with a pair of shoes that are not suited and fitted to their feet.

With Dorothy Dodd Shoes we have styles and models to supply every need.



If you have the slightest trouble with your shoes we want to know about it. - We intend to keep our reputation of "expert shoe fitters." If we please you tell your friends, if we do not tell us.

Dorothy Dodd

CHAS. A. HUDSON

PIONEER SHOE MAN

Exclusive Agent for Dorothy Dodd Shoes.

Silverware

that is real We Have It.

If it is made of silver, come to us for it. We have it in stock. Ornaments, table services, toilet articles in fact everything in which silver can be used is to be had at prices fair to you.

C. C. MACK JEWELER

The 'White' is a delight

For Sale by EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

THE MARTIN EICHMAN UNITED ADVERTISING & AMUSEMENT SYNDICATE present their Great Fun Frolic

The Country Store

for 5 nights

Beginning Friday, Aug. 14th. Over \$200 worth of valuable merchandise given away FREE

At the Temple Theatre No advance. Price 10c.

At Big Loon Post

By George Van Schaick

(Copyrighted)

Author of "A Heart of the North," "Ishmael of Grand Lac," Etc.

Lorimer left the tent, entrusting his son to Atuk's wife. It was wonderful how food and rest were restoring him, though his head was very hot and ached him. Had it not been for the desolation that would meet him at Tshenuak Post he could have started overland and reached the place before nightfall.

He need not follow the river now, but could cut across and make the journey nearly as fast as a man in a canoe.

This was a country in which he had often hunted and fished. What delight there would have been in his returning strength if only he could have been rushing toward the post, glorying in the prospect of meeting the open arms of Ameou, whom he thought he would never again crush to his breast.

Lorimer did his utmost to shake off these thoughts, and, while only partially successful, the effort did him good.

He went down to the shore where Atuk had raised scaffolds for the drying of the fish. He stood on the shingly beach that was between great rocks, falling sheer into deeper water, and watched the coming storm. The wind was blowing in great gusts, bending the tops of trees toward the south and driving the waters of the lake before it.

Atuk crouched near him, busily scaling a monster pike that had followed the whitefish and caught its long muzzle in the meshes of the net.

"It is a great storm," he said loudly. "It is one such as tells of the snows coming soon. After this not a leaf will remain on the aspens and birches. The muskrats have built strong houses. This year, and the beavers have cut much young poplar for food. The fur is thick already. I caught a marten and two minks this week that have good pelts. It will be a long, cold winter."

Lorimer stood beside a large tree whose trunk somewhat shielded him from the gale. Atuk left him, carrying the pike up to the tent.

The black clouds were piling in great masses high in the sky, while others lower down in the heavens were racing before the blast.

Far away over the seething waters Lorimer saw a canoe. It seemed to be leaping over the waves as a deer runs over falling timber. He stood aghast at the boldness of the man who had not feared to trust himself to these spuming billows.

CHAPTER XII.

The Liar.

Curran felt very weary when he returned to the post. A strong man and usually of good endurance, he was not in the habit of indulging in much physical exercise as he always had Indians or voyageurs to work for him. His quick journey to Many Beaver Lake and return had tired him in a way that surprised him.

"It must be that booze I've been taking," he reflected. "I'll have to go light on that stuff. It's all right to sell to Indians, but it ain't a white man's drink. Shouldn't wonder if it made me nervous, too."

He was exceedingly ill at ease. In many ways his schemes seemed to be miscarrying. Mashkaugan had turned against him for no particular reason, except the fact that the hunchback was a superstitious fool who had allowed his brain to become addled by silly fears. Of course there was nothing to be afraid of, but a man who believed in all kinds of ghosts and spirits was unreliable.

"I can't depend on him any more, and will have to go it alone. Anyway, he was the one who did the job over at White Rapids, and it is his own neck that would get stretched if he blabbed. Nobody would take his word against mine! Anyway, I was here when it happened, and not a word of writing has passed between us. There isn't a thing that can be proved against me."

The man walked restlessly up and down the big living-room in the post. He was doing a lot of thinking, and the more he thought the more he worried.

"Just one more swig at that stuff won't hurt me," he decided. "I'm pretty near played out. I'm glad I got back before it began to blow so hard. It's going to be a rough evening."

He went out after taking another drink and engaged Indians in conversation, pretending to seek information in regard to the parties who had gone out in search of the child. All had returned save two who had gone off through the woods.

When he inquired for Mashkaugan he was told that the hunchback had gone out alone on the river and appeared to be in a desperate hurry.

Curran wondered what the man was up to. Walking up to the old chief's tent, he was met by Nimissuts, who did not ask him to enter.

"We have all hunted high and low," said the agent, "but so far there is no trace of the child. I could like to talk to your daughter."

"Ameou sleeps," answered the old man. "The weariness of death is on her. No talk now."

Curran returned to the post and resumed his walking up and down, still thinking deeply. Finally this bore fruit in a sudden idea.

"Wonder why I never thought to look over his old papers," he said to himself. "I know he kept some in a box."

ing home-made and bearing marks of ax or cross-cut saw. Some shelves had been made from pieces of provision boxes. They held a dozen well-thumbed books and various odds and ends. There was also a small, battered tin cash-box, which proved to be unlocked.

Without the slightest compunction the agent opened it. It contained a few dollar bills, some loose silver, and some large Canadian pennies. The amount was not sufficient to interest him. There were no legal-looking papers, but he found a bundle of old letters, which he opened and looked over idly.

One of the letters caused him to stop when he reached the few lines above the signature. "I remember he read this to me when I came," Curran told himself. "Any old thing was good enough to read aloud in this neck of the woods. Told me that sister of his was married and had two kids."

He read the last paragraph over and over again. His keen, evil mind had been quick to seize a distinct point of vantage.

After this he read over the whole letter carefully. It gave a lot of details that could interest no one but Lorimer, but there was nothing in it that would hinder Curran in making use of it.

The man grinned to himself. There was a chance for a neat little stroke of diplomacy. He went back to the living-room after putting everything in order. The letter he put in his pocket.

"Cyprien!" he called, and the lame old Indian retainer promptly responded.

"Go over to Nimissut and tell him I want to see him and his daughter on a very important matter," he ordered. "Tell them to come here."

As soon as the old chief heard the message he spoke to Ameou hurriedly. The young woman had always refused to enter the post building when Curran was there, giving one excuse or another. Now, however, she had no fear since her father would be with her. She thought that the agent perhaps had obtained some information of the child. She hurried her old father, so eager was she to hear the news.

Curran bade her enter, assuming a sad and friendly expression that befitted the occasion. He offered Ameou a chair and placed tobacco within reach of the old man.

"I am afraid that all this seeking has been for nothing," he said, shaking his head sorrowfully. "You are all going away against my advice for the winter's hunting. I want to say that Ameou should take anything she wants that belonged to Lorimer. Any of his things that she may want to keep, yet not take away with her, she can place in empty boxes from the storeroom. They shall be kept safely for her. I am sure that there is nothing here which the people who really own this property could object to her taking. They would not want them to be taken over the great water."

He spoke in Montagnais slowly, watching the two Indians as a lynx might watch the fledgling brood of a partridge.

"The men of the brigade who have gone away," said Chief Nimissuts, "told us that they had made a paper which states that everything that belonged to Yellow Hair is now my daughter's."

The old man was looking at Curran keenly. He had been quick to discern some strange meaning in the man's words. But the young woman had sunk dully in her chair. Such matters were of no import to one who had met with her losses.

"Ah, the paper!" exclaimed Curran. "True, there is such a paper. If I have it here, Ameou can take it if she wishes, but I fear that a paper is not of any good. It must be worthless, because it is the custom of the white people that there can be but one wife to a man. When there are two the second can have nothing when the man dies, for the second is not really a wife."

Ameou sprang up, with eyes flashing and limbs trembling with excitement. She walked close to the agent.

"I am Ameou," she said. "I am the one who was the wife of Yellow Hair—and the only one. I am the mother of the child that was his. He never told me any tale of another woman of his, and many times told me I was the only one he ever loved."

Curran looked at her, shaking his head in pitying fashion.

"Alas! men will say such things," he said. "The last love of a man is ever the only one. It is a tale that has been told times in greater number than the stars in the sky. He should not have said such things to an innocent maiden. But you, too, look as if you did not believe me."

The young woman was dazed and haggard, as if the last great treasure had been torn away from her. Faith in her husband's goodness, truth, and honesty—and all that made him the only man in the world to her.

The very teaching he had imparted to her on those long, happy evenings spent together had been directed to showing her, simply and in few words, the higher ideals that move the conduct of decent men. And now all this was nothing but mockery, spoken with the forked tongue of a deceiver. She had been made a plaything while she had hung upon his lips!

"I won't believe it!" she suddenly cried. "There are none but thy own words to show these things, and they sound false!"

She was standing before him like some wild creature at bay, with flashing eyes his own could scarcely meet.

"Did Lorimer ever show thee the papers in that little box?" asked Curran cautiously.

"No," answered Ameou. "He said they were things that did not matter."

"Didst thou never seek to read them after he went away?"

"I am the daughter of a chief," she answered proudly. "I am the woman who belonged to what she thought was a man. Would I have prided into things of his that he did not bid me look at?"

The young woman, erect and with head thrown back, was a model of wounded dignity. Curran looked, admired her grace, and marveled at her spirit.

He would surely marry her and tame that proud beauty. Her picturesque comeliness would be his at no distant date, he swore to himself.

"Here is a letter," he answered after a moment. "Of course thou didst not seek to pry. Thou art a true woman, and it was an evil day when one who was not a real man took thee to wife. But look now at these written words that have come from another land where a woman waits. Thou hast earned to read, I know, and I would have thee see for thyself. Sit down here again—in the light." The words, telling all, began here.

With shaking hands she took the paper he had placed before her and spelled out the words slowly:

Please come back soon from those dreadful places. You would be happier here. The baby sends you a thousand kisses.

YOUR LOVING AGNES.

Slowly the paper fluttered to the floor and Ameou's head sank to her folded arms.

She had received the news of her husband's death with few tears, for her hurt had been too great for the grief to have been expended in weeping. The loss of the baby had also left her staring and dry-eyed, like one under the spell of some baneful drug. But this was the fiercest blow, shattering all that she had held of love and belief.

Finally she lifted up her head and dashed her hand across her streaming eyes. Her face was calm but for the occasional quivering of her lips.

"Had he only asked me for my love I would have given it to him," she said, speaking slowly in low tones. "What did I know of men and women but that they mated when the price was paid? What did I know of husbands and wives according to the custom of the white people? What would I have cared for their ways in this country, where none come except those who are ever eager for pelts?"

"Had he told me the truth it would not have mattered, for I knew nothing and deemed that a man was master of the country he would live in and the woman he would love. But why did he tell me these other things and show me another world, and teach me that which he called goodness, only to let me find that he had none of it and deemed me a thing to laugh at and mock?"

"Other white men are not as he," said Curran loftily. "I could have loved thee truly. Nay, I love thee now, as I have done for a long time. I would that thou couldst become my wife and learn what a true man is."

Ameou looked at him, but the words he spoke made no impression on her. She hardly seemed to understand them, and looked neither offended nor pleased.

"I am but an Indian woman now," she said, "as I was before—a thing to be sold to the one who will give most blankets and guns for her and for the land that was her mother's. I no longer care anything for that which may befall me. I will work as our women do, and like them, soon grow very old with toil, and eat after the men have had their fill of food, and set snares for rabbits and work at shoepacks and the stringing of snowshoes. What care I for men, for the goodness that is a lie, the love that is but a jest, or the child that was sired by a liar?"

"She was about to leave the room, a quiet, stately, dignified picture of outraged womanhood; but her old father, who had been silent during all this talk, grimly bade her stop a moment.

"As to the child," he said, "the whole of a day has not passed yet since he was taken away, and he may be living yet. This man, Curran, says that he is willing to take thee for a wife and care for the child, if it is found, and for thee and thy people."

"I said to him that if any one should bring it back to me all that I could give would belong to the finder," she answered dully. "Let him bring me back the child and I will be his woman if he wants me."

"Yet I care no longer whether it be dead or living, for it was a part of a happiness that is all gone—a happiness which a woman could only purchase with suffering. I have paid too great a price for the days that have gone."

"I am thy daughter, for thee to barter away if thou hast a mind. I would I knew I might be a curse on any man that took me to wife. Then they would leave me alone."

She was growing excited again, for her arms were trembling and her breath came in short gasps.

"I tell you I care nothing! Nothing for the dead man who was a liar—nothing for the whelp of a liar! I

care nothing for any man—for all my liars! Let me alone! Talk to me no more! Arrange all things between yourselves! Give me peace for a time, or I also will seek the deep water! What care I whether I am with the windigos of hell or with the men that make hell here? Leave me alone!"

She went out of the room with defiant head held upright, her fingernails driven into the palms of her hands and teeth clenched, trying to control herself, for she had a longing to rush to the river and seek solace in its dark flood.

When she reached her father's tent she threw herself upon the blankets, exhausted by excess of suffering. The wife of old Nimissuts gently stroked Ameou's forehead without saying a word, for even the women of savage people have ways such as some of their white sisters may think belong to themselves exclusively.

Her gentleness had some effect, and by and by the younger woman was pouring out to her the story of the last bitter moments she had gone through.

"There be liars in all places, Ameou," said the elder woman. "But Lorimer Yellow Hair was surely one whom all must believe. Be not too ready to trust one against the other. What other lie has Yellow Hair ever told thee or any one?"

"This one that he is deemed to have told comes to thee from the mouth of Curran. To me it is like the defiling of a cache by the filth of a wolverine. Is not he the man who sells drink that takes men's speech away or gives them foul talk? How did Surface get that which drove him crazy? Has there not been talk of the pelts he keeps to his own uses yet pays for with the company's goods?"

Ameou rose on her elbow. A ray of hope had entered her heart. She stared at the woman.

"Did Yellow Hair ever do any of these things?" continued the wife of Nimissuts excitedly. "Oh, Ameou! What kind of a woman art thou to believe all that a man like Curran says because a dead man can no longer speak for himself? Have a care, child, lest thy baby be still living and the spirits of the Manitous may deem thee unworthy of it and let it perish instead of bringing it back to thee!"

"But I saw the writing of the woman who spoke of a child that must have been his own," said Ameou, sobbing.

"I know nothing of writing," answered the woman. "How canst thou tell that lies are not also written? But I know that the love of Yellow Hair was thine, and that if the man had lived thou wouldst have fought for it. But now that he is dead that love is a thing to take away and bury, as we bury parts of animals lest our dogs may find them and the spirits of the animals be offended. Is it a thing to be cast away because nothing is left of him but his spirit and it has not yet found a voice to speak to thee in thy dreams?"

Then Ameou rose from the bed and clung to the wife of Nimissuts. The older woman's words had brought her the first faint spark of comfort she had received since the hand of fate had been uplifted against her.

As they spoke together the wind had risen and begun to shake their tent. Over the river the waves rose and were blown to spindrift.

A bark canoe that had been laid upon the bank was caught up by the gale and dashed to pieces among the short stumps of a clearing.

"Canst thou hear the voices of the spirits now?" asked the chief's wife. "Dost thou know what they are saying and against whom their anger has arisen?"

"I do not," replied the younger woman. "Who is there that can tell? Perhaps, it is because I have sinned against the spirit of my husband who is dead."

"We can only bow down and let the storm pass by," said the other. "Be patient, Ameou, for there always comes an end to storms and tears. Blizzards may come and freeze the marrow in men's bones, yet are ever followed by sunlight so bright over the snows that it hurts eyes that are uncovered."

In a few hours the clouds passed and the pale died down while a myriad of stars were shining in the heavens.

Ameou, who could not sleep, crawled out of the tent and sat by the embers of the fire on which the evening meal had been prepared.

She remained there for some time, trying to penetrate mysteries which minds better trained than hers have never been able to solve.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Uplifting of Mashkaugan.

After the rescue of the hunchback, Lorimer crawled out of the icy water of Many Beaver Lake. He shivered as the blast struck him, for the weakness of the days that had gone by had returned after his few strenuous efforts to bring Mashkaugan ashore.

"Go at once to the tent and bid my woman light fire in the sheet-iron stove," ordered Atuk, who was busy with the care of the half-drowned man. "Take off thy clothes at once and wrap thyself in warm blankets. This great hulk of a fool is breathing and needs thee not. Tell the woman to come here after she has lighted the fire."

Lorimer staggered off toward the tent, while Atuk labored over Mashkaugan. Atuk's wife raised her hands in astonishment and could not forbear to scold him snappishly.

"Was it not enough to starve and freeze during cold nights, and to toil until thou wert but the shadow of a man, without casting thyself in the water through some foolishness?" she reproved him, as she stuffed birch-bark in the tiny stove and built a roaring fire. "Thou hast as great need of a woman to care for thee as thy baby."

"Run down now to Atuk," Lorimer urged her. "Thou art perhaps right, but it was in pulling out a greater fool than I out of the water that I had to go in. Go quickly and I will

see to the fire and put the kettle on to boil."

The sturdy woman hastened to the beach. She found her husband vigorously rubbing the hunchback, who sat with his long black hair plastered down the sides of his lanky face.

The Nascaupée's voice was contending poorly with the roar of the waves and the shrieking wind.

"A fool thou art, greater than the red-eyed partridge," he was shouting to him. "Thou hast the name of the greatest man in a canoe in all these parts. It must be that the windigos got possession of thee to make thee put off a safe shore in such a wind, when even muak, the foolish, hooting loon, would hardly trust himself to the waves. A fine canoe man art thou. I have a mind to get my youngest lad, who only begins to stand upon his feet, to teach thee better."

The Indian was properly indignant, for the lake was not a large one and the storm had given plenty of warning. That which galled him most severely was that Lorimer must now be in bad night again, after so much had been done to bring him back to his former strength.

"He is not here," said Mashkaugan, looking about him wildly. "It must have been a vision of the spirit of the dead man that came to me. How did I come to get ashore?"

"It was no grasp of death," shouted Atuk, "but the saving hold of a good man. Truly, in the water he is as an otter! Get up now and take the path to the tent, where there is a fire. One moment! Take hold of me. Thy legs have the strength of the stems of water-lilies."

"Give thanks—there are few here to hail Mashkaugan, the great canoe man, who knows not when a canoe may ride the waves! Shake thyself and move on. Thy face is blue with the cold and hot tea may be the saving of thee."

Atuk's wife was wrestling with the canoe which had come ashore full of water. She dragged it up to safety. A few minutes more pounding on the shingly beach would have wrecked it beyond repair.

She pulled it up after a curling wave had soaked her to her lips, a matter of slight importance to her and belonging to the day's work. Then she rushed up to the tent where she found her husband, staring widely at Mashkaugan.

The hunchback was kneeling in front of Lorimer, who was wrapped up in a great red company blanket, and whose face also expressed amazement.

Then Atuk and his wife burst out laughing. Indeed, the two presented an unusual spectacle, and one that might well have excited the mirth of any folk.

A couple of young children stood in a corner of the tent, gravely sucking their thumbs, while their beady eyes gleamed with the unworldly excitement of the scene.

"Rise, I tell you, Mashkaugan!" Lorimer said to the man before him. "What crazy behavior is this?" The last time thy eyes fell upon me I was far nearer death than ever thou wert in thy life, and I don't wonder at thy surprise. But I am all right now. Rise like a man and shake hands with me in mind of our campfires together and the bread and salt we have shared in the waste places. I can even find it in my heart to forgive thee for leaving so soon. Hadst thou waited a short time to see whether I was truly dead I would have been spared a terrible journey home."

"Yes, rise, you big fool!" echoed the Nascaupée. "The dead one has come to life, and the pair of you, each in his time, have thought to take the last gulp of air. But now this man whom thou were so sure was a corpse leaped into the water and pulled thee out, which was surely a brave thing to do because of the great weakness that is on him yet. Stand up, therefore, and give thanks to him like a man."

Then Mashkaugan rose. His heart was beating so that it caused a pain in his great twisted chest. His long arms hung flaccidly like those of a great ape. On his face was the look of one being crucified.

The penetrating cold that had seized him failed to prevent great drops of sweat from mingling with the moisture that oozed from his disheveled locks.

His fear of heathen gods and spirits had been nothing to the feeling that overcame him as he stood before the man he had sought to slaughter in the raging waters of White Rapids.

The condition of the trembling hunchback was pitiful. His teeth chattered. His face mirrored strange agony. The laughing Indians became sobered. They could not understand and felt as if they stood before some gruesome mystery, which frightened them.

"What in the world is the matter with thee, Mashkaugan?" asked Lorimer, putting one hand on the man's shoulder. "Indeed, I am glad to see thee. What I said just now was not meant for bitter reproach. Thy silly fear overcame thee at that time—that is all. Now, I forgive thee most willingly. Thou must now rejoice to see me again, living and growing stronger, thanks to these good people."

Lorimer's looks belied what he said about becoming stronger. He looked very weak and exhausted, but he seized Mashkaugan's hand within his own in friendly fashion. He was smiling frankly and trying to be kinder than he ever had been before.

"I everything was known to thee," gasped the hunchback hoarsely. "Thy hand would never seek mine. I am less accused than I thought. Yet I feel as one suffering under the penalty meted out to unforgivable sin."

Lorimer looked at him in utter surprise. These words were beyond his comprehension.

"The man is crazed yet," ventured Atuk's wife. "Perhaps his head struck a stone of the beach, although it bears no mark. Yet some strange folly must have entered it to make him go out on the lake during the storm. It has not left him yet, and he still suffers from a disease

that has changed the working of his brain."

"O woman, I would that thou wert speaking the truth!" groaned Mashkaugan, covering his face with his hands, like a child hiding from strangers.

Atuk touched his forehead with his fingers, signifying that the man was certainly bereft of reason. Lorimer remained speechless, not knowing what to say.

"Come," said the Nascaupée very gently, for Indians always hold the insane in some reverence, and Atuk spoke as if addressing a child. "The woman will leave the tent and thou wilt take off thy clothing so that we may hang it in the tent to dry. Wrap thyself up in a blanket until the things are fit to put on again, and rest quietly. Perhaps some hot tea will help thee. I have it in mind that the cold of water and wind have done thee some hurt."

He met no resistance as he began to pull off some of Mashkaugan's garments. There was something that was very helpless and pathetic in the voyager's appearance as he allowed himself to be partly undressed and made to lie down in the heat of the little stove.

When the woman returned she poured out hot tea. Lorimer took some gratefully, but the hunchback refused.

"Take the tea that is given thee," ordered Lorimer gruffly, as he thought that authority might prevail where persuasion failed of effect. "Thou art still under my orders, and I'll not have such foolishness."

Mashkaugan looked at him in some surprise and made no further objection. As soon as he had tasted the stuff he drank it greedily, and it seemed to do him good.

"The wind is now beginning to go down," said Atuk. "My net was left out in the water, for there was no time to take it up. I must go out and see whether any of it is left. If the anchoring stones held it may only be a little torn; but if they dragged, who knows what may have become of it? It was a new net for which I gave ten skins of marten. Eight fathoms long it was and one deep, a fine net to set for whitefish in narrow places."

His wife and the two older children went with him. Her baby and little Yellow Hair were left to sleep under a blanket.

"Now tell me what is the meaning of all this," said Lorimer kindly. "There is nothing the matter with thy head but some queer fancies that have no sense or reason. Speak up, man!"

For a time Mashkaugan glared at him, not realizing how strangely he was looking. In his mind a struggle was being fought. By this time all supernatural fears had left him and there remained but the knowledge that he stood confronting the man he had sought to kill.

Lorimer was defenseless before him yet stronger. His mere presence caused the voyageur to cower.

The instinct of self-preservation was strong. A few lies were enough to protect him, or the mere withholding of the truth. Yet also there was the pressure of a conscience that had given no rest, that made him feel pitifully weak and small as he realized that Lorimer had endangered his life to save him. There was also fear that those dreadful obsessions might return.

"Wait," he implored. "Wait but an instant. My head is still dazed, although I am not crazy."

The prospect of prison walls returned to him—ghastly to a man of the wilderness. To one inured to the crowds of cities a jail is bad enough, but to one whose life has been spent in the freedom of the pathless north; on the great, wide stretches of swift rivers; on vast lakes; in camps where the air has never been defiled and the water is sweet and cool; in the breezes that have traveled over a thousand miles of glittering ice; over wide, mossy forests, the walls of prisons mean inexpressible torture.

"I shall never go back to it," he swore and glared again.

"I am perhaps also dazed," Lorimer said gently. "For I need not tell thee what my journey was through that awful wilderness, with nothing to eat but handfuls of sodden, mildewed flour. Other terrible things have happened to me, so that now I am a man to whom there is no meaning in life but to care for a little baby."

He stopped, as he was coughing terribly, and put his hand to his side. Just then the little one began to cry. Lorimer took it up, wrapped in the skin of a caribou calf, and held it against his breast until it ceased to wail.

"Here is all that I have left of the happiness that was mine," he said. "Thy face shows much sign of suffering, Mashkaugan; but I doubt if ever such pain as mine has been thy portion."

(Continued next week.)

U. W. P. A. 119

REAL ESTATE

BELOW is a list of reliable Michigan Real Estate Agents compiled for the benefit of our readers. If you want to buy, sell, lease, rent or information concerning business, lands, etc., write them. No names will be run under this head, other than those who are reliable and honest, and if found otherwise the names will be removed from list at once. For information in regard to space in this column write to UNITED WEEKLY PRESS ASSOCIATION, 59-65 MARKET AVE., GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

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Talks to Mothers

Mrs. Mary Wicks, Editor

Rewards Of Well Doing In The Home

"I am so weary of it all. The never-ending round of duties and labors has worn out patience and strength," said a friend to me.

I knew something of the burden she bore, and all my sympathy was awakened. Life for her had meant perpetual effort, self-denial.

It had been a dull "round of duties and labors" almost unbroken, with little of relaxation. Into such a life there almost inevitably comes a moment when the rigid self-control, self-forgetfulness, becomes well nigh impossible, and the temptation to fling duty aside almost irresistible.

For so many women the returning days bring the same round of duties all the more exacting and wearisome because of their very sameness and monotony. It is true that the comfort, prosperity, and happiness of the home depend upon their prompt and unflinching discharge, and that when done there is a glow of satisfaction

which follows well doing, and, further, the sight of the well ordered home and happy dependents. Even then the strain of the never-ceasing-duty is heavy, and it is no wonder that the sense of weariness fills the mind with a longing to be free from it all, if only for a little while.

That is understandable under the happiest conditions. Even where there is keen appreciation felt and shown, "well doing" in the home is not achieved easily or with little self-sacrifice. But where, as so frequently happens, appreciation is wanting and gratitude rarely shown, then the cost is heightened, and the strain doubly hard to bear.

To my mind the true heroines of the home are just those women who, despite all the discouragement which results from the painful lack of due appreciation, stick to their tasks from year to year though weariness haunts their lives and hope slowly vanishes.

Young Folks Department

LITERATURE

By Viola Bolitho, 335 Marion Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Manuscripts of short stories, poems, essays and etc., (to be written on one side of paper only) will be gladly received for this department.

Ice Cream

Its Origin And Its Development Into One Of Our Great Industries

(Continued From Last Week.)

"A French cook, Clermont, residing in London, gave instructions for making sweet ices in a book published in 1776. English cook books one hundred and fifty years old give recipes for cream ices in which cream and milk, sugar, eggs, arrowroot or flour and flavoring were used. Recipes have always varied according to the whim or desire of the maker."

It is a question whether Germany or England first made ice cream, but it is generally conceded that the Germans led the English in making fancy moulded creams.

"We deduce from the foregoing bits of narrative that ice cream was not apparently discovered (but rather was the result of a slow process of evolution or development, which was taking place in different localities at about the same time. History states that ice cream was first sold in New York by a Mr. Hall, at 75 Chatham street, now Park Row. Ice cream is mentioned in an account of a ball given by a Mrs. Johnson December 12, 1789, and was introduced to the city of Washington by Mrs. Alexander Hamilton at a dinner at which President Washington was present. She had become familiar with the dish in New York. The first advertisement of ice cream appeared in a New York paper, the 'Post Boy,' dated June 8, 1786, and reads as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen may be supplied with ice cream every day at the City Tavern by their humble servant, Joseph Crowe.' A negro, one Jackson, who had worked at the White House in Washington after Mrs. Hamilton introduced ice cream to President Washington learned the recipe and started a confectionery. He sold his cream readily at one dollar per quart. Others imitated him, but Jackson held his custom and prospered by making the best goods and died wealthy."

Here a large exporting firm, who had made considerable money shipping ice to London, India and Brazil, saw a new outlet for ice in the ice cream business. They attempted to induce Mr. Fussell to go to Brazil and start a factory there, and offered to back him with the necessary capital if he wanted it, but he was not interested. Failing to get him to send one of his men over (they arranged for one of their own men to learn the art of making ice cream, and paid a modest \$500 for the formula. How the South American venture fared is not recorded. In 1864 the New York house of Fussell was started and continued with the usual success. Here the prevailing price among confectioners was \$1.25 per quart. A Mr. (Perry) Brazelton, of (Mount Pleasant), Iowa, a friend of Mr. Fussell, using his fortune in the panic of 1857, came to Washington and learned the ice cream business. He went back west and opened a factory in St. Louis, later going to Cincinnati and Chicago. "An American enterprise was not long in taking up the new industry, and the growth of the business commenced. However, the real development, the day of large figures in the business, had its beginning not over fifteen years ago. The brine refrigerating system of freezing ice cream has been efficiently applied only within the past five years, and has now only fairly begun."

"The first real progress toward artificial refrigeration is said to have been made by a German in 1867, and it was then used only in breweries, and to a very limited extent. Ice making by artificial means came next. The use of refrigerating processes for making ice cream was probably begun in a way by chance, for large ice manufacturing establishments put on an ice cream department to utilize the broken or waste ice, and the possibility of applying mechanical refrigeration to the making of ice cream was no doubt thus discovered."

"Ice cream is in high favor in England, where the climate favors its use the year through. And it is used by nearly all steamship lines, especially those making long trips in warm climates. The passengers, who do not relish the indifferent quality of most foreign made goods, demand American ice cream. Every express steamer of the North German Lloyd line leaves New York with not only a supply to care for the wants of its own passengers, but enough to furnish the Japanese, Chinese and Australian service of the company. For the far eastern service the cream is carried in refrigerated compartments to Bremen and there transferred to ships sailing for ports in India, China, Japan and Australia."

"It does not seem proper to close this article without some allusion to our friend of the lawn party, ice cream wagons, and county fairs—the ice cream cone. I have heard that it was introduced in this country at the St. Louis exposition. I have found directions for preparing a freshment called "fried ice cream," sometimes known as "Alaska pie" or "Alaska fritters." The method is, briefly, to dip a cube of hard ice cream into a thin fritter batter and then to plunge it into very hot lard or olive oil. The pastry forms a good protector from the heat and hardens so quickly that the cream is not softened in the least. Another more elaborate form is said to be served in certain New York cafes today. The fried ice cream was introduced at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. It occurred to me that these freak varieties may have suggested the idea of the ice cream sand-which and ice cream cone. Whatever the origin, we will have to admit that the cone has sold many a gallon of ice cream and made many a dollar for those engaged in the business."

True and Tried Recipes

Fancy Work and Cooking for the Season

Raisin Drops.

These are very nice to serve with afternoon tea and keep indefinitely: Three eggs, 1 cup butter, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 4 cups flour, 1 cup raisins, 4 teaspoons cinnamon. Mix the cinnamon with the flour and beat into the creamed butter. Beat the sugar with eggs, and then all together, as little as possible. Drop by teaspoonful in rough cakes, a little apart.

Berry Pudding.

Beat to a cream 1 cup of butter with 2 cups of sugar, add 4 well beaten eggs, 1 cup of sour cream in which 1 teaspoon of soda is dissolved, and 4 cups of flour. Stir all together and add one quart of berries, dredged lightly with flour. Wring a pudding cloth out of boiling water, dredge it with flour, and pour the batter in, tying it loosely enough to allow the pudding to swell. Plunge this into boiling water and boil for three hours. This pudding can be steamed, but an hour longer should be allowed for the steaming. Serve with wine or vinegar sauce.

Toasted Rice Cakes.

At last I have found the recipe you requested. Very sorry to keep you waiting so long. Boil 1 cup rice until tender, press in a buttered dish and put it in the ice chest with a weight upon it. The next day cut the rice into slices 1/4 inch thick, grease a toaster and toast the slices a delicate brown. Serve with maple syrup.

Apple Pudding.

Butter the edge and inside of a two-quart pan, any kind will do, fill it

two-thirds full of tart apples, cut into quarters, add 1/2 cup of water, cover with a crust made of 1 pint of flour, 2 teaspoons of baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon of salt. Wet with a scant cup of milk just stiff enough to roll out, cover closely and cook on the top of the stove for one-half hour. Put a strivet of some kind under to keep the apple from burning. When done, put a large plate on top of the pan, turn it upside down with crust on bottom, apples on top. Cut it the same as a pie and serve with lemon sauce.

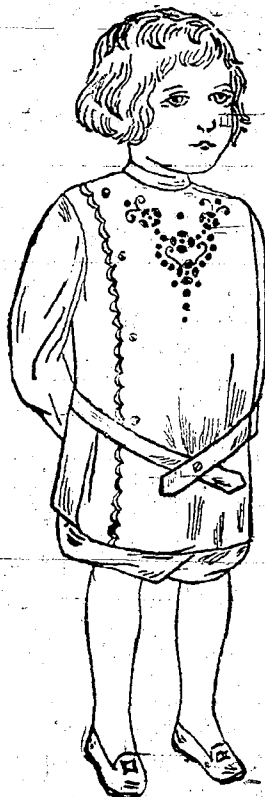
Lemon Sauce.—Boil 2 cups of water, 1 cup of sugar five minutes, then add 3 teaspoons of corn starch that has been wet with a little cold water. Cook until it thickens, add rind and juice of 1 lemon and tablespoon of butter. Stir until the butter is melted and serve at once.

Dewberry Jelly.

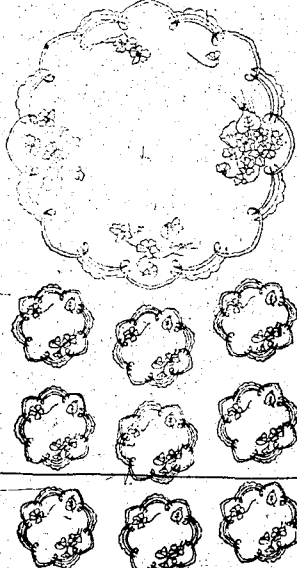
Pick over the berries, wash and drain. Mash a few in the bottom of the preserving kettle, using a wooden potato masher, continue until all the berries are mashed; cook for a few minutes, strain through a coarse strainer, then through a jelly bag. Measure the juice and allow an equal quantity of sugar, bring the juice to the boiling point and boil for five minutes; heat the sugar very hot, add it to the juice and boil again; about three minutes will be required. The jelly may be tested by putting a spoonful in a saucer. As soon as a thin skin is formed on the top it is done, remember what is in the kettle is cooking all the time; so try it frequently.

Late Embroidery Designs

Prepared Especially for Our Paper



No. 368.—A very simple and neat design for Russian Blouse, to be embroidered in either eyelet or solid work. Stamped on 2 yards of Pure Ecru Linen \$1.25 Stamped on 2 yards of Mercerized Poplin, White or Blue 1.25 Perforated Pattern, including all necessary stamping materials. .15 Pure Ecru Linen or Mercerized Poplin by the yard, extra50



No. 81.—Centerpiece and Doily Set. Here is one of the most beautiful

doily sets that you could ever have. Imagine giving a luncheon some time with a bunch of violets in the center of the table and all the doilies and centerpieces embroidered in violets to match. In this set there are nine doilies to be used under individual plates and cups; and a large centerpiece. All stamped on 648 square inches of pure linen. SPECIAL price, 65c.



No. 544.—Baby's Booties. Rose Design in Roman Cut-out work. Stamped on Linen. Price, per pr. 25c Perforated Pattern, including necessary stamping materials. 10c



No. 1728.—Smoker's Pillow Top. This design is to be executed in Tinted on Art Cloth. 30c Perforated Pattern 25c



No. 1540.—Sofa Pillow Top, Sunflower Design. A simple and effective design—Stamped on art cloth 25c Perforated pattern 25c Make all orders and remittances direct to this paper.

What Is Your Dress Motive

What is your dress motive? Is it beauty? Let us hope so. True beauty is the underlying principle of dress. It combines utility, comfort, suitability, taste, and charm.

The one great lesson for all to learn is that there is a vast difference between the costume in the closet and when it is worn. That difference is the spirit of the wearer.

Besides, all the good or bad qualities which clothes so inevitably show are also shown in the face and the manner. Acquire the habit, then, of dressing well. It will be all the easier for you to appear and act well.

Self-respect is always well dressed, while self-contempt is down at the heel. Don't think for a minute that dress is a trivial matter, for it is not, and if you do, your motive will be trivial.

Girls Should Prepare For Marriage

Most girls go into marriage very little prepared for it. We prepare, it would seem, for every profession in which we hope to win success, except the most important one of all. We would not dare to take a responsible position in a business office without either knowledge or training to fit us for our task; yet, with neither, we assume the gravest responsibilities that a woman can assume, and confidently expect success and happiness, says the Woman's Home Companion. The thing is without parallel, I think, and stands by itself in folly and lack of common sense.

And, having persuaded ourselves that our happiness will be secure, despite any unfitness and inadequacy of

ours, how are we shaken and amazed and cast down and put into despair when that happiness fails and we sit before the weekly harvest of our mistakes. In all other matters we may be reasonable enough, and few of us but expect, in the general events and consequences of life, to gather figs only from fig trees and to find thorns and thistles only in their accustomed places; but in this event the natural laws of growth and consequence and all order and likelihood are to be set aside in our favor and we are to be permitted, we assume, to gather pomegranates from the most readily grown lettuce, and the choicest foreign fruits from the thorny plants of our most commonplace ignorances and follies.

Our Fashion Department

Address all Pattern Orders to this Paper



1013. A Simple Popular Shirt Blouse. Ladies' Waist, to be finished with Shirt Sleeve or with Short Sleeve and Turn-back Cuff.—The pretty soft crepes and voiles, rice cloth, ratine, silk, madras or lawn are all admirably adapted to this style. The fronts are open at the throat, forming narrow revers facings, that meet a deep round collar in notches. The body and sleeve is cut in one, and the sleeve may be finished in short or wrist length. This style in handkerchief linen, with just a touch of embroidery, would make a cool and dainty waist. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1006-1003. A Charming and Attractive Style, Suitable for Many Occasions.—As a dancing frock, or for other social functions, this style would develop prettily in any of the soft crepes, batistes and silks now so popular. A lovely development was shown in voile in a net rose shade with trimming of lace and insertion, tiny bows of satin caught with small pearl buckles trim the waist front. For an inexpensive dress, figured crepe could be used, with trimming of lace or embroidery. The Waist Pattern, for which No. 1006 furnishes the model, is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern 1003, is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 9 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for a Medium size for the entire dress. The Skirt measures about 1 1/2 yards at the lower edge.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps. 9999.

A Practical Convenient Model. Ladies' House Dress with Long or Short Sleeve.—For utility, comfort and convenience, this design has much to commend it. It closes in coat style, with the entire fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. An ample pocket is arranged over the side front. The waist is finished with a neat collar, and with cuffs for sleeve in short length. The long sleeve is dart fitted. The dart fulness may be cut away and the opening thus made, be finished with a facing and underlap for buttons and buttonholes or other fasteners; then the sleeve may be turned back over the arm when desired. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, lawn, seersucker, soisette, madras, dimity, drill or linen. It is cut in seven sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and

1014. A stylish Model. Ladies' Skirt with Tunic. (In Raised or Normal Waist-line).—This practical and desirable model is good for any of this season's popular dress materials. For the new worsted checks or plaids, for serge, voile, silk, poplin, gingham, linen or drill, it will be found very appropriate. The tunic could be finished separately, or made of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures 1 1/2 yards at the lower edge. 1016.

A Comfortable and Practical Dress for Mother's Girl.—Blue line with trimming of blue and red checked gingham is here shown. The model is good for voile, ratine, rice cloth, chambray, galatea, serge or silk. The closing is in front. The skirt is a 3-piece model with plaits in front and at the sides.—The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for an 8-year size. 9997.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl. Girls' Dress with Kimono Yoke and Long or Short Sleeve.—Checked gingham in pretty brown tones is here combined with brown chambray. The model is also good for linen, lawn, crepe, voile, rice cloth, pique, batiste and silk. It is nice for nainsook or lawn with skirt and trimming of embroidery. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 yards of 40-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps. Address all orders and make all remittances direct to this paper.

At Temple Theatre
ONE NIGHT
Friday, Aug. 21

C.S. PRIMROSE PRESENTS
HENRY MILLER'S GREATEST SUCCESS
THE GREAT DIVIDE
500 NIGHTS IN NEW YORK CITY
By William Vaughn Moody

A Complete Scenic Production
A Great Play With a Fine Cast

"Took the house by storm."—N. Y. Evening Journal.
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PRICES: 25c. 50c. 75c. \$1.00
Reserved Seats at Mack's Jewelry.

In the Sweet Bye and Bye.

In about 1935, when we shall have made our stake and can print a paper just as we please, our items will be more interesting. For instance:

Gwendolyn Petite has again gone to a summer resort in search of a husband. Whenever we see a married man chewing gum we always wonder what kind he drinks.

If Dan Labernot would paint his house more and his nose less both would look better to his neighbors.

About the only difference we have been able to figure out between a whist party and a poker game is that one is played in the parlor and the other in a hay loft.

We shouldn't like to say that Web Sweatless is positively lazy, but he always makes one of his kids stand around the board and move his "men" when he is playing checkers.

We really feel that Mrs. Lofter should send Ike's dinner up town to him. It is annoying to Ike to have to walk home every noon. And then too, he often has to go just when he gets a good argument started.

The Week In History

Monday, 10—Shower of shooting stars 1862.
Tuesday, 11—Clermont's first trip up the Hudson, 1807.
Wednesday, 12—Hawaii annexed to U. S. 1898.
Thursday, 13—Cunningham claims a fraud, 1912.
Friday, 14—First book printed with date, 1457.
Saturday, 15—Brass made, 1533.
Sunday, 16—Battle of Bennington, 1777.

Kitchen Kinks.

A little borax water boiled in the coffee pot once in two weeks will keep it sweet and bright inside.

When anything has been spilled on the stove, or milk has boiled over and a suffocating smoke arises, cover the spot with salt.

A small pinch of carbonate of soda in the water in which cabbages are boiled preserves the color of the vegetables and lessens the unpleasant odor while boiling.

A good way to use up coal dust is to save all paper bags, fill them with the dust, and when the fire requires mending place a bag of dust on it, with a few pieces of coal on top. This plan is much cleaner than putting on the dust in shovelfuls, as it cakes, and so does not tumble through the bars of the grate on to the hearth.

BE A BOOSTER

I'd rather be a booster,
The smallest one in town.
Than be the biggest knocker
And try to tear it down.
I'd rather be a booster,
And only boost a mite,
Than be a knocker, knocking
At everything in sight.
I'd rather be a booster
And wear a pleasant smile,
Than be a grouchy knocker,
Complaining all the while.
I'd rather be a booster
With purpose good and true,
Than sit around a knocking—
Now, sincerely, wouldn't you?—Ex

"THE SPENDTHRIFT."

A play worthy of universal patronage was a proposition confronting Mr. C. S. Primrose, the Chicago producer of New York theatrical successes for the past several seasons. His efforts were finally rewarded in "The Spendthrift," a play by Porter Emerson Browne, author of "A Fool There Was" and other notable successes.

The play is one peculiarly appealing to theatre patrons inasmuch that it presents a situation and a condition unlike that of any other theme ordinarily discovered in the present-day theatrical offering.

"The Spendthrift" is equipped with a competent cast and the production in point of scenic investiture and theatrical effects is the equal if not superior to any attraction on the road.

Mr. Primrose will be remembered as the owner of one of last season's best successes, "The Thief," which was the finest attraction of the year.

"The Spendthrift" is booked at Temple Theatre for one night, Friday Aug. 28.

Ford Robbins
OF BOYNE FALLS

Candidate for Republican Nomination for

Register of Deeds

Of Charlevoix County on the Republican Ticket at the August Primary

Greatest Unloading Sale

Going on in full progress now at The Leader follow the throngs of people attending daily to our sale. Ask your neighbors who have already attended this sale and this is what you will hear "Don't miss it."

Read on—Matchless Sale and prices, only a few of the hundreds of bargains to be found at the Leader. Sale will continue all month of August.

Men's police and firemen's heavy Suspenders, also swing cord back good elastic suspenders, labeled from factory 25c value, at this sale 16c.

Boys knickerbocker Pants, small sizes only, 25c to 35c value, at 14c

1 Lot of Men's and Young Men's Suits, consisting of gray cashmere, diagonal, navy and black worsted, good business suits, values \$7.50 and \$8.50, at unloading sale \$4.66

Men's and Boys Belts 25c and 35c values, at unloading sale for 16c

15 doz. best quality work Shirts all well double sewed, best 50c values, at unloading sale for 34c.

Best quality Table Oil Cloth fancy designs and plain white, values 20c per yard, at this sale only 14 3/4 c.

1 Lot, 300 yds. Remnants of good quality white muslin, mostly large pieces, worth 10c to 15c per yd., at this unloading sale, per yd., 6 3/4 c.

36 in. Shepherd check Suitings in light and dark designs, just the thing for school dress goods, price elsewhere 25c a yard, at this sale 12 1/2 c.

Ladies apron dresses, with sleeves, blue chambray, also light and dark percale, always sold at 50c, at this unloading sale only 36c.

35 pair men's oxfords patent colt skin, button or lace, gunmetal button and Russian tan calf skin, every pair worth \$3.00, all go at one price during this sale, \$1.85

Men's, boys and youths black Tennis Slippers, good 75c values, sale price 44c.

Mens black and tan belows tongue work shoes, solid leather, \$2.50 values \$1.63

Ladies Elastic side Slippers, best \$1.50 and \$1.75 values, at \$1.19.

Mens light and dark dress Shirts, soft attached collar. 50c values 33c.

Mens Heavy work Socks good 10c quality, sale price per pair 6c

Black and fancy pure silk bow ties, good values at 25c, at 12 1/2 c.

Books knickerbocker pants Suits, all wool chevots, and Thibet cloth, Norfolk coat in brown and in grey, values \$3.00, at this sale \$1.88.

THE LEADER

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Frank McWain



Candidate

for Sheriff

On the Republican Ticket, subject to the August Primaries.

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Romeo A. Emrey



Candidate for

Register of Deeds

Of Charlevoix County on the Republican Ticket at the August Primary

People and Elephants

Are Fastidious in their Eats

We cater only to PEOPLE—to that discerning class which knows the BEST by its TASTE.

Use your "taster" on our Groceries and Meats taste them to the limit—taste them in every way for they STAND THE TEST OF TASTE.

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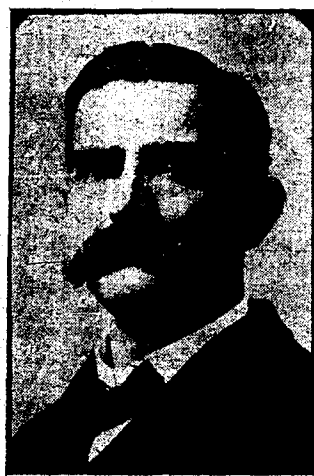
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Office in Monroe block, over
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D. S. PAYTON



Candidate for the Republican Nomination for

County Treasurer

TO SUCCEED HIMSELF.

A. G. Urquhart
OF BOYNE CITY



Candidate for the Republican Nomination for

Prosecuting Att'y

At the August Primary.