

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 19

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1916.

No. 44

Supervisors Close October Session

Several Matters of Importance Looked After.

After a full two weeks' session the board of supervisors adjourned without day Saturday afternoon.

In about the only warm issue before the board—the Ironton section of the Charlevoix and East Jordan highway—the board, to which the question of location was unnecessarily referred, refused to recede from its decision in favor of Mat Allen hill. Appropriation was made subject to that decision. The matter is now up to the road commissioners, which body favored the lower route. It is now the upper line or no money.

The committee on settlement with road commissioners reported accounts correct. Same report from committee on county treasurer.

The report of the road commissioners showed that on road building for 1913 and 1914 \$50,983.25 had been expended, as follows: East Jordan and Boyne Falls, three miles, \$13,561.05; Charlevoix and East Jordan, three and one-quarter miles, \$8,374.23; Boyne City and Charlevoix, two miles, \$12,000.37; Emmet and Grand Traverse State road, two miles, \$8,948.97. Salaries of three commissioners 1913 and 1914, \$5,257.88. Machinery bought for above years, from general fund, \$4,651.93; bought by commissioners from appropriations, \$889.06.

Board voted \$600 for agricultural society. No appropriation for development bureau.

Equalization committee reported total valuation, real and personal, of county, as \$11,759,619.

The report of the poor commissioners showed that the year's expenditures for the poor of the several townships, including maintenance of county farm was \$14,250.36. Allen T. Greenman was elected school examiner, and Herman Goodman was elected poor superintendent in place of E. A. Cross, who declined re-election.

An appropriation of \$200 was made for the maintenance of the East Jordan bridge.

Ordered that \$20,000 be borrowed in equal amounts between the five banks in the county, at seven percent interest.

Voted to sell county lots on the State street hill. Clerk instructed to advertise.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

County Normal Notes.

Commissioner May L. Stewart made a short call at the normal room, Tuesday morning.

Miss Sophia Berg, a graduate of the class of 1914, visited the normal room last Thursday.

Misses Florence Maddaugh and Ruth Chellis accompanied the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to Mancelona, Wednesday morning, returning on Friday. The young ladies in question went as representatives of our county normal. They attended the meetings of the convention and also visited the Antrim County Normal, which is located in that city.

Last Tuesday, the class attended the session of the Board of Supervisors. This session was particularly interesting, the discussion of the Board being with regard to the plating of the state road, between East Jordan and Charlevoix.

Miss Ella Smith, state supervisor of county normal schools, visited the normal room on Wednesday. She gave the class many good suggestions on the method of teaching children penmanship.

The normal class attended the plowing match, Thursday, which was held at Marion Center. The students took part in some of the field sports and learned many useful things. They also visited the dairy farms of Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Withers and were very much impressed by the sanitary equipment of each. A dinner was served in the hall at noon and was enjoyed by everyone. The Marion Center school was also visited, the class being very interested in the agricultural exhibit which Miss Berg and the children had obtained.

Our idea of a clever man is one who never attempts to do things he knows he can't.

Some men resemble pyramids—broad at the foundation, but rather narrow at the top.

COMPANY "I" ELECT FOR CIVIL BUSINESS

At the regular meeting of company I Tuesday, Oct. 19th, the following officers were elected to transact the civil business of the company. On account of the growth of the company the military officers feel no longer able to attend to the civil business in connection with their military work.

Private Floyd G. Smith, Co. Clerk; Private Kirkpatrick, Treasurer; Private Dr. Beuker, Corporal Griffin, Private Eugene Miles, and Sergt. H. McKