

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 18

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1914.

No. 37

Our Fair A Success

ATTENDANCE GOOD, EXHIBITS FINE, ATTRACTIONS EXCELLENT

Good Advertising, Coupled with Fair Weather, Bringing Crowds.

The thirtieth annual exhibit of the Charlevoix County Agricultural Society closed yesterday one of the most successful fairs ever held in the history of the Association. The attendance was excellent on all three days, and everybody went home thoroughly satisfied with the exhibits and entertainment offered.

Without exception, the main special attraction was that of the drills and work of Company X, in command of Capt. H. L. Winters and Lieuts. Spring and Balch. The company have been encamped on the grounds all this week and were in charge of the policing of the grounds both day and night. The Company pitched eleven tents including a mess and a hospital tent. Exhibition drills were given daily and on Friday afternoon a big sham battle was staged that held the attention of the big crowd on the grounds.

East Jordan Military Band furnished music on all three days, and Friday the Boyne City Marine Band was in attendance and furnished delightful music, both on our streets during the forenoon and at the grounds in the afternoon.

In the special attractions, Legare's Spiral Tower exhibit was good as was also the Ray Burton in fancy rifle work.

THE OFFICERS

President—Herbert L. Olney
Treasurer—Martin Ruhling
Director—John A. Newville of Boyne City.
Director—Nat Burns of Charlevoix
Director—Herbert L. Olney of East Jordan.
Director—Samuel Rogers of East Jordan.

The total vote cast for officers was 29. The only change made from the old list is that of Joseph H. Lanway who retired. Mr. Lanway has served on the association ever since the fair was first started and has given the association his best efforts to further its interests.

GRANGE WINNERS

For the best and largest displays the following Granges were winners in the various lines:
Vegetables—South Arm, first; Harmony, second; Ironton, third.
Fruits—Pennisular, first; Ironton, second.
Canned Fruit—Charlevoix, first; Ironton, second.
Grains—South Arm.

EDUCATIONAL BUILDING

This was one of the centers of attraction and well it might be for the Public Schools of Charlevoix County did themselves proud in their artistic exhibits. Boyne City schools took most everything in sight as far as high school work was concerned. Their manual training department had on exhibition about a dozen pieces including tables, desks, etc. and a lot of smaller furniture. Their domestic science department had a number of dresses and fancy work. It might be mentioned in this connection that this school had on exhibition at the Detroit Fair this week about half a carload of their products which included a number of articles superior to those shown here. Their school garden exhibit was also remarkably good, showing a variety of vegetables and flowers. In grade work East Jordan schools were strong and a number of excellent exhibits were made.

In this building was also exhibits by our two local photographers, pianos by Grinnell Bros, and a Parcells Post exhibit put on by postmaster Potter assisted by the Charlevoix office. The exhibit was intended to show what could be sent by this route and also the various ways of packing same. The Herald furnished a rate table for free distribution and any who desire copies can secure same by applying to this office.

IN THE FLORAL HALL

In this building the largest single exhibit which attracted unusual attention was a display of fruit from the Shady Nook Fruit Farm A. E. Sage owner, of Eastport. The exhibit was brought in too late to be entered in its proper

classification and it was placed in one of the booths.

The fancy Work exhibit was good but for some reason was not nearly so complete as heretofore. The ladies should bear this in mind and make it a point to have more next year.

Fruits and vegetables looked remarkably good, particularly the fruit exhibit by Penninsular Grange.

Among the booths occupied by merchants was Malpass Hardware, Stroebels Bros Hardware, Empey Bros. Furniture and C. C. Schaub of Boyne City.

IN THE HORSE BARN

A strong feature of the fair was the display of horses, some of the finest in this region being shown. Among the exhibitors who had prize winning stock were; Wm. L. Barkley, Nat Burns, Robert Deschane, James Waggoner, G. W. Lane, J. Adams of Charlevoix, F. M. Shepard of Alba, August Leu, Jos. Kenney, Geo. Vance, East Jordan Lumber Co., J. J. Hancock of Bellaire, Henry Nowland, and Clara Van-Steenburg. Wm. Bowers of Central Lake had on display a span of mules. A. Brown of Boyne City a two year old jack.

CATTLE, SHEEP, SWINE.

In these buildings was shown a good display of sheep and swine, but, as yet the exhibit of cattle at our fairs is still weak. Just what can be done to encourage the exhibit of live stock is an open question. Owing to the large number of race horses entered, one of these buildings was partially occupied by track horses.

THE POULTRY DEPT.

The exhibit this year was somewhat light. Some of the features of this department were some white Plymouth Rocks shown by Jas. T. Handy, two turkeys by Wm. Bowers of Central Lake and a pair of owls by Len Evans the latter attracting considerable attention.

THE CONCESSIONS

One of the strongest arguments that our fair is among the best in the state is evidenced by the increasing number of applicants for concessions. This year far surpassed any in the history of the association and netted a tidy sum in itself.

County Finances.

Financial Statement of (Charlevoix County) for the month of August, showing the amount of cash on hand Aug. 1st., the amount received, the amount paid and the cash on hand at the close of business Aug. 31st., 1914.

Receipts.	
Cash on hand Aug. 1st.	\$25,824.50
Del. taxes	3,287.34
Redemption	109.13
Poor Fund	29.85
Library Fund	16.50
Primary School Fund	42,081.70
Mortgage Tax	109.00
Interest	2.07
	\$71,460.09

Disbursements.	
Gen. Fund	\$ 1,795.71
Poor order	804.33
Circuit order	7.00
Criminal Fee order	3.40
Probate Court order	21.23
Primary School funds	42,081.70
County Road orders	3,508.65
Mortgage tax	28.00
Hunters License	275.50
Cash on hand	22,934.57
	\$71,460.09

Dated at Charlevoix, Mich., Sept. 2nd, 1914.

D. S. PAYTON,
County Treas.

Anyway, that peace congress scheduled for Vienna about this time should find plenty to do.

Making widows and orphans is not an industry of which any trade-seeking nation should boast.

Now the Panama Canal is ready for the world's business—provided the world's business is not war.

When a man says all he wants is justice it means that he wants the kind he wants when he wants it.

We say just as mean things about others as they do about us' but, of course, that is altogether different.

Experts are guided in their judgment of liquors by their sense of smell, those who taste are more or less misguided.

While the dogs of war are loose in Europe some of the hogs of war are busy in this country raising food prices.

We are admonished to look not upon the wine when it is red—yet one little cider apple did the world more harm than all the wine ever produced.

COUNTY REPUBLICANS HOLD CONVENTION

Met at Charlevoix, Wednesday, and Elected Delegates.

The Republican County Convention, held at Charlevoix last Wednesday was well attended and proved a very harmonious gathering. Owing to the absence of the chairman, H. I. McMillan was elected temporary chairman. Delegates elected to the State Convention at Kalamazoo are: H. I. McMillan, F. A. Kenyon, Harry Nicholls, Olaf Nordrum, W. J. Gallagher, W. J. Pierson, Frank D. Thompson and J. M. Harris.

The following resolution was enthusiastically adopted: Charlevoix County Republican Convention, Sept. 9, 1914.

We, the Republicans of Charlevoix County, firmly believe that the nominees for the various offices on the Republican State ticket should abide strictly by a platform framed by the party, that the party should be the first consideration and its principles, which have proven their superiority in the past, should be adhered to in the future. That the recall of judges and judicial decisions should not be attempted as in our belief the same would be a decisive blow to the elements of good government.

We further resolve that the present cumbersome, unsatisfactory primary system should be revised, in as much as its intentions are often defeated and it openly invites the members of one political party to name the nominees of the other with a possible view to defeating them in the election.

We also resolve that the present taxation system should be so revised or enforced as to make the taxation burden equally imposed on all people from all localities.

We further resolve that in our belief this country will never arrive at the degree of prosperity that it has enjoyed until the tariff-for-Protection system shall again be put into effect. Our local industries and the laborers in them are suffering as a result of the present system.

In view of these facts we urge upon all Republicans and citizens to support the principles of the Republican platform. Signed,

E. W. ABBOTT, Chairman
HARRY NICHOLLS,
E. A. RUEGSEGER.

Democratic Co. Convention.

The Democratic County Convention was held at Boyne City Tuesday. After the convention was called to order the election of committee officers resulted as follows: Dr. R. A. Risk, East Jordan, chairman; B. J. Quick of Boyne City, secretary. A full delegation was present with the exception of those from Norwood and Chandler.

Besides the routing business of the convention, resolutions were adopted endorsing the administration of President Wilson and management of state affairs by Governor Ferris. Another resolution embodied instructions to the delegates to the state convention, the substance of which was the recommendations that they work in harmony with the state wide progressive Democratic league.

B. J. Quick and H. A. Jersey of Boyne City, Dr. J. A. Auld and W. H. Miller of Charlevoix, Charles Hudkins, of Wilson and Frank Pierce of Boyne Falls were elected as delegates to the state convention to be held at Detroit September 30.

THE LEADING PAPER

For several years the advertising of Black Silk Stove Polish has appeared in our columns. It has been the policy of the manufacturers to select the best paper in each city and continue its use as long as results in that locality were satisfactory. We have just received a renewal contract from their advertising agents, the Taylor-Critchfield Co. of Chicago and feel quite complimented to learn we have given the manufacturers good results and are still considered the "leading paper" in this locality.

Cost Kept Down—Quality Kept Up.

No better medicine could be made for coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling throat, bronchitis, etc., than Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. That's why they can't improve the quality, and war or no war, the price remains the same. —No opiates. Don't take substitutes, for Foley's Honey and Tar is the best.—HitesDrug Store.

Supt. Ball Resigns

Though perhaps few citizens of the county are aware of the situation the directors of the County Young Men's Christian Association have for some little time been confronted with the fact that unless further financial assistance was forthcoming within a short time it would be necessary to discontinue active work for an indefinite period. At this time industrial and financial conditions are such as to increase the necessity for this action. The resignation of Mr. A. B. Ball who has been in the county nearly two years as the representative of the County Committee takes effect Sept. 15, 1914.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. T. Porter Bennett, Pastor.

10:30 "Christ our Advocate" will be the subject that the pastor will take for his morning sermon. You are invited to worship with us.

11:45 Sunday School. 166 at Sunday School last Sunday, let us make it 200 next Sunday.

6:45 Epworth League, the pastor will have charge. Will you be present.

7:30 "Faithfulness and Fear." This will be the pastor's closing sermon before he goes to conference, to receive his appointment for another year. You are invited to attend this closing service.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Sept. 13.

8:00 a. m. Low mass. Holy Communion for the Junior and Senior Holy Name Societies.

10:30 a. m. High mass.

7:30 p. m. Benediction.

Speaking of masterly strategy, there is the farmer who raises almost everything he needs.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commissioners room Monday evening Sept. 7, 1914.

Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Hudson and Graff. Absent none.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Hudson, the following bills were allowed.

City Treas., election expenses	\$ 76.75
Geo. Spencer, repair work	18.20
City Treas., staet labor	169.88
Giles and Hawkins, supper for election board	1.00
Geo. Spencer, bal. on sewer job	912.59
F. P. Ramsey, salary as health officer	75.00
Enterprise Pub Co., printing	12.31
East Jordan Hose Co. Mumas fire	23.50

On motion by Graff, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,

City Clerk.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. A. D. Grigsby, Pastor.

Public worship as usual next Sunday morning at 10:30 and evening at 7:30. The pastor will preach at both services and a very cordial welcome awaits all who come to these and all other church services.

Sunday School at 11:45, and it is hoped that all scholars, teachers and officers will be in their places.

The Y. P. S. C. E. had a most interesting and profitable meeting last Sunday evening led by Miss Agnes Porter. These meetings are increasing in attendance, but there yet is room. Come and enjoy an hour with the young people.

Many a man who has a way of his own has a wife who outweighs him.

Some men will do more for a cheap cigar than they will for a dollar.

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.

There is no premium on food for thought these days.

Lots of fool men exchange single bliss for matrimonial blisters.

Man is made of dust—which explains why some men are always dry.

The WOOLTEX GUARANTEE means that the good looks will last in every Wooltex coat or suit.

Wooltex garments are made with the expert care which not only provides beauty of fabric and style when the garment is new, but protects the purchaser during two seasons of wear.



The colors are fast, the fabrics will not shrink, and the beautiful lines, which are seen when the garments are tried on, will last indefinitely, because these lines are tailored into every seam.

Wooltex beauty is not pressed in with a hot iron. It is worked in by careful stitching by expert tailors; and though the garment may muss with wear, it comes out with the same beauty and graceful character when the wrinkles are pressed out.

That is why each season more and more women are demanding Wooltex.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

The Store That Sells Wooltex
Coats Suits Skirts

"Move On!"

By George Randolph Chester.
Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.

(Continued from last week)

IV.

How he made that eight miles he could never tell. He scrambled on blindly. Sometimes half asleep, and more than once he caught himself in mid air when he was falling. His feet hurt now like knife-thrusts when he stepped upon them.

Nearly four hours it took him to stumble that eight miles, and when he staggered into Kingsbury he was almost asleep and wholly numb. He did not stop at the station, but by some blind instinct turned up toward the center of the town, where he felt, rather than by reason, that there must be some place open. If he found such a place he intended to fight his way in, to kill or be killed, rather than be denied warmth and shelter and sleep any longer.

He was once more in a paroxysm—it was scarcely less of walking slumber, when the sound of sharp voices near at hand aroused him. Two men were struggling in the street, and, as he approached, one of them hailed him.

"Help me with this man!" the voice demanded. "In the name of the law!"

The other voice was shrieking wild, disconnected imprecations, and the wanderer, quickened for the moment into mental life, recognized it as belonging to a man crazed with drink. He drew himself up stiffly, but with a strange emotion. It was the first time in weeks that a human voice had spoken to him humanly; and that he could be of sufficient use in the world to be called upon for help was a thing inexpressibly grateful to him.

Without realizing his physical uselessness, he threw himself upon the drunken man. He received a blow that burst his lip and staggered him, but that aroused in him, too, that shred of desperate strength which awaits the last urgent call from the human will, which comes as if God-sent, to the man who has fought, and fallen, and must fight again.

Once more he threw himself upon the maniac. This time he clasped him firmly and hung upon him as a more dead weight. The marshal, wind-broken from his own exertions, found his task suddenly easier, and together the three went stumbling and lurching and panting toward the jail, which was less than two blocks away.

At the steps another officer took hold. He and the marshal bundled the drunken man into his cell, while the chance-deputy followed them into paradise.

A draft came in through the iron door behind his back, and he quickly closed it. He found himself in a narrow, cement-floored corridor, on one side of which was a row of six cells, on the other side a corresponding row of six small, high, heavily barred windows. To ordinary eyes the building would have seemed not only bare and cheerless, but repulsive, but this man was now reduced to the merest rudiments of life, and the place was a paradise because of one object only—a red-hot stove!

On the other side of this was a chair, and while the two other men were busy battling to get their prisoner looked up with themselves outside the cell, he sank into this seat. Oh, it was good, that wonderful fire! It was good, that wonderful wooden chair that provided a back for his back and arms for his arms! The numbness of his chin and his cheeks began to smart in the heat, now, and he pushed back a little way as the lock clicked.

For the first time the marshal found an opportunity to thank the man who had assisted him; but when he turned to do so he caught himself abruptly, and a slow grin of astonishment spread upon his face. The man's tattered hat had fallen upon the floor, allowing his brow, his only prepossessing feature, to be plainly revealed. The marshal looked him over, detail by detail, from head to foot.

"Who are you?" he suddenly demanded. "Just a plain hobo, eh?"

"Yes," admitted the man wearily, and he struggled to arise.

He expected nothing less than to be turned out again, away from this precious fire.

The marshal's eyes turned for a second time to the reddened and cracked and battered shoes. At the place where the widest crack had been, a blister visibly protruded.

"Aw, set still," gruffly commanded the marshal. His guest sank gratefully back in the chair—the divine chair. "What's the matter with you?" the marshal asked.

The man's chin and his lips were more numb than ever, but he managed to articulate, slowly, with many unintelligible efforts:

"Froze—hungry—half dead!"

"Take off your shoes!"

The man tried it, but his fingers were powerless. He gave it up in despair. The marshal swore, and, stooping down quickly, removed the shoes. There were no socks to take off. The blistered feet told their own story.

"Huh!" grunted the marshal. "They're not froze, anyhow," but, great snakes, man, how did you ever get 'em—here!"

A pail of water stood upon the top of the stove, it was steaming hot. He grabbed this pail and poured some into a tin basin; then he thrust the quivering feet into the hot water. The man cried out in pain.

"Rats!" exclaimed the marshal. "That don't hurt!"

He hurried through a door at the end of the corridor. The other officer had taken a bottle of whisky from the maniac in the cell, and now he gave the stranger a small drink of it. It ran through his blood like fire.

"Where did you come from?" asked the under-officer, with an impulse to display the friendly interest that should go with the whisky. He took a drink himself, even, for sociability's sake.

The man told him, speaking with the halting accent of one who had

just been awakened from a deep slumber.

"You didn't walk?" exclaimed the officer.

"Yes. Today. All the way!"

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

He surveyed the man in astonishment. He might have doubted, remembering the storm, but the feet of the man bore mute and pitiful witness to the truth of the statement. The officer was so much overcome that he took another drink of whisky, quite mechanically.

The marshal came in with a pot of hot coffee. He poured out a generous bowl of it, and set it on the arm of the man's chair. He had brought, too, a tin plate, heaped with the heels of loaves of bread. The man reached ravenously for the proffered bread, but he could not unbend his fingers. He had to grip the bread between their tips and the ball of his palm. He dipped the bread in the coffee and conveyed it to his mouth. He groaned as he ate, a mumbled groan with every bite.

The two officers stood at the other side of the stove, looking at him.

"He don't look like a crook, nor a real frowzy," the marshal observed. "Give him a shave and a clean shirt and he'll be all right. Poor devil!"

"Did you notice the inside of his hands?" asked the under-officer, who, chosen by the marshal, was much like him in thought and character. "He's got knobs in his palms like the horns of a Jersey heifer. He got them knobs by workin'. Be a shame to put a 'vag' charge against him but he certainly does need a rest. Tell you what I'll do—I'll pay half his keep for two or three days till he rests up, an' then we'll send 'im around to the churn-factory. Draper'll give 'im a job. He's strong on hobsos."

It was practical charity, this, from rough men who would have indignantly resented the idea that they were inspired by any specially commendable motives. They glanced over again at their strange guest.

His head had sunk back, and his mouth was open. He was uglier than ever. One arm was hanging limply toward the floor, the other rested upon the arm of the chair, and a half-eaten heel of bread was still gripped between the tips of his fingers and the ball of his palm.

The homeless one, fed, was asleep—and before a fire!

WOLFE TONE LYNCH

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Copyright, by the Frank A. Munsey Company

I'd back one man from Corkshire To beat ten men from Yorkshire; Kerry men against Derry men, And Ireland against creation.

Wharashroo!

'Tis a pity we ain't a nation.

When the McLean regime of the Benefit Life was replaced by the Coogan faction, and Michael Coogan, the nickel magnate, became president, the position of office-boy fell vacant in the actuarial department. It lay within the province of Mr. Francis Demarest, the tenth assistant actuary, to examine the candidates, and he did so with a certainty and despatch born of long experience. The contest narrowed itself down to two boys.

If there was one thing on which Mr. Demarest prided himself, it was on his sense of diplomacy. One of the applicants named Schmidt, the other Lynch, and by the same token here was an opportunity to pay the company's new executive a delicate compliment.

It came over Mr. Demarest like a flash that Lynch's red hair, his gray eyes, the scapular-string showing above his collar, would gratify Mr. Coogan. Even a Coogan is susceptible to flattery, he thought, and so with a satisfied grin Mr. Demarest assigned to the bench outside the candidate Lynch, whose Christian name was Wolfe Tone. So much for Mr. Demarest's knowledge of Irish history.

The other occupants of the bench were two in number, both hired by Mr. Demarest out of compliment to Mr. McLean, whose benefices in the realms of protestantism stand in such marked contrast to his business career. They were named, respectively, Wesley E. Merrill and Campbell Asbury Pomroy, and if a general air of godliness and well-manicured nails count for anything, Wesley and Campbell were of the elect.

Beside them, Wolfe Tone was distinctly unclassical. His red hair defied the brush and comb, while his closely bitten finger-nails were rimmed with a neat black line. He sat down next to Wesley and drew in a sharp breath through his teeth.

"Stiffs!" he muttered, and buried his hands deep into his trousers-pockets.

A moment later Mr. Demarest came out of his room and cleared his throat ostentatiously.

"Wesley—Campbell," he said, "this is the new boy."

Mr. Demarest suffered from enlarged tonsils, and habitually spoke as if he were midway in the spallowing of food.

"What shall we call you?" he asked Wolfe Tone.

"Huh!" Wolfe Tone ejaculated. "What name shall we call you?" he continued, and then what he conceived to be a joke formulated itself in Mr. Demarest's mind. He launched it with a grin.

"I don't want to call Wolfe, Wolfe," he said, "when there is no wolf."

Wesley and Campbell broke into chuckles. They could appreciate humor from a tenth assistant actuary not quite as well as from a ninth assistant. The same brand of humor from the chief would have left their sides aching for a week.

"What does your mother call you?" Mr. Demarest continued.

"Red," Wolfe Tone growled, and glared at Wesley and Campbell.

Mr. Demarest shook his head. "That wouldn't do for this office," he said. "Hereafter we'll call you Tony."

He grinned again, and then it occurred to Wolfe Tone for the first time how much he wanted to kill Mr. Demarest.

"Wesley and Campbell will tell you what to do," continued Mr. Demarest over his shoulder, and left Wolfe Tone alone with his two conferees.

There was an embarrassed silence for a moment. Wesley was the first to speak.

"Say, Tony," he began. He went no further, for Wolfe Tone's gray eyes seemed to shed sparks.

"S-a-y," he growled, and the baneful timbre of his voice made Wesley shiver—"you w-enter cut but dat dango talk. Me name's Lynch—see?"

Wesley was tall for his 15 years, but as loosely put together as Wolfe Tone was well knit. His hair combed itself in two sick diadems over his egg-shaped head, and he wore a different necktie every day. In appearance he differed from Campbell only in the length of his nose and the color of his eyes. Campbell, however, was one year his senior, and lavished his hedonadal six dollars on candy for a stenographer in the medical department.

"Well, then, Lynch," Wesley went on, "you'll find a dust-rag in the closet in Mr. Demarest's office. You've gotter clean off the desks this morning."

Wolfe Tone looked up.

"Gott'er, hey?" he ejaculated.

Wesley winked at Campbell.

"Sure," he replied. "I did it yesterday, and it's Campbell's turn tomorrow."

"Show me de desks," said Wolfe Tone, rising to his feet.

It was barely 9 o'clock, and the majority of the clerks had not yet arrived. Wesley led the way to the vacant desks, for the most part old oak furniture that had been discarded by the outer offices. The general public rarely visits the actuarial department, hence, there is no such show of mahogany and brass as makes the Benefit Life's counting-room a veritable palace.

Wesley and Campbell usually devoted a scant quarter of an hour to their task, but it was full 10 o'clock before Wolfe Tone returned to the bench.

"What kept you?" Wesley asked.

Wolfe Tone scowled.

"Narten," he said.

"Why, it oughtn't to take you half an hour to clean those desks," Campbell declared, and fell to manieuring his nails with a penknife.

Wolfe Tone snorted and sat down on the bench, while Wesley went off to examine the job. He came back snickering and whispered to Campbell, whereat they both burst out laughing.

Wolfe Tone gowered at them.

"Wot's bitin' youse?" he demanded.

"Why," said Campbell, "you cleaned off the ink-stains."

There were blots on the desks that had remained undisturbed for months. Campbell and Wesley had contented themselves by a perfunctory rubbing with the dust-cloth.

"Sure I did," Wolfe Tone replied.

"They laughed again.

"How did you manage it?" Wesley asked.

Wolfe Tone's lip curled contemptuously.

"Wit me spit wot I got and me finger-nails," he replied scathingly. "I ain't no Willie-boy."

Unconsciously his fists clenched and he glared at Campbell, who continued his manieuring, while his fellow exquisite whistled a popular melody in a tuneless undertone.

Wolfe Tone was casting about for more insulting phrases.

"An' wot's more," he continued, "I kin lift de face of bote of yez."

Wesley laughed nervously as the call-bell rang.

"That's for you," he said to Wolfe Tone, who jumped from his seat, still glaring.

"Why is it fer me?" he demanded.

"When the bell rings once, that's for you," Wesley replied; "twice for me, and three times for Campbell."

It was 4 o'clock before Wolfe Tone awoke to the circumstance that he had answered the bell at intervals of two minutes during the entire day. In addition, the resourceful Wesley had ordered the lunch-hour to be taken by seniority, so that it was half past two before Wolfe Tone hastily partook of his midday frankfurter on Ann Street.

Even the normal digestion of a fourteen-year-old lad will rebel at such treatment; and, spurred as much by a dull pain in the region of his stomach as by a sense of outraged justice, he entered Mr. Demarest's room a few minutes after 4 o'clock.

"Say," he said to the tenth assistant actuary, "des two guys outside ain't answered de bell wast today."

Mr. Demarest arched his eyebrows superciliously.

"An' de Wesley kid sez—now—dat if yer ring wast," Wolfe Tone continued, "dat dat's fer me. Is dat straight?"

The tenth assistant actuary rose from his seat.

"You get outside," he roared, "and stay there!"

Wolfe Tone went back to the bench, and Campbell, who had overheard his complaint, edged away from him.

"You dirty, sneaking Mick!" he muttered, and then, amazed at his own temerity, pulled out his pocket-knife and resumed his manieuring.

Wolfe Tone jumped from the bench and stood in the middle of the floor. Slowly he removed his coat. The "Spirit of '98" shone in his face, blended with the pent emotions of all that long day. He spoke no word, but for challenge tapped Campbell gently on the forehead.

In two minutes the Benefit Life's actuarial offices sheltered as pretty a free-for-all fight as ever jeopardized the glassware in a Chatham Square saloon. Actuaries in every

grade of assistance from four to twelve, aided by two elevator-men, restored the peace with a net loss of three wounded. So violent was the conflict that the uproar penetrated even to the president's office itself, and just as the struggling Wolfe Tone, borne between two elevator-men, appeared in the main hall the crowd of clerks that pressed forward parted respectfully to make way for a little gray gentleman.

"What's all this noise?" he demanded. "Drop that boy."

They stood Wolfe Tone on his feet, half naked from his rough usage. His dogged little face flushed hotly through the blood, some of which was his own. The little gray gentleman turned to the elevator-men.

"Bring him in here," he said.

Wolfe Tone struggled again to free himself.

"Whisht, yer young fule!" one of the men cried. "It's Mr. Coogan."

They half carried him into the office of the president, who had seated himself behind his mahogany desk, the personification of judicial dignity.

"Now, then," asked Mr. Coogan, "what have you been doing?"

There was the faintest suspicion of an Irish burr in the president's speech, and all the trepidation and shyness fell away from Wolfe Tone. He grasped in his left hand the remnant of his beloved scapular, and held together the fragments of his only suit with the other. As rapidly as his agitation permitted, he recounted the injustices of the day.

"I leave it ter you, Mr. Coogan," he concluded frankly, "if dat wuz on de level."

The president hid a smile with his hand.

"What did you say was your name?" he inquired.

"Wolfe Tone Lynch," was the reply. "An' yez wanted ter make it Tony, fer short."

Mr. Coogan frowned.

"If you had any complaint, why didn't you come to me?" he said gently. "You shouldn't have fought about it."

"but dat Campbell kid called me a dirty, sneakin' Mick," Wolfe Tone rejoined, and the blaze in his eyes found an answering gleam in Mr. Coogan's.

He struck the call-bell on his desk.

"Wilson," he said to the officer that answered, "here's twenty dollars. Take this boy out, let him wash himself, and buy him some decent clothes."

He turned to the ragged little figure with a smile.

"Hereafter you're workin' for me in the office outside," he concluded. "An' we'll call you Wolfe Tone Lynch."

THE CONFESSION OF A SUBURBANITE

By CHARLES BATTRELL LOOMIS

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Happy is the man who can turn his trials to good account!

When I moved from New York to New Jersey I felt like a free man. Whereas I had formerly lived in a cramped flat, I now had eight rooms, an attic, and a bath, and all outdoors in which to exult. I danced madly through the eight rooms, the attic, and the bath, and I ran outdoors and shouted to the eternal hills that lay opposite my house. The eternal echoed back my shouts. Also, my neighbors on either side probably set me down as a madman.

I was not mad. I was merely expanding. I was giving voice to my delight at being no longer compelled to walk sideways through my hall. I was giving utterance to my joy that I no longer had to take half a bath at a time.

But as the days went on I found that the suburbs also have their cares. The first time I overslept, one foggy morning, I tried a short cut through a neighbor's back yard, which is not enclosed, and my forehead came into unexpected contact with a wire clothes-line. I missed my train. I likewise said unneighborly things to my neighbor, who advanced the theory that it was not absolutely necessary for me to run across his back yard; that there was a board walk.

This leads me to the board walk. It was a good board walk when it was first laid down, but now many of the planks are missing, and as it runs over marshy ground one has to know it well to walk it in safety. While I was learning its safe planks I turned my ankle on a missing one, so to speak. I at once addressed words to the mayor of our town, who was coming down his front path.

We are only five hundred souls, but we have a mayor. It gives us dignity, and it gives him a job. The words I addressed to him did not suit him, and he returned some of them to me, joined to other words—such words as I do not habitually use—so I let him have them back. We were both excited.

That brings us to the dog. The mayor has a dog. We were doing our talking on the mayor's front lawn, and when our voices rose above the normal the dog felt that it was up to him to defend the mayoral dignity, and he gave me a bite. I did not like the bite, and so I went to the doctor to see what he could do about it. He did a bandage about it, after cauterizing it, and he agreed that the dog would be more useful if dead.

However, I spared the dog. After a week I shook hands with the mayor, because life is short at best; and I sent some fresh eggs to my neighbor for having unintentionally loosened his wire clothes line.

As I said at the beginning, happy is the man who can turn his trials to good account!

Eden-Terrace is a lonely place. It lies between Paradise Heights and Eden Flats. Paradise Heights is

heavily wooded; Eden Flats is marshy. Many footpads ply their exciting trade in Eden Terrace, flying with their booty to the woods above or the marsh below. The railroad runs through the marsh, and the trolley runs through the wood, but only a lonely road runs through Eden Terrace, after you pass the settlement.

One dark night I was coming home from the city by trolley. I am a little near-sighted—not enough to consult an oculist about it. As I stepped off the car I saw a man who had a criminal look. I wished I was back on the car, but it had gone on, and the next car would not be due for half an hour.

Perhaps, said I, I was mistaken as to the character of the man's look. I would start down the hill for home—a matter of a quarter of a mile or so.

I started down the hill in the dark night, and the man started after me. I hastened a little, and so did he. I crossed the road, going out of my way in order to prove to my own satisfaction that he really was following me. I was right. He was following me, and doing it so well that he was only a few yards behind me.

He was bigger than I, and I was no match for him. I had my gold watch and forty dollars on my person—the very person he was after.

I dog-trotted. He dog-trotted. I am a pretty good runner, so I changed my dog-trot to a hare's gait.

He did the same. My way led down the hill, and it was his way also.

Suddenly I thought of the board walk over the marsh. I knew it like a book. Perhaps he did not. If I could break his leg, it would be allowable under the circumstances.

Down we went to where the walk runs to the station, and I leaped nimbly along, setting my feet on the right planks, and avoiding the places where there were no planks. At last I heard an oath—at any rate, it sounded like an oath—and, turning, I saw him stagger.

Like a rabbit I doubled on my tracks and passed him just as he fell forward. I would now run across my neighbor's yard, remembering to duck under the wire clothes-line, and so make my house safely. I was free from pursuit—or so I thought, until I heard the foot pad limping behind me. He was gone. So was one leg.

Up the hill I raced, and he close at hand. When I came to the yard I had a brilliant thought. I would increase my speed and lead him to his doom. The taut rope would guillotine him.

Full tilt I ran, and in the dark night I ducked under the rope. An instant later, suspecting nothing, he ran into it. He was so tall that it hit him in the chest and hurled him on his back.

"Ha, I am free!" I said. It may sound melodramatic, but I said it. "Ha, I am free from pursuit!"

But I was mistaken. Criminals are tough, and this one seemed to be particularly so. He had lost his wind, but he had not lost his courage, and he was up and after me again in a few seconds.

"There is one more chance," said I to myself. "The mayor's dog!"

I turned and ran down hill again toward the mayor's garden, which is protected only by a hedge. Panting heavily, for the pace was telling on me, I made for it, hoping to rouse the dog. Then, by pulling myself into an apple-tree, I planned to leave the footpad to the dog's mercy.

My scheme worked as if I had rehearsed it. The dog heard me coming, and, with a yelp of joy at the thought of finishing the leg he had so well begun, he rushed for me. I deftly swung myself into an apple-tree; and when the footpad came up, gasping for breath, the dog caught him by the ankle.

And then for the first time the man spoke to me. I shall never forget his words. He said:

"Charley, do you do this every night? Will you please tell me when you are going home?"

The mayor came out just then and called off the dog, who retired with a mouthful of trousersing of a neat pattern in his mouth. Then I introduced my brother to the mayor, and we all called upon the doctor, who cauterized the wound.

Happy is the man who can turn his trials to good account! But I don't seem to be able to do it.

OUR JACKIES LEAD THE WORLD

Efficiency of American Sailors Inspired by Prizes and Promotion.

That the jackies of the American navy who are doing such valiant service in Mexico just now are the most efficient body of their kind in the world is the tribute paid them by the officers in command, and by authorities who have seen the men of other navies at work. It is claimed for them that their marksmanship is not equalled anywhere and that the wonderful improvement in their work with the big guns dates from the Spanish-American war.

The American navy is composed of 51,500 enlisted men and 3,435 officers. To the apprentice seaman at the training stations, where they are received after enlistment, are allowed \$60 each for clothing and \$16 a month for rations. When they go aboard ship they are made ordinary seamen and receive from \$19 to \$22 a month and rations. At each training station there is a school in which the young men get an elementary education. Since last January there have been similar schools on every ship, the idea being to fit the men for advancement through the various grades of petty officer and warrant officer. The real object of the navy is to increase the general efficiency of the men who make the navy a life career.

In addition to all this, 800 of the sailors are now taking courses in correspondence schools. During the next fiscal year, June, 1914, to June, 1915, the federal government will distribute among the men \$42,200 in money, badges and trophies for expertness in gun practice, and therein, it is said, lies the reason for the unusual efficiency of the men in gun work.

For years the navy has given prizes for rifle practice and small arm practice, but it was not until after the Spanish-American war that prizes were awarded for efficiency in great gun marksmanship.

According to the officers of the navy, the efficiency of the men with the monster guns has increased 1,000 per cent since 1898. The contests, which are held yearly, involve ships against ship, and the turret crew that makes the best record in the fleet at target practice, receives substantial rewards for excellent marksmanship. In addition, the men wear upon their uniforms the letter "E," which is also painted upon the turret on the guns and during steaming exercises on the funnel of the winning ship. The men are said to be exceedingly proud of such an honor and are the envy of the men on all the other ships.

The testimony of the officers of the navy before the house naval committee recently showed that in their opinion the navy for several years has been getting a better class of men than formerly, and that the men seem to be much better satisfied with their treatment. In 1908 the desertion amounted to 9 per cent of the number enlisted, and now it is but 3 1/2 per cent. The percentage of men re-enlisting in 1913 was 35, which is the greatest in the history of the navy.

The navy is being recruited at the rate of 1800 men a month. It was frequently said in the past that men joined the navy because they were out of work, but this has been disproved by records kept by officers. Every man who enters the navy is asked why he wants to enlist, and from the answers given the last few months most of them gave as their reason the opportunity for foreign travel. The next reason given was that they joined upon the recommendation of friends in the navy. The third reason was to learn a trade, and the reason given by the fewest, 318 out of 5381, was because they were out of work.

Secretary Daniels, who is enthusiastic over his task of directing the big fighting machine, has a plan in view that will make the navy even more attractive for enlisted men. It has been asserted that the enlisted man does not have an opportunity for advancement. Mr. Daniels has asked congress to authorize him to select 25 men from the navy not more than 21 years old, who, after examination, shall be eligible to entrance to the naval academy.

DAMM FAMILY TO LOOSE RENOWN

The Damm family, of world fame, bids fair to lose its renown by discovery of the Hell family, in the town of Farrell, built by the United States steel corporation.

Members of the Hell family are not averse to using their name in a business way. The head of the family, Conrad Hell, an ice cream manufacturer, has signs reading, "Go to Hell for ice cream," scattered throughout the city. Another sign reads, "Ice cream from Hell is guaranteed pure and cooling." Still another bears the inscription, "Have you been to Hell? It's the coolest place in Farrell."

When a stranger enters Main street he is startled by a big billboard reading: "Hell is here; don't miss the place." A block farther down the street this sign is encountered, "You will find everybody there on a hot day; Hell is always open." The big sign which, however, attracts most attention is in front of Hell's place of business. It represents a young couple eating ice cream and the young woman saying to her escort, "Hell for mine; always."—New York Herald.

Efficiency.

"I hope," said one wife to another, "that you never nag your husband."

"Only when he is beating the rugs," said the second one. "When he is thoroughly irritated he makes a much better job of it."

Not Near Enough.

A farmer in great need of extra hands at haying time finally asked Si Warren, who was accounted the town fool, if he could help him out.

"What'll you pay?" asked Si.

"I'll pay what you're worth," answered the farmer.

Si scratched his head a minute, then announced decisively:

"I'll be darned if I'll work for that!"—Everybody's.

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D

Talks to Mothers

Mrs. Mary Wicks, Editor

Orderliness Makes Less Work

When you come in for a walk, what is your habit? Do you put your hat in its box, your coat on its hook, the gloves in their case, or do you toss them all on the bed, and leave the business of stowing them away until a more—or a less—convenient season?

These are trifles, but they will show you what I mean and will indicate in a measure the way in which you conduct your whole mode of life. If you are untidy in one direction, you are likely to be untidy in another.

"Oh, don't bother to put your desk straight!" I heard a woman say impatiently to another not long ago. "What is the use of a rolloff desk if you can't slam it shut and hide the disorder? Leave all that picking up until you come home."

It won't take a minute," said the other, gathering together letters, envelopes and stray papers as she spoke, and putting them into neat piles. "I just want to make things look decent in case I should get run over by an automobile while I'm out. I'd hate to be brought home on a stretcher and have my desk looking like destruction!"

I was convinced after that this girl kept her bureau drawers in a state

of comparative neatness and I was prepared to learn that she had hangers for her clothes and certain hooks on which to put certain frocks!

When you come to examine this habit of orderliness from the standpoint of the time it takes I think you will find that it demands less leisure and labor than the custom of permitting everything to get messy before restoring cleanliness and neatness.

A few weeks ago I missed a pair of little curtains from one of the windows and on inquiry found that the maid had washed them out and was pressing them off. She explained her course.

"They got dirty before the others did because that window is open more than the other windows, and I thought I'd just rub them out instead of waiting until I had to wash them all," she said.

"That is the sort of thing I mean. You recognize its value in many places. You would not wish your room to get in a hopeless state of dirt and dust before you touched it with a broom. On the contrary, you run a carpet sweeper over it in the morning, just as you take a dust pan and brush to the corners.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY TELLING CLUB

Essilyn Dale Nichols, Editor

1527-35 St., Rock Island, Ill.

Send Manuscript and Letters for this Department Direct to the Editor of this Department.

The Story Of Finette

(Part II)

Now, my dearies, I shall tell you what happened at the Bell home after Arty had gone out in the rain and dark to buy chocolates. When supper was ready Mama Bell said to Dorine: "Call Arty to supper, Dear." And Dorine ran into the sitting room and looked all around, and into the hall, and up the stairs, and down into the basement, and called his name over and over again ever so many times; but Arty did not answer nor could she find him; and then Dorine began to cry because she thought something dreadful had happened to her little brother.

Finette, who had been lying asleep on her mat back of the stove jumped up at this moment and began to run about and bark; and then Papa and Mama Bell began hunting for Arty too and calling his name quite loudly. They even looked out on the front porch and on the lawn, but of course Arty was not there.

Quite suddenly Dorine called to her papa and mama who were standing talking earnestly together in the hall: "Come on the porch quickly, and look at Finette; I believe she could find Arty."

Papa and Mama Bell hurried out on the porch, and there was Finette running up and down the wet gravelled walk with her nose to the ground sniffing and barking.

"Why, I do believe she could find him," exclaimed Mama Bell. "Come here, Finette."

Finette ran to Mama Bell and whined and wagged her tail excitedly. "Go and find Arty, Finette," said Mama Bell, and stooping down she patted Finette's pretty spotted head; then Finette ran and put her paws up on the gate which was her way of saying, "Let me out and I will find him."

So they opened the gate and let her out and away she ran down the street ever so fast with her nose on the wet sidewalk; and Papa Bell put on his big rain coat and took a lighted lantern and followed her.

Up one street and down another ran Finette; first east and then west and then north and then south—always with her nose to the sidewalk; and after her went Papa Bell with his lantern.

Now Dearies, this is all I can tell you about Finette until next week; then I shall tell you where Finette found Arty. Don't forget to send me some stories of your very own for I shall be looking for them and will print them in our Story-Telling Club, and send you a fine post card which will make you a member of the club. Who will be the first to send me a story?

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.

Smiles

By Omar W. Russell, Casnovia, Mich.

As I think of smiles, I think of the poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:—

"Laugh and the world laughs with you; Weep and you weep alone."

