

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 19

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1915.

No. 43

## These Are The Winners

### TOOK PREMIUMS AT OUR COUNTY FAIR

#### Compiled List of Exhibitors and Articles that Won Prizes.

The thirty-first annual exhibit of the Charlevoix County Agricultural Society closed on Sept. 10th. Since then Sec'y R. A. Brintnall has been busy compiling a list of and awarding the premiums offered. About one hundred and forty exhibitors were awarded premiums and the work of accurately entering and paying off these is no small matter. This work is now completed and Sec'y Brintnall submits to The Herald his report for publication.

In the below list the figure "2" following the article indicates second premium. All others are first.

Mrs. H. A. Arnold.—Cotton quilt crazy. Embroidered night dress. Centerpiece, any work.  
Mrs. Ashley.—Luncheon set.  
Lee-Barnum.—Team in harness. Bull 2 years. Bull calf. Bull calf. 2 Cow 2 years. Yearling heifers. Herd. Boar 1 year. Ram lamb. Gray buck wheat. Blood turnip beet.  
E. W. Lane.—Boar under 1 yr. Boar under 1 yr. 2. Sow 1 yr. 2. Sow 1 yr. 2. Litter pigs. Boar under 1 yr. 2. Litter pigs. 2 Ram 2 yrs. 2 Ram 1 yr. Ram lamb. Ram lamb. 2. 2 Ewes 2 yrs. 2 Ewes 1 yr. 2 Ewes 1 yr. 2. 2 Ewe lambs. Ram 2 yrs. Ram lamb. 2. 2 Ewes 2 yrs. 2. 2 Ewes 1 yr. 2 Bu. white oats. Smut nose corn.  
George Staley.—Sow under 1 yr. Ram 2 yrs. 2 Ewe lambs, 2.  
S. J. Lanway.—Stallion 3 yrs. Stallion 3 yrs.  
Emily B. Jacobscheck.—Stallion 2 yrs. Mare 2 yrs. Team in harness. Largest cabbage.  
J. F. Kenny.—Stallion 1 yr. W. Leghorn fowls. W. Leghorn chicks.  
Herbert Coophening.—Colt 6 mos. or under. Mare with foal at side. Colt 6 mos. 2. Mare with colt. 2. Cow 4 yrs. Boar 1 yr. 2. Sow 1 yr. Litter pigs. W. Wyandotte fowls. W. Wyandotte chicks. Bronze Turkeys fowls. Gal. crock butter, 2.  
Abe Stevenson.—Mare or Gelding 3 yrs. Bull 3 yrs.  
Elmer Jensen.—Mare or Gelding 2 yrs. Frank Kiser.—Mare or Gelding 2 yrs. 2. Cow 4 yrs. 2. Colored beans. Colored beans. 2. Col. potatoes 6 vars. Sir W. Raleigh pot. Pres. Roosevelt pot. Irish-Cobbler pot. Banner pot. B. Hebron pot. R. N. Yorker pot. Carmen pot. 2. W. Elephant pot. U. Sam pot. Green Mt. potatoes. Rutabagas. Stalk corn. Wealthy apple. 4 vars. peaches. Alberta peaches. Champion peaches. Dis. plums 6 vars. Red Dawson plum. Victoria plum.  
Ira Bradshaw.—Mare or Gelding 1 yr. Team in harness, 2.  
Chris Vanderventer.—Colt 6 mos. or under.  
Henry Nowland.—Stallion 3 yrs.  
A. W. Carr.—Mare with foal at side. John Nachazel.—Mare or Gelding 1 yr. John Knudsen.—Mare or Gelding 1 yr. 2. R. winter wheat. 2. W. oats. 2. White beans. Winter rye. Crochet bed spread, 2.  
W. E. Wilkinson.—Shetland ponies. Coulter Bros.—Bull 3 yrs. Bull 2 yrs. Cow 3 yrs. Cow 2 yrs. Yearling heifer. Heifer calf. Herd. Boar 1 yr. 2. Sow 1 yr. 2.  
Reycraft Farm.—Bull 1 yr. Cow 3 yrs. Cow 2 yrs. 2. Yearling heifer, 2. Heifer calf. Herd. 2. Boar 1 yr. Boar under 1 yr. Sow 1 yr. Sow under 1 yr. Sow under 1 yr. 2. B. P. Rocks chicks. Buff P. Rocks fowls. Buff P. Rocks chicks. White Orphington fowls. White Orphington chicks. Buff Orphington fowls. Buff Orphington chicks. S. C. R. Island Red chicks. Black Orphington fowls. Silver Campains chicks. Black game fowls.  
Allie Carr.—Bull 2 yrs. 2.  
Harry Nicholls.—Bull 1 yr. Bull 1 yr. 2. Bull calf. Cow 3 yrs. Yearling heifer. Yearling heifer, 2. Herd.  
Robt. Paddock.—Bull 2 yrs. Bert McConnell.—Cow 3 yrs. Ed. Thorsen.—Boar 1 yr. Sow 1 yr. Sow under 1 yr. Litter pigs.  
Godfrey Simon.—Boar 1 yr. 2.  
Brigham's Farm.—Boar 1 yr. Boar under 1 yr. Sow under 1 yr. 2 Ewe lambs. 2 Ewe lambs. 2 Ewe lambs. Yellow transparent apple. Greasy Pippin apple. White grapes.  
Chas. Reider.—B. P. Rock fowls. W. P. Rock fowls. Aconas chicks. Silver

Spangled Hamburg fowls. Mottled Houdan fowls. W. C. Black Polish fowls. Eng. Red Caps fowls.  
Mrs. Robt. Miles.—W. P. Rocks chicks.  
Mrs. E. S. Brintnall.—R. comb R. I. red fowls. Short carrots. Mangel Wurtzel. Mangel Wurtzel. Bronze Turkeys chicks.  
H. L. Willson.—R. C. R. I. reds chicks. Grange display vegetables, 2. Can quinces. Dis. cut flowers, 2.  
F. Walton.—S. C. W. Leghorn fowls.  
Stroebel Bros.—S. C. W. Leghorn chicks. Hubbard squash. Pie pumpkins. Salsify. Wagner apples. Maiden Blush apples. Autumn Strawberry.  
Mrs. Harry Batterbee.—R. C. W. Leghorn fowls.  
Robert Carson.—R. C. W. Leghorn chicks. Black Minorcas fowls. Black Minorca chicks. White beans, 2. Late potatoes. E. Michigan potatoes. Irish Cobbler potatoes, 2. Early Rose pot. 2. Beauty Hebron potatoes, 2. R. N. Yorker pot. 2. Am. Wonder pot.  
Chas. Malpass.—Asiatic Turkey fowls. Toulouse geese. Spec. crocheting. Centerpiece, 2. Infants fancy blanket. Fancy corset cover. Emb. dress. Wallachain centerpiece. Emb. tray cloth. Emb. lunch cloth. Infants hood. Crochet centerpiece, 2. Centerpiece novelty braid, 2. Appliqued crochet. Nut or bon bon baskets. Fancy work bag. Sheet and pillow cases emb., 2. Dresser cover any work. Towel emb., 2. Spec. handkerchief. Spec. French emb., 2. Sofa pillow floral emb., 2. Point lace handkerchief.  
Ralph Lenoskey.—Indian runner ducks. Field peas. Y. dent corn. Pop corn, 2.  
Ada Winden.—Muskove ducks. Pr. rabbits. Centerpiece col. emb. Sofa pillow. Library table runner.  
A. E. Sage.—Pearl Guineaes. Apples display 1 person. Dis. 6 vars. apples. Talman Sweet. Winter Pippin apples. Swaar apples. St. Lawrence apples. Keswick apples. Fallwater apples. R. I. Greening apples. Yellow Bellflower apples. N. W. Greening apples.  
Ratno apples. Seek no further apples. Mann apples. 4 vars. pears. Duchess pears. Clapp's favorite. Dis. crab apples. Dis. plums 6 vars., 2. Red Egg plums. Washington plums.  
John H. Chew.—Partridge P. Rocks fowls. Partridge P. Rocks chicks.  
Ira Olney.—Grange display grain (S. Arm G.) Pop corn. Grange display vegetables (S. A. G.) Red tomatoes. Tomato. Grange display fruit, 2. Northern Spy apples. Pewaukee apples. Peaches 4 vars., 2.  
John Cooper.—1/2 bu. R. Winter wheat. Balls Orange, 2. Sunflower. Leaf White Rose. Dis. White Rose pastry.  
Cora Hammond.—W. winter wheat. Cucurber. Grange display fruit. Grange dis. canned fruit. Display canned fruit 1 person. Can pears. Can strawberries. Var. jellies. Sample dried berries. Sample dried cherries. Sample dried apples. Mixed pickles. W. quilt pattern. Cot. quilt greatest no. pieces. W. quilt pattern, 2. Cotton quilt, 2. Cotton quilt 70 yrs. Wool quilt, 70 yrs. Spec. knitting. Sec. hand sewing. Spec. crocheting, 2. Spec. embroidery. Spec. drawn work.  
Knitted centerpiece, 2. Burnt work 3 pieces. Cotton quilt. Spec. tatting. Knitted edging 1/2 yd. Crochet skirt. Grange Dis. vegetables, 3.  
Mrs. A. B. Clark.—White dent corn. Balls orange pot. E. Rose pot. E. Ohio pot. Y. dent corn, 2.  
J. H. Lanway.—Sweet corn. Flat turnips. Pumpkins. Squash. Pumpkin. Yellow squash.  
Levi Metz.—Spec. Seaf. E. potatoes. 4 lbs. fancy print butter, 2.  
Lizzie Kemp.—Spring rye. W. cap dent corn. Red onions. Onion. Can cherries. Can apples. Can gooseberries.  
E. H. Clark.—Early potatoes, 2. Late potatoes, 2. Carmen potatoes. Display apples 1 person, 2. Display apples 6 vars. 1 person, 2. King Tompkins Co. apples. Baldwin apples. Snow apples. Golden Pippin apples. Roxbury Russet apples. Gidron apples. Bailey Sweet apples. Ben Davis apples. Jonathan apples. Spitzberg apples. Wolf River apples. Flemish Beauty pears. Kalamazoo peaches. Ed. Dis. district school, 3.  
A. J. Weldy.—E. Ohio potato, 2. Loren Frost.—H. long carrots. Gal. crock butter. Crochet hand bag. Handkerchief fancy crochet. Towel any work.  
Robt. Reid.—Summer squash. Wm. Hennings.—Sweet Bough apples. 4 lbs. fancy print butter.  
Henry Sloop.—Duchess Oldenburg apple. Green Gage plums.  
Mrs. R. A. Brintnall.—Bartlett pears. Bell Lucrative pears. Lawrence pears. Dis. canned fruit 1 person, 2. Can plums. Can apricots. Can raspberries

Can beans. Currant wine. Black-berry wine. Raspberry wine. Vegetable pickles. Catsup.  
Geo. Jaquays.—Comb. honey. Ex. honey.  
Blanche Bellinger.—Can peaches. Can tomatoes. Can currants. Cucurber pickles. Tomato pickles. Fruit pickles. Centerpiece col. emb., 2. Bath towel fancy. Sofa pillow fancy, 2. Ornamental leaf plant.  
Ruth Hayden.—Can dew berries. Can huckleberries. Can blackberries. Can mulberries. Var. jellies, 2.  
Winnie Mollard.—Loaf Iron Duke. Loaf brown bread. Original designing. Original designing, 2. Painting water colors. Col. paintings. Landscape from nature w. colors. Landscape from nature water colors, 2. Landscape from copy.  
Mrs. Chas. Hudson.—Loaf Pillsbury's best. Pft. cookies. Pft. doughnuts. Braided rug. Hand made rug.  
Mrs. James Nicholls.—W. quilt, crazy.  
Mrs. L. Kocher.—Quilted quilt. Woolen coverlet double. Fine socks, 2. Fine mittens, 2.  
Mrs. B. E. Waterman.—Spec. centerpiece. Table cover any work. Dresser cover, emb. Handkerchief hemstitched. Fine socks.  
Mrs. Chas. Brabant.—Braided rug, 2. Woven rag rug. Woven rag rug, 2. Centerpiece coronation. Pin cushion.  
Mrs. Mary Chaplin.—Spec. knitting, 2. Fancy hand made waist, 2. Library table runner, any work. Piano scarf hand made. Fancy sofa pillow. Spec. tatting, 2.  
Mrs. L. C. Monroe.—Emb. night dress, 2. Emb. corset cover, 2. Kitchen apron, 2. Eyelet emb. centerpiece, 2. Crochet novelty braid centerpiece. Crochet bow. Crochet belt, 2. Crochet hand bag, 2. Spec. Irish crochet, 2. Sheet and pillow cases emb. Pillow cases monogram, 2. Pillow cases fancy, 2. Dresser cover, emb., 2. Towel emb. Spec. drawnwork. Sofa pillow emb., 2. Laundry bag, 2. Sheet and pillow cases fancy, 2.  
Mrs. A. Dean.—Corset cover fancy, 2. Fancy dress, infants. Fancy dress, infants, 2. Waist eyelet emb. Waist fancy hand made. Table cover, emb. Centerpiece, eyelet emb. Napkins, monogram. Lunch cloth drawn work, 2. Side board cover, emb. Infants sacque. Hug-me-tight. Bed spread. Crochet collar, 2. Knitted centerpiece. Handkerchief fancy crochet, 2. Purse bag. Boudoir cap, 2. Fancy pillow cases. Towel, monogram. Towel fancy bath, 2. Library table runner, 2. Spec. punch work. Cross stitch, 2. Tatting.  
Edith Ramsey.—Hand made infants bonnet. Towel, oriental weaving, 2.  
Mrs. J. Monroe.—Infants hand made bonnet, 2. Lunch cloth, drawn work. Crochet bow, 2. Crochet belt. Spec. novelty lace, 2. Spec. Irish crochet. Fine mittens. Pillow cases, monogram. Towel monogram, 2. Towel any work, 2. Etching. Pin cushion, 2.  
E. L. Monroe.—Corset cover, emb. Waist, French embroidery, 2. Fancy dressing sacque. Lunch cloth, any work, 2. Hug-me-tight, 2. Crochet skirt, 2. Crochet lace edge 1 yd., 2. Hairpin lace. Needle book. Raffia.  
Oriental weaving. Punch work, 2. Hand bag, emb., 2. Hand bag any work. Laundry bag.  
Mrs. R. J. King.—Fancy night dress. Crochet centerpiece. Spec. crochet filet, 2.  
Mrs. Harold Boyd.—Waist. French emb. Kitchen apron. Table cover any work, 2. Napkins emb., 2. 6 matched dollies. Luncheon set, 2. Spec. filet. Spec. novelty lace. Purse bag, 2. Towel cross stitch, 2. Spec. coronation emb. Spec. cross stitch. Hand bag emb. Col. fancy work. Water color ptg., 2.  
J. F. Cummins.—Fancy night dress, 2. Fancy apron. Fancy apron, 2. 3. dollies (discr.) Sideboard scarf, 2. Fancy work bag, 2. Sheet and p. cases fancy. Pillow cases emb. Dresser cover any work, 2. Towel oriental weaving. Towel cross stitch. Towel any work. Library table runner, emb. 2. Handkerchief tatting. Laundry bag, 2. Nut or bon bon baskets, 2.  
Flora M. Porter.—Dressing sacque fancy, 2. Lunch cloth, any work. Side board scarf. Crochet collar. Boudoir cap.  
Mrs. Fred Lanway.—Table cover col. emb. Tray cloth col. emb. Dress (discr.)  
Mrs. Harry Price.—Table cover emb. 2. Napkins emb. Col. pantsies.  
Essie Weisman.—Lunch cloth battenburg. Spec. French emb. Battenburg collar (discr.) Spec. drawing (discr.)  
Alice Kimball.—Pillow cases emb., 2. Sofa pillow, emb. floral.  
Babcock Sons.—Display plants. Display cut flowers. Flowering plant. Ornamental leaf plant, 2. 3 Begonias.

