

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 19

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915.

No. 38

Gleaner Rally At Boyne City

Will Be Held Next Wednesday, Afternoon and Evening.

The Gleaners of this region will hold a big rally in the skating rink at Boyne City next Wednesday, Sept. 22nd. Grand Elcom of Detroit will be the principal speaker. Below is the program arranged:

10:00 a. m.—Federation business session.
12:00 Noon—Basket dinner picnic.

AFTERNOON

One O'clock—Public Session.

Song, "Gleaners' Onward Cry,"
By All

Address of Welcome, F. B. McLean,
Boyne City

Response, Bert Jones, North Bay Arbor

Song, "Breaking the Combine,"
By All

Recitation, Lizzie-Bardwell, Walloon
Arbor

Music, Hallock Arbor

Recitation, Mrs. Margaret Storey,
Springvale Arbor

Solo, Walter Black, Quality Arbor

Recital, Lucia Bellamy, Ionia

Song, "Our Mighty Band,"
By All

Address, G. H. Slocum, Detroit

Recitation, Lillian Gennett, Charlevoix

Music, Boyne Valley Arbor

Fancy Drill, 17 gentlemen of North Bay
Arbor

Song, "The Mortgage Solved," Ashley
Arbor

Fancy Drill, 17 ladies of Bay View
Arbor

Song, "Tipperary,"
By All

EVENING

Eight O'clock—Closed Session

7:30 Sharp Taking Up Passwords

The Semi-Annual Pass will be taken
up. Members present not having the
pass must get the Chief Gleaner or
Secretary-Treasurer to vouch for them.

Song, "The Gleaners' Flag,"
By All

Recitation, Carl Luebke, Petoskey

Solo, Lulu Parker, Ashley Arbor

Recitation, Clarence Meggison, Quality
Arbor

Violin Solo, Gus Olund, Maple Forest
Arbor

Recitation, Lucia Bellamy, Ionia

Opening Arbor, "Introduction and
Obligation," Ellsworth Arbor

Recitation, Mrs. Mary Webb, Ironton
Arbor

Conferring Ruth Degree, Maple Hill
Arbor

Recitation, Mrs. Clara Bechtolt, Ells-
worth Arbor

Conferring Ruth Degree, Ashley Arbor

Recitation, Anna Rice, Quality Arbor

Conferring Dramatic Degree, Maple
Hill Arbor

Piano Solo, Lulu Parker, Ashley Arbor

Conferring Dramatic Degree, Ashley
Arbor

Five Minutes with G. H. Slocum

The Closing Song, "Till We Meet
Again,"
By All

THE WEEK IN HISTORY.

Monday, 13.—Battle of Chalchultepic,
1847. Death of General Wolfe at
Quebec, 1759.

Tuesday, 14.—Earthquake at Constan-
tinople, 1509. City of Mexico taken
by United States, 1847.

Wednesday, 15.—Ex-President Taft
born, 1857.

Thursday, 16.—Samuel Adams born,
1722.

Friday, 17.—New constitution adopted
by United States, 1787. Battle of
Antietam, 1862.

Saturday, 18.—Cornerstone of Capitol
at Washington laid, 1793.

Sunday, 19.—Washington's farewell ad-
dress, 1796.

A neglected grave furnishes as much
talk for the neighbors as a dirty
kitchen.

Some men are so reckless with their
words that they even use it for paying
debts.

Keep an eye on the man who says
money will do anything. The chances
are that he will do anything for money.

When a cheap man drops a penny in
the contribution plate he figures on
getting a thru ticket to glory in ex-
change.

When a man has to invent an excuse
for going downtown every night, it
is doughnuts to fudge that he is wedded
to the wrong woman.

M. E. PASTORS ARE ASSIGNED

Several Changes Made in Grand Traverse District.

The Michigan Conference of the Methodist Episcopal closed its annual session at Hastings, Monday, with the assignments of pastors. Below are the appointments for the Grand Traverse District:

W. F. Kendricks, superintendent; Alanson, to be appointed; Alba, E. F. Vane; Alden, S. O. C. Parmeter; Arcadia, S. A. F. Jenner; Bear Lake, A. J. Preston; Bellaire, C. W. Plews; Bendon, S. Blank; Boyne City, M. W. Duffy; Boyne Falls and Hortons Bay, William Shepard; Central Lake, S. J. W. Bond; Charlevoix, Quinton Walker; Clarion, S. Elich Shepard; Copemish, C. E. Thies; EAST JORDAN, W. C. Cravner; East Jordan circuit, S. William Haskins; Elk Rapids, E. E. Sprague; Empire, S. E. M. Oviatt; Fife Lake and Boardman, S. A. P. Reakes; Frankfort, W. A. Ely; Free- soil, S. W. E. Smith; Grawn, S. G. L. Thompson; Harbor Springs, H. E. Walker; Harbor Springs circuit, S. G. H. Gerry; Irons, to be supplied; Jean- ing, C. N. Babcock; Kalkaska, J. H. Rayle; Kewadin, S. Thomas Young; Lake City, M. A. Hoyt; Levering, C. S. Jenkins; Mancelona, W. W. Lam- port; Manistee, A. T. Cartland; Man- ton, H. E. Wyle; Mesick, C. S. Burch- field; Mesick circuit, S. W. E. Smith; Northport, J. W. Standon; Norwood, D. A. Rood; Old Mission, S. J. W. Shumaker; Pellston, W. P. Mosher; Petoskey, L. H. Manning; Stittsville, S. H. E. Hoffman; Thompsonville, E. M. Koons; Traverse City, A. A. Steph- enson; Traverse City, Central, W. W. McKee; Traverse City, Fourteenth Street, to be supplied; Wexford, Samuel Brooks; Williamsburg, B. C. Parks; Charlevoix, Indian Mission; Kewadin, Indian Mission; Northport, Indian Mission; Freesoil, Indian Mis- sion; Honor, Indian Mission.

Rev. T. Porter Bennett, who has been pastor of the local church for five years, is transferred to Hartford, Mich.

AMERICA'S WONDERFUL PROGRESS.

Lord Avebury upon a recent visit to America was reported by a New York newspaper as saying: "I am not yet eighty and yet I am older than any railroad or steamboat company, any electric light, telegraph, or telephone company; older than many states of the American Union." The honored gentleman might easily have been more specific for he was older than the power printing-press, the electric incandescent lamp, the electric furnace, the electric welding machine; older than wireless telegraphy, the Atlantic cable, the gasoline engine; older than the reaper and the gang-plow, the automobile, the dynamo and the airship; older than the type-setter, the oil-refiner, the cash register, the adding machine, and the airplane. Yes, indeed, he was older than the electric railway and the skyscraper, the phonograph, the steam turbine, the torpedo boat and the moving-picture apparatus; older than the automatic cow-milker, the centrifugal cream separator, and a thousand and one other discoveries and developments in every branch of science, industry, invention and re- search.

Much of the marvelous transforma- tion that has characterized the world's progress has taken place within the lives of men still with us. In his lecture on "Washington, the City Beautiful," to be given at the Presbyterian Church next Wednesday evening, Sept. 22nd, Henry M. Rose will vividly and impres- sively depict something of this wonder- ful progress in the United States dur- ing the little more than a century of the Nation's history. It is an instructive educational and highly interesting por- trayal.

Cleaning Jewelry.

All jewelry that is constantly worn should be washed every month or six weeks. It is not a difficult matter, either. All you have to do is to make a soapy lather and add a few drops of ammonia. Take an old tooth brush and brush all the dirt out of the crevices. When quite clean, take the jewelry out of the water and rub perfectly dry with a chamois leather or ordinary tissue paper.

When cleaning any article that is set with stones, such as a ring, be more gentle with the tooth brush.

If you are the lucky possessor of any pearls, remember they must never be put into soapy water, though sea water is good for them.

Review the Year's Work

County Y. M. C. A. Has En- joyed a Healthy Growth.

About a year ago now the County Committee of the Charlevoix County Young Men's Christian Associations met and after a lengthy consideration of matters pertaining to the work came to the conclusion that it would be necessary for them to discontinue the active work which they had been conducting during the previous two years. A short time elapsed following this when another meeting was called and the members decided as they were only acting for the men and women of the country who had been contributing to the maintenance of the work it would be well to present the matter to them for their consideration, and if they advised it then the work which had ac- complished such satisfactory results up to that time would be continued.

The answer which the committee re- ceived was very encouraging for the people who were interviewed not only expressed a real interest in the work which the Association was doing amongst the boys in the towns and in the country but also made their pledges to assist the Committee in financing the work. Four hundred and twenty three individuals contributed three thousand and thirty dollars making the average gift about seven dollars. Having practically completed the years work for which these gifts were made the committee is desirous of reporting its accomplishments to all friends of the work throughout the county. It is not a record of successive victories nor is it an account of continuous defeat. It is the record of a steady normal growth that the Committee has desired.

Following the work of securing the necessary financial support for the work of the Committee which lasted well into October the matter of Group Organizations was taken up for this is considered, though there is nothing spectacular about it, the fundamental work of the Rural Y. M. C. A. How- ever, before groups of boys can be organized the necessary leadership must be secured and this furnishes the largest problem for a county secretary. No community in any county boasts an over abundance of older boys and men who are both willing and qualified to assume responsibilities of this sort. During the fall eleven groups were organized with a membership of two hundred and eight. During the year three hundred meetings were held with a total attendance of four thousand and two hundred and an average attendance of one hundred and fifty-four. The programs for these meetings were prepared by the county secretary in conference with the group leaders and provided for Bible study, educational talks, non-equipment games and social activities. All leaders made it a practice to begin and close meetings promptly in an effort to educate the members away from the common American practice of going late to a meeting and thus making it necessary to continue the meeting beyond the hour set for closing.

Very few, if any, of the delegates at- tending the annual Older Boy's Con- ference at Ann Arbor during the Thanksgiving recess had to travel as far as those coming from Charlevoix county. Considering the expense in- volved, though it was nothing when compared with the good derived, eighteen delegates was more than a satisfactory number to attend from this county. This was the largest confer- ence of its kind ever held in North America and was conducted by the State Y. M. C. A. Committee to fur- ther interest Michigan boys in all phases of constructive living. Acting on resolu- tions made during this gathering several of the Charlevoix county dele- gation joined the church upon their re- turn home. This year the conference will be held at Kalamazoo.

In February, as a result of previous arrangements made by the county committee, Charles M. Carson, Factory Manager for the Cadillac Motor Car Co. came to the county to tell in his straight forward, business like way what the business world thinks about the use of cigarettes. Mr. Carson spoke before the boys and girls of all the high gram- mar schools of the county. At the time of this campaign every high school fellow was presented with a copy of Henry Ford's booklet, "The Case Against the Little White Slaver."

No one event touching the boy life of the county has been of any greater im- portance than the second annual Coun- ty Boy's Conference. Thirteen differ-

ent communities of the county were represented by ninety four delegates who were splendidly entertained in East Jordan homes during the confer- ence. One hundred and sixty men and boys attended the conference banquet where Gerrit Masselink, of Big Rapids, delivered as helpful and inspiring an address as was ever listened to by a Charlevoix county gathering. During the different sessions papers were read by delegates touching on topics of in- terest to live fellows and each paper was followed by a spirited discussion. At the closing session of the conference twenty delegates signified their desire to lead a Christian life. The County Committee considers this feature of the work of sufficient importance to make it an annual Y. M. C. A. event.

This is the fourth year that the high schools of the county have been represented at the State High School Conference held at the close of each school year at the State Camp on Torch Lake. This season Leo Butler of Char- levoix was awarded one of the trophy cups given to the winners of the con- ference tennis match in doubles.

During the current year ten Associa- tion fellows have united with the vari- ous churches of the county. One pas- tor has told the secretary that they make as satisfactory "working mem- bers" as he has in his church.

Last year very little was contributed by the schools to assist in carrying on the Township Play Festivals. This year they were practically self support- ing. These events continue to meet with the approval of the parents and school officers of the rural schools and provide the children with what they crave—organized play properly super- vised. One grammar school Play Festival was conducted during the spring making it possible for the chil- dren below the high school to enjoy organized fun. As yet the desire to win looms up so large that it blinds the vision of those who should be most deeply interested in the physical well- fare of high school fellows. Regardless of how it effects the winning or losing of the schools a plan which brings into active competition 75 to 80 per cent of the high school boys of the county should commend itself over any plan which simply caters to the interests of a few accomplished athletes. Believing that if athletics were worth any- thing they were worth something to every high school boy who was physi- cally fit the County Committee has made an effort to establish the Weight Basis system of competition for track athletics in the county. Considering that the plan is new and little un- derstood it is not surprising that those who have become accustomed to the old method of competition cry out against it. The "meet" this year was held at Boyne City.

Above have been mentioned some few features of the work which the County Y. M. C. A. Committee is for- warding in this county. An attempt has not been made to mention every detail of the work and it is probable that some important and interesting things have been omitted for the em- ployed officer who serves as the com- mittee's representative has abundant opportunity to touch in a vital way the lives of the young men of the county. This report will not be of interest to those who are looking for the specta- cular. Such things are seldom permanent so first things have been put first. During Christ's early ministry he was troubled by those who wanted him to do something out of the ordinary. Everyone took note of the miracles but only a few appreciated the natural growth of the Kingdom. Today many people in the county judge the Rural Y. M. C. A. on a basis of the specta- cular. Only a few appreciate the value of an organization whose growth is sure and steady. Often the Master had to hurry away from the miracle hunt- ing crowd Today the Rural Y. M. C. A. is handicapped by the crowd that con- tinually cries out for the spectacular.

For whatever of success has attended the Rural Y. M. C. A. movement dur- ing the past year the County Committee realizes that it is indebted to a large circle of friends. To all such the Com- mittee, in behalf of the boys of the county, wish to express their thanks.

Old Pomes ReWrit.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"I know I am feeble and blind and old
And toothless, too, and my blood is cold.
I know my dome is devoid of fuzz,
But I'm just as good as I ever was."

A pessimist is a person who is sea- sick during the entire voyage of life.
True charity consists of opening the purse and keeping the face closed.

"WITHIN THE LAW" A VIVID MELODRAMA

An Injured Shop Girl's Fight for Justice Told Excitingly.

All the hints that Gaboriau, Anne Katherine Green and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, not to mention the author of "Arsene Lupin" and "Raffles," have given to aspiring young crooks, may be considered hereafter as abridged information in face of Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law." How he dared have the play performed during the present demoralized condition of the police force is a matter he must settle with his own conscience.

The worst of it is that everybody in the country will go to see the play, and it must not surprise any high school girl's parent to have his daughter carry- ing out some perfectly heinous scheme with the excuse that it is "Within the Law."

This preface may only be considered to faintly suggest the fact that Mr. Veiller, whose name as a playwright has hitherto been rather obscure, has written a play which not only is sure of being extremely successful, but one which is novel as well as stirring melo- drama with one unexpected situation piled on top of another, and the last act continuing at the same high pitch in which the first begins. It may be recommended to stir the most jaded nerves.

It will be seen at the Temple Theatre on Monday, Sept. 20th.

THE FABLE OF THE VILLAGE "NON."

Once upon a time, in a town about the size of this town, there lived a man who was a "non," or an "anti" on every question that came up. In a "dry" town he was "wet" and in a "wet" town he was "dry." If the local ball team played on Sunday he said it was a wicked thing to do. If it played on any other day he complained that Sunday was the only time he had to see a ball game. The summer always was too hot, the autumn too dry, the spring too wet, and the winter too cold.

Time was when the good people of the town listened to him with patience, but they finally tired of his "I'm not in favor of" and eventually they passed him up altogether. He had never had a real friend, and the only acquaintances who bore with him at the last were a few old men almost as adept at knocking as he.

And one day the man died. They buried him right away and the oldest inhabitants said it was the small- est funeral ever held in the town. The preacher talked but five minutes. The choir sang "Gone But Not Forgotten," and the sexton at the cemetery prepared for him the deepest grave ever made there.

MORAL—The quarrelsome bumble bee makes enemies, while the busy honey bee makes honey.

County Finances

As reported by County Treasurer George W. Weaver, for the month of August.

RECEIPTS.	
Cash on hand August 1, 1915,	\$26,960.50
Delinquent taxes	2,040.08
Redemption certificates	25.23
General fund	1,454.00
Library fund	37.00
Probate court orders	20.82
Mortgage tax	720.50
Total	\$31,258.13

DISBURSEMENTS	
General fund	\$ 1,730.30
Poor fund	917.88
Circuit court orders	325.20
Probate court orders	24.54
Soldiers relief fund	27.90
County road orders	4,300.08
Delinquent taxes	282.41
Mortgage tax	17.50
Cash on hand	23,752.32
Total	\$31,258.13

RUTH SENDS WORD.

"I do wish Ruth had left her face lotion at home, or that I knew how to prepare it." Ruth's sister was saying to her friend.

"Why! Does she make it herself?" the friend asked, much surprised.

"She certainly does, and I'm going to write her this very minute and ask her how she does it."
In two days Ruth's answer came, reading: Let a little oatmeal, say a couple of tablespoonfuls, boil in water for several hours. When cool, pour off the liquid and add the juice of one lemon; also a tablespoonful of pure al- cohoh.

ELBERT BEDE SAYS:

Lots of people can lie better standing up.
A blockhead might easily be level-headed.

Even when a man marries a belle he has to furnish the ring.

The wise wife is not sorry when hubby gets defeated for office.

A woman who is killing quite fre- quently stabs a man in the heart.

The spellbinder is a thing of the past. Voters want facts nowadays.

You don't need a license to kill time—in fact, no one has any license to kill time.

What was put off until tomorrow yesterday is just as easily put off until tomorrow today.

The political game is one where the great majority strike out and very few get to first base.

It's a favorite excuse with the de- feated candidate to say that he did it for advertising.

The man who says, "I never was lucky," doesn't get the job where a hustler is needed.

The person who is always finding fault with others may be trying to drag them down to his own level.

We believe some folks cry hard times because they don't want others to know that they are making money.

If being in love didn't take away the reasoning power, it is our humble opinion that there would be a whole lot fewer marriages.

It's a funny thing that if you hear the clock strike in the night it is always the half hour gong and you go back to sleep while listening for the hour.

Everyone believes he is doing some good in this old world, but each one has a different way of judging what is good. Even Satan, if he could give us his opinion, would probably say that what he does serves as useful a purpose as anything done by any saint in heaven.

PEACHES! PEACHES!

The undersigned is prepared to fill orders for Peaches of extra quality and flavor of the choicest leading varieties. We are thankful for past patronage and desire a continuance of the same. Order by Phone 153-F 12—or by mail.

JOHN HACKETT
R. F. D. No. 5, East Jordan, Mich.

County Normal Notes.

The County Normal opened on Monday, September thirteenth. The class consists of ten members. Those who are enrolled at present are Rena Carroll, Mary Boice and Ethel Barbour all of Central Lake, Ruth Chillis of Ells- worth, Sadie Donlevy of St. James, Frances Richardson of Charlevoix, Sadie Blanchard of Gaylord and Florence Maddaugh and Catherine La- Londe of East Jordan.

All of the members of the County Normal of 1915, with the exception of four from the class of thirteen, are teaching at present or are engaged for the coming year. Of the four men- tioned Fred Gregory and Ward Genett will leave the latter part of September for Galesburg where they will attend Knox College. The other two, Ruby Hooker and Hazle Pearl will leave on the twenty-third for Ypsilanti where they will attend the State Normal. We wish them success and hope they will enjoy their new work.

Miss Alida Whiting, the Normal training teacher, spent a pleasant vacation during the summer. She visited her home at Monticello, Iowa. Later she spent part of her time with friends in Nebraska.

Miss Himes, principal of the County Normal spent the first part of her vacation attending the University of Chicago. The latter part of the summer she returned to Charlevoix accompanied by her mother and sister from Illinois who spent the remainder of the sum- mer with her.

The class went out into the grounds this morning to look at the garden which was planted last year by the normal students. The garden shows that a great deal of time and labor was spent upon it by the class of 1915.

A few changes have been made about the normal room since last year. The walls have been kalsomined which gives the room a pleasant appearance, the chalk trays have been arranged so they are now detachable. The bicycle shed between the two buildings has been rebuilt. A railing has also been erected along the west side and a step constructed from the north door of the normal room to the bridge which con- nects the two buildings.



"Within the Law" is an effective play. It shows the arrest of a young girl in a large dry goods house for a theft committed by another, her conviction, on circumstantial evidence, and her futile appeal to her employer on her own behalf and that of her shop companions. The scene in which the heroine, while protesting her own innocence, passionately pleads the cause of underpaid saleswomen driven by their necessities into shameful or criminal courses, is founded, in part, at least, upon solid fact, and supplies a moving and impressive theatrical incident.

TEMPLE THEATRE Monday, Sept. 20th

ROBERT SHERMAN PRESENTS
THE SENSATION OF TWO SEASONS

WITHIN THE LAW

BY BAYARD VEILLER

A Play That Has Electrified Millions
Interpreted by an Excellent Company

INCLUDING
DOROTHY LAVERNE

Prices: 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

SEATS NOW ON SALE
AT MACK'S.

ODD ROMANCE IN TWO PAGES

THERE ARE OTHER PAGES, BUT
THEY DON'T COUNT.

Not in This Story of How Paige, Tex.,
Lost Its Postmistress to
Page, Neb.

Kansas City, Mo.—Down among the cape jessamines, the magnolias and the cotton bolls of Paige, Bastrop county, Texas, Miss Ida B. Sternenberg, postmistress, sorted the mail that a train dumped twice daily, except Sunday, on the depot platform. Up among the wheat and prairie dogs of Page, Holt county, Nebraska, P. E. Chase, postmaster, did likewise with the letters and mail order catalogues that a Burlington train brought into town occasionally.

Now and then Postmistress Sternenberg would discover in an arriving pouch a letter that should have gone to Page, Neb. And then and now Postmaster Chase would come across a letter that had strayed far from Paige, Tex. There was correspondence with Washington. Then there was correspondence between the United States fourth class postoffices of Page, Neb., and Paige, Tex., followed shortly by Postmaster Chase's departure for Paige, Tex., on a business trip, according to the Page Weekly Reporter. Business in hand disposed of, Postmaster Chase goes home.

Tuesday he alighted in Kansas City from a morning Missouri Pacific train from Omaha. He engaged rooms at the Hotel Muehlebach. Who should step from an afternoon "Katy" train from San Antonio but Postmistress Sternenberg?

The Rev. H. S. Church, the "marrying parson"—thirty-three knots tied last week and more than that some weeks—is called. At 5 o'clock in Room 328, he says the fateful words. Paige had lost its postmistress. Its loss is Page's gain.

But the United States Official Postal Guide is a book of many pages. For instance, Page, Ia., Page, Kans., Page, Minn., Page, Neb., Page, N. Y., Page, N. D., Page, Okla., Page, Wash., Page, W. Va., Page, Cal., Page, Tex., Paige, Va., not to mention Pageiland, S. C., Pageton, W. Va., Pageville, Ky., and Pageville, Mont.

Here are fourteen chances for a romance to go awry. Kissmet!

SLAY-BIG MOUNTAIN LION.

Own Life Saved by Lucky Shot When Enraged Beast Makes Final Spring.

Salt Lake, Utah.—While climbing mountains near Hunter, a small town thirty miles from Salt Lake City, Geo. Haynes, a sheepman, suddenly came upon a huge mountain lion crouching by a tree not far from him. Haynes had only a small automatic pistol and

five shells—plus lots of nerve—as stock against the bulk and savage disposition of the beast.

Without waiting to take careful aim, Haynes fired at the beast just as it was ready to spring. The sudden sting of a small bullet slightly vexed the animal and it missed its mark by six inches, Haynes dodging as it leaped over him. Two other shots were fired in rapid succession, but none stopped the beast, which had quickly turned and was again advancing.

The fourth shot hit the lion in the shoulder as it was again ready to spring on its prey and disabled it long enough for Haynes to aim a fifth and more careful shot which struck the beast squarely in the brain. With a dying shriek the animal again sprang forward and this time its sharp claws grazed the right shoulder of the gritty sheep owner.

The lion, which was brought to this city, measured slightly under nine feet in length and weighed about 300 pounds. The first three shots had not done more than nuzzle the powerful animal which had been preying on sheep in the vicinity of Coons and Harker canyons in the Wasatch ranges Haynes, one of the sheepmen who had lost heavily as the result of the animal's raids, was looking for a secure place to graze his flocks when he came upon the lion. It is the largest mountain lion ever killed in Utah and is thought to have been the leader of a number of others in the local ranges.

Haynes was offered bounty for the lion's hide but preferred to keep it. It will soon be cured and hung in his spacious home in the mountains along side the little automatic which saved him from death.

TWIN CHILDREN MADE TALLER.

They Were Bowlegged Until Surgeon Cured Them.

Pottsville, Pa.—Phaon and Uriah Schaeffer, 4-year-old twins from Pinegrove, will be returned to their home from the Miners' hospital fully an inch taller than when they were admitted three weeks ago.

The twins were so bowlegged as to be deformed, and Dr. J. C. Biddle, to straighten out their limbs, put them in a plaster cast. The result has not only been to straighten out the legs but to make the boys much taller, while their walk is so different that they could hardly be recognized by relatives.

Water Spaniel—Supplies the Needs of Owner and Neighbors in Indiana.

Aurora, Ind.—James C. Duggins, a farmer, who lives on the Laughery Creek, has a water spaniel that is noted along the stream for its method of catching fish. The dog has caught several hundred pounds during the last few months for its owner and his neighbors.

The dog dives into the water and soon appears with a fish in its mouth, and will repeat its diving for several hours at a time.



"Look here, John, you will have to get the doctor to pull that piece of glass out of your head! Your ruining all our pillows."

POSITIVELY.



The Maid—Do you think you can make a good portrait of me?
Professor—I'm afraid I must answer you in the negative.

BUT NOT HIS.



Fair Visitor—And why are you here, my poor man?
No. 41144—From choice, Madam.
Fair Visitor—From choice?
No. 41144—Yes, Hobson's.

In Kitchen and Pantry

DRINK WHEN YOU WISH.

Many People Harbor Old Belief About Meal Washing.

The proper time to drink water is when one is thirsty, no matter under what conditions the thirst may arise or when. Such, at least, is the present position of the more progressive of the medical fraternity.

The old superstition which forbids water at mealtime passes. It was a superstition which had much show of reason, to be sure. It seemed quite evident that the drinking water with meals unduly diluted the food and so hindered the mastication and insalivation that are essential to its proper preparation for the stomach.

Potato Dishes.

Potato Chocolate Cake—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, beaten to a cream; four eggs beaten separately; one cup of boiled potato, grated; one cup sweet milk, one-fourth pound of chopped almonds, one cake grated chocolate, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of cloves, two cups of flour, two teaspoonful of soda. Bake slowly. Frost with chocolate icing.

Potato on the Half Shell—Bake three or four large smooth potatoes, according to the persons to be served, cut in halves lengthwise, and, without breaking the skin, scoop out the potato into a hot bowl and mash; add one tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoon of hot cream or milk and season with pepper and salt; beat the whites of two eggs well, and beat into the potato. Fill the half shells or skins with the mixture, heaping it on top then brown nicely before serving.

Jam Containers.

New containers for winter jams and marmalades are made of cardboard impregnated with paraffin. They are equipped with tight covers, and are excellent for household storage, says Good Housekeeping. They are opaque hence jellies will keep without change of color. If carefully washed they may be used a second time. Cleanse by dipping quickly in and out of boiling water. They may be shipped by express if packed carefully in sawdust, but they cannot safely be sent by parcel post, as the rough treatment often crushes the container.

Quick Frosting.

For the housekeeper who has little time for extras, the following recipe should make its appeal, requiring only five or six minutes for its preparation:

Cut three squares of chocolate into a bowl and five tablespoons boiling water. When chocolate is melted by the butter and water, add rapidly two cups of pulverized sugar, stirring constantly. Spread immediately.

Preserving Hint.

Rub the fruit dry with a flannel and prick each crabapple all over to prevent bursting. Boil one-pound sugar in a pint of water, then put in the fruit and boil till the skins begin to crack; then take up the apples and drain separately on a dish. Boil up the syrup again, and, if not strong enough, add more sugar. When cold, pour over the fruit. Put into jars and tie down closely. Keep in a cool place.

Solutions to be Used to "Set" Colored Fabrics.

Pink, brown, and black—two cups of salt to one gallon of water.
Blue—One-half cup of salt, to one gallon of cold water.
Green, purple, lavender—One-tablespoon of sugar of lead to one gallon of water.
Mixed goods, blue, green, brown—One cup of turpentine to one gallon of water.

Steamed Pudding.

In warming a steamed pudding or in steaming a stale cake, do not put the article on a plate or a flat dish. Place the pudding in a colander in the steamer, and you will be surprised to find how much lighter and more delicate the pudding will be than if a plate has been used for the moisture to settle on and make the pudding soggy.—New Haven Journal-Courier.

Silver Cake.

Cream one cup of sugar with one-half cup of butter, add one-half cup sweet milk and the following dry ingredients, which have been sifted together: One cup flour, two-thirds cup of cornstarch and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Beat thoroughly, then add the white of four eggs beaten thoroughly.

Cellar and Attic First.

The cellar should be the first room cleaned to avoid having any of the cellar dust sifting up through the floors after cleaning the first floor. The attic should be the next cleaned to be ready for the storage of articles from other places. It will save unnecessary moving of articles.

Folding Fish Rack.

Folding fish racks fill a long-felt need, for all cooks know how difficult a task it is to lift a baked fish from the pan without breaking it. The fish lies on the rack and the handles at the ends allow it to be raised directly over the platter, onto which it can be slid.

Swapping horses is only one kind of a stock exchange.

Fish are wise. They begin business on a small scale.

A man isn't necessarily square when he's cornered.

Honesty always pays—but it's often slow.

DRS. VARDON & PARKS

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
Office in Monroe block, over
Spring Drug Co's Store
Phone 150—4 rings
Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
X-RAY In Office.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey

Physician and Surgeon.
Graduate of College of Physicians and
Surgeons of the University of
Illinois.
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold

DENTIST

Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.
Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m. 1:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Evenings by Appointment.

Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist

Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 223.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets

will relieve your indigestion. Many
people in this town have used them
and we have yet to hear of a case where
they have failed. We know the formula.
Sold only by us—25c a box.
W. C. Spring Drug Co.

THE DOUBLE DEALER

By VARICK VAN ARDY,
Author of "Missing—\$81,500."
Copyright by the Frank A. Munsey Co.

CHAPTER I.

The Spot of Sudden Starts.

"Oh, Mr. Moreaux! Please—please! I must speak alone with you for a moment."
The artist turned about quickly. It was the bride, of course. He had recognized the voice at the first word she uttered.
"I am so excited," she went on rapidly, "but in a tone that was pitched so that others might not hear her. Please make an excuse to take me aside, away from all these people. You are such an old friend that you may do so without exciting comment and I cannot tell anybody but you. Not yet, at least. It may be all a mistake."
The exquisite face was flushed; the beautiful eyes shone unduly and with an excitement which Moreaux could see quite plainly was not all due to the wedding ceremony just performed.
The artist was never at a loss. He was always equal to an emergency, and judged—quite correctly as it presently developed—that this was one.
He bowed low and offered her his arm.
The more formal part of the reception was over, when the bride and groom stood together, side by side, to receive the congratulations of their friends. The comparatively informal part of it was on; but nevertheless, as if by the attraction of gravitation, everybody sought the bride.
Presently there should be the supper—but there remained still a good half hour or more before that would be announced.
"We will take a turn of the room together," he said. "Gradually we will draw away from the others. I happen to know that your father's small den has not been opened to the guests. We will go there."
She gave him a grateful pressure, and so they walked twice the length of the great room apparently deeply interested in their conversation; and the guests who might otherwise have intercepted them stepped aside to permit them to pass, knowing that Birge Moreaux was a privileged character in that luxurious and palatial home.
"Now, Lorna, what is it all about?" the artist asked as soon as they were inside of the little room which her father denied to all but his intimates—and he had few such.
"My wedding presents," she replied breathlessly. "I have discovered that several of them are missing. My beautiful lavalliere, which I showed to you with such pride, only yesterday when you called. The diamond and emerald bracelet that Paul sent to me from Paris. The tiara of rubies and diamonds that was one of Aunt Eunice's gifts—those are gone; and oh, I don't know what else. What shall I do?"
"Do? Return to your guests at once. Opened yourself as if nothing had happened; only, before you go, tell me this: are you sure, positively sure, about this thing?"
"Indeed I am. I went—"
"It does not matter just now how you know it, Lorna. The question is, do you know it?"
"Yes; oh, yes."
"Come, then. We will go back to the guests who must be clamoring for you by this time. Say nothing of this to any other person until I speak with you again," he added, as they again entered the great reception-room.
Then he resigned her to others who were all too eager for her return. They had not been absent five minutes—but a bride of such exquisite beauty and grace as Lorna Delorme possessed may be missed in five seconds.
Moreaux hastened toward the room where the bridal presents were on exhibition; and near the entrance to it encountered Richard Delorme, Lorna's father, rated as one of the men of great wealth in the country—one of the steel barons.
He was a frosty-haired, handsome, middle-aged man who did not look it, and who was known far and wide by his intimates and by report for his good-natured geniality.
Just then, however, his face was troubled, and he grasped the artist by both arms impulsively as he exclaimed:
"By jove, Birge, you are just the person I was seeking." Then, as if from second thought: "Where were you going?"
"Oh, I was looking you up, for one thing. Incidentally I wanted another glimpse at the display before it is packed away in safe-deposit vaults and other places." Moreaux replied carelessly.
"Some of the display, as you call it, has been 'packed' away already," Delorme said soberly, and added: "I use the word in its Western meaning this time, Birge."

"Eh? Just what do you mean, Mr. Delorme?"
"I have just made the discovery that several articles are missing. Some of the presents have disappeared."
Moreaux shrugged his shoulders and smiled.
"Probably Lorna has taken them away herself," he suggested.
The older man looked relieved. "I had not thought of that," he said.
"Your detective from the central office is in there, isn't he?" the artist inquired.
"Yes. Oh, yes, he is there."
"And you have got two or three others from one of the big agencies around the house, haven't you?"
"Yes. To be sure. Two."
"Either of them in there now?"
"One of them. I gave instructions that one of them should be present with the central office man all the time. By the way, he seems to be a mighty nice sort of a chap—that headquarters man, I mean. Muchmore is his name. You'll never in the world take him for a policeman."
"There are a lot of mighty nice chaps among the New York policemen, Mr. Delorme," the artist said dryly. "Did you tell either of those men of your discovery?"
"No. Certainly not. I wished to be quite sure before I did that."
"Naturally. And neither of them mentioned such a subject, I suppose?"
"They are apparently entirely unconscious of it."
"So—more than likely there is a perfectly natural explanation of it somewhere about. If I were you I would say nothing about the discovery for the present; not even to Lorna. Go back to the guests and look happy."
"Ah, here comes the bridegroom with two of his friends. You hustle back to the reception, Mr. Delorme, and I'll go inside with them. But, mind, my advice is, not a word to anybody."
"Well, Mr. Fitzgerald Beverly, commonly called Jerry, I believe, you look the happy bridegroom all right," he exclaimed jovially, as the magnate moved away and the other three approached.
"I am happy, Mr. Moreaux—happier than I had believed it possible to be," replied Beverly, who then presented his two friends, a Mr. Thomas Gaffney and a Ross MacGregor; both chums of his college days.
"Come along inside with us, Mr. Moreaux," he replied.
"And Birge Moreaux followed them into the room."
There were several persons there viewing the magnificent display of presents that the bride had received from her relatives and friends from all over the world. Also there were the two detectives mentioned by Mr. Delorme.
Moreaux, whose acquaintance was wide and varied—his profession probably accounted, in a large measure, for that—stepped aside from his three companions and approached the detective who had been detailed to the function from police headquarters.
"How do you do, Lieutenant Muchmore?" he said, cordially extending his hand, but speaking nevertheless in a low tone.
"Good evening, Mr. Moreaux," was the hearty response. "I am glad that you came in. I particularly wished to talk with some near friend of the family. There is a mystery floating in the air of this room, and although I have been here every minute of the time since the door was opened to permit the guests to see the bride's presents, I have not the least idea what it is."
"A mystery?"
"Tell me about it."
"A little while ago the bride came into the room with two of her friends. They passed around looking at things and commenting upon them as women will. I watched them, of course. I saw the bride give a start, turn pale, and for a second I thought she was going to faint. But she didn't. Instead, she made the round of the 'show,' rapidly peering here and there at things. Then she excused herself to her companions and went out of the room."
"They followed soon after that. Five minutes later the old man entered. He was alone. Of course you must understand that there were other people here all the time."
"I understand," Moreaux replied.
"Go on, Lieutenant."
"Well, he made a hasty circuit of the room—and it was the third time he has done it since the reception began. At precisely the same spot where his daughter had so nearly fainted I saw him bend suddenly forward, with compressed lips, as if something had startled him, too. Then he glanced sharply at me and at Sam Crandall—he's one of the two 'agency' men who are here tonight, you know."
Moreaux nodded.
"After that he made a rapid tour of the room and went out; but he looked disturbed."
"Well, what then?"
"I went over to that spot of 'sudden starts' and took a look myself, but I couldn't see anything wrong—and I've got the whole layout pretty clearly in my mind. I went around the room as they had done, but I haven't found anything out of the way. I had just finished it when you appeared in company with the groom and two others. This is his third visit to this room since the reception began."
While the lieutenant was talking he did not once look at Moreaux. His

eyes were everywhere else around that room instead; now, after an almost imperceptible pause, he added:
"The funny part of it is that all of the people I have mentioned have made directly for that place which I have called the spot of sudden starts—until this time. Mr. Beverly began at the opposite side of the room this time. He is just approaching the 'spot'; watch him. Let's see, if he throws a fit, too."
Beverly did not exactly do that, but he did fulfill Lieutenant Muchmore's expectations.
He stood up straight very suddenly, glanced hastily about him with flashing eyes and compressed lips, discovered Birge Moreaux, and crossed the room rapidly toward him.
"Mr. Moreaux," he said rapidly, but in a low tone, "I suppose there are detectives in this room. I don't know them; perhaps you do. There is a thief in the house. At least one article has been taken—a very valuable one. I don't know but others may have gone with it. Will you tell me what I ought to do?"
CHAPTER II.
The Missing Wedding Presents.
"This is Lieutenant Muchmore, Beverly," Moreaux replied calmly. "He was sent here from headquarters, and has been in this room all the evening. You had better tell him what is missing—but do it quietly. I should advise not attracting the attention of others to your discovery."
"What is missing, Mr. Beverly?" the lieutenant asked quietly. "I made the round of the room just before you came in this last time. I discovered nothing wrong."
Beverly had regained his composure. He replied as quietly as the officer had spoken:
"The lavalliere—it was one of my own presents to my wife."
He lingered over that last word. The use of it was new to him. "You would not be likely to notice its absence, for the reason that it has been replaced by another—another that is not even a pretended duplicate, but which is sufficiently similar in construction to deceive an unpracticed eye."
"You have been in this room twice before, within the last half-hour, Mr. Beverly. Was the missing article in its place both of those times?"
"It was."
"You are positive about that, I suppose?"
"I am."
"Will you make a tour of the room and determine, if you can, if anything else is missing?"
"Certainly. Will you go with me?"
"No. I will stay here with Mr. Moreaux."
But instead of doing that he crossed the room and began conversing in low tones with Crandall, the agency man, and the artist was left alone.
Whereupon he began an inspection of his own, starting in the opposite direction from that taken by Fitzgerald Beverly. They met presently, and Beverly raised a pair of troubled eyes; but Moreaux interrupted him before he could speak.
"Say nothing here," he told him. "Wait until later," and passed on.
Each had just completed the circuit, and the lieutenant was crossing the room toward them, when a servant appeared in the doorway and announced in the usual perfunctory manner that the guests were expected in the drawing-room to form in line for the wedding supper.
There was no help for it. There was no time for further discussion, then; but Moreaux managed before he went out to say to Lieutenant Muchmore:
"You and Crandall will have ample time to go thoroughly over your lists and to make a careful inventory before we can return. Do that. I will come to you again as soon as I can."
At table, Moreaux found ample opportunity, in spite of conversation, toasts, and speeches, to study the person of the company. Several times he caught the eyes of the bride as she fixed them upon him inquiringly; and each time he returned the gaze with a reassuring smile and nod.
But he was glad when it was over; more pleased still when the bride and groom had taken their departure. Nevertheless, Lorna Beverly, found opportunity to say to him hurriedly:
"Papa and Jerry both know that some of the presents are missing. They have not said so, but I can read it in their manner. Please, please, Mr. Moreaux, find them for me."
The artists smiled down upon her.
"I will do the best I can," he replied. "It is rather out of my line; but—possibly I can think of somebody who might find them. There is a man named Crewe, whom I know, who may be able to help us. I will appeal to him—perhaps."
"Oh, do! Is he a detective?"
"Well, not exactly. As a matter of fact, he is on the opposite side of the fence. I have a fancy that one of Crewe's acquaintances was here tonight. It was only a fancy, but I shall satisfy myself on that point later. I am sure, Lorna, that your jewels will be recovered."
A moment later Beverly slipped a card into the artist's hands, saying hastily as he did so:
"Here is a list, so far as I could determine, of what is missing. Of course, I am not as well informed as Lorna concerning what was there; but I could not bear to spoil her pleasure this evening by telling her of the theft."

"You are quite right, Beverly. Keep it to yourself, if possible, until you return. Then look me up."
"You bet I will," was the hearty response.
A moment later the voice of Detective-Lieutenant Muchmore broke in upon the artist's reverie into which he had fallen.
"What is that about Crewe, Mr. Moreaux?" he inquired sharply.
Moreaux raised his eyes leisurely, and with a slow smile he replied:
"Oh;—you heard that, did you?"
"I could not avoid it. I was just coming to speak to you, and stood, waiting, behind you—but without any intention of overhearing your conversation with Mrs. Beverly. But now it is my duty to ask you what you meant by that reference to Crewe. He is rather a shady character, as you doubtless know."
"Oh, yes, I know!" the artist replied with another of his slow smiles.
"Will you answer my question, Mr. Moreaux?"
"I very much doubt if I could, even if I tried."
The lieutenant was silent for a moment. Then he said with pointed directness:
"Mr. Mortaux, I am going to put it to you straight."
"That is surely the best way to do, Lieutenant." They had drawn aside, away from others, and stood in the embrasure of one of the windows. "I suppose the two agency men are on the job in your absence?"
"Yes; and an officer of the Croydon Safe Deposit Company is superintending the packing of the presents. He is also taking a careful inventory of them. That part of the job is off my hands now."
"Good. Now, what is it that you were going to put to me straight?"
"This: Mr. Richard Delorme made application to the department for a man to be detailed here tonight. I am that detail. The responsibility of what has occurred rests upon me."
"I have been called a capable officer, and yet those things were taken under my very nose, and I was none the wiser. How it was done I have not the least idea; but if young Beverly spoke the truth, or knew what he was talking about, I have a pretty clear idea as to when the thefts occurred—or at least one of them—that of the lavalliere. But never mind that just now."
"The point is this. I am responsible to the department for it. I will be called to account for it, and I will be made to suffer for it unless those missing articles are found, and speedily."
"In a sense, I am in authority in this house at the present moment. I want you to look at my position fairly. I heard you say to the bride—I quote your exact words—'I have a fancy that one of Crewe's acquaintances was here tonight.' I want you to tell me exactly what you mean by that statement. I think I have the right to know."
"You have, Lieutenant. This is what I meant: I am acquainted with Crewe. I have visited his place in South Fifth avenue. Being an artist, I have a good memory for faces."
"Two or three days ago, in the lower part of the city—to be exact, in the Bowery, near Houston street—I saw a face which I remembered to have seen at Crewe's upon the occasion of my visit there. Another man was in conversation with him—and that other man was here tonight."
"Who was he? Tell me that."
"Oh, no, Lieutenant; I won't tell you that."
"Why not?"
"Well, for one thing I might be doing him a great wrong in doing so. You see, he might merely have been asking a direction of the men I saw at Crewe's. They were together only a short time, for I stopped and watched them—from a mere sense of curiosity, I assure you. You know I wander through all parts of the city, seeking 'types,' as we artists call them."
"But—great Heavens, man, don't you see what I am up against?"
"Naturally; and I am going to do my utmost to help you push it over."
"Don't you see that I'm going to catch hell when the inspector finds out what has happened here tonight?"
"No. What I do see is this: I am quite sure that Mr. Delorme would greatly prefer that nothing should be said about this—publicly, I mean. He is a man of power and influence."
"I am sure that he will not blame you for what has occurred—I will ask him to say as much to the inspector, and to request, at the same time, that you be assigned to the case of finding the lost jewels."
The lieutenant threw out both hands in a gesture of despair.
"A lot of good that will do," he said. Then: "At least, you can tell me who the man was whom you had seen at Crewe's."
"I can't tell you his name. He is a tall, dark, Mephistophelian-looking person—I was told that by vocation he is a sleight-of-hand performer in vaunderville theaters, and a very clever one; that by vocation he is a thief. And that is all I can tell you about him. Perhaps you know him."
"No, I don't; but, by jingo, I'll find him, whether I am sent back to the pavements or not, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Moreaux. And when I do find him I'll make him give up the name of that other party."
"If he happens to know what it is—which I very much doubt."
"Anyhow, I'll see Crewe before I go to bed this night."
"Do. That is a good idea. Excuse

me. I see Mr. Delorme beckoning to me. I think that Mr. Delorme will want us both in consultation with him before we say good night."
The evening was young yet.
The ceremony had been performed at five; the supper was at eight. The bride and groom had just gone to their special train and private car, and it was not yet half past ten.
The guests were thinning out rapidly. In another half-hour there would be none but servants and the master left in the great house. It had had no mistress, alas! since Lorna was very young; she had only a faint recollection of her mother, and supposed her to be dead.
The son, Paul, was a globe trotter—never at home—and he was the product of a former wife of the steel baron.
"Come into the den" with me, Birge," the elder man said, "I have got Millie's inventory—the safe deposit company's man, you know."
Then, inside the small room where Moreaux had been once before that evening, he continued: "Have you any idea how many articles are missing?"
"Five—possibly six—although I think that Lorna may not have left that in the exhibit; one calls it by no other name. The five articles are the diamond lavalliere which was one of Jerry's presents; the diamond and emerald bracelet that Paul sent to her from Paris; the tiara of rubies and diamonds that my sister Eunice gave her; a bandeau of pearls, almost priceless in value, the gift of one of my business associates, and—I hesitate to tell you about it, Birge."
"I know already, Mr. Delorme. The small bauble that I donated."
"Bauble, indeed; The wire-gold bracelet with the single but wonderful ruby that was given to you by some India raja when you were a youngster, and which you prized so highly."
"I recall very well indeed that day at your studio, nearly ten years ago, when Lorna, when only a child, went into raptures over it, and you told her that when she grew up and was married you would make her a wedding present of it. Why, she wore it when you made the portrait of her. You painted it on her wrist in the picture."
"So I did, to be sure. What is that sixth article that may be missing, Mr. Delorme?"
"A present that I made to her mother before we were married, and which she left behind when she went away. A cameo brooch of exquisite workmanship which once belonged to my mother."
The artist nodded understandingly. He knew that any subject which related to Lorna's mother was painful to Richard Delorme.
"What shall I do about it, Birge?" the older man asked anxiously. "You must advise me. I much prefer to keep the incident out of the newspapers—if that is possible."
"Then I should advise that you accompany Lieutenant Muchmore to police headquarters now. Be with him when he makes his report to his superior. Exonerate him as far as possible. Show your belief in him by requesting that he be assigned to the case of running down the thief."
"Give as your reason for that request the fact that you do wish to avoid publicity. You have power and influence. You will find that the inspector will respect your wishes. And show your confidence in Muchmore himself by making him a substantial present before you leave the house together."
"But—you will go with me, won't you?"
"No. Unfortunately I cannot. I have another engagement still tonight."
There was an odd little smile about the corners of Birge Moreaux's mouth when a moment later he left the small room and found Muchmore impatiently awaiting him.
"Mr. Delorme wants to see you, Lieutenant," he said. "He is going to headquarters with you. Don't stop to talk with me. Go right in, and find out what the old gentleman has to say to you."
Moreaux drove directly to the tall building in Blank street where he had his studio.
Oddly enough, less than half an hour after he arrived there the man called Crewe—he of the bemused face and unsavory reputation—left the same building by the rear door, for the building runs through from street to street.
As he stepped outside, and turned to lock the door after him, a limousine car drove rapidly through the street directly behind him.
He did not turn his head to look toward it. Had he done so he would have recognized the car as one of Richard Delorme's—and he would have seen the face of Lieutenant Muchmore peering out at him from the window in the limousine door.