These two lines of this sweet poem gives the true sentiment of smiles in life.

If one smiles, it is a comparison to the bright sunshine giving its radiance earthward. Every smile forms a radiance that cannot be obliterated by clouds. Clouds float so gently over us often obscuring the sun from our gaze and clouds are just as prevalent obscuring the radiance of our smiles. The first is one of the great plans of nature, but the clouds obscuring the facial gleams should be banished. Let the sunshine be prevalent in our faces, and the facial beams of joy will penetrate the countenances of our friends and in this way the world laughs with us. How much better to be in the throng of joy makers, than to be weeping alone on life's great highway. Wear the smile that will not come off and when some dark shadow comes stealing over you, just let it pass on, like the great clouds pass over the sun's rays, then after it has gone, let the smiles overflow in overwhelming measure.

Let de sun shine, chile; And blow away dem frowns; Bring back de smiles, Clothed in radiant gowns.

Let de clouds pass over; Show us de blue sky;

Den chile, things will brighten, For such as you and I.

We are well on life's journey, And da'k some things appear; But chile, we see not de end, It may be fa' and yet so near.

So chile, just let de sun shine, And blow dem frowns away; Let your face be radiant, Like de flowers in May.

For de sun can't shine, When de clouds are in de sky; So smile chile, and brighten things, For such as you and I.

The Old Fashioned Mother.

Apropos of the joys of old fashioned motherhood and the old fashioned home—a discussion of which has stirred New York to the depths of late, according to the Washington Star, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman said:

"A man was talking to me about the old fashioned mother myth—about the idiosyncrasy of cracking up the times when a mother was an old, bent wrinkled wreck at 40.

"Dear old mother!" he said, with fine irony. "Dear old mother, I'll never forget how she used to rock us children to sleep. There were 17 of us, and by the time she had us all rocked off, the alarm clock rang, and she had to pitch in and get father's breakfast.

True and Tried Recipes

Fancy Work and Cooking for the Season

Caramel Ice Cream.

One cup of milk, one egg, one cup of sugar, one pint of cream, one tablespoon of flour, two tablespoons of flavoring, a pinch of salt. Scald the milk in a double boiler, heat the eggs, flour and one-half cup of sugar until light, and then turn into the milk. Stir constantly until thickened, cooking 20 minutes, then add the second half cup of sugar, which has first been stirred over the fire in a frying pan till liquid and brown. Cool, add cream and freeze.

Walnut Cream.

Two quarts of milk heated in double boiler. When hot stir in six eggs, two cups of sugar and one tablespoon of flour that have been beaten together. Cook until it thickens, remove from heat and when cool, add one cup of broken walnut meats and one tablespoon of vanilla. Just before freezing stir in one-half pint of cream that has been whipped.

Oriental Cream.

Soak one tablespoon granulated gelatine in one-fourth cup cold water and dissolve in one-fourth cup scalded milk, then add one-half cup sugar. Strain into a pan set in a larger pan of ice water and add the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff, one-half pint heavy cream diluted with one-third cup milk and beaten until stiff, one-third cup cooked prunes cut in pieces, one-third cup-chopped figs and one tablespoon lemon juice. Turn into a mold and chill thoroughly.

Coffee Ice Cream.

Scald together one cup of milk and one-fourth cup coffee (liquid); add one-half cup sugar. Of this make a custard by adding the yolks of three eggs, well-beaten, another one-half cup sugar and a pinch of salt. As soon as taken from stove add one cup of thin cream. Cool thoroughly and strain. Add two more cups of cream and freeze same as any ice cream. This will make two generous quarts.

Chicken, Celery and Apple Salad.

Cut the white meat of boiled or baked chicken into dice, add an equal quantity each of finely cut celery and ripe tart apples, moisten with mayonnaise, sprinkle with capers and serve on tender leaves of lettuce.

Banana and Pimento Salad.

Peel red or white bananas, cut them into thin slices, place on a bed of tender lettuce leaves sprinkle with chopped pimentos and serve with French dressing made with lemon juice.

Haddock and Raddish Salad.

Flake finely enough cold cooked haddock to make two cups, add 1 cup of finely cut radishes and four chopped hard-boiled eggs; moisten with cooked salad dressing, arrange on heart leaves of lettuce and garnish with radish roses.

Late Embroidery Designs

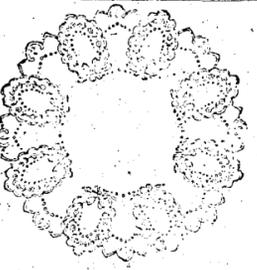
Prepared Especially for Our Paper



No. 004. Pillow Top.

Another handsome pillow for the "Cozy Corner" in poppy and crescent design. Worked in solid satin stitch this makes an elegant pillow.

Tinted in colors on tan art ticking, 35 cents; perforated pattern including all necessary stamping materials, 20 cents; pillow cord for finishing edge, 30 cents.



No. 11191. Centerpiece.

This butterfly design is very effective for punch work embroidery. Stamped on pure imported white linen, 18x18-inch, 35 cents; 22x22-inch, 50 cents; 27x27-inch, 65 cents; 36x36-inch, 85 cents.

Stamped on pure imported ecru linen, 18x18-inch, 35 cents; 22x22-inch, 45 cents; 27x27-inch, 60 cents; 36x36-inch, 75 cents.

Perforated pattern of 17-inch size, 15 cents; perforated pattern of 21-inch size, 25 cents; perforated pattern of 26-inch size, 40 cents; perforated pattern of 35-inch size, 50 cents.

Perforated pattern includes necessary stamping materials. Punch work needle, 5 cents.

17610. Centerpiece in For-Get-Me-Not Design.

To be worked in eyelet and solid embroidery.

Stamped on 18-inch pure imported ecru linen, 35 cents; stamped on 22-inch pure imported ecru linen, 45 cents; stamped on 27-inch pure imported ecru linen, 60 cents; stamped on 36-inch pure imported ecru linen, 75 cents; stamped on 18-inch pure imported white linen, 35 cents; stamped on 22-inch pure imported white linen, 50 cents; stamped on 27-inch pure imported white linen, 65 cents; stamped on 36-inch pure imported white linen, 85 cents.

Perforated pattern of 17 or 21-inch size, including necessary stamping materials, special price of 15c.

Perforated pattern of 26-inch size, including necessary stamping materials, special price, 30 cents.

Perforated pattern of 35-inch size, including necessary stamping materials, special price, 40 cents.



No. 058. Pillow Top.

Size 17x21 1/2 inches. A handsome pillow in tulip design that will grace the "cozy corner." The flowers and leaves to be embroidered in solid Kensington stitch, the border design to be couched.

Tinted and stamped on tan art ticking, 35 cents; fringe for both ends, 25 cents; art cloth back, 15 cents.

No. 1738. A Conventional Design for a Pillow Top.

Stencilled on pure cream linen, 55 cents; stencilled on ecru art cloth, 30 cents; perforated pattern, 25 cents; art cloth back, 20 cents.

What Changed Him.

Mistress (finding the visitor in the kitchen)—"Who is this, Mary?"
Mary (confused)—"My brother, m'm."
Mistress (suspiciously)—"You're not much alike."
Mary (stammering apologetically)—"We were, m'm, but he's just had his beard shaved off, and that makes him look different."

Our Fashion Department

Address all Pattern Orders to this Paper



A Stylish, Up-to-date Gown.

Composed of a two-piece skirt, with yoke tunic and a blouse waist, with long drop shoulder effect. A flaring collar finishes the neck edge. The sleeve may be made in short length, with a pointed cuff, or finished in full length style. As here shown, figured silk crepe and charmeuse are combined in pretty brown tones. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 1 1/4 yards at the lower edge.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Neat and Practical Model.

Striped gray and white seersucker with facings of gray in a darker shade was used for this model. Blue checked gingham trimmed with white would also be effective. The style is equally good for chambray, percale, cashmere, flannel, flannellette, lawn or galatea. The fronts of the waist and skirt are shaped in points to correspond. The skirt back has a group of dart tucks over its center. Long or short sleeves may be used. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Serviceable Garment.

One of the most practical features of an apron is the protection it affords. The design here shown has this good point and some others. It has deep arm openings, and is cut with sufficient fullness. It is held in position at the back with a belt. Gingham, percale, drill, lawn or linen are good materials for this style. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Sensible, Convenient Garment.

For this design, nainsook, cambric, long cloth, muslin or crepe could be used. The front is cut to combine the waist and body portion. The back is in two pieces. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Girls' Two-piece Dress With Long or Short Sleeves.

This model is composed of a pretty blouse waist, made with diagonal closing, and with long sleeve and band cuff, or with short sleeve and shaped cuff. A round collar trims the neck edge. The skirt, which is buttoned to the waist, is a three-piece model, made with an inverted plait at the center. The design is good for cashmere, serge, plaid and checked woolsens, also for all wash fabrics, and for corduroy and silk. It is fine for combinations of materials. The style is simple, but pleasing. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for a 10-year size.

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to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1007-9920.

A Comfortable Suit for Fall Materials. This combination portrays Ladies' Cape Coat Pattern 1007, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 9920. As here shown woolen mixture in brown tones was used, with trimming of tan serge and brown velvet on the cape coat. The designs are good for broad cloth, velvet, corduroy, taffeta, cashmere or crepe. The cape is cut with raglan sleeve portions. It is stylish and shows the latest features of fashionable wraps. The Cape Pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 54-inch material for a medium size. The skirt is cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure, and requires 4 1/2 yards of 24-inch material for a 24-inch size.

The skirt measures 1 1/4 yards at its lower edge.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Very Pretty Top Garment, Girls' Coat.

White linen with embroidery for collar and cuffs, is here shown. The coat is cut on simple lines, with a very pleasing front closing at the over lapping. It is finished with a low belt, a wide collar and deep cuffs. The pattern is suitable for any of this season's cloakings, for silk, cloth or wash materials. It is cut in five sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A Simple Froek for Mother's Girl.

One piece dresses are always popular for little girls, and when easy to develop and simple in outline, they afford pleasure in the making. The design here shown was made of percale with red dots on a white ground. The collar, cuffs and belt, the piping and buttons are red, and a smart red tie completes a neat and pretty ensemble. The design is equally nice for gingham, chambray, linen, serge, voile, silk or lawn. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

MOTHER'S RIGHT HAND IS VICTIM OF INJUSTICE

Custom Lays Down Hard Lines for Oldest Girl of Family.

The daughter who stays at home and is "mother's right hand," the better part of her life will be immensely interested in something new in "unionizing" reported from Paris.

The daughters of well-to-do families in Paris finishing their education in public schools and convents are coming forward from these institutions as members of the French League of Girls who demand one of two things:

Either permission to enter business, or if compelled to remain at home and engage in the ordinary duties of the household, the wages of a superior servant paid by parents or relatives.

The French girls are awakened to the fact that she must emancipate herself from her present condition of dependence and must strike out for herself.

Accordingly a number of girls belonging to first-class families have taken positions with other families as housekeepers and are making good.

"If we had stayed at home we would never have received wages," they say.

The surprising feature of this move to secure rights where rights have been the longest denied is that it originated in France instead of in this country, where girls are less under parental control. In the older countries a girl is expected to stay at home and do her share of the world's work in her mother's kitchen until some man comes along and removes her to a kitchen of her own; and if no man comes along, and she outlives her parents, she becomes a heritage, often unwelcome, in the homes of her married brothers and sisters, a dependent without a dependent's wages and perquisites. This is the condition of almost all girls in the upper and middle classes abroad; it is the condition in this country of only one girl in the family; the girl who is her mother's right hand.



Accordingly, a number of girls belonging to first class families have taken positions with other families as housekeepers.

"Mother's right hand" is usually the oldest girl in the family, and she began to be a "Little Mother" when a swarm of younger brothers and sisters pushed her dolls out of her arms with their demands to be nursed and cared for. She totes a baby around too big for her strength before she is ten years of age, and when the children have grown up and gone, married or earning money for themselves, she is still toting a burden around that is heavier. It is the burden of caring for her parents in their declining days, and the knowledge that she is face to face with the future with a training that will not bring her financial returns and without a dollar of her own to show for her lifetime of labor.

In every home like this the mother boasts of the skill and cleverness of her "right hand." "She can sew, she can cook, she can nurse, just like a woman," she will say, and "takes just as good care of the children as I can."

She is, next to the mother, the most valuable and useful member of the household, and, like the mother, she is appreciated in words more than in deeds. She keeps the household machinery running when younger brothers and sisters, one after another, step into positions downtown. She removes from their shoulders all the care and worry that would accumulate there if a servant were in charge of their home, and also the necessity of paying a servant's wages.

She belongs to the class of women who work without wages, a class made up largely of wives and mothers, and lacks the compensating joy motherhood makes of such a sacrifice. She is the "Little Mother," honored in poetry and song and forgotten on pay day.

She reaches forty, sometimes fifty, years of age, having worked hard since she was big enough to wheel a baby carriage, and hasn't a dollar of her own. She has never known what it is to accumulate her own little bank account, and plan to buy this or that with her own money. Her brothers and sisters save from their earnings for a nice trip. If she has one, it is "given" to her, and parents should be ashamed to look at a "gift" like that in the face.



In the older countries girls become "mother's right hand."

housekeeper, she would not be in the humiliating degrading position of every unpaid "mother's right hand," at home.

She would be as well off as the servant; she would be faring as well as if she had worked for the family next door.

The French League of Girls is an organization based on justice and good sense. If Son receives wages the day he takes a position in his father's employ downtown, then Daughter should be treated as well the day she assumes the duties of a servant at home.

It is a feature of "equal rights," neglected by the press and platform, but which is the cause of the ranking injustice and resentment in many homes.

Removable Buttons

They are of pearl, plain and fancy; of porcelain, stamped to resemble linen and dimity weaves; of different colored glass, matching your favorite blouse; and they have a patent arrangement instead of a shank, so they can be easily taken out of the blouse when it is sent to the laundry. They can be bought in sets of six at small cost.

Two sets of these buttons will last a long while and will prove a time-saver to the woman who does her own sewing, for it is not necessary to work buttonholes when the patent button is used. All that is necessary is to make a small eyelet in the cloth with a punch or the point of your scissors and work around it with a buttonhole stitch.

The metal back of the button is no wider than the point of a soft lead pencil; it works on a spring, so that when being inserted it is straight, and when in place, turned over, acting as a bar to hold the button firmly in place.

Vanity Bags

Vanity bags for dancing parties are attractive if made of Dresden ribbon in colors corresponding with the gown. A small circular mirror glued to the base of the bag, which is made of cardboard, is held in place by a narrow edge of shirred ribbon.

The reverse side of the cardboard is ribbon-covered and scented with some dainty sachet.

The bag holds the powder and puff ball, the handkerchiefs, a few pins and, if handy, uses rouge, a tiny box of carmine.

Narrow ribbon loops attach it to the arm.

For Children

A good plan when making children's frocks is to make the bodices two or three inches longer than required and sew them to the bands of the skirt. If the dress becomes too short, the skirt may be sewn to the lower edge of the skirtband and thus be made longer. It is a better plan than the one of turning up too wide hems or putting in tucks.

Gooseberry Catsup

Ten pounds of large, ripe gooseberries, seven pounds of sugar, and three pints of cider vinegar. Cook one hour and a half. Then put in two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one of allspice, and one of cloves, and boil half an hour longer. Put in jars and seal.

PEACH SPONGADE.—Peel, stone and rub through a sieve sufficient ripe peaches to give two and one-half cupfuls of pulp. Boil together for five minutes three cupfuls of sugar and one and one-half cupfuls of water, and set aside until cold. Whip the whites of six eggs to a soft froth; stir gradually into the peach pulp, add the cold syrup and freeze until firm. Pack and set aside for two hours, and serve in glasses.



AFTER THE BEACH THOUGHTS.

"Homeward bound, eh?"
"Yes."
"You seem thoughtful. Thinking about the girl you left at the beach?"
"No; I was thinking about those 200 plunks."

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Link, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1914.

The Fitness of Woman to Vote

THE GREAT BATTLES woman has fought and won have won her no fame for the reason that since time began she has done her hardest fighting in convincing her husband that every defeat isn't a Waterloo.

She has done her fighting in obscurity and reaped the rewards in retirement, and the rewards have been only so much of the glory as her husband was willing to reflect on her.

He gets up the street parades of life, and they are always late; she gets up three parades a day, his meals, and it rarely happens they are not on time.

He talks of her unfitness for the right to step into a booth and deposit a ballot, but no woman was ever yet known to blow out the gas, or be borrowed by a man who wanted to borrow money to pay a freight bill.

If she has a roll of money with her, does she flash it when she wants to buy a cake of chewing gum?

Isn't it a fact that she is wiser with money than a man and more to be trusted?

Instead of a woman requiring a man along to protect her, does not the daily news prove that every man who goes away from home should have a woman to serve as guardian, and keep him from making a bigger fool of himself than he naturally is?

When his day's work is done, and it is never done better than a woman could have done it with his training, he does nothing when he rests.

When her day's work is done, and he could never do it as well and patiently if trained to it all his life, she rests while she darns stockings or sews.

If, in his gallantry, he gives her the rocking chair the privilege of holding the baby goes with it.

If, outside the home, she knows any rewards he demands the power of limitation.

He credits her with the sense of judgement needed to raise his children, and doesn't think she has the sense and judgement to vote as sanely as an imbecile man.

Of all created beings a woman has most deeply at heart the welfare of the next generation; of all created beings she would lead in eliminating SELF in making out her ballot, yet man, whose conditions her ballot would be steadfastly cast to improve, denies her the privilege.

Man, in public life as at home, is like a child that doesn't know what is for its own good.

Canning Cherries

When the cherries are pitted throw them into a kettle of boiling water, a few quarts at a time. When they are scalded, skim them out, drain thoroughly, and can them in a rich sirup. One would think a process would exhaute all the goodness of the fruit, but one trial will convince all that this is the best of all ways of canning cherries.

Sliced cherries—One quart sour cherries, three cups sugar, one-half cup vinegar; boil if down till thick and add one teaspoonful cinnamon, quarter teaspoon cloves, and the least mite of nutmeg.

Rhubarb Conserve

Take four pounds of rhubarb, four pounds sugar, three oranges, one pound currants, and one pound raisins. Cut pieplant into small pieces. Pour sugar over and let stand overnight, then cook one hour. Then peel and add oranges. Pour hot water over raisins and currants; let stand twenty minutes, drain, and add to pieplant. Seal or put in jar. This is simply delicious. Try it.

To the Busy Ironer

A floor pad of newspapers, piled two inches high or so, will be the delight of the busy ironer. One side should be covered with floor linen, the other with carpet—the linen for summer and the carpet for winter.

It is an unbelievable relief to tired feet.

Cracking Fruit Jars

To prevent the cracking of fruit jars or jelly glasses which is the greatest bugaboo of preserving time, place a silver spoon in each before pouring in the boiling liquid. This method does away entirely with previous heating of the glasses, and is as safe as it is simple.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cupful of molasses, one cupful of boiling water, two heaping cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful of baking soda, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat the butter and sugar together, then rub them into the flour till fine; add the molasses and yolk of egg beaten stiff. This recipe makes a thick sheet in a biscuit pan.

CITROLAX.

Users say it is the ideal, perfect laxative drink. M. J. Perkins, Green Bay Wis., says: "I have used pills, oils, salts, etc., but were all disagreeable and unsatisfactory. In Citrolax I have found the ideal laxative drink." For sick headache, sour stomach, lazy liver, congested bowels, Citrolax is ideal.—Hites Drug Store.

Christian Science Church Notes.

Christian Science Society hold services at their meeting place on North Main-st, west side, second door south of Division-st, Sunday morning at 10:30; Subject of lesson "Substance." Sunday School at 12:00 m.

Wednesday evening meeting at 7:30. Reading room in the same place open every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons from 2 to 4.

All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the reading room.

Don't be Bothered with Coughing. Stop it with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It spreads a soothing healing coating as it glides down the throat, and tickling, hoarseness, and nervous hacking, are quickly healed. Children love it—tastes good and no opiates. A man in Texas walked 15 miles to a drug store to get a bottle. Best you can buy for croup and bronchial coughs. Try it.—Hites Drug Store.



INFORMATION.

"Even if the suffragettes had their way, your wife would come to you for information before she went to vote."
"Yes, she would probably ask me if her hat was on straight."

Those who win success by practice haven't time to do much preaching.

Now it cost more to be sick because the price of medicines are going up.

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

FOR SALE.—A few thousand of excellent red pressed face Brick for sale at cost.—Timothy Kroboth. Phone 88 P. 2.

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

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.

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.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

Put Yourself on our list of satisfied customers.

Satisfied? Yes! Every "Palmer Garment" wearer shows their satisfaction by continuing to purchase these garments



The PALMER Garment

contains in its makeup the ripe experience of over half a century. Our list of customers grows larger each year because the "Palmer Garment" grows better. The "Palmer Garment" represents the best combination of style, fit, quality, and value that you can obtain anywhere—and you can choose the exact garment you need because we provide the variety.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Born to Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Ruehle a daughter Sept. 8th.

Miss Rose Gogna left this week for Detroit, where she has employment.

B. E. Waterman left Tuesday for southern Michigan, on a business trip.

LOST—A gold cross on our streets, Sunday. Will finder please leave it at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Billings of Davison, Mich. were East Jordan, visitors first of the week.

LOST—Small auto signal lamp. Will finder kindly return to Herald office or notify Robert Barnett.

Mrs. Gurner was thrown from her buggy and badly shaken up in an accident on Main-st, Thursday.

Mrs. W. M. Swafford was called to Kalkaska this week by the illness and death of her mother Mrs. R. L. Thompson.

The little son of Kneale, Bowen fell from a carriage on the fair ground and broke his arm, Thursday. Dr. Parks attended him.

Ladies—Our MILLINERY DEPT. is now ready with all the new fall styles. Pleased to have you see them.—M. E. Ashley & Co.

Wm. C. Kneale who has been guest of his sisters, Miss A. M. Kneale and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt, for two weeks, returned to his home at Berget, N. Y., Thursday.

At the Methodist parsonage Friday afternoon Rev. T. Porter Bennett united in marriage Frank B. Langley of Boyne City and Miss Grace Holten of Mancelona.

The barn on the farm of Arthur Stewart, one and a half miles south of the city, was destroyed by fire early Thursday night together with the contents partially insured.

The Rt. Rev. Henry Richter, bishop of Grand Rapids, confirmed large-classes of children in the Bohemian Settlement on Friday and in St. Joseph's church in this city on Saturday morning.

Sent in—"One of the most cruel acts that I have seen" in a long time was that of a man beating one of his dumb animals in a most brutal manner one morning last week. He is well known in our city."

Geo. H. VanPelt, whose article on good roads for Charlevoix County appeared in these columns last week, was an East Jordan visitor, Tuesday. Mr. VanPelt is thoroughly in earnest over his plan and believes it feasible.

Miss Aimee Doerr, a former East Jordan girl, has a good position as nurse in the Traverse City insane asylum. She will soon leave to join her brother, Irving in Montana, who has taken up 320 acres of government land.

David Gaunt favored The Herald with some pictures of his cucumber field and the force employed to harvest the crop. Mr. Gaunt, together with his son, Arthur, have harvested and marketed over six hundred bushels from four acres and expect to bring this up to nearly seven hundred. The recent frosts did not affect the plants.

Dr. Risk was at Boyne City Tuesday.

Harry Adams returned last week from Dakota.

Mrs. Hart returned to her home at Fenton this week.

Mr. Fred Vogel Sr. is visiting relatives at Muskegan.

Atty Williams was a Bellaire business visitor, Tuesday.

Coming Soon! The Catholic ladies bazaar. Watch for it.

Mrs. Claude Wood returned from Onaway first of the week.

Mrs. McArthur and daughter returned from Escanaba, this week.

A. Danto with daughter, Rosabelle, spent Tuesday at Harbor Springs.

Mrs. L. G. Balch is expected home from Ann Arbor this Friday night.

Miss Anna Jamison and Esther Porter spent Tuesday at Traverse City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Page of Lansing, visited friends in the city, this week.

Frank Whittington returns to Alma college, Monday to resume school work.

Miss Neva Stackus of Boyne City is guest of Miss Sophia Berg over Sunday.

Miss Mary Berg has a school at Marion Center which she begins Monday.

Rudolph Bechtold of Bellaire visited his brother, Geo. and family this week.

Mrs. Frink of Bellaire, visited at the home of Miss Cassie Winters, Wednesday.

Miss Irene McEachron of Grand Rapids is guest of her people for a short time.

Mr. Die of Ann Arbor is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Munroe for a time.

Dr. and Mrs. Pray and children returned from their southern trip, Wednesday.

Mrs. Helen Gage of Gagetown, visited her sister, Mrs. Geo. Miles first of the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Putt of Bellaire were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Bechtold, Thursday.

Dewitt Patterson of Ellsworth visited his uncle, J. H. Mollard and family, Thursday.

Mrs. Anna E. Ruhling and children were at her old home, for a weeks visit at Mt. Bliss.

John Roscoe and family occupy rooms in the A. B. Steele residence on upper Main-st.

Just the DRESS you need for all occasions—Wool, Silk, Challies, at M. E. Ashley Co.

Mrs. John Mortimer is here from Saginaw this week looking after property interests.

Mr. McNamara, a former East Jordan pharmacist, is here from Detroit renewing acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Richards of Bellaire visited the latter's brother Dr. Bechtold and family this week.

Mrs. Earl Holliday and son returned from a visit with relatives at Traverse City, first of the week.

Miss Harriet McDowgal who visited Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kenny returned to her home at Chicago, Sunday.

Miss Agnes Porter with her Sunday School class of girls spent Saturday at Camp 21. They report a fine time.

Mrs. F. Fogg and father, Mr. Charles Chaddock started for South Haven Friday where they will visit relatives.

Mrs. Vern Payton of Traverse City is guest of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Holbeck and other friends for a short time.

Mrs. Clarence Schaub and Miss Edith Gibson of Pontiac, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ruhling, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gaultz returned to Big Rapids, Wednesday after a visit at the home of Mrs. Freiberg and family.

Mrs. Fred Whittington returned to Jackson last week after a two weeks visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Whittington.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Mather entertained the former's brother Leo, and sister, Mrs. Ezra Banker and husband, of Traverse City, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carver and son and Walker Long of Elk Rapids spent last Sunday at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Geo. Bell and family.

M. A. Blount and wife of Oakland, Cal. visited his brother, H. C. Blount and family last week leaving for Detroit and other points south, first of the week.

Mrs. D. Rainey enjoyed a pleasant surprise party on the evening of Aug. 31, given by her neighbors, it being her 69th birthday. Refreshments were served and a pleasant evening spent.

*Mrs. H. W. Prior is at the Russell House this week.

Miss Agatha Kenney returned from Petoskey last week.

Harry Valleau returned to enter High school this year.

Miss Nicoloy of Advance is visiting friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Page returned to Grand Rapids Saturday.

Miss Effie Kladder of Bellaire was in the City Friday on business.

Miss Lela Loveday is expected here for a visit first of the week.

Irvin Hallet of Charlevoix is visiting friends in the City this week.

Mr. John Porter returned from Southern Michigan Wednesday.

Miss Theresa Phillips is at home on a few days vacation from Clarion.

Miss Mae Coates will be at home from Charlevoix first of next week.

Harry Redson has returned from West Branch and will resume school work.

Mr. Joe and Frank Phelps left Monday for Bay City where they will reside.

Mr. W. N. Coddington of Traverse City visited his daughter Mrs. G. Kirby Thursday.

Joe Lalond was called to Detroit Thursday by the serious illness of his wife there.

Mr. Fritsley of Detroit is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Phillips this week.

Mrs. Smith of Grand Rapids is visiting her sister Mrs. A. Hilliard for a short time.

Mrs. Geo. Lalond and daughter of Detroit is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Munroe this week.

