

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 19

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1915.

No. 40

Rod and Gun Club Organizing

Will Complete Organization Next Wednesday.

A meeting of our local nimrods was held at Spencer's Shop last Tuesday evening and the initial work of organizing an East Jordan Rod and Gun Club was effected. C. H. Whittington was elected chairman, and the following two committees were appointed:

Location of Grounds—L. G. Balch, Harry Curkendall, Walter Cook, Traps and Birds—John Mollard, Dr. C. H. Pray, Dr. C. V. Yardon.

Another meeting will be held at above place next Wednesday night at 8:30 o'clock, when the organization will be completed and officers elected. All those interested in the movement are urged to be present at the above hour and lend their assistance. Membership is open to all.

Years ago East Jordan boasted a fine club and with a little hustling, and boosting on the part of our citizens we can have an equally good organization.

SERIOUS AUTO WRECK

Car Turns Turtle on Petoskey—Boyer City Road Sunday Afternoon.

Sunday afternoon about 4:30 o'clock, the Ford car driven by Mr. and Mrs. Grant Keiser of Bliss township, near Levering, turned turtle on the Boyer City—Petoskey road, seriously injuring both occupants.

Mr. and Mrs. Keiser were enroute to St. Johns, Michigan, to visit relatives who were seriously ill, and while driving down a long grade in the high wind Mrs. Keiser's hat blew off. Mr. Keiser attempted to grab the hat as it flew by him and lost control of the car. Both were buried underneath the car and were rescued by a passerby.

Mr. Keiser received a bad gash in his head and other painful bruises. Mrs. Keiser was seriously hurt, sustaining a broken collar bone with possible internal injuries. They are now at the Petoskey hospital.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 3, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—Communion Service.
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:45 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

7:30 p. m.—"Why don't Men go to Church?"

The service Sunday evening is the first under the auspices of the Young People's Bible Class. During the month of October this class is selecting the sermon topics, and has charge of all arrangements of the services.

The evening choir under the leadership of John Porter has taken on new life. Last Sunday was the first, and we expect each succeeding Sunday to add much more to the song service.

Our new Hymn Books have arrived and will be used Sunday. We have provided enough so that we expect all our meetings to be more inspiring and helpful.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting. Any who have no other church home we cordially invite to worship with us.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

10:30 a. m.—"Life's Purposes," subject.
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:45 p. m.—Epworth League.

7:30 p. m.—"Christianity the Religion of Exultant Joy," subject.

Official Board meeting Monday evening. Urgent business and a full attendance is necessary.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Oct. 3.
10:30 a. m. High mass.
7:00 p. m. Devotions and Benediction.

If some people would take the trouble to "conceal what they think they would be more popular.

"Live and let live" is a good motto for all men—with the exception of butchers and undertakers.

If only sensible women were permitted to marry there would probably be more old bachelors in the world.

When a man tells you how you ought to run your business, just take a look at the way he is running his own.

A man should believe everything he says, even if it is only for the purpose of setting a good example for others.

ALONG THE FIRING LINE.

The net balance in the Federal Treasury on September 20 was \$45,907,745, as compared with a balance of \$128,487,715 on the corresponding date two years ago when revenue laws and appropriations enacted by Republican administrations were in effect. The deficit to September 20 was \$35,120,396.

The value of imports at the 13 principal customs districts of the United States for the week ending September 11, 1915, was \$26,921,467 on which duties were collected to the amount of \$2,813,917, an average ad valorem rate of duty of 10.4 per cent. compared with an annual average ad valorem rate of duty of 17.6 per cent under Republican law. This means a large volume of imports which are paying no revenue to the Government, but are entering into competition with home products. It furnishes one reason why our Treasury balance is melting away.

The President declined an invitation to visit the Bull Run battlefield for the dedication of a tablet there because, as he told the committee who waited on him, he could not take time to prepare a worthy address. But, as the Chicago "Tribune" points out, an address at Bull Run just now would make itself for Bull Run is "dedicated to the American fallacy that for self-defence no preparation is needed." It is difficult, the "Tribune" says, to believe that any President could have been through the anxious days that Mr. Wilson has without finding that the Bull Run memorial was full of meaning and that something worthy of an occasion on that battlefield was not only definitely in mind but even insistent for utterance. Mr. Wilson might even feel it the highest duty he could perform to go to the place the Southerners know as Manassas and there say something so earnestly that it would demand and receive national attention. He might tell the Virginians that if the overwhelming resources of the North could have been brought effectively into action in the beginning, at least three years of blood shed would have been avoided. He might tell them that unless the resources of the nation now were organized the next trial would bring another disaster. If experience has not suggested this to the President he has closed his mind.

Commercial Attache Julian H. Arnold Shanghai, China, in a communication to the Department of Commerce states: "The reports of the withdrawal of the Pacific Mail steamers and the sale of two of the Robert Dollar Pacific steamers have had a very depressing effect on trade with the United States." Also, it may be added, on our trade with China, thanks to the seamen's law enacted by the last Congress and defended by Secretary Redfield.

In an effort to excuse the falling off of revenue, Democratic papers point out the fact that in 1914 there was shipped from Madeburg, Germany, to the United States goods valued at \$3,216,000 while in 1915 the shipments aggregated only \$195,000. Doesn't our Democratic friend see that he is proving that it was the war that shut off imports and took the place of the protective tariff which the Democrats repealed? That sort of protection ends when the war ends, and then Madeburg will again send us \$3,216,000 of the products of her labor and take away \$3,216,000 of our coin.

When Congressman Burleson, of Texas, became Postmaster General he had no practical knowledge whatever concerning the \$300,000,000 business over which he assumed control. He has now appointed a second assistant postmaster general whose knowledge of the railway mail service is almost as limited. The postal deficit is about \$10,000,000. No wonder,

Some women put on airs and some others try to whistle them.

Satan's best servants are people who love money and hate work.

But a man's friends seldom work overtime on the friendship job.

True philosophy consists in not wanting the things you can't get.

Many a man puts his foot in it when he asks a woman for her hand.

The average man is an economist when he asks to buy things for his wife.

No man is a nonentity unless he is the husband of a too prominent woman.

Lots of people actually believe that their troubles are interesting to others.

The average man is seldom very polite unless he is trying to sell you something.

LYMAN HOWE TEMPLE THEATRE NEXT MONDAY

The pulse of the explorer beats within us at all times with more or less pressure but when an opportunity presents itself to gratify wanderlust from a comfortable theatre chair via such an admirable medium as Lyman H. Howe's Travel Festival which comes to the Temple Theatre on Oct. 4th our longing to visit distant parts naturally becomes keener. The perennial benefit derived from Howe's Travel Festival as distinct from all other attractions lies in the fact that it provides an avocation for all apart from whatever may be one's vocation. To every spectator it means a vacation which rejuvenates and refreshes the mind to an extent that makes it just that much keener and more sprightly. Just as you gain from a physical vacation for several weeks spent at the shore or in the mountains, so, too, do you gain in mental breadth and inspiration by "traveling with Howe" and thereby fulfilling your long felt desire to lift the veil from those paradises which have lived in fancy. And speaking about paradises, more than one of earth's beauty spots will be depicted in all their pristine splendor in Howe's new production. Among the most notable, of course, are the reproductions of both California Expositions which incidentally also includes a trip through the Panama Canal. Every foot of these films was photographed by Howe's camera men exclusively for this exhibition. Of paradises further afield there will be a filmization of the Parks of Paris during which the world-famous Bois de Boulogne, the Gardens in the Champ de Mars, the Park Mousseau, etc., are shown in nature's own hues and tints. So, too, are the Trollhattan Falls of Sweden, quaint Holland, and Bruges, Belgium. Still other subjects will depict the steel industry in France, porpoise fisheries, a railroad ride across Norway from Christiania to Bergen, a ride on a U. S. Submarine, etc.

County Normal Notes.

Mrs. E. J. Chellis of Ellsworth was a visitor in the normal room last Friday.

Dr. A. M. Wilkinson made a short call in the normal room one day last week.

The normal class began their work in manual training last week under the instruction of Miss Whiting.

The normal class has been organized. The officers are as follows:

President—Miss Florence Maddaugh
Vice President—Miss Florence Milner
Secretary—Miss Catherine LaLonde
Treasurer—Miss Sadie Blanchard.

Last Tuesday afternoon the members of the normal class took a short voyage on the government dredge, the "General Meade." They boarded the dredge from the railroad bridge. The workings of the boat were watched, while the sand was being loaded and unloaded.

Word was received from Miss Grace Papineau, a former county normal student, that she is teaching this year at Hudsonville, where she has sixth and seventh grade work. Miss Papineau recently finished the life course at Mt. Pleasant.

Miss Himes visited the Barnard school last week and reports that Miss Cora Drigget, president of last year's class, has a pleasant school of thirty-seven pupils; of which four are eighth graders.

Countess and Lula Mason, both county normal graduates, are going to attend Mt. Pleasant this year.

Miss Marcia Goss, who was taking post graduate work in the high school, has been permitted to transfer to the normal class.

The training room this year is made up of part of the chart class, all of the third grade, and part of the sixth grade.

October twenty-first is the date for the first number on the Lecture Course this year. The members of the normal class and Thelma Grady of the high school are selling the season tickets. The numbers on the this year's course are without doubt, the best ever offered to the citizens of Charlevoix. Miss Grady will make a complete canvass of the south side and the normal students will have charge of the north side and the valley. The class have adopted the plan of selling the tickets in order to make some class money.

Even a deadbeat is always willing to pay an old grudge.

A woman gives her heart to but one; a man is more liberal.

A man may be regular in his habits even if they are bad.

DEWARD

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gorman, Sept. 20th, a son.

Miss Anna Olson left Saturday for Mount Pleasant, to attend the state normal there.

Miss McGillis and Miss Wiley spent the week-end with friends at Grayling and Frederic.

The young people enjoyed a corn roast at the Point one fine evening last week.

Mrs. Morris Gorman and family moved to East Jordan, Monday.

Mrs. Richard Drescher and children returned Monday after a few weeks visit with relatives at Ellsworth.

W. S. Ritter left Saturday on a trip to Michigan City returning Wednesday. Jos. Killarney and family drove over to Gaylord in their car Wednesday to attend the Fair.

Miss Alice Newman is assisting S. Sedgeman in post office and store these days.

Mrs. Will was a Frederic visitor Thursday.

Worry is a bad bedfellow. Kick it out.

He is a wit who knows when to keep still.

There's no harder work than doing nothing.

ECHO BRIEFS

Autumn is here both "in word and deed."

Mrs. Mary King returned from a two weeks visit with her daughter, Mrs. Alvin Barclay.

Miss Kate DeBral is visiting friends in this vicinity, she intends returning to Charlevoix, where she has been working, on Friday.

Mrs. Geo. Murray visited her daughter, Mrs. Scott Bartholomew, on Saturday and Sunday.

The hum of the Lilak threshing outfit is heard in this vicinity, they stated it would take nearly two weeks to finish.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Murray visited at the Martin peach orchard, two miles west of East Jordan on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Thos. Bartholomew on Sunday last.

Miss Ruby Robinson spent the week-end with Mrs. Frank Bartholomew.

Except for the headache a man has the morning after he probably wouldn't remember the good time he had the night before.

We are now in the market for and will pay the highest market price for Wool and Hides. Phone 159 or call at my place of business on Second-st.—HARRY KLING.

EVELINE

Frost Tuesday night which completed its work of destruction for the season. Farmers are now busy cutting corn preparatory to filling silos. Some are already filling.

Luther Harnden has his silo up and painted, also Ben Clark, Mr. Spidel and Mr. Snyder have erected silos.

Work on the road has progressed finely. Mr. Hipp expects to reach Nowlands corner this fall with the grading.

Miss Lottie Spidel is spending a vacation here visiting relatives and friends. Mrs. Harnden spent Friday and Saturday last with Mrs. Kiser of South Arm.

Milo Greenman of Eveline Orchards is working on the road for Mr. Hipp.

An expressman says that spinsters are uncalled for packages.

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.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Wooltex Suit Week Display Oct. 4th to 9th



215

Wooltex Suit Week will be of real interest to you, even if you have already bought your fall suit. And if you have not yet selected your suit or coat, you will surely not want to miss this display.

Here you will see on display a fine assortment of garments in the new semi-fitting styles, as they are becoming to more women. The short, boxy jackets are especially becoming to misses and slender women.

In choosing a Wooltex suit, you do not get an ordinary garment. You get a garment of pure wool and pure silk ma-



241

terials, a garment made in the custom-tailor way by expert tailors. Wooltex tailored suits are not only perfect fitting and stylish looking when you buy them, but they stay that way as long as you wear them.

Our Dress Department has many new and varied styles for you to choose from. One lot of lovely dresses at \$9.75.

Our House Dresses and Aprons are the best materials and workmanship; best quality gingham and percales; Aprons 39c to 75c; Dresses \$1 to \$1.50.

And the children—we wish every child between the ages of two and fourteen years to have one of our Coats, so we have them within reach of every purse. White Coats, 2 to 6 years, \$1.75; Black Coats, 2 to 6 years, \$2.50; Corduroys, 6 to 14 years, \$3.75 to \$12.00.

One lot of Ladies' and Misses' Coats at \$6.95.

One lot of Ladies' and Children's Coats, to close out, \$1.19.

Our FURS are here and we want you to see them. Separate Muffs from \$3.00 up.

Beautiful Fall MILLINERY—exceptionally low priced.

We give you FREE TICKETS FOR TRAVEL—you may go where you wish.

Come any day during the week, but early choosers will naturally have an advantage.

M. E. ASHLEY & Co.

The Store That Sells Wooltex

Coats Hats Skirts

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.

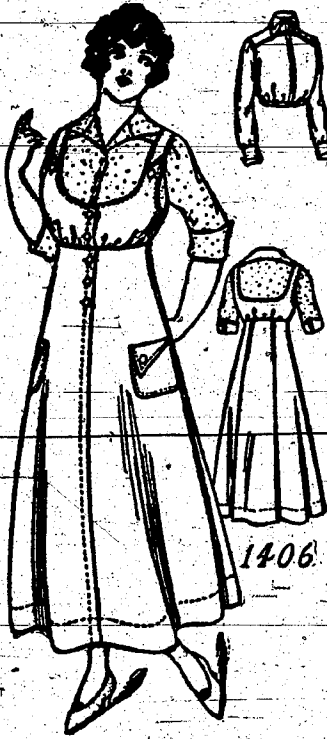
A STYLISH MODEL.



1414. Ladies' Dress, with Six Gore Skirt, and Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Gray poplin was used to make this pretty dress, the vest, collar and cuffs are of figured silk in gray and white tones. The sleeve in wrist length is dart fitted. The short sleeve has a pointed cuff. The design is also good for voile, grenadine, serge, faille, tafeta, linen, linene, gingham or chambray. The skirt is finished with tucks in front and back. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 7/8 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures 3 yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A UNIQUE AND POPULAR STYLE.



1406. Suspender Dress for Misses and Small Women.

Of all new styles there is none more in vogue or more attractive, for summer than the suspender frock. The model here shown has full bodice portions with suspender straps over the shoulders, a smart five gore skirt with jaunty pockets, and a neat shirt waist convertible collar, and comfortable sleeves. Gofine, serge, linen, tafeta, gingham or chambray would be nice for the skirt and bodice, with dotted or figured crepe, madras, lawn or batiste for the waist. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 5/8 yards of 36 inch material for a 16 year size, with 2 1/2 yards for the waist. The skirt measures about 2 2/3 yards at the foot with plaits drawn-out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A JAUNTY SUIT FOR EARLY FALL.



1413-1418. Plaid suiting is here shown in brown-tones, with facings of tan faille on collar and pockets. The coat is loose fitting, and finished with a smart collar. The skirt has graceful attractive lines, with platted fullness at the sides. The pockets may be omitted. It will require 2 3/4 yards of 44 inch material to make the coat for a medium size. The coat pattern 1413, is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. The skirt pattern 1418, is cut in the same sizes, and requires about 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. It measures about 3 yards at the foot. In blue broad cloth with black, or white satin facings this would make a smart street suit.

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.

A CHARMING LITTLE FROCK.



1400. Girl's Dress with or without Bolero, and with Two Styles Sleeves.

Dotted challie in rose and white is here combined with rose taffeta. The style is also pretty for "all over" flouncing, batiste, lawn, dimity, crepe, or crepe de chine. It could be made with the bolero attached to the skirt in over blouse style and so worn with a glimpse of contrasting material. The waist is cool and dainty in low neck outline, and practical and serviceable with the wrist length sleeves and collar. The skirt is full and gathered. Lace, embroidered edging, frills or ruffles could be employed as trimming for this style, while a simple hem finish is also nice. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 6 year size for the dress, with 1 1/2 yard for the bolero. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

POOR SEED MEANS FAILURE

Don't Select Your Seed Corn From the Crib—You Can't Tell What You Are Getting.

WE MUST STUDY THE STALK

When You Gather Seed Corn, Study the Root System, Foliage, Stalk, Husk and Tassel—Pick Ears of Medium Height on Stalk With Short Shank.

By P. G. HOLDEN, Agricultural Extension Department, International Harvester Company of N. J.

The character of the stalk should be taken into consideration in selecting the seed.

There are almost as many things to be considered in connection with the stalk as have been discussed with regard to the ear; though it will be impossible to give to the subject the space it deserves.

There are the root system; the character of the foliage; and its distribution on the stalk; the disposition to sucker and to set several ears; the length of the shank, the time of pollination as compared with silking; susceptibility to disease, such as rust, smut and mold; tendency to break over at the roots, below the ear and above the ear; premature ripening, leaving the ear light and chaffy; the position of the ear on the stalk, high, medium or low; erect or drooping; the way the ear is covered with the husks and the comparative maturity of the different stalks and ears, etc.

The great majority of corn raisers do not take these things into consideration. They simply save the occasional good ear throughout the husking season or pick them from the crib at planting time.

We must know the stalk upon which the ear grew, whether the stalk was the only one in the hill or one of three stalks.

How Is This to Be Done?

There is just one practical way to do it, and that is to go into the field in the fall, before the nights are cold enough to injure the vitality of the corn, and select the best ears, provided they come from strong, healthy, desirable stalks. We simply must come to this method of selecting our seed corn.

Strong Stalks.

The stalk from which an ear is selected should be strong, vigorous and healthy, indicating ability to win in the competition and to overcome unfavorable conditions. We should discriminate against spindling stalks, especially those that are small from the ear to the ground. Particularly should we avoid those stalks which have shown their weakness by breaking over. The ear is likely to rest on the ground and gather moisture and mold.

Height of Ear.

Select ears from as nearly the same height and position on the stalk as possible. The higher growing ears will tend to make the corn later each year.

If we go to the other extreme we will soon get an early, small, slim, flinty ear, with shallow kernels and open furrows between the rows and the yield will be reduced.

Drooping or Erect Ears.

An ear that droops its nose slightly as the husk begins to turn yellow and open is preferable to one that stands erect, allowing the water to run down under the husks and stand at the butt of the ear, which of course is undesirable. The drooping ears are generally a little earlier than the erect ones.

Short Shank Desirable.

The ear should be set on a short shank close to the stalk. Ears on long shanks are more likely to be broken off and are a nuisance to handle, especially if the corn is cut and shocked.

Freedom From Disease.

The stalks should be free from disease such as smut, rust, mold, etc. I have seen cases where nearly every stalk coming from a certain ear was affected, and so badly affected that there was not a good ear on any of the 800 stalks.

Foliage, Its Character and Distribution.

A thin, sparse foliage is never desirable. It carries with it nothing but weakness. In the corn belt where the ear is the most valuable part of the plant, we should secure the kind of stalk and foliage which will give the greatest profit in grain. This will not be secured by heavy foliage. The best results will be between the two extremes.

Two Ears to the Stalk Not Desirable. Except possibly in the case of flint varieties and the early northern dent varieties, which are grown for the fodder; it will be advisable to select seed from one-ear stalks.

Covering of the Ear With Husks.

A heavy mass of husks on an ear or the projection of the husks beyond the tip of the ear into a tight point are objectionable; they prevent the corn from drying and make it more difficult to husk. The husks should just fairly cover the tip of the ear and should loosen or open at time of ripening, to allow circulation of air in order to dry out the corn.

Lice.

Lice on the husks will cause the husks to turn yellow prematurely. In selecting seed do not mistake this yellow condition for early ripening.



"Mr. Butterfly, mama sent me for a roll of butterfat."
"All right, Olie; just get it out of this buttercup!"

MADE HERSELF AT HOME.