Mary Weldy.—Educational display by dist. school. Dis. weaving mats. (1 set Mich. cards.)  
Clyde J. T. Ogden.—Educational Display by district school, 2. Primary grades. Primary grades, 2. Grammar grades. Grammar grades, 2.  
Ray Bowen.—Spec. language work.  
Florence Spidle.—Spec. language work, 2.  
Shirley M. Webb.—Spec. hand work.  
Emma Reinhardt.—Spec. hand work, 2.  
Bruce Deitz.—Original story.  
Cora O'Dell.—Original story, 2.  
Essay, Corn Testing, 1. Acme corn planter. Penmanship practices, 2.  
Jeanne Bailey.—Sewing patch, 1 yr. sub. "Todays".  
Harriet Kessler.—Map Europe, 1 yr. to G. R. News.  
L. P. Holiday.—Educational display by city school, 2. Mich. produce map central 6th grade, 2. Drawing cards mounted, E. J. 3rd grade, 2. Chart foreign residents Charlevoix Co. and gubernatorial vote, E. J. High S. Drawing cards, 7th grade, 2.  
Lutie Temple.—Language work.  
Davis Curkendall.—Language work, 2.  
Leonore McCarry.—Physiological drawing.  
Merle Havens.—Physiological drawing, 2.  
Newell Webb.—Display jackknife work, 2. Physiological drawing.  
Lila Lynn.—Relief map of S. America.  
Lewis Westfall.—Relief map N. America.  
Neta Johnson.—Physiological drawing, 2.  
Mary E. Duell.—Penmanship practices.  
G. Carson.—Pen sketches.  
Letha Wilson.—Kimona.  
Arlene Rothenberger.—Dress.  
Lois Shepherd.—Towel.  
Nora Bushart.—Pin cushion.  
Lulu Miles.—Exhibit (Ind.) 1st-2nd. Florence Belt.—Apron, 1 yr. sub. to D. Evening News.  
Russell Barnett.—Jack knife work.  
Earl Johnson.—Library table, 2.  
Edwin Quick.—Library table.  
James Fairchild.—Morris chair, 2.  
Howard Wooden.—Morris chair.  
Bertrand Collier.—Wooden stool, 2.  
Earl Trombley.—Wooden stool.  
Melvin Etzler.—Bunch beets.  
Lona Swafford.—Tomatoes.  
James Sloan.—Potatoes.  
Eldon McLean.—Manual training, book holder, 2.  
Eldon Hartnell.—Manual training, clock case.  
M. Dean.—Botanical drawing, 2.  
Alfred Longhury.—Botanical drawing.  
Howard Thayer.—Physics note book, 2.  
Floyd Davis.—Physics note book.  
Minnie Powell.—Raffia basket, 2.  
Bert Winston.—Raffia basket.  
Mr. McIntosh, Prin.—Educational display by city school. Drawing cards mounted, 4th grade. Drawing cards mounted, 7th grade. Sweepstakes, 7th and 8th grades.  
H. A. Craig Prin.—Educational display, city school, 3.

### "PECK'S BAD BOY"

"Peck's Bad Boy" is to be presented at the Temple Theatre next Tuesday, Oct. 26th by the best company which has ever been assembled for the purpose. In the title role there will appear Violet Bryan who is conceded to be one of the best impersonators of juvenile characters now before the public.  
"Peck's Bad Boy" recounts the adventures of a typical American lad whose mischievous pranks on every person with whom he comes in contact, keeps him in "a peck of trouble." The play is in two acts and in each of the acts there are introduced a number of pleasing singing and dancing specialties.

### FOR YOU

On Wednesday, Oct. 27th, I will give a 10-mile Complimentary Coupon in addition to the regular Universal Mileage Coupon, no matter how small, no matter how large. Don't forget the date.  
C. H. WHITTINGTON.  
Good digestion is needed when a fellow has to eat his own words.  
Men who take things easy are apt to let them slide the same way.  
The only way some men can save money is by breaking into jail.  
It's easy to be an optimist so long as the bright side only is visible.  
Gossip is a vulgar habit, and other people should not indulge in it.  
Good fortune seldom travels around in an automobile looking for you.

## Byron W. King Makes a Hit

### Veteran Lecturer Pleases Large Audience at Temple Theatre.

The people who are shy of a 'lecture' or who are too listless mentally to follow a speech had a big surprise sprung on them last Wednesday evening when they failed to hear Byron W. King in the opening number of the Citizens' Entertainment Course. They have heard nothing but commendations for this number and it was without doubt one of the best entertainments of any kind that has been offered here for years. Mr. King proved to be much more than a mere lecturer and kept his audience amazed by his ability to drive home old and well known truths in new and original ways. His humorous numbers were a riot of fun and his pathos had many of his hearers on the verge of tears. If Mr. King visits East Jordan in the future the house will be crowded to full capacity.  
If the first number is a criterion of the entire course there is no doubt that it will be one of the most satisfactory ever given here. The next number will be the Richard Fadettes, a large orchestra composed entirely of women which will appear on Nov. 16. There are also two other concerts to follow, The Columbian Male Quartet and The Carolinian Jubilee Singers and a lecture by Mr. Harry Bowser, who is as highly recommended as Mr. King was. Tickets for the remaining four numbers can now be secured for only 75 cents and may be purchased of C. C. Mack, Harry Potter or L. P. Holiday. Every person in the city should hear the balance of this course as the price is surely no hindrance. Help to bring some high class entertainments to the city.

### County Normal Notes.

Miss May L. Stewart, county commissioner of schools, visited the normal Tuesday morning. She gave a very interesting and helpful talk, telling the class of some of her experiences in visiting the rural schools, and putting before them some real and exciting problems.  
The normal class, under the directions of Miss Whiting have done considerable work in manual training, among which has been work for decorating. The front of the room just above the blackboard has been decorated with a frieze of autumn leaves, which has been waxed. This gives a cheerful and much improved look to the room.  
Miss Edna Srigley visited the normal Wednesday. Miss Srigley is teaching the Hopyard school, having nineteen pupils, four of whom are eighth graders. She gave the class much encouragement concerning their work for next year.  
The normal class gave a beach party last Tuesday night. As Miss Stewart was in town at this time, she was invited to join the students, together with Miss Himes and Miss Whiting. Wieners and marshmallows were roasted and though several of the party were caught in the rain on their way home, a good time was reported by everyone.  
Thursday morning, the class was visited by Miss Annie Metcalf who is teaching near Vanderbilt, having a school of eleven pupils.  
Dwight L. Wilson, from East Jordan, gave an interesting talk in the high school room Wednesday morning, which the normal students were allowed to attend. Mr. Wilson talked on the value of an education.  
Mrs. A. Butters gave to the class several thrifty geranium plants which have been set out and are growing nicely.  
Miss Maddaugh and Miss Blanchard are editors this week.  
Several members of the class saw the reproduction of "Hiawatha" and thought that it was very instructive.  
The class has been started basket ball practice which seems to interest everyone.  
Tuesday, being Columbus Day, the Declaration of Independence was read in the normal by the students, as a reminder of the significance of the day.  
The class is taking up the difficult subject of "Verbs," in their English work. Though the work is sometimes discouraging the class adheres to the motto "Never say fail," and try again.  
It should be a penal offense to grind out "Coming Thru the Rye" on a hand organ in a prohibition precinct.

## Obituary—Sylvester J. Davis.

Died at the home of his mother, Sylvester J. Davis, first son of James and Amelia Davis of Jordan township, Antrim County, Mich., at the old homestead while on a visit to his mother.  
Deceased passed away Friday morning, Oct. 8th, 1915, after a lingering illness of about three months. He was born in Kent Co., near Grand Rapids, June 20, 1837, and came to Antrim county with his parents in 1862. Feb. 7th, 1887, he was united in marriage to Miss Georgia Loomis of East Jordan. He lived in this vicinity until about four years ago when he moved with his family on a fruit farm near Kalamazoo. About three months ago he was taken with Brights disease and in spite of good medical aid grew steadily worse. His only desire seemed to be to visit his old home and about a week previous to his death made the trip assisted by Alva his youngest brother. He reached home safely and seemed better until last Wednesday night when conditions changed and he failed rapidly until the time of his death.  
Mr. Davis was an upright earnest energetic man and respected by all who knew him. He leaves a wife, five sons and six daughters. A mother four brothers, one sister and a host of friends to mourn his loss.  
Funeral took place Sunday, Oct. 10th from his mother's home, interment in Wilks cemetery.

### Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the city commission held at the commission rooms Monday evening October 18, 1915.  
Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present, Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent, none.  
Minutes of the last two meetings were read and approved.  
On motion by Gidley, the following bills were allowed:  
City Treas., payment street labor \$ 5.90  
City Treas., payment bridge labor 79.40  
Bert Hughes, rip-rap at bridge. 377.60  
I. D. Hukill, repairing pump-house roof ..... 17.00  
Hite Drug Co., sundries ..... 2.30  
Geo. G. Glenn, ins. on town hall 20.70  
Anthony Kenny, sprinkling st's 22.00  
East Jordan Lbr. Co., mds. .... .75  
E. N. Clink, rebate on walk ..... 30.10  
Moved by Lancaster, supported by Gidley, that A. G. Rogers be granted a permit to construct a dwelling house on Lots 1 and 2. Block 4, except west 70 feet, building to have a fire proof roof and to be less of a fire hazard in general than the building removed. Carried.  
On motion by Gidley, meeting was adjourned.

### OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

### First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.  
Sunday, Oct. 24, 1915.  
10:30 a. m. "Whispers from Heaven"  
11:45 a. m. Sunday School service  
6:00 p. m. Epworth League. Leaders, Supt. L. P. Holiday and Ralph Kille.  
7:00 p. m. "The Beatitudes of Forgiveness."  
Prayer Meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Good music at each service. A special anthem by the quartet at the evening service.  
Three new teachers are added to the Sunday School staff making a very efficient corps of workers.  
Supt. L. P. Holiday now has charge of the Men's Bible class and we cordially invite the men to be in attendance.  
The young people will find the League service of great profit. Come.

### St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.  
Sunday, Oct. 24.  
8:00 a. m. Low mass. Holy Communion for the Sodality and for the Children of Mary.  
10:30 a. m. High mass.  
7:00 p. m. Devotions and Benediction.

### Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.  
Sunday, Oct. 24, 1915.  
10:30 a. m.—"The River and the Sea."  
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.  
6:45 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.  
7:30 p. m.—"How much does God expect us to do?"  
Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting.  
"Don't try to convince a mule that he is stubborn. He knows it."  
The shorter a young man is on brains the longer he is on collars.  
Many a man's ignorance is due to the fact that he thinks he knows it all.



# HOW "TIZ" HELPS SORE, TIRED FEET

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelly feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "TIZ" is magical. It acts right off. "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any druggist or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.



Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelly feet, tired feet. Good-bye corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "TIZ" is magical. It acts right off. "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any druggist or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

## PROMINENT WOMEN OF MICHIGAN



**MISS BINA M. WEST.**  
**MRS. ALBERTA V. DROELLE.**  
Miss Bina M. West, twenty-three years ago, organized the Woman's Benefit Association of the Macombes. On October 22, the cornerstone of a beautiful \$200,000 home office building for the society will be laid with great ceremonies at Port Huron. Miss West is a Michigan woman. She began her work on October 1, 1892, with no members and no funds. Today there are over 186,000 women enrolled in membership, and the reserve fund of the society reaches nearly the nine million dollar mark. She has signed away with her own hand over twelve millions of dollars in benefits.

Mrs. Alberta V. Droelle, of 411 St. Aubin Avenue, Detroit, is the great commander for Michigan, and she is to be congratulated on the success she has attained for the society in this State.

Members from all parts of the State are taking a great interest, and nearly every review will be represented. A class of candidates numbering 500 will be presented to Miss West from Detroit alone, at the large public meeting to be held the evening of October 22, at Maccabee Temple, Port Huron.

### TWO CHILDREN HAD CROUP.

The two children of J. W. Nix, Cleveland, Ga., had croup. He writes: 'Both got so choked up they could hardly breathe. I gave them Foley's Honey and Tar and nothing else and it completely cured them.' Contains no opiates. Cuts the phlegm; opens air passages.—Hites Drug Store.

### SAGE TEA PUTS LIFE AND COLOR IN HAIR

Don't stay gray! Sage Tea and Sulphur darkens hair so naturally that nobody can tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 50 cent bottle of "Wyneth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old, famous Sage Tea Recipe are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied. Those whose hair is turning gray, becoming faded, dry, scraggly and thin have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful—all dandruff goes, scalp itching and falling hair stops. This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyneth's Sage and Sulphur tonight and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

# OUR BOYS and GIRLS

## Legend of the Spotted Hind

It was very quiet by the waterfall and the sun could only send occasional beams of light through the close leaves of the trees, but one beam went straight from the heart of the sun to the eyes of a sleeping Indian, who lay near by. He stirred, then opened his eyes and laid there for a moment until he realized where he was and sat up. He had been a long journey and he was very tired, but he had not much farther to go, only one day's journey more. As he sat there his eyes turned suddenly to the waterfall and he looked intently at the smooth mass of water which poured down from the heights above, dashing over the rocks below with a roar. He was sure that a face had appeared in the midst of the water and he sat motionless as only an Indian can sit, his eyes fastened on the spot. The sun went lower and lower and then as the man stirred a little, the waters seemed to part and just for one moment he saw the face of a maiden, so beautiful that he sat as if carved in stone. It looked as if the waters fell before it like a veil which a light breeze had moved and showed him the face beneath.

As the darkness came on he rose, giving a long look at the solid sheet of water pouring down the mountain side, and then, half in a dream, he went his way. His message delivered, he stayed only long enough to rest, then declining many of the kindnesses offered him, on the plea that he must hasten, he turned his steps back to the waterfall once more.

All day he sat by the fall and twice did he see the beautiful face, once just for an instant and once he had caught the gleam of the white teeth as she had smiled at him and had seen the long braids of dark hair and soft brown eyes. And he made his camp there for days, scarcely leaving the spot to find food, lest the face might come when he was not there. Then one, two, three days passed and there was no sign of her, and



### ALL DAY HE SAT AT THE FALLS.

on the fourth day he rose and turned his proud face homeward.

Then for many days he was with his people, but whether in the woods or on the mountain side, he saw her face in everything. If he stooped to drink, the sight of his face in the water made him think of her face in the waterfall; if he gazed into the fire at night he thought of her bright eyes and white teeth and then one day he doctored himself in his gayest blanket, he painted his face with strange signs and went to the waterfall. His comrades smiled at one another and signed that their brother would soon need gifts and wondered which might be the maiden of his choice.

But he left the village maidens and stole back to the waterfall and sat down. Soon he saw the face, then again, and once from somewhere had come the soft sound of laughter. For a little he waited and then went back to his home again. He soon found that she liked to see him in all his gorgeousness and all his spare time was spent in decorating himself. He painted himself in the richest colors and in curious designs. Finally it seemed as if he could not stay away and he made his camp permanently close by the waterfall. No amount of coaxing had brought her from the water for a moment, a shake of her head and a teasing laugh being her only answer.

He dressed himself one day in his war bonnet and he painted himself gayly—red spots and bands, and black across his feet and down his sides as the laughingly directed. Then he stood there in all his glory and raised his face to the sun and sang a long song of his deeds of strength and courage and his love for her. Her eyes gleamed softly through a mist of foam and she raised her arms and smiled at him and called to him. For a moment he stood there looking at her and then with a cry he sprang to her, straight through the wall of water into the depths below. They found the traces of his camp,

the fire spot still warm, but they never found him. The old chiefs shook their heads when they heard and murmured something about the water maiden which the young ones did not understand, and sounds of wailing arose in the camp. But some said he had found a home there in the waters as they found no trace of his body.

And the only sign of him that ever was found was when a strange fish appeared in the pool below the fall, a fish with a light body all covered with brilliant red spots, and here and there a black one, and with black bands across his fins and the edge of his tail.

By his long straight nose you will know him, by his spots and stripes,



### THEY FOUND THE TRACES OF HIS CAMP.

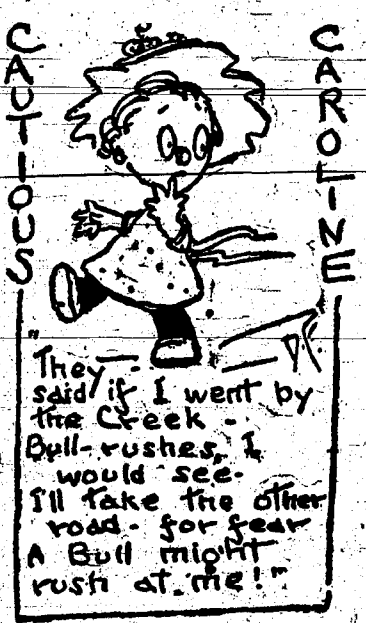
and above all by the long fin which lies close against him as he swims, but which raises long points like feathers when he is excited or provoked. And though now he has left the quiet waters of the pool for the deeper waters of the sea, he wears yet the war bonnet in which he doctored himself to please the eyes of the maiden in the waterfall.

MARY GIBSON.

### What the Birds Say.

Those who know much about birds tell us that the birds' notes are quite distinct and sound like the following words. What do they say to you?

- Robin—"Quick! Quick! Do you think—what you do, do you think—what you do, do you think?"
- Bluebird—"Purity! Purity! I-oh-purity. Dear! Dear! Think of it, think of it! think of it!"
- Bobolink—"Bob-o-lee, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link-e."
- Crow—"Caw-w!"
- Cedar bird—"Tze! tze! tze!"
- Bobwhite quail—"Bob-bob-white! More-more-wet!"
- Goldfinch (yellow bird)—"Ker-chee-chee-chee, w hew-e, whew-e."
- Humming bird—Mouse-like squeak.
- Oriole—"Will you? Will you really, really, truly?"
- Song sparrow—"Oit-oit, oit-chip, chip, che-char-che-wiss, wiss, wiss!"
- Thrush—"Drop it, drop it, cover it up, cover it up, pull it up, pull it up!"
- Bluejay—"Jay, jay, jay, whee-die, whee-die!"
- Scarlet tanager—"Chip-chirri! Pshaw; Wait-wait-wait for me, wait!"
- Blackbird—"Kong-quer-ree" or "Bob-a-lee, a-bob-a-lee!"—Washington Star.



### King Edward Visits Little Boy.

A pretty story of a visit paid by King Edward to a little invalid at constitutional health resort shortly after his accession is told by a London paper. The boy, hearing of his sovereign's visit, was sorely distressed because he could not go out to see his majesty. This came to the king's knowledge, and one day he appeared at the boy's bedside. The boy had dreamed of being a soldier, and somehow the talk turned on his inability to fight for his king and country. The king said that there was a form of heroism higher than that of the battlefield, that the little sufferer before him had shown this kind of heroism, and that he (the king) considered him one of the bravest of his subjects. Before leaving his majesty took from his pocket a silver medal and pinned it on the boy's breast.—New Haven Register.

### HUSBANDING HIS STRENGTH



Captain—Now Shorty, we've got ter play a double-header and we're dependin' on youse to pitch 't'roo both games.  
Shorty—How d' yer expect me ter last 't'roo two games?  
Captain—Dat's easy. In de foist game use all de fancy motions; in de second jest pitch.

### LOST AT SEA.



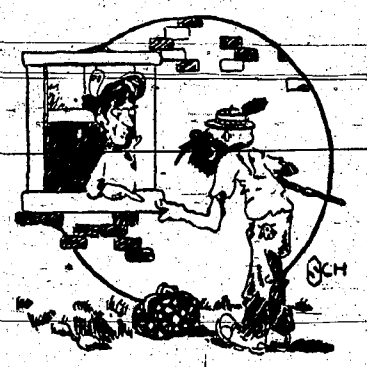
1st. Trust Magnate—They can try to indict us fellows; but they'll find themselves all at sea.  
2d. Trust Magnate—That's where I'll be.

### PLACING THE BLAME.



Theodore—Mother says you will get a spanking when father comes back because you have been disobedient to-day.  
Nell—Well, it's all mother's fault; she told me to do only things I didn't want to.

### A RUSE.



Bunco Billy—Yes, mum; I've got some fine dog biscuit dat I'm selling cheap; jest ter interduce it, ye know.  
Mrs. Harshly—Clear out! I don't keep a dog.  
Bunco Billy—All right den, lady, jest get back in da kitchen an' see what ye kin fin' fer me. Now quik! See!"

### ABOUT HOW OFTEN?



Kind Old Man—My boy don't you know that cigarette smoking effects the heart and that people with weak hearts often die?  
Jimmy—How often do they have to die before they stay dead?

# MODEL MARKET PLANNED IN FRISCO

GIGANTIC TRADING PLACE TO FURNISH PRODUCE AT LOW PRICES.

## TO BE KEPT MOST SANITARY.

Hundreds of Stalls Will Be Constructed of White Tile—Everything to be Kept Under Glass.

San Francisco—Plans have been completed for the building in San Francisco of one of the largest and most sanitary retail produce markets in the world. The market will be located at Eighth and Market streets, in the heart of the business district, on a \$1,750,000 tract of land.

Hundreds of stalls will be built in white tile. They will be rented to farmers and butchers and orchardists and vegetable growers, at a price probably of \$30 a month. It costs the average grocer \$250 a month to bring his goods to the people. The difference will come in the price of the goods to the people.

The plan, as outlined by one of the members of the syndicate, is to build a structure 100 feet wide and 550 feet deep, the full depth of the property. The place will be called Central Park market, and will form one of the features of the civic center district.

Seattle, Baltimore, Boston and New Orleans have similar markets, which are a feature of city life. In Seattle, where produce is said to be from 25 to 50 per cent cheaper than in this city, stall renters live as far away as 400 miles, shipping fresh stuff every day to the member of the family that sells at retail.

Eggs may come up from the peninsula district every morning and find their way fresh to the housewife. Vegetables may come in from the ocean shore district. The river boats may unload in the channel back of the market, where the hauling price will be considerably lessened.

Meat, instead of being piled up in bales for fingers and flies to get at, will be wrapped in oil paper, with the weight stamped on the outside. Vegetables will be sprayed with ice water. Everything will be kept under glass, or in packages, where dirt and dust cannot get in.

Back of all this vision of a great cheap market lies the will of Andrew McCreery, who decreed that the property could not be sold in parcels by his heirs. In his lifetime he had many offers to sell parts of the land. But he held on and paid the taxes and waited for the time to come when it could be used as a whole.

Since his death several offers have been made to the heirs, but they involved a ninety-nine year lease, and the McCreery brothers did not want to lose control of the property. They shared the ideas of their father about it. Under this arrangement they retain control of the property and at the same time derive an income from it in the rental of stalls and stores.

### EXCITE BOYS TO DO BAD ACTS.

So Says Judge in Sentencing Two Youthful Offenders.

Stroudsburg, Pa.—Judge C. B. Staple has sentenced William Devore, aged 15, and Frank Tales, aged 12, who attempted to wreck a Pennsylvania train near here a couple of weeks ago. The former to the Huntington reformatory, the latter to Glenn Mills reformatory school.

Before passing sentence the court censured certain moving picture concerns, and instructed the district attorney to act as censor of the same.

### Widow Burns Her Money.

Washington—Again and again it has been established that "the First National Bank"—the old stocking, the teapot, the chimney recess and other secret depositories for cash—is no more surely safe than established financial institutions. Now the family kitchen range is discovered to be deficient in security and the confidence of the hoarder of money is shaken in its last resource.

"Account of my mother's habit, hiding her money in the oven at night for safety, she has burnt eight dollars Sunday morning," writes a New Jersey correspondent to the secretary of the treasury, under a seal that also inclosed blackened ashes of burned paper. "I am sending you the ashes to see if you could help us, as mother is a widow and needs the money badly. It was one five and single bills."

The expert examiner of mutilated and burned money has a lens on the remains. It is probable that the denomination of the bills will be determined positively—as has been done before under seemingly impossible circumstances—and the amount restored to the poor widow.

For there is the case of the widow's pig, which hiding up her money after finding its hided place in the kitchen. And when the pig was cut open the digested money was forwarded to the United States treasury and the denomination determined without much trouble.

So nothing is impossible to this expert.

## CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How to Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.

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Does your charity cover many sins?



# WHO PAYS? HOUSES of GLASS

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SIXTH STORY

EDWIN BLISS

Ray Norris' law office faced Willard Fall's engineering office directly across the court of the same skyscraper in the city. The two young men had become acquainted through their business proximity, invitations had been extended, calls exchanged, and the two families were in a fair way of becoming friends.

Ray Norris was a prosperous young attorney, clean cut, handsome, ambitious, and tenderly devoted to his wife. If her husband was tenderly devoted to her, she was infinitely devoted to him.

Mrs. Fall on the other hand was thirty-five, engrossed in her social duties, a self-imposed social monitor and guardian of the morals of her set, who was too busy with her many tasks to grow old gracefully. Her husband, well-groomed, suave and careless, was known as a lady's man, and already disquieting rumors were reaching his wife. On the morning on which our story opens, Mrs. Fall had seen him through the window, talking to a pretty society bud, and had sent the maid to call him back. There had been a scene and he had left for his office in a huff.

"Lo Miss Foster. How're you this fine morning? I hope your father is better?" It was Norris talking to his stenographer.

"Good morning, Mr. Norris. He's some better, thank you." She was trying to be brave, and answered with an attempt at cheerfulness that set her head pounding violently, and made her grasp at her desk for support. He had thrown off his light coat, and without looking at her sat down, and was in a moment deep in his morning's mail. Some communication of more than ordinary importance caused him to stop in his envelope slitting, and he rose to confer with her upon its contents. Then for the first time he looked at her, and knew from her flushed cheeks and unnaturally bright eyes that something was wrong.

"Why, Miss Foster?" he exclaimed in genuine concern, "whatever's the trouble? You look like the very dickens. What's up?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, trying to make light of his concern—"Just-wise, nothing that matters. Just a bothersome cold, and a little headache. By the way, is that Smith & Hodson letter? What's the latest development this morning? What did they say to your proposal?"

"Never mind that for a moment. Don't please try to turn the conversation off into that channel. You're ill." "I assure you, Mr. Norris," he made a quick gesture indicative of his intention not to be put off in his inquiry, and crossing quickly to where she stood, took her pale, thin hands in both of his, and noted with quick concern that they were burning.

"This will never do," he said gravely, and with emphatic earnestness. And he repeated half aloud, half to himself, "never, never do. I'm afraid I've been a bit of a brute lately, what with the night work, Sundays, skipped lunch hours." He disregarded her attempt to assuage his self-reproach, and went on, "But I'll see to that. You're slated for a vacation, and that in short order. I'll make arrangements." He turned thoughtfully away, and went back to his letters.

Willard Fall, across the court in his office, had seen Norris cross to where Myra stood at her desk beside the broad window, and an evil smile lighted his coarse features as he noted Norris take Myra's hands in his and hold them while he spoke solicitously to her. "Devoted of concern for the welfare of his own help, he had not the fineness to attribute another's concern to anything other than a personal motive, and he felt a miserable elation at what he considered "Norris' little game." His reflections were disturbed by the slight, recurrent creaking of his door, as of someone trying cautiously, inch by inch, to open it unnoticed. He sprang from his chair, strode with swift soft steps to the door, pulled it suddenly open, and confronted—his wife.

He bowed with mock courtesy at her startled surprise at being apprehended, and spoke with more than his usualunction.

"So my dear, spying on me, eh? Had I divined your coming, I might have made preparations so's not to disappoint your expectations." She turned, and had started to go, when his voice again arrested her.

"Your idol seems to have clay feet. You indulge in the common fallacy of imagining that every man you have no intimate acquaintance with is a model of propriety. No one who is acquainted with your reputation as the watchdog of society"—here he grinned—"would ever believe you to be so frightfully unsophisticated. Why it was only a short while ago, when glancing casually out of this window and across the court, I saw Norris

holding hands with his pretty stenographer."

Mrs. Fall recovered quickly from an involuntary expression of surprise, and casting a scornful, contemptuous glance at the man who justified his indulgences by calumniating another, turned and was gone.

"Blindly, angrily, Mrs. Fall rushed from the building, and in Central Park, where she went for rest and air, she met Mrs. Norris. Forgetting that she lived "in a glass house," for getting everything except that "misery loves company," she warned her against the pretty stenographer in her husband's office. By a few careless words the seeds of an awful suspicion were sown.

III.

"All through, Miss Foster?"

"Yes," wearily, "all through."

"Has that vicious headache left you?"

"No, it's still with me," she replied with the ghost of a smile. "It's been such a constant comrade, lately, I don't wonder but I would miss it were it to leave."

"That's a shocking state of affairs, certainly. Tell me, does your father seem too great a care, lately? Do you find it difficult to give your work your best attention, with the worry of his ailing health on your mind? You know,"—whimsically—"you're too great a necessity here for me to allow anything to distract you from your work."

Her face, flushed with fever as it was, beamed softly as he mentioned her father, and connected that word with "too great a care." Her father too great a care.

"Father a care?" she answered half interrogatively. "You don't know father, Mr. Norris. He is the one joy of my life. For years before I was old enough or able to work, he was father and mother to me. Up with the sun each morning, he saw to it that my clothes were brushed, my pencils sharpened for school—made a warm fire—and prepared my breakfast. Then, off to the frightful bleach factory where he got his cough, and at work all day, and sometimes part of

the night, that I might have a pretty hair-ribbon, or a pair of new slippers. All my youthful hopes, desires, troubles were poured into his willing ears at night, and he was ever sympathetic with the extravagant fancies of my childish imagination, and always gentle in his reproaches for my many faults. No, father's no care to me. It gives me pleasure each morning that I have strength to go out to work,—that I am responsible for his comfort,—and it lightens my weariness each night that I may go home and try to anticipate his every unspoken wish."

IV.

"You love me, Ray?"

Mrs. Norris asked the question of her husband. He had come home, his step light, his face expectant. He met a cold and unresponsive wife.



Norris Met a Cold and Unresponsive Wife.

The seed of suspicion planted by Mrs. Fall had taken root on fertile soil. And so she asked the question.

"Love you?—why what a question! I passionately adore you. You are the guiding spirit, the holiest inspiration of my life! Without you all the rest is a meaningless jumble. But,"—and here his voice took on a tone of bewilderment—"I didn't think you needed assurances!"

It was now tenfold difficult for her to go on; but she felt that this was no time to falter.

"Would you do anything, sacrifice anything in the whole world for me?"

"Anything. Everything."

"Then send that girl away from your office—and get another one."

"Send that girl away! You mean Miss Foster?"

"Yes."

"But why?—this is absurd! Why send Myra Foster away?"

"Because I wish it."

"But you must have some reason. This can't be mere impulsive arbitrariness. You are not like that. Can't you tell me why? Myra Foster is my most able assistant. To send her away would be to disable me in my most important work. Besides, it would be unjust. She is a very worthy girl. She is the sole support of her aged father."

He felt the urgent sincerity of her request, and knew how deeply she was moved. But her concern was so obviously unfounded on fact that he could not help but believe it was an hysterical outbreak that would be dispelled when her overwrought nerves were quieted, and reason returned. It would be ridiculous, wrong, to sacrifice Myra to this hysteria, so he decided to be firm, and make no rash promise. He spoke:

"Some old gossip has evidently been busy. We'll talk more of this when your nerves are quieter."

"No, we will talk of it now. Will you?"

"No."

She turned, despairing-eyed and limp, and walked dazedly from the room.

The next morning Ethel kept to her room. Ray left for his office, the usual spring gone from his gait, his face grave with the anxiety of the previous evening. He arrived in the city, and proceeded immediately to his work. Myra Foster was there, and her enervated movements as she went about her work showed only too plainly that her "bothersome cold and slight headache" had not improved overnight. He decided quickly upon his course with regard to Myra's case, and spoke to her:

"Miss Foster, you are ill. You're in no condition for work at the present time in this or any office, and I'm going to send you and your father away. I have a place down on the ocean, where you can get a breath of fresh salt air, and win back some of your old time strength and snap. So make ready, please. We can start just as soon as you can get your things together."

"Very well, Mr. Norris, and thank you. I—thank you—any words seem so inadequate, so inexpressive, in acknowledgment of such kindness. I'm afraid"—her voice grew soft and tender—"you'll have to take my thanks for granted."

"Forget it," he said, elegantly, and turned to get his coat.

"Ha, ha!—Oh my!" He looked quickly over his shoulder at the sound of her mirth. "Gracious!" she said, half sadly, half amusedly, "we forgot the most important thing. It can't be done! How about old man Conventon, his wife Scandal, and their daughter Gossip? What will people say?"

"Oh, that's all right—don't let that concern you. Your father will be there, and I'll tell my wife tonight."

Together they left the office, climbed into his machine, picked up her father, and in less than three hours were "down in his place by the ocean."

Ethel Norris came down from her room after her husband left, and her usually gay face was grave, and her eyes red and heavy. She ate no breakfast, and the servants had to speak to her many times over before she could comprehend their meaning. She dressed for the street about noon, and without, as usual, leaving word of her intended destination, left the house. She had spent a night of very hell, her spirit tortured almost beyond endurance at the thought of another coming between her and what was dearer to her than life. She would see. She would go to his office, and let her quick woman's intuition scent out the truth for her.

She reached his office and was about to go in when a cunning thought came to her. Why let them be aware of her presence? Why give them an opportunity to be on their guard? She turned back, her "cleverness" for the moment obscuring her, and making her fearless, clean face ugly with the blight of subtlety. She would go to Fall's office, make some slight pretext for her visit, and watch them from there. She knocked softly, and, getting no answer, pushed further open the slightly ajar door, and looked in. No one there. He must have stepped out for just a moment, or his door would be locked. So much the better. A moment would be enough, would, without her having to conceal that she was watching, be worth many minutes with his attention upon her. The window was open, and she went to it, keeping always in the shadow of the wall, so that she could see without being seen.

Mrs. Norris saw her husband's office was empty. What could it mean? She made bold, stepped to the center of the aperture, and bent far out to peer into the office opposite. The sheer depth of the long shaft fascinated her and gave her a light hollow feeling of nausea. She drew in her head with a sharp jerk, and staggered back, her giddiness overcoming her. She would have fallen but for a strong arm around her waist. It was Willard Fall.

She turned her head toward him, half smiling, half apologetic, to thank him for his timely aid. But the words froze on her lips, her heart contracted, her entire body was convulsed with a shudder and an appalling fear was in her eyes.

In the doorway stood Mrs. Fall. Fate was now taking a hand, and the certain destiny started on its way by an evil-tongued man and a suspicious-minded woman, was hurrying the pawns to a swift destruction. Mrs. Norris went to her mother, who calmed her fears and sent her to her home again, after a good night's sleep. Mrs. Fall applied for a divorce—and then went to the seashore and sought her cottage on the beach—the same beach on which the Norris cottage stood.

Mrs. Fall arrived at the beach in time to enjoy the sea air for half an hour before dinner, and relaxed in her comfortable beach-chair alongside another occupied by a Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Hunter, like Mrs. Fall, was one of the old guard of society, and the range of her "observation" was astonishing. Other people's affairs were as the breath of life to her, and she took it, in effect, as a personal affront if society did not constantly furnish her keen scent with a fresh track. Just now she fairly fluttered with pleasure as



Mrs. Norris, Torn by Doubt and Fear, Dresses to Follow Her Husband.

might a hungry sparrow who has unexpectedly come upon some delectable morsel.

"Nice place the Norrises have, don't you think?"

"Quite nice," Mrs. Fall didn't care at that moment to think of the Norrises.

"By the way did you pass there on your way down?" There was that in her voice that bespoke something more than her words could be literally held to account for. Mrs. Fall peered up.

"No, I came down by train—why?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I thought you might know who that young woman is he brought down in his machine this afternoon—slim, brown eyes, black hair."

"Alone?"—eagerly.

"No"—with a combined hand wave and shoulder shrug, as though that didn't alter it any, "she was with what looked like a delightful useless chaperon—some superannuated incompetent."

"SsssssOOooooo! Tell me, has his wife been down lately?"

"No," she dislikes the salt air, you know. Says it reddens her complexion, or something like that, and prefers to live inland further. She never comes down."

"MMMMMMMMMMMM." Mrs. Fall said no more then to her companion, but as she rose and started to move leisurely off, Mrs. Hunter's finely attuned ears received an impression of sound, that, after diligent assembling and reassembling in her busy mind, she was gratified to resolve into something that sounded very promisingly like "birds of a feather."

Mrs. Hunter was on the scent. She called on Ethel in her country place and was received with the courtesy her "position" made necessary.

"Good morning, Mrs. Norris."

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunter; this is an unexpected pleasure."

"Well, you don't come to see us—Mahomet and the mountain, don't you know."

"That's very kind of you. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks. I can't stay very long. Informal morning musicale at the Ormsbys—how I detest them!—not the Ormsbys, of course; but I'm promised for eleven. Come down and see us, won't you? We have some delightful times, and you can bring your young friend along."

"Pardon me?"

"I say we have some perfectly charming times—and you can bring your young friend along."

"My young friend?"—in a tone of bewilderment.

"Yes, the girl at your cottage, you know. Came down with your husband yesterday—lovely young thing!—the girl, of course. Such eyes, and such lovely black hair."

"Yes, yes, to be sure"—quickly, and trying to cover the very evident fact that she knew nothing at all about it. "I will, shortly. So good of you to ask."

"I'm afraid I must be going now—oh, Heavens!" (looking at her watch), "Mrs. Ormsby will never forgive me! Good-by, dear."

"Good-by, Mrs. Hunter; sorry you can't stay."

Ethel sat there, mute and wondering, trying, struggling to grasp the meaning of it all, and vaguely dread-

ing as she struggled to arrive at an explanation all too plausible that would sustain and re-enforce her horrible suspicions of yesterday.

The fear that she herself would be placed in a questionable position in the eyes of her husband had outweighed her fears for his fidelity to her. Her trip to her mother, and her mother's reproach for her lack of faith had resolved her to tell all and stake her future happiness on his belief in her in the face of obviously incriminating circumstances. Now that she had whipped her covering courage to a desperate, brave stand, and had made ready to stand or fall on the strength of his love for her—now came this filthy gossip scandal-monger with a tale which, if it were true—and it was only too plausible—would reawaken in her her initial doubt of his fidelity, strengthened and indorsed a hundred-fold.

VI.

In awakening that morning, Norris was again visited with his dread of the previous day, that Ethel should hear of Myra's installment in his cottage before he had an opportunity to tell her. This troubled him so, that he ate no breakfast, but hurried to his office, trusting the exertions of his business to take his mind from the annoying thought. He had a violent headache by eleven o'clock, and attributing it to the fact that he had neglected his breakfast, went to an early lunch. That was why, when Ethel called him at 11:30, he was out. His lunch gave him immediate relief.

He bought an "extra" from a newsboy, folded it carelessly under his arm, and ascended to his office. As he threw the sheet on his desk it fell face upward, and the words "Attorney's Wife Is Co-respondent in Divorce Suit," staring at him in big black type stretched clear across the page. Maybe it was someone he knew. He took the sheet up and carefully read the sub-headings: "Mrs. Willard Fall (Fall)"; he gasped; charges she found Mrs. Ray Norris and Mr. Fall embracing.

The sheet fell from his nerveless fingers and he swallowed hard a few times to moisten his throat and mouth, which had become suddenly dry. Then came a reaction from his nervous unrealized; he felt a weak shaking throughout his whole body, and was conscious of his heart pulsing in great, uneven jumps. The monstrosity, the bold assurance of that staring type was incredible. It was hideous, foul. His wife and Fall! Why, they hardly knew one another!

The one event that distinguished the last few days from a year of happy, uneventful marriage was Ethel's insistent, hysterical demand to send Myra Foster away from his office. In explanation she had expressed an unwilling doubt (a doubt nevertheless) that his relations with the girl were all that they should be. He knew his relations with Myra Foster were simple, honest, businesslike, and that thought, combined with his wife's suspicion, suggested to him insidiously, but certainly, that her suspicion of him might be but a blind for her relations with Fall. Good God, what a hideous thought! He picked up his phone receiver, clicked the hook nervously many times, and after what seemed an unusual wait, was connected with his home.

"Hello, Mrs. Norris, please. This is Mr. Norris."

"Mrs. Norris is not in, sir. She left full an hour and a half ago, and left word she had gone to the beach cottage. Yes. Good-by."

She had gone to the beach!—a place he could never prevail on her to visit! Why? Had she heard of Myra Foster being there? He knew gossip could travel as fast, and faster, than that. But, if she were using his relations with Myra Foster as a blind to cover her own affairs (this—damnable thought kept persisting), if she were, was it possible that she would have the temerity to seize on Myra's presence in the cottage as a justification of a suspicion she knew to be false? He cursed himself for his vile suspicions. But she had gone to the beach—if not for that, then for what?

The thought of Fall then entered his mind and took his whole attention, and he glanced hastily, searchingly across the court to see whether he was in his office. If this frightful thing were true—His lips met in a long, hard seam as he unlocked the bottom drawer of his desk and without looking hastily withdrew something and slipped it into his pocket. He rose, desperate, and leaving his office, crossed to Fall's.

Fall was not there. He questioned the porter.

"When will Fall be in?"

"I don't know, Mr. Fall left word he had gone to the beach, but didn't leave no message when he'd be back again."

Ray started, shocked at the advice that Fall had gone to the beach. He said "all right" in a preoccupied voice that seemed even to him not to have emanated from his own throat, and walked unsteadily away, "a sorta quiet, wild look," as the porter afterwards told, "on his face." It was all very clear to him now—her subtle trickery under the mask of "injured innocence"—Fall with his unspeakable reputation—their discovery in a compromising position by Mrs. Fall, and the resultant divorce suit—and now both of them together at the beach!

Had the insanity which now possessed him taken a violent form—he might have been apprehended and prevented from doing any harm; but it was visible only in his crafty eyes and unnaturally quiet bearing as he jumped into his auto and started for the coast.

Fall had seen the "extra" before Norris, and his wife's drastic action had made him suddenly afraid. He

slipped from every flower" and reeled not the coast; but this thing, copied by all the papers throughout the land, might, and very probably would, ruin him.

He took an early train for the beach, where he endeavored to placate his wife and make her withdraw her charge; but she had ceased to think of him as a "positive quantity, and was unmoved by his appeals.

When Ethel arrived she went straight to her cottage, which she found deserted. Myra and her father had gone to the shore. She drew in her breath sharply as her anxious eyes, after searching the living room for signs of its new occupant, fell on a large, floppy straw hat slung carelessly on a chair. She picked it up and examined it eagerly, her essential feminine blindness her for the moment to his indication, and causing her to wonder what he could see in that; then realizing its significance she dashed it fiercely to the ground and started for the beach. She walked quickly, tirelessly in the soft sand, and was startled when, after a sharp turn round a ledge of rock, she came upon Willard Fall. He was sobered by his wife's refusal to listen to his entreaties, and was as dejected as his trivial nature would allow. He lifted his hat.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Norris. Thought you didn't like the seashore."

"Howdyedo, Mr. Fall. Oh, I come down occasionally."

"I've waited ever since that frightful day, to let you know how sorry I am that you should have been placed in such an unfortunate position."

He said nothing, however, of the divorce suit, thinking she must already know. She wanted to be rid of him—wanted to fly on wildly—wanted to find them—wanted and feared to—feared every step that took her eager, urgent feet further and further along the limitless stretch of beach. He kept on talking, solicitously trying his utmost to assure her of his regret.

Racing, careening madly down the beach came Norris' auto, its flying wheels sending up a swirl of sand in their wake. It stopped within a few yards of them, and Norris, a strange, wild expression on his face, jumped out. He had seen them half a mile off, and the sight of them together changed his crafty, quiet look to one of terrible rage. Dashing wildly up to where they stood, he thrust the frightful headline under Ethel's eyes, his face twitching in frightful contortions.

"Is it true? Is it true? Is it—" he gurgled chokingly.

Ethel's eyes took in the glaring headline, and followed down to the subhead. She started back, gasping, realizing fully that what she had dreaded had come to pass—that he had learned from another source what she had not the courage to tell him—that he had doubted her as she him—that it was all a hideous misunderstanding.

She turned, and had started to go, when his voice again arrested her.

"Never mind that for a moment. Don't please try to turn the conversation off into that channel. You're ill." "I assure you, Mr. Norris," he made a quick gesture indicative of his intention not to be put off in his inquiry, and crossing quickly to where she stood, took her pale, thin hands in both of his, and noted with quick concern that they were burning.

"This will never do," he said gravely, and with emphatic earnestness. And he repeated half aloud, half to himself, "never, never do. I'm afraid I've been a bit of a brute lately, what with the night work, Sundays, skipped lunch hours." He disregarded her attempt to assuage his self-reproach, and went on, "But I'll see to that. You're slated for a vacation, and that in short order. I'll make arrangements." He turned thoughtfully away, and went back to his letters.

Willard Fall, across the court in his office, had seen Norris cross to where Myra stood at her desk beside the broad window, and an evil smile lighted his coarse features as he noted Norris take Myra's hands in his and hold them while he spoke solicitously to her. "Devoted of concern for the welfare of his own help, he had not the fineness to attribute another's concern to anything other than a personal motive, and he felt a miserable elation at what he considered "Norris' little game." His reflections were disturbed by the slight, recurrent creaking of his door, as of someone trying cautiously, inch by inch, to open it unnoticed. He sprang from his chair, strode with swift soft steps to the door, pulled it suddenly open, and confronted—his wife.

He bowed with mock courtesy at her startled surprise at being apprehended, and spoke with more than his usualunction.

"So my dear, spying on me, eh? Had I divined your coming, I might have made preparations so's not to disappoint your expectations."

She turned, and had started to go, when his voice again arrested her.

"Your idol seems to have clay feet. You indulge in the common fallacy of imagining that every man you have no intimate acquaintance with is a model of propriety. No one who is acquainted with your reputation as the watchdog of society"—here he grinned—"would ever believe you to be so frightfully unsophisticated. Why it was only a short while ago, when glancing casually out of this window and across the court, I saw Norris

holding hands with his pretty stenographer."

WHO PAYS?  
End of Sixth Story.  
The next story is: "Blue Blood and Yellow."



# Fashions for Herald Readers

Unless otherwise specified all fashion patterns published in these columns are Ten cents each.

Send or leave orders for same at the CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD.

## PRACTICAL CONVENIENT MODEL.



1425. Ladies' House Dress with Long or Short Sleeve.

For utility, comfort and convenience this design has much to commend it. It closes in coat style, with the entire fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. An ample pocket is arranged over the side front. The waist is finished with a neat collar, and with cuffs for sleeves in short length. The long sleeve is dart fitted. The dart fulness may be cut away and the opening thus made, be finished with a facing and underlap for buttons and buttonholes or other fasteners; then the sleeve may be turned back over the arm when desired. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, lawn, seersucker, sollette, madras, dimity, drill or linen. It is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36-inch size.

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

## A POPULAR STYLE.



1404. Junior Suspender Dress, with Gumples, in High or Low Neck Outline and Having Two Styles of Sleeves.

All the girls are wearing suspender dresses, and there certainly is no style so simple and so effective for outing or general wear. The model here portrayed was made of striped cotton voile in brown and white with white crepe de chine for the gumples. In taffeta, gingham, ratine, crepe, linen or linens this style is equally pleasing. If preferred, the suspenders may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 ears. It requires 2 7/8 yards of 44 inch material for a 14 year size.

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

## A STYLISH COAT SUIT.



1408-1416. Blue serge was used for this design, with trimming of braid and collar of black velvet. The coat may be worn with or without the belt. The fronts are low and rolled at the throat, where they join the collar in notches. The sleeve has a shaped cuff. The flare skirt has yoke sections over the hips, lengthened by gores that join the back and front. This style is also good for broad cloth, chevot, velvet, corduroy, faille and poplin. In shepherd check or mixed suiting it will make a nice suit for general wear. The coat pattern, No. 1408, is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt pattern, 1416, is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The skirt requires 3 1/2 yards of 54 inch material, for a 24 inch size, and measures 3 1/2 yards at the lower edge.

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

## DAINTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1407. As here shown embroidered batiste in a pretty rose shade was used. The model is nice for organdie, lawn, gingham, voile, crepe, challie or dimity. It may be finished without the bolero, with a round yoke of contrasting material. The dress would be lovely for party wear in crepe de chine, or embroidered voile, combined with soft silk, or it could be made of linen and trimmed with lace and insertion. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 10 year size, for the dress and 3/4 yard for the bolero.

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

## CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

## HERE LIES.

The waste basket is a symbol of oblivion. To it are consigned the failures and the "has-beens," old love letters, appeals that met no response, things emptied of their significance by Time. It is the grave of dead thoughts. What a mass of human effort and emotion its contents represent! The merest printed circular, flung there with hardly a glance, stands for long hours of eager planning by somebody and the skilled labor of many hands. Men have striven with the utmost of their ability, to win your interest—and have failed. The waste basket records their failure.

Those little ink-inscribed bits of paper that lie submerged in its depths of human documents: letters of friendship, full of cordiality and harking back to pleasant experiences; family letters, expressing loyal affection and giving word of those at home; letters that once made the heart beat quick. At first joy, they become an accumulation and are now a riddance.

There is day-before-yesterday's newspaper. The events it describes are already remote. The issues heralded in its fervent editorials are by this time either settled or relegated to the background. It is as out of date as Rip Van Winkle.

With the newspaper is a popular magazine of last January. How utterly flat and stale it seems! The heroes and heroines that stalk, chatter and pose through its pages are now forgotten. The great man eulogized in a glowing article has since fallen into disfavor. The big names flaunted on the cover have a look of mockery. The "brilliant story ever written" has been superseded by a score of others. The "brilliant comedy success" puffed by the dramatic critic has left the boards forever.

In among these, "has-beens" are a host of "might-have-beens": inchoate ideas, jotted down but never consummated; letters that were written but never sent; plans for homes that were never built; dazzling schemes abandoned out of fear that they were visionary. Aspirations, gropings—how they might have changed the world for some of us!

Few escape you long, old Juggernaut! One after another, they lose their hold and fall to you. And you are always waiting.

Te moriturus salutemur! — From Judge.

## BRIEF DECISIONS.

Some young men seem to think the pursuit of happiness means going the pace.

We all like the man who looks as though he did not know anything much better than we like the one who looks as though we did not know anything.

The compilers of the Revised Version, when they toned it down to "hades," had never been jurors in a sensational lawsuit, forbidden to read what the newspapers said about it.

Electrically considered, popular government is often a dead wire, because the man who has the most volts to conduct affairs proves to be a non-conductor. Shocking!—From Judge

A happy and patriotic combination would be a fly swatter with a popgun attachment that would give a loud Fourth of July report at the instant of impact.

There is a lot of unconscious humor concealed in the explanations of a baseball manager as to why his club failed to make good.

No man knows the day or the hour when one of his old love letters will turn up and take a fall out of his happiness.

Girls should beware of young men who pose as candy kids; as husbands they are apt to develop into lemon drops.

Any man who can hold a fussy baby for an hour without saying naughty words is in the same class with Job.

After it became apparent that clothing was the proper thing, it was Eve who said: "I told you so."

Men are judged by their actions, women by their looks and mules and onions by their strength.

And some people make us tired because we can't see fast enough to get away from them.

By the way, it is still lawful to twist the lion's tail and make the eagle scream on July 4.

Many a man who knows that there is room at the top sits down and waits for the elevator.

All that any man has to do in order to attract attention is to make a fool of himself.

## Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

### Theme:

### THE LOST,

BY THE REV. A. H. C. MORSE.

Text: Matthew 18:11: "For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost."

During the summer I saw a Canadian city moved with a great anxiety because a lad had been lost in a neighboring wood. The papers published a call for strong hearts to assist in the search, and 1,500 men hunted the wood for two days and two nights. At last the boy was found, his clothes torn to shreds, his tongue swollen with thirst and himself almost famished with hunger. There was great rejoicing when this little lad was restored to his home.

It was something like this which Jesus had constantly in mind, and in a score of ways He illustrated the need of His work.

The scholars have recently been giving their attention to what they have called "the psychology of sin," and it is interesting to see how their findings have conformed to the teaching of Jesus; this, of course, without His great simplicity. The biologist tells us that each little child passes through the physical development of the race, and that he actually carries in his own experience the entire history of his ancestors. Then the psychologist tells us there is the same recapitulation in the psychic life, and that each individual passes through the stages by which the race has attained to civilization, morality and right. It has taken the race uncounted millenniums to discover the balance of right, and to discern the things which are essentially good, but the

child must achieve all this in the first few years of its life. There was a time when might was right, and when each person felt that what came into his hand was his own, there was a time when deception and cunning were as necessary to maintain one's right as locks and keys are necessary to-day; and so we might go through the whole catalogue of possible wrong. The scholar will tell us that the disposition to do these things is only the reappearance of primitive impulses, and that these things are non-moral; that they are simply starting-points for the upbuilding of manhood, character and destiny. That the problem of the child is to steady himself past dangerous places to the place where right will be easy, and become the instinctive choice of the soul.

The scholars also talk of the man who is "lost." By this they mean the man who began with some simple wrong, and has added to this again and again, till he can see no way of escape. He began with a simple untruth, and added to this for protection, and to this again to cover his shame, till he has built about him a world of falsehood in which he is actually lost. He can see no way to return, nor has he the courage to confess. He is like a man lost in a wood. In this way the thief is lost. He began many years ago, when he took little trifles at home; he goes into business life, and other things are taken, till the habit is fixed, and the poor man is lost in the maze of dishonesty. He is simply bewildered and beyond all return, and is "lost."

There is a vast deal of truth in these findings, and our hearts confirm what they say; but it was all taught more simply by Jesus. He said very much about the wanderings of men, and the lost estate into which they come. He said men go astray like sheep, which knows that the grass is sweet, and that there is another tuft just ahead, and so, with its nose to the ground, it nibbles along till it is far from the path, and far from the shepherd's care and separated from the company of the rest of the flock, and lost on the side of the mountain. It was heedless and it wandered away.

There are people, He said, like that. They do not intend any special wrong, but they simply follow their instincts, and live like the sheep, which has no foresight nor conscience and no sense of obligation. These people live without restraint upon their appetites, and unwittingly wander farther and farther away, till they find themselves in a hungry place.

I saw an instance like that during the summer. The fellow was young and had never been well cared for in his home. He simply knew that some delights were sweet for the time.

He wandered along with no thought of the end, till he was locked in the jail, where he lies to-night. I visited him there and endeavored to help, but his return will be hard, and the scars he will always bear. Not a bad boy, but heedless and silly as a sheep; and there are ten thousand like him in this city to-night. If a man, who is meant to guide himself by intelligence and will and forethought and conscience and the eternal light of heaven, is willing to follow mere instinct as a sheep, he will come at length into a thirsty desert.

Here is a stone, says one great preacher. You can either build upon it or stumble over it. You may take your choice.

Two heads are not better than one in the same family.

Between two evils some men always pick the wrong one.

A village editor tells us that hard cider is the spirit of the country press.

Many a man who acts on the square during the day is a rounder at night.

## PREACHER WAS LAID UP.

Rev. C. M. Knighton, Havana, Fla., writes: "For three months I suffered intense pain in the kidneys and back which at times laid me up entirely. I used 1 1/2 bottles of Foley Kidney Pills and all the pain disappeared. I feel as if 20 years had been added to my life." Relieves rheumatism, backache, sore muscles, stiff joints. Hites Drug Store.

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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.



## Briefs of the Week

Metropole Orchestra will give another of their popular dancing parties at K. P. Hall next Friday evening, Oct. 29th.

Charlevoix is entertaining a "Peeping Tom," and the residents there are loading up with buckshot. Here's hoping they get him.

About sixty-five ladies from the surrounding towns were in our city on Wednesday to attend the semi-annual meeting of the Charlevoix County L. O. T. M. Association.

Special revival meetings commenced Friday evening at Rock Elm under direction of Miss Shepard, evangelist and Miss Andrews, singer, of Gaines, Mich. Rev. Haskins is pastor of this charge.

Mrs. E. H. Kirkpatrick, accompanied by Dr. Parks, went to Detroit, Tuesday where she underwent an operation at the hospital there, Thursday. A telegram from Dr. Parks indicates she was recovering nicely.

Dr. John Manson of Philadelphia, travelling agent for the Board of Relief of the Presbyterian church, spoke last Thursday at the Presbyterian church. He remained as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Porter until Saturday.

Herman Goodman was elected Superintendent of the Poor to succeed A. E. Cross at the meeting of the Board of Supervisors this week. Mr. Cross did not wish to be re-appointed. Mr. Goodman is well-fitted for the work and will make a good public servant.

A house warming party was held in the Presbyterian manse last Monday evening. The Ladies Aid arranged a very fine program, and served dainty refreshments. The committee having charge of the manse repairs were, H. P. Porter, T. R. Joynt and L. A. Hoyt.

Mrs. E. R. VanLeuvan received through Postmaster T. G. Finucan, on Saturday last, a check for \$2,000 from the U. S. government. It will be recalled that Mr. VanLeuvan received injuries while R. F. D. carrier on No. 4 which resulted in his death. The check covers the amount of insurance the government carries on its postal employees.—Charlevoix Courier.

Frank G. Davis of near Boyne Falls, was united in marriage to Harriet M. Larson, of Eveline township, by Rev. M. W. Duffey, the fore part of last week. About forty guests were present to whom was served one of the most sumptuous of wedding feasts. The father of the groom has moved to Detroit and the newly married couple will begin house keeping on the farm at once.

Mr. Albert Stanek and Miss Clara Divis, both excellent young people of Jordan township, were united in marriage in St. John's church on last Monday morning. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Stanek, and the bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Divis and both were born and brought up in Jordan township. After church-services about two hundred guests sat down to a sumptuous dinner at the home of the bride's parents and took part in a reception held at Votruba's hall in the evening. Some of the outside guests were Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Warner of Pellston and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kaden of Boyne City. The young married couple are at home on the groom's finely equipped farm in Jordan Township.

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



**YOUR PORTRAIT** in your own home, the most fitting background imaginable, will reflect YOUR personality—and because it does will be the more appreciated.

Home portraiture is the most convenient for you—our equipment makes it simple for us.

Phone 112 for an appointment today.

**KIRKPATRICK PHOTOGRAPHER**

Fenton Bulow and mother were over from Springvale, Sunday.

Mrs. J. E. Chew was guest of Charlevoix friends the past week.

Charles Bookman and family left for their new home at Chicago on Thursday.

Mrs. M. M. Mather is receiving a visit from her father, J. A. Richards of Cedar.

Mrs. Wm. Wilks is receiving a visit from her mother and brother from Alger.

Miss Agnes O'Neill returned from her summer's work at Charlevoix, Tuesday.

Mrs. Ada R. Thompson of Boyne City is guest of her niece, Mrs. Emerson Collins.

Mrs. Bert Fuller is receiving a visit from her sister, Mrs. Mae Kimball of Boyne City.

Mrs. Wm. White and family now occupy the Elmer Richards residence on North Main-st.

Miss Norma Johnson is home from her school duties near Boyne Falls on a fortnight's vacation.

Mrs. Henry Sheldon returned last Saturday from a visit with her son and daughters at Chicago.

Mrs. Ettie Simnaw of Charlevoix visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Whiteford over Sunday.

Miss Lona Swafford entertained her Sunday School class, the Willing Workers, Thursday afternoon.

Norman Risk and Miss Genevieve Caplin of Boyne City were guest at the home of Dr. R. A. Risk, Sunday.

Mrs. E. E. Hall attended the District W. C. T. U. Convention at Mancelona this week, returning home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Gould left Tuesday morning for a ten-day visit at their old homes in Lenawee county.

Mrs. Frank Stewart was taken to the Petoskey hospital first of the week where she underwent an operation.

Mesdames Harry S. Robert and Bert Price, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Potter motored to Petoskey, Thursday.

Miss Blanche Stohman, who was confined to her home a number of weeks following an operation, is able to be out again.

Mrs. C. B. Crowell gave a farewell party Saturday afternoon last in honor of Mrs. Elmer Richards who is about to remove to Detroit.

An auto-load of ladies from Boyne City attended the bazaar given by the ladies of the Catholic church here, Wednesday evening.

A party of fourteen ladies drove to Chestonia, Thursday, where they surprised Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Swafford. A game dinner was served.

Rev. and Mrs. William Haskins who had planned to locate near the Methodist church, have changed their plans and now located near the West Side school house.

The Catholic Ladies' bazaar on Wednesday and Thursday was a decided success. The Ladies wish to thank their friends and patrons and solicit their favors for the future.

Rev. and Mrs. Geo. Rex of Tecumseh spent Friday night as guests of Rev. and Mrs. R. Sidebotham. Mr. and Mrs. Rex autored to the meeting of the Synod at the Soo. W. S. Sloan and R. S. Sidebotham made the trip with them from Mackinaw City to East Jordan.

The young ladies of Miss Agnes Porter's Sunday School class entertained the officers and teachers of the Presbyterian Sabbath School, at supper in the church parlors Friday evening. Twenty-two people formed the party. The parlors were elaborately decorated and a very fine dinner was served.

The Charlevoix County Sunday School Ass'n held their annual convention at Boyne Falls on Thursday and Friday of this week. Among those from here attending on Friday were: W. P. Porter, Charles Malpass, Rev. R. S. Sidebotham, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Bisbee, Rev. John Clemens, R. T. McDonald, and the Misses Verschel Lorraine, Agnes Porter, Bessie Johnson, Leonore Kenny, Helen Hilliard, Marjorie Bowen and Grace Malpass.

In make-up the "The Peck's Bad Boy" Company, which is to appear at the Temple Theatre next Tuesday night Oct. 26th, is peculiar. There are ten characters required to tell the story and for the interpretation of each one of these ten roles the controlling management for the present season has been fortunate in securing a theatrical performer who can not only handle lines but can sing, dance or otherwise entertain. Violet-Bryan is the Bad Boy of the title, and his work in the past has made him entitled to recognition as one of the very best portrayers of juvenile roles now before the public; the supporting members of the company are almost equally capable.

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

W. H. Sloan is a Traverse City business visitor this Saturday.

James Keat and family visited at Mrs. Oscar Root's on Sunday last.

Money to Loan on good real estate Security.—Enquire of Att'y D. H. Fitch

Mrs. C. C. Vardon with son is guest of relatives near Newberry for a fortnight.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Bechtold are receiving a visit from the former's mother of Bellaire.

Ella E. Tillotson of Charlevoix was here Wednesday in the interests of the L. O. T. M. M.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Boslo of Petoskey were guest of their daughter, Mrs. A. W. Clark, Saturday.

I have a stock of AUTO LAMPS that will fit ninety per cent of all autos made.—GEO. SPENCER.

Mrs. Harry Tchurtz with daughter, Josephine of Petoskey is guest at the W. S. Carr home this week.

Robt. Spence and family and Mrs. C. G. Isaman and son visited friends at Churchill Corners on Friday.

House for Rent or Sale, on corner Third and Garfield streets. Inquire of Mrs. Allison Finney, phone No. 167 1/2.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Drescher were over from Ellsworth, Wednesday evening to attend the lecture course number.

Miss Lucile Haggett was taken to the Petoskey hospital first of the week where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Misses Leila Gink and Minnie and Martha Freiberg entertain with a thimble party at the latter's home this Saturday afternoon.

The Cemetery Improvement Ass'n met with Mrs. Ed. Price Thursday afternoon. Following a business hour, a pot-luck supper was enjoyed.

Miss Margaret Patrick arrived Wednesday from Valparaiso, Ind., for a months visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kenny and other relatives.

Shop at M. E. Ashley & Co. during the Autumn Leaf Sale—while prices have dropped. Come to day, 20 per cent discount on Entire Stock Tuesday.

Mrs. H. W. Dicken entertained her sister, Mrs. Wade D. Smith of Petoskey this week. On Thursday Mrs. Dicken gave an auction bridge party in honor of her guest.

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.

Mrs. W. S. Carr, accompanied by Mr. Carr and Dr. Dicken, was taken to the Petoskey hospital Sunday where she underwent an operation. Later reports indicate she is convalescing nicely.

J. M. Sloan of Eau Claire, Pa., brother of W. H. Sloan, is about to locate in our city. He has employment here and in the near future his wife and two sons will join him and make their home in East Jordan.

The best company that ever played "Peck's Bad Boy" will be seen at Temple Theatre next Tuesday, Oct. 26th. Violet Bryan in the title role is undoubtedly the very best impersonator of juvenile characters on the stage today, while the parts of Jimmy Duffy, his chum, and Minnie, his girl, are in equally capable hands. The old German grocer is played by Mr. Berrian in a most artistic manner. The comedy is interspersed with high-class musical specialties which greatly add to the attractiveness of this popular success.

**SAVED MONEY TO WED, THEN HE WAS ROBED.**

Philadelphia, Pa.—Robbed of \$150 which he had saved to win an obstinate father's consent to his marriage, Charles Stankus, 31 years old, of 1332 South Front street, hanged himself. Friends broke into his room and found him dead, hanging from a bedpost.

Stankus was engaged to a girl, whose name the police do not know. The girl's father said they should wait until Stankus saved some money. By hard work and patient economy he managed to get together the \$150.

Stankus carried the roll to his sweetheart's home, counted it out before her father and got his consent. Everything was rosy, and the day was set for the wedding. Overjoyed, Stankus invited his friends to his home to an "engagement party."

During the party one of the guests proposed a wrestling bout, and Stankus accepted. After the two men had rolled each other over the floor for a few minutes the guest gave up and left the house. Then Stankus missed his \$150.

If fish could talk, anglers would have to revise their yarns.

The perfect husband always belongs to another woman.

Many rich men have nothing but sympathy for the poor.

Life without hope is like a house without a roof.

Food for thought is found in empty cupboards.

**JAIL BREAKER IS CAPTURED BY DOG.**

Man Called "Human Eel" Says Only Canine and Rain Landed Him. San Rafael, Cal.—A bloodhound pup, heading a posse of four, drove John Bogden, "human eel," from cover in a dense clump of bushes in the Marin hills, south of St. Vincent, and ended the notorious jail breaker's sixth attempt to escape.

Bogden emerged smiling. "Pretty lucky," he said. "You'd never have found me but for the dog!"

An hour before Bogden had distanced Deputy Sheriff William Alken in a quarter-mile race for liberty across the marsh, followed by a fusillade of bullets from the latter's gun. Alken had obtained the first glimpse of Bogden since the fugitive's escape from Marin county jail, when, seeking to gain a heavily timbered ridge, he found it necessary to cross an open marsh.

Recognizing Bogden, the deputy called to him to halt. Bogden ran, and Alken opened fire. When Bogden reached the timber, 200 yards in advance of his pursuer, he turned, waved triumphantly and disappeared.

Sheriff Keating collected his men, and placing them at intervals of 20 feet apart on the ridge, which was bounded on one side by the bay and the other by impassable marshes, combed the timber until the bloodhound found the quarry.

Henry W. Young, who escaped with Bogden, is still at liberty. Bogden said he left Young exhausted in the hills above Santa Venetia.

Once during the twenty-six-hour pursuit of the fugitive Bogden said two sheriffs engaged in the hunt sat for an hour on a bench under which he was hiding in a shack in the vicinity of the Catholic cemetery near San Rafael.

"They searched the place and talked about me," Bogden said. "I could have reached out and pulled their legs."

**HIS RECKLESS DESPAIR.**

Teddy Vanrocks seems to have made a failure at college; I hear that he made the highest student's mark of the year.

"Yes; everybody pities him. The poor fellow failed to make the team and took to study."

**NO HARD FEELING.**

"She gave me a turn down yesterday. Did I wall and weep and holler? No, she was a haberdasher's clerk; I asked for that kind of collar."

**KEPT HIS WORD.**

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

The fact that justice is blindfolded may account for some of her hard falls.

**CITROLAX**

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

**OUR JITNEY OFFER—This and 5c.**

**DON'T MISS THIS.**—Cut out this slip enclose with five cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hites Drug Store.

**We Show Men & Women**

How to make \$50 to \$100 weekly, year around. Amazing opportunity for large income. Why waste time working for others? Use your spare time at home and gain financial independence. No experience. Be your own master. Write to-day. Universal Success Co., Dept. A, No. 7 Fifth Ave., New York City.

## We're About To Move

Into the new store building being erected for us by W. L. French.

### Odds and Ends At a Sacrifice

From now until the day we close our store for moving every piece of odds and ends in our mammoth stock MUST BE REMOVED regardless of price. This is YOUR opportunity—come in and let us show you.

**L. WEISMAN**

#### CLAIRVOYANT'S CON GAME.

New York.—The Wall street Journal says: Out on the Pacific coast there are several clairvoyants who have built up a large business giving advice on the purchases of securities. The evil has become so great that the State Corporation department has issued a circular regarding it.

The circular came through a complaint being made to the state department that a clairvoyant in San Francisco sold to his clients in one year 163,000 shares of a mining stock for which he had paid 1 cent a share at prices ranging from 15 cents to 50 cents a share, declaring that by his power of "second sight" he was able to see great value in the stock.

Complain was made that by recommending purchase of certain stocks these clairvoyants were violating the blue-sky law of the state, and the circular says:

"While the blue-sky law offers a considerable degree of protection to investors in securities in California, against misrepresentation and fraud, it has distinct limitations. The public may safely assume, for instance, that clairvoyants and crystal gazers who draw on the secrets of the stars and advise credulous victims to purchase stocks, have not been licensed by the State Corporation department."

The commissioner states that it has come to his knowledge that large amounts of worthless stocks have been sold through such methods in San Francisco and other cities of the state.

**Thought Debt Cancelled.**

Philadelphia, Pa.—A village clergyman, walking around his parish met an old parishioner. "Well, John," he said, "how is it I have not seen you at church for several Sundays?"

"Hain't got no Sunday trousers," answered John. "Well," said the clergyman, "I think we can remedy that. I have a pair at home which will just about fit you, and I will have them sent to you today."

"Thank'ee!" said John. The trousers were duly sent, and the following three Sundays John was seen at church. Then, after being absent for some time, the clergyman again met him.

"Well, John," he said, "you have no excuse for not coming to church lately. How is it I have not seen you there?"

"Look here, parson!" said John. "I like a man to speak plain. I know what you mean; you're a-thinking about them trousers. I come to church three Sundays, an', if you don't think I earned them trousers, just tell me how many more Sundays I shall ha' to come afore-they're mine altogether!"

The fact that justice is blindfolded may account for some of her hard falls.

**CITROLAX**

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Fresh Pasturized Milk and Cream  
**McCOOL & MATHER**  
Phone No. 29.



# Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

### The Eyes.

There is no doubt that life as we live it in the present day puts a much greater and more continuous strain on our eyesight than it was called on to endure in the days of our grandfathers. Therefore, it behooves every one to do what he can to take care of his eyes, and it is astonishing to find how indifferent too many are to the ordinary precautions. If you have work to do which makes a demand on your sight, see that the light is good. Do not read or write in a position where you face a window, but, if possible, arrange that the light comes from the left side. When working by artificial light, have this screened slightly in some way, if only with a piece of paper. Do not read when very tired, as the bodily weariness is shared by the eyes, though you may not notice it particularly. It is an excellent plan to close the eyes for a few minutes three or four times in the day. Do not read in bed, as when the body is in a recumbent position the eye is subjected to an extra strain. If the book can be fixed by means of a holder above the eyes, it is a different matter. Great relief will be experienced by those who use their eyes a great deal if they bathe them night and morning with hot water. For this a pledget of cotton wool should be used, and afterward thrown away. A solution of boric acid in distilled water is an excellent application when the eyelids appear red and inflamed.

### AMBIGUOUS



"He seems to think an awful lot of his mother-in-law."  
"Yes, she lives with him."

### ON THE WRONG TRACK



"How old is your little brother, my dear?"  
"He's not old at all, sir; he's nearly brand new."

### OLD-TIME GOLD CURE

#### DRINK HOT TEA

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking up a cold. Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

### RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia. Limber up! Get a 25 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

# Temperance

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

### LIQUOR TRAFFIC A PERIL.

Prohibition is inevitable in this country, says the Boston Advertiser. With practically the whole world conceding that alcohol is a bad handicap to any nation, and that the abolition of its use means a healthy—not an artificial—increase in the efficiency of the average producer, public sentiment in this country is going to wipe out the saloon, just as it has wiped out such nuisances as the polluted public or private water supply, or the manufacture of poisoned foods or embalmed meatstuffs. They were abolished because they were a danger to national safety and efficiency. And the saloon is certain to be abolished in precisely the same way and for precisely the same reason.

### TWO PLAGUES.

The great white plague, tuberculosis, kills 100,000 persons a year; \$8,000,000 was spent last year to destroy it and prevent its further spread. All are working to destroy it. Plague two, the liquor traffic, kills yearly from 500,000 to 700,000. Suppose that 200,000 doctors, 200,000 nurses, 50,000 grave diggers, 10,000 casket and coffin-makers, should petition congress, petition legislatures, demand of politicians that tuberculosis must not be stamped out. Their trades, professions, prosperity demand that the plague be left at liberty, just licensed and regulated. A world-wide cry of horror would arise. But that is what we do with the worse plague of the liquor traffic.—Exchange.

### AS LIQUOR SELLER SEES IT.

Being interviewed by a newspaper reporter on the subject of prohibition—one which is on everybody's tongue—Barney Grogan, a well-known Chicago liquor dealer, had this to say: "If they voted the wet-dry question in Chicago some Sunday morning the whole city would go dry. It's the men and women who are wet personally who will finally decide the issue. They are flopping about and will try it as an experiment. Maybe they will go back—maybe not. They don't know exactly where they are at—especially the morning after pay day. But the prohibition wave is getting bigger every day."

### POINT WELL TAKEN.

Last year the Illinois legislature voted to found a colony for epileptics. In a number of states these are already well-established institutions. A home for these unfortunates is necessary, but why did we not likewise ten years ago establish a hospital for those wounded and maimed in the insane celebration of the Fourth of July? Instead, we instituted the sane Fourth and almost completely did away in a decade with any need of medical care whatever for our celebrants. Alcohol as a drink must go. It is an economic absurdity.—Charles F. Read, M. D., Illinois Medical Journal.

### MODEL FARM.

A great model farm on which no liquor shall be sold, and where instruction in stock raising and farming shall be given for the benefit of the public is provided for by the will of William R. Nelson, former editor and owner of the Kansas City Star. The clause relating to liquor reads, "No person shall, during the thirty-year period, sell on said lands any spirituous, malt or vinous liquors of any kind."

### REDUCED TAXES.

The tax rate for Juniata county, Pa., has been reduced from 6 to 4 1/2 mills. As there was a decrease of \$35,000 in the debt of the county during one year of curtailed license and two years of absolutely no license, the county commissioners felt they could afford to grant this reduction to the taxpayers. Juniata county maintains no almshouse and finds little use for one even under the present business depression.

### PATRIOTIC DUTY.

General Joffre, communicating his decree of prohibition for the French army to the newspapers at Nancy, said: "It is the duty of all patriots to fight alcoholism in all its forms. Everyone must understand that anything capable of diminishing the moral and material strength of our army constitutes a real crime against national defense in face of the enemy."

### BARLEYCORN'S INFLUENCE.

"I have recently reported on a separate study of 269 murderers. Alcohol was used to excess by 41.5 per cent, while but 12.5 per cent were abstainers. Nearly half were under the influence of alcohol when the crime was committed and 27.9 per cent had a history of previous arrest for drunkenness."—Dr. Rock Sleyster in Everybody's.

### CHAMPION OF ABSTINENCE.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaevitch, commanding the entire Russian army, stands six feet seven inches high, drinks no wine and is accredited with the abolition of vodka in the army. "A drunken soldier cannot shoot straight," he said when mobilization for the present war came up.

### TEST OF PATRIOTISM.

That teetotalism is about to become a test of patriotism in Great Britain is the opinion of the Nation, a London publication.

# Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme: DEVINE GUIDANCE.

BY THE REV. DR. W. W. WILSON.

Text: As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him.—Deuteronomy 32:2.

It was a supreme moment in the history of Israel when Moses, their law-giver and leader, was about to be taken from them. Standing at the base of the mountain, to whose summit God had called him and from which he was to receive a view of the promised land, ere he was gathered to his fathers, he collected the people about him and proceeded to deliver to them his farewell address, words ever fraught with greatest interest to the hearer. At the close of his address he breaks forth in rapturous song, one of the richest and sublimest climaxes of which is the one of the text.

It is supposed that the habits of the eagle were noticed and studied by Moses in his life in Midian, and that as he reviewed the history of God's people he realized that the one was entirely apropos to the other. While following her motherly instinct the eagle had with great care and labor prepared her nest, twining and intertwining, inlaying and overlaying, providing for the comfort and convenience of her offspring, no vessel ever being more securely anchored amid the tempest than her nest against the eddying storms which swept her mountain home, yet when her offspring reached a sufficient size and gathered strength enough to sally forth and seek their own food, yet for fear of falling, or of hunger, inclined to remain, the same talons and beak that carefully provided the nest would ruthlessly tear it asunder and make it so positively uncomfortable that they were compelled to fly or if they still refused she would destroy the nest altogether—no nest being deemed as valuable as what it contained.

Just so with God in His dealing with His people, Israel. There was no resting place He did not provide and none He did not disturb. History repeats itself. The same is occurring with us to-day. No sooner are we comfortably fixed in any respect than the disturbing hand of God comes and tears up the nest and throws us for our good, upon our own resources, when, depending upon them, assisted by Him, we develop a greater hardness. It is because of this that governments change, fortunes are wrecked, society is disturbed, homes are despoiled, and even churches undergo the mutations which are everywhere seen.

But not only does the eagle stir up her nest and utterly destroy it, it need be to get her fledglings out of it, thus placing them upon their own resources, but she flutters over them and rises above them, and by the rapid motions of her own wings, teaches them to use theirs. Sir Humphry Davy tells us that he once saw a very interesting sight above one of the crags of Ben Nevis as he was going in pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring, two young birds, the maneuvers of flight. They at first made small circles and the young birds imitated them. They poised on their wings waiting until they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising toward the sun and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to make a gradually ascending spiral. The young ones still and slowly followed, apparently flying better, as they mounted, and they continued this sublime exercise, always rising, until they became mere specks in the air and the young ones were lost, and afterward the parents, to his aching sight.

How like God's treatment of Israel. He not only stirred up their nest, but hovered above them in the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, ever going before and leading them on to newer and greater conquests, where they trusted in Him, and to ignominious defeat where they didn't. So God in Christ hovers over and is ever near us.

Notice Him in childhood, how obedient; in manhood, how industrious; in poverty and persecution, how patient; in trials, how submissive; in abuse, how forgiving; in death how triumphant; in His ascension with open hands bestowing blessings on a world which gave Him a manger for a birthplace and a cross for a deathbed. He is in all respects our leader. He shows us how to go, and goes before us. How can we hope to succeed without Him?

We had oral descriptions at first of the heavenly way. And they were afterward put in writing, the Bible being given us. But better than this, which of itself alone is inadequate, Christ came Himself and calls to us in our bewildered, "Don't be discouraged. Follow Me."

And we can follow Him, as the eaglets do their mother, from the cradle, the base of the spiral, to heaven, our final home.

# AMAZING ACTS BY MAIL ROUTE HORSE

BRUTE INTELLIGENCE THAT IS ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.

### "DONE THE BEAT" FOR NINE YEARS

Locks Barn Door and Automatically Feeds Himself—Knows His Stops—Fond of Candy.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—No more remarkable horse lives than "Ned," an animal owned by Martin Gilbertson, a local mail collector. Some of the stunts which he performs are almost past belief. "Ned" feeds himself, which is no mean accomplishment for a horse. His master, by arranging a chute from the corner to the animal's stall, and an ingenious rake in the haymow over the stall, has made this possible. A rope attached to shutter in the chute and another to the rake, when pulled by "Ned" release a portion of hay sufficient for a meal and six ears of corn.

At night when Gilbertson enters his doorway he unhitches the animal by unhooking a simplified harness, and "Ned" hurries to his stall, clamps the ropes between his teeth and yanks down his munchings. The next day Gilbertson arranges the corn and hay and everything is in readiness for the next night.

Gilbert also has nailed a wood block on the sliding door of the barn and "Ned" finds this every night with a front hoof. He quickly pushes it shut and an automatic latch insures him against the wishes of any misguided intruder.

For nine years the brute has "done the beat" with Gilbertson. He has grown so accustomed to the duty that he makes the three hundred stops without requiring a word of command from his master. In fact he goes over three-quarters of the route alone every day, Gilbertson taking short cuts through back yards and over fences while the steed takes the street. This enables the collector to finish his task fully an hour under schedule.

Again "Ned" knows a traffic officer better than most autoists. Approaching a corner in the congested business district, where he is driverless as a rule, he stops at the street line and whinnies for attention. As soon as the officer's white-gloved goes up in signal, he proceeds cautiously over.

On several occasions his judgment of distance has far exceeded that of the officer and, by refusing to obey the signal given, he has averted collisions which would have proved disastrous. Everyone knows the animal, especially the confectioners on the route. More than fifteen sweet shops are on his route. "Ned" mounts the walk in front of each, neighing and pawing his demands, until a clerk rushes out and gives him his daily candied bit. As soon as he gets it he backs away and canters hurriedly to the next box to make up for loss of time.

Gilbertson in telling of "Ned," declares that "blood will tell." The animal was sired by Tom Allen, the famous Hambletonian. "He was given a tryout on the track, but failed to make good. However, although sold into ordinary life, he has many times commanded offers of \$1,500 which his master has refused, a sum which was far greater than the price Tom Allen brought after his speed failed him.

### PARTING SHOT OPENS GUSHER.

Oil Well Was About to Be Abandoned as Worthless.

Muskogee, Okla.—An oil well which it is believed will be in the 5,000 barrel class and will cause the opening of an extension of the famous Cushing field was started to flowing by a 27-quart shot of nitroglycerine made as a parting slap by the owners, who thought the well was worthless.

This well was sunk in the sand in the edge of the Oilton oil pool. It showed no signs of being productive and there were no productive wells around it. The owners were about to abandon it, but decided to try one more shot of nitroglycerine. Then the oil spouted all over the lease.

### BUZZARD CAME BACK.

Free Half a Year, Belled Bird returned to Old Home.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—A large old turkey buzzard that has been in the possession of Justice John W. Probst disappeared from his poultry yard last fall. Justice Probst supposed it had died. The buzzard had worn a small bell attached to its neck for many months. Sunday the justice was startled by hearing a bell ringing in the top of a tree in front of his home. He called the buzzard's name several times and was surprised to see the old bird suddenly fly down and alight on his front porch.

### Went to School in Nighties.

St. Louis.—Adolph Fremder, clad in pajamas and a bed quilt, walked two blocks to Soldan high school in his sleep a few days ago. He was rescued by a party of automobilists, who took him home. Adolph is a son of Charles Fremder and had attended commencement exercises at the Soldan night school the evening before.

# The Woman's Benefit Association Of The Maccabees

The Largest, Strongest, and most Progressive Society of Women in the World.

Non-political and non-sectarian. Offers more opportunities to women than any other society. Good training and future success, love of humanity and protection of helpless little ones.

A splendid opportunity for broad-minded and sympathetic women to join this great fraternal chain of one hundred and eighty-six thousand women banded together for the betterment of their own sex. This Organization has a national reputation for this great work in the interest of women, and has already paid into homes of deceased and distressed members over twelve million dollars, every dollar going into some home in time of want and distress. We cannot begin to record the deeds of loving kindness and sympathy that have gone hand in hand with these disbursements.

This Organization has risen to high position in Fraternal Insurance through the hearty co-operation of its members and has built up by the management of its officers, a reserve of over eight million dollars.

The Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees was founded in Michigan by Michigan women in 1892; the cornerstone of its own building, laid in Port Huron, October 22, 1915, being the first woman's benefit association in the world to erect its own building.

Your loved ones are protected by our death benefits; we will see that you have proper burial with our burial benefits. We will take care of you when sick through sick benefits and hospital service.

### First in Fraternity, First in Stability First in the Hearts of its Members

We want a competent woman to act as organizer in this locality. For further information write Mrs. Alberta V. Droelle, Great Commander for Michigan, 411 St. Aubin Ave. Detroit, Mich

### 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.

### HOW AN ENGINEER KEEPS WELL.

Railroad engineers are more exposed to catching cold than other workers. E. G. Dunaphant of Monette, Mo., has run a Frisco engine 25 years and all the medicine he has taken is Foley's Honey and Tar. He writes: "I always keep it in my house and recommend it to all who have a bad cough or cold."—Hites Drug Store.

### Do Not Grip

We have a pleasant laxative that will do just what you want it to do. **Rexall Orderlies** We sell thousands of them and we have never seen a better remedy for the bowels. Sold only by us, 10 cents. W. C. Spring Drug Co.

### CHICHESTER'S 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 Ribbon. Take no other. Buy only the DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE WORTH TRYING.

### 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

### RHEUMATIC SUFFERER GIVEN QUICK RELIEF



Pain leaves almost as if by magic when you begin using "5-Drops," the famous old remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and kindred troubles. It goes right to the spot, stops the aches and pains and makes life worth living. Get a bottle of "5-Drops" today. A booklet with each bottle gives full directions for use. Don't delay. Demand "5-Drops." Don't accept anything else in place of it. Any drug store 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.

### Gifts of Silverware

Nothing more acceptable can be offered than attractive silverware, combining good taste with a quality of endurance which assures lifelong service. Such characteristics make

### 1847 ROGERS BROS.

ware most desirable for gifts. To-day this renowned trade mark assures the purchaser not only of securing the original brand of Rogers, but the heaviest grade plate guaranteed by the makers to give absolute satisfaction.

The remarkable durability of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver has won it the popular title

### "Silver Plate that Wears"

Knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces may be procured in numerous designs, some fancy, some simple and chaste. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "CL" showing all patterns. INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. Successors to Meriden Britannia Co. MERIDEN, CONN.





# THE DOUBLE DEALER

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

Copyright by the Frank A. Munsey Co.

"Shave off your moustache and that week's growth of whiskers and get your haircut. Then get on the trail of those two cops, and hold it till you are called off. Here is the telephone number. Report in every chance you get; but don't come here yourself. Is that plain?"

"I understand thoroughly, Crewe." "Either Christy or I will be here and nobody else ever uses the private telephone. You can talk with Christy as frankly as with me."

"I'm on, Crewe." "I want them shadowed everywhere they go until you are called off. It may be a day or three or four days, but it won't last longer than that. If they separate, stick to Marline. He will do the dirtiest part of the work, if there is any."

Pincher nodded understandingly. "They will be somewhere in this neighborhood by seven o'clock tonight, or about that time, and you ought to be fixed up by then—don't you think so?"

"Remember, report in here by telephone every chance you get, even if you have nothing to report more than the locality you happen to be in. There are telephones everywhere."

"I'm on, Crewe. I'll do the job, even better than you think. I can do that sort of work to the queen's taste."

Crewe produced a substantial "roll" from one of his pockets and peeled several yellow-backs from it. These he gave into the hand of Pincher.

"Fifty of that is yours, for the services you will render; for your clothes and for any other purpose you care to put it to. The other fifty is mine which I hand to you for expenses. Don't spare expense in the job you're on, but I shall expect you to account for it just the same. Now, beat it. Here comes a man I want to talk to."

It was Sindahr who approached the bar as Pincher went out. There was craftiness, subtlety, even menace in the very air of the man; they seemed essential parts of him.

"You sent for me, Crewe?" he inquired in his soft, deep voice.

"Yes, Crewe," replied shortly; "and my first inclination was to send a pair of plain-clothes men after you and have you taken to headquarters."

"Why? What do you mean? I do not understand."

"Sindahr, you can't put it over on me, and the sooner you find that out the better it will be for you. That cameo brooch was in the bull cabinet in the bride's dressing room when you found it. There were other things in that room and in other rooms of the upper floors of that house, which you also brought away with you."

"I have a list of them—and I have got your number, too. I will give you until twelve o'clock tonight to bring every one of them here to me, and if you fail, I'll have you behind the bars before tomorrow morning."

"Just a few stickpins and—"

"Never mind. You bring them all to me. You disobeyed my orders. Men who know me never try that on more than once."

"Crewe"—Sindahr's teeth gleamed as he spoke—"some day I shall kill you!"

"I don't think you will, Sindahr; but some day, more than likely, I shall see you killed—in the chair at Sing Sing; and Crewe stared into the black eyes of the Oriental until the man was compelled to lower them."

"That will do for the present, Count Sucini," Crewe said ironically. "I want you to return here before twelve o'clock tonight with those things; and I want you to come here every night between eleven and twelve until further orders."

"Tonight or tomorrow night or some night before long I will have work for you to do—with me. If you find that you can keep faith with me, just once, it will be much better for you."

"Work? What kind of work, Crewe?"

"I will tell you when the time comes. Beat it out of here, now, and don't forget."

The front door opened again as Sindahr turned away, and Lieutenant Muchmore, closely followed by Bunting, entered the room. They came straight forward toward the bar where Crewe was standing behind it, and Muchmore, with a half smile on his strong, good face, said:

"Crewe, I have come to make that apology that you demanded and which you had a right to demand. Does that go?"

"Of course it goes, Lieutenant. It never happened at all," was Crewe's instant and hearty response.

## CHAPTER IX.

Some Wheels Within Wheels.

The man who left the saloon in the wake of Bobcat Rickett, in obedience to the signal from Crewe, was Cracker—an old habitué of the place, and

one who was devoted to its owner.

Nor was that devotion the consequence of fear, as in the cases of many others. Cracker had formerly been a dope-fiend, but for a year past, with the aid and encouragement of that many-sided man, he had gradually grown away from his weakness until he felt that he was rapidly becoming a man again.

Nevertheless he was a denizen of the underworld, and he knew every by-way it contained, and nearly all of the characters that comprised it locally.

He knew Bobcat Rickett, too, and his devious ways and methods; and he knew, moreover, something that Crewe did not know about the man—something that he had intended to reveal and had neglected to do so only for lack of opportunity.

Cracker, long ago—months before, in fact, and while he was still using the dope—had overheard a conversation between Bobcat and two plain-clothes men when he was himself supposed to be dead to the world under the influence of the drug he had used.

The plain-clothes men were Lieutenant Holderness, now no longer on the force, and Marline, of whom mention has been made recently.

The talk between them and Bobcat Rickett was, in effect, that if the Bobcat could ever get anything "on" Crewe so that he might be delivered into their hands so that they could "get the goods" on him, so that they could catch him in a felonious act, Bobcat was to receive an adequate reward, and would be, forever afterward, immune from police interference.

Of course they lied to him when they made the promises, but Bobcat believed. Holderness had been dismissed from the department, but Marline remained; and Baxter, who had been hand in glove with both of them, now trained with Marline.

Cracker was naturally shrewd, sharp, and keen.

Had he been without the knowledge of that "stool pigeon" agreement, he might have been less wary and watchful than he was when he obeyed the signal from Crewe.

But Cracker, like all the other frequenters of the place, believed that Crewe was the master criminal of them all; none doubted that he could give them cards and spades in the pursuits of crookdom.

And he had watched the interview between Crewe and Bobcat, although he had heard no word of it; still, he had not a doubt that something was on foot for which Crewe needed the services of the yegg—and he was certain that in such an event the yegg would betray Crewe.

While he followed Bobcat, the latter stopped once in front of a saloon, but evidently decided against the risk of entering it.

He walked on after that until he came to a small combination cigar and stationery store, which he entered.

Cracker, watching from the opposite side of the street, saw him purchase a supply of cigarettes and then a sheet of paper and an envelope after which he spent nearly an hour in laboriously writing a letter.

When he came outside he dropped the letter into the first post-box he passed, and then went on his way whistling and strutting—for he was still proud of his new clothes, notwithstanding the scoring they had received at the hands of Crewe.

Thus, Cracker's suspicions were

verified, in his own mind, at least, and feeling assured because of the letter-writing episode, that Rickett would not attempt to leave his house again, for a time, at least, he hurried back to Crewe and told not only what he had seen, but also that other story about the conversation he had overheard so long ago.

"That is good work, Cracker," Crewe told him approvingly. "Put this ten-dollar bill in your pocket and get back on the job. You will have to stay on it until one o'clock tomorrow night, too. I shall go there then, and I will look for you near his door. You can stand it without much sleep till then, can't you?"

"Betcher life, Crewe. More'n that, if you want me to," was the reply.

Christy returned at five o'clock and delivered the keys he had had made in the meantime.

"I shall not be here tonight, Christy," Crewe said to him at the upper end of the bar, near the window.

"Sindahr will be in about midnight. You tell him to deliver those stickpins and other things to you, and that it will be bad for him if he does not. Tell him also that I want him here before twelve tomorrow night. I will be here then."

Christy nodded understandingly. "Watch out for Baxter and Marline. I practically fired them out of the place this afternoon, but you are to act as if you know nothing about that."

"I'm on, boss," Christy replied with a wink.

"I am going a burgling tomorrow night, Christy; housebreaking."

"With Bobcat Rickett?"

"Yes."

"Don't. He's a stool, I tell you, and Marline is his long suit."

"I know that already, and so I am going to make this little expedition of mine cut two ways. I shall probably get what I go after—and likewise I think I will 'get' those two crooked bulls."

"Then those three keys are—"

"Latch-keys to the doors of three separate houses, Christy, and in one of the three I confidently expect to

find the lavaller, the bandeau, the tiara, and the bracelet that were pinched at the wedding reception last night."

Christy could only look his astonishment, for, according to all precedent, the stolen property should be already in the possession of some "fence." Crewe continued:

"I have put Pincher on the trail of Baxter and Marline. He will telephone in after seven tonight. Whatever he may have to say pass it on to Feltner. I am particularly anxious to know if either of those bulls should go to see Bobcat Rickett."

Ten minutes later Crewe went out. He turned northward, walking with his customary swiftness, but when half-way across Washington Square he wheeled abruptly and started even more swiftly upon the back track.

Another man who had also been moving rapidly, half halted, then continued on his way; but Crewe stopped him by stepping directly in front of him.

"You are a new man at the bureau, aren't you?" he asked. "I don't seem to remember you. But, anyhow, it isn't worth your while to try to follow me. You would lose. Besides, it isn't healthy. You might catch the malaria—or something."

The "shadow" grinned appreciatively.

"You might take me along with you," he said. "It would save us both a lot of trouble—and I'm willing to be coaxed."

"Oh, I see! You are another one of that bunch, are you? You are playing with fire, young man, and you'll burn your fingers if you don't look out."

"Oh, I guess I know how to avoid the flames, Crewe. You see I—"

He stopped, for Crewe had wheeled and left him, and the would-be sleuth saw him enter a waiting taxi which drove rapidly away upon the instant when the door was banged shut; and he could not follow because there was no other taxi in sight.

The taxi, as it happened, was Crewe's personal property; and the chauffeur who drove it—well, he also belonged to Crewe. That strange man had many possessions of the sort in and around New York, and he was constantly adding to them.

The taxicab was driven as rapidly as the city ordinances permitted to a far up-town station of the subway, and the attention of the chauffeur seemed to be attracted to the opposite side of the street when his "fare" stepped down and slammed the door.

At all events the passenger disappeared in the subway before the man turned his head again, and even then he had already started his car forward.

Less than one hour later, or, to be exact, at seven o'clock, Birge Moreaux, portrait artist, in full evening dress, paused at the door of his studio before going out, to give some last directions to his man Feltner.

"Keep your ears open for the telephone, Feltner," he said, "and be especially particular in regard to the reports you receive. If you should want me, I will be at the home of Mr. Delorme until ten, and at the club after that until twelve. Then I shall return here unless I satisfy you otherwise."

Quite contrary to his habit he turned toward the rear of the building when he stepped from the elevator and left it by the Nameless-Street door. He did so because it was his intention to walk to his destination, for the exercise it would afford, and it was a trifle more convenient to go out that way.

He was glad he did so.

Standing at the curb, facing the building and apparently studying its architecture, was the shadow who had attempted to follow Crewe across Washington Square, and beside him was Detective Sam Bunting.

The latter came forward at once, and he grasped the hand which Moreaux extended in greeting.

"Good evening, Mr. Moreaux," he said in his hearty manner. "Please don't think that I was spying on you, or the building, either, for that matter. Muchmore is around the corner on an errand for the chief, and I was waiting for him. But I would have gone in to see you for a moment if it had not been for the engagement with you at ten-thirty tonight."

"Oh, I hadn't a thought of your spying upon me, Bunting!" the artist returned smiling. "Who is that other chap?"

"He is a new man at the bureau, although several years on the force. Painter—that's his name—undertook to trail Crewe this afternoon and lost him. He has heard somehow—"

Muchmore didn't tell him nor I—that Crewe sometimes visits this building by this entrance, and he is so mad to think that Crewe gave him the slip that he says he is going to stand right there until Crewe comes, or until it is time for him to go to his South Fifth Avenue place again."

"Oh, I see! Did you have something that you particularly wished to say to me—that you thought of calling upon me just now instead of waiting until our evening engagement?"

"Yes, I did. And I hope you won't think me officious or fresh when I do say it, Mr. Moreaux."

"Certainly not, Bunting. What is it?"

"I don't know what your relations with Crewe are, Mr. Moreaux, and I don't care to know. I want you to believe that. But I do know that practically the entire detective bureau has been given the tip to 'get'

him, if he can be 'got.'"

"And so—here is where Mr. Fresh Buttinski comes in—I felt like passing the tip on to you. I thought, perhaps you might think it would be just as well if you had nothing more to do with that man—for the present at least. I speak as an officer to a citizen, and if you will permit me to say it, as one who wishes to be your friend."

"Shake hands, Bunting. That's bully of you! I appreciate it, too. But for your own enlightenment I will tell you that Crewe is not at all likely to appear at this door again—for some time to come, anyhow. You know I have the key that you took from him."

"You might put your friend wise and spare him the fatigue of standing up all night. Do not think that you presumed in giving me the warning. I am really very much obliged to you. I will look for you and Muchmore at the club at ten-thirty tonight."

"We will be there."

"Do, for I expect to have something of considerable importance to tell you."

But as Moreaux hurried on his way his thought, if uttered aloud, would have been:

"I wonder if Bunting was lying if so he played the part all right."

## CHAPTER X.

No Matter Who the Thief May Be.

"Mr. Delorme," said Moreaux—the two men faced each other across the library table in that small room which was called the "den"—I asked for this short talk with you when I telephoned two hours ago because I had an important question to ask you—one which may prove to be of grave importance."

"Very well, Birge. But surely you don't have to request interviews with me. Nobody is more welcome at my house than you are. The latch-string is always out to you."

"I know that, sir, and thank you heartily for it."

"What is the all-important question?"

"Before asking it I will preface it by a short statement."

"Well? Well? Go ahead."

"I have felt very much concerned about the disappearance of those jewels of Lorna's; more so than you have, I imagine. At all events, I promised Lorna that I would do my utmost to have them restored to her."

"That is very kind of you, Birge. Lorna prizes such things highly—and, incidentally, she thinks that you are about the salt of the earth."

"In order to keep my promise to her I have, in one way and another, engaged the services of several others."

"Detectives, I suppose? I'm sorry. I did not wish to have the affair noised abroad."

"Detectives—and some others who are not exactly detectives, and it will not be noised abroad, Mr. Delorme."

"I am glad of that. Please go on."

"Inquiry, deduction, thought, careful analysis, and some abstract investigation in different quarters have collectively convinced me that it will not be a difficult matter to recover the lost articles. The question is this: Do you want those lost jewels returned, without regard to the identity of the person who took them?"

"Most certainly I do."

"No matter who the thief may prove to be?"

"The answer is the same, Birge."

"Do you recall our conversation at the breakfast table this morning?"

"Every bit of it, word for word."

"Then I have your authority to go ahead with a free hand, without fear or favor, no matter upon whom the burden of guilt may fall?"

"You have. But, for Heaven's sake, why all this mystery? If you know where the jewels are and who took them, why don't you out with it and tell me?"

"I DON'T know yet."

"Oh, I see. You are surmising—guessing."

"But I have got three guesses, Mr. Delorme, according to the old style of playing the game. And one of them is sure to win. And whichever one wins, or rather, no matter which one of the three may win, the resultant consequence will be—let us say—unpleasant."

"You insinuate, Birge, that somebody whom I know and know well, is the guilty person?"

"It is more than an insinuation, sir. It is a statement."

"Why don't you tell me the names of all three of your 'guesses'?"

"For the specific reason that such a course would be a decided injustice to the two who are innocent."

"I had not thought of that. Well, go ahead in your own way, Birge. No matter who the guilty party may be, I have no sympathy for him, or her, as the case may develop. The one who is guilty should be exposed; if not publicly, then, at least, to the few who ought to know about it."

"Very good, sir." Moreaux left his chair, helped himself to a fresh cigar from the open box on the table, lighted it, shook hands with Mr. Delorme, who had also risen, crossed to the door, then turned about and said:

"Oh, by the way, are you attending the Netherlands Society dinner to-morrow night?"

"Yes. Aren't you? You're a member."

"Oh, I shall doubtless be there—unless something happens in the meantime to prevent."

"Bless me! You talk as if you were a man of business, and I never knew anybody who had more leisure on his hands. Do you know, Birge?"

whistfully—"I used to wish that when my Lorna chose a husband it would be you. Forgive an old man for saying it, but I have wished it many times."

Moreaux's tall form seemed to grow perceptibly taller, and the expression in his eyes was serious indeed, notwithstanding his smile as he replied quickly:

"Good Heavens, Delorme, I am twice as old as she is. She is nineteen and I am thirty-eight. That would never do, you know. Such a thought never occurred to Lorna, fond as she was, and is, of me."

"But it occurred to you more than once, Birge. I know."

"Nonsense, Mr. Delorme. Nonsense. Gracious! I must go. Good night, sir."

Promptly at half past ten o'clock the two officers, Muchmore and Bunting, arrived at the club where Birge Moreaux was waiting them.

He conducted them at once to a secluded corner, offered them refreshments, which they accepted, and having lighted cigars all around, the artist looked quizzically at Muchmore and inquired:

"Well, lieutenant, what's doing?"

"We supposed that our errand here was to have your reply to that question, Mr. Moreaux," was the quick reply.

"Still, you have something on your mind. I can see that much. Before I unbosom myself, suppose you tell me what has happened to interest you today."

"Very well, sir. Nothing of any importance. And I really am not sure that I ought to tell you about it."

"I think you may trust me, lieutenant."

"I will. You gave me a tip last night about a Mephistophelian looking chap that you had seen talking with another man in the Bowery near Houston Street. After I accompanied Mr. Delorme to headquarters I went over to Crewe's just to look around a bit, and he was there. I had doped it out who he was in the meantime. He calls himself Sindahr, the miracle worker."

"Ah, yes. I have heard of him."

"It isn't necessary to tell you all that happened. When I first went inside I took a good look at him, and one of the things I saw was a few traces of some sort of preparation which he had evidently been using to make his hair white, or gray."

"It was under his hair, along the back of his neck; just a trace of it, but enough to set me thinking. I decided to arrest him as a suspicious character and hold him for investigation, and so, put the cuffs on him. Later, he managed to get away; but that doesn't matter. I can get him again when I want him."

"I see."

"The point is this: there were things about him that jogged my memory, but I could not put my finger on them, so to speak. But the thought has been hiving around in my cranium the whole blessed day, and—half an hour ago I met him on the street in his other character, and I'll be blowed if he didn't have the gall to stop me and speak to me. I got his measure then, all right."

"I am still very much in the dark, lieutenant," Moreaux said mildly.

"Do you recall a Count Sucini who was at the wedding reception?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the guy."

"You don't tell me! Did you arrest him again?"

"Not by a jugful. I pretended that I was mighty glad to see him again, asked him for his card, got it, and sent him on his way rejoicing. He's the thief, or I'm only a constable. But getting doesn't mean getting the stolen jewels. He's got to be stalked."

"That is very interesting, lieutenant. You do not intend to arrest him at once, then, even if you should see him again in the character of Sindahr?"

"No. I'll let him have his head for two or three days. But I will ask the inspector to put three of our best men on him so that every move he makes will be known."

"Well, well. Your information is somewhat of a squelcher upon what I intended to suggest, although I don't suppose it will really make any difference after all."

"What was it, Mr. Moreaux?" the lieutenant requested eagerly; and Bunting bent forward in his chair and asked at the same time: "Please tell us what it is, sir."

"You were both rather eager last night to understand exactly what were the relations between that man Crewe and myself. And this evening Mr. Bunting was kind enough to give me a warning concerning him. The fact is, gentlemen, it has been my good or ill fortune to perform a service for Crewe in the past, and he is not one who forgets."

"He remembers both ways, good and bad," Bunting remarked quietly.

"We will say, then, that recalling his promises of service to me, I asked him to assist in the recovery of the lost jewels. The point is this—and we will forget the source of my information, if you please. That is part of the contract."

"Certainly."

"The descriptions of the wedding presents in the newspapers has excited the cupidty of every crook in the city. Many of them suppose the presents to be still contained in Mr. Delorme's house. It is to be burglarized tomorrow night."

"Wait, please, until I have finished. Mr. Delorme will not be at home if he keeps an engagement he has made;

but he may not keep it. At all events, I shall be there, or if not inside of the house, near at hand."

"Do you know the time planned for the burglary, Mr. Moreaux?" Bunting asked.

"Yes; I am coming to that. But understand me, it would not do for either of you to be in the immediate neighborhood on the watch. The lookout would spot you. I was especially warned against that."

"Well, what then?"

"I will be there, probably inside of the house, watching, whether Delorme is there or not. Around the corner in Madison Avenue, a block and a half away, there is an undertaker's establishment kept by a man named Grover."

"If you two officers will promise to wait there, inside of that shop, with patience, from half past one until I call you on the telephone, you will catch red-handed whoever the burglars may be—and it is possible, just possible, that there will be other developments. Now what do you both say?"

"Don't you think that you run an unnecessary risk?" Bunting began.

"Not at all. The telephone is so located that I won't be heard using it."

"Mr. Moreaux is right. His way is the best way, Bunting. It is your job, and we will do as you say, Mr. Moreaux," Muchmore said decisively.

"Good. Then it is settled that you will both be at the undertaker's at half past one tomorrow night, and will remain there, inside, until I call you on the telephone?"

"Yes."

"And also that in the meantime not another person than ourselves—not even your own chief—shall be told anything at all about it? I must insist upon that, too."

"Certainly," Muchmore replied. "We would much rather work this out ourselves than to have half a dozen unnecessary men detailed to assist."

"Remember, I do not know the exact time. It may be an hour, or even more, before I call you on the phone," Moreaux cautioned.

"We will wait at the undertaker's till you do call, if it takes until daylight," Muchmore replied; and Bunting nodded his acquiescence to that statement.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Delicate Hand of Crewe.

The following night was a busy one for Crewe; also for officers Baxter and Marline; likewise for some others in whom we are more or less interested.

The "business" part of it, so far as we are concerned, began a few minutes before twelve, when the front door at Crewe's opened just a little and the sinister visage of Sindahr, the miracle worker, appeared in the aperture, his black eyes scanning the face of every person in the place. Then he glided swiftly to the bar behind which Crewe was standing.

"I don't want those two cops to come in and find me here," he said rapidly and uneasily.

"Go into the back room and wait there," Crewe replied. "I will bring your cordial to you presently."

"I brought those stickpins and things to you last night. You weren't here. I gave them to Christy. Did he tell you?"

"Yes."

Sindahr glided into the back room and closed the door after him.

(Continued Next Week)



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**SOMETHING-TO-DO**

BOSTON, MASS.

**NEGRESS TRIES TO SWALLOW DIAMOND.**

Detectives Force Woman to Surrender Valuable Unset Gem.

Shreveport, La.—A \$250 unset diamond proved to be a Jonah in the mouth of Katie Beattie Brown, negress, domestic and self-styled widow on a recent afternoon when Detective Reidheimer detected the woman as she started to swallow the gem. Calling for Detective Williams, who was in the station at the time, Mr. Reidheimer seized the negress and grabbing her below the Adam's apple before the jewel could reach the epiglottis, the officer, by a fine series of osteopathic maneuverings with his fingers, slowly forced the woman to disgorge the diamond. Messrs. Williams and Reidheimer were slightly huffed in their successful efforts to rescue the gem.

Col. S. W. Neville of 909 Texas avenue, notified Chief Gray that he had lost a valuable diamond pin. Detective Reidheimer was assigned to the case and a short investigation convinced him that the gem was in possession of Katie Brown, a negress, who had been employed as a domestic by the Nevilles. The detective, learning that the negress was about to leave the city, was watching the railroad stations and was rewarded by the sight of the Brown woman and her mother as the former was checking her trunk to Marshall, Tex. He placed the woman under arrest and took her to the station, keeping a close watch on her movements.

Just as Kate was told to empty the contents of her hand satchel for inspection she made a quick move to her mouth. The detective was the quicker, however, and after a brief struggle, the gem came up.

**BOLTS CLASS LINE TO OBTAIN HIS DEGREE.**

New York.—J. Donald Duncan, one of the Columbia seniors, who was graduated recently, actually swam for a degree of bachelor of arts, and he swam as he never did before and probably never will again.

It was 9:30 a. m. when Duncan discovered he could not have his degree, because he had failed to pass the swimming examinations. With a yell of dismay he broke from the already-formed line, casting off garments as he ran for the gymnasium pool. By the time he reached it he was in a proper state of unfitness to make the plunge. He hesitated for just a moment, for he never liked the water. Then the thought of his degree came to his rescue and he tumbled in.

He swam until exhausted, and yet not enough. The music from the class room came floating to his ears. He put forth renewed efforts. At last the goal was reached.

The professor attached his signature to Duncan's papers, and the ink was as wet as the young man's hair as he again hurried panting into the line. He had been gone just eleven minutes, but it was sufficient to obtain his degree.

**RECORD-LENGTH BEARD.**

Old Chap. That Thinks His Chin Crop is Longest in the World—Trails the Ground.

York, Pa.—Joel Hunter of Buffalo Valley, near here, claims to possess the longest beard of any living man. Hunter's beard, from its source to its end, measures 3 feet 10 inches and trails on the ground when he walks.

"Old Man" Hunter, as he is usually called by the people of Buffalo Valley, is a hermit and a very eccentric character. He lives in a small hut a few miles from any neighbor and is seldom seen by anybody. When asked how he sleeps at night with his long beard he replied: "Oh, I jest tuck it under the covers, long with its own."

**BIRD IS KILLED BY GOLF BALL.**

Only One Similar Incident Reported by Players of Game.

Topeka, Kan.—While "teeing off" at golf S. C. Pettit brought down a sparrow with the flying ball. The bird was dead when it reached the ground. It is said by golfers that such an incident has occurred only once before. A professional golfer on a large course in New England once killed a bird with golf ball.

**Stole Feather Bed.**

Topeka, Kan.—Cold, and wearing wet clothing, Will Harkins, walked into a restaurant on East Fourth street. Harry Crumbine, the waiter, hailed him as friend and asked him to spend the night at his place on Monroe street. Harkins accepted the invitation and spent the night on a downy feather bed.

Crumbine had to be at work early the next morning, but he did not disturb the stranger who slept with him. About noon Harkins came to the restaurant and feelingly thanked Crumbine. All afternoon Crumbine felt the glow of having done a good turn for his fellow-man, and that night he went to his room happy.

The bed didn't look as high as usual. He punched it and his hand struck the hard springs. The feather tick was gone. He called the landlady. She was bewildered and scolded about the loss. After spending the night on it, Harkins had carried the feather tick away with him. He sold the feather to a mattress maker. The police arrested Harkins, and he was fined \$20 by Judge R. M. Yates for petit larceny.

**Notes and Comment**

Of Interest to Women Readers

**A HAPPY MIND.**

There is no greater everyday virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog and cloud and vapor hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier-traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in the presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider the sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. Ill comes to us providentially as good—and is a good, if we rightly apply its lessons. Why not, then, cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and of Christianity. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness—by perverse sadness and gullibility? If we are ill, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of better fortune; if death robs us of the dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that they are only gone before to the blissful bowers where we shall all meet, to part no more forever. Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your consoler in solitude, your passport and commendator in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your steady cheerfulness. The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

**Exercise for Muscle and Brain.**

Muscle and brain should both be subjected to proper development. If a person uses or trains one of these and neglects the other, as is often the case with gymnasts, especially those who train themselves for physical feats, we have a more or less one-sided man, whose value in the game of life is greatly diminished.

It is by exercise that any part is nourished. To produce a well-developed brain that will think clearly and see things as they are, this organ must receive exercise in a great variety of subjects, and it is not enough to train it in mathematics. In history, in geography, it must have a general training in a far wider field. But the work done by the brain should not be exhaustive, so as to weaken the organ, or recuperation will be slow, and in this lowered state mental disease may gain a hold, which would not otherwise be the case. An over-worked brain can never see things correctly, or think vigorously, nor can an underworked one.

So with the muscular system. Exercise in actual work, or in youth in natural sport, or both, produces the most natural growth. Gymnastic training in the school life is also useful, but all excessive training produces evil results.

Other things being equal, the best bodies are those in which both muscle and brain have had their due share of exercise in early life, so that a harmony has been established between them that will not easily be destroyed by the many vicissitudes of an active life, especially if that life be guided by a wise regard for the laws controlling health, for they preserve it from most of the evil influences of life's environment.

**Sleep for Looks.**

Sleep is one of the best known preservatives of youth and every woman should get as much of it as possible. A short nap after meals is an excellent thing. Take it, if you have time to lie down only fifteen minutes. On getting up you will feel composed and in readiness for any tasks that may await you.

Many women think they cannot afford to rest for a few moments, yet in the end this rest pays.

Regular hours are the best of helps to keeping one's youth and good looks. Make it your business to get to bed at a reasonable hour every night and try to keep this hour the same.

Early rising will enable you to make up for the hours given to sleep at night.

If you are troubled by sleeplessness undress leisurely, brush the hair, massage the scalp a little and bathe the face and eyes with warm water.

Then stand before an open window in a heavy dressing gown and take a few deep breaths.

Lastly drink a cup of hot milk and then get into bed, stretch the body out relax, and think only of something pleasant. Sleep should not be long in coming.

**When Ironing circular centerpieces or tablecloths—see that the iron moves with the straight grain of the cloth, for it is in this way only that the edges will be perfectly flat.**

**TEMPERANCE NOTES**

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

**PRIVATE SCHOOLS.**

One of the pro-saloon arguments in high license states is that the liquor traffic helps maintain the public schools. A Nebraska newspaper fittingly replies thus: "Yes, that is true, but it does more than that. It maintains a school system of its own. While the little boys are being gathered into the public schools where they are trained to read, to write and to think, the young men are being gathered into the private schools of the liquor traffic, the saloons, where they are trained to swear, to tell lewd stories and to drink."

"The public school takes the boy, builds up his intellect and trends him towards high character and good habits. The private school of the liquor traffic, the saloon, takes that boy when he is a little older, debauches his intellect and trends him toward low character and bad habits."

**A NATION'S RIGHT.**

Professor Guglielmo, the noted Italian historian, predicts a "world-wide temperance movement as an outcome of the great world-war." He says that hereafter no nation can afford to consider the prosperity of distillers and brewers above the welfare of the people. "Has not the state," he inquires, "the right and the duty to ask each citizen to sacrifice his goods and his life to save his nation from a foreign aggression against its glory, power, liberty or riches? And has it not the right to demand the renunciation of a few minutes of unhealthful, torpid joy to regenerate the citizen's health and save himself and future generations all the misfortunes of which drunkenness is the mother?"

**ABOUT ALCOHOL.**

This from the Technical World:

"Emperors, business men, social reformers, are all agreed upon one thing: Alcoholic drinks work positive harm. A single glass of beer lessens a man's efficiency 7 per cent. Imagine then what larger quantities of wine, gin or whisky will do. The up-to-date employer will not keep men who drink even in moderation. The secretary of the navy will not allow them on our warships. Every commander in the field today in Europe is leading a sober army. Everywhere the brains of the world recognize that alcoholic liquors weaken both muscle and mind power."

**MADNESS AND SANITY.**

"In years to come, when we read the history of this decade," says the Kansas City Star, "the red streak caused by the upheaval in Europe may be no broader than the white one which will represent the world's severing of polite relations with John Barleycorn. If the military madness of Europe does result in the liquor sanity of the world, the war may be hailed as the greatest blessing to mankind since the advent of Christianity."

**A BAD MIXTURE.**

"I know from experience that whiskey and ammunition mixed make trouble," said ex-Governor Oswald West of Oregon in explanation of his action in closing the Copperfield saloons more than a year ago. "I learned that a large number of persons in Copperfield were going armed. I did not want to take any chances of anybody getting killed, so I put the town under martial law and confiscated the whisky."

**ALCOHOL AND ACCIDENTS.**

From 7 to 43 per cent of accidents are due directly or indirectly to drink, according to estimates of medical directors of three United States life insurance companies. Railroad accidents, 7 per cent; street cars, 8 per cent; automobile, 10 per cent; vehicles and horses, 8 per cent; heat and sunstroke, 43 per cent; machinery, 7 per cent; mines and quarries, 8 per cent; drowning, 13 per cent; gunshot, 10 per cent.

**ESSENTIAL FOR SAFE CONDUCT.**

The Boston Elevated Railway company, which was the recipient of a gold medal this year from the American Museum of Safety for the excellency of the methods used by it in promoting the safety and health of all employees, requires that "all men engaged in the car and train service must be free from the liquor habit as absolutely essential for the safe conduct of the business."

**DEPRESSES INTELLECT.**

One-half of one bottle of wine or two to four glasses of beer a day depresses every form of intellectual activity.—Prof. J. J. Abel, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

**GOING TO CLOSE THEM.**

Dr. William G. Shaw, general secretary of the United Society for Christian Endeavor, had just finished an appeal for missions at one of the meetings of the great convention in Chicago, when a white-faced woman in the audience arose and, pointing a shaking finger at the chairman, cried: "Close the saloons and I'll have some money to give."

"Amen!" shouted Doctor Shaw. "We'll close the saloons; we're going to close the doors of every grogshop in Christendom."

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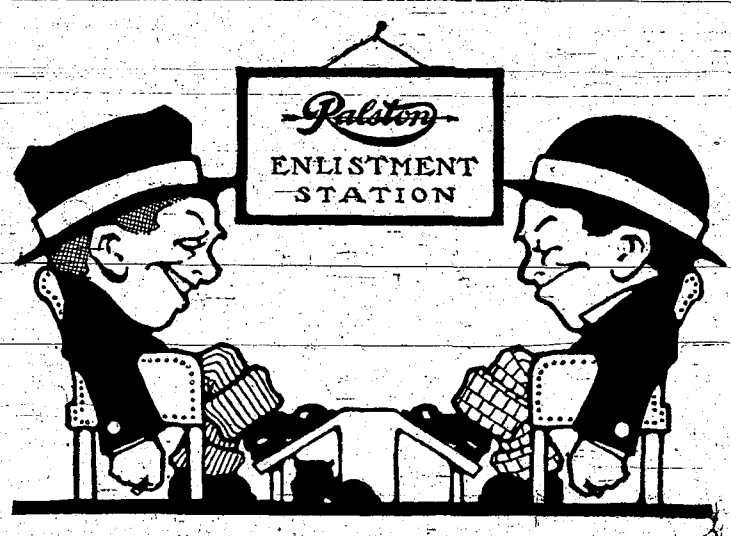
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