Mrs. Charles Anderson and children of Petoskey are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. Dean this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Menzies of Vanderbilt visited Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Sherman this week.

Mrs. Walterhouse returned from Millington last week where she visited relatives for some weeks.

Ray Kinner and family have moved here from Mancelona and will occupy W. Carrs house on Division st.

Miss Mate Bell of Ciresco, Mich., is expected Saturday evening for a visit with her brother, Mr. Geo. Bell and family.

J. W. Thompson of Atlanta, visited friends in the city this week on his way to Wells, Mich., where he has employment.

Mrs. O. Bundy of Vincennes Ind who has been visiting her parents and other relatives for two months will return to her home Monday.

Mrs. Arthur Bergeon of Charlevoix, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Crowl Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Melson of Harbor Springs were guest of Atty and Mrs. Fitch this week.

Cathryn Steffes and brother, Rudy, were riding with Mrs. Gurner when the horse became frightened and threw them all out and they were all badly shaken.

IS OUT TO MAKE A MILLION

Manufacturer in Oakland, Cal., Wagers He Will Make Fortune in Five Years.

Oakland, Cal.—With a strong belief in the commercial future of Oakland, V. K. Sturgis has wagered that he can make a million dollars here during the next five years, starting with a small factory.

Sturgis is a member of the Manufacturer's Committee of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, and his wager which is a dinner for the entire committee, was made at a meeting of that body.

The talk had turned to the number of inquiries made recently by manufacturers of Oakland water-front sites for new industries, and Sturgis and the others declared that Oakland was destined to be one of the greatest of manufacturing cities after the Panama Canal was in good working order.

"I'll make a million during the next five years, starting with the small plant I have now," said Sturgis.

"That's a pretty big estimate," said another committeeman.

"I'll do it. Bet you a dinner for the bunch."

The bet was taken.

GOAT TIED TO TRAIN

Neighbor Succeeds in Clever Plan to Give Strong Animal an Airing.

Hammond, Ind.—Peter Tanovich has a strong goat. At least it had a strong odor, and Mrs. John Nadden, a neighbor, complained that the odor made her ill. Both families live near the railroad, and one night, it is alleged, Nadden kidnapped the goat and hitched it by a rope to the rear end of a train. He told his wife the animal needed an airing. The goat kept up with the train for more than a mile, but finally in distress bashed so loud that trainmen heard it. They stopped the train and released the goat and the railroad caused a warrant to be issued for Nadden.

The Talisman

"I wonder why no one ever thinks to write about our experiences and adventures. Every little, simple thing that is done by people is heralded forth in newspaper or magazine, while we, who see and hear so much more, are just ignored in literature."

The speaker was a penny, hearing the date 1861. It was speaking to a group of coins of different denominations, who were lying in the cash drawer of a country grocery store.

"I agree with you exactly," spoke up a quarter of more recent date. "I don't doubt but that you could tell us many interesting adventures."

"Yes, and please do," spoke up several of the coins in concert.

Thus encouraged, the little penny, settling himself comfortably, related his many adventures in the following manner:

"When I first left the mint I went to a large bank in B—and felt very proud in my shining coat, and for a few days remained quietly in the drawer with many of my friends."

"One morning I was taken out with several other coins and handed to a young man in exchange for a slip of paper. He put me in his pocket, where it was very dark, and among coins that were positively disgraceful, they were so dirty and marred."

"The young man took us to a place where there was nothing but bustle and confusion. Men were giving orders, women and children were gathered round, and nearly all were weeping bitterly."

"I asked one of my newly made acquaintances what it all meant and he told me the young men were starting for the battlefield and explained to me about the terrible Civil War."

"We were then taken to a large building and then aboard a train and rode until my bones ached from jostling against the larger coins in the gentleman's pocket."

"I must have fallen asleep, for the next thing I remember there was the most terrible noise I ever heard, and I have since learned that it was guns and that a big battle was in progress. In the wild scrambling to and fro, a 5-cent piece and myself were tumbled out of our hiding place and left neglected on the ground."

"We were later picked up by a young lady in white with a red cross on her arm, taken to a place called a hospital and placed on a shelf. There we had a chance to watch the poor wounded soldiers as they were brought in for treatment."

"One day my attention was attracted by a scrap of conversation by the bedside of a handsome young fellow, who was bandaged from head to foot. It seemed that he and the nurse were broke out. He had gone to the front, lovers in the days before the war and the desire to help her country had been so strong that she had enlisted as a nurse, that being her profession at home. Through letters going astray they had lost knowledge of one another and had met at last at what seemed almost certain to be his death bed."

"I watched the brave fight the doctors and nurse made for his life, and their efforts were at last rewarded. Slowly but surely he crept back to health and strength, and at last was ready to leave the hospital."

"When he was ready to report for duty she gave me to him for a talisman, and thus I went once again into the midst of the fight."

"After the war was over we returned to B—and I was present at the wedding of my owner and the young nurse."

Just at this moment the grocer opened the drawer to make change and took up the story teller among the rest. As he laid the coins on the counter there was a joyous exclamation from the lady customer—

"Oh! at last I have found Russell's talisman again."

It seems that a little child had begged a penny from her papa, and without noticing he had given the little one his precious penny. The lady had recognized it by a peculiar mark on one side, where he had tried to scratch her initials with a knife.

The little penny is now safely resting in a box in the little home, and if perchance it sees this little story will doubtless be gratified that at least one coin has had some of his adventures put into print.—Bertha S. Hobart.

The Important Things of Life.

Charles T. Thompson, Eastern manager of the Associated Press, went to his country home not long ago for his vacation, says the Popular Magazine. As soon as he arrived, two little girls in the house claimed all his time and attention.

"What do you do?" asked one of them.

"I'm the Eastern manager for the Associated Press," volunteered Mr. Thompson.

"I know, I know; but what do you do?"

"Well, I superintend the gathering of news from all parts of the world, and I look after its distribution over the telegraph wires."

"Oh, I understand all that!" said the child, in great contempt. "But tell me: Can you wiggle your ears?"

Fall Showing of Ladies Coats and Suits

The large and attractive, new line from the VICTOR LADIES TAILORING CO., has just arrived and the beautiful styles and materials shown will be sure to greatly interest you.

I will be pleased to have you call and look over the line at any time which may suit your convenience and hope to see you soon.

Weisman's Dept. Store



THE "PRUDENT MAN" IS NEVER OUT OF A JOB AND WITHOUT MONEY IN THE BANK



Regrets won't bring back the money you have extravagantly spent. One sure friend to a man in trouble is MONEY in the bank.

But the man who banks his money is the man who gains the confidence of his employer and holds his job.

Money in the bank also means CREDIT and CONFIDENCE. No man can afford not to have the confidence of his fellow men.

Make OUR bank YOUR bank.

We pay FOUR per cent. interest.

State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$50,000.

Candied Cherries

If cherries are plentiful candy some, as they are handy to have for garnishing purposes. Any kind of cherries that are perfect and ripe may be used. To pit a quantity expeditiously insert the round end of a new wire hairpin in the cherry and draw it out, when the pit will come with it; also any lurking worms. To each pound of the fruit allow an equal quantity of sugar. Add water to the sugar in the proportion of half a cupful to the pound, stir until the sugar is dissolved, when the cherries may be added. Let the syrup come to a boil, then simmer gently until the cherries are transparent. Pour off the syrup and spread the cherries on flat dishes. Cover with glass and set in sun to dry. It will take several days' sunshine to dry them thoroughly. They should be brought in just before sundown each day. When dry dust over with powdered sugar and pack in layers with waxed or paraffin paper between layers in pasteboard boxes. Store in a dry, cool place.

A woman in love is more or less foolish—but a man in love is always more so. We can see where the minority is in the right—when we are of the minority.

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

Best Wishes, Greetings, Lovers, Birthday, etc. Also your NAME in our POST CARD EXCHANGE free on request and free sample copy of the Family Story Paper; also catalogs and premium list. Enclose 10c stamps for return postage, etc.

FAMILY STORY PAPER
24-26 Vandewater Street
New York

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.

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 therefor. If not paid on or before that date the Charter of said city provides that an addition of 2 per cent. shall be made thereon 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.

Its Time To

Plant a Tree

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

Wm. Tate

East Jordan, R. F. D. 4

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

To Sew and Sew Right
Use the Rotary 'WHITE'

For Sale by EAST
JORDAN LUMBER CO.

How to Use Farm Credit

BY T. N. CARVER, DIRECTOR U. S. RURAL ORGANIZATION SERVICE

(Continued from last week)

Repayment and Duration of Loan.

This brings us to the second rule to be observed in the use of farm credit. The contract should provide for the repayment of the principal at the most convenient time; that is, when the farmer is most likely to have the means wherewith to repay it.

The third rule is closely related to the second. It has to do with the duration of the loan, or the time for which the loan is to run. If a man borrows to buy fertilizer which is to be used up in one year, the loan ought not to run for more than a year. If he is not able to pay the loan with his first crop, he will never be in a position to pay it, unless he draws upon some other source for the money. This violates the first rule. Again, it should not be for a shorter period than the growing season of the crop; for that would violate the second rule. If he borrows for the purpose of buying a twine-binder which will help in the harvesting of several grain crops, each crop should not only pay the annual interest charge, but a part of the principal as well. A small loan of this kind, for an investment which lasts only a few years, may not give much trouble and may not require any special method of repayment. But a heavy loan, for the purchase of land or the making of costly and durable improvements, may lay a considerable financial strain upon the farmer. Any method which will relieve that strain is, therefore, a matter of importance.

In order to reduce the strain as much as possible the loan should be for a long period of time. In no case, of course, as stated above, should the loan outlast the improvement. If the borrower wants the money to build a silo, and the silo will last 10 years, the loan should not be for more than 10 years. It is better to err on the safe side, if at all, and pay the debt off in less than 10 years rather than to let it run too long. If the silo will not pay for itself in that time, it never will. On the other hand, it can scarcely be expected to pay for itself in one or two years. Unless the borrower has other resources, it would be a financial strain if his debt has to be paid so soon. The length of time the debt is to run should have a close relation to the productive life of the improvement for which the money is borrowed. This will do away with the necessity of having the loan frequently renewed, and it will free the borrower from subjection to an unscrupulous lender who might refuse to renew a short-time loan and insist on foreclosure.

Repayment of Long-time Loans.

The fourth rule is that provision should be made in the long-time loan for the gradual reduction of the principal. There are two well-recognized ways of doing this. One is to provide in the note that, on any interest date, the borrower may, if he so desires, repay a part of the principal. As the principal is gradually reduced the annual interest charge is likewise reduced, and by paying the same sum annually, the debt is gradually wiped out. Another method is to provide in the note itself for a definite rate of amortization by fixed annual or semi-annual payments. Each of these fixed payments not only pays the interest but a small part of the principal besides, eventually wiping it out completely. Farmers are strongly advised, in all long-time loans, to insist on one or the other of these methods of repayment. It may be necessary to organize and work together in order to secure these and other favorable terms.

Rates of Interest.

The fifth rule is that as low interest rates as possible should be secured. While this is obvious enough, it is apparently not quite clear to a good many farmers just how to secure low

interest rates. Interest rates, like prices in general, depend upon the law of supply and demand. When there is more loanable capital in a community than is wanted by the borrowers of that community, the rate of interest is low and the borrowers can dictate terms. When there is less loanable capital than is wanted by the borrowers, interest is high and the lenders dictate terms. Obviously, therefore, it is to the interest of the borrower to increase the number of lenders, or, at least, to increase the amount of loanable capital in their community. The way to increase the supply loanable capital is not to denounce lenders and hold them up to public hatred. That is like throwing clubs at chickens to cure them of shyness and make them come when they are called. The right way is just the opposite of that; it is to make the neighborhood attractive to lenders, so that they will be anxious to come. Then the borrowers will be able to secure favorable terms. So long as lenders are hated, so long as borrowers habitually try to beat the lenders and force them to resort to legal proceedings to collect, just so long will the right kind of lenders avoid such a community, interest rates will be high, terms unfavorable, and foreclosures frequent. The only kind of lenders who will go to such a community are the loan sharks, who go in for the purpose of taking advantage of high interest rates and who watch for chances to foreclose mortgages.

Improving Credit Conditions.

The point to remember is that the farmer has it within his power to a large extent to remedy these conditions themselves, though it may take some careful planning and hard work. In the first place, they must disabuse their minds of the notion that tangible property, such as land, furnishes the best security in the world. The business ability and character of the borrower are of even greater importance in such transactions than the value of the land he may own. Where farmers are known to be capable of paying their debts and willing to do so promptly and without legal proceedings, their credit conditions are good, because the right kind of lenders are attracted. The right kind of lenders do not like to foreclose mortgages or resort to any form of legal procedure. They will avoid any neighborhood where such things occur frequently, and leave it to others less considerate. The right kind of money lender merely wants his principal back, together with the stipulated rate of interest. Where these are assured to him without the vexation of legal procedure, he will go. Generally speaking, that is why such vast quantities of loanable capital are going to certain farming sections and lending at low rates, rather than going to other sections where high rates might be secured.

It must be admitted, however, that one farmer can do very little, when working alone, to give his neighborhood a better financial reputation, or to attract the right kind of lenders. This is a problem which must be worked out by the whole community, or, at least, by a considerable group of men. Ten just men, it will be remembered, might have saved even Sodom and Gomorrah. If there are nine other men in your neighborhood in whom you have confidence, who have confidence in one another and in you, you and they may be able to work out this problem together. If ten men can be found in a community who have confidence in one another, how can they hope to find lenders from the outside who will have confidence enough in that community to risk lending money there?

