

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 18

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1914.

No. 38

## Saturday a Hoodoo Day

### Assault, Burglary, Fatal Accident, a Leg Broken, and Two Buildings Burned

#### All Coming Inside the Twenty-four Hours of Sept. 12th.

Friday the 13th will have no terrors for East Jordan people hereafter as Saturday the 12th contained about as many startling affairs as can, within reason, happen to our peaceful city in a given twenty-four hours.

The day opened with a row down on State-st in which one of the combatants was hit over the head with a beer bottle inflicting serious wounds. Whether the bottle was full is debatable, but there can be no question on this point as far as the participants are concerned.

### Temple Cafe Burglarized.

When Frank Phillips opened the Temple Cafe that morning he discovered someone had, between the hours of 3:30 and 6:00 a. m., entered by a rear door and stolen about \$50.00 in money contained in a penny machine and the cash register. Chief of Police Cook immediately got busy and finally apprehended Amber Muma, who owned up to the theft. As he was already paroled from Circuit Court, he was taken to Charlevoix to await the courts decree.

### MET DEATH IN ACCIDENT

#### Albert Kile Struck On Head By a Falling Wheel.

Albert Kile, a well known resident of this city, received injuries last Saturday morning which resulted fatally that night. Mr. Kile was working at the East Jordan Lumber Co's Camp 6. In some manner a wheel of a 'Katy-did' or log hauler, dropped off of the spoke and in falling struck Mr. Kile on the head. A physician was summoned, but the unfortunate man passed away that night.

Deceased was born in Canada and was aged 49 years. He came to Michigan with his parents when a child. On November 12th, 1890, he was united in marriage to Miss Lillian Thompson. To this happy union seven children were born of whom six are living, Mrs. Geneva Sedgmen of Deward, Ralph of East Jordan, Mrs. Bernice Sanford of New York State, Hazel, Russel and Anita of East Jordan. These together with the wife and one grand child Marjion Sedgmen, one sister Mrs. Etta McKay of Uhly, Mich., half brother William Davis of Uhly, and a large circle of friends are left to mourn his loss. He has been a resident of East Jordan and its vicinity about thirty years. He was a sealer by trade and was a workman that was always faithful to the trust that was given him.

The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon at the Methodist church conducted by the Pastor Rev. T. Porter Bennett assisted by Rev. J. W. Shumaker. A very large congregation of his many friends and fellow laborers were present.

Interment at East Jordan cemetery.

### W. P. PORTER RECEIVES BROKEN LEG

#### On Way to Camp Six on R. R. Velocipede.

W. P. Porter received a badly fractured right leg, Saturday forenoon when a Railroad velocipede on which he was riding struck an open switch and was dented. His leg was caught under the angle bar and both bones were fractured above the ankle. Mr. Porter had heard of the accident to Mr. Kile and was hastening to see the injured man when the accident to himself occurred. At present he is resting easily, although it is a bad fracture, he hopes to be able to be about his work again in a few weeks.

If the average man could only sell the advice he gives away it would keep him busy counting his coin.

Many a woman who wants her husband to be honest is sorry that his honesty keeps him so poor.

### BAD FIRE ON STATE STREET

#### Mackey's Livery and Shedina's Blacksmith Guttled by Flames.

Saturday night, about 9:30, flames were discovered in the loft of Mackey's Livery located on the corner of State and Second Sts. An alarm was immediately turned in and all the horses, about sixteen head, together with the buggies, etc., were saved. The loft was filled to capacity and made the saving of the structure an impossibility. Work of the firemen consisted in endeavoring to save the adjoining buildings. Charles Shedina's blacksmith and wood working shop adjoined and soon this structure went to the ground except the front part of the lower floor which the firemen were able to protect. Harry Klings residence and store building, George Carr's grocery, and the big barn to the rear known as the 'French' barn, were all threatened, and the first two were afire at one time, although little damage was done to the Carr grocery.

Just how the fire originated is a mystery. One of the employees was in the building, asleep, and did not realize there was a fire until parties came in to save the horses. Mr. Mackey's loss is about \$3000 with \$2500 insurance. He will not rebuild just now as he owns the 'French' barn and will conduct his horse and auto livery at that place.

Charles Shedina's loss was nearly as much without any insurance whatever. He carried insurance up till recently when a misunderstanding occurred and he dropped his insurance. Mr. Shedina had one of the best equipped blacksmith and wood working shops in Northern Michigan, equipped with motors, lathes, etc., and his loss is particularly heavy on him. He has already commenced rebuilding however, and will be ready for his trade in a short time.

The second story of Mr. Shedina's building was occupied by M. J. Williams, painter, who lost about \$150 worth of supplies, etc.

The intense heat melted the telephone cable in front of the burning buildings, putting these lines out of commission and necessitating the replacing of about 200 feet of cable.

Our firemen responded promptly to the alarm and showed good judgment in protecting adjoining property.

### COUNTY Y. M. C. A. STILL FIGHTING FOR EXISTENCE.

The County Y. M. C. A. committee met at East Jordan last Sunday and after a three-hour session decided to make a final effort to have the work continued.

The local committee have arranged for a public meeting to be held at the K. P. Hall next Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock, when the matter, as far as East Jordan is concerned will be thoroughly gone over. All of our public spirited citizens are urged to attend this meeting.

### A good Idea

There is a new scheme which will prove very popular in rural communities should it become the custom. We have heard of one case in this vicinity. The city cousins coming to visit the country cousins on Sunday brought dinner with them and invited the family to the picnic repast in the woods nearby. This gave all an opportunity to enjoy a restful day, obviated the necessity of heating the house to cook a "company" dinner and then wash a lot of dishes. It was really an ideal arrangement all around and would be appreciated if it should become the custom. —Buda, Ill.; Plainedealer.

The deeper a man is in debt the less he cares for expenses.

Uncle Sam's ship of state may yet prove the Noah's ark of nations.

With all Europe mobilized, who will punch the holes in Swiss cheese?

Automobiles are a good deal like men. The less character they have the more noise they make.

This would be a grand old world if people could purchase experience on trial, with the privilege of returning it if not satisfactory.

A woman says that the longer a man studies the curves of a decanter the closer he is apt to imitate them on his home-ward journey in the early morn.

### SCHOOLS OPEN

#### Boys and Girls of Michigan are Again Taking Up School Work.

This month the doors of the thousands of schoolhouses of the state are again opened. About three-fourths of the 800,000 children of school age between five and twenty years will take up another year's work. Notwithstanding the fact that with the ending of vacation, freedom will to a certain extent be limited and somewhat arduous tasks imposed, the vast majority of pupils enter upon their work joyfully. Their social tendencies, the desire to learn and know which exists in every healthy boy and girl—these are satisfied by the public schools. It is to be lamented that, because of unsympathetic teachers, unpleasant and even injurious conditions of building, any boy or girl of the state should dread to enter school this fall. It is the right of every child to have provided satisfactory and attractive buildings and yards good and sufficient equipment, and good teachers. State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Fred L. Keeler, is a most earnest advocate of sympathy in the schoolroom, and of the fact that the schools exist for the boys and girls. Probably there has never been a time when pupils will be met with better conditions in every respect than those existing today. Never has there been a greater and more general interest in bettering school conditions. At least six thousand school buildings in the state are one room rural schools and there, just as truly as in city schools, is an effort being made to give boys and girls interesting work and practical work—work that correlates with the home life. It is to be hoped that the number of boys and girls who dread to take up this year's school work may be few.

### COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONER

#### An Opinion Concerning the Qualifications is given by the Attorney General.

The school law provides that persons eligible to hold the office of commissioner of schools must possess the following qualifications:

- (a) A teaching experience of twelve months in the public schools of this state.
- (b) Must be a graduate of the literary department of a college, university, or state normal school, providing that the holder of a teacher's state certificate or indorsed first grade certificate shall qualify in any county.

Now since the teachers examinations occur in March and April and the college diplomas are generally granted in June and nominations for school commissioners are made in February and the election occurs early in April while the newly elected commissioners take their office July first, the question often arises whether a certificate or a diploma granted after nomination or even after the election but before July first qualifies under the law. It is the opinion of the Attorney General that in view of the language used, "Persons eligible to hold the office," the possession of the prescribed certificate or diploma is not required at the time of the nomination or even of the election but that a person may be nominated and elected and obtain the necessary credentials subsequently.

### Of Interest to Women

Each day sees the blousiness of the bodice disappearing.

Fruit, fashioned of velvet or silk, trims the picture hat.

Silver and gold embroidered lace and tulle trimmed with fur and velvet are already seen.

Fashionable trains are mere scarfs, that look precisely like scarfs thrown over the arm for dancing.

It is very convenient to have a board sprinkled with kitchen salt at hand when ironing. The salt cleans the irons.

Broches and metal tissues and gold and silver motifs embroidered on tulle and lace are seen on chiffons and tulles.

A quick way to clean currants when making cakes is to put the fruit into a colander, with a sprinkling of flour, and rub it round a few times with your hand. It is surprising how quickly the stalks are separated and come through the small holes.

### NEW COURSE OF STUDY

#### Eleventh Edition, State Course of Study for Rural Schools Now Ready.

The 1914 edition of the State Course of Study has been sent to the school commissioners to be distributed by them to all the schools of the state. Complier's section 22 of the general school law of 1911 provides that the Superintendent of Public Instruction shall prepare and have printed the course of study for the district schools of the state except city districts, which shall be pursued in all the district schools of the state. In this work Michigan leads, as Michigan is the first state to have a uniform course of study mandatory upon the district schools of the state. Michigan was prepared for this legislation through the excellent courses of study that have been sent out by the various state superintendents during the past years, and through the adoption in a large majority of the schools of the state. The especial value of the above statute is that all of the schools are now using this course of study.

The edition now distributed differs from the 1912 edition which was the first prepared under the authority of the statutes, in that the work in penmanship, physiology, geography, music and book-keeping has been revised. Also in recognition of the value of play in education and of the great necessity for its direction, there is included in this course of study, suggestions along this line. The changes made are all in harmony with modern educational thought and are along the line of the natural evolution in education. The work is fully outlined by grades and subjects so that pupils and parents may know definitely just what work is required for any grade. To insure efficient training in the elementary subjects necessary as a foundation for any work in life, it is required that pupils take the full course. All through the course emphasis and insistence are placed upon thoroughness and drill upon fundamentals.

### Opportunity Beckons

South America is a billion dollar market. It has spent this sum each year in imports. Of this, the United States has in the past had but fifteen per cent.

The war furnishes the opportunity for most of the other eighty-five per cent. Ships and salesmanship are needed to place the American manufacturers in Argentina, Brazil and Chile and bring back cargoes of gold.

This is the declaration of the Pan-American union which has just made a trade survey of the southern continent. It declares that the time has come in which this country can get and hold that vast trade which has gone before to Europe.

Luxuries and novelties appeal to the people of those countries. Salesmen who speak Spanish are needed and American advertising in the form of demonstrations.

Things in fancy packages are most likely to catch the eye of the southern buyer.

There is a call for ready-made clothes for furniture, for kitchen utensils, for machinery, for automobiles, for breakfast foods.

One salesman selling twenty small articles running from collar buttons to postal cards has made \$18,000 a year in peace time. With Europe shut off, opportunity beckons to the enterprising.

### Wise and Otherwise

Since all Europe is in eruption, this will be an ideal year to "See America First."

The yellow newspapers are getting some splendid war news from their "re-write" men in the back office.

A Kansas paper hands out the following cyclonic wisdom: Early to bed and early to rise, cut the weeds and swat the flies, mind your own business and tell no lies, don't get gay and deceive your wives, pay your debts, use enterprise, and buy from the ones who advertise.

A man who never argues with a woman has the germs of wisdom.

A street car runs twice as fast when you are trying to catch it as it does after you have caught it.

Few families who have domestic skeletons in their closets have sense enough to keep them there.

### MICHIGAN CROP REPORT

Lansing, Mich., September 5, 1914.

**WHEAT.**—The average estimated yield in the State is 18.84, in the southern counties 18.92, in the central counties 21.09, in the northern counties 16.21 and in the Upper Peninsula 19.84 bushels per acre. The quality as compared with an average per cent is 94 in the state, 95 in the southern counties, 96 in the central counties, 90 in the northern counties and 91 in the Upper Peninsula. The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed by farmers in August at 67 mills is 151,276 and at 85 elevators and to grain dealers 260,924 or a total of 412,190 bushels. Of this amount 294,092 bushels were marketed in the southern four tiers of counties, 106,619 in the central counties and 11,519 in the northern counties and Upper Peninsula. The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marketed in August is 1,500,000. Forty-two mills, elevators and grain dealers report no wheat marketed in August.

**OATS.**—The estimated yield in the State is 33.14, in the southern counties 32.15, in the central counties 32.62, in the northern counties 34.10 and in the Upper Peninsula 39.10 bushels per acre. The quality as compared with an average per cent is 92 in the State, central and northern counties, 94 in the southern counties and 89 in the Upper Peninsula.

**RYE.**—The estimated average yield in the State is 15.38, in the southern counties 15.50, in the central counties 15.04, in the northern counties 16.65 and in the Upper Peninsula 20.33 bushels per acre.

**CORN.**—The condition of corn compared with an average per cent is 89 in the State, 84 in the southern counties, 94 in the central counties, 95 in the northern counties and 91 in the Upper Peninsula. The condition one year ago was 84 in the State, 75 in the southern counties, 96 in the central counties, 94 in the northern counties and 98 in the Upper Peninsula.

**BEANS.**—The probable yield of beans compared with an average per cent is 80 in the State, 79 in the southern and northern counties, 81 in the central counties and 95 in the Upper Peninsula. One year ago the probable yield was 78 in the State, 72 in the southern counties, 79 in the central counties, 88 in the northern counties and 96 in the Upper Peninsula.

**PEAS.**—The estimated average yield in the State is 16.45, in the southern counties 13.58, in the central counties 15.96, in the northern counties 17.62 and in the Upper Peninsula 17.11 bushels per acre.

**POTATOES.**—The condition of potatoes compared with an average per cent is 89 in the State, 86 in the southern counties, 88 in the central counties, 94 in the northern counties and 100 in the Upper Peninsula. The condition one year ago was 72 in the State, 61 in the southern counties, 82 in the central counties, 84 in the northern counties and 88 in the Upper Peninsula.

**CLOVER SEED.**—The condition of clover seed compared with an average per cent is 81 in the State, 74 in the southern counties, 84 in the central counties, 94 in the northern counties and 104 in the Upper Peninsula. The condition one year ago was 80 in the State and southern counties, 81 in the central counties and 82 in the Upper Peninsula.

**LIVE STOCK.**—Live stock generally reported in good condition.

FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE,  
Secretary of State.

### The Week In History

Monday, 14—Aviator Gill killed, 1912. England adopts Gregorian calendar 1752.

Tuesday, 15—Knitting machine patented, 1963.

Wednesday, 16—James Hill, railroad king, born, 1838.

Thursday, 17—Separation of Church and State, 1787. Hungarian parliament riots, 1912.

Friday, 18—Corner stone of national capital laid, 1793.

Saturday, 19—President Garfield dies 1881.

Sunday, 20—Massacre, Florida Hugenots, 1562.

Men laugh at feminine folly but it fools them just the same.

The old toper doesn't mind being treated for the liquor habit by men say: "Have one with me."

Just a little philosophy may enable one to take things as they come, but to part with them as they go—that is different.

## BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

"Quality first!" That's just as important a cry in the drug store business as "safety first!" We believe absolutely in quality first. So you will find our large and reasonable stock of toilet articles and perfumes, our soda and ice cream, our drugs and proprietary medicines, our prescriptions and our general service all offered on the basis of quality first. Shun imitations. Our reputation is your guarantee.

## W. C. SPRING Drug Store.

### What The Governor Likes To Eat

Governor Dunne of Illinois, if asked what were his favorite dish, might say he did not know, but his daughter, Miss Eileen, would promptly say her distinguished father was fondest of the "Great American What is it." Miss Eileen, who, by the way, is private secretary to her mother, giving the following recipe for making her father's favorite dish:

Cold roast beef cut into small pieces. Cover with stock of water. Add chopped small onion, carrot, parsley, celery and tomato. Let simmer for one hour and thicken with a little blended flour. Season with butter, pepper, salt and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Brown with a little kitchen bouquet.

### 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.

Folly is a man's worst enemy and discretion his best friend.

Blessed is the peace-maker, especially if he keeps at a safe distance.

As a man grows older his bump of conceit gradually becomes a dent.

Some men are born with black eyes and others have to fight for them.

Money talks, but it never gets a chance to say much at bargain sales.

There may be nothing new under the sun, but there are a lot of fresh people.

Though truth may lie at the bottom of a well very few anglers go there to fish.

In next week's issue we start a series of articles entitled, "Breeds of Sheep for the Farm," by F. R. Marshall of the United States department of agriculture. Each week an illustration of one breed will be published with a description. These articles are from an expert and a man who knows the industry.