CHAPTER III.

That Same Night at Crewe's.

Crewe stood with both arms outstretched, his strong but delicate hands gripping the inner edge of the bar of his famous place in South Fifth avenue.
It was his customary attitude when he was not wiping glasses or otherwise engaged.
The ugly, almost hideous blemish on one side of his face, which shaded from red to a hue that was nearly purple, seemed more pronounced than ever, although if he turned his head so that it did not show, and one could

see only the smooth side of his face, one would unhesitatingly have pronounced him a handsome man.
There were possibly a score of "regulars" seated at the tables, which were many; for the saloon was both wide and deep; but Crewe's trusted assistant, Christy, was attending to their wants, so that he was himself unoccupied.
The hands of the clock above the back bar pointed at five minutes to midnight.
The front door opened and a tall, dark man of the elder Hermann type came swiftly toward the bar where Crewe was standing.
He moved with a peculiar grace and ease that suggested both litheness and great reserve strength, and his black eyes under their heavy brows were remarkably soft in their expression. Women would have admired him—at a distance.
Men would have shrugged their shoulders and shook their heads if his good looks were mentioned.
Crewe maintained his familiar attitude until the newcomer was directly in front of him; then he said, still without moving from his position:
"How are you, Sindahr? What are you going to have?" But, as if he had known before he asked the question, he reached into one of the receptacles behind him and brought forth a bottle that was never called for save by this particular customer.
It contained some kind of an Eastern cordial, which must be nameless here for the reason that it is unpronounceable.
"Thank you, Mr. Crewe," Sindahr said in a low voice that was soft as velvet and in perfect English, although one could see that he was a foreigner, and doubtless of Hindic origin, notwithstanding the inky-black mustache and imperial hair.
"Well, were you there?" Crewe asked as he helped himself to a glass of vichy.
"Surely! Did I not say that I would be there? I was the Italian Count Suciini much resemble. I had no difficulty in obtaining the invitation, Mr. Crewe."
"Don't 'Mister' me, count," and Crewe showed his white teeth in a half smile. "I am just plain Crewe. I have no other name. Did you obey my orders?"
"Most assuredly."
"You are lying, Sindahr," Crewe announced coolly.
And when the man in front of the bar took a step backward away from it and shot a gleam from his eyes that was half hatred and half fear, the proprietor added as coolly as before: "You East Indians think that you are the only wise guys on earth, but you will find when you know me better that I am gifted with something of the occult myself. Shell out, count."
"What do you mean by that expression, Crewe," the Oriental demanded, and there was no mistaking the hatred in his eyes then.
"I sent you up there, Sindahr, to watch, not to flirt. I told you expressly that you were not to pinch a thing, even if the opportunity offered. You disobeyed me. Shell out!"
"I have nothing. I stole not a thing."
"Count, do you want me to send you up the river?"
"No, no, no! Not even if you could do so," was the hasty but half-uncertain reply.
"Then dig down in your jeans and cough up that cameo brooch that you lifted tonight."
Sindahr's expressive eyes grew wide with fear. Then, without a word of reply, he thrust one hand inside his waistcoat and brought forth an article wrapped in tissue-paper.
He passed it across the bar to Crewe, who opened the wrapping enough to see what it contained, then turned and dropped it into a drawer behind him, which he locked.
(Continued Next Week)

That Earliest Slight Break

in home ties—the morning when the boy or the girl first trudges off to school! From that day, the changes are rapid. Every year you note them. And almost before you realize it, there comes the severer sundering of those ties, when John or Mary with a cherry "Will be home for Christmas, sure," waves a stout farewell.

Both of you are choking back sentiment. And afterward, how pictures, showing all the rapid transitions, do help.

KIRKPATRICK PHOTOGRAPHER

Rexall Orderlies

Sick headache, biliousness, piles and bad breath are usually caused by inactive bowels. Get a box of Rexall Orderlies. They act gently and effectively. Sold only by us at 10 cents.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

Keeps Your Stove Shining Bright

Get a Can TODAY

WHO PAYS

A Committee of Leading Women in Social, Business and Philanthropic Life was called together to pass a verdict upon a series of twelve entirely new human interest moving pictures involving the Twelve Great Questions of Life—Their unanimous opinion was that not only every woman and every young girl, but every man and boy also should see these intensely interesting pictures. Fascinating in the extreme, but entirely free from sensational rot and slush, these wonderful picture stories will create a continuous topic of interest in every home, club and debating circle in the land. The first picture is entitled "The Price of Fame" and

Will be shown at the
Temple Theatre

INCREASED POPULATION.
We learn from United States census bulletins that of the nine middle western states Kansas, from 1900 to 1910, increased in population 15 per cent; Missouri, 6 per cent; Wisconsin, 12; Nebraska, 11; Indiana, 7; Michigan, 12; Minnesota, 18. In spite of the growth of Chicago, Illinois increased but 17 per cent. Iowa shows an actual loss of 3 per cent. Of the states mentioned, Kansas is the only one that advanced during the ten years in both crops and manufactures.

Returns From "Dead."
Carthage, Mo.—Mourner for dead, John Hughes, now a resident of Goldfield, Nev., returned here a few days ago after an absence of more than twenty years. During that time he had never written home. When he walked unexpectedly into the home of his aged mother, Mrs. E. Mansfield, he was immediately recognized.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS GIVEN QUICK RELIEF

Pain leaves almost as if by magic when you begin using "5-Drops," the famous old remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and kindred troubles. It goes right to the spot, stops the aches and pains and makes life worth living. Get a bottle of "5-Drops" today. A booklet with each bottle gives full directions for use. Don't delay. Demand "5-Drops." Don't accept anything else in place of it. Any drug store supply you. If you live too far from a drug store send One Dollar to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Newark, Ohio, and a bottle of "5-Drops" will be sent prepaid.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, Sept. 6, 1915.
Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—none.
Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.
On motion by Lancaster, the following bills were allowed:
Henry Cook, salary..... \$ 75.00
City Treas., payment labor..... 124.00
Otis J. Smith, salary..... 25.00
E. W. Giles, cleaning streets..... 24.00
Gregory Mayer & Thorn Co.
Justice docket..... 3.50
Mich. Tel. Co., rentals..... 6.25
Ford Meter Box Co., meter boxes 110.25
Bert Hughes, rebates (Supernaw walls)..... 19.44
R. Bingham, draying..... 2.35
Standard Oil Co., oil..... 7.76
J. A. Lancaster, salary and repair work..... 52.25
Bert Hughes, bill at D. & C. R.R. 38.15
James Gidley, salary..... 50.00
Reid-Graff Co., installing meters, etc..... 196.78
A. E. Cross, salary..... 66.66
D. H. Fitch, salary and rental..... 18.33
Bert Hughes, on bridge job..... 300.00
Elec. Light Co., pumping..... 139.60
Elec. Light Co., street lighting..... 184.85
Enterprise Pub. Co., printing..... 6.25

Moved by Gidley, supported by Lancaster, that the city clerk be instructed to give notice of letting the contract for the construction of the sewer in Sewer Dist. No. 5, according to plans, plats, diagrams and specifications now on file with said clerk, the city reserving the right to reject any or all bids. Each bid shall be accompanied by a certified check for 5 per cent. of the amount of the bid as an evidence of good faith, and shall be sealed and filed with the City Clerk, to be presented to this commission Sept. 20, 1915. Carried.
Moved by Lancaster, supported by Gidley, that the city clerk be instructed to give notice of letting the contract for the construction of the sewer in Sewer Dist. No. 6, according to plans, plats, diagrams and specifications now on file with said clerk, the city reserving the right to reject any or all bids. Each bid shall be accompanied by a certified check for 5 per cent. of the amount of the bid as an evidence of good faith, and shall be sealed and filed with the City Clerk, to be presented to this commission Sept. 20, 1915. Carried.
The following resolution was offered by Commissioner Gidley, who moved its adoption, seconded by Commissioner Lancaster:

Whereas, the building of a cement walk along the northerly side of the following described property, to wit: A part of Government Lot 3, Section 23, Twp. 32 north range 7 west, bounded by a line commencing at a point on the south line of State street in the city of East Jordan 279 feet north-westerly from a stake set on a line in direct southerly continuation of the west line of 4th street and on said south line of State street; thence south on a line parallel to a continuation south of 4th street 160 1/2 feet; thence north-westerly on a line parallel to State street 61 feet; thence north 160 1/2 feet to south line of State street; thence along south line of State street 61 feet to place of beginning, is deemed a necessary public improvement, therefore,

Resolved, That the clerk be and hereby is ordered to serve the proper notice upon the owner of said premises to build said walk in accordance with the provisions of Ordinance No. 28, as amended, within 10 days from the date of said notice.
Further Resolved, that in the case of failure or neglect to construct said sidewalk within the said 10 days, the same be constructed by the city, and the cost thereof, together with 10 per cent. additional, be levied as a tax upon said premises as provided in said ordinance.
Adopted by the City Commission of the city of East Jordan on the sixth day of September by an aye and nay vote as follows:

Ayes—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster.
Nays—none.
Moved by Lancaster, supported by Gidley, that the chief of police be authorized to appoint the official police necessary for the maintenance of proper order during the fair. Carried.
On motion by Gidley, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

According to news dispatches, four Wisconsin sugar factories will be reopened October 1. There are many factories of other kinds to be reopened. There is prosperity to be regained, business activity to be regained, confidence to be re-established. Also, there is a Democratic party to be retired.

Wit without wisdom is sauce without meat.
Watch Your Children
Often children do not let parents know they are constipated. They fear something distasteful. They will like **Rectal Ordinaries**—a mild laxative that tastes like sugar. Sold only by us, 10 cents.
W. C. Spring Drug Co.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Link, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

ON THE FIRING LINE

We have long and sorrowfully suspected that Marse Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal had reached the age for quiet oslerization. But that the Colonel should overlook the fact that the blood of Europe has insulated the industries of this country from the perils of the Democratic tariff for revenue-only policy, shows that he has indeed reached his dotage. In a recent editorial he declares:
"The cry of the Republicans when the Democrats tackled the tariff was that pauper labor and cheap factory products from Europe would paralyze American industry and pauperize American labor. The United States has for the last year led the world in exports. Despite a lack of adequate transportation facilities of normal times this country has marketed much of its normal products, and has marketed at good prices products that are not in normal times sent to Europe. Although it has not sold cotton normally, the country stands for the first time in its history within about 20 per cent of Great Britain's export figures in times of peace."

If Colonel Watterson will study the export figures for the period September 1914 to June 1915, when "war orders" began flowing into this country, he will learn that we exported munitions of war to the value of \$1,206,000,000, compared with \$391,000,000 for a similar period in 1913-14. On these same commodities our exports fell off for the first eight months of the calendar year 1914, January-August, \$62,645,000. In gratitude, thy name is Watterson!

Several newspapers speak of the raising of the F-4 as a remarkable achievement in naval engineering. Jesso! But the South Bend Tribune thinks a more remarkable achievement would have been the taking of steps to prevent its sinking. Says the Tribune: "The announcement that the ill-fated crew of the F-4 came to their deaths through chlorine gas generated from sea water sweeping into storage batteries of the submarine is confirmation that at the time the inefficiency charge was made conditions in regard to the American undersea boats were not what Secretary Daniels claimed them to be. Judging by his more recent activities, the secretary himself has come to a realization of that fact." Too late, however, so far as the victims are concerned, to do more than give them burial with full honors.

Centralization in government, population, business and wealth, are the inevitable tendencies of civilization. The greatest menace is centralization in government, either National, State or Municipal, whether executive or bureaucratic dictatorship. Let the people of this country insist on a government by law rather than of men, otherwise popular and representative government will inevitably be destroyed.

In the year ended June 30, last, the Northern Pacific Railroad lost over \$7,277,000 in gross revenue but cut expenses almost \$6,000,000. That saving in expenditures will long be remembered by the half fed and poorly clad families of the men in the Northwest who lost their jobs. Like war, an industrial depression brings suffering not only to men but to their dependent women and children.

There is no idle curiosity. It works overtime.
A man seldom exhibits his temper till he loses it.

An Up-to-date line of New Fall Millinery AT THE HAT SHOP
Prices Reasonable.
G. E. BOSWELL
Loveday Block.

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

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.

Learn A Little Every Day.

Last year the income of the Government, cities, towns and countries from liquor licenses amounted to \$350,000,000.

Every year more lives are lost by accident and preventable deaths than have been destroyed in this country in all our wars since the Declaration of Independence.

Saffron is obtained from the dried flowers of the saffron crocus. It is used as a coloring matter for some articles of food and medicine. The earlier Romans and Greeks used it, both as a dye for cloth and a perfume. In the time of the Caesars there was a Roman law which made it a crime punishable by death to adulterate saffron. The plant is now cultivated in Persia, Southern Europe and England.

Does Your Church Need Money?

We have a new plan for raising money for churches, women's clubs, and other organizations. No investment is required. If your church needs money, or if you are interested in raising money for any other purpose, write us direct, or hand this advertisement to the president of your Ladies' Aid Society, or the Chairman of your Guild, or to your Pastor. By merely asking for our "church plan" full particulars will be immediately sent.

Address Fund Department, Good Housekeeping Magazine, 119 West 41st St., New York City.

And the tightwad who has more money than friends is glad of it.

MANY COMPLAINTS HEARD.

This summer many persons are complaining of headaches, lame backs, rheumatism, biliousness and of being "always tired." Aches, pains and ills caused by kidneys not doing their work yield quickly to Foley Kidney Pills. They help elimination, give sound sleep and make you feel better.—Hites Drug Store.

A Kiss Won't Always Heal a Bruise

Wise mothers keep in their medicine closets proper lotions to apply in case children hurt themselves falling downstairs or in a hundred other ways. You can save a lot of pain by having these medicines handy. We sell such first aid things.

Ask for Universal Mileage Coupons

Given Free with every purchase. TRAVEL FREE!

The HITE DRUG CO.

The cuddlesome winter girl dislikes the hot weather.

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

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

FAMILY STORY PAPER

24-26 Vandewater Street
New York

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND
Beware of Counterfeits
Refuse all Substitutes

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS. For twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
TRYED EVERYWHERE TESTED.

Briefs of the Week

Thos. Joynt made a business trip to Honor, Thursday.