If ten or more who have confidence in one another, enough confidence to be willing to trust one another financially, can get together and hold together, they can eventually work out their credit problems.

facts in the matter. To take a dollar from a man without having fairly earned it, or without having rendered an approximately equivalent return for it, is robbery. There are men in the penitentiary for less flagrant violations of business ethics than those exhibited by many of the creamery promoters. If this dollar is gained through misrepresentation, through taking advantage of ignorance on the part of the farmer of the specific matter in hand, it comes very close to the felony technically called "obtaining money by false representations." There is such a thing as business

ethics, and persons or corporations that violate the law of business ethics should be brought rigidly to account. Among those that are most inclined to such violation are promoters, and especially those that are promoting in the name and under the color of co-operation. Tell the professional promoter to move on to the next town, as you and your neighbors know his game. If a creamery is needed in your locality you don't need a professional promoter to get it for you. You will "pay too much for the whistle" every time.



Poultry Department

CONDUCTED BY
ERNEST B. BLETT
Campau Bldg., 59-63 Market Ave.
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

If you like a breed of fowls be sure and get that breed, as you will be more successful with it, simply because you will have more of an interest in the work and will give it closer attention.

It is true that the flavor of the eggs often depends upon the kind of food the hens are provided with, then how foolish to feed musty grain, onions, and such feed as we know would taint the eggs. How foolish to let our poultry eat everything even to disease germs and expect health from eating the eggs. If I was to buy my eggs I would be as particular to know conditions that surround and feed the hens as I would to know conditions that of any food prepared or sold me to eat.

The editor of Poultry Topics writes a reasonable article in which he says: "Chickens should be hardened off at the earliest possible moment. As the birds grow there is a choice of two things—put them into larger quarters, or, if this is not possible, thin them out by reducing their numbers. Close and stuffy sleeping places are not the acme of comfort. Chickens naturally crowd when sleeping on the ground, hence they should be brought up on the fresh air system."

The Canadian Poultry News says: "According to Jos. Wallace, inflammation of the oviduct will check the flow of carbonate and phosphate of lime, which give to the shell its hardness; or the system may be deficient in some of these constituents, consequently, the laying of eggs without shells, or with soft shells. Egg binding follows. An egg drops from the cluster to receive its natural coating of shell; there being a deficiency of shell matter, the egg remains longer in the oviduct, in obedience to nature; another follows that one and soon another, all awaiting their turn to be coated. The presence of so many eggs without shells crowding one another for several days, is very apt to cause fever or inflammation of the oviduct, which, of course, obstructs the passage. If the hen cannot expel those eggs and no immediate relief is given, the heat of the oviduct literally bakes the contents of the eggs and a tumor forms an encloses the eggs in a tough sac, which shows itself in the bagging down so common among old hens."

Next in importance to "Death or Captivity to the Rooster," the summertime slogan of the poultryman should be to market with the Old Hens," says Prof. Halpin of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture. For certainly the non-producers have no place in the scheme of things in an up-to-date poultry plant that is run for profit and not for pleasure alone. Hens over two years old begin to decline in producing power. They rarely lay as many eggs as in their pullet and yearling stages. Providing that they have been marked with a toe punch in the days of their youth detection of the aged "matrons" will be a comparatively easy matter. Before the old hens, the surplus young stock and the male birds are sent away to market, they should be kept in a small pen at least two weeks to increase their weight. A suitable ration for this period consists of three parts corn meal, one part middlings or low-grade flour and one part bran, with enough skim milk added to make a crumbly mash. The owner should never forget to provide fattening fowls with plenty of pure water during the warm days. Feed all the birds will eat twice a day and allow access to a supply of cracked corn.

Commercial Fattening of Poultry

Fattening poultry by the farmer and even the poultryman has been neglected. They, together have sold to the market buyer, who has shipped to a central plant, where the work has been done. This work can be done at home and the profit of the middle man as well as the profit from feeding be made by the producer.

It is not necessary that you must have a hundred, or thousands of birds to make it pay you. A fattening coop holding eight to ten fowls can be cared for with much less trouble than a hen with chickens and if you are fortunate in having 100 or more feeders there is that much more profit in the deal for you.

Nearly every state in the union a market is offered that always pays a fancy price for milk-fed, or commercial fattened poultry.

There is no secret in the business and for the benefit of our readers, we print the findings in short, from three years experimental work by the United States department of agriculture at four separate plants.

"The average cost and the amount of feed consumed in fattening 394,744 chickens at the four feeding experi-

ments in alphabetical order during the first season were, respectively, as follows: Grain, per pound of gain, 3.62, 3.33, 4.45 and 4.18 pounds; cost of feed per pound of gain, 7.83, 7.20, 7.15 and 8.71 cents; total cost per pound of gain, 9.18, 9.20, 8.96 and 10.27 cents. The averages for second year for 498,681 chickens were: Grain per pound of gain, 4.42, 3.58, 3.72 and 4.98 pounds; cost of feed per pound of gain, 8.74, 7.70, 6.61 and 9.95 cents; total cost per pound of gain, 10.37, 9.69, 7.98 and 11.54 cents.

Tallow, while making the fat on the birds more pronounced, increased the cost of gains. Thick condensed buttermilk in place of tallow produced better results.

Oat flour produced greater gains than low-grade wheat flour, but the latter feed produced cheaper gains.

Beef scraps added to the buttermilk in a fattening ration did not increase the gain. The addition of condimental feeds did not increase the appetite of the birds or help the gains. Grit is of no value in fattening for any period under 15 days.

Under commercial conditions in the middle west the best results are secured by fattening for about 14 days until the middle of September, and then gradually shortening the period to six or seven days.

The birds ate more feed on three feeds a day but used feed more efficiently when fed only twice.

Mechanical labor-saving devices reduced the cost of fattening by reducing both the total amount of labor and the proportion of skilled labor required. The portable feeding battery turned out the birds in better condition and reduced the cost of labor per pound of gain.

Gains were produced at 1.89 and 1.41 cents, respectively, per pound cheaper first year, and 6.30 and 2.68 cents less second year on broilers than on roasters, in two experiments.

The bleach produced by fattening with buttermilk varies according to the amount of milk solids consumed by the birds.

The average cost of fattening hens in November and December was 10.92 and 8.74 cents first year and 10.83 and 10.43 cents second year respectively, per pound of gain at two stations.

This is higher than the average cost of fattening chickens for the entire season at the same stations but less than the cost of fattening chickens in November and December. Hens cost 7.7 cents per pound first year and 10.1 cents second year, into the feeder so that their flesh can be bought cheaper than produced at the time of the year. Cheaper gains were secured in fattening hens first year on the rations used in fattening chickens than on a ration of corn chop with 15 per

cent of shorts, mixed with buttermilk. Chickens cost 17.6 cents per pound into the feeder in July of first year while the gains cost seven cents per pound at this time; in November of first year, they cost nine cents per pound into the feeder, and the gains cost 10.5 cents per pound. This influences the profit in fattening and the best length of time to fatten, making it advisable to feed longer in the first part of the season. The cost of picking, grading and packing (including freezing) was about seven cents per head, making the total average cost of a pound of dressed poultry in July 20.5 cents, which gradually decreased through the season to 13.1 cents in November.

The best results were secured with the following three rations: No. 1, three parts of corn meal, two parts of low-grade wheat flour, and one part of shorts; No. 2, three parts of corn meal and two parts of low-grade wheat flour, and No. 3, five parts of corn meal, three parts of low-grade wheat flour, one part of shorts, and five per cent of tallow. The same feeding value is secured in a ration of three parts of corn meal and two parts of oat flour but at an increased cost of 37 cents per 100 pounds of gain. Four parts of corn meal, two of low-grade wheat flour, and one of shorts gave very good results during the latter part of the feeding season, or in cool weather; that is, the proportion of corn meal and low-grade wheat flour may be increased in cool weather.

Advertising was a great invention," said the successful business man. "I wonder who was the first to advertise his manufactures." There's no exact data on the subject," answered the farmer, "but I guess the hen's the person you're looking for."

"I was born in the South," he said, "and I can just remember the perfect servants that my father had when I was a boy. I was too young to remember much about the conditions that prevailed on the big plantations before the conflict, but through my parents and most of their neighbors were ruined by it and had to curtail their establishments, the negroes who stayed in service retained the tradition of ante-bellum days for many years after the war."

"When I left my home it was to come face to face with the servant problem as it is known only in the north. I had forgotten that there was such a thing as a cheerful, competent servant who did not feel above his work until a kind providence sent me to the isthmus. A Jamaica negro whom I employed as a man of all work about my quarters showed me depths of domestic contentment that I never dreamed existed."

"That man, I am certain, stayed awake nights to think up little attentions with which to surprise me. I never returned from a hard day on

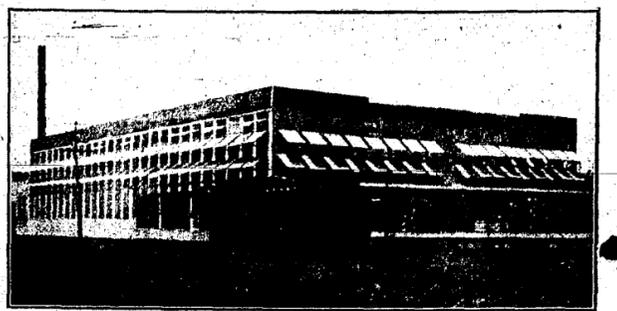
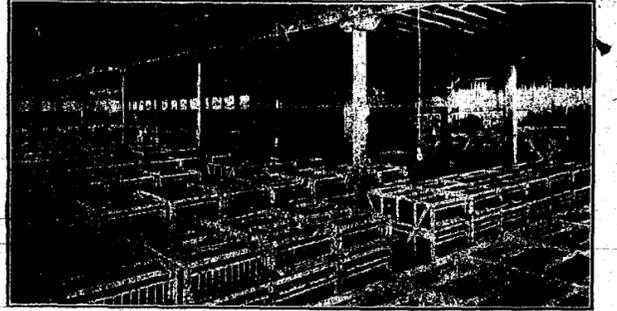
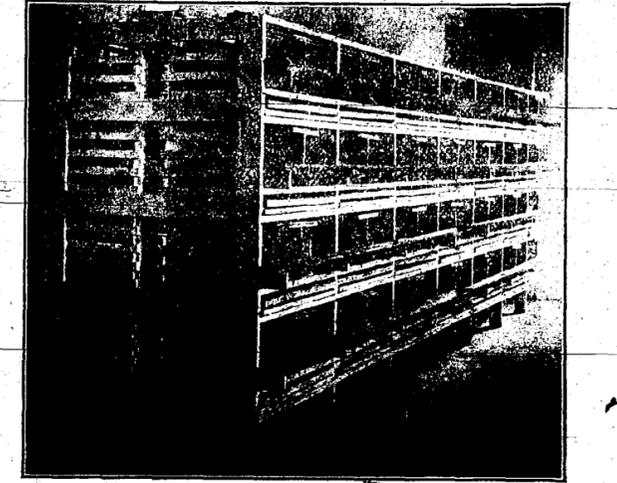


Photo of a Western Feeding Station Showing How Ventilation is Controlled.



Interior View of Above Feeding Station Which Shows Plenty of Light, Air and Sunshine Making the Building Easy to Keep in a Sanitary Condition.



Stationary Feeding Battery Used in Above Feeding Station.

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"That man, I am certain, stayed awake nights to think up little attentions with which to surprise me. I never returned from a hard day on

the canal so hot and tired that Christy did not succeed after a few minutes in nursing me into a good humor. The amazing thing about him, as about all good servants, was the perfect tact he displayed. His knowledge of my moods was almost uncanny, and seemingly he took a delight in anticipating the vagaries of my temper. Sometimes I thought of him as a sort of game in which he matched his powers of pleasing against my bad disposition.

"Old naval officers tell of a man well known in Japan some years ago, who after 30 years spent on the other side of the Pacific, decided to revisit his native land. For months before his visit friends in his country received letters from him full of anticipations of good times. At last a letter gave the date of his arrival. The newspapers reported that his ship had made port, but the expatriate didn't turn up to greet his expected friends. Instead one of his acquaintances got this note:

"Dear Jim: I arrived today, but, I'm going right back. I'm hanged if I'll stay in a country where a man has to put in his own shirt studs.

"That tale may seem extreme to a person who has never known the luxury of life in countries where servants are plentiful, but since I have been to Panama and the Philippines I have come to have much the same attitude. It is a terrible jolt for an army lieutenant who has been living like a lord and saving money on his play in the tropics to wake up to face debt and a hall bed room in New York."



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

The Creamery Promoter

We have no voice of protest against the honestly organized farmers' cooperative creamery in a locality where there is sufficient cream to make it possible for the farmer to get what he should get for his butterfat. We do, however, condemn the organization of creamery associations by promoters who are out to sell creamery buildings and machinery outfits. They cannot but be influenced in their judgment by their intense desire to sell their wares. This is true even when they are honest, but in addition the most of them are far from being honest.

The Twentieth Century Farmer, published at Omaha, Neb., printed a two-page article in a recent number entitled, "Reprehensible Promotion of Creameries," from which we quote as follows:

"This paper is a farmer's paper. As far as lies within its power, it will promote and protect the interests of the farmer. Cream production is one of the forms of farm industry. Therefore, it falls within the province of

this paper to promote and to protect the interests of the farmer in the matter of producing and marketing cream.

It is because these interests are being jeopardized by the reckless and disreputable promotion of small creameries that this paper has to say what it says with reference to this matter. The promotion of small creameries is not a new evil, nor is it limited exclusively to this territory. A generation ago a promoting company took out of this territory thousands upon thousands of dollars, in return for which it left practically nothing of permanent value. The same methods have been, and are being, employed in other parts of the country. The Farm Co-operator of Texas supplements the appeal of the dairymen's association of that state to prevent the farmers being swindled by unscrupulous creamery organizers.

This matter has now gone to such an extent, and has existed for such a length of time, that it is necessary to inform the public, and especially the cream producer, with reference to the

Argentine Is A Trading Nation

EUROPEAN COUNTRIES HAVE HAD BETTER OF IT.

Opportunity Is Now in the Hands of the United States—Facts Concerning the South American Republic.

Washington—A foreign trade of nearly a billion dollars a year is enough to make the exporters and importers of the United States sit up and take notice of any country, and Argentina crowded that figure last year. To be a little more exact, it was about \$880,000,000. That is nearly \$125 per capita. The foreign trade of the United States is about \$44.20 per capita. Evidently Argentina is some trading nation, and the questions, What and from whom does that country buy, and what and to whom does it sell are just now of peculiar importance. This Pan-European war is stirring up the business interests of the United States as they have never been stirred before, and they want to know a number of things.