### Dizzy Head, Fluttering Heart, Floating Specks.

These are signs of kidney and bladder trouble. You'll have headaches, too, backaches and be tired all over. Don't wait longer, but take Foley Kidney Pills at once. Your miserable sick feeling will be gone. You will sleep well, eat well and grow strong and active again. Try them—Hilles Drug Store.





## The Sand Farm Dept.

Conducted By

The Sand Farmer

Mail Suggestions and Inquiries to

Louis P. Haight, Muskegon, Mich.

### A Sand Farm Story

"O, Mother!" cried Little Pete, "come here and see all the queer things this man has. He can make potatoes into real lace, and cabbage into shoe strings. Please come and see his nice things."

It was one of those beautiful summer mornings when the "Sand Farm" seemed to shine after the night's shower, and the raindrops still flashed like diamonds in the sunshine. The birds sang, and every living thing seemed glad to be alive.

Little Pete was tugging at Mother's dress as she wiped her hands and moved towards the door, where a fine looking young man was waiting.

"I am a student from the agricultural college," he began saying, "and am earning my way through by selling a number of articles for the Muskegon Office Cabinet Co. They are especially adapted to home life."

"So you're from the agricultural college?" replied Mother. "I am always glad to see anyone who is trying to improve home life, and although I am very busy this morning, and can stop but a moment, you are welcome at the 'Sand Farm.'"

"Oh, Mother, do see the potato slicer which makes the lace," said Little Pete, "and see the pretty white patterns he can make from a potato. If you'll buy one I'll peel and slice all of your potatoes just for the fun of it."

"This is what he refers to," said the student, as he showed Mother the vegetable slicer (No. 6), "it does make the potatoes very nice, and here's another, our (No. 9), for making French-fried potatoes. It makes them much more attractive, and if the prices of food keep going up on account of this war we may have to use more potatoes and less meat."

"That's so," assented Mother, "prices for most everything are awfully high, but I mash our potatoes a good deal."

"Then this will interest you," said the student as he held up his wire potato masher (No. 1). "It does the work quickly and well, and this safety razor knife (No. 2) just takes off the skin and does not waste any of the potato. I noticed in the paper that the Englishmen have suggested that the housewives cook the potato skins so that they shall be eaten and prevent a possible famine."

"Yes," replied Mother rather sharply. "I always notice that men talk about economy in the kitchen, but did they say something about the men saving the money they spend for drink and tobacco to buy potatoes?"

"No," said the student, "I have noticed that economy and charity generally begin in the kitchen, and the women are the ones called upon to exercise it, but some day the men may realize that home is more than a place to eat and rest, and then we shall have true homes, where all work together for each other."

His remarks were interrupted by Little Pete, who spied a pancake turner (No. 6) with holes in it, saying: "Mama, please buy this. You know how I love pancakes."

"That," added the student, "is very nice for making the potato lace and French fried out of the land, as well as to turn pancakes, or lousen cookies from a pan."

"O, goody," ejaculated Little Pete.

"I like cookies. Mama, make me some cookies."

"Perhaps you may like the cookie cutter," said the student, as he held up a rotary cake and cookie cutter, "it cuts them as fast as you can push it over the dough, and saves lots of time."

"I suppose you slice apples for pies, or peaches for dessert," continued the student. "This slicer is very handy, and you can also use it for cabbage, salad, or pickled beets, and while speaking of slicing I want to show you my bread slicer. If you want to make sandwiches, or cut the bread nice and even, this will make the slices thick or thin, and all the same."

Just then the "Sand Farmer" drove into the gate with Prince, the three-year-old colt, and the student hastened to add: "I have just one more thing I think you would like, and that is a tin-can opener. It is the best one made. Now, I will sell all of these things, which are almost necessities, if you are to do your work quickly and make the vegetables more attractive, for only \$1.50. They are worth more."

"Father!" called Mother, as the "Sand Farmer" drove up the lane, "please come here a moment. This is a student from the agricultural college, and he has a number of things to make my work easier, and our vegetables more attractive on the table. Will you talk to him while I finish my baking?"

"Surely," said the "Sand Farmer," as he told Prince to stand still. Prince arched his great neck, and his head moved restlessly as his hoofs pawed the ground, as much as to say: "Just let me show you how strong I am."

The student patted Prince, and asked: "Do you have to exercise him very much?"

"About an hour a day," replied the "Sand Farmer," "but he will soon get to work."

"One hour a day," replied the student, "how long do you exercise your boys?"

"What's that?" said the "Sand Farmer." "Exercise my boys? Why they are not colts."

"No," laughed the student, "but they are going to begin life's work pretty soon, and I supposed you cared as much for your boys as your horses."

"Say," young man, said the "Sand Farmer," "I should like to talk to you about that. Just wait until I put out this colt."

Mother was standing at the open window, and laughed as she remarked: "You touched Father in a tender spot. He just lives for the boys, but I don't believe he ever thought of exercising them before, but they all help with the work."

"Now come and sit on the porch," said the "Sand Farmer." "What do you mean by exercising my boys as much as my colts?"

"It is this way," said the student, "many men spend a good deal of time training their horses, or working in their offices like slaves, that they may give their boys a farm, or a fortune when they die, but the boys would be a good deal better off if their fathers would spend more time teaching them how to play like men."

(Continued next week.)

## Sand Vetch As a Cover Crop

By Jas. F. Zimmer, Manistee.



THE ABOVE PHOTO SHOWS SAND VETCH SEVEN FEET HIGH IN THE ORCHARD OF DAVID BURNS, BEULAH, MICH.

The writer prepared this article on Winter Vetch in order to disseminate accurate information to the people of this district. All of us realize that we must maintain our soil fertility in order to be successful farmers, and grow crops profitably, and this plant is one of the greatest soil renovators known.

It is also sometimes referred to as Sand Vetch and Russian Vetch. Only a very few are acquainted with vetch though a number of farmers in southern Michigan have grown it continuously for ten or more years. Much of the state is too far north to grow cow peas and soy beans the most successfully and it is therefore badly in need of a more hardy leguminous cover crop. Rye is quite generally used as a winter cover and plowed under for green manure the following spring; but rye is not a legume and can not add nitrogen to the soil. Vetch, when plowed under, will add from twenty-five to one hundred pounds of nitrogen per acre, which, as commercial fertilizer, would cost from \$4.50 to \$18.00 per acre. This does not include the nitrogen stored by the roots which will easily double these figures. One ton of vetch hay contains approximately one-third more nitrogen than a ton of alfalfa and one-fourth more than a ton of cow peas. Yields of from three to five tons are quite common. On the average, Hairy Vetch with rye, should produce, before plowed under in the spring, green manure in amount equivalent to two tons of cured hay per acre. Its ability as a soil improver is well supported by the practical experience of farmers in all parts of the state.

**Climatic and Soil Requirements.**  
This plant will grow well in a drained soil, but will not thrive on a poorly drained field. It does best in loams or sandy loams, though excellent crops are grown both on sandy and gravelly soils. On poor land, vetch is often used as a soil improver, and, while the yield may not be large, it is often good farm practice to grow it. On poor soils special care should be taken to provide thorough inoculation, as without it, failures commonly result. The seed bed should be quite fine and firm. This plant is markedly drought resistant, often making a good crop during extremely dry weather. It is quite resistant to alkali and will germinate well in soils too alkaline for most legumes.

**Time of Sowing.**  
Vetches are sown in northern latitudes from the middle of July until August 20, and at the rate of about twenty to thirty pounds of seed per acre. As this plant is a creeper or runs on the ground, it is usually sown with rye as a nurse crop, using one to one-half bushels of rye per acre.

**Inoculation.**  
Inoculation of the soil when Hairy Vetch is planted for the first time is a matter of prime importance, as failure is due to a lack of the proper germs in the soil are a common experience. The surest way is to bring soil from an old vetch field, and scatter over the field at the rate of 300 pounds to the acre and immediately harrow it into the ground. When soil is not available, the artificial cultures may be used, but in this event only a small field should be planted when starting.

**Uses of the Crop.**  
Hairy vetch is adapted to nearly as wide a range of uses as Red Clover, and in regions where Red Clover for any reasons does not succeed, it is a good substitute. It makes excellent hay, though it is rather difficult to mow.

It furnishes good pasturage, and may be grazed in the early spring without materially reducing the hay crop. It makes an excellent green manure crop in the sandy soils. Where once established it is inclined to persist more or less from year to year as a weed. This is not a serious matter, except in wheat-growing sections, as vetch seed is separated from wheat with difficulty. It is therefore seldom advisable to grow this crop where wheat is produced.

**Sow in Corn.**  
The mellow condition of the soil makes sowing in the standing corn at

the last cultivation one of the best and most common practices. Sow at the rate of fifteen pounds per acre. More often from twenty to thirty pounds of seed are recommended, but if good seed is used, this is more than necessary. Fifteen pounds of seed to the acre is at the rate of about five seeds per square foot. Like any other new legume, it is necessary to inoculate the seed the first year, if a uniform stand and growth is to be secured. Culture may be secured at cost from the Bacteriological Department of the Michigan Agricultural College, East Lansing, for 25 cents per bottle, which is enough for sixty pounds of seed. Directions for use accompany each bottle. It is well to sow about three pecks of rye with the vetch, as it increases the amount of feed, makes it easier to turn under and to cut by holding up the vetch, which has a tendency to lay close to the ground. The seed may be sown either broadcast ahead of the cultivator or drilled in with the one-horse grain drill. If rains come right afterwards the first method will give probably as good results as when drilled. A higher per cent of germination is secured when the seed is drilled. Seeding should be done before the middle of August. Earlier is usually better.

Vetch grows late in the fall and starts early in the spring. Frost as a rule will not injure it. The growth in the fall will depend upon several factors but largely upon how soon the corn is removed and the moisture conditions. With average conditions it should furnish some fall pasture especially when sown before the first of August. Vetch makes its most vigorous growth in early spring. At this time it may be pastured some without detriment to the hay crop which is usually taken about the first of July. When harvested for seed it is cut somewhat later. When the object is a crop of green manure the less pastured the more there will be to turn under. If the growth is heavy it will be necessary to use a rolling coultter in order to plow it under. A chain will seldom do the work.

**Vetch a Forerunner for Alfalfa.**

It is not advisable to sow vetch in the corn where small grain is to be grown the second year following, as vetch recedes very easily and sometimes becomes a nuisance, especially in wheat, but it is easily controlled when cultivated crops follow. The first year, it will not be noticed as the seeds have been turned under too deep to germinate. It is when the ground is turned back again the second year that trouble may be expected with grain crops. Where potatoes, beans, cabbage, beets, in fact any intertilled crops follow the first two years, vetch gives greater promise as a green manure than any other of the legumes. When a field is to be seeded to alfalfa, it is well to sow vetch as it puts the ground in better shape for the alfalfa. In fact, a mixture of alfalfa and vetch makes the finest hay. Vetch alone is relished by all kinds of livestock, both as forage and hay, but its greatest value is as a green manure crop. A good growth of vetch in the corn plowed under the following spring will do the work of a year to clover and no time is lost. Corn may be grown continuously without decreasing yields if a crop of vetch is plowed under each spring. Another use of vetch in Michigan is in times of wheat failure when vetch may be sown with the oats for a hay crop. When sown in the spring, vetch will not ripen seed but will live through the winter and produce hay or seed the following season, if permitted. When grown for seed, the crop is not turned under in the spring but let stand. It is harvested and threshed at the usual time, and in the usual way of handling rye or wheat. It takes a special machine, however, to separate the vetch seed from the rye. Quite a few farmers have grown vetch for pasture during the usual midsummer drought with excellent results. Vetch is not as deep rooted as alfalfa, but is almost as drought resistant and it can withstand a great deal of tramping. As a cover crop for orchards vetch probably has not a superior. Many ways of utilizing this crop will suggest

themselves after having grown it for a few times.

It should be remembered that what is called Spring Vetch is not the same as Hairy Vetch, but a closely related species. It differs economically from the Hairy Vetch in that it winter kills and in other ways is not so hardy. The seed sells for considerably less, and consequently it is often used by unreliable firms as an adulterant of the Hairy Vetch. Spring Vetch seeds are larger and not so round or so black as those of the Hairy Vetch, and the seed scar is more wedge shaped. If still in doubt, crush some of the seed. The inside of the Spring Vetch seed is a reddish orange color, while the crushed Hairy Vetch seed presents a distinctly lemon yellow color. Corn Cackle is the most common weed seed found though it has appeared in small amounts this season in the seed offered for sale by Michigan seed companies.

**Is it a Profitable Crop?**

If properly managed, this crop will yield far more profit on sandy soils than such crops as wheat, oats, barley, etc., and in addition will leave the soil in better condition for subsequent crops. When the crop is properly prepared, the yield of vetch on sandy soils ranges from three to six bushels per acre, in addition to the rye with which it is commonly sown. The yield to be expected is dependent not so much upon the soil as upon the treatment given the crop. The seed is selling for \$7.50 per bushel, and at such prices the farmer of the sandy soils of Michigan should by all means grow vetch for seed.

We are encouraging the growth of vetch in every section of the state, as we know it to be one of our best crops.



## 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

Keep sick animals away from the rest of the herd. Put them in the pest house.

Feed the chickens all the skim milk they will use. They will help swell the profits from the dairy.

The common cow, providing she isn't too common, with common horse sense on the part of her owner, will produce pretty good results.

It doesn't pay to keep too many cows any more than it pays to farm too much land. Doing the work well is most profitable.

When some fellows make a failure of what they undertake it's bad luck. When they succeed it's good management.

A man may be wise and still not know it, but the fellow who thinks he knows it all is always mistaken.

In producing milk and cream we get no profits until the cost of the feed is covered. That's the reason a 150-pound cow is not profitable.

It's a pleasure to take care of cows if the stables and stalls are properly arranged. That is, it is a pleasure for the person who can get pleasure out of interesting work.

What is your plan in handling the nervous cow? Do you pet her or pound her?

### "THE KINGS."

A man said unto his Angel:  
"My spirits are fallen low,  
And I can not carry this battle;  
O brother, where might I go?"

The terrible kings are on me  
With spears that are deadly bright,  
Against me so from this cradle  
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:  
"Thou wavering, witless soul,  
Back to the ranks! What matter—  
To win or lose the whole."

"As judged by the little judges,  
Who harken not well, nor see?  
Not thus, by the outer issue,  
The Wise shall interpret thee."

"Thy will is the sovereign measure  
And only event of things;  
The puniest heart, defying,  
Were stronger than all these kings."

"Though out of the past they gather,  
Mind's doubt and bodily pain,  
And pallid thirst of the spirit—  
That is-kin to the other twain;

"And grief, in a cloud of banners,  
And ringleted vain desires,  
And vice, with spoils upon him  
Of thee and thy beaten sire—

"While kings of eternal evil  
Yet darken the hills about,  
Thy part is with broken saber  
To rise, on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,  
Nor covet the game at all,  
But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
Die, driven against the wall."

—By Louise Imogen Guiney.

## FOREST SERVICE

U. S. Department of Agriculture

Approximately 750 acres on the Oregon national forest were planted with young trees this spring.

The state of Pennsylvania celebrates two arbor days each year—one for spring planting and one for the fall—in April and October respectively.

Nearly three million young trees are being set out this spring on the national forests of northern Idaho and Montana. On the St. Joe national forest in Idaho three thousand acres will be planted.

Angora goats have been used with profit to keep fire lines clear of inflammable vegetation on national forests in California.

Four buffalo calves have just been born on the Wichita national forest, bringing the herd up to 51.

In cooperation with the Weather Bureau, forest rangers are to measure snow depths in the western mountains.

More than 850,000 young trees are being set out this spring on national forests in Utah and southern Idaho, and the season is reported as particularly favorable to their successful growth.

Armstrong lake, within the Bear-tooth national forest, Montana, is said to rival the famed Lake Louise of the Canadian Rockies. It lies at an elevation of 7,000 feet surrounded by towering mountains. A good road which can be traveled in half a day by automobile connects it with the railroad at Billings. A rustic resort has recently been completed, and many trails make the surrounding region accessible.

## Poultry Department

CONDUCTED BY

ERNEST B. BLETT

Campus Bldg., 59-63 Market Ave.  
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

Better sell the surplus than crowd growing stock.

Overfat hens and hens that lack vigor suffer the most from heat.

If the combs of the fowls are white and the chickens do not plump up and grow as fast as others, possibly it is lice.

Begin early to grade your flock. Do not hesitate to cull out the poor ones now, as they eat more than they are worth and keep the better ones from getting enough.

Poultry that is to be sold upon the market should be fat when sold. They are better flavored, sell more rapidly, and are just what the buyers want.

Sort the young growing stock as to size, it will give them all an equal chance and you will find they will grow better and less trouble will be experienced.

One of the most important points in chicken raising is to keep them growing. To do this every condition must be the best and you must study to keep them so.

On the farm we should have utility in view. Our standard should be made up of table qualities, quick growth, early maturity, laying powers and hardiness.

Clean the dropping boards often as fowls that roost over a mass of filth will have their plumage faded and burned by the ammonia vapor rising from the filth.