Mrs. Carrie Lanway left Monday for Delano, Minnesota.

Miss Carrie Johnson was a Traverse City visitor this week.

R. O. Bisbee and Wm. Stroebel were at Boyne Falls, Thursday.

Miss Emma Nachazel returned home from Charlevoix, Wednesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Reynolds, a son, Sept. 12th.

Mrs. McCarthy, who is quite ill, is at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Light.

Mrs. M. M. Mather is receiving a visit from her niece, Mrs. Mildred Wylie of the Soo.

James Hart entertained the Catholic Ladies at her farm-home on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Pardee left Tuesday for Flint, where they will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Stone left Thursday for a months visit with relatives at Dekalb Junction, N. Y.

Mrs. Effie Tooley of Cassopolis, Mich., is here caring for her mother, Mrs. James Johnson, who is ill.

Mrs. Fannie Tillotson and daughter, Mrs. Effie Johnson are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman.

Mrs. Lon Sheldon and daughter, Carmen, left Thursday for Detroit, where Mr. Sheldon has employment.

Misses Hazel and Alva Williams returned to their home at Grayling, Monday after a weeks visit with friends here.

Mrs. James Reynolds and children of Frederic are visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Raino, this week.

Miss Daisy Bryant returned to her home at Leland, Monday, after visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ribble.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Goodman returned home from Traverse City, Tuesday, after visiting relatives there over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Trumbull left Wednesday for Denver, Colorado, and for a visit with the formers parents at Oklahoma.

Weisman's Store will be closed from 5:30 Friday evening to 5:30 Saturday evening this week on account of the Hebrew holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miller and daughter, Mrs. Leon Grant visited the former's daughter, Miss Lottie Miller at Boyne City, Sunday.

Wm. Harrington attended the G. A. R. reunion at Grayling Wednesday and Thursday. He reported a fine time and excellent entertainment.

William Nachazel, went to Beaver Island on Friday. From there he goes to Boyne City to resume his position in the Boyne City National Bank.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pringle went to Grayling, Thursday, to attend the Old Soldiers Reunion, and to visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Williams.

Joseph Nimmrichter, who has been spending the summer with Father Kroboth, went to St. Louis, Mo., on Monday to resume his studies at the university.

Methodist Episcopal Ladies Aid will be entertained by Mrs. Geo. Hamilton at her home on Prospect-st, Wednesday p. m. September 22nd. Members please notice.

Mrs. James Gidley and Mrs. W. E. Moore went to Morrice, Saturday last to visit their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Grigsby. Mrs. Grigsby is reported some better.

Miss Cecil Healey returned to her home at Toronto, Ont., Wednesday, after visiting at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Raino. Mrs. Raino accompanied her home.

Rev. G. W. Arnold of Kalkaska will conduct services at the Episcopal Church in this city this Sunday, Sept. 19th, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation extended all to attend.

The L. D. S. church on the West Side will hold special services this Saturday and Sunday. The speakers from out of town are Apostle Curtis of Lamoni, Iowa, and Elder Ellis of South Boardman. All are cordially invited.

A. J. Peckham, district manager of the Michigan State Telephone Co., with headquarters at Petoskey has resigned to accept a position as general manager of a large telephone company near Chicago. He will be succeeded by A. E. Huntley, now in charge of the Benton Harbor and St. Joseph exchanges.

The Board of Stewards of the Methodist Church wish to express their sincere thanks for the generous support given by the public to their efforts in serving meals at the Fair grounds last week. The venture was a success, made so through the liberal furnishing of material and the many who donated their services.

A. W. Clark was a Petoskey visitor, this week.

Frank Whittington is assisting at the D. & C. Depot.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Johnson went to Flint, Tuesday.

John Light returned home from Flint first of the week.

Mrs. Wm. Boswell was a Traverse City visitor this week.

Mrs. Will D. Mann went to Traverse City, first of the week.

Miss Gertrude Grant returned to Charlevoix, Tuesday.

Miss Florence Maddaugh is attending the normal at Charlevoix.

H. Rosenthal went to Traverse City, Friday, to visit over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John McKinnon now occupy Robt. Price's cottage.

Miss Florence Brooks returned home from Grand Rapids, Thursday.

Catholic Ladies bake-sale, in Stroebel's Hardware, this afternoon.

Clinton Hammond left Thursday, for Detroit, where he has employment.

The Lady Macabees are planning for the County Rally held here Oct. 20th.

Mrs. Wm. Boswell and Mrs. W. E. Palmiter were at Boyne City, Tuesday.

Chas. Wright of the West Side moved down near the Furnace Co. this week.

Mrs. George Ward of Deward was the guest of Mrs. Geo. Geck on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Weisman went to Petoskey, Friday, to visit friends over Sunday.

M. Harcourt of Toronto, Ont., is guest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Parks.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert McKinnon left Friday for Flint, where he has employment.

Miss Lottie Strong left for Detroit Wednesday, after a visit with her sister Mrs. Bert Scott.

A number of friends of Mrs. Lon Sheldon gave her a surprise on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Sophia Berg returned home from Mancelona, Friday, after a visit with friends there.

Rev. T. Porter Bennett returned home from conference meeting at Hastings, Thursday.

F. A. Niggerman, cashier of the Bank at Beaverton, was guest of Wm. Stroebel this week.

Misses Esther Porter and Anna Jamison left Monday for Oberlin, Ohio, to resume their studies.

Mrs. Datus Dean of Charlevoix is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Milford, this week.

Mrs. Ed. Hammond of Traverse City is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hammond this week.

Frank Bender and family moved from the West Side this week, into Miss Kneales rooms over her store.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. D. Palmiter, a daughter, Sept. 8th. Mrs. Palmiter was formerly Miss Bertha Allen.

The Needle Craft Society was re-organized and had a pot-luck dinner at the home of Mrs. Schaffer, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Joynt entertained Rev. Daniels of Elk Rapids, and J. M. Gleason of Boyne City, this week.

Miss Ila Servis returned to her home at Jennings, Friday, after visiting at the home of her brother, Glenn Servis.

Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Ramsey are receiving a visit from the former's niece, Miss June Ramsey of Baltimore, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman drove to Deward, Monday. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Brintnall.

The members of the Methodist Episcopal church gave a farewell reception at the church Friday evening, in honor of Rev. T. Porter Bennett.

Mrs. Ransom Jones, Jr., returned home from Henderson Saturday last. She was accompanied by her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Allen.

Misses Maude Snook and Rena Alstrom have rented the furnished rooms over Spencer's Plumbing shop and are doing light house-keeping.

Mrs. W. S. Carr visited her daughter Mrs. K. Bader at Boyne City, Tuesday. Mrs. Bader left Wednesday for Flint, where her husband has employment.

Mrs. Evah Larson with children returned home from a two week's visit at South Dakota, this week. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Coudfess Sanders.

Rev. W. C. Cravier, who succeeds Rev. T. Porter Bennett as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, has been assistant pastor of one of the leading churches in New York City. He is a new-comer to Michigan, the conference at Hastings accepting his application and appointing him to this charge. He is at present in New York, but is expected to take charge here Sunday, Sept. 26th.

Smoke improved MICHIGANDER—5c Cigar.

Clayton O'Dell returned to his home at Elk Rapids, Tuesday.

Raymond Dennis and mother of Ellsworth are visiting friends here over Sunday.

Miss Myrtle Fox left Monday for her home at Elk Rapids after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dennis.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, who have been visiting at the homes of Mr. Ruhl and C. Barries, returned to their home at Richfield, Mich., Wednesday.

Read the Story "WHO PAYS" on the last page of this issue of The Herald. Then see the motion pictures at the Temple Theatre next Thursday evening Sept. 23rd.

Manager Claude Reynolds closed his skating rink here Wednesday evening and has sold the equipments to Mr. Seaman at Charlevoix. Mr. Seaman will remove same to that place.

Joseph Lozen, a former resident of this city, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Arthur Sanders at Bay City, this week. He leaves four grand-children of this city, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gordon and Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon.

Rev. T. Porter Bennett will close his ministry in this city next Sunday, conducting services at the Methodist Episcopal church morning and evening. In the evening, the Presbyterian church will unite with the Methodists in a farewell service.

PYTHIAN CLUB—5c Cigar—none better.

HOUSE FOR RENT—Inquire of E. A. Lewis.

Money to Loan on good real estate Security.—Enquire of Atty D. H. Fitch

For Rent—FURNISHED COTTAGE on Lake Shore.—Enquire of C. A. Hudson.

ROOMS FOR RENT—In the Spencer Block. Either furnished or unfurnished. Inquire of George Spencer.

We are now in the market for and will pay the highest market price for Wool and Hides. Phone 169 or call at my place of business on Second-st.—HARRY KLING.

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

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Sept. 19th, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—"A Word in Season."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:45 p. m. Epworth League.

We shall have no service Sunday night but attend the last service of the Rev. Mr. Bennett in the M. E. church, Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting.

At the service Sunday morning G. J. Zerweck will be ordained and installed as Ruling Elder.

Sunday, Oct. 3, will be the regular quarterly Conference Service.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth

Sunday, Sept. 19th.

8:00 a. m. Low mass. Holy Communion for the Ladies' Altar Society. Benediction.

Monday, Sept. 20th.

7:30 p. m. Meeting of the Altar Society.

DEWARD

Milo Rose of Brainerd, Minn., visited his uncle, W. S. Ritter, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Sedgeman and Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Vallance attended the play at East Jordan, Thursday evening last.

Miss Mary Olson left Saturday for Roscommon where she has secured a school for this year.

Kenneth Ward of Orion visited his parents, Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Blanchard of Roscommon was a Deward visitor Tuesday.

Miss McGillis visited friends at Grayling and Frederic over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ritter and Mr. and Mrs. O. Brintnall were Mancelona visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Dell returned Wednesday from a visit with friends in Isabella county.

Mrs. Geo. Ward went to East Jordan Wednesday returning Friday.

If you can't find a good opportunity get busy and make one.

Tomorrow is the happiest day in the life of the average man.

Occasionally the early bird makes a mistake in selecting a worm—and gets stung.

Sometimes it is a woman's fondness for change that keeps her husband's pockets empty.

The dachshund has very short legs, but his pants are just as long as those of any other dog.

If a mother chases her children out of the room when another woman calls, there is gossip in the air.

When the Ambitious Man

Dazzled by
Fancied
Glory and
Transient
Greatness

Deserts
Home,
Wife and
Child



For the
Empty
Phantom
Fame

You must not fail to read this series of twelve remarkable, heart-gripping Moving Picture Stories that will be printed and will also be shown on the screen at the theater named below. Somewhere in this series is a page from your own life or that of some friend or acquaintance.

First Story "The Price of Fame"

Second Story "The Pursuit of Pleasure"

Third Story "When Justice Sleeps"

Nine Others to Follow—Be Sure to See the Pictures at the
Temple Theatre Next Thursday Night, Sept. 23rd

Honey Items For Women.

To remove wine stains from linen soak the spots in sweet milk.

All the military influences are fading out except the soldier blue.

Two-color schemes in fuchsia-colorings are charming for negligees.

Shot lavender and yellow is a peculiarly discreet and pleasing color.

Tailored frocks are trimmed with belts and buckles, buttons and braid.

Vinegar is one of the best liquids for cleaning windows or lamp chimneys.

Silk handbags of black, lined with bright figure silks, are effective with dark frocks. Many of them have a big colored stone for a clasp.

An old cook book tells us, "if we suffer from indigestion, to masticate slowly a half teaspoonful of wheat bran." Try it.

Full pleated skirts and Norfolk coats of crepe meteor make very charming dresses worn with white crepe blouses for young girls.

BOLTS WANTED.

We want to buy a few hundred cords of four-foot bolts in hemlock, spruce, pine and balsam, 6" and up in diameter, smooth, straight stock, all cut 49" long. Will buy same delivered on car on E. J. & S. R. R. or in our yard, EAST JORDAN, CABINET CO.

Citrolax CITROLAX

Best thing for constipation, sour stomach, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Stops a sick headache almost at once. Gives a most thorough and satisfactory flushing, no pain, no nausea. Keeps your system cleansed, sweet and wholesome. Ask for CITROLAX.—Hites Drug Store.

OUR FALL STOCK IS COMMENCING TO ARRIVE

And our new building is not yet ready for occupancy. We are anxious to reduce our stocks still more before removing and in order to do this will offer Exceptional Bargains on this New Fall Merchandise which includes

Ladies Coats, Suits and Skirts
and Gents Clothing.

L. WEISMAN

A lazy man is a dead loss to himself.

The majority of men are like clocks—either to fast or to slow.

The self-made man forgets to list himself when the assessor calls.

Many a first-class kitchen mechanic is made over into a tenth-class actress.

The man who is too positive about things spends a lot of valuable time looking for small holes to crawl into.

HIS REST WAS BROKEN.

O. D. Wright, Rosemont, Neb., writes: "I was bothered with pains in the region of my kidneys. My rest was broken by frequent action of my kidneys. I was advised by my doctor to try Foley Kidney Pills and one 50cent bottle made a well man of me. They relieve rheumatism and backache.—Hite's Drug Store."

FASHIONS FOR HERALD READERS

ALL PATTERNS published in The Charlevoix County Herald are Ten Cents each unless otherwise noted.

Send or leave your orders at The Herald Office.

A SIMPLE STYLISH MODEL



1401. Ladies' Dress for House or Porch Wear.

Dotted percale in blue and white was used in this instance. In white linen, flannel, or madras with a touch of bright color this style will make a neat dress, that will be suitable for business or outing. The dress is made with convertible collar and a pointed yoke over the back. The sleeve in wrist length is close fitting. In short length it is finished with a neat turnback cuff. The skirt a nine gore model has platted fulness at the seams. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It is good for taffeta, poplin, voile, serge, and cloth and all wash materials. Size 36 will require 7 yards of 44 inch material. The skirt measures about 3 1/4 yards at the foot.

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

A CHARMING AND FASHIONABLE DESIGN.



Waist 1328, Overdress 1409. Comprising Ladies' Shirt Waist pattern 1328, and Ladies' Princess Overdress pattern 1409. As here shown taffeta was used for the over dress, with crepe for the waist. Either style may be developed and worn separately.

The waist has a convertible collar and a sleeve that may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Embroidery, braiding or bands of velvet ribbon would form a suitable finish for the over dress. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/8 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The over dress is cut in the same sizes, and requires 4 1/2 yards of 44 inch material without nap, for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 5/8 yards at the foot.

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

JUNIOR DRESS.



1423. A Popular, Comfortable and Smart Style.

This attractive girlish model has good style features. The blouse is made in the new "smock" style, and may be plain or trimmed with the strap plaits. The broad collar is in Quaker style. The sleeve in wrist length has a straight deep cuff. In short arm length a turn back cuff forms a neat finish. The blouse is set into a deep armhole with no fulness. The blouse can be used as an over blouse, by omitting the sleeves. The three piece skirt is cut with stylish flare and ample width. It is finished with a waistband but may be joined to an under waist if preferred. This style is good for combinations of wash or wool fabrics, for serge, taffeta, gingham, lawn, poplin, repp, gabardine, velvet, satin or corduroy. This model will make a splendid school suit. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for a 12 year size.

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

TEMPERANCE NOTES

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

FOR VALUE RECEIVED.

The liquor interests have unwittingly given prohibition in West Virginia much valuable publicity. Their frantic efforts to prove that a deficit in the state treasury is due to the loss of liquor revenue has called forth from loyal citizens of the "little mountain state" strong testimonials on the subject. In the light of the moral, social and economic benefits derived from the prohibitory law, testified to by men of every class, a deficiency of a few thousand dollars seems of comparatively little importance.