"Mrs. Gilling told you you were welcome to act just as if you were at home?"
"Yes, ma, an' I broke two parlor vases an' slid down the banisters."

LYMAN H. HOWE
PRESENTS A TRIP TO THE
CALIFORNIA EXPOSITIONS
AND THROUGH THE
PANAMA CANAL
HOLLAND
BELGIUM
NORWAY
SWEDEN
PARIS
PARKS
MANY OTHERS

At Temple Theatre
Next Monday, Oct. 4th

PRICES: 25c 35c 50c

SEATS NOW ON SALE AT MACK'S.

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.

Herald Advertising Gets Results

WRECKED MANKIND AT ELLIS ISLAND

WHERE HUNGRY HUNDREDS FIND HAVEN OF SHELTER.

Homeless Here Find Better Cheer Than at the Municipal Lodges, Which They Criticize.

New York.—On wire and canvas cots, on wooden benches, and not infrequently on tiled floors, hundreds of men sleep each night on Ellis Island. These men are not immigrants, although many, but by no means most, of them are aliens. They are homeless, hungry men, who have neither work nor the wherewithal to live, a condition that is in dire contrast to the comfortable and happy existence of those who live in the small cities and towns of our land, but one that for months has been experienced by thousands of unfortunates in our metropolitan centers.

You do not have to look closely at these men to see how poorly dressed they are; but, if you were to spend a night with them you would find that beneath their soiled and wretched outer covering there is no clothing, and that the flesh, that is weak, in many cases is sore and infected and in need of care. For with them underwear long since has become a bitter memory of better days, and their feet are without socks and their boots without soles.

Now these men are not lazy men. Let there be no misunderstanding, as to that. Any one can satisfy himself on that score by announcing that he needs a man to work. He will be surrounded by a clamored men, who will not merely clamor for the job, but will actually beg for it.

Here is what the commissioner has to say of them: "The unemployed men have been coming to Ellis Island for the past five months. The numbers for the last two months have averaged between 700 and 800 each night. The men are perfectly orderly, and are most grateful for the opportunity offered them for sleeping some place other than in the parks, under the bridges, or any other such place as are open to them. They required no policing, and have not given us a bit of trouble in that time. A large percentage of them rush eagerly to the bathroom as soon as they arrive at the island. They maintain barbers and clothes-menders to keep in good condition, and are, so far as I can judge, making every possible effort to retain their self-respect under terrible conditions.

"It is almost complete presumption to my mind in favor of a man if he is willing to sleep night after night on a hardwood floor, without any covering over him, and that is what many of the men have been doing. They get what little food they have as best they can, and the great majority of them are in a state of chronic hunger. It seems to me a far greater reflection upon this rich city that these men should be left wholly to their own fate than it is upon the men themselves, for they cannot create their own employment; many of them are in rage, and do not present a good appearance, and some of them are so weak and enfeebled by long exposure that they are hardly in position to help themselves."

It was to learn something of these men at first hand that a reporter, dressed as one of them, and unshaved, and of sorry appearance, joined their company for one never-to-be-forgotten night on the island. But the suffering and discomfort were more than made up for by the fact that, although these were rough men, in the privacy of the room in which we slept—except for some swearing—there was not spoken one word that any woman might not have heard. It is really a splendid thing to be able to say that.

These unfortunate men say they are much happier within the hospitable halls of Ellis Island than they ever could be at the municipal lodging institutions, which they criticize very unfavorably and with various reasons, among their objections being too many unnecessary questions asked, entirely too much work expected for the amount of assistance given, and many times no food at all when food is due; in other words, they pronounce organized charity, as exemplified in New York, a proved failure so far as it benefits those for whom it is supposed to be carried on.

TRAPPING ARIZONA MONKEYS.

Company Formed to Capture Large Colony in Cunningham Pass.

Parker, Ariz.—Trapping monkeys is the latest industry to spring into prominence in Arizona. Several local citizens have formed the Colorado Ziver Monkey Company, with the intention of trapping and marketing monkeys known to exist in Cunningham Pass, an almost inaccessible canyon located northeast of this place.

There was a big gold excitement at the Pass in 1882. Among those who rushed in was an Italian organ grinder with a pair of monkeys. The monkeys escaped and have been multiplying ever since, in spite of the depredations of coyotes and other predatory animals.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Oh, bride of June, how are things going? Is happiness still overflowing? Did all your dreams pan out divinely or did they fizzle out supinely? In June you ambled to the altar and there assumed the marriage halter; your face was glowing in its gladness, and far away seemed gloom and sadness, and all of us who watched the pastor attach you to your lord and master (who promised, too, to love and cherish) were hoping joy would never perish.

Oh, bride, of proud and stately carriage, what's your opinion now of marriage? Is man the seraph that you thought him, before love to the altar brought him? Before those solemn vows were taken, that man of yours was fairly aching to hustle round and do your bidding, even though he knew you were but kidding. You merely had to raise your finger, and not an instant would he linger, but he would fly to fetch and carry, your willing and your patient. He jumped around without complaining—no little dog had better training.

This morning, when you dropped your candy and couldn't reach it very handy, you said to Harry, "Fetch it, dearest!" He said, "You get it—you're the nearest!"

Why did your eyes begin to drizzle? Is matrimony then a fizzle?

With optimism glad and sunny, your Harry blew all kinds of money, as though the roubles grew on hedges, before he took his bridal pledges. He bought you everything you wanted; the doodad stores he daily haunted, to buy you nice and costly presents, from rhinestone rings to royal pheasants. He took you riding in his motor, and now and then ran down a voter; he took you to those moving pictures for which the censor had no strictures. Oh, is your husband and defender the same old cheerful, Irish spender?

I heard him say, as I was passing, "Not all an Astorbilt's amassing could keep a modern girl in money—I'm busted flat as blazes, honey!" I thought, one moment, you had fainted. Is marriage all that you had painted? Oh, bride, it's just this life that's phoney; don't blame it all on matrimony. You've got to learn that human critters are planted here to take their bitters. All mankind is a rough old relic; no woman's man is quite angelic.—By Walt Mason, from Judge.

TRUTH SPOKEN IN JEST.

Our guess is that there is hardly anything a letter carrier takes less interest in than postage stamp flirtations.

It is possible to perform a lot of good deeds and never receive a round of applause.

Never blame luck for your failures until you've first proved yourself guiltless.

Probably the dog is the closest observer of human nature.

At sixty man knows that he didn't know what he thought he knew at twenty.

If you would remain a favorite never ask a favor.

Yes, Cordelia, the drum major belongs to the band—even if he does give one the impression the band belongs to him.

We imagine the angels smile when they see a fisherman with a \$25 outfit yanking a two-inch sucker from the water.

Marriage may be a failure in some cases, but with the advent of twins it becomes a howling success.

Some people never have any respect for gray hairs until they have acquired a few of their own.

The gentleman with the cloven-hoof may trot with the gentleman who has a cloven breath.

After a man has turned down two or three opportunities, they begin to dodge him.

Most men would rather get the short end of an argument than keep quiet.

Most of the free advice is handed out by people who want to get rid of it.

A man isn't necessarily attached to a baby carriage because he follows it.

Always aim higher than the mark—if the mark is a dimple in her chin.

Why is it that a big man always takes a little woman seriously?

Busy men are usually so happy that they have no time to realize it.

Be careful when it comes to lending money or borrowing trouble.

Temperance

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

WAR AGAINST ALCOHOL.

"Get on the water wagon!" is now the slogan of the New York health department. Its head, Dr. Sigismund S. Goldwater, says that "anything which affects the health of the people of a city is a subject of concern to the health officials," and in accordance with this view he has declared war on liquor. "It is nonsense," he says, "to go on fighting disease and crime if we don't do something to abolish the chief factor in causation. There are too many people sick from liquor in New York city—that's enough for me. I want it understood that this is to be a real fight. It is not enough to make occasional deprecatory mention of alcohol and its results; we must have a definite anti-alcohol program. The work of the health department in this field will henceforth be systematic, aggressive and unremitting." Every means of publicity will be utilized in this campaign. It will be spectacular and in the vernacular, the rich man's champagne and highballs, as well as the poor man's "third rail" whisky and beer, will be the object of attack.

For months the New York state board of health has been giving out to the press of the state, under the title "Health Hints," strong statements concerning the injurious effects of alcohol. Therefore the action now taken by the New York city board is not a great surprise. It is being warmly commended by members of the medical profession, and without doubt health officials of other cities will follow the lead.

CHICAGO GOING DRY.

Billy Sunday's message to Chicago to the effect that "Batter Booze has three balls and two strikes called on him," prompted Chicago Tribune to interview some of the downtown saloonkeepers. This what one oldtimer said:

"Three balls and two strikes isn't putting it strong enough. The ball's half swung on the third strike now, way over the ball. You can go from one end of the loop to the other and crisscross, and you won't find a single saloonkeeper making money. In some where between three and five years this town's going to be dry as Evanston. The women are going to do it, and I don't much blame them. It's the women the thing's hit. Who suffers when a 'good fellow' making \$18 a week, shows his sporting blood by spending four or five of it over the bar on pay day? Say, it's a tragedy for that woman! So, what's she going to do? Just stop it, put her foot down and her vote down. Three balls and two strikes, eh? You can just call that third strike now."

"There's no doubt about it," said another, "Chicago is going dry. We all know that, and so far as we are concerned down here in the loop, it might as well be dry now."

DO IT ALONE.

The Rotary club of Manchester, England, recently gave a dinner at midday to Harry Lauder, the comedian. A Scottish menu was served in his honor, the haggis figuring prominently. The "Cock of the North" was dilly played by a piper and on the table were beer, wine and spirits.

Said Harry to his hosts: "We, as Rotarians, meet as a business proposition in the middle of the day, when drink is not necessary. You may take one, two or three and go back to business 'muzzy.' You can't do your business if you are in a state of 'muzziness.' When you have finished you can drink as much as you like but do it alone. If you are going to hell go by yourself; don't drag anyone with you. I have gone into clubs—not often, thank God—and seen a fellow come in when every other place was closed. He was regarded as a jolly good fellow, and everybody clapped him on the back and laughed. Did his people at home laugh?"

PROHIBITION PROHIBITS.

Incidentally, one of the interesting results of the prohibition sweep which is causing comment here is indicated by the New York stock market reports, says a Washington (D. C.) correspondent. About ten months ago the shares of the Distillers Securities company were quoted around nineteen and twenty—and on one occasion twenty-two. Then they tobogganed down to fourteen, fluctuated there a short time, and took other drops, until they were quoted two and a half and five and a half. This is the lowest record ever reached, and is credited to the fact that many distilleries in the dry and prospectively dry states have gone into voluntary liquidation, while in Ohio and Illinois many brewery companies have been placed in the hands of receivers.