In this connection the Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C., publishes in the July number of its monthly bulletin a detailed review of the commerce of Argentina for 1913 which reveals some very important facts. For instance, we find that in textiles, including manufactures of silk, wool, cotton and other fibers, Argentina imported nearly \$90,000,000

worth; iron, steel and manufactures thereof to the value of \$50,000,000; railway cars, automobiles and other vehicles worth over \$37,000,000; earth, stone, coal, etc., nearly \$37,000,000; building materials nearly \$36,000,000; and food products \$35,000,000. These are but six of the nineteen major classifications given in detail.

Who Sold Goods.
Who sold Argentina the goods? The following are the amounts in round numbers of the imports from each of the leading six countries, given in Argentine dollars, and an Argentine dollar is worth about 97 cents in United States money: From United Kingdom (Great Britain not including Canada, Australia or other possessions), \$130,000,000; Germany, \$71,000,000; United States, \$62,000,000; France, \$38,000,000; Italy, \$35,000,000; Belgium, \$22,000,000. Of the total imports the United Kingdom furnished 31.1 per cent; Germany, 16.9 per cent; United States, 14.7; France 9; Italy, 8.3; Belgium 5.2. In other words over 54 per cent of Argentina's imports in 1913 came from four of the European countries now busily engaged in trying to exterminate one another.

The second question, What and to whom does the country sell? is about as important as the first. If Argentina can't sell her products she can't get the money to buy. That's a pretty plain proposition. Now, what does she sell? Pre-eminently food products, needed just now by the warring nations as perhaps never before. Last year Argentina sold over \$300,000,000 worth of agricultural products, consisting principally of corn, \$112,000,000; wheat \$103,000,000; linseed \$50,000,000; oats \$29,000,000; barley \$1,000,000; rye \$567,000; potatoes, fruits, hay, etc., in smaller quantities.

Sales of Meat.
Of live animals and meat products she sold \$165,000,000 worth. Of frozen beef over 221,000 tons went to the United Kingdom; 2145 tons went to Italy; 2522 tons to the United States; and 107 tons to France. Of frozen mutton 25,171 tons went to the United Kingdom; 271 tons to France; and 217 tons to Italy.

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MORE BIRTHS THAN DEATHS.
Stock Takes Big Lead in Michigan During July, Says Martindale.
Lansing—There were 2,822 deaths and 6,412 births in Michigan during July, according to figures given today by the secretary of state. A decided increase in the number of births and a decrease of deaths is noted as compared to the previous month. There were 657 deaths of infants under one year of age. Tuberculosis caused the most deaths.

M. A. C. IS MAKING EFFORT TO CHECK DISEASE OF CATTLE.

Lansing—The bacteriological department of the Michigan Agricultural college will mail out thousands of bulletins to Michigan farmers, setting forth measures for the checking of a disease of cattle known as "infectious abortion." This disease has been making such inroads upon Michigan herds that it is "exercising a reign of terror over animal husbandry," according to Dr. Ward Giltner, acting professor of bacteriology at M. A. C. No sure cure for the affliction has yet been discovered. It makes sterile most of the animals infected.

"Our experience, gained by conversation, correspondence and personal inspection indicate that the disease is distributed throughout the state in the pure bred herds especially, but also in the herds without breeding," declared Dr. Giltner.

"There is a popular and urgent demand from all parts of the state for information relative to the affliction, and it is in an effort to satisfy this demand that the college is presenting in bulletins from the known facts concerning the disease as they now appear to us. We must confess ignorance of many features of the trouble and an inability to outline any entirely satisfactory plan of control."

"Many European and American investigators are studying the various phases of the disease with the one object of discovering some means of checking it."

LOOK FOR ARMY-WORM MOTHS WITH ONE COLORED WING.

U. S. Department of Agriculture Requests the Public's Assistance in Determining the Habits of Troublesome Pest.

Washington, D. C.—Everyone interested in the destruction of the army-worm pest is being requested by the United States Department of Agriculture to look out for army-worm moths with one artificially-colored wing. The department's entomologists are catching army-worm moths where they are plentiful, coloring one wing each, and then liberating them in the same territory, so that they may determine whether these moths fly directly west, or north, and how quickly and far they will spread. A better knowledge of the habits of this pest should enable the department to control its spread. No moths are to be let loose where their liberation could possibly add to the natural damage.

The moths are already showing themselves in Virginia and in Maryland, and the department's agents are catching specimens at Portsmouth and Charlottesville in Virginia, and Hagerstown in Maryland. The agents at Portsmouth are applying a red stain to one wing of each specimen caught; those at Charlottesville a black or yellow stain; and those at Hagerstown, a violet color. Then the moths are left

to follow the natural course they would have pursued.

"Look for the army-worm moth with a colored wing during the coming month," the department's Bureau of Entomology is advising its agents east of the Mississippi. Any one observing a marked specimen will aid in the campaign by reporting the fact to the Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C. When its presence has been noted, the moth should be destroyed.

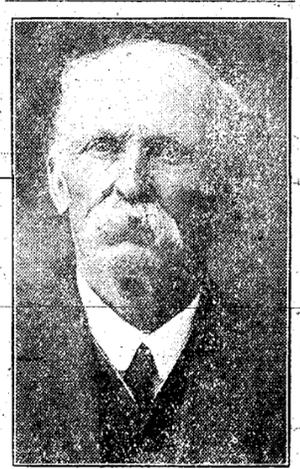
How to Recognize the Moth.

The wings of the army-worm moth, when outspread, measure about 1 1/2 inches from tip to tip. The body is about half this length. The general shape of the moth with its wings outspread is triangular. The moths will hover about the lights in the evening. On farms, they will be found on the outside of screens and doors at night. They will probably not be observed in the daytime. On dark, hot, close nights, such as precede thunder storms, they will probably be especially noticeable.

The army-worm pest has caused considerable damage to the crops and lawns this summer throughout the northern United States east of the Mississippi. The worms are only now disappearing in northern Maine and Michigan, which were probably hatched from the eggs of moths migrating from more southern portions of the country. With the additional knowledge that this experiment will give, the department hopes to control the spread of the pest more completely in coming years.

Lansing—Governor Ferris has appointed Dr. Leavitt S. Griswold of Big Rapids a member of the board of trustees of Traverse City State Hospital to fill the unexpired term of Edgar S. Wagner, deceased. Charles W. Madden of Belding was appointed a member of the board of examiners of barbers, to succeed himself, for a term of three years.

Alpena—Captain Charles T. Park of Company D, M. N. G., has received orders from the department of military affairs to purchase twenty-four acres of land, on the Hobbs farm, for the use of a rifle range for the members of the company.



LEVI GOODENOUGH.

Appley Truss Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—It is with pleasure that I take this opportunity of writing you for the good of humanity. My occupation is farming. I was ruptured for fifty-three years and have worn different kinds of trusses, but never had one to hold my rupture back until Dr. Appley of Grand Rapids fitted me. It has been a year May 2 since I applied the truss. I have been without it now six or eight months and can work at anything that any other man can do. I feel that I am perfectly and securely cured.

Any one who is suffering in the condition that I was in for fifty-three years, I would advise to try Dr. Appley's Truss. I believe that nothing through it is a worthless matter of treating the rupture, as long as you can get a truss of every man if properly carried out.

Thanking you for past favors and believing me to be all I can be to further the treatment for the good of humanity and for myself, I remain, Most gratefully,
LEVI GOODENOUGH,
R. F. D. No. 39,
Lake Odessa, Mich.

The above testimonial is of rare importance to a ruptured individual. The Appley Truss Company has been in existence about eighteen years and during the past fourteen years we have cured over eight thousand people.

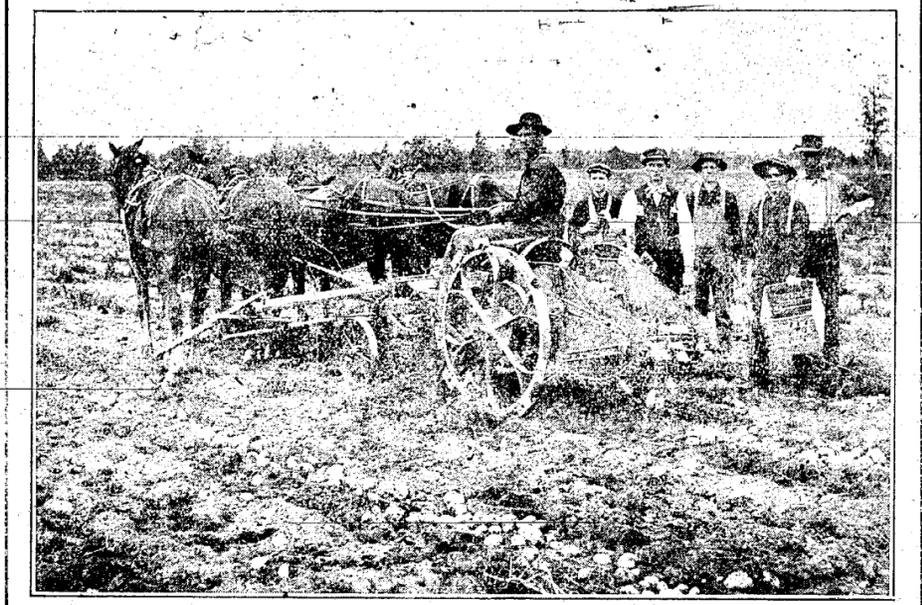
Our operation is of a bloodless type simply by wearing the truss the right will contract to its natural calvar. Kindly write for catalogue or come in person and we can convince the most skeptical individual that we have the right method of treating rupture.

We have run thousands of cured testimonials in the past three years that cannot be questioned. There is no need of one suffering with rupture as long as the means lies at their door.

Respectfully,
THE APPELEY TRUSS COMPANY,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

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POTATO DIGGING IN MICHIGAN.

Michigan is noted as one of the greatest potato producing states in the Union. The potato harvest will soon be in full blast and the crop will be a bumper.

Michigan Will Prosper By European War

Big Yields and Good Prices Will Add \$15,000,000 to Profits of Michigan Produce.

East Lansing—The Michigan farmer's smile to win millions of dollars through the upward rapids which Europe's country has given to crop prices. Estimates made here indicate that if current prices hold, as at present, Michigan farmers in this state will reap profits of from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 more than they did in 1912.

It is expected also that Michigan will harvest something like 5,000,000 bushels of rye, in which the price has increased 24 cents a bushel over 1912, when rye was selling at 71 cents a bushel on August 27. It is listed at about 95 cents a bushel. This gain of rye is counted on to fatten the wallets of Michigan agriculturists by something like \$1,200,000.

Oats Advance.
The 1914 oat yield for the state has

Wheat is another crop which it is figured will net the farmers of the state a nice profit. Wheat prices at present are an average of 4 cents a bushel above what they were in 1912, and on an estimated Michigan yield of 13,500,000 bushels, wheat is estimated on to bring the growers about \$510,000 more than it did two years ago.

Sugar Beets Profitable.

Another source of gain is expected to be had from sugar beets, while potatoes, beans and other crops are commanding good prices. From all sources, it has accordingly been estimated that the war will place from \$15,000,000 to \$25,000,000 more in the pockets of Michigan farmers than their crops brought in 1912 or 1913.

It was added by estimators that this figure will very likely be considerably swelled if the war drags out for any great length of time, while there is but small likelihood that prices will drop any this season.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER MAKE LIVE NEWSPAPER.

Copemish.—Will H. Jarman, publisher of the Copemish Progress, has taken a new partner, his daughter, Miss Nellie.

Miss Jarman was born in Atwood, Antrim County, State of Michigan, on May 12, 1896. She began her education in the Kingsley public schools, where Mr. Jarman was the first pub-

Copemish. Miss Jarman finished the tenth grade in the Copemish schools this spring.

Born and brought up in newspaper work, she was naturally adapted to the work and from her early life assisted her father in gathering news.



MISS NELLIE E. JARMAN.

Local Editor, Copemish Progress.

Upon finishing school this spring, her selection of an occupation was to become a professional nurse and she entered a Traverse City Hospital for training, but two months was convincing evidence to her, that her life work, the newspaper, offered a better field and opportunity.

She has shown ability as a writer and reporter and now has charge as local editor.



MR. W. H. JARMAN.

Publisher, Copemish Progress.

lisher of the Kingsley Hustler and later the Kingsley Echo. After selling the Echo, the family lived in Grand Rapids, then McBain, later the Harrietta Herald was established and was a success for five years. When it ceased to pay, Mr. Jarman moved to Lake City, where he was associated with the Plain Dealer and where Miss Jarman graduated with honors from the eighth grade. About this time the Progress was purchased from R. H. Peterson and the family moved to

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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, 9:30 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; 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.



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OUR NEW SERIAL THE MAN IN THE WELL STARTS IN NEXT ISSUE

It is with pleasure we offer this serial to our readers. Knowing it to be a late production and now being played in American Theaters to overcrowded houses. This is a rare treat and we hope you all will enjoy the story.

Synopsis of Opening Chapters

Arthur and Louis Farades, brothers, reside in houses side by side, in Boulogne, separated by a hedge. They share a deep, wide well, and are no longer upon terms of brotherly affection. In this well one morning is found the body of a man who, it is subsequently learned, is the long-absent uncle of the young men, and who has been murdered. Jean Farades, the murdered man, left a large estate, which will go to the brothers. The police arrest both. Paul Merseins, a wealthy young broker, falls in love with Valentine Farades and sets to work to free the accused. Jacques Villay loves Jeanne Farades, and joins Paul in hunting down clues. A beautiful Hindu girl, now the popular wife of M. Calesse, of Paris, is hostess at many grand receptions, and to her home Paul and Jacques are invited. There Jacques finds that the Hindu girl is none other than Fadejav, a beautiful Oriental dancer, whom in other days he had rescued from bondage.

Do Not Fail To Read The Opening Chapters