When buying fowls, unless you are positive sure they are free from lice, quarantine them a week or more until you are confident they are free from all pests and disease.

That second crop of clover can be cut this month and you should cure it as green as possible and lay in a good supply for winter feeding. It is an egg producer, a feed bill saver.

Do not allow the carcasses of birds that have died to lie around and decay. Bury them good and deep or better yet to burn them. This neglect has caused big losses in the poultry yard and big losses on the farm can be traced to just such neglect as this often.

Don't you find that your best cows have big middle pieces and light quarters? That indicates dairy form.

Don't run the dairy business in such a way that the boy is driven away from the farm. When caring for the cows is made a part of a reasonable day's work and conveniences are right, it is possible to get the boy so interested in dairying that he will not want to run away.

The young calves need cleanliness and sunshine more than anything else.

In their wild state animals do not live in unventilated buildings. This is one reason why wild animals are more healthy than domestic ones.

A cow has a certain capacity as an economical producer just the same as a hand separator or a fanning mill. Above that capacity she must waste the feed.

Now that the pasture season is past for this year what has been your observation? Is your pasture a real one or is it simply a waste piece of land with a barbed wire fence around it?

Have your cows the so-called good points? Can you see any good in them at all? Perhaps there isn't any.

The cow's discomfort results in the owner's dissatisfaction with dairying.



## State Board Of Equalizers Says Mich. Worth \$2,800,000,000

Wayne County Must Pay 25 Per Cent of State Taxes; Kent County Cut Was \$27,331,142; Houghton Cut Less Than Any County.

Lansing—The state board of equalization has completed its figures on the equalized value of the state and placed the amount at \$2,800,000,000. This is a raise of \$512,000,000 over the figures of the board of equalization of 1911, and \$524,500,825 less than the state was worth this year.

A general cut was made in all counties. Kent county was cut from \$220,531,142 to \$193,200,000, a decrease of \$27,331,142.

Houghton County was cut less than any county in comparison with what it was equalized at by the tax commission. Wayne was cut \$221,152,433 from the tax commission's figures, but is given a raise of \$207,000,000 over the state board of equalization figures of three years ago. This county must pay a trifle over 25 per cent of the state taxes.

What Solons Did.

The various boards of supervisors equalized the state at \$2,712,183,116 this year, which is within \$87,866,884

**Hotel Hermitage**  
EUROPEAN PLAN  
Rooms 50c, 75c, and \$1.00  
With Bath \$1.00 and \$1.50  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Dutch Masters Cigars**  
Sold by all Dealers

**TAKE THE CHICAGO BOAT TO**  
Connections with Railroads at GRAND RAPIDS, HOLLAND, BENTON HARBOR & ST. JOSEPH  
From Grand Rapids via Grand Rapids, Holland & Chicago Electric. Cars every hour and special boat cars to connect with boat at dock. One way, \$2.50; round trip, \$4.75.  
From Holland, boat-dock, boats leave 9 a. m. daily except Sunday and 9:30 p. m. daily except Saturday. Sunday only, 9:20 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, \$1.50; round trip, \$3.00. All Steamers Equipped with Wireless Telegraph.  
THE GRAHAM & MORTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.  
Chicago Illinois. Docks foot of Wabash Avenue.

of what the state board of equalization named. Had the state board of equalization adopted the figures of the state tax commission, Wayne county would have stood at \$928,152,433, but the cut of \$221,152,433 places the equalized value of the county at \$76,521,022 more than the assessing officers of the county reported to the state tax commission.

Auditor General Fuller said, after the figures had been arrived at, that he considered Wayne, Saginaw county and the Upper Peninsula figures too high. The majority of the board thought otherwise. It is understood that Chairman Barnes of the state tax commission agreed with the commission's figures with a few exceptions.

**IMMIGRATION OFFICE CLOSED.**

European War Results in No Business for Michigan's New York Branch.

Lansing—Land Commissioner A. C. Carton says that the European war has reduced the number of immigrants to such an extent that the Michigan immigration office at New York, which has been in charge of A. Waszink, has been indefinitely closed. During the year that Waszink was in charge of the Michigan immigration bureau, a large number of immigrant farmers have been directed to the agricultural districts of Michigan. The farmers of the state have shown a great willingness to cooperate with the Michigan immigration bureau.

**M. A. C. STANDARD HIGHER**

High School Education Necessary for Admission.

East Lansing—Effective September 25, a recently adopted ruling bars from entrance to the Michigan Agricultural college all students who have not a high school education or its equivalent.

This means the abolishment of the preparatory course, which has been in force for years. Incidentally, the college is lifted up several notches in its ranking among American schools of higher education as a result of the change.

## Crimson Clover And Hairy Vetch Seed Prices

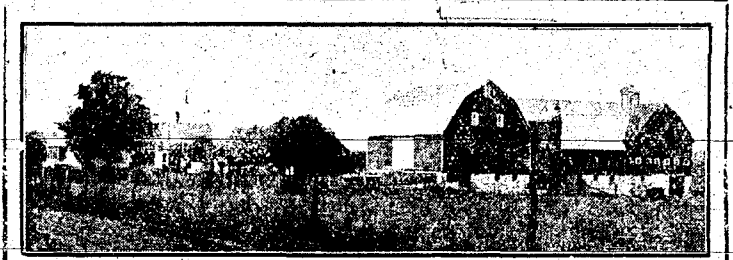
Washington, D. C.—Prices for imported crimson clover and hairy vetch seed have recently shown such a marked upward tendency that specialists of the department of agriculture fear that the cost of these seeds, of which Europe is the chief source, will interfere with the increasing use of these leguminous cover crops. In fact, it is feared that the prices of these legumes may go so high as to make it inadvisable to plant them this year.

Before the present European conditions arose, crimson clover seed was selling at from \$4 to \$5 per bushel. Up to August 15 there was a scarcity of this seed in the United States, owing to the fact that the receipts from Europe were smaller than usual. The prices then advanced to from \$7.50 to \$9 per bushel. Since that date importations have continued to arrive, until there is now more imported seed available for fall seeding than there was in this country a year ago at this time. This seed, according to the department's information, was all imported at approximately the same price as that sold for \$4 to \$4.50 per bushel in the early part of the season. The present high price, therefore, is regarded by the department as unwarranted from the standpoint of the supply and the import price of the seed. Some dealers are continuing to sell at the former price, but these are exceptions.

If the present high price is maintained, the specialists are doubtful whether crimson clover can be profitably used as a green manure crop for seeding in corn or on vacant ground, or under other conditions where the catch is not reasonably certain. Under such conditions they point out that it will be better practice to sow rye this fall and use the difference in price in adding nitrogen to the soil in the form of nitrate of soda or some other highly nitrogenous fertilizer. The rye will afford a winter cover preventing washing and leaching, and can be plowed under in the spring to add humus to the soil.

When crimson clover is being used regularly as a winter cover crop in orchard culture, or where local experience indicates that a good catch and a good crop are practically certain, payment of a higher price for the seed will no doubt be justified.

A somewhat similar condition exists with reference to hairy vetch seed. There has been approximately six-sevenths as much seed imported since November 1, 1913, as in the year previous. This shortage, however, is partly counter-balanced by the increasing domestic production of hairy vetch seed. Wherever the price of hairy vetch seed is found to be exorbitant, the same change in farm practice is recommended as that suggested in the case of crimson clover.



Farm of Oliver Clark, Hartwick Township, Osceola County. Mr. Clark has 560 acres in his farm. Two hundred of the acres are under cultivation. His farm buildings are good and include three silos. He keeps 130 head of cattle.

## GERMANY RICHEST EUROPEAN STATE

United States Only Nation in the World That Surpasses Her in Wealth.

Germany is Europe's richest state. She easily beats France, both in total wealth and total income; and she beats England, too. In the entire world she is exceeded for income and wealth by the United States only.

People brought up on the notion of "poor Germany" now rub their eyes, but Germany's march to material pre-eminence is entirely of recent date. The entire process has taken place in the 25 years of the kaiser's reign.

During the kaiser's jubilee last summer the theme was dealt with in many anniversary books. It was put forward also in a commemorative work issued on the fortieth anniversary of its foundation by the great Dresdner bank. Now it is dealt with by Prof. Dr. Carl Helfferich, an unchallenged authority, who emphatically proclaims that France and England, until lately Europe's two richest states, are far behind Germany in all that makes for material prosperity.

Helfferich's most startling argument is that Germany is richer than England in total income and total capital wealth. Most statisticians believed until lately that Germany's bigger working population gave her a bigger national income than France, but that France was ahead in accumulated wealth and that England was ahead of Germany both in income and wealth. This Helfferich disproves. He shows that Germany is far ahead of France in national wealth as well as in income; and that she also is ahead of England in both domains.

Germany, says Helfferich, owes this to her more rapidly increasing population, taken with a much higher average income than obtained when Kaiser Wilhelm came to the throne. In Germany income is fairly easy to compute, because the German states levy income tax on even small incomes.

As a rule the limit of exemption is \$180. The proportion of Germans exempted dwindles rapidly. In 1886 two out of three heads of families had smaller incomes than \$180. Fifteen years later the proportion had fallen to two-fifths. With a bigger population the number of exempted persons fell from 21,000,000 to 16,000,000, and the number who paid arose from 10,000,000 to 21,000,000.

In the former year the national income of Germany was \$5,250,000,000. In 1911 it had grown to \$10,000,000,000. This rise in the total national in-

come was due only in part of the quick increase of population. It was due also to greater individual prosperity. Helfferich shows that in 15 years the income of the average German rose by 50 per cent.

A German's average income, counting men, women and children, is \$150. This is a large sum for Europe. In France, which counts as a rich country, the average income is only \$128. England is still ahead of Germany in average individual income, but Germany's much bigger population leaves England, as well as France, behind in total income.

Against Germany's total of \$10,000,000,000 stands a French national income of \$8,750,000,000 and an English national income of about the same amount. This comparison shows Germany with an income of \$1,250,000,000 more than her chief rivals, and if she liked to pinch her population she could spend every year an extra \$1,250,000 on ornaments without reducing herself to penury.

In total capital wealth Germany's superiority is still more marked. Germany owes this altogether to her bigger population. In per capita wealth she is still behind France and therefore behind England. France, after all her trials, remains the European state in which the individual has the largest accumulated wealth, Helfferich, after sifting the best authorities of the three countries, puts the individual's capital wealth, counting money investments and real and personal property, at: France, \$1480; England, \$1275. But as Germany has a population which is about 20,000,000 stronger than Great Britain's and about 26,000,000 stronger than France's her total national wealth exceeds theirs. Helfferich's estimate, which takes as correct the calculations of the best French and English authorities, works out as follows:

Germany—Between \$72,500,000,000 and \$80,000,000,000.  
England—Between \$57,500,000,000 and \$65,000,000,000.  
France—\$33,000,000,000.  
Germany is worth between \$7,000,000,000 and \$22,500,000,000 more than England and between \$14,500,000,000 and \$22,000,000,000 more than France.

## FIRE MARSHAL WINSHIP

**RULES TO PREVENT FIRES**  
Lansing—State Fire Marshal John T. Winship has leased the following rules for the prevention of fire:

- Fill the oil lamps in the day time.
- Put greasy rags in metal receptacles.
- Never use gasoline for cleaning indoors.

**900 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.  
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

**INFANTS & CHILDREN**

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

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. WELLS

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Facsimile Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*

**THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.**

At 6 months old  
**35 Doses - 35 CENTS**

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Have metal wastebaskets only in the home.

Do not leave oil cans in the kitchen, especially near the stove.

Have simple, cheap screens in front of every open fireplace.

Keep the ashes in a metal receptacle, away from any wood.

Use only safety matches, and keep these away from children.

Constantly clean the rubbish, particularly in the yards, cellars and closets.

Avoid the prehistoric mistake of using coal oil to help along a dying fire.

Make sure that all doors that would cause drafts are closed before retiring.

Pay particular attention to the stovepipe, and see that it is set firm and tight.

Keep curtains and draperies tied back, to prevent them swinging against the gas jets.

Remove all cotton and metallic ornaments from the gas of electric light chandeliers.

Don't take a kerosene lamp into the cellar, attic or any other place where there is rubbish.

Have the chimney burned out and cleaned at least once a year, and before the fall season sets in.

Smokers who carelessly leave matches lying around are a menace to the home.

## STOCK EXHIBIT AT THE GREATER MICHIGAN FAIR

The Greater Michigan fair for 1914 is now a part of history but its memories will live for months in the hearts of thousands of farmers who availed themselves of the opportunity to visit this great agricultural exposition.

The successful fair is one that serves to educate the great farming community in the betterment of conditions, land and stocks, and that the Greater Michigan fair achieved this was demonstrated by the interest displayed by all in the various exhibition buildings.

This was especially noticeable in the stock departments, although the horticultural building must not be overlooked, where the Western Michigan Development Bureau occupied practically one-half of the big building with a display of home grown apples; "The Apple With a Flavor."

Space does not permit a detailed description of the various departments and the names of the winners, but several of the more prominent exhibits are mentioned below.

One lesson to be learned from a thorough examination of the stock exhibits at the fair is that it pays, and pays big to produce pure bred stock. The consensus of opinion is that Ohio, Indiana and Illinois farmers are ahead of Michigan farmers in this respect. The latter should see to it that this impression is corrected and the one way to do this is to insist upon pure bred stock when buying.

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

## Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

W. C. Cook of Ada.

Pure bred improved and imported Yorkshire swine exhibited by the well known breeder, W. C. Cook of Ada, (R. R. 42), attracted much attention.

Mr. Cook captured eight firsts and three seconds as well as Junior, Senior and Grand Championships. He also was awarded first prize for exhibitor's herd and also first prize for breeder's herd. Mr. Cook also features White Wyandotte chickens and is one Kent county farmer who has demonstrated that it pays to breed pure bred stock and poultry.

Mr. Cook's exhibit was visited by hundreds, yes thousands of farmers. It is exhibits like Mr. Cook's that are of vast value in teaching the Michigan farmer to improve his stock and thereby make more money for himself.—Adv.

E. M. Moore of Wixom.

Probably one of the best known breeders in the state is C. M. Moore of Wixom, who is also a leader in Farmers' Institute work. Mr. Moore has been in the institute work for ten years, and is known throughout the state. There are institute lecturers who are splendid theorists but while Mr. Moore can talk sheep on the platform he can also produce them and show them to win the money.

Mr. Moore exhibited Rambouillet and American Merinos at the fair. On the former he won all firsts except two seconds and all the championships and flock prizes. On the Merinos he captured all firsts except two and all seconds except two as well as four championship and flock prizes. Mr. Moore also raises Holstein, Friesian cattle and White Leghorn poultry.—Adv.

M. O. Wilson of Morley.

"A pig a month" is apparently the slogan of Mr. Wilson's herd of Improved Yorkshire hogs, for he has one now, eleven months old, which is the mother of eleven pigs. Mr. Wilson is a recognized breeder of pure bred swine and captured Senior and Grand Championships as well as first in his class as herd header for his famous Improved Yorkshire hog, which was two years old the 24th of last March. Mr. Wilson is the proprietor of the Wilson Homestead Farm near Morley and is a breeder of general purpose hogs, Jersey cattle, Oxford sheep, Yorkshire swine and Barred and Rhode Island Red poultry.—Adv.

Adams Bros. of Litchfield.

This popular pair of brothers, hailing from the southern part of the state, are breeders and shippers of improved Chester White and Tamworth Swine, Short Horned cattle and Shropshire sheep. Their Chester Whites and Tamworths have won high honors not only at Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and New York state fairs, but also at the International Live Stock exposition at Chicago. The Tamworth, an ideal bacon hog, is composed of the best blood lines that England, Canada and the United States have produced. Two firsts and four seconds were won on their Chester Whites, while on their Tamworths they secured eleven firsts, five seconds and Junior, Senior and Grand Championships on the sows and boars.—Adv.

E. S. Carr of Homer.

Registered Red Poll cattle, Oxford Down sheep and Yorkshire swine are featured by E. S. Carr of Homer, who had exhibits of his sheep and swine at the fair. Mr. Carr won two firsts and one Championship prize on his Yorkshire swine and one first on his Oxford Down sheep. Mr. Carr's exhibits were small as compared with those of some of the breeders but nevertheless his pure bred stock made a pronounced impression upon those seeking to better their stock.—Adv.

## Be Fair to Your Feet

Shoe them properly. They have a lot to do for you. Don't abuse them. Pinched, aching feet will make a grouch out of the best of men.

### Rouge Rex Shoes No. 493

are smile producers, ideal footwear for fall work. They are made of soft pliable Kangaroo Calf stock with bark tanned soles and heels. The tops are 8 inches high, and have a bellows tongue full height to keep out the dust and dirt.

Get into a pair and see how they wear.

This trade-mark on the sole guarantees the quality.

Write Dept. E for free descriptive book and dealer's name.

**HIRTH-KRAUSE COMPANY**  
Hide to Shoe Tanners and Shoe Manufacturers  
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

The disposal of one's property after death, whether by will or under the law without a will, is a subject which most mortals dislike to consider, and is often carelessly provided for or shunned altogether.

The incident is not uncommon of a competent inheritance, the fruit of a lifetime of toil, ability, and sacrifice, being swept away by ignorance in drawing a will or the selection of a dishonest or incompetent executor, or failure to safeguard the share of a spendthrift child.

Do not make this error. Avail yourself of the facilities offered by this company and have your will properly drawn and preserved.

Consultation Cordially Invited.

## GRAND RAPIDS TRUST COMPANY

123 Ottawa Avenue, N. W. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Potato Growing was the most important farm industry during the years that the early fruit raisers were waiting for their trees to come into bearing and it is still important. Each year the people of the region are from \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000 the richer because of this crop. The above is a potato marketing scene at Suttons Bay, Western Michigan. The photograph was taken Saturday, December 17, 1910. There were 51 loads in line when the artist set up his camera and 75 loads, averaging 100 bushels each, were received between 1 p. m. and night. The buyers were paying 30 cents a bushel. During the fall of 1910 two schooners took 40,000 bushels of tubers from this shipping point and the Steamship Manistee made a special trip to Chicago with better than 20,000 bushels. All of the above was in addition to the regular shipments which amounted to many thousands of bushels.



## Love Sets The Tune

"Oh, I feel thoroughly out of tune with everything!" sighed Nesta Wynne, music teacher.

It was a November day, with a yellow fog. You know them. The fog stung the Welsh girl's eyelids, got down her throat, reddened her poor little nose, and made her long, oh, so hopelessly, for her pure native mountain air.

Oh, how Nesta hated it all! And upstairs in her own sitting-room she heard someone hammering on her piano.

"Oh, Mrs. Wace! Who is making that fearful noise in my room?"

"And who should it be, Nests, but the piano tuner?" retorted her unpleasant landlady, with an unpleasant sniff. "I asked you if Monday would be all right, if you remember, miss, and you said 'Yes.' And the piano being so shockin' out of tune—"

"Oh, very well! Send me up some tea, please, I must have that, piano tuner or no piano tuner."

"D. D. D!" resounded through the room, thumped by a man's finger.

"There was a trill on the piano; a chord, then, sweet and clear, a few bars of the old Welsh song, 'Charm of Love'."

"How dare he play a Welsh tune. The tune Dick Owen used to sing long ago!" cried Nesta angrily.

She threw open the door and flung into the sitting-room.

"G. G. G!" went the piano tuner.

"Oh, do stop it!" Nesta almost shrieked. "Do leave off now!"

Quickly the piano tuner wheeled round. His eyes met the brown eyes of the young music teacher.

"Nesta!" he cried, amazed.

And she cried back, "Dick! Dick Owen!"

How they laughed and clasped hands. How glad they were to see each other again. And, although Nesta had given up being romantic, how she blushed.

"And what are you doing here?" he asked.

"Teaching music at about nothing an hour. And for—"

"Tuning pianos at five shillings."

"Good gracious!" cried Nesta. "For a living?"

She made him have tea with her. "Thanks, awfully," he replied, with a twinkle. "I couldn't have afforded tea."

"Dick! So hard up as that?"

"Soney-broke! Goodness knows what I'm going to do for new boots. If I don't make an extra five bob this week—"

"Let me lend you the five shillings," pleaded the girl. "I've got that, really. Let me lend it to you."

"Thanks, but I never borrow. It's my rule," said Dick firmly. "I've got to make that five bob."

Nesta had an idea.

"Dick, I've been offered seven-and-six for copying out a lot of manuscript music. It's hopelessly mixed up. I can hardly make it out. But do you care to take it on?"

"Rather!" agreed Dick joyfully, and when he went he was loaded with a roll of crumpled manuscript.

He brought it back in a week's time. "Half a crown for you," said Dick. "Your share."

"Thank you," said Nesta.

Then Dick bent forward, touched her little, hard working hand, and whispered:

"How about going shares for the rest of our lives? You know what that means, Nesta?"

"Poverty always, and jolly hard work, but together. Should you think it worth it?"

"Yes," whispered Nesta again. "I should."

"Brave little girl! My sweetheart!"

"And this old piano brought us together. Not that it's much of a piano. I'll buy you another to-morrow," promised Dick, "a really decent grand piano, Nesta."

She laughed at her lover's nonsense. He talked of "buying."

"Oh, of course! And a really decent grand house to put it in, I suppose?"

"Certainly," Dick answered, quite gravely, "for I shall get the money now."

"Money?"

"Yes, the money my father left me on such odd conditions. Why, I was to show that I'd earned my own living, and supported myself for two years entirely on the proceeds of my own music," laughed the young man.

"You know dad never did think much of my music. 'Pon my word, I believe he was right. I found it impossible to get engagements, except just odd jobs, at music halls. I hadn't patience to be a teacher, Nesta. I was almost on my uppers when I accepted this piano-tuning job. Thanks be it did, for it's brought me to you, darling! (Interlude.)"

"I was just able to satisfy dad's lawyers, just able to show them I hadn't begged, borrowed, or run into debt anywhere for the last two years. That seven-and-sixpence for the manuscript saved me at the last minute, I do believe. We're rich now, Nesta."

"Oh, Dick! And I never guessed!"

"Of course not. I wanted you to love me thinking I was poor and now that I'm not a pauper, you will still love me, Nesta?"

"Always," she promised again and again. "Oh, always, always!"

For the music of love's sweet song seems to end only with an "encore."

—Marie Warner.

## CROWN IN PILLOW OF A DEAD WOMAN

Feathers Were Woven Together by Supernatural Power, Says the Rev. O. Wilson.

### WOMAN A CHURCH WORKER

Family Preserves "Evidence of Divine Favor" in Glass Case and Many Persons View It After Pastor Comments On It at Funeral

Princeton, Mo.—There is great excitement among residents of this section of the State over a strange phenomenon, which, it is alleged, was discovered after the death of Mrs. Isaac T. Holmes, a devout church worker. A "crown of feathers" was discovered in the pillow on which her head rested when she died. The Rev. O. J. Wilson, pastor of the Princeton Methodist Church, was so impressed that he referred to the fact in the funeral service, and expressed the opinion that it was a sign of divine approval of Mrs. Holmes' Christian life.

There is a tradition that a crown of feathers is in the pillow of every sincere Christian at the time of his death," but the Rev. Mr. Wilson says this is the first time he has ever witnessed such a demonstration. He has since made an investigation and says he has learned of a similar case.

A few minutes after the death of Mrs. Holmes, the old tradition was recalled by a neighbor who was at the bedside, and, in the presence of a dozen persons, the pillow was ripped open and a little compact crown, about three inches in diameter and "shaped like the crown of a straw hat," was found. The Holmes family have preserved the crown in a case and hundreds have viewed it.

The Rev. Mr. Wilson, when asked to give his opinion of the case, said, "I must confess that when the incident was first told to me I entertained a feeling of doubt, the same as anyone does who has not seen this crown. I thought of the many superstitious ideas which we find in every community. I feared that, perhaps, someone had made this crown and placed it in the pillow, or that the feathers had been wrought together by the restless motion of the dying woman's head.

"The next day I called at the home, where the woman lay a corpse. I saw with my eyes, and handled with my hands, a little crown of feathers, not over three inches in diameter. The feathers all are woven in one direction, the quills pointing to the center, and no quill is exposed to sight. It was exactly alike on both sides, being about three-quarters of an inch thick.

"As I examined the cluster of feathers I became convinced that human hands could not possibly have put them together in that perfect way. I wish to state that I am of a scientific disposition. My interpretation of the Bible and of life would not be regarded by the old school of theology as orthodox. I do not mean to say that I exclude the supernatural from everything, which has been regarded as miraculous; but I do observe that many miracles have a natural explanation. I have endeavored to find a natural explanation for this, but as yet have been unable to hit upon one. However, many theories have suggested themselves to me.

"I wish to tell of one thing that will perhaps aid in verifying the things I say. Shortly after this incident I was called over the telephone and asked to come to a certain home. When I arrived there the family presented me with a crown of feathers, exactly like the one found in the pillow. The affair had aroused so much interest that many people had examined their pillows.

"I asked if there had been any deaths in the family, and they said there had been two or three, but that the feathers had been renovated since. "Gaining their consent to tear it apart, I began, and was surprised to find how firmly the feathers were put together. Much pulling was required in order to remove the feathers from their place. I was amazed at the amount of feathers that had been worked into the crown. Seemingly only a few were necessary to compose the crown, but before I had finished I found that I had a great pile on the table before me."

The Rev. Mr. Wilson declares that an accidental arrangement of the feathers into a crown was absolutely impossible. He says that the theory that when the feathers had been picked a little of the skin of the goose had stuck to them, and that the feathers had worked about that piece of skin was also impossible.

**Gravy In Her Hair, She Says**  
Tusla, Okla.—Mrs. Mead Roberts has found the last word in "extreme cruelty." In her petition for a divorce she alleges that her husband poured gravy in her hair.

**Colt's Mouth Like Parrot's**  
Heiskell, Tenn.—A colt having no eyes and a mouth like a parrot's was born on the farm of Lawrence Weaver near here. The colt's tongue was covered with hair resembling that on its body.

**Outlives Her Twelve Children**  
Rice Lake, Wis.—Mrs. Margaret Demers is dead, aged 97. She was the mother of twelve children and outlived them all.

## CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1914.

### 4-YEAR-OLD WISER THAN A MAN

Needs to See or Hear but Once to Remember—Cannot Read but Knows Most Difficult Words.

Detroit, Mich.—George Herbert Van Vleet, 4 years old, has such an active mind that he is known as "the boy with the mirror brain." His memory is remarkable. When other babies of his age were crawling and cooing and more often crying George was talking distinctly.

When he was 18 months old he astonished physicians who had been attracted by stories of his unusual ability when such simple words as spondylotherapy, polycotyledon, metapterygoid, limnanthaceae rolled off his tongue as easily as though they contained but one syllable.

There is not a word in the English language that having heard once, he cannot repeat, with astonishing clearness of enunciation.

George has never been taught to read.

All letters look alike to him when they are coupled together, yet one can take a map of the world, spread it out in front of him, arm him with a toothpick—all geniuses have their little eccentricities, and his consists of a partiality for a toothpick to be used as a pointer—and he will indicate every country on the map and name it without a second's hesitation. He knows the capitals of many of these and the chief cities as well.

When it comes to history there is scarcely a question of common knowledge that he is unable to answer. He can name all the Presidents of the United States in order.

In the Van Vleet home is a phonograph, with probably eighty disc records. Take one of these, mention the piece on the obverse side, and he will immediately tell you the title of the selection on the reverse, going through the entire list without faltering.

His familiarity with colors is no less astonishing, it being impossible to puzzle him in defining even the most delicate shades.

And he imparts this information with no airs. He never volunteers to display his powers, but upon request provides a demonstration that is astonishing.

### IN GOOD HEALTH DIES

Strength of Man of 96 Years Fails, Though He Is Sound Physically and Mentally

Boulder, Col.—Without disease of any kind and with all his organs in perfect condition, Daniel T. Clough, 96 years old, died here. The bodily functions simply ceased like the ticking of a clock that had not been wound. Doctors cannot recall a similar case. Before coming here he had lived at Fayette, Maine; Sioux City, Iowa, and Rifle, Col.

Physicians say Clough died because he "ran down." His strength failed although he was in good physical and mental condition. His appetite remained like that of a middle-aged man until the end. He had never used glasses or had a tooth pulled.

### HENS IN BEDROOM

Pennsylvania Farmer Keeps His Fowls in House—Since Flood Chickens Claim New Home

Northumberland, Pa.—Samuel Willets of this town doesn't keep his pig in the parlor, but he is housing a flock of sixty hens in his spare bedroom. Willets lives on the north branch of the Susquehanna River and when the recent floods came he brought his chickens in the house to keep them from drowning or from floating down the stream in their coop. They became accustomed to the indoor life and now claim the bedroom as their home.

### MICE MAKE NEST IN HIS PURSE

Man's Roll of \$500 Is Destroyed by Rodents.

Virginia, Minn.—When Nestor Heinonen, an aged homesteader, opened a buckskin bag in the First National Bank here to deposit his life's savings of \$500 he discovered a nest of mice in the sack. They had built their home out of his money. The fragments of his roll have been sent to Washington, where it is hoped the Government will redeem the bills.

### Uses 112-Year-Old "Specs."

Atchison, Kan.—J. B. Signor, a mail carrier, uses a pair of spectacles made 112 years ago for his grandmother. They have a square frame, of German silver and adjustable ear pieces.

### 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.

### Unjoints Shoulder Twelve Times

Philadelphia, Pa.—For the twelfth time within a year William Symonds, a teamster, has dislocated his shoulder blade. The bone seems to drop from its socket every time the driver pulls too hard on his lines.

### Prayer Cures Her

Mt. Vernon, Ohio—After being unable to walk for fifteen years, Miss Clara Kirkpatrick, 30 years old, spent a day in prayer, and was able to go to a neighbor's without assistance. Miss Kirkpatrick's mother prayed with her.

### Finds Tooth in Babe's Ear

Wilmington, D. C.—Dr. H. G. Buckmaster recently operated on a baby, but is undecided whether to render a bill for dental or surgical work. He removed a tooth from the child's ear. The baby's sister had kept a tooth, recently pulled, as a souvenir. The infant found it and pushed it into its ear.

### Canning, Preserving

Put jar covers, and rubbers in a pan of cold water and bring gradually to a boil.

Boil fifteen or twenty minutes. When fruit is ready empty jars and place upside down on a hot cloth.

Put on the sterilized rubbers. Place a knife in the jar while filling, so bubbles will break.

Fill and overflow jars. Remove knife and overflow again. Screw on sterilized top immediately.

Place jars upside down until cold. Tighten covers again. Wash off jars and put in a dry, cool place.

### Evening Head-Dresses

Quite in the style of ancient days, nearly all the evening dresses are completed by important looking head-dresses, with tall aigrettes and ornaments, and folds and twists of various thin materials, or else of velvet; some are almost like little toques or turbans; very few people have their coiffures undorned. And it also seems as if the straight fringe over the forehead were to come in again; at least to a moderate extent.

## Wilson.

Lovely autumn weather.

Miss Allie Hayner is attending high school in East Jordan this year.

Little Lila Batterbee was quite ill with pleurisy a few days last week.

Alfred Blake of East Jordan, began school in Afton last week Monday.

Mrs. Price has been very ill with heart trouble the past week or two.

Miss Florine Hudkins began school in a district near Walloon Lake, last week Monday.

Mrs. Bert Price of East Jordan, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sutton, a few days recently.

Thos. Shepard attended the Republican convention held at Charlevoix, last week Wednesday.

Geo. Jaquays and Herbert Sutton with their families made a trip to Pellston, last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Graves who came down from northern Canada, recently were callers in Wilson one day this week.

The Ladies Auxiliary of Wilson Grange will hold the next regular meeting with Miss Esther Shepard on Wednesday, Sept. 23. A full attendance is desired.

Jasper Warden has purchased a new silo filler and is proceeding to fill silos for the farmers in this vicinity.

A small attendance at Wilson Grange last Saturday evening. One candidate was obligated in last two degrees of the Order followed by the harvest feast.

### Keeps Your Liver Healthily Active.

A man in Kentucky just told a friend that Foley Cathartic Tablets were the most wonderful medicine that ever entered his system. Said he would not be without them. Neither would you if you had ever tried them. A thoroughly cleansing cathartic for chronic constipation or for an occasional purge.—Hites Drug Store.

Uncle Sam's ship of state may yet prove the Noah's ark of nations.

## Baker's Bread



that will make your mouth water by its delicious flavor before you taste its superior quality we are serving fresh every day to our patrons. Rye, gluten, graham, as well as whole wheat so we bake every day in good weight loaves and of pure and wholesome quality. We will serve you fresh every day by leaving your order.

## R. N. SPENCE

The end of a busy little bee is more or less painful. Most of a man's illusions disappear with his hair. Many a soldier's first engagement has ended in a wedding.

## Its Time To Plant a Tree

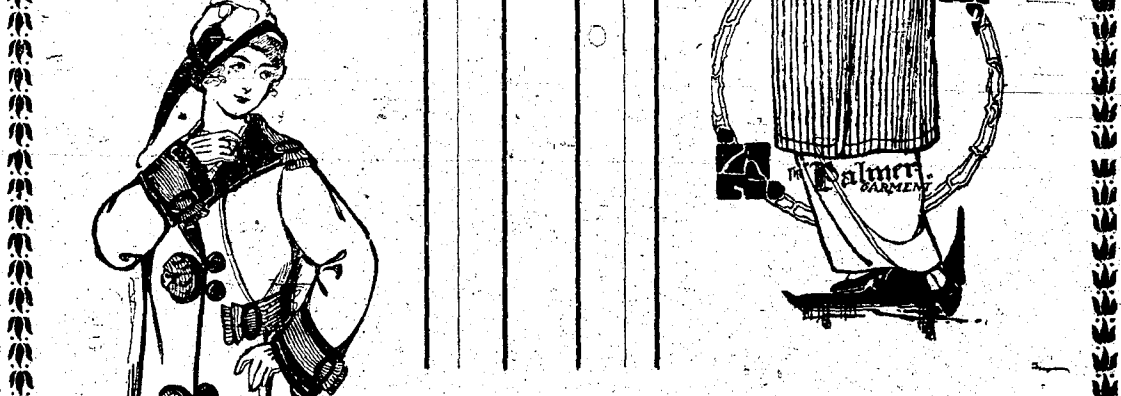
We are prepared to furnish you Shade Trees of any description. Lawns Grade and put in first class condition. Sodding a specialty.

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

## 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

Jewish New Year begins Sunday at sun down.

H. L. Dunson is moving his grocery in the Walsh building on State-st.

The Circuit Court has taken an adjournment until Sept. 23, at which time several civil cases will be tried.

The Boyne City Bee is the latest addition in the newspaper realm in Charlevoix County. It is published by Joe E. Anstett and is circulated free in above city.

The first hunting fatality occurred near Dighton Saturday, when Fred Van Sickle, aged 14 years, was accidentally shot and killed by his boy chum, Earl Hood.

Owing to the General Prosperity falling back on his stronghold the Boyne City Evening Journal has been temporarily discontinued and a semi-weekly issued in its place.

You can buy at EMPEY BROS. a nice Medicine Cabinet for bath room with Glass Shelves for \$1.50—also you can buy a nice V-shaped Glass with glass jewel rack, Nickle Holder for \$1.00.

In a runaway accident at Charlevoix last Saturday morning, August Cellaer received a broken left arm and his daughter, Miss Agnes, received a broken left leg and arm together with several bruises.

Jack Hassett of Elk Rapids, was killed instantly Monday night, by having his neck broken, Charles Clark suffered a broken rib and an injured hip, while Robert Mamagona received severe scalp wounds and an injured arm when the Ford car driven by Hassett turned completely over.

The first installment and synopsis of opening chapters of our new serial, "The Man in the Well," appear in this issue. Don't fail to read the opening chapters. The story was secured at a price larger than is usually paid and is considered a winner and we are glad to be able to give our readers this treat.

The dates for the county teachers' examinations for 1915 are April 29-May 1, and Aug. 12-15. The examination in reading for the April examination will be based on "The House of the Seven Gables" by Nathaniel Hawthorne; for August on "The American Scholar" by Ralph Waldo Emerson. The date of the eighth grade examination is May 13-14, and the reading examination will be based on Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and "The Chambered Nautilus" by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The E. B. Clark Seed Co. of this city are availing themselves of the parcels post system this week in a unique manner. They are mailing to some of their seed growers the empty bags in which the seed beans are to be shipped by freight to their warehouse here. The consignment of empty bags weigh approximately a ton and a half and are divided into about 160 shipments. Manager Cross, upon investigating, found this the cheapest route, and it also takes the bags to the doors of the consignees on the rural routes.

## Jewelry of High Degree

Rings, Necklaces and Scarf Pins, Ornaments in Silver and Gold.

"Experience be a jewel," wrote Shakespeare and he was a philosopher as well as a playwright. Your experiences in purchasing anything in our line will be jewels. Our wares are exactly what they are represented to be.

**C. C. MACK**  
JEWELER

W. C. Spring returned from Saginaw Tuesday.

Nat Burney leaves Monday for school at Ann Arbor.

Mr. McNamara returned to Detroit, first of the week.

G. G. Mast was at Charlevoix, Thursday, on business.

A. J. Davidson of Mancelona was in the city last week.

Merrill Silvestine of Boyne City, was in the city this week.

Miss Jennie Waterman returned to Alma College, Monday.

Miss Helen Meech is visiting friends at Charlevoix, this week.

Stewart Carr goes to Lansing Monday where he enters the M. A. C.

W. N. Taylor and Charles Johnson are at Honor doing mason work.

Miss Mary Hunter of Detroit, is guest of Miss Leila Clink for a short time.

Mr. Silvestine of Los Angeles, Cal., visited at J. L. Weisman's, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kenny and Mrs. Patrick drove to Petoskey, Thursday.

Silas Gagnon of Traverse City, visited his sister, Mrs. A. J. Hite, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Frost left for their home at San Diego, Cal., Thursday last.

R. Brinjal and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Shay drove to Petoskey Thursday.

Rev. Father Kroboth was at Traverse City Monday and Tuesday on business.

Rev. T. Porter Bennett is at Manistee attending the Methodist Episcopal conference.

Mrs. G. W. Crouter of Charlevoix visited her mother Mrs. Smatts on Thursday.

Empey Bros. are closing out their BABY CARRIAGES and GOCARTS at actual cost.

Mrs. F. G. Hickey of Howell, Mich., is guest Atty and Mrs. D. H. Fitch for a few weeks.

Mr. Curtis Coonen returned from Gay City Saturday after short visit with relatives there.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Love is at Detroit, being treated at the hospital there.

Mrs. Carolyn Crothers and son, Irwin, left Saturday for Belding, where they expect to reside.

B. E. Waterman returned from southern Michigan, Thursday, where he has been on business.

Mrs. Smith who visited her sister Mrs. A. Hilliard returned to her home at Grand Rapids, Saturday.

L. C. Madison left Thursday for Adrian, with a delinquent girl to place in the Industrial home there.

Rev. Cajetan Rhode pastor of the catholic church in Charlevoix visited Father Kroboth on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hippi of Detroit returned to their home Thursday after a short visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bowman have moved in the John Munroe tenant house on West Side this week.

Miss Edith and Alice Hale of Charlevoix, returned to their home Monday after a visit with relatives here.

The store of L. Weisman will be closed on Monday and Tuesday next, on account of the Jewish New Year holiday.

Mrs. Alfred Bisonett was taken seriously ill at her home on Bownens addition this week, and is still in a critical condition.

Mrs. Wrigly and Mrs. F. Warne, sisters of Mrs. H. E. Potter, returned to Chicago, Tuesday, after a visit of some weeks here.

Mrs. Harcourt, who has been guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Parks, for some weeks past, has returned to her home at Toronto, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Frazier and Mrs. E. Hapner of Charlevoix visited at the home of Atty and Mrs. D. H. Fitch on Sunday last.

Mrs. Jos. Zowlek was pleasantly surprised Wednesday evening by her neighbors spending the evening and ending with a pot-luck supper. The occasion was a birthday anniversary.

The Sand Farmer is again back on the job after a short vacation in the east and starts the department with a continued story that will be read with interest by every member of the family.

Miss Marie Jarnae of Grand Rapids, who was here on a visit last of July at the home of her aunt, Mrs. A. Hilliard, died at her home in Grand Rapids, this week. Mrs. Hilliard left here Monday to attend the burial at that place.

Miss Mae Coates went to Pontiac Friday.

Mrs. H. W. Prior is at Kalamazoo, this week.

Mrs. Ed. Bellinger was at Charlevoix Thursday.

Mrs. Seiwell of Gaylord was in the city this week.

Vern Richards went to Alma, Monday to enter college.

Mrs. Felix Green was at Kalkaska Monday on business.

Mrs. E. Burdick was at Charlevoix, Thursday on business.

Mrs. Ransom Jones Jr. returned from Detroit Tuesday.

Fred Palmiter returned from a visit at Morley, Mich., recently.

Walter Jackson of Mancelona was in the city last of the week.

C. A. Brabant and D. Goodman were at Traverse City, Monday.

Mrs. Geo. Carr was at Charlevoix this week visiting friends.

A. Danto and family will spend Sunday and Monday at Petoskey.

Harold Gay of Elk Rapids was in the city this week visiting friends.

C. Hipp is back in the store after a short absence caused by illness.

Miss Helen Washinsky of Boyne Falls is visiting her aunt Mrs. Webb.

The Electa Club had supper with Mrs. T. Porter Bennett Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Goodman were at Traverse City, Monday to visit friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Bechtold spent Sunday with their parents at Bellaire.

Peter Weishuhn is moving his family to Big Rapids where he expects to reside.

Carroll L. Hoyt returned to Ann Arbor, Friday, where he resumes studies.

Ira D. Bartlett was among those from here attended the fair at Petoskey Thursday.

Miss Myrta Ward of Traverse City, spent first of the week at home visiting her parents.

Mr. F. Swartwout who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. Hale returned to Detroit Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George McKay and Mrs. Fred Hodge of Central Lake were in the city Tuesday.

Miss Weisman and H. Rosenthal go to Traverse City, Sunday to visit friends for a few days.

Professor Musselman of the M. A. C. is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Weisman and daughter Phyllis will visit friends at Boyne City Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brabant, Mrs. Isaman and Mrs. Ida Williams attended the Petoskey fair Thursday.

Miss Leila Clink entertained her friends at her home, Monday evening in honor of Miss Hunter of Detroit.

Miss Marjorie and Josephine Crandle who have been visiting their brother here, returned to Amble, Mich., Monday.

Miss June Hoyt entertained the "Midgets" Saturday night with a six o'clock dinner at her home on corner of Esterly and Fourth-st.

Mrs. E. Gibson and little grandson, Edwin Henry went to Belmont, Friday for a short visit with her daughter and family, Mrs. E. Henry.

If you are in want of a RUG of any size you will be amply rewarded by looking over Empey Bros. stock for they are carrying a full line.

Miss Frederica Johnson entertained the teachers with a picnic supper at Loveday's Point, Wednesday evening. All report a delightful time.

The regular monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Friday Sept. 25th at 2:30 p. m. with Mrs. W. F. Empey. Every member is requested to be present; visitors welcome.

In this issue we are publishing an article by James F. Zimmer of Manistee on "Sand Vetch as a Cover Crop," with an illustration of sand vetch growing seven feet high in the orchard of Davis Burns, of Beulah, Michigan.

Clare Brown the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Brown of Jordan Township, died after an illness of some time on Sunday morning. The funeral was held Monday afternoon at the family residence conducted by Rev. T. Porter Bennett, pastor of the Methodist church.

Wm. H. Malpass, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Malpass of this city, was united in marriage Sept. 1st at Junction City Oregon, to Miss Laurie Young of that city. They are spending their honeymoon at Ocean View and will make their home at Harrisburg. The many friends here of the groom extend hearty congratulations.

Mrs. Sweet invites the ladies to call and inspect her new hats.

T. J. Wood is making some improvements on his store building on Main-st.

Mrs. Ed. Graves is here from Jacksonboro, New Ontario, for a visit with relatives.

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

Truant Officer W. F. Bashaw was in the eastern part of the county this week on an official tour.

Supt. Jos. T. Northon, who has been at Reed City the past year, is now located at Marlette, Mich.

We are the only people that are carrying a regular line of Trunks, Suitcases and Grips.—EMPEY BROS.

A beautiful assortment of WAISTS with roman stripes also with pique cuffs and collars.—M. E. Ashley Co.

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

J. M. Milford and family left Sunday by auto for their new-old home at Springvale, where Mr. Milford will have charge of the Cobbs & Mitchell general store.

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.

Anyone desiring SPIREA or HYDRANGA PLANTS at 15 cents each should leave their order at Kleinhans's Green house before October 1st. No orders taken at this price after that date.

A crazy rumor on our streets this week stated that Max Scheffles residing on the West Side, had passed away. Some of our business men investigated and found Mr. Scheffles busy cutting corn near his home.

Postmaster Potter is rearranging the interior of the postoffice this week and installing a parcels post window, which has been much needed of late. Other improvements of a substantial character are under contemplation.

Miss Eva Madkey writes The Herald a pleasant line from Los Angeles, Cal., in which she states that her sister, Mrs. Elmer Richards, who accompanied her west on account of her health, stood the trip well and feels somewhat better. Their address is 2255 W. 14th St.

The catholic ladies bazaar will take place this year on the 6th and 7th of October. Besides the big meals, there will be many useful things for sale. A large supply of durable, home-made childrens school mittens will be on hand. Be prepared to make a call at the bazaar.

Four persons lost their lives in Lake river at Elk Rapids, Sunday afternoon, when the steel motor rowboat in which they were riding was swamped. The drowned are Alec Sharp, 37, proprietor of Lake View house; his daughter, Audrey, aged seven; Mary Hickey, 26; Marie Brown, 22.

Marriage licenses issued by County Clerk Lewis since September 1st, 1914.

L. P. McManus of Detroit, age 24, and Margaret McGilivray of Boyne City, age 24; Hugh Roberts of Brooklyn, Michigan, age 23, and Vertie Dickhout of Boyne City, age 22; Paul Corrow of Cheyboygan, age 34, and Sarah Naquan of Charlevoix, age 31; Duke Sweeney of Boyne City, age 37, and Lizzie Dickerson of Boyne City, age 35; Frank B. Langley of Boyne City, age 26, and Grace Holton of Mancelona, age 21; Mike Wasylewke of Boyne Falls, age 30; and Antola Zinenweczko of Boyne Falls, age 20; Wm. H. Benjamin, age 46, and Rena V. Miller, age 21, both of Chandler township.

Attention COMPANY X.

At regular drill, next Tuesday night, Sept. 22nd, we will take up the bayonet work. Every member should be present at 8:00 p. m. sharp.

Company Clerk

All rifles belonging to Company X must be at Armory in good condition Tuesday evening, Sept. 22. By order

Q. M. Sergeant,  
W. H. FULLER.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. A. D. Grigsby, Pastor.

You are cordially invited to worship in this church next Sunday morning and evening, 10:30 and 7:30.

In the morning the pastor will supplement last Sunday's subject on "The Influences of Surroundings" by adding to and exemplifying it.

Sunday School at 11:45 directly at close of the morning worship. You the readers of this will be heartily welcomed.

Praise service of the Young Peoples Society at 6:45. Miss Maddaugh will lead the meeting.

Cold cash often melts marble hearts. Many are called, but more are bluffed.

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# The Man In The Well

By Pierre Sales

Interesting From Start to Finish. "The Story Now Being Played In America."

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## Synopsis Of Opening Chapters

### First Installment Of A Great Story

#### CHAPTER I

##### A Gruesome Discovery.

Day was breaking, and the workmen and country folks were ready to begin their labor. The silence of the night was at last disturbed by the heavy rumbling of carts. The morning mists rose slowly from the ground, the grayish vapor creeping up from the earth until it reached the highest branches of the trees, lingering there for a moment, and then fading away into the rising sun which touched the hilltops with red-dish tints.

Inside the fortifications Paris still slept. Employees at the excise office went about their duties with half-closed eyes, searching but carelessly in the carts which entered the city gates. The workmen's train rolled round Paris, throwing out a cloud of smoke.

Father Teroigne and his son were returning from the hailes with their cart full of fresh vegetables and luscious fruit. The guard at the excise office nodded to him as he pulled up his horse at the city gates.

"Fine day, eh, Father Teroigne?" he remarked.

"Fine! If you're going off duty now, M. Millette, I'll give you a lift to your place."

"Good, I'll be through in a few minutes."

The carts passed—some going into the city, some coming out. There was a continual cry from the officials:

"Anything to declare? Anything to declare?"

"No; nothing," came the response. The excise employee poked into the baskets and cases and rummaged through the straw.

"Nothing; pass on." It was time for Millette to go off duty. He jumped up beside Father Teroigne and they drove off.

"Many orders today?" asked the excise employee.

"Two large baskets of the choicest fruits and vegetables for the Farades. I'm going there now. We'll turn to the right."

The cart stopped at the entrance of an avenue which led to the Farades garden. The three men got down. Millette held the horse's head.

"Son, you take that one for M. Louis, and I'll take this for M. Arthur," said Father Teroigne.

The two men with their fruits and vegetables went into the separate gardens, the grounds of which were divided by a low hedge.

"No need to wake up the servants. Let's leave them on the stoop," said the son. They deposited their baskets on the steps and walked back down the garden-path. Inquisitive Millette stood at the gate peeping in.

He had left the horse to look after itself. Father and son had reached an old well which stood between the two gardens.

"Let's take a drink. The water is always cold and fresh here," said the younger Teroigne.

"You draw your own drink and I'll draw mine and M. Millette's," said the father; "there is no better water anywhere than in this old well—it's worth any wine you can buy."

Above the well were two pulleys so that each household has its own buckets and ropes. The two men pulled on the ropes—old Teroigne drew up his bucket. He looked into the clear water and then uttered a cry of surprise.

"God bless me," he exclaimed, "if Mademoiselle Valentine didn't drop her diamond ring down there!"

He picked up the bucket of water and a thick gold ring set with a magnificent diamond.

"Confound it," cried young Teroigne on the other side of the hedge, "my bucket won't come up—something's caught on it down below!"

The three men tried to pull up the bucket, but their efforts were futile. They leaned over the brink and peered down into the well. When they raised their heads their faces were pale, for in the depths of the old well they had seen a dark form.

Instinctively they turned their eyes toward the two handsome houses, the gardens of which overlooked the Avenue du Parc des Princes. The three men continued to stare at the shuttered windows. Millette was the first to speak.