HAVE YOU NOTICED?

"Did you ever notice," says an exchange, "that when the booze interests want to put one over on the people they always work under an alias? 'Manufacturers and Dealers' association' is a fair sample. Also they always clothe their proposition in a high sounding and pleasing name—a catchy name—such as 'Home Rule.' And did you ever notice how many ignoramus 'fall' for such a name? Isn't it strange that such a powerful interest never presents a square front, but always proceeds by circumvention!"

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 it, 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's 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 posted 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.—Hite's Drug Store.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

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
Office hours: 8:00 to 12 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. 228.

Revall Orderlies

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

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

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 Bailer, Complainant, vs George Bailer, Defendant.

In this cause it appearing that defendant George Bailer, is not a resident of the State of Michigan, but resides at Armuchee, 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 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

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

OVER 65 YEARS EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARK DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C. Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. We issue on Patent sent free. Check agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Stern & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms \$2 a year; four months \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 117 F. St., Washington, D. C.

WHO PAYS?

When Justice Sleeps

By EDWIN BLISS

(Copyright, 1915, by Pathé Exchange, Inc. All Moving Picture Rights and All Foreign Copyrights Strictly Reserved.)

THIRD STORY

"We find the deceased came to his death by his own hands."

The jury coroner blinked at the speed with which his jury returned their verdict. Not that any other verdict was possible—everybody agreed as to that. A waste of time and public moneys—the two weeks' hearing.

President Darius Brown was dead. There could be no doubt about it. He had been respected, living, dead, he was a knave. Gunshot wound experts and the mute, mechanical witness proved the jury correct in their finding.

Expert accountants, expert sleuths, layman witnesses showed conclusively the crookedness of the late Darius Brown. But the moneys he had fished from the bank funds and the securities he had borrowed from the vaults had been found beside his lifeless body. Depositors had lost nothing. Future depositors had gained an honest president. Darius Brown had lost his life. So why bother?

Nodding their heads sagely with the satisfaction of "having known all along," the audience left the stuffy room. Four of that audience slipped furtively out, as though fearing something invisible was dogging their footsteps, casting a chill shadow between their shoulder blades. But that is my story—the tale of the real happenings at the Fourth National.

President Darius Brown gradually permitted a broad smile of satisfaction to overspread his face as he studied the record of his first paying teller. He waved the Pinkerton representative, with the little bundle under his arm, away, while he stared absently at the opposite wall, then pressed the annunciator and ordered the negro porter to send in Mr. Drum.

"Go to the vault, Travers, and fix up the camera," he smiled at the Pinkerton man. "I'm just taking a minute to reward a young man who has helped get enough securities into that vault to make it worth guarding."

The detective glanced keenly at the young man who answered the summons, then his lips tightened a bit. He knew the face of Joseph Drum, had seen the young man mingling with a rather fast set, had marked his presence at the Gayety stage door. He was an old-school detective who believed the leisure hours of a banking man might be better employed.

Darius Brown noticed the look, the appraisement of the sleuth, and laughed as he whirled about upon his teller.

"Looking over the books and recollecting the circumstances attendant on certain deposits," he began ponderously, "I find that you have brought a good many customers to the Fourth National, Drum. I also am agreeably reminded that you have shown good judgment in advising depositors regarding certain investments they intended making. You are a bit gay, I know, but I have every reason to believe that you are careful, and I know you are working for the bank outside of hours. This is the twentieth century, Drum, and I am a twentieth-century man. So I am increasing your salary to five thousand dollars a year."

Joseph Drum's jaw dropped in amazed incredulity.

"Don't thank me," Brown said crisply. "Just continue to be careful. Be as gay as you please, so long as you're careful and it brings us the right sort of deposits and doesn't affect the clearness of your brain. And," he wagged a long forefinger rather playfully as he gave the warnings, "don't wear out the bricks in front of the Gayety stage door."

"I don't think I'll need to make but one more trip there—now."

President Brown halted, his hand on the knob, as though to answer. Then he smiled as he understood the full meaning of Drum's cryptic rejoinder and joined the detective, who had just finished adjusting his apparatus in the door of the huge, black vault.

"It works this way, Mr. Brown," explained the man, "The camera slides into the steel mesh back here, giving the lens the angle to catch anybody tampering with the combination. Here are the triggers on each side of the door, all set, and the flash powders are placed in these little containers. Now, look! Here's the trick." He knelt a short ways before the vault door, prying with his knife and finally drawing from place a loose tile. He smiled with satisfaction at the exclamation of admiration from President Brown as he looked into the aperture and saw the ingenious, hidden there, was connected with the triggers beside the camera.

Carefully the detective replaced the tile, then drew away. His back suddenly stooped while a furtive, evil expression grew in his eyes as he slipped stealthily toward the safe. Without explanation, the bank president saw that he was simulating a burglar. He watched keenly, uttering

an ejaculation of surprised delight as the man's foot touched the loose tile and, simultaneously, the flash powders flamed from the door, leaving a plume of hot, acid smoke behind.

"And there you have the face of the bank thief!" he chuckled. "Very ingenious indeed!"

He smiled and turned away, closing the door behind him as he resumed his desk. For the hours of a bank executive are known to no man save himself. There were a few details of the business to be righted and then a study of the market.

Darius Brown's lips tightened as he went over again and again certain bewildering evolutions of stocks in which he was interested. Well, he would wait and see what he could make of them in the morning.

But eager though he was to find that market page of his paper at breakfast, he still had time to pause a while and smile at the simple announcement on the preceding page, of the marriage of Joseph Drum, paying teller of the Fourth National bank to Miss Flo Williams, who had been lending her charms of face and figure to the show girl contingent of the Gayety theater.

Though he would have knocked down the man who even queried him regarding his matrimonial judgment, Joseph Drum flushed as he reluctantly gave room to a traitorous thought in his mind. For weeks, for months he had felt the ground slipping beneath his feet, had seen the pyramid of debt piling higher and higher, yet had dared take no exact measurement of it, hoping against all reasonable hope that "something would turn up," to save him.

Five thousand dollars a year! What a huge sum it had seemed to them both! His lips curled in a bitter smile. Five thousand dollars a year and already, within a few months after marriage, his surplus savings had been wiped out, his salary spent, and he owed ten thousand dollars.

And it was his own fault—he, the banker, his fault. It was a child he had married, a pampered, spoiled child. A perfect wife she had made him, perfect save in her extravagance. And he had not warned at the time when warning would have been easy. Now, she would take it as a reproach. Now where could he hope to raise ten thousand dollars? How could he make the six hundred dollars in his pocket over into a sufficient sum to start him anew?

He pushed the tell-tale tabulation hurriedly aside as Flo swept into the bank and sought his cage. The old thrill of delight swept other thoughts aside as he roveled in the grace, the beauty of her, drank in deep drafts of the intoxicating devotion that glowed in her eyes as they found his own. He even smiled as, in her dear, wheedling way she glowingly described the beauties of a pearl necklace, amazingly low-priced, she had

seen in the window of Lattimer's jewel-shop. Drum was still smiling as his eyes followed her out of sight, then the smile disappeared as a movement of his hands brought the fatal inventory of debts to light again. Not more closely did the closely meshed cage shut him away from those outside than his position. He barred him from raising such an amount of money.

Even as he thought of substantial men's opinion of him, his brain, by some strange quip peculiar to those closely harassed, flew to Fred Williams—his brother-in-law. Their acquaintance was but casual. The man was a gambler, a sporting man of a character such as would have made closer acquaintance impossible for a bank teller. Still, he had taken a liking to the man on the night of that wedding supper that had lasted till dawn. He had noticed that the gambler touched no liquor; that he skillfully managed to handle the other guests who had imbibed too freely.

The hours dragged their interminable length across the clock dial. He thought the hands would never point to three. In those hours the teller seemed to pass a lifetime. But they finally came to an end and, before the doors were even closed he was upon the street, striding swiftly toward a certain cigar store, which he knew was used as a blind for the gambling house in the rear which Williams visited.

The gambler made explanation simple by cutting squarely to the point. From under his brows he appraised Drum, in that swift, incisive glance which a faro dealer gives the players about his bank, most keenly and decisively appraising of all looks.

"Flo's a great Jane, Drum," the gambler admitted slowly. "She's been a dandy sister to me. But she certainly does throw up the coin. She's got you on the bum already. How much are you in for?"

He whistled as Drum thrust the list of debts into his hand, his eyes squinting narrowly from it to the harassed teller. Suddenly he came to a decision.

"Well, you're nailed hard, old man, and you've got to make a clean-up to break loose. That's all I can see to do and, believe me, if there's a loophole from any scrape I don't need a spyglass to find it. You've got six hundred beans and you've gotta have ten thousand dollars. Take a chance—that's the only answer."

"It's the only way I can see."

"Sure. Well, I've got a sweet little thing bottled up at this very moment, Drum. I was going down on it hook, line and snaker myself, but I'll turn it over to you. 'Balamour starts in the third race tomorrow. She'll be a long shot because she's a dog by birth and by performance. But she's propped to win. The owners have been laying back months for this hog killing. Give me five hundred bucks and I'll distribute it tonight so it won't affect the betting. If she don't cop the coin or if she's disqualified, you stand about where you are."

Restlessly, feverishly he performed his duties the following day. The evening had been one of agony to him, the inability to meet his wife's calm, tender eyes, the failure to bring his thoughts away from the impending transaction that meant so much to him.

Belamour—on bank notes, on the paper bands that held the packages together, on his ledger, the name of the mare spelled itself out before him. On the bank steps outside he hesitated a moment.

Dark fear was tugging at his coat tails and, at the same time, urging him forward. Across the street a newsboy peddled his papers. He caught Drum's eye and darted through the traffic toward him.

Belamour wins at 50 to 1.

The great, black type seemed to leap from the box across the front page and strike him between the eyes. He found himself inside the clear store without any remembrance of how he came there. He found himself listening to Fred Williams' tense, earnest voice, as he thrust a great wad of bills in his hands.

"Well, you copped the coin that time, Joe, I've used up a ton of sweat pulling for you though. You're a man and I can't talk to you like a kid but, remember, I'm in the know. I'm wise. I've lived a thousand years longer than you, and I'm wise. There is nothing to it. Nine times out ten old Mrs. Luck would a give you a kick in the slats and that's all. Clean up and drive straight. Put it up to Flo like a man and she'll understand. Come clean with her that she's gotta cut out them chorus janes and she's gotta live like a respectable banker's wife. She's been brought up in an incandescent furnace, Joe, and I never seen anybody yet that didn't get parboiled if they stuck in the oven long enough."

Drum nodded though he heard nothing of what the man said. His brain was light as a feather.

Feverishly he lunged through the crowded traffic toward his apartment house, elbowing people out of the way, forcing an entrance into the thickest jam. And then he halted, his eyes attracted by the exquisite display of a jeweler. Yes, the necklace was still there—a proper bauble to occupy the entire blue, velvet-lined show window. He quickly entered the shop, chucking to himself as he more tranquilly made his way home, the jewel box in his pocket.

He slipped up behind Flo fastening the necklace of pearls about her no less lustrous neck, reveling in the beautiful creature's delight.

Her hand tightly clasping his they sat before the mirror, reveling in the necklace.

"Joe, dear," she clasped those thrilling fingers about his own, drawing his face very close to hers, a deep, serious light in her eyes, a sobering note of intensity in her voice, "we've always got to have money—we've got to have it. I don't think I could stand—"

"You'll never have to stand anything else, my butterfly," he laughed.

There was something in the air of a tomb about the office of John Field, confidential broker; there was something the sensation of being about a corpse when one transacted business with John Field.

To Field, everything was a problem—figures as well as men. And Field had taken unusual pleasure in waiting the denouement he figured was bound to come when the affairs of the Fourth

National were thoroughly investigated. John Field, having worked out a puzzle, had a natural desire to see whether his analysis was correct.

And still nothing of this showed on his emotionless face as his cold, pale eyes rested on the bundle of bank notes young Joseph Drum had just tossed upon his desk. The glance he cast the young man was quite as casual as it had been throughout their many transactions, dating from some months back from the petty stock dabbling period and now culminating in this plunge order.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars cash. Buy one hundred thousand C. D. & E."

He took a curiously snaky delight in drawing the order aloud, leaning back in his chair and indulging in a gust of silent laughter as the teller hurriedly glided out the door.

His silent chuckle was checked by the abrupt entrance of President Darius Brown—another part of the jigsaw puzzle from the working out of which the dealer in problems had gained such keen delight. The bank-

er was trembling violently, shaking like an aspen as he leaned heavily upon the broker's desk.

"John," he finally managed his lips sufficiently to blurt forth. "I've got to borrow those securities for tomorrow—the securities as collateral I left with you. I only want them for tomorrow when the examiner comes. You understand?"

"I'll think it over," Field decided. John Field leaned back in his chair and again that hint of a gleam showed beneath the pale eyes. The puzzle had been worked out to his own complete satisfaction—two thieves in one bank.

With a little cluck of annoyance he turned to the memorandum he had been making when Darius Brown burst in upon him. A second he looked puzzled, then completed it.

Joseph Drum stood on the bank steps, listening without a tremor to the treble of the newsboy across the street, the boy who had always before been able to cause him such terror. Yet now that he knew the worst he was cool and collected and coherent.

SHARP RAID ON C. D. & E. Hundreds Sacrificing Holdings. Raid On.

Yes, he could make out every word that spelt his ruin. He even smiled as he refused to purchase a newspaper from the lad.

He reached back to feel the bulk of the automatic in his pocket. He had not forgotten. He had managed to make a thorough clean-up in his department, even finishing with the revolver that belonged to the institution.

In the morning the examiner would go over his cash books. Carefully, methodically, solicitous not to disarray any of his wife's toilet articles, he placed the ugly automatic among the delicate pieces there, then rummaged a piece of paper from the drawer and began his note of explanation.

Dearest Flo, Good-By. There Was No Other Way to—

He halted. How silly and insincere that sounded! He judged his brains for the proper words to convey the real meaning of such a parting. The tinkle of the phone in the living room brought a sharp exclamation of impatience from him as it insistently intruded upon his mental effort. Reluctantly he picked it up, his voice cool and collected. A slight smile parted his lips as Field announced himself.

"Yes, I know," his lips moved.

"I have just closed your C. D. & E. with one hundred thousand dollars profit, Mr. Drum. Is that correct?"

"Quite correct," the teller quietly answered then: Just send it to my apartment by messenger—immediately. One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, I believe."

Coolly he replaced the receiver on the hook, then moving to Flo's bed-chamber. Methodically he tore up the note he had begun and dropped the automatic into his pocket. The mistake of John Field in buying the wrong stock did not even strike him as strange. The whole transaction seemed commonplace.

Then, like a flash it came; came with the click of the key in the lock of the door; came with the scent of

violets his wife affected. Through the portieres he could see her brother accompanied her. Their voices were lifted in angry controversy but he paid no attention to the words. A fresh panic had seized him as a harrowing problem presented: HOW TO GET THE MONEY INTO THE VAULT BEFORE MORNING?

Where his ruin had meant nothing to him, had left him cold and passionless, this problem presented itself bristlingly. His hands grasped the portieres and he would have flung himself into the living room when he halted abruptly, listening—listening—

"I tell you, Flo, you've got to can it. You're a decent guy, this husband of yours, and I'm strong for him. I wouldn't say a word if I didn't know you were kidding yourself along. I tell you it's getting loosely talked about when a gambler like me hears it. I tell you it ain't possible for a bank teller to live the way Drum lives and support you the way you're supported and be on the up and up. He may have got by up to now—I ain't saying. But he can't get by long with this stuff. I tell you, and I know, I tell you straight you're making, you have made, or you're going to make a thief outta Drum if you don't cut out the merry-merry and beat it to the bushes quick."

"A thief!" Flo's voice rose hysterically. "You've got a nerve talking about thieves, you have! You've got a nerve talking—a reformed burglar—"

The eavesdropper felt something catching in his throat—something that racked his entire body. He snatched the portieres apart, flinging himself between the angry pair.

"I am a thief!" He shouted, then, at his wife's horrified exclamation of protest, over and over again he repeated: "I am a thief—a thief—a thief—"

"What's the limit, Joe?" he demanded quietly.

"I've got it all—in the next room. I won, Fred, at the last minute. I won it all back. It's in the next room."

"Then what's the kick?"

"I can't get the money back—into the vault. It's got to be there in the morning—first thing. The examiner—you must get it back for me."

Williams drew away sharply as the hidden request was made. A quick shudder of repulsion shook him, but Flo's hand was upon his arm. Suddenly with an oath of capitulation, Fred Williams flung himself away from the woman.

"Hand me the coin," he grated harshly. "Hand it to me quick—before I change my mind." A bitter, grating laugh choked out of him as he pocketed the bank notes. "I'm a bit out of practice, folks, and the job's unprofessional—but wot t'ell!"

A long silver of orange light snatched a segment from the darkness. Once—twice—thrice—from a black window of the Fourth National it came, the watchman's signal that all was well within.

Crouching against the wall of the opposite building, Fred Williams carefully, methodically upturned his coat collar and pulled the hat brim low over his eyes.

As the unsuspecting watchman leisurely opened the door, Williams sprang up close behind him, ramming the gun into the small of his back.

"Straight ahead!" he grated. "Don't turn or I'll—"

No need to finish the threat. The watchman marched slowly forward. Carefully keeping behind the fellow even after he had bound him to the chair, gagged him securely, and tilted his hat brim so low his sight was obscured, Williams heaved a long sigh.

He then swiftly pocketed the revolver and stepped through the president's office to the black vault. A second he stood before the monstrous, grim barrier, then his delicate hands reached out and touched the nickel combination knobs.

With that chill kiss all thought disappeared, every sense was submerged in the instinct of the skilled workman, back at his job after long absence.

Now and then he paused to pare the tips of his fingers with a razor blade, that their sensitiveness might be accentuated. A long whistling sound came from his chest as the straightened, a thin smile upon his lips. A ticking sound had told him his work was half finished.

Again he bent to the work. He was swift, he was certain, he was sure. And then—

Then, without straightening his bowed back, he leaped aside, his arms instinctively rising to shield his face, his demotically twitching face, as he glared at the man who had interrupted him in his work, the president of the bank standing rigidly before him, too surprised for utterance.

Darius Brown's jaws, which had been loosely opened, clicked shut. The sound was audible. Williams had not before been aware that the same terror which had hurled him back before the man had put the automatic into his hand.

Came the glint of Darius Brown's nickel barreled revolver, snatched from his overcoat pocket, as he leaped at the intruder. Williams grasped the wrist of the man, trying to unnerve the fingers that clutched the gun.

For a moment the two men stood there, silently rigid.

Suddenly Williams felt the older man relaxing. He pressed his minute advantage, hurrying his knee forward and up toward the president's groin. An orange spurt of flame, mingling with the deep, thunderous detonation of a revolver split the silence. He

leaped aside, crouching toward the weapon he had dropped. Again Darius Brown lifted his revolver, his face twitching convulsively. His knees slowly crumbled under him and he flung up his right hand, the hand with the revolver, to recover his balance.

The motion carried him back a staggering pace. And Williams cowered against the wall as, with that movement, a lurid flame, followed by plumes of acrid, biting smoke, exhaled itself from the vault door, out into the room.

President Darius Brown sagged down—down—sagged within himself like an old, worn-out accordion.

Williams approached. He was cold and passionless now. There was no time, but he could not forego looking at his work. He touched the hand, drawing away quickly as rigor mortis tautened the tendons of it. Gently he picked up the package of securities which had dropped from the financier's pocket, turning them over curiously as though they were the most important things in the world to him. They fell from his hands as the squirmings of the bound watchman reached his ears. Snatching the bundle of money from his own pocket he dropped it beside the securities, then turned and fled.

Fled—throughout the weeks and months; fled—when there was no place to flee; fled—from the voices that betrayed him; fled—from the whispers that accused him; fled—when he prayed he might be captured; fled—from pillar to post, with no objective, with no reason for flight save the fear that impregnated the very soul of him.

A series of fat robberies punctuated his flight.

And then it came. He had not bungled the job. He had felt in advance that he was about to be caught. The plant had been laid for him by the police. His pal had been a stool pigeon.

Joseph Drum and his wife were silently seated in their living room when the haggard, haunted man burst in upon them. Since the tragedy they had been given much to silence. The fear that beset the crackman had not neglected them—the fear and remorse.

"They got me," Williams gasped. "They're wise to me. They nicked me on the job."

Williams laughed hoarsely, creakingly.

"There's no getaway for any of our gang," he muttered, then, his voice growing clearer, something almost prophetic glowed in the bleary eyes; "no getaway for any of us. I can't help running, but to make a getaway. I can't—we can't."

"We left a trail a mile wide," he continued more quietly. "That pearl necklace, Joe! All the coin you've spent! What Fields knows! What everybody knows about your salary! They're alive—those clues, even if a fat coroner does go to sleep on the job. They had a clear case against Brown—and he was dead. But they



"Clean Up and Drive Straight."



Begs the Gambler to Break into the Bank and Restore the Money.

gotta clear case against us, if they ever start. They ain't no getaway. They ain't—"

He halted, springing to his feet as the elevator cage clanged upon their floor and heavy steps, immediately followed by resounding blows upon the door, woke the echoes of the apartment house.

Crash—the door shivered, then slapped from its hinges before the heavy-shouldered pair who lunged into the room.

"What did he mean—about clues?" Flo whispered fearfully to her husband, an hour later. "Did he mean we might—get caught—?"

Drum sighed heavily.

"What was he running from—always?" she persisted, dully. "The verdict cleared—everything—so far as any chance of being—caught was concerned. Why did he run, Joe?"

"Not from man." His voice was leaden. "From the arrows of the Almighty he ran. Haven't you felt them, Flo?"

She shivered, wishing she might meet his eyes—knowing their eyes could never meet as of old.

And that is the real affair of the Fourth National.

WHO PAYS?
(End of Story Number Three.)
The next story, "Loves Liar."

Briefs of the Week

Boyer City's School Board is contemplating the purchase of the skating rink building at that city to be used for School athletics.

Samuel Counterpane of Cadillac, aged 17 years, lost a hand while playing with a dynamite cap while his father was blowing out stumps.

The East Jordan-Charlevoix Str. Hum has laid up, and the Steamer Pottawatomie has taken her place, manned by the Hum's crew.

Petitions are being circulated for a local option election in Otsego county, although the Gaylord papers say public sentiment is against it.

The steam barge S. M. Stephanson loaded with maple lumber at the East Jordan Lumber Co's docks this week and cleared for Erie, Pennsylvania.

Remember that the Young Peoples Bible Class of the Presbyterian church has entire charge of the evening services for the month of October. Everybody welcome.

Read the story "Who Pays"—"When Justice Sleeps"—on another page of this issue. Then see the story in motion pictures at Temple Theatre latter part of next week.

Among the wounded in an engagement at Brownsville, Texas, last week, between Mexicans and U. S. regular troops, was Cecil M. Kennedy, a private from Central Lake.

Petoskey police have started a purity campaign and raided a crap and poker game, getting four negroes, a Chinaman, a white man and a squaw. They also secured three bootleggers.

The Temple Cafe reverted back to its former owner Frank Green, this week. Glenn McLachlan and Chas. Gullage, who have been in charge the past month returned to their homes at Traverse City and Bay City.

Louis, the ten-year-old son of Atty and Mrs. D. H. Fitch, received a badly lacerated right wrist, Tuesday. He was leaving the school building, and, in his haste, drove his hand through the glass in the door. A dozen or more stitches were necessary to close up the wound.

Secretary-Treasurer Geo. G. Glenn of Group 2, State Bankers' Ass'n, sent out announcements this week for the regular annual meeting and banquet of that organization to be held at the Park Place Hotel, Traverse City, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 12th. The organization comprises ten counties in this part of the state.

The opening number of East Jordan Entertainment Course for 1915-1916 will be given Wednesday evening, Oct. 20th, when Byron W. King of Pittsburg will deliver one of his lectures. Mr. King will be remembered as being at the Loveday Opera House a number of years ago and delivering some able addresses. The course will consist of five numbers, the four being as follows: The Richard Fadette; Columbian Quartet, Carter's Carolinian Jubilee Singers, and Harry Bowser, lecturer and humorist. A more extended announcement will appear later.

Robert Deschane, a well-known resident of Wilson township, passed away at his home Wednesday morning, his death being unexpected. He was in normal health the evening previous and retired in good spirits. Wednesday morning he failed to respond to calling and upon investigating, it was found that he had passed away a short time previous. Deceased was a little over fifty years of age leaves besides a wife, one son, Lloyd, and two daughters, Mrs. Lorella LaValley and Miss Clara Deschane. Funeral services will be held from the grange hall at Afton this Saturday morning at 10:00 o'clock.

Get your Fresh Roasted Peanuts at Carl's Stand. They're always warm.

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

Get the "Five and a Half" habit. Rev. J. W. Shumaker was at Old Mission over Sunday.

Fresh Roasted Peanuts—always warm—at Carl's Stand.

Miss Gwendolen Boyd was guest of Bellaire friends this week.

William Tunison and family of Mancelona have moved to East Jordan.

Oscar E. Harris of Flint is guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. J. A. Nickless.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Phillips attended the Bellaire fair a couple of days this week.

Mrs. James Hignite returned Tuesday from a visit with Mancelona relatives.

Miss Minnie Walton returned Saturday last from a visit with Traverse City friends.

George Spencer returned first of the week from a business trip to Grand Rapids.

Alfred Bergman returned to Ann Arbor, Friday, to resume his studies at the U. of M.

Miss Louise Loveday entertained Miss Stafford of Norwood at her home here this week.

Miss Alice Swanson of Charlevoix was guest at the home of Mrs. Harvey Reinhart, Tuesday.

Mrs. M. Chaplin returned first of the week from a fortnight's visit with Traverse City friends.

Mrs. Louis Dennis of Ellsworth visited at the home of her son, Charles Dennis, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Abrant and Mrs. M. C. Isaman attended the Fair at Bellaire, Thursday.

Mrs. T. V. Hardy returned to her home at Mancelona, Thursday, after visiting friends here.

Mrs. Henry Sheldon left Thursday for a few week's visit with her son and daughters at Chicago.

Mrs. Peter Lalonde is receiving a visit from her cousin, Miss Dade McLeod of Bradford, Ont.

The Gaylord and Bellaire fairs this week were attended by a large number of East Jordanites.

Mrs. Chris Taylor left Friday for Suttons Bay where she will attend the wedding of her son, William, first of the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rogers and Dr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Bechtold were among East Jordan people attending the Gaylord fair this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bohls left Wednesday for their home at Lansing, after a visit at the home of the latter's mother, Mrs. Harriet Stephan.

The annual hunt indulged in by the members of K. P. lodge will be held next Thursday. R. A. Brintnall and Ira D. Bartlett are the captains.

Rev. John Clemens and family moved their household goods here from Bellaire first of the week and now occupy the Methodist Episcopal parsonage.

Mrs. Eliza Bowman of Bay City is guest of relatives and friends in our city. She accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Ed. R. Price here in their auto, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Cantile (Hanson and Drew) of Cherry Vale theatrical colony, left Tuesday for New York City where they take up their season's work.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. R. Price arrived home by auto from Bay City, Monday evening. Contractor Price plans to return to his work there latter part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Scott left Wednesday for Vestaburg where they will spend the winter with relatives. Their granddaughter, Miss Mildred Sweet, accompanied them.

Mrs. H. I. McMillan accompanied her daughter, Miss Erzella, to Traverse City Wednesday, where the latter will take up the study of nurse. Mrs. McMillan visited friends there for a couple of days.

Mrs. Pauline Volway left for her home at Saginaw, Wednesday, after spending the summer with relatives at East Jordan and Ellsworth. Her sister, Mrs. Julia Dennis, accompanied her to visit relatives.

The public acts for 1915 just issued is probably the largest edition ever published in Michigan. It contains 482 pages of new laws and 568 pages amendments and charges. The index comprises about 200 pages. This volume is more than twice as large as the edition of the public acts of 1913.

A deputy sheriff, of Frederic, came to Grayling with a prisoner, one day last week, bound over for trial in circuit court, and while the officer was talking with the prosecuting attorney and circuit court commissioner, the accused one "flew his kite" for parts unknown, much to the surprise of the officer. The prisoner was charged with furnishing whiskey to an Indian.—Grayling Advance.

Get the "Five and a Half" habit. Catholic Ladies bake-sale this afternoon in Spencer's.

Mrs. Richard Dennis of Ellsworth visited at the home of Mrs. H. Reinhart this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kenny and Mrs. Estella Sherman attended the Bellaire fair, Thursday.

Amber Muma and family now occupy the residence owned by Mrs. Rose McArthur on Second-st.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lutz and Mr. Brown of Mancelona, and Mrs. Savage of Chicago, were East Jordan auto visitors, Sunday.

Mrs. L. C. Madison left Thursday in charge of a delinquent child for Adrian. From there she goes to her old home at Brimfield, Ind., for a visit.

Tuesday, October 19th and Wednesday, Oct. 20th are the dates for the Catholic Ladies' Bazaar. Good and Big meals as usual will be the order of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cummins arrived Tuesday from Pewaukee, Wis., for an extended visit at the home of the former's father, John Cummins, on the West Side.

Miss June Ramsey, who has been visiting at the home of her cousin, Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Ramsey, left Sunday to resume her work as nurse at the John Hopkins hospital at Baltimore, Md.

The Ladies of the Methodist Aid will hold their annual chicken pie supper and apron sale at the church parlors on Wednesday, Oct. 6th, from 5 to 8 o'clock. Adults 25c. Children under twelve years 15c.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hite moved to their newly purchased farm north of the city first of the week. William Wright of Cadillac stepfather of Mrs. Hite, will make his home with them and operate the farm.

The Womens Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church will hold their October meeting at the home of Mrs. John F. Kenny on Friday afternoon, Oct. 8th. The subject is "Mormonism" and the leaders are Mrs. Howard Porter and Mrs. William Severance.

FOR RENT—A modern eight-room residence, fully equipped with furnace, bath and electric lights. Enquire of H. L. Winters.

WANTED—Horseshoer's Helper. A husky young man, who means business will find this a good opening. One with some experience preferred. J. A. LANCASTER, East Jordan, Mich.