As a matter of fact the loss of the \$600,000 a year in revenue to West Virginia as a result of the adoption of the constitutional prohibition amendment does not impose upon the individual taxpayer any burden worth considering. In a letter written by the state auditor, which has recently been made public, he shows that five cents additional state taxes on the hundred-dollar valuation will take care of the money loss on liquor licenses. This would cost a man whose property was assessed at \$1,000, fifty cents; if he has \$2,000 worth, he would have to pay one dollar, and if he had \$10,000, he would be obliged to expend five dollars. So much for the enormous load of taxation being thrust upon the property owners of the state because of prohibition! The payment of such insignificant amounts would certainly appeal to a level-headed business man as a mighty good investment.

DRINKERS' DEATH RATE HIGH.

Startling evidence of the effect of alcohol on the moderate drinkers is offered by the Life Extension Institute. The bulletin issued to its members shows that in one Canadian and three British life insurance companies the mortality among so-called moderate drinkers, accepted as temperate and healthy risks, exceeded the death rate among the abstainers by 78, 37, 52 and 44 per cent, respectively.

New data was recently compiled by forty-three American life insurance companies, covering a period of twenty-five years, with the following results: Steady moderate drinkers, accepted as standard risks, death rate 86 per cent above the average. Former drinkers (admitting past excesses), death rate 50 per cent above the average. Very moderate drinkers, 18 per cent above the average. "Experimental laboratory work," says the board of scientific authorities, "has kept pace with statistical investigation; and the knowledge gained from the laboratory, not only in experiments on animals, but on man himself, shows that a higher death rate among alcohol users is what we would naturally expect to find in the light of what we know regarding its effects on the body."

POOR OLD JOHN.

John Barleycorn the swaggering, just now is badly staggering beneath repeated blows; for kings say, "He is rummy—dog-dog the stuff he's brewed in us," and hit him on the nose. The kings, alert and vigorous, are taking measures rigorous, to swat old John again: "He's worse than guns and sabers are," remark the kings, "his labors are addressed to drowning men. Out where our flags are shimmering the bottle must go glimmering, it makes the soldier rude; it spoils the ardent warrior, and nothing could be sorer than fighting men half stewed." Thus speak the Lord's anointed ones, and they are the appointed ones their people's weal to guard; they see that John, the fecherous, is vicious, mean and treacherous, and so they speak him hard. And if, in Europe's villages, old John, who slays and pillages, runs up against a frost, the war, with all its slaughtering, that leaves the nations tottering, is well worth what it cost.—Walt Mason.

ATTITUDE OF CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"All the great Catholic societies refuse membership to those engaged in the liquor business," says Mr. John F. Cunneen, prominent Catholic and labor leader. "In Maine the Catholics have a majority of the church membership, and you know how Maine stands on the liquor question. In Cambridge, Mass., the Catholic church membership equals 71 per cent of the total church membership, and for 28 years Cambridge has outlawed the saloon. While the Catholic may vote as he pleases upon the saloon question, the church gives him no argument in favor of the saloon. On the contrary, all the arguments are against it. Rev. James E. Cassidy of Fall River, Mass., once said: 'You dare not pray for the saloon.' No Catholic who follows Father Cassidy's advice will vote for the saloon."

NEWSPAPER MAN RECOMMENDS IT.

R. R. Wentworth of the St. James (Mo.) News, writes: "A severe cold settled in my lungs. I feared pneumonia Foley's Honey and Tar straightened me up immediately. I recommend this genuine cough and lung medicine." Right now thousands of hay fever and asthma sufferers are thankful for this wonderful healing and soothing remedy.—Hites Drug Store.

FOR PARENTS—CAN YOU ANSWER "YES?"

1. Do you "make time" to play with your children, and teach them to play alone?
2. Do you read and tell stories to them?
3. Do you know what they study in school?
4. Do you use the public library so as to more wisely train your children?
5. Have you good books and magazines in your home?
6. Do you frequently visit your children's school?
7. Do you welcome their teachers in your home?
8. Do you heartily encourage worthy ambitions?
9. Do you develop self-reliance in your children by trusting them to do right?
10. Do you give them sufficient opportunity for self-development?
11. Do you teach your children the value of money by giving them a chance to make and spend their own?
12. Do you teach housekeeping to your daughter, and do you teach your son the dignity of honest toil?
13. Do you tell the story of life to your children?
14. Do you pray for divine help in training them?
15. Do you try to help other parents?

Parents should not make decisions for their boys and girls. Teach them to decide wisely for themselves. Parents are not to say, "I will conquer that child, whatever it may cost me," but rather, "I will help him to conquer himself, whatever it may cost him." Learn to use your will power as you learn to swim—by using it.—Child Welfare Magazine.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

To keep young is to keep healthy, and to keep healthy is to keep from being poisoned. Our waste products poison us, and drink and drugs and improper food add to it. Perhaps never before was there so much conscious effort to counteract the process, says the Medical Times. An earlier generation did it by simpler food and more constant work in the open air, with less thought to any of it. But we have grown in invention of everything, and with greater wealth has come greater indulgence and with it greater danger from the poisons that make, against health. The defense against all the poisons that thus beset us is the liver, and the purpose of right living is to keep it in good condition. The other thing of prime importance is the circulatory apparatus.

Our bodies must be fed with oxygen and relieved of waste which is cast into the blood and carried through the circulation by a central pump and tubes to be cast out. So another needed thing is to keep spry if you would keep young. With bodily activity must be mental activity. The mind can grow prematurely old as well as the physical system. The brain must be properly fed. Mental sloth invite mental decay. Youth is buoyant, age is easily depressed. To restore buoyancy is part of the process of keeping young and hence of keeping in health.

Muscles unused, atrophy and decay, and this is true of the minds as of the body. Worry is baneful to the mind and helps to disturb physical functions, bringing on the "old" look. Youthfulness in appearance which is based on fact depends on digestion, sleep, work, play, and these rest largely on food and conduct. The mind must not be allowed to rust any more than the body. It must work and play. If nothing better can be done get a hobby. And, above all, be cheerful and keep occupied.

And many a man finds it difficult to make a living because he is practically a dead one.

Even after a man sees where he made a mistake he keeps right on making more.

When some men fail to make a hit they try to fix the responsibility on the hammer.

Think before you act is a good motto, but a lot of people think and then fail to act.

It isn't always safe to judge newspapers, cigars and women by their wrappers.

It is easy for a man to behave after he breaks into the has-been class.

An old bachelor says that matrimony is the best cooking school.

Anyway, we admire a cheerful idiot more than we do the other kind.

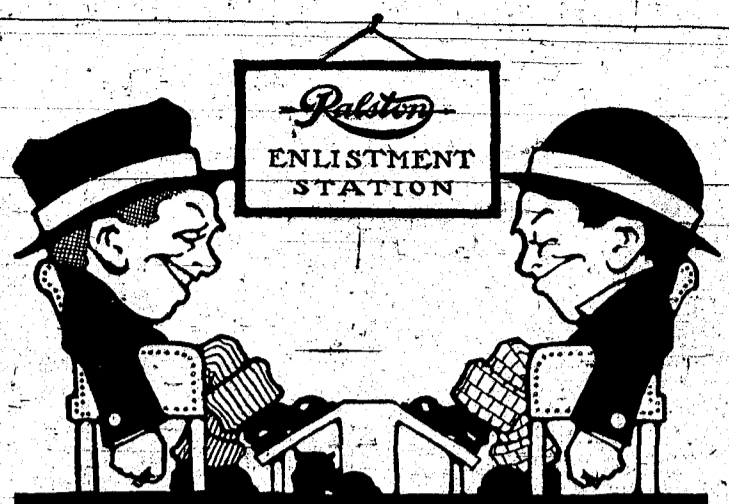
A man has no real kick coming when his wife talks to herself.

Lots of people pray for the poor and let it go at that.

He has a treacherous servant who serves only himself.

SCHOOLS MAY BAR CHILDREN.

Common colds are contagious and boards of health in many cities are considering barring children with colds from school. Foley's Honey and Tar is an old and reliable family medicine and frees children from coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Parents may save trouble by giving before school opens.—Hite's Drug Store.



Join the Ralston S. P. C. F.

Do you know what S. P. C. F. means? Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Feet.

Let your feet experience perfect comfort by wearing a pair of our new Ralstons—the "fit-as-thought-made-to-your-measure" kind.

We have a complete showing of this season's styles and patterns in your size, too.

Prices \$4.00 to \$6.00.

CHAS. A. HUDSON EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEALER

Herald Advertising Gets Results

When purchasing silverware, remember that in silver plate no name stands for higher quality or greater durability than the renowned trade mark

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Ask your dealer to show you the various exquisite patterns in which the "Silver Plate that Wears" can be had. The wide latitude for choice in knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces assures satisfaction to every taste.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "CL," showing all designs.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Successors to Meriden Britannia Co.
MERIDEN, CONN.

EAST JORDAN CABINET CO.

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

WEST MICHIGAN STATE FAIR

Grand Rapids, September 20 to 24

Grand \$10,000.00 Aviation Meet

American, French, German and Italian Air Pilots in a Thrilling, Spectacular "BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS." See the Sensational Aerial Warfare Every Day.

American Day Wednesday, Sept. 22
Beautiful Patriotic Celebration for Everybody.

Free Attractions Outdoor Shows and Exhibitions going on all day.

100 - Thrilling Attractions - 100

The "Joy Zone," Daylight Fireworks, Aeroplanes, Auto Show, Day and Night Auto Races, Horse Races, Wild West Show, Band Concerts, Etc., Etc.

Live Stock and Dairy Show, Poultry Show, Dog Show, Agriculture and Horticulture, Farm Machinery and Implements.

West Mich. State Fair, Grand Rapids, Sept. 20 to 24

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

SEMINARIES A MENACE

BY THE REV. DR. I. M. HALDEMAN

Text: He took also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back, and stood by the bank of Jordan; . . . the waters, they parted hither and thither: and Elijah went over.—II. Kings 2:14.

Elijah, the mighty prophet of God, who defied the king, shut up the heavens that there was neither dew or rain, according to his word, or prophets of Baal, called down fire from heaven upon the sacrifice, visited terrific judgment upon the land, is now to be taken up to heaven by a whirlwind, attended by celestial horsemen and chariots of fire. Elijah, his successor in the prophetic office, accompanies him on the journey from Gilgal to Bethel, from Bethel to Jericho, where there was a theological seminary, and the sons of the prophets (the ministerial students of that day) said to Elisha:

"Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head this day?" And he answered: "Yea, I know it. Hold ye your peace." And they two went on to the River Jordan. And fifty of the sons of the prophets went and stood afar off to view what would happen. And Elijah took his mantle and smote the waters and they were divided, so that the two went over on dry ground. And Elisha said unto Elisha: "Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away." And Elisha said: "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." And he said: "Thou has asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken away, it shall be so unto thee, but if not, it shall not be so." And it came to pass as they still went on, behold, there appeared a chariot and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it and cried: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." And when Elisha returned to Jericho with the mantle of Elijah, the sons of the prophets said: "The spirit of Elijah does rest upon Elisha." And they said unto him: "Behold, there be with us fifty strong men. Let them go and seek my master, lest peradventure, the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up and cast him upon some mountain or into some valley." And he said: "Ye shall not send." But they urged him until he was ashamed, and he said: "Send." They sent therefore fifty men; and they sought three days; but found him not. And when they came again to him (for he tarried at Jericho), he said unto them: "Did I not say unto you 'Go not'?"

The ascension of Elijah sets forth in type our Lord's ascension into heaven, through the shining portals of glory, to sit down on the right hand of the majesty in the heavens, an enthroned sin-purger, the risen man in the heavens in bodily presence. The spirit of Elijah resting upon Elisha shows the spirit of Christ incarnated in the Church. After our Lord's resurrection He breathed upon His disciples saying: "Receive ye the Holy Spirit," and on the day of Pentecost the promise of the Father was fulfilled, and they were endued with power from on high.

Our present-day theologians are like the theologians of Jericho of old. They perceive the spirit of Christ, but repudiate His material presence in heaven. All sorts of things are being attributed by them to the Spirit of Christ. They tell us that the Spirit of Christ has given us the marvelous inventions of the day, rapid transit, airships, woman suffrage, and inspired the discovery of the North Pole. All these things of the spirit of the natural man, these Jericho theologians of our modern seminaries tell us are the outworkings of the Spirit of Christ in man. Of course, they deny a bodily resurrection and teach a ghostly Christ, instead of one who called to His disciples to "handle Me and see that I am flesh and bones, and not a spirit as ye think," and who sat at meal with them, after His resurrection, partaking of broiled fish and honeycomb. As the sons of the prophets of old sought to account for the disappearance of Elijah, so do our modern, up-to-date theologians, whether native born or imported, seek to account for the disappearance of Christ.

The time has come when men will not endure sound doctrine, but having itching ears, have heaped unto themselves teachers, and have turned away their ears from the truth unto fables. The progress of the devil's lie, "Ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil," still continues. "Right is on the scaffold and wrong is on the throne." Reformation instead of regeneration is preached; in many a church there is not a drop of the blood, nor shadow of the cross. Evolution is substituted for creation. Result, materialism and enthronement of self. Man his own God. These are signs which proclaim the ingathering of the re-scanned.

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

The Boy and the Shark.

How a Plump Little Darkey Saved His Bacon.

The yellow fever was raging in Vera Cruz and one of the large West Indian liners which arrived on a certain day was obliged to anchor off in the harbor. A small boat, known as a dingy, floated astern, and in this an active young colored boy of about 15, was busily at work washing off the seats. The boat lurched over with a sudden dip as the boy bore his weight on one of the thwart, and Pedro heard a warning shout from the steamer's deck just in time to give one terrified glance around, and to hear a noise he knew only too well.

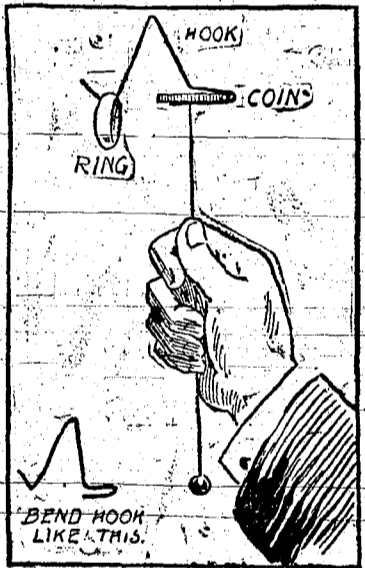
Without an instant's hesitation he jumped overboard from the opposite side of the boat. For as he looked he caught sight of the jaws of a great shark, which spying this tempting morsel of a plump little darkey, had leaped toward the careened boat with open mouth. So vigorous was the shark's leap that as Pedro went over one side of the boat, the shark hopped in at the other. Not being used to these surroundings, and missing his prey, he floundered around until his head bore down the gunwale and he slid from the careening boat into the sea again before the people on the steamer could fling a harpoon at him. Almost as he disappeared poor Pedro's head popped up on the opposite side of the boat and in a terrible fright he clambered into the dingy again, as thoroughly scared a young darkey as ever had a narrow escape.

Had he not thus saved himself from the man-eater, help from the steamer would have been necessary, and even then it is more probable that the boy would not have been saved. This is a remarkable instance of the fecundity of a shark seeking his prey out of the water.

A Good Trick.

If you are fond of tricks, here's a good one. All you need is a long steel penny hatpin, a hairpin, a finger ring and a coin of equal weight as the ring.

Bend the hatpin as shown in the picture. Place the coin in the slot made by the bent wire and hang the



HOW TRICK IS DONE.

ring on the hook end. With a little practice you will be able to balance the articles on the end of the hatpin. After you can balance them very well you can surprise your friends by making the combination go round like a carousel. This is accomplished by gently blowing upon the ring.

Dog and Kitten.

The servant of a family took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog went with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water, the dog sprang in and brought it back to land.

A second time the man threw it in, and again the dog rescued it; and when for the third time the servant tried to drown it, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, ran all the way home with it, and deposited it before the kitchen fire.

From that time the dog kept constant watch over the kitten. The two were inseparable, even sharing the same bed.—London Spectator.

A Few Conundrums.

Why is a pig in the kitchen like a house on fire? The sooner it's out the better.

What game do the waves play at? Pitch and toss.

What soup would cannibals prefer? A broth of a boy.

What sort of men are always above board? Chessmen.

Why are trouble visitors like trees in winter? Because it is a long time before they leave.

What is a man? Something that holds a lady's hand and doesn't squeeze it.

When is a clock on the stair dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one.

HOW TO SELECT SEED CORN

When Harvesting Seed Corn Choose Medium Sized Ears From Strong, Vigorous Stalks.

GATHER IT FROM THE FIELD

There is Danger of Selecting Ears Too Large—If the Season is Late and Cold or Frosts Come Early We Will Have a Lot of Soft, Chaffy, Mouldy Light Corn From Which to Get Seed for Our Next Year's Crop.

By PROF. P. G. HOLDEN, Director Agricultural Department International Harvester Co. of New Jersey.

A good sized ear is essential to a good yield. It indicates that the ear comes from a strong, vigorous, healthy stalk and that in turn it will produce stalks and ears having a strong constitution and hardiness. No one would think of selecting for seed small, weak, puny-looking ears. Corn has been bred for the grain or ear until the proportion of corn to stalk is abnormally high and consequently the tendency is for the ear to become smaller unless we select larger ears than we expect in the average of the crop.

Select Medium Sized Ears.

On the other hand, the greater danger lies in selecting too large ears and too large types of corn, and this is especially true of the northern half of the corn belt. For every dollar lost by growing corn that is too small or too early there are ten to twenty dollars lost from growing corn that is too large and too late in maturing. If the season is late and cold, or the frosts come too early, or if the seed is planted late in the spring, the grower has a lot of soft, chaffy, moldy, light corn. In addition to this it is very difficult to secure good seed from such corn for next year's crop. It is certain to be more or less frozen, moldy and weak, and to result in a poor stand and a poor crop. Large, stumpy, immature ears fill the wagon-box rapidly, and we deceive ourselves into thinking that we are getting a large yield. Corn of this kind often contains from 35 to 45 per cent of water. When the corn dries it is loose on the cob, chaffy and light. The little cells in the kernels are only partially filled with food and are dull and chalky, or starchy, instead of bright, hard, heavy and rich in appearance.

The corn is apt to spoil, especially in the bottom of the crib, i. e., burns out, and it is unpalatable to stock. The grower of such corn is required to sell at a greatly reduced price. What we want is corn that will be safe every year. Remember that two small ears weighing but ten ounces each, to each hill will make 64 bushels per acre, or double the average yield. Three of them will give nearly 100 bushels per acre.

This indicates full maturity, good quality, feeding value and yield.

Large ears will generally have larger and deeper kernels. Short, bunched ears are certain to have deeper kernels than long, slim ears. As a consequence the planter cannot be adjusted to give a uniform drop.

If we have large and small ears, bunched and slim ears, deep kernalled and shallow kernalled ears we shall not only have unevenness in size and shape of kernels; but we shall also have a great variation in time of maturity, some stalks bearing early and some late, and some having high ears and some low.

POOR SEED MEANS LOW YIELD.

One small eight-ounce ear of corn added to each hill will double the yield and value of the crop and add \$1,700,000,000 to its total value.

CORN GROWERS' RULES.

1. Pick seed corn before October 1st, saving at least twice as much as will be needed.
2. Select only ears that will ripen and that are of good quality.
3. Select from strong, vigorous stalks, ears that bend over at medium height on medium length shanks.
4. Hang seed corn in a dry, well ventilated place, so that the ears do not touch.
5. Select seed corn from your own field.
6. If you must buy seed corn, buy in your own locality.
7. In the spring, select the best ears and test each ear.
8. Select 100 of the choicest of these ears and plant in a separate plot to select from next year.

Immature Corn Freezes.

Corn put into the crib in the fall in a sappy condition freezes and thaws repeatedly through the winter. In March and April when the weather warms up, it will be found that the hearts of the kernels have turned to a cheesy color and later become black and are strong to the taste. In this last case I have reference not to soft, immature corn, but to what would be considered as very good corn except that it is large and contains considerable water.

The Only Thing Between Success or Wealth, and the Keys to it is

ADVERTISING

This is about the most pointed talk on advertising you ever read.

It may prick you and cause you to flinch a time or two, but when you reach the end you will find it to have been written for your benefit.

The only thing between wealth and the keys to it is ADVERTISING. You perhaps will not readily believe this because you may have placed an advertisement in your local paper, once or many times, and if, or they, did not make you wealthy. But they did not hurt you. And if they did not bring the results you had anticipated, the fault is YOURS, not the advertisements.

You perhaps prepared the copy hurriedly—or, what is worse, had an employe write it for you. In either event you paid high compliment to printers' ink. YOU ASSUMED THAT IT COULD BRING RESULTS FOR YOU WITH LITTLE OR NO ATTENTION GIVEN IT ON YOUR PART.

It cannot do that. Advertising can do nothing more than carry your message to the public. If your message is uninteresting, the fault is none other than your own. And to not advertise at all is letting the public assume you have no message to send it.

WHAT, THEN, SHALL YOU DO?

Here is what you MUST do if you want your business to increase in volume and your bank account to increase with it: YOU MUST advertise. You must Advertise persistently—and you MUST give your personal attention to the preparation of your advertising copy.

It is not difficult to prepare business-getting copy. It is easily done. We will help you with your copy. We buy one of the BEST advertising services in the United States, and we will be glad to show you specimens representing YOUR line. They will give you attractive "starters" for your messages, and then it is up to YOU to offer special inducements to attract customers to your place of business.

PRICES COUNT ABOVE ALL THINGS ELSE. They are the one thing the public is interested in.

TELL your community you have the goods; INVITE the people to your place of business and, most forcefully of all, QUOTE THEM PRICES.

Those who go or send out of town to buy pay as much or more than you would charge for the same articles, but unless you have shown them they could buy as cheaply from you, you cannot blame them.

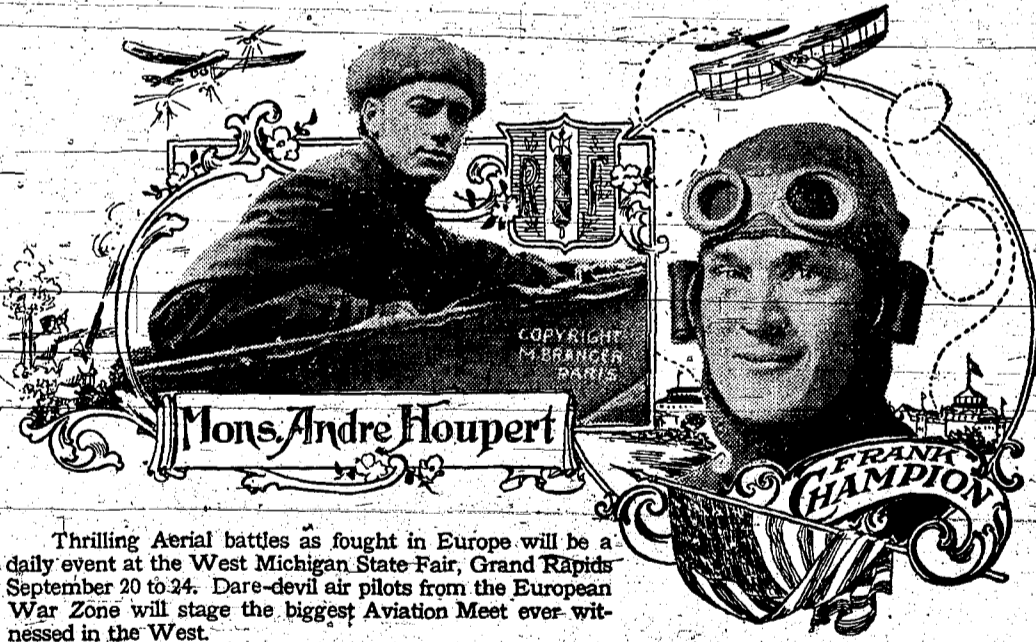
YOU can prove to yourself that conscientious, persistent advertising pays. AND RIGHT NOW—the beginning of the fall season is an ideal time to put it to the test.

Come to our office, or let us call upon you, and arrange for a certain space in every issue of The Charlevoix County Herald for a year and then determine to give GOOD, HONEST EFFORT toward making that space bring results. While the other fellow is spending his time keeping pointed on the war GIVE YOURS to studying up new offers for the people in the community. You'll become enthusiastic over the new plan and within a few months you will find that all you have read of the power of advertising is true.

Charlevoix Co. Herald

Read By The People of This Region.

AVIATION MEET AT WEST MICHIGAN STATE FAIR



Thrilling Aerial battles as fought in Europe will be a daily event at the West Michigan State Fair, Grand Rapids September 20 to 24. Dare-devil air pilots from the European War Zone will stage the biggest Aviation Meet ever witnessed in the West.

Removing Varnish.

Use very strong lye with a lump of washing soda in it, but be sure to grease your hands thoroughly or the caustic liquid will eat right into them. Put it on with a spoon or soft cloth, then wipe it off with a damp cloth, wrung out of hot water. This ought to take it all off, but sometimes a second application is necessary.

DID THE OLD MAN GOOD.

Geo. W. Clough, of Prentiss, Miss., is seventy-seven years old and had trouble with his kidneys for many years. He writes that Foley Kidney Pills did him much good. He used many remedies, but this is the only one that ever helped him. No man, young or old, can afford to neglect symptoms of kidney trouble.—Hite's Drug Store.

Call them white lies if you want to, but sooner or later they will come home to roost.

A woman's mind may be as changeable as the shape of her hat.

CHANCERY ORDER

State of Michigan, Thirteenth Judicial Circuit, In Chancery. Suit pending in Circuit Court for the county of Charlevoix, In Chancery, on the thirty-first day of July, A. D. 1915. Hattie Bailor, Complainant, vs George Bailor, Defendant.

In this cause it appearing that defendant, George Bailor, is not a resident of the State of Michigan, but resides at Armuehee, Floyd County, State of Georgia, therefore, on motion of Dwight H. Fitch, solicitor for complainant, it is ordered, that defendant enter his appearance in said cause on or before four months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days of this order, and that within twenty days of the complainant cause this order to be published in The Charlevoix County Herald, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

FREDERICK W. MAYNE, Circuit Judge. DWIGHT H. FITCH, Solicitor for Complainant.

There Is No Question but that indigestion and the distressed feeling which always goes with it can be promptly relieved by taking a

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet

before and after each meal. 25c a box. W. C. Spring Drug Co.

OVER 25 YEARS EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HARRISON PATENT AGENCY, 605 Broadway, New York. Patent taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$3. Sold by all newsdealers. MANN & CO., 387 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 605 F St., Washington, D. C.

WHO PAYS?

The PRICE OF FAME

By EDWIN BLISS

(Copyright, 1918, by Pathe Exchange, Inc. All Moving Picture Rights and all Foreign Copyrights Reserved.)

FIRST STORY

Prof. Carl de Retzky flung a regretful glance at the hills, hurling their rugged battlements against the twilight that marked a definite end to his vacation. Vacation—rest from the weary grind, the loathsome task of training voices that could never be other than mediocre, voices that tortured his finely tuned nerves so exquisitely he had been forced to these same hills that the vast silences might perform their healing function. He opened his mouth, laying his throat with the clear air, drinking in great draughts of it as though trying to store away a reserve fund of that silence for the future. And then—

Then the voice reached out to him. Faintly, at first, but steadily increasing in volume until the silence was put to utter rout.

Such a voice! Rivaling in purity, clarity and sweetness the voices of nature. Dazed by his incredulous delight, the singing master followed the sounds till he found himself, leaning against a farm house fence, staring at a young man upon the porch, his handsome face pressed against the bars of a canary's cage, his eyes glistening with delight as he held vocal contest with the fluffy little creature. A rich, warm red came from beneath the heavy coat of tan as he caught sight of the stranger, halting his song abruptly as he inquiringly approached.

"Such a voice! Such an organ!" De Retzky stopped abruptly as he found his enthusiasm carrying him away. "I have never heard the song before," he continued inquiringly.

"Song!" The young chap laughed. "I was just teasing the bird—that's all."

"Teasing the bird!" the singing teacher repeated the words in bewilderment. He drew a card from his pocket as the youth smiled. He did not care to be laughed at—De Retzky. The young man caught his displeasure instantly.

"Thank you," he murmured gratefully. "I was smiling because my father just told me that my voice didn't go very far when it came to killing weeds."

"You should cultivate that voice—such voices belong to the world and not to the individual," De Retzky frowned.

He stopped as he noticed the change of expression that had come over the singer's face, as he studied the card with evident recognition.

"Cultivate my voice?" His voice was husky, hoarse. "Cultivate it! But who will pay for the job—who pays?" He looked about him, at the tiny farm house, the small farm, the shabby out-houses, all indicative of small means.

"Yes—that's it. Who pays?" De Retzky muttered, a faint smile upon his lips. For he knew the ultimate payment would not be found within so small a space; would not be taken from wealth or that which went to make wealth, but from the human heart. Whose heart?

"—and for a long time, my dear Bella, I could not keep that voice from my ears. Everything was there except the training. As you know, I have heard them all and have not been rated the worst myself, but for natural singing quality I have never heard this young Henry Merwin's superior."

"It merely shows," he continued, "how possible it is to dodge duty. That voice belonged to the world. But as I recalled what the struggle meant, what must be gone through before the summit is attained, I did not have the courage. Like a coward, a traitor to my art, I fled." He smiled whimsically. "But it was to be. I returned to my work, to the horrible grind. I listened to the sounds that could never be made into song and always I was hearing the voice of the farmer boy who teased the bird."

"And my little words of encouragement had fallen upon a soul worthy of that divine voice. Henry Merwin fought his way to the wagon seat of a milk wagon. That was what he did when he found me, that is what he is doing now—driving a milk wagon."

"I was in a laundry," the great soprano murmured softly, as though to herself.

De Retzky started to speak, but the expression on her face deterred him. "He is married?" she queried abruptly.

"Married the little beauty I saw him with that evening as I returned to my hotel—the little country girl he ran to with the news."

"And I suppose she was happy in his joy, happy at the encouragement you had given him?" A lurking bitterness was in the singer's tones, a note that caused the professor to look at her sharply.

"Little Dora twisted her ankle one morning while I was busy with a pup. Young Merwin was driving past and helped the child. He recognized me immediately, though I had quite

forgotten him—you see he was nothing but a voice to me—but when he recalled that evening and the scene—"

He shrugged apologetically, sheepishly. "Well, I knew that it was Fate. I offered to cultivate his voice and take my pay in the future, when it had proved itself."

"And you wish me to listen when he comes?"

"He is waiting now," De Retzky smiled as he consulted his watch. "He is always early for his lesson, unwilling to lose a moment of the time." He nodded to the maid, who ushered into the room a blushing, rosy-clad young man, who flushed hotly as he returned the friendly pressure of the great vocalist's hand, then turned naturally to the piano as she expressed the desire to hear his voice.

Her critical sense was swept away even as De Retzky's had been before her, and the judgment of the artist upon a tyro gave place to unmixed delight as Merwin lavishly poured forth his song.

She sighed as De Retzky turned upon her, smiling delightedly at the obvious impression his pupil had made.

"You were right, De Retzky, right," she murmured. "It is a voice that belongs to the world, a voice that does not belong to you any longer. You are the singer, old friend, more than the great teacher of voice production. This is The Voice. It belongs to Spreglia of Paris, Lamperti in Berlin, old Vanuchin of Florence. Sydney Dalton, here in the United States, in New York, shall have it finally. And he will coach, will make the opera singer out of the man with The Voice. Oh, I shall attend to all that. I must have my share in this discovery, De Retzky."

She turned to where the singer had been and De Retzky frowned as he saw his protégé had slipped away under cover of the great vocalist's enthusiasm. He looked at her uneasily for some sign of irritation, but a smile lurked about the corners of her mouth.

"The little country girl who was feeding the turkeys," she said softly, a curious glitter in her eyes as though a vagrant tear had somehow found a resting place there. "Ah, well, it will make her happy, De Retzky. And happiness should be crowded upon her now."

The two who had eaten of the fruit avoided meeting her eyes, as if in fear. And their fear seemed by some odd freak to have transferred itself to a tiny cottage in the outskirts of the city, where a little woman bent her head lower over her knitting while her husband joyously, eagerly told for the twentieth time of his experience.



Trying Out His Voice.

She could not analyze the mixture of emotions tugging at her very heart strings, the joy, the ache, the leaden ecstasy, the torturing delight all struggling there for mastery.

"Europe, Ann! The greatest teachers of the world! Just think of it! Why, it seems impossible! Wealth, fame, honor, everything—"

The tear that had trembled so long a time upon the fringe of her lashes dropped to the tiny shoe upon which she was knitting, clung there until his eyes rested upon it.

"Aren't you happy, Ann?" he repeated.

She nodded a trifle jerkily, then slowly lifted her eyes to meet his own. Honest, eyes that were, loving, worshipful eyes that were, patient eyes, the eyes that belong to women whose souls are so sensitive they chill before the mere shadow of impending tragedy.

"So happy, Henry, that—I'm afraid of it—of my happiness," she answered bravely.

III.

Ann shivered again under something she read in Madam Holmes's eyes. She had felt it even before the woman crossed the threshold, had been feeling it in ever increasing volume while De Retzky and her husband outlined plans for his operative studies abroad. The great singer had been silent, strangely silent since it was she who was doing the financing of that voice. And now the wife knew that madam was about to speak and with her eyes pleaded to the celebrity—as woman to woman—for pity; for charity. And madam shrank before that look, even while her lips tightened.

"Of course," she said slowly. "I shall provide for your wife while you are abroad, Mr. Merwin."

Though she had been expecting a blow, though she had nerved herself for the worst, Ann could not repress the little cry of incredulous pain that leaped from her lips. Her hands sought her heart gropingly, the hands that still gripped the unfinished shoe.

"You mean—you mean that I am not to go—that Henry is to go alone—to leave me and—"

"A student should have no distraction in his studies."

Ann felt something go dead within her. Her hands went out in groping fashion toward her husband.

"Henry you—you want to leave—"

She could not finish for the great, choking sob constricting her throat, suffocating her.

He wheeled upon her fiercely, plunged into a rage of his own creating, but madam flashed him a warning look as Ann sank back in her chair.

"My dear," in the great soprano's voice were all the tones that had quickened tears in the hearts of audiences throughout the world, "you must not make it any harder than it is already. Don't you know that I understand; that I am a woman, and that I understand your pain at parting?" She moved a step closer, placing her hand upon Ann's shoulder and turning upon the two men.

"You have your choice, Mr. Merwin—milkman or a Voice. I had the choice and Voice won. It has brought me fame, wealth, honor, glory; it has lost me all that my heart would have clung to did I consider happiness alone. I do not say that it is always so, but the price of fame is often paid early. The price of fame must be paid and fame is a hard bargainer."

Ann looked up eagerly, timidly, yet with a strange ferocity to catch the impression upon her husband. What she read upon his face filled her with swift self-reproach.

"I think I understand," she whispered softly. "I want the fame for him."

IV.

Strange the gulps and whimsies of Chance, elusive Chance.

Years that seemed interminable, years of goading desperation, discouragement, self-sacrifice, endurance stretched behind Henry Merwin as he halted a moment at the stage door of the New York Grand Opera house to allow one of the stars to enter. A bitter smile curved his lips, lips that had tightened since the days when the milk route alone oppressed his mind, as he slowly made-up in the male dressing room for a peasant in the opening act of "Pagliacci." He was a chorus man—only a chorus man.

From below he could hear the strains of "Cavalleria Rusticana" which preceded "Pagliacci" and the voice of Cabosso, greatest of all tenors. Cabosso, who stood where the ignorant young milkman had dreamed of standing; Cabosso, the announcement of whose singing was sufficient to pack the great house.

The soul of the artist within him struggled impotently at his situation, the difference between the dream and the reality. Cabosso singing Canio, the bitter, disillusioned pantaloon, when everything that life could hold was his; and he, Henry Merwin, with a voice no less than that of the star, sang among the peasants. Unconsciously he threw himself into the role of the man, compelled to amuse the public with his antics, compelled to don grease paint when he wished to smear his face with the blood of rival and unfaithful wife. His lips opened and the tenor aris at the close of the first act poured from his throat.

He stopped abruptly as a hand fell upon his shoulder, biting his lips in mute embarrassment as he looked up into the eyes of the stage manager. It dawned upon him that he was transgressing the rules of the house in singing, that in all likelihood, he would be discharged. And suddenly he was seized with a vast, overwhelming desire to hold this position that a moment before had rouged all his resentment.

"Are you up on the role—on Canio?" The words were crisp, brittle, mandatory.

For a moment he did not understand, then a quick flush mantled his cheeks at what he took for sarcasm. A hot answer was on the tip of his tongue, checked only in time as he read upon the faces about him that the man was really in earnest. He rose swiftly, his hand gripping at the lapel of the stage manager's coat even as the man fairly dragged him down the narrow, iron stairway toward the director, who raged about in the wings, his face the picture of misery.

He laughed ironically as his underling whispered to him, sizing the chorus-man up and down.

"Canio!" he laughed. "Substitute

for Cabosso! What is your training? Who coached you?"

"Spreglia, Lamperti—"

"But who coached you in Canio?"

Though his interruption was harsh, Merwin could see a light of interest in his eyes.

"De Retzky—Jean himself, coached."

"Make up—quickly," the director decided sharply.

He heard nothing of the stage manager's instructions, was numbly conscious of getting into the costume of the pantaloon, heard nothing of the director's instructions as, in a cold perspiration he waited for the baritone to finish with the prologue.

Fear was upon him, cold, dank fear. Could he have run from the place, could he have put a finish to every ambition he had pressed so closely to his very soul, could he have thrust it all aside at that moment, he would have done so rather than suffer the fiery heat alternating with icy cold that seized his body, be-



"You Want Me to Lose My Voice!"

tured by the prickling fingers at his spine, the harsh grip at his heart.

"—don't mind the whispering and talking while you sing. They do it with everyone but Cabosso—"

He heard no more, but these words seared themselves in letters of fire upon his brain. His teeth clicked shut with an audible sound. Suddenly all the stage fright disappeared before an anticipatory rage. They should not whisper and talk while he sang; they should treat his voice with the same respect they treated that of Cabosso. His voice was the equal of the great tenors.

Unconscious of his audience, of the stir of curiosity at his appearance instead of the familiar Cabosso, regardless of everything save overweening desire to win, Henry Merwin hardly realized he was upon the stage before the curtain stared him in the face, the curtain which formed a barrier against the tumultuous applause of the audience at his performance, and shut him into the other world behind the scenes, the world of fellow-singers who made him realize the tremendous impression he had created.

He suddenly felt himself very weak, felt his impotence. He needed help, sympathy—he needed—Ann—

Swiftly he discarded his costume, but illy wiping the grease paint from his countenance. But in his eyes glowed something of happiness, growing from more than fame as, half an hour later, he reread the message he had just written before passing it to the agent.

Ann Merwin, Los Angeles, Cal.: Come to New York at once. No more poverty. HENRY.

V.

He waited in the library, listening to the sounds of delight from Ann's room.

In the week he had tasted the fruit of success and laughed at the fear he had entertained of it. To be sought out by the great director and placed under a contract at a figure he had only vaguely dreamed of ever earning; to be the toast of town and press, to be invited into the very heart of society's most sanctified circle; to know that it was all deserved—surely they were fools who had told him the price to be paid for fame was heavy.

And now Ann was here, was so close to him he had but to tap upon the adjoining door to see her, so close to him he could hear her delighted exclamations over the gown he had bought for her to wear at Mrs. Van Rolphe's reception that very night.

Slowly a frown crossed his forehead, a perplexed and anxious frown. Ann would Ann be able to live up to the position he had created for her?

A little cry from the doorway, and he clasped her to his heart, fiercely, for the doubt that had been his. "But, as he held her away from him, he was filled with the bitter realization that the doubt remained.

Pretty, fresh, wholesome—yet she was obviously uncomfortable in her finery. There was something of the out-of-doors about her that did not seem to fit into the new life. He felt himself guiltily contrasting her with the dark, exotic beauty of Olga Drake, the woman who had made so much of him at a reception of the day be-

fore, the woman who had seemed so desirous of being with him alone, despite the gallants besieging her. And Olga Drake, mistress of wealth and beauty, was not less famous as a social dictator that he was as a singer.

In the carriage he could not drive that contrast from his preoccupied mind. He felt himself already a bit irritated at the insistence of Ann that the tiny cottage, the humble little home in Los Angeles should not be sold, that not a stick of the furniture be changed.

He flushed hotly as she stumbled upon her train as they made their entrance at the Van Rolphe's, angry with himself for the impulse which made him seek out the eyes of Olga Drake to find whether she had noticed the slip, more angry to know that he had smiled with her at his wife's mishap. Ann was his wife, the woman he loved, and no one had the right to smile at her.

He turned toward her, assisting her to her hostess, bracing his shoulders against the gibes he knew her manner occasioned, with a smile upon his lips. And then the guilty feeling came upon him that he was feeling the martyr, that he was taking pride in his attitude of suffering.

In the mortification of the moment he found himself offering his arm to Olga Drake, passing his wife without a glance.

"I'm afraid we frightened your poor wife," Miss Drake murmured in his ear.

He looked furtively at Olga Drake at the note of sympathy in her voice. And yet he merely smiled and sought out his wife with his eyes, dropping them more swiftly as they met the mute appeal in Ann's own eyes. He was conscious of chattering volubly about nothing in particular, was aware that his face was burning.

A farmer's daughter he had married. A milkman's wife he had made her. And, equally indifferent to aught she was one still.

VI.

He paced the library floor nervously, every nerve in his body jangling discordantly at the chatter of his wife in the next room, the confusion of her undisciplined romping with the baby. Only the night before he had given a wretched performance, his voice turning hoarse. Only the night before he had tiffed with Olga Drake, for the first time in all the months during which their intimacy had grown to such an extent, that there were whispers about it.

First, he had tried to break away from the spell she cast upon him. But his work threw him with her set and his wife used every subterfuge to avoid accompanying him to any affair which might aid him in the social world, always pleading to be allowed to remain with the baby.

And now she was late. He looked at his watch nervously then whirled to the stairs and tapped upon her door.

"I forgot again, Henry," she replied, before he had a chance to say a word. "Please forgive me, but—but I don't think I help you with these people—"

"You make no effort to improve yourself. You are constantly doing everything you can to annoy me. You are ruining my voice, clouding my whole career."

"And you don't try to do better. You don't care for anything but the vile little hole in Los Angeles. You want me to be ruined. You want me to lose my voice. You know you do—you want a milkman because you are nothing and never will be anything but fit for a milkman's wife."

"But what can I do, Henry? What do you want me to do?"

"Do?" He laughed, laughed in her face. "Why, get a divorce, of course. I'm through. Get it before I'm completely ruined. I'll give you the divorce—there'll be no trouble about that—and fifty thousand dollars."

She regarded him steadily, searchingly.

"No, there'll be no trouble about that," she repeated after him, as he slammed the door. "No, trouble, Henry."

VII.

Merwin felt a curious elation upon him, a sudden lightness of heart, one of those miraculous sensations of utter delight that come at the most unexpected moments when one is performing one's work a little better than ever it has been performed before.

Arrogant with the delightful arrogance of the artist who has worked hard for achievement his eyes sought those of Olga Drake in her box at the head of the diamond horseshoe. That very day Ann had been granted her interlocutory decree of divorce; that very day a sensational newspaper had whispered the name of Miss Drake in connection with it; that very day he had boasted to her that he would make amends for that; and now—now, in the first performance of the widely heralded new opera, he was singing as he had never sung before.

Clear, ringing, sweet toned as any bell, holding the audience spellbound, with eyes aglow the voice of Merwin rang out. And then the song died in mid-air, seemed to halt upon its course. The singer's hand clutched at his throat, clutched desperately there as though by sheer brute strength he would force out the sounds that the vocal chords refused to give. His lips opened and closed, closed and opened. A mute he stood there, a ludicrous mute, sawing the air with his hands, desperately, wildly.

A laugh hurtled from the gallery, the laugh that was sufficient to guide the mob. It grew in volume, grew so that its sound penetrated the heavy

curtains as it slowly descended upon a wild-eyed, sobbing tenor, who glared piteously at the back of a laughing woman in the box at the head of the diamond horseshoe.

With the ready effervescent sympathy of the Romance people the director pillowed the head of his great "find" upon his shoulder. But over that head his eyes sought those of Doctor Holbrook, the world's renowned throat specialist, who had been treating Merwin now for months. And a hard expression, a look of flint was in the director's eyes as the specialist shook his head to indicate the death of another voice.

"It is the fault of the atmosphere, the early training," coolly declared the impresario later that evening to the reporters. "Now, Merwin, with the proper, early training would have proved the greatest tenor of our time." He shrugged a bit contemptuously. "You call it here, I believe, a flash in the pan."

VIII.

Ann Merwin's hands still clutched tightly the newspaper with which she had fled from her attorney's office, the newspaper whose startling head had caught her eye even as her hand received the final decree of divorce. There was a wild expression in her eyes as she lunged through the crowded traffic of the streets toward the city hospital where the story said Henry had been taken.

Forgotten the document in her handbag, forgotten the bitterness with which he had treated her. She only remembered that he was the father of her child, that he was the man she had loved—the man she loved still.

Voiceless, forsaken by friends, an object of pity and contempt, a vagrant succumbing to exposure at the dark waterside where he might have contemplated making his final resting place—he was still her husband just as he always had been.

She did not heed the curious glances of the nurses nor the interludes as she demanded admittance to his bedside. That the story of the celebrity's downfall, the divorce and attendant scandal belonged to the world meant nothing to her. A queen—she demanded the right to be with her husband in his hour of need.

She did not shrink away from the poor creatures upon the cots in the wards through which they passed. The stotam and jetsam of a great city was there, but that mattered nothing to her. That her husband, was just such another dependent upon a city's charity meant nothing to her.

She felt a little pain in her heart as the interne paused beside a snowy cot, hesitated a second before approaching the delirious man, tossing and tumbling upon the cot, then bravely moved forward again. The interne rested his hand upon her arm. She looked into his face with surprise and saw nothing but sympathy there and desire to avoid harm coming to her. She brushed him aside and then a voice reached out to her, a voice wild and hoarse, throbbing with the insanity of delirium yet with the longing of a world in it, a voice she would have known from all the voices of the world.

"Olga—Olga—Olga—"

On and on and on, interminably, and always with that same piteous appeal, that same throbbing note of heart-rending helplessness cried the voice; the voice of Henry Merwin, her husband toward the woman, the laughing woman's back, the Olga Drake who sat in the head box of the diamond horseshoe.

She held her head proudly, defiantly as the superintendent of the hospital tried to suppress the pity in his look with which he accepted the



Wife and Child Neglected.

money she had placed upon his desk, when she fled from that ward, fled from that voice.

"When he is well," she said quietly, "give him this money. Say it is from a friend."

"But—"

"From—a friend," she repeated softly, a faint smile upon her lips.

She rose suddenly for the scent of roses was in her nostrils, the vision of far-flung hills in her eyes, with a tiny white cottage nestling at the foot of them.

"Perhaps he may go back," she murmured to herself, as she left the place. "Perhaps he may go back—home—and be glad—glad the home didn't go when everything else was paid—paid. Who Pays?"

END OF THE FIRST STORY.
The next story, "The Pursuit of Pleasure."