"Has something happened up there?" he asked in a whisper.

"There never were two families more united than those two," vowed Father Teroigne. "Those two brothers used to be the best of friends, but lately they have not been hardly on speaking terms. What's happened? What's the ring doing in this bucket, and what's that black thing down there?"

"Perhaps it's an old dress that got chucked in 'y mistake," hazarded the son.

Finally he decided to knock at the kitchen door. Monsieur Arthur's man servant and Monsieur Louis's cook appeared. Both were grumbling at being disturbed at that early

hour. "Well, what's the matter, Father Teroigne?" cried the cook. "Can't you leave your things on the porch and be off?"

Without speaking, the vegetable man made a sign for the two servants to come down and follow him to the well. In a few minutes the cook and the butler had followed them down to the bottom of the garden. Millette, with usual importance of an excise officer, felt that it was his duty to open the conversation.

"See here, my girl," he said to the cook, "are you sure that Monsieur Louis is asleep up-stairs? And you, young man"—to the butler—"can you swear that Monsieur Arthur is still in his room?"

The servants seemed surprised at this question.

"Why, how should we know?" they exclaimed together. "They know that their masters had returned from Paris at the usual hour the evening before, and that each had spent the evening in his own house. They had been a little anxious, for each gentleman had been expecting someone who had not arrived."

"Look down in the well," said Millette in a mysterious whisper.

They looked and then shrank back, for in there also it seemed that the dark mass resembled a body.

"Now," said the excise man, "just go up and see if your two masters are both in their rooms."

"I bet we'll find out what it is first," said Father Teroigne. "Will you go down the well, son?"

Young Teroigne, on the other side of the hedge, hesitated a moment. Then his curiosity overcame his fear.

"Sure! I'd like to go down," he replied.

He joined his father on the other side of the hedge. They made certain that the ropes were strong enough to bear his weight. Then, with a swagger, he got into the bucket.

"Go on, let me down," he cried, sinking into a crouching position and clutching the ropes with both hands.

The bucket, held by all hands, made the descent slowly. Very gradually it began to mingle with the dark shadows of the pit. Soon they heard the splash as it touched the water.

"Stop! I'm there," called out young Teroigne. There was a moment of suppressed excitement.

Without looking round him, the youth below remained motionless. His eyes slowly became accustomed to the obscurity. Then, taking his courage in both hands, he turned, leaned down, and touched the dark mass that had puzzled them. Those above waited breathless. He tried to move the mass. Then he let out a startled cry as the purple, distorted face of a drowned man gazed up at him.

"Hi! Pull me up! Quick—pull me up!" he yelled.

They hastened to draw up the bucket, and the youth, livid with terror, scrambled out and fell in a heap on the ground.

"Say! What it is? What did you see?"

"Oh, Sikes. I ain't afraid to see a drowned man in the Seine, but here in this old well. Oh, Lord!"

"A drowned man?"

"A big, strong man, and his body's leaning up against the other bucket, that's why we couldn't pull it up."

"Drowned, you say? Are you sure he's drowned?"

"Don't I know a drowned face when I see it. He drowned down there."

"Did you recognize him?" inquired Millette.

"No, I didn't. You go down and see if you'd recognize him."

But Millette decided that it would be better to notify the police at once.

"And our masters; we'll go and tell them," said the two servants in awestruck tones.

"As you seem so sure they're both asleep, let 'em be," said Millette. "You, young man"—turning to the butler—"you go as fast as your legs can carry you and fetch the commissaire at Auteuil; and you, young Teroigne, stop looking so scared, and go and inform the police at Boulogne."

His opinion now was that one of the brothers had killed the other, so he was anxious to bring up the body before the alarm was given to the murderer.

The cook, Millette, and Father Teroigne waited behind a tree while the other two fetched the police. They did not want to be seen by any one from the house. In due time the commissaire arrived, followed by his men, carrying ropes. They reached the well.

"Now, young Teroigne, will you go down again?" asked the commissaire. "Sure! I don't mind; but I won't go down alone," replied the youth.

"You're a lightweight and you can go down in the bucket like you did before. We'll drop one of you fellows down by the belt."

A policeman stepped forward and a stout cord was firmly attached to his belt. Young Teroigne got into the bucket and the two pulleys were put in motion. At this moment they heard a voice calling from the distance:

"Hi! What are you doing here, gentlemen?"

It was Arthur Farades. He was standing at his window only partly dressed. The commissaire called out: "There's a corpse down here in your well and we're hauling it up."

"A corpse in my well?"

"In less than a minute Arthur Farades had joined the group of men."

"How did they discover it?" That was his first question.

"You'll know that presently," replied the commissaire. A voice came from the depth of the well.

"It's a big man, chief. Throw down the ropes."

The policeman and young Teroigne raised the body with difficulty, and then tied the cords under the arms. While they were at their gruesome task, a man appeared on the other side of the hedge and asked what the commotion was about. It was M. Louis Farades.

"We are here in the name of the law," replied the commissaire gravely. "A crime has been committed in your gardens and I must ask you two gentlemen not to leave the premises without my permission."

The brothers looked from one to the other, but neither of them spoke. Then every man gave a hand to help haul up the heavy burden. Young Teroigne and the officer held the body to prevent it knocking against the sides of the well. M. Louis, who appeared perfectly calm, had sent his servant to fetch a mattress upon which to lay the body.

"Stand back!" cried the commissaire as the men began to crowd round. He whispered to an officer to keep a sharp eye on the two brothers and then they proceeded to the difficult task of lifting out the body. In a few minutes it was laid on the mattress and the police were able to examine it.

The victim was a tall, stout man of rather odd appearance. He wore a red waistcoat, a tan suit, and his hair was parted down the middle.

The brothers tried to push forward to see the victim, but the commissaire pushed them back.

"Not yet, gentlemen," he said. There were no wounds in the body, and yet the men found it strange that a man of his build could have been thrown into the well without a struggle.

"He must have been dead when he was thrown in," said the commissaire after a careful examination of the corpse.

"Are you or are you not going to let me see what has happened on my premises?" cried Arthur Farades angrily. Unlike his brother Louis, who was very calm, Arthur was of an excitable nature, and easily lost control of himself, but even Louis now raised his voice in protest.

The police by this time had raised the body, and had propped it up against the curb of the well and had opened the eyes. Then quite suddenly the commissaire gave the order for his men to stand back—and the two brothers stood face to face with the man who had been found dead on their premises.

Both men gave a startled cry and instinctively recoiled. They seemed to forget the presence of the police and the neighbors who now filled the garden. They looked with horrified accusing eyes at one another and almost the same words fell from their lips:

"Wretch!"

"Scoundrel!"

The commissaire was eying them narrowly.

"What was that you said, gentlemen?" he inquired.

"Nothing! Nothing!" they answered, pale and trembling.

At this moment Arthur Farades's daughter, and the wife and daughter, Jeanne, of Louis Farades came hurrying down the garden path.

"What does it all mean?" they cried with frightened faces.

Neither of the men addressed answered a word. Then the girls saw the body propped up against the wall and Jeanne tried to prevent her mother from seeing the dreadful sight.

"I think you ladies had better retire," said the commissaire; "I wish to question these gentlemen."

"No, I wish to stay with my husband," said Madame Louis faintly.

"Very well. Now M. Farades," continued the commissaire, "you both live in these two houses?"

"Yes; the one on the right is mine; the one on the left is my brother's," replied Arthur Farades.

"Is there any communication, between the two houses?"

"None whatever. But, as you see, our gardens are separated by this hedge and this well, which we share in common."

"You admit that the well belongs to you both? Then in that case you are both held to be responsible for the crime."

"You suspect us!" they both cried indignantly.

"Gentlemen, you have always held an honorable position and have been highly respected in the community.

But the body has been found on your premises, and—"

"But it is easy for any one to get into the back garden!" cried Arthur. "And if a crime has been committed, the murderers could have carried the body of their victim here and thrown it into the well."

The commissaire shrugged his shoulders. It was easy to see that he had formed his opinion. He had seen them shrink back in terror after they had viewed the body, and had heard what they said to each other.

"You may as well tell me frankly," he said, "you recognize the victim, do you not?"

Louis stepped up to the commissaire.

"As you are beginning an inquiry, monsieur," he said, "I think it would be better if you were to proceed in a more regular manner. If I have any information to give to the police, I shall give it to the investigating judge, and in private. I am not going to reply to your questions before this crowd of people whom you have permitted to enter my grounds."

The country commissaire recognized the justice of these words. He cleared the garden of the neighbors and sent for the judge.

"Until the investigating judge arrives," said the commissaire, "you must consider yourselves under arrest. An officer will accompany you to your respective rooms."

"I shouldn't like to change places with those two," remarked Father Teroigne to Millette, as the brothers walked back to their home accompanied by two policemen.

"I know something," said the excise man, drawing himself up with importance, "but I won't tell it to anybody but the judge."

For twenty years Louis and Arthur Farades had lived side by side. Arthur Farades held an important position on the Bourse, and the younger brother was a partner in a large cloth manufactory.

Before their father had died he had often spoken to them of his younger brother, Jean Farades, who had run away from home when he was twenty years old. He had always spoken of this brother with great affection and he had searched in vain for him. When he died he had made his two sons promise that if Jean should return, the half of the estate should be given to him, for that was his share. Arthur and Louis after their father's death, began another search, but it proved futile and they had come to the conclusion that this long lost uncle must be dead.

The two sons became successful business men; both married, but Arthur Farades's wife died and his little girl was brought up by Madame Louis, the aunt.

Some months before the discovery of the crime the two families were spending the evening in Arthur Farades's house when the postman delivered a letter which bore a foreign postmark. It was addressed to both the brothers.

"My dear nephews," it read, "when your father was alive he may have spoken to you of your uncle, who was a young rascal and who ran away from home. Well, I am your uncle Jean. I am no longer the silly fool that I was, but I cannot tell you in this letter all that has happened since I left France. One thing you may know; I have made a good round fortune, and this fortune is for you. I am coming home to give it to you. I have had some little trouble in finding out where you live. Now drop me a line and tell me if you have a little affection for your dear father's rascal of a brother. As soon as I have settled my affairs in Calcutta I shall start for Paris. Your old Uncle Jean."

It was Arthur Farades who had read the letter aloud. When he had finished there was a moment's silence. Then he said:

"I shall write to him tomorrow, the dear old chap."

"You mean we shall write to him," corrected Louis. For the first time in their lives the brothers were cold and distant to each other. The rest of the evening passed in silence. Jeanne and Valentine tried in vain to shake off the constraint.

The rich uncle announced the day of his return. Preparations were made in both houses to receive him. The brothers started for Paris in the morning at their usual hour and returned on the train that they were accustomed to take. That was the day when old Jean Farades was to arrive in Paris.

Each brother was confident that as soon as the investigating judge began his inquiry he could clear himself. M. Beaulieu, the investigating judge whom the prosecutor sent down, arrived in due time. The commissaire who had gone to meet him had quickly given him his opinion on the mysterious murder. From the beginning he had been suspicious of the two brothers.

"I am sure that the victim was known to them both, and they know something about the crime," he said.

After M. Beaulieu had examined the corpse he declared that the man must have been dead before he was thrown into the well. Then he began the inquiry. First he questioned Arthur Farades, who told him frankly that he knew the victim. It was an uncle who the day before had returned from Calcutta.

"Then he was murdered on the very day he arrived in Paris?" asked M. Beaulieu.

"Yes."

"And you saw him yesterday?"

"I spent a part of the day with him."

M. Beaulieu was surprised. If Arthur Farades was guilty he was committing himself.

"Tell me what you know," said the judge briefly; he wanted to get a statement from each man to see if they coincided. Arthur Farades told him that his uncle had been away for thirty years, but that now he had decided to return to France and live with them.

"Was he rich?"

"Very, I believe."

"I hear that for some weeks, you and your brother have been on unfriendly terms. What was the cause of this quarrel?"

"Nothing particular. Simply that our characters are different and we did not agree upon certain subjects. In spite of this dissension between my brother and myself we both went yes-

terday to the railway station to meet our uncle, and he was very much pleased to see us."

"Was he traveling alone?"

"No. A young Southerner was with him, a M. Jacques Velizay. He introduced him to us as his best friend, and said that he had done a great deal of business with him in India."

"In what line was your uncle?"

"He never mentioned his business, but I believe that he was an exporter of Indian shawls and rugs. My brother and I did not let uncle know that there was any coolness between us."

"At whose house did he stop?" M. Beaulieu put this question carelessly as though it were a matter of little importance.

"He did not stay at my house, I know that," said Louis decisively.

"Then he stayed with your brother?"

"I don't know. We had each furnished a suite of rooms for him so that he could be independent if he wished."

"And you don't know if he stayed with your brother?"

"No. All I know is that when he had got his baggage together he said: 'Well, boys, business is business, and I shall be forced to leave you for a few hours to arrange some matters.' As he did not know the city, we both offered to accompany him, but he refused our offer. We told him the best way to get to Boulogne and how he could find our houses, and he left us, saying that he would arrive in time for dinner."

"Did he go off alone?"

"No. This Jacques Velizay, his traveling companion, accompanied him. I had arranged with my brother that, as he was the elder, our uncle should go to his house first, and come to mine after."

"And—"

"He never came into my house."

"He had been thrown into the well from your side of the garden. Can you offer any explanation of that?"

"I cannot. But I swear that since yesterday I have expected my uncle. I naturally thought that he had slept in my brother's house."

M. Beaulieu then put the same questions to Louis Farades. His replies were given concisely and clearly. It was evident that if the younger brother were guilty of the crime, nothing could shake his system of defense. The investigating judge decided that the two brothers should be held.

He went down into the garden again to examine the corpse. A crowd was standing round. There were even a few men on horseback who had left the riding path in the Bois de Boulogne and had turned into the Avenue du Parc des Princes to learn the cause of the excitement. One handsome distinguished-looking man seemed impatient for his friend to rejoin him.

"Pecheret, you imbecile," he called out, "what do you bring me down here for? I am not going to wait any longer."

He was in a hurry to be off; his mettlesome steed was pawing the ground.

"I want to see what is the matter," called back the man addressed as Pecheret.

"Nothing of importance, you rubber-neck."

"My dear Calesse, you are only half a Parisian if you are not curious. I am a Parisian to my finger-tips, consequently I am curiosity personified."

"Hi! What's the matter, my good fellow?" he asked of the crowd.

"A man has been murdered," replied a stumpy, red-faced butcher.

Pecheret rode his horse up to the very garden gate. It was at this moment that M. Beaulieu gave orders to disperse the crowd. The Parisian turned and rode back grumbling.

"Oh, fute," he said; "I'd have given something to have seen that corpse."

The judge returned to Arthur Farades's house and questioned his daughter, Valentine. She confirmed in every detail the story her father had told. And on their side, Madame Louis and Jeanne declared that all the evening they had been expecting this uncle.

Neither brother had openly accused the other, but each seemed to give the impression that the victim had spent the evening in the other one's house.

"I believe that this Jacques Velizay is simply a person of their imagination," said the commissaire to M. Beaulieu.

"That is what I think. And I also think that no matter what they quarreled about before, they are now uniting their efforts to thwart the police. What puzzles me is that no one seems to have seen the victim last night. The servants of both the houses declare that he did not enter into the house in which they are employed."

The servants stated that they had sat up late in the hope that the visitor would arrive. Father Teroigne and his son were then questioned, but they could throw no light upon the mystery. There remained Millette, who seemed to have something to tell.

"And you, Millette?" asked the judge.

Millette gave an important wag to his head.

"Sure, monsieur, I know something, and although both the MM. Farades always seemed to me to be honorable gentlemen, I'm going to say what I know."

"Why didn't you say it before?" asked Father Teroigne.

"Because—"

"Silence!" ordered the judge. "Now, my man, what do you know?"

"I saw that corpse all yesterday. That dead man was walking along when I saw him, and he had on that same red waistcoat."

Millette looked around to see what effect his words had produced.

"You are sure of what you are saying?" asked the judge.

"In our profession we have to be wide awake, sir. We have an eye on everybody who passes the gates."

"And you saw him pass the excise office?"

"It was as close to him as I am to you now. It was seven o'clock, and a lot of men were coming from the Auteuil station to Boulogne, when I saw him come along with his red waistcoat."

"Was any one with him?"

The excise employee thought for a moment.

"I think he was with some one, but I couldn't swear to it, I guess he came in on the train, for it had just arrived."

"Try and remember what train it was!"

Millette frowned and appeared to think deeply for a few moments; then said:

"It was the six twenty-two train, or the six thirty. I'm not sure which. But it was one of the two."

"You ought to know if the victim was with either of the MM. Farades."

"I can't say that, but I am sure that the two brothers came in on one of the trains."

"By the same train as the victim?"

"I didn't say that. I only say that they both came together."

"You must think of the gravity of your statement. Your testimony is very damaging for the two brothers."

"I swear that the victim passed by the Boulogne gates at six twenty-two or six thirty," said Millette, rolling his eyes solemnly.

Louis and Arthur Farades were again questioned.

"You still persist in saying that you left your uncle in Paris in the afternoon and that you did not see him alive again?"

"Yes."

"And yet he arrived in Boulogne yesterday on the same train that you did. The excise officer swears to that."

"Pardon, monsieur le juge, I said about the same hour," interposed Millette.

"Silence!" The two brothers had turned deathly pale.

"You accuse us of the crime!" they both cried.

"I arrest you both for the murder of M. Jean Farades," replied the investigating judge solemnly.

(Continued next week.)

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# Talks to Mothers

Mrs. Mary Wicks, Editor

## How One Girl Managed

In all the years I have been manager of my home and the employer of maids I have found but one servant who followed the plan I would myself have pursued in washing the dishes from a meal. Oddly enough, she was what some one of my friends called "a wild Irish girl," a feather-brained little thing, who was an excellent worker and most industrious, but lacked balance and judgment in many ways.

Yet the fashion in which she managed her dishwashing might have served as an example to older and more practical workers. She started her dinner in good time and washed her utensils as she finished with them. While we ate the soup she had served she took up the rest of the dinner, brought it in to us, did the necessary passing and waiting, and as soon as she returned to the kitchen attacked the soup plates. By the time we had concluded the meat course she was ready for our salad or dessert she had only clean dishes in the kitchen, and she washed the plates while we ate the final items of our dinner.

Before our coffee was done, if we lingered over it, she had eaten her own meal in a tidy kitchen and washed the dessert plates. Her dishwashing was all out of the way almost as soon as the dinner was at an end.

I am not sure if she could have managed so well if we had a larger family. There were only three or four of us, as a regular thing—but I

am inclined to think that even then she would not have left a great pile of dishes to wash during the evening. Often I have tried to induce other maids to follow the same plan, but they have their own ways, which they like better, and as no principle of great importance is involved I am willing to let them do their work as they like best.

If you do your own housework you cannot adopt the practice of my "wild Irish girl," and yet you could learn a lesson even from her—a lesson to apply to other branches of home making. Why is it necessary to leave work of cleaning or of putting to rights to accumulate until there is a big task to accomplish, instead of doing it as it comes? Why not keep clean instead of getting clean?

Consider such a simple matter as the state in which you leave your room in the morning. I take it for granted that you have hung your skirt and waist to air when you removed them the night before, and that you have left your shoes out of the shoe bag for the same purpose.

Do you put them away, all of them, when you take from the closet the garments you are going to wear in the morning? Do you lay your comb and brush back on the tray and your nail file in its place? Do you hang your towels where they belong, or do you let them lie where you have thrown them down, with the idea that when you come to make the bed, or when your chambermaid comes to do it, everything can be gathered up and put where it belongs.

# 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

Well, Dearies, I am going to tell you this time where Finette found Arty; and I am sure that when you read it you will think Finette a very smart dog indeed.

Finette kept her nose close to the sidewalk and didn't seem to mind the rain and dark at all. Pit-a-pat, Pit-a-pat, Pit-a-pat went her eager feet on the sidewalk—first this way and then that way, for a long, long time and a long, long way; at least, it seemed that way to Papa Bell who was hurrying after her as fast as ever he could with his lighted lantern.

Sometimes Finette would dash around a corner so suddenly that Papa Bell would have to run in order to catch up with her.

Pretty soon Finette began to whine and bark and Papa Bell guessed that she must be getting quite near to where Arty was, and he began to hurry faster, too, because he wanted to find Arty as soon as Finette did, for fear Arty was in trouble.

Finally they came to a closed gate and Finette stopped and put her paws upon the gate just as she had done when they started out to find Arty. Papa Bell opened the gate, which was rather old and broken and creaked a great deal when it moved, and they found themselves in a little square yard with a brick walk leading up to a little house with a dim light shining in one window.

Papa Bell and Finette hurried up to the door and Papa Bell knocked while Finette barked as loud as she could.

At first there was no answer and Papa Bell knocked again. Then they heard someone moving about in the house and presently a voice asked: "Who is there?"

"My name is Bell, and I am hunting for my little son," answered Papa Bell.

A man opened the door a little ways then, and looked out. As he did so Finette tried to get past him into the house, but the man kicked at Finette and said crossly: "Keep your dog out of my house, Sir!"

"Come here, Finette," commanded Papa Bell quietly. Finette growled but came and stood by Papa Bell as he had told her to. "I am searching for my little boy," continued Papa Bell, "my little son, Arty. Have you seen anything of him?"

"No, Sir, I know nothing of your son," replied the man, but just as he said it a shrill voice somewhere back in the house cried: "Papa! Papa!" It was Arty's voice.

Then the man tried to shut the door but Finette sprang at him with a terrible growl and the man stepped back. Then Papa Bell pushed the door open and walked in right past the man, and there in one corner of the room, cowering and shivering and crying, was Arty!

Finette saw him first and bounded to his side with the wildest delight and began licking his hands. Arty flung his arms about Finette's neck with a cry of joy; and then he held out his arms to Papa Bell. "Take me home, Papa, please take me home," he begged.

"Of course, I'll take you home," said Papa Bell lifting Arty in his arms and hugging him tight. "But how did you come here, Son?"

"I started to Benson's store after chocolates," explained Arty hanging his head a little bit. "And I—lost my way. It was so dark and I got so tired and cold and wet, and when I stopped here to inquire the way home, a woman came to the door and pulled me in the house, and that man said he would call the police if I tried to get away. And I was so scared—they said I was a burglar. I thought you would never come, Papa."

"I don't believe I could have found you tonight, Arty, if it hadn't been for Finette," said Papa Bell very gravely. "You must never run away again, Son. Just think of how much worry you are causing Mama and little sister. We must hurry home and tell them that you are safe."

"Oh—lets go at once!" cried Arty. "And I'll never, never run away again."

Papa Bell turned to the man who was standing near the door. "I ought to call the police and have you put in jail," he said sternly. "But since there has been no real harm done I will let you go this time, but remember—" Papa Bell raised his hand warningly. "Don't do anything like it again."

The man frowned but did not answer. Probably he was glad to get off so easily, and probably he was too much frightened. People who do bad deeds like this are generally cowards.

Then Papa Bell with Arty in his arms and Finette trotting along beside them, went back home.

And, Oh My! how glad Mama Bell and Dorine were to see them all. They hugged and kissed Arty. They hugged and kissed Papa Bell, and after Arty and Papa Bell had changed clothes and both were nice and warm and dry, they had supper, and how they did laugh and talk and enjoy themselves!

Of course, they gave Finette a nice supper, too, and made so much of her that Finette nearly wagged her tail off.

Now, this is the end of "The Story of Finette" Dearies. Don't you think she was a smart dog, and wouldn't you love to have a dog like her?

Next week we will have some stories by our little club members. Watch for them, and be sure to send some yourself.

a brine for 24 hours, then drain and cook in clear water until tender. Pour over when drained from clear water paste made as follows: Twelve tablespoons mustard, one cup brown sugar, one cup flour, two quarts vinegar. Put into jars hot.

### Grapefruit Sherbert

Six grapefruit, three cupsful of sugar, two cupsful of water, two tablespoonsful of powdered gelatin and the whites of two eggs. Put the gelatin into a saucepan, add the water and the strained juice of the grapefruit and bring to boiling point. When cool freeze partially, add the whites of the eggs beaten up and finish freezing.

### Apple Fluff

Two cupsful of grated sour apples, five tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg and three whites of eggs. Add the sugar to the apples while grating them, then add the nutmeg and the whites, stiffly beaten. Beat thoroughly for ten minutes. Serve in dainty glasses.

### Spiced Peaches

Four pounds of peaches, one cupful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of cloves, three pounds of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of red pepper. Boil the sugar and the vinegar. Scald the peaches, remove the skins and cook in the syrup. The spices in a bag and cook with the peaches. When the peaches are tender pour into stone jars, reheat the syrup every day for a week, pouring when boiling over the peaches. All kinds of small fruits may be spiced in this manner.

### Huckleberry Pie

Clean, pick and wash one pint of huckleberries; then drain them. Beat the yolks of two eggs and four heaping tablespoonsful of sugar until light, add one tablespoonful of milk, then the drained berries. Line one pie plate with rich pastry, pour on it the berry mixture, put in the oven and bake a light brown; remove from the oven, spread with a meringue made of the whites of two eggs beaten stiff and four tablespoonsful of sugar added. Brown nicely. The whites can be beaten with the yolks and sugar if preferred.

## 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.

## Love

By Omar W. Russel, Casnovia.

Of love, to thee we give a toast;  
You are our most welcome host;  
To thee our thoughts go the most.

To love, we give both our hands;  
To welcome thee to our lands;  
We bid thee to us, as we roam;  
To our lives, and to our homes.

Love is the great power that engulfs men into fraternal friendship. It binds human hearts, so that there is a solace in the thoughts of a contact with humanity.

It is a power that is transcended upon us as a supreme gift. It enlarges the scope of our living and makes our lives the greater upon the scroll of life's history.

Happy is the man that realizes the actual possession of this great gift.

Many is the man that misunderstands the great laws of life and yearns each day for the love of his fellowmen, but the great flaw is in not receiving the call of love and sending it back to the brothers in life.

The great call of love is echoing far and wide, throughout the universe and one must list and listen and receive and scatter.

I hear the call of love,  
My heart beats fast;  
I watch and gaze above,  
For fear it will not last.

I wait and do not know,  
The hearts fast beating;  
Love is with me now,  
Safe in my keeping.

I smile and ne'er forget,  
As time wanes day by day,  
That joy is the great key,  
That binds love away.

I wish to keep love ever,  
Lashed to life's mast;  
To give joy to my fellowmen,  
Until this life is past.

As love is transcended to us, overarching the universe giving to every human heart their due share of its glories, we must honor the little chainlets of love, that unites two human hearts; giving them the greatest blessing of true love.

True love never dies,  
As all true lovers say;  
It is so with you and I,  
Our love increases day by day.

Some lovers say to me,  
That their love fades away;  
But I say it cannot be,  
For true love blooms always.

Yes, true love grows and grows,  
As years and years go by;  
It blooms, but unlike the rose,  
True love never dies.

## Our Fashion Department

Address all Pattern Orders to this Paper



A Splendid Style for Early Fall.

Practical popular coat styles such as are easily and readily developed,

and form a serviceable adjunct to the new gown. The model here shown has its fronts lengthened by shaped extensions. The sleeve is cut in one with the coat body, and is finished

with a flare cuff. The deep neck opening is finished with a rolled shawl collar. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/4 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.

1029

### A Pleasing Style for Lingerie.

White nainsook embroidered and lace trimmed is here shown. The style is new and comfortable. The drawers are joined to the camisole at raised waistline, but may be finished separately at normal waistline. This style is also good for batiste, lawn, dimity, cross-bar-muslin, crepe or silk. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 3 3/4 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.

1041

### Ladies' Three-piece Skirt With or Without Tunic, and with Raised or Normal Waistline.

Serge, broadcloth, velvet, velveteen, moire, taffeta, charmeuse, voile and crepe are all suitable for this model. The tunic of checked or plaid woolen, with skirt of cloth would make a serviceable garment for business or street wear. In velvet and silk or a cloth and velvet combination, it would be nice for more dressy occasions. As a separate skirt or for a gown the model is equally adaptable. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 5 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size, to make skirt with tunic; without tunic, it will require three yards. The skirt measures 1 1/2 yards at the lower edge, in a medium size.

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

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

1050

### Girls' Dress, With Separate Blouse and With Long or Short Sleeve.

Checked gingham suiting in brown and blue is here shown, with facings of white on cuff, collar and belt. The dress is made with a yoke that combines the sleeve. The long blouse is finished with a belt, and is adjusted over an underbody, to which the skirt is joined. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a ten-year size.

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

9722

### Girls' Dress in Balkan Style, With Long or Shorter Sleeve, and With Two Styles of Collar.

Blue and green Scotch plaid suiting, with facings of blue, was used for this model. The blouse waist has deep box plaits in front and back. The sleeve may be long and finished with a hand cuff, or in shorter length gathered in "puff" style, or finished with a deep cuff. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

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

1042-1034

### A Stylish Dinner or Calling Gown

Composed of ladies' waist pattern 1042, and ladies skirt pattern 1034. The waist is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It may be finished with a chemise, and the revers and collar may be omitted. The raglan sleeve is a good style feature, either in wrist or short length. The skirt has plaited fulness at the sides, and is slightly gathered at the belt, over the hips. For velvet serge, corduroy, taffeta, foulard, crepe, cloth, charmeuse or voile, these models are very suitable. As here shown, gray broad cloth with trimming of novelty silk in green tones, was employed. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for the entire gown for a medium size. The skirt measures 2 1/4 yards at the lower edge, with plaits drawn out. Skirt pattern 1034 cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

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.

9695

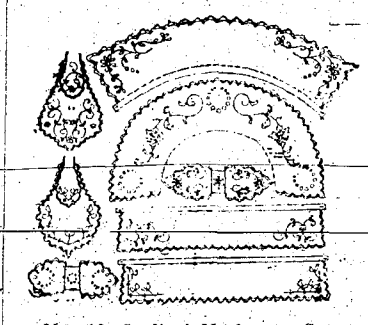
### Ladies' Dress With Tunic Skirt.

Blue voile with a trimming of blue and white striped satin is here shown. The design is equally suitable for serge, prunella, silk, wash fabrics, cloth or velvet. A deep collar trims the front. The long shoulder forms part of the dart fitted sleeve. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 3/4 yards of 36-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.

## Late Embroidery Designs

Prepared Especially for Our Paper



Centerpiece No. 11193.

This design makes a handsome centerpiece. The design itself which is to be done in solid embroidery is thrown into relief by the background which is executed entirely in punch work.

Stamped on pure imported white linen, 18-inch size, 35 cents; 22-inch size, 50 cents; 27-inch size, 65 cents; 36-inch size, 80 cents.

Stamped on pure imported oyster white or ecru linen, 18-inch size, 35 cents; 22-inch size, 45 cents; 27-inch size, 60 cents; 36-inch size, 75 cents.

Perforated pattern, including necessary stamping materials: 17-inch size, 15 cents; 21-inch size, 25 cents; 26-inch size, 40 cents; 35-inch size, 50 cents.

Punch work needle, 5 cents.



No. 1792, Napkin Holders.

Set of three; size 9x12 inches, stamped on pure linen; price, 40 cents per set. Perforated pattern, including necessary stamping materials; price, 25 cents.

### More or Less Personal.

Said the July-mad mosquito,  
As he hummed the way along:  
"I wonder why the mockingbirds  
Don't imitate my song?  
I sing all night, and so do they,  
An' I can beat 'em, night or day!"

"But the man there, 'neath the coverlet,  
My music understands;  
He's giving me an encore—  
'Just hear him clap his hands!  
It's music I was born to teach!  
But—keep me from my pupils' reach!"  
—Atlanta Constitution.

### JAPAN AND AMERICA.

The Pacific Ocean is not an American gulf. We do not own it. We cannot hope to exercise supreme control over it. We cannot dictate to the nations that already own footholds within it. Unless the United States is to duplicate all that wretched system of balances of power, maintained by intrigue and ultimately by war, that has made Europe an armed camp for a generation and a battlefield today, we cannot limit the rights of other nations to occupy islands of the Pacific. Our own series of Pacific island bases goes back less than 20 years, and Japan made no protest when we established them. If the net result of the present war, so far as the east is concerned, is to strengthen Japan in the Pacific—and we strongly suspect that it will be—there is nothing for us to do about it. It is not a

casus belli. It is not even a ground for protest.

So also as to the neutrality of China. It must be assumed to be a part of American policy to guarantee that neutrality by force of arms.

A state of almost universal war exists. Balances of power are bound to be shifted very greatly as its result. In that shifting, whatever it may be, we are bound to acquiesce. Our neutrality and our careful aloofness from this war must be maintained in spite of possibilities as to changes in ownership of Pacific islands, or even of portions of Asiatic territory. It is very desirable that we should not place ourselves in a position that we could not maintain by seeming to insist upon a maintenance of a status quo in the Pacific that will almost certainly not be maintained. This is not weakness; it is statesmanship.

There will be plenty of intrigue to commit this country to an anti-Japanese policy for the sake of forcing us into war as an ally of Germany, who, undoubtedly would leave no stone unturned to secure that result. But Americans have no desire to pull German chestnuts out of the fire, themselves falling into the flames.

Let us be sane. If Japan forces Germany out of her Pacific islands it is none of our business.—The Living Church.

The New York state forest nurseries have a capacity of 28 million young trees a year.

## True and Tried Recipes

Fancy Work and Cooking for the Season

### Mustard Pickle

Mustard Pickle—One quart small onions, one quart small green toma-

atoes cut open, one quart string beans, one large cauliflower, six green peppers quartered. Put all together in



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**If You Had to Live Over Again**

"In my scheme of things all men were in business, and all wives were properly housed, and dressed, and given allowances, therefore, as a matter of course, I should be. So I blithely plighted my troth to John, and we started to housekeeping in a bird's nest apartment, where I was as happy as the day is long.

"Before six months rolled around, however, John came home one day and announced that he could no longer endure the grinding tyranny of the man he worked for, and that he had thrown up his job. I was horrified, but he took the matter most casually, and seemed actually relieved. Furthermore, inasmuch as he wasn't at work, he took occasion to go off on a hunting expedition, which he enjoyed to the fullest, notwithstanding that our supply of money was running low.

"When he came home, goaded to it by my being so frantic at his being out of work, he made a few tentative efforts to get a situation. He didn't succeed, of course, because in these days of strenuous competition a man has to go after a job as if his life depended on it, not seek it in a lachrymose amateurish way, as if he was afraid that he would get it.

"After one of these aimless rambles seeking a situation, John would come home by noon, eat whatever lunch I had been able to scrape together, and placidly spend the rest of the day playing solitaire and reading the paper.

"At length, in desperation, I went out and got him a place myself, but he only kept it a little while. This was the beginning of many such experiences. No job was attractive enough to hold him for long. He would start off with great enthusiasm, but in a little while his energy would wear itself out, and then it would be the old story. Some night he would come home with the announcement that he had given up his place because he was persecuted in the office, or the superintendent was unjust to him, or the work was uncongenial—any old excuse except that it was his own fault, and that he lacked the grit to stick to a task after the novelty had worn out and to keep on working after it got to be work, and not play.

"It takes a lot to kill a woman's faith in the man she loves, and although my heart was growing sick with fear, I shut my eyes and refused to face the fact that I had married a man—who was too weak and self-indulgent to do a thing that was hard, and who had a bad case of just plain, old-fashioned, genuine, bred-in-the-bone laziness and no-accountness.

"In the meantime we had, of course, been getting poorer and poorer. I had sold my best rug and my pet set of furniture that had been bridal presents to me, to buy John clothes so that he might present a decent appearance when he went on his fruitless quests for work. I, myself, had no clothes except the old gowns and hats given me by my more fortunate relatives, and I writhed under their gifts, under the humiliation of the situation, for John was big and strong and healthy and intelligent, and there seemed no possible excuse for his sinking into the class of ne'er-do-wells.

"At last the crowning humiliation of a woman's life was mine. I had to go back to my people, to be taken care of by them, to be a burden on them, to be pitied and spoken of as "poor Emma," whose husband couldn't support her. Worse still, John went with me. He had to be supported, too, because he couldn't make a living.

"I stood this hideous nightmare of dependence for two years, waiting, hoping, praying for my husband to get out and do something, and show that he was a man. I tried to encourage him to work, to jolly him into it, to hold him in a job when he got one, but it was no use. He would always give it up and come back, sure that somebody would give him three square meals a day.

"I had always had a talent for sewing, a turn for making dresses, and so finally, because I felt that I would rather die than be dependent any longer, I took my courage in both hands and started out to make a living for myself.

"I went to a distant city, and John went with me. I literally worked day and night, and eventually I built up a big business that has made me rich. I have ceased to be a dressmaker and am now an artist, and people pay for my touch on a gown and point to me as an example of what a woman can achieve.

"And in all these years I have supported John, who is just man enough to be humiliated at the position in which he is situated, but who was not man enough to bring about a different situation. Therefore, he takes out his hurt pride in hating me, while he eats the cakes and ale that I provide.

"I don't know that I blame him for his attitude toward me, because my weakness was, in a way, necessary before the crime of his utter failure in life.

"If I had to go back and live my married life over again, on the day when I realized that he was lazy I should turn him out of the house and say to him as the Spartan women of old did to their sons, 'Come back with your shield, or on it.'

"I should say: 'If you were sick or afflicted, I would work my fingers to the bones to take care of you, and thank God for the privilege of doing it, but you are well and strong, and I should not love you, I should have a contempt for you, if you sat down and let a woman support you.'

"Go, the world is wide, it is full of opportunities for any strong man who is willing to work. Drive a garbage cart, break rock on the street, dig ditches, if that is the best that you can do, and I shall honor and respect you, but as long as you sit here dressed in clothes that somebody else pays for, eating the bread another works for, I despise you as a loafer, a quitter, a thing that shames the shape of a man.

"Go, and never come back to me until you have made good, and can

come back a man, capable of standing on your own feet and providing by your own head and hands for your own family.

"If I had said that to my husband and forced him out into the world to depend on himself I should have given him at least, his chance of manhood, and things would have been better for us both."

"You're right," said one of the men, "the man who is a clinging vine is not only an unlovely object, He is a poisonous parasite."

**GOOD FORMS OF CUSTOM**

THE LOVE OF country life is growing among Americans—and of all delightful ways of showing hospitality, none is so charming as the garden party. This may be a simple affair or an elaborate one.

A garden party is, as a rule, nothing more or less than an afternoon tea, conducted in the charming and picturesque environment of blossoming flower beds, smooth shaven lawns, and full leafed trees, with an orchestra which plays at intervals during the afternoon.

However, a hostess may make a musical of it, or a lawn fete, where tennis and croquet are played, and during the evening dancing is indulged in by the young people.

Ordinarily a garden party begins at 3 o'clock and concludes at 7. If the entertainment is given between these hours, three or four maids in dark dresses, with white caps and aprons, may either serve the refreshments at little tables, or pass them around as at a buffet supper. If the party is held when fruits are in season, an abundance of strawberries or raspberries, and cherries, gooseberries, currants, peaches, or plums should be served with ices, cakes, cold and hot tea, sandwiches, salad, claret cup, and iced lemonade.

The possibility of rain must be planned for and in such an event the servants must be instructed to serve everything in the dining room.

For a formal garden party the invitations should be engraved on large white cards, or engraved cards of invitations, where the name, form of entertainment, hours, and date are written on, may be used.

The following forms are correct for those which must be engraved.

Mrs. Wallace Rutherford requests the pleasure of your company on Tuesday afternoon July twenty-third from four until seven o'clock Garden Party, The Oaks, Greenwood Park.

Or Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Rutherford, At Home Tuesday afternoon, the twenty-third of July, from 4 until 7 o'clock, Garden Party, The Oaks, Greenwood Park.

If this is to be an evening affair the invitation may be worded in the same way, simply changing the hours and adding "Dancing in the lower left hand corner of the carriage under the words 'Garden Party.'" If the garden party is to be informal the hostess may write in ink below her name on her own visiting card, "Garden Party, July the sixteenth from 4 until 7." This form is the most used.

Cards of invitation to a garden party do not generally bear the request for an answer, yet on receiving one, unless one is sure that it is to be merely a tea out of doors, it is best to respond immediately with either a regret or an acceptance.

If one has a well kept lawn, no matter how small, though a large one is better—a charming garden party may be given.

Whether the scene of the party is a bungalow garden or the extensive grounds of a beautiful estate, the preparations required of a hostess are practically the same. Crisply mowed lawns, freshly rolled gravel, and flower beds from which all dead leaves and faded flowers have been picked, are necessary to give a pretty setting to the entertainment. The lower floor of the house should be set in order and decorated with flowers; the doors and windows are left hospitably open, and chairs set forth on the porches.

Rugs should be laid here and there on the grass and comfortable chairs and small tables placed where the guests may sit and chat. Each table should have its centerpiece of flowers and attractive dainties. An orchestra of mandolines, banjos, and guitars can be stationed on a porch or secreted among the shrubs.

It is not necessary to provide special entertainment for the guests at a garden party. But if the grounds include a good croquet lawn or a tennis court this should be put in order, with the wickets in place and balls, rackets, and mallets laid forth conspicuously, for the use of those guests who enjoy a game.

At the earliest hour at which the guests may be expected the music should begin, and the hostess, dressed in a dainty and cool afternoon frock, should take her place on the lawn or on the porch at one side of the house and be in readiness to greet each new arrival.

To each arriving guest a word of greeting, and unless others claim her attention immediately she can make introductions and enjoy a short chat with every friend as he or she appears.

A hostess may receive with her husband, a son, a daughter, a friend, or she may receive alone.

At a formal garden party the guests, as a rule, leave their cards on entering, or departing from the house.

Women always dress for a garden party in afternoon gowns of silk, linen, or chiffon, with hats and gloves. Men wear either the cutaway coat or sack coat suits and straw hats. At an informal affair, or when sports of any kind are indulged in, men may wear white flannels.

**Warned in Time**

"The trouble with you is that you don't know the value of money," said the rich relative. "You don't know what work is and think plums are going to drop into your mouth every time you open it."

"That's the way you've got it put up, is it?" said the irreverent youth. "Well, you're just about two miles and a half in the opposite direction. I'm a hog for work and I figure that \$1 is worth just 100 cents, no more, no less."

"Did you ever do a hand's turn in your life?" asked the rich relative. "I haven't heard of your doing anything except going through college and being on the football team. Who paid your bills?"

"I thought you knew I sawed wood for fifty cents a cord to pay my board and tuition," said the irreverent youth. "Didn't father tell you about that—and my sending the balance of my earnings home to help him raise the mortgage on the automobile?"

"I suppose you think that's funny," said the rich relative, sourly. "I don't."

"It's always a melancholy thing to fall down on a joke, but I guess I'll have to stand it," said the irreverent youth. "Of course, I didn't know how it would strike you, but it certainly seemed to me a humorous idea my getting cricks in my back over a saw-buck when there was a fond father doing the needful with a reasonable amount of cheerfulness."

"The funny thing is that dad's pretty well satisfied. He's got a foolish fancy that I must have worked to get through."

He doesn't know you can open your mouth any old time and have a degree fall into it. He came up to see the game in the fall and I managed to give him the impression that I had done quite a little grind on the grid. I gave him a great imitation of a husky lad at work that day believe me."

"I don't say you are a loafer," said the rich relative. "What I mean is that you haven't ever got down and grubbed for your dollar until your finger nails were worn to the quick the way I've done and the way your father has had to do. When you do that you'll be able to talk."

"I notice most of the ex-grubbers are," said the irreverent youth. "Still father doesn't have much to say about his grubby days. I don't think mother would let him to tell the truth. It wouldn't go well with the social game. Cheer up, though! I've got a job now, and it's going to bring me in some of those same dollars."

"You'll never hang to them if they do come in," predicted the rich relative.

"I don't intend to rosin my hands to prevent my clutch slipping," said the irreverent youth. "You won't have to peg me up on a clothes line by the heels and belt me with a carpet-beater to jar a nickel loose. But watch me when I get out on the track in the race for commercial supremacy and place a small bet on me. I tell you, I'm in elegant form. I'm trained to a hair."

"I don't say you won't make money," said the rich relative, "but it will be easy come and easy go. I know how that is myself."

"I should be sorry to think you were stringing me," said the irreverent youth.

"When I started out in life I was earning \$2.50 a week and my beard," said the rich relative. "I worked hard for it and I worked long for it, and you can be sure I didn't waste any of it. The one day a man came along and offered me just double the money I was getting and I went to work for him."

"What was the result? At the end of the first week, when I got that \$5 bill, I thought to myself, 'Here's \$2.50 just as good as found.' Then I went out and spent a dollar of it for things I had no more need of than a cat has for two tails. The next week that man broke up in business, and I had four days' wages coming to me that I've never got to this day. That was a warning to me."

"I should think it would have been," said the irreverent youth. "I notice my own feet are getting cold just hearing you tell it. I'll let it be a warning to me."

Time for the National Anthem. The organist was not lacking in patriotism, says the New York Sun, yet he rebelled when requested to play "The Star Spangled Banner" at a wedding.

"It is not appropriate," he said. "Ain't it," said the bride's father. "For this wedding it is the most appropriate thing you can play. Cut all the rest of the program if you like, but stick to that. I had the hardest kind of a fight to keep Belle's mother from marrying her off to a foreigner. Between Belle and me we won out for an American, and if this isn't the time for 'The Star Spangled Banner,' I'd like to know what is."

It is thought that the tusks of mammoths found buried in Siberia will keep the world in ivory for many years to come.

An artesian well in South Dakota furnishes 3,292 gallons a minute and runs a flour mill by day and electric lighting plant at night.

**EGGS SOLD BY PARCEL POST**

Teaches Boys and Girls How to House and Feed Chickens, to Market Produce and Figure Profits

Evergreen Park, Ill.—This little town, only a few miles from Chicago, has a poultry club with a membership of fifty-nine boys and girls who are learning more from it, according to their parents, than from all their studies in school. Prof. E. C. Hansen, who has charge of the school, and George E. Farrell, country life leader of Division No. 1, Cook County, organized the club, which is run in connection with the school work.

No member of the club may have more than twenty-five nor less than five hens. Each is supposed to bring the eggs laid by his hens to the schoolhouse the following morning. Then they are sent to Chicago by parcel post and are marketed by Edward J. Tobin, county superintendent of schools, who procures the full retail price. At the end of each week the profits are divided among the pupils, the amounts depending on the number of eggs each has contributed. Naturally this causes a spirit of competition and makes the pupils pay attention to the lessons in poultry raising and instructions in feeding and housing.

Each club member has a number and is compelled to put this number on the egg together with the date it was laid. This enables the purchaser to trace the egg in case it is not fresh—something that has not happened so far.

The arithmetic and bookkeeping necessary to maintain a correct account of the business of the club is another feature of practical value to the children. There are fifty-nine individual accounts to be made every day. Once each week the profits per individual must be figured also, both the gross and the net.

The club members also learn the secrets of marketing. They are able to fill orders of any reasonable size, where an individual producer might be unable at times to meet the demands of his customers.

The parents of the children are delighted and the boys and girls themselves are enthusiastic. So far the eggs have been taken as fast as they are ready for sale because of the guarantee of freshness. It costs 5 cents per dozen to send the eggs by parcel post to Chicago, but in large quantities this cost may be reduced to 3 cents.

**U. S. CRY SWAT THE ROOSTER**  
For Sake of Eggs They Should be Dead Between May and December

Washington, D. C.—Alas! the poor rooster! This is the plot that the Department of Agriculture announces against him:

"In the interest of egg conservation, the poultry specialists of the department have started a campaign for the elimination of the rooster among poultry flocks during the season between May 1 and December 1. In this connection, Saturday, May 16, has been set aside as roosters' day in Kentucky and Tennessee, when every poultry dealer in these States has agreed to pay the same prices for roosters as he does for hens and pullets."

The department estimates that one-third of the tremendous annual loss of eggs is due to the rooster. The department expects other States will follow the Kentucky-Tennessee lead and "rooster" days will be pretty generally established.

Poultry raisers are advised that on May 1 all roosters be either "killed, sold or confined until December 1."

**OTHER FACTORS BESIDES LOVE IN HAPPY MARRIAGES**

I ALWAYS FEEL when I am attending the wedding of a young couple who are going before the altar of God to swear love and devotion to each other that, as they stand there, looking so radiantly happy, they little realize the great battle of life that lies before them in the future, how important it is that they should understand those holy vows which they are taking, and which call upon them to bear mutually that cross which comes to all people in this life.

I think that one of the great dangers with young people starting out in married life is that one sometimes pushes the cross to much upon the other, instead of mutually bearing a weight of it.

I should say, after living all these long years in the active world, that the happiest marriages are those that are based upon the foundation of mutual respect, one for the other, and of friendship, founded upon the rock of justice, one toward the other. An alliance thus formed will stand the stress of time. After having fought together for many years the strenuous battle of life, even though the romantic side of love may to some extent have vanished, the strength of their union remains based upon those foundations of mutual respect and friendship, and thus they are enabled to avoid those rocks which bring disaster, misery and woe to so many married couples in this world.

I hope that some of these young people who are starting out in life will read what I have written and will remember that these words are the result of years experience, during which I have seen many homes wrecked because the marriage contract was entered into without realizing that future happiness depended upon those foundations of mutual respect and friendship.

Would that it were possible for me to ensure the happiness of all couples entering into the holy state of matrimony, and that in reading these lines of soliloquy they could grasp them as containing truths which experience has taught me affords the solution of the problem of happiness in married life.

I will sum up this soliloquy by the following reflections: Realize that the obligations of the marriage contract are mutual. The burdens must not be one-sided. Toleration is the mother of happiness in married existence.

One of the greatest dangers in marriage to be safeguarded against is contained in the precept that "familiarity breeds contempt." When age has supplanted the beauty and fire of youth and dulled romance, the couple can still avoid the rocks of matrimony and hold on to their happiness by cultivating mutual respect, friendship, sympathy for each other's failings and appreciation of each other's good points. These are what make for a happy married life.

There is an old fable which affords the best example of what I mean: "The unyielding oak is shattered by the storm. The tender reeds, by yielding to the force of the elements, escape." So with marriage, a policy of give and take must be followed.

This thought should also be remembered, that while marriages may be made in heaven, they have to be lived out on earth.

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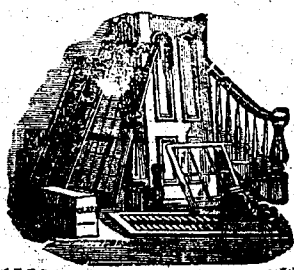
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