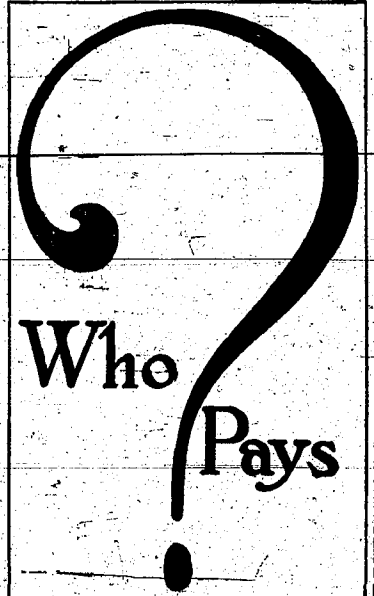
HOUSE FOR RENT—Inquire of E. A. Lewis.

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

A woman is never too good to be true. Society is human nature in full dress. Every man realizes that he used to be a chump.

When ignorance wins—intelligence drops below par.

A lot of good examples are set that never hatch out.



Are Riches and Honor Worth Striving For? Watch This Paper



There Is a Vital Interest in This Question for You, so

Read the stories in The Herald each Saturday. Then see the story in Motion Pictures at Temple Theatre.

CHURCH BUILT TO KEEP OUT SALOON.

Little Structure Built in Two Hours at Grossett, Ala., Keeps Town Dry.

Grossett, Ala.—In Grossett is a little building which Grossett residents point out as "the little church that saved Grossett from whisky."

Grossett always has been "dry." The Grossett Lumber Company would not allow a saloon to be built in the town. But once a saloon threatened to invade the vicinity of the town. That was how the little church came to be built, many years ago.

Back in the early days, when the virgin woods crowded close to the edge of Grossett and telephones were first being used in Ashley county, a rumor started that Grossett was to have a saloon—not in the town, of course, but somewhere near.

Clarke Buckner, manager of the lumber company at that time, went to Hamburg, the county seat, and learned that, although no license had been issued, the saloon men were on their way to Hamburg. He hurried to the telephone.

By his orders, given over the wire, lumber was rushed to the street corner in Grossett and a crew of carpenters was put to work on the erection of a little building, 14 by 16 feet in size.

By telephone Mr. Buckner kept in constant touch with the work through the day.

At 4 o'clock he hung up the receiver with a smile of satisfaction. Ten minutes later the saloon men arrived at Hamburg and presented a petition for a license.

"You can't build a saloon within three miles of Grossett," Mr. Buckner objected. "The state law will not permit it. We have a church there."

"But we left there only two hours ago and there was no church there," replied the astounded petitioners.

"We have built one since you left," said Mr. Buckner. "There's the telephone. Find out for yourself."

And they did. Small, it is true, was the structure the men had rushed to completion in two hours, but it was a church. For a time it was large enough to accommodate the congregation which gathered weekly.

MAUD VEAL ELOPES WITH HER HERO, CHARLES BULL.

"We Can Stand Their Roasting," Says the Groom, Who Declares He Won't Be "Cowed."

Binghamton, N. Y.—Charles Bull and Miss Maud S. Veal were married here, which is nobody's business. Mr. Bull, who is not in the meat business, told the Rev. H. S. Sweeland that he and his bride had traveled from Scranton to avoid any action by the Veal family, who opposed the match because of the bridegroom's name.

Mr. Bull explained that he and his bride had put up with this opposition like lambs until they decided to chop out for themselves and stake all their affection for each other. He said they hoofed it down to the station, horned into a chair car and completed arrangements for the marriage while on their way here.

"Mr. and Mrs. Veal will never get over beefing about this affair," said Mr. Bull, "but we can stand their roasting, as we have in the past. We're here and they're there, so what do we care? They cannot cow us."

SHOW CURIOUS POTATO VINE.

Missouri Freak That Bears Above and Below Ground.

Bethany, Mo.—A potato vine that is bearing potatoes on the vine above ground as well as below it, is the latest thing in freak vines in this part of the country. The queer vine has been exhibited by Johnson Hogan, of this place, who found it only recently in his potato patch. At each joint of the vine there is a well formed potato, and there was also an unusually large number of potatoes attached to the roots.

HEN AND CHICKS IN CYCLONE.

Are Carried Forty Rods and Deposited Without Injury.

Perry, Mich.—A cyclone played a freakish trick on the farm of John Burns when it picked up a coop of chickens and the old hen and carried them forty rods over a fence into another field, where it deposited them without any damage being done.

Two Little Ones Marry.

Hannibal, Mo.—Miss Mary Porter was married to James E. Burton at Holiday, west of Hannibal. Their combined height will not equal 8 feet, and their total weight is only 147 pounds.

The bride weighs 70 pounds and is 47 inches in height. The bridegroom is 1 inch taller and weighs 7 pounds more.

Mr. Burton is 40 years old and the bride is 26. Each has had offers to travel with shows. They will live on Mr. Burton's farm.

When a girl goes around boasting of the number of men who have made love to her, it's a sign they didn't ask her to marry.

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.

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

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.

Intelligence is the mother of brevity. The late husband catches the early morning lecture.

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.

COULD MAKE A WAY.



Dorothy—With your football training we can make our way economically.

Jack—How's that? Dorothy—We can take advantage of all the bargain sales with your help.

Rooster Routs Farmer.

Okato, S. D.—H. L. Ritchie, a rancher living near here, is the owner of a rooster which evidently aspires to become known as the man-killing rooster. As a result of a spurring from the rooster, Ritchie was in a critical condition several days from blood poisoning, and yet feels the effects of the wound inflicted by the bird. Ritchie was opening the door of his henhouse when the rooster jumped upon his knee and spurred him twice.

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

Fresh Pastuerized Milk and Cream McCool & Mather

Phone No. 29.

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.

GLASSES FITTED
CONSULT
J. LEAHY
Optometrist
Expert on Eye Strain

Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, and all other symptoms of Eye Strain cured.

Crossed Eyes Straightened Without an Operation.

Fitting Children's Eyes a Specialty. Difficult Cases Solicited.

Glasses Guaranteed to Fit.

Office with Drs. Vardon & Parks
MONDAY, OCT. 4TH
will remain One Day.

This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use

It's different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shine lasts four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on samaras, stoves and solid iron ranges and grocery dealers.

All we ask is a trial. Use it on your cook stove, your parlor stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best stove polish you ever used, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Insist on Black Silk Stove Polish. Made in liquid or paste—one quality.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works
Sterling, Illinois

Use Black Silk Air-Drying Iron Enamel on grades, registers, stoves, etc. Prevents rusting. Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silver, nickel or brass. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

"A Shine in Every Drop"

The Mark on Silverware

The most beautiful, most durable silver-plated forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces are stamped with the renowned trade mark

1847 ROGERS BROS.

By this mark only can you distinguish the original Rogers ware (first made in 1847), and assure yourself of the best in quality, finish and design.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "C.L." showing all designs.

International Silver Co.
Successor to
Meriden Britannia Co.
Meriden, Conn.

CHICHESTER PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES!
Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbons. 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
TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE TESTED

Watch Your Children
Often children do not let parents know they are constipated. They fear something distasteful. They will like Rexall Orderlies—a mild laxative that tastes like sugar. Sold only by us, 10 cents.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

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 druggist can 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.

THE DOUBLE DEALER

By VARICK VANARDY,
Author of "Missing—\$81,500."

Copyright by the Frank A. Munsey Co.

"That is just the point, Crewe. Some of those presents were 'lifted,' and by a gun who was so slick that Muchmore, who was assigned there, and who was in the room all the time, never had a chance to drop it."

"Well, what's the answer, Bunting?"

"Muchmore, and I believe that you could assist us to recover that lost property—and there is a generous reward in it for all of us if you can."

"So?"

"What do you say, Crewe?"

"Do you want to know what I say about it, Bunting? This, then: Lieutenant Muchmore began in a mighty poor way tonight, if he wished me to do him a favor. He has insulted me twice, and without reason."

"Unless he apologizes fully and completely, and does it in the presence of my bartender, I will have nothing more to do with him—nor with you, either, so long as you remain his sidepartner. You have got nothing on me. I don't need you or want you—and I won't stand for that sort of talk."

"And if he will apologize—"

"I won't, so that ends it," Muchmore interrupted, his temper again at white heat.

The mere idea that he should be called up to apologize to the keeper of a resort for Crooks and thieves—to that man Crewe, who was widely supposed to condone every form of vice save one—the protector of criminals—enraged him beyond words.

He started to his feet in a storm of fury, reaching for his weapon as he did so; but it was his own partner, Bunting, who seized his arm and held it.

Crewe sat perfectly still, the bluish on his face glowing hideously under the electric-bulb over the table.

Then, when that first paroxysm of rage had passed, when Bunting had released his partner's arm, Crewe slowly left his chair and threw open the door that led into the hallway.

"Good night, Bunting," he said.

"This is the way out. Tell your friend that when he comes to me in a proper frame of mind and makes that apology because he believes it to be due me, I may—I do not promise—I may decide to try to help you both."

CHAPTER V.
The Cameo Brooch.

Crewe, left alone in that back room of his own resort, resealed himself at the table until Christy came in from the bar and seated himself in utter silence opposite his employer; but it was only for a moment before Crewe directed the bartender to bring him his coat and hat, and also a small package wrapped in tissue paper from the middle drawer behind the bar.

He had devoted merely one swift glance upon it when Sindahr gave it up so reluctantly, to assure himself that the juggler had not attempted one of his tricks; now he removed the tissue wrapping and put the wonderful cameo down upon the table, and for more than a minute sit quiet still, lost in admiration of the exquisite and wonderful carving.

And Christy passed around the table and bent familiarly over Crewe's chair to observe it also.

"Do you realize, boy, that this brooch is almost priceless in value?" Crewe remarked at last, without raising his eyes. "This is one of six articles that disappeared from the home of Richard Delorme tonight; but this one cameo, if offered to a collector such as Mr. Morgan was, would have brought a price greater than the sum of all the others."

"It is the lost replica of the great Vienna Onyx—with the difference that the original is nine by eight inches while this one is five by four. Still it is a replica in all save size, done by the same hand. The carving, my boy, represents the coronation of the Emperor Augustus. No wonder Sindahr could not resist it."

He wrapped it again in the tissue paper and stowed it away in one of his pockets.

"Your last remark reminds me of something that I wished to say to you," Christy replied with an entire absence of the slang he was accustomed to using. "Sindahr will kill you if he ever gets half a chance. I saw it in his eyes and manner tonight when you made him give that up."

"Oh, I have not the slightest doubt of that, Christy."

"He came near to attempting it tonight when you turned your back to him to put that cameo in the drawer."

"I knew it even then; but, also, I knew that his cupidry would win out. If he had made such an attempt then he would have lost forever an opportunity to regain possession of the cameo."

"He will seek another one."

"Surely."

"Won't you stay here tonight, in-

stead of going back up-town?" Christy inquired anxiously.

"No. I must get back."

"More than likely he is waiting for you in some doorway, right now, sir," Christy pleaded. "He, and many of the others know that it is your habit to go out nights after we close, even though they have no idea where you go."

Crewe's reply was a light laugh as he rose to his feet prepared to take his departure.

"Don't fear for me, lad. I am like Napoleon in that I have work to do and I know that I will remain unharmed until it is done. Good night."

"Just one moment, please. I have watched that man every time he has been here. I have studied him as you have taught me to study all of them," Christy said eagerly.

"Well, what of it, lad?"

"He will not attack you openly. He will not shoot or stab. He belongs to that sect in India which are called Stranglers. He will creep upon you from behind and use the cord."

"I know, Christy; I know! But I won't give him a chance. Good night."

Outside in the street, Crewe moved swiftly and warily, with every sense alert, for he was well aware that Christy's fears were by no means groundless; and he had not a doubt that Sindahr was even then waiting for his approach somewhere between the café and the square.

In passing along the last block before arriving at the square he watched every shadowy point narrowly, and when he was within a few doors from the corner his vigilance was rewarded—there was a blacker smudge against one of the black recesses as he passed it.

Crewe took two more steps, then turned swiftly—and the figure of a man tried to step backward into the concealment from which it had partly emerged.

"Come out here, Sindahr," Crewe ordered calmly. "I shall not harm you for what you would have done; but I want to talk to you."

Sindahr came slowly and reluctantly forward, his teeth gleaming in a grimace which was intended to be an ingratiating smile, but which, in the fear that gripped him, was only a contortion of his face.

"I was waiting to speak with you, Crewe," he said, but his voice trembled. He was in deadly fear of Crewe since the latter had so mysteriously discovered his theft.

"Oh, yes; I know all about that!" Crewe replied with a shrug. "You were waiting here to strangle me but that doesn't matter. Give me that cord. I know that you can make another like it, but I prefer to take this one as a memento of the occasion; and some day when you are on trial for murder, as you surely will be, I shall offer it in evidence against you. Give it up."

With hands that trembled in abject fear now, Sindahr gave the deadly braided cord into Crewe's outstretched palm; and Crewe, as if the incident were forgotten, said:

"Walk with me across the park."

A moment later, as they walked on, side by side, he added: "You are a clever man, Sindahr. You live your daily life in a half disguise, and you do your slickest work without any disguise at all save the partial whitening of your hair and mustache. No wonder that Muchmore had no thought of recognizing you when he saw you for the second time tonight. What puzzles me is how you stick that imperial to your chin so that it looks so natural; it looks as if it grew there."

"Ah," the Oriental replied with pride, "it is a preparation of my own; the result of long study. You could pull it—it would not come off, you could jerk it—it would be the same."

"Then, with the imperial gone, there is a preparation of chalk and bismuth and glycerine and rose-water, which whitens the hair to a silvery gray, and which does not rub off, which is affected by neither comb nor brush—and with the imperial gone, with the preparation on my hair and mustache, behold! I am transformed at once to the Count Sucini."

Crewe stopped at the north side of the square.

"I shall have other work for you to do soon as Count Sucini," he said. "I do not put any trust in you, but you will not fail me, for your own sake."

"Oh, no, no, no! I will serve you gladly. But the great cameo, Crewe. Do you know its wonderful value?"

"Certainly."

"You intend to keep it all for yourself?"

"No. Some day I will return it to its rightful owner—we will say because it is an heirloom, and because I am sentimental."

"When—when will you return it?"

"Sindahr, you wish to go after it again, don't you. Don't worry. I shall lock it away somewhere, in safety, for a year or two or three, and then, after you have been electrocuted for somebody's murder, or are in prison, we will say, I will claim a reward for its return."

"Crewe, you make me hate you, and my hatred is sometimes dangerous," Sindahr muttered in a low tone.

"Yes; you are like your native cobra—filled with venom. Good night. Report to me or to Christy every day."

"Wait. Tell me one thing that I must know."

"Well?"

"Were you there at the wedding reception tonight?"

"Sindahr, alias Count Sucini, I am everywhere."

Crewe motioned to him to begone, and stood and watched him until he was nearly to Sixth avenue; then, with something like a sigh and a shrug, of his shoulders, he started swiftly away.

He knew that he had been followed a great many times by frequenters of his café and by "shadows" from the detective bureau when he left his place late at night. One class was as eager as the other to discover what haunts this man of mystery frequent-ed at such times.

They suspected that he maintained a home elsewhere than above his resort, and the police were not more eager to discover its location than were the crooks themselves.

But he had many and devious methods of avoiding the would-be shadows, and had always successfully eluded them. Nevertheless, he had never reckoned upon a man of exactly the caliber and type of Lieutenant Phillip Muchmore.

For Muchmore was and is an efficient officer—a detective by instinct.

But for his fiery temper which incessantly got the better of his judgment, he would have been great long before now. In his calm moments he reasoned logically and was apt to hit very closely to the bull's-eye in his conclusions.

When Muchmore drove with Mr. Delorme in his car to headquarters earlier that night they had been turned aside by an obstruction in the street and so fate had willed that they should be passing the rear door of the tall studio building at the very moment when the man with the bluish face came out of it.

Muchmore, down at Crewe's, had been subjected to a "calling down" which he little relished.

He came away from the place in such a fury of anger that even his sidepartner, Sam Bunting, could do nothing with him, and after several vain attempts to reason with him, had given it up.

But the two stuck together, nevertheless, and gradually the rage of the lieutenant cooled and he became his normal, courteous, gentlemanly self again.

"Sam," he said, "it is my opinion that there is something doing between Crewe and that artist. Don't ask me what it is, for I can't even guess. But it is a fact that Moreaux mentioned the name of Crewe at least twice while he was at Delorme's tonight."

"And it is a fact that I saw Crewe coming out of the studio building where Moreaux has his studio only a short time after Moreaux must have arrived there himself. And Crewe had a key to the nameless street door. Now none but blue-stocking tenants are allowed a key to a building like that."

"Well, what's the answer?" Bunting inquired.

"This: Crewe was there, waiting for Moreaux. Crewe could have departed by the Blank street door without a key, and it was so late that there would have been no danger in doing so. But, Moreaux must have given Crewe his key to the rear door, and therefore, don't you see? Moreaux expects Crewe to return there again tonight. Anyhow, that's my hunch, and I am going up there."

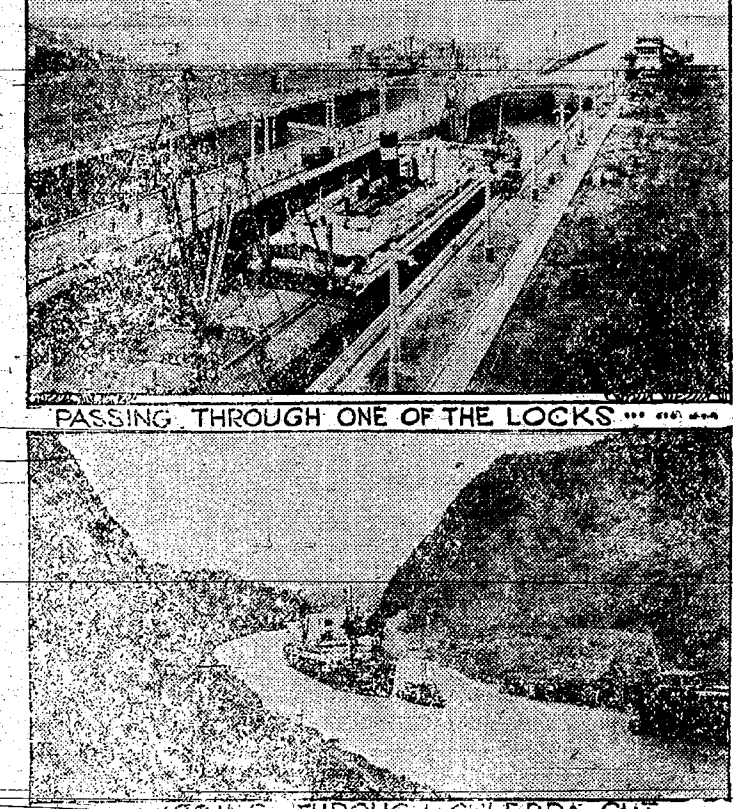
Crewe approached the studio building in due time after his parting with Sindahr. The street called Nameless seemed deserted when he turned into

(Continued Next Week)

WITH LYMAN H. HOWE
to the CALIFORNIA EXPOSITIONS
THROUGH the PANAMA CANAL
to be SEEN HERE SOON.



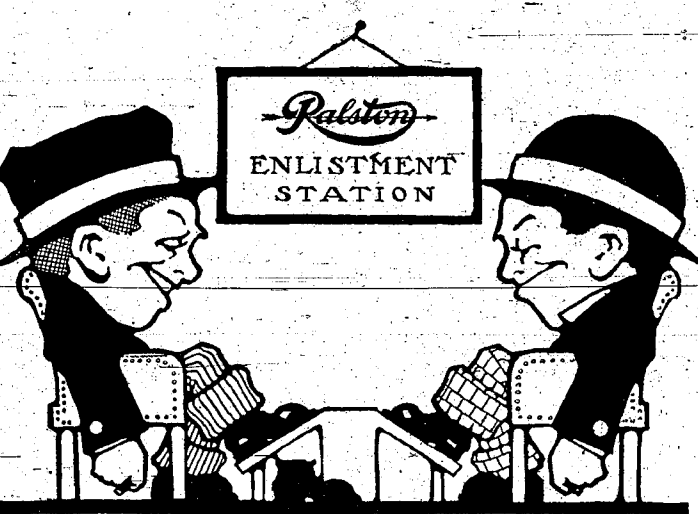
ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE DRAWING THE SHIP THROUGH THE GATUN LOCKS



PASSING THROUGH COLEBRA CUT.

Temple Theatre, Monday, Oct. 4

Ralston ENLISTMENT STATION



Crewe approached the studio building in due time after his parting with Sindahr. The street called Nameless seemed deserted when he turned into

(Continued Next Week)

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-though-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

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



Herald Advertising Gets Results

Roxall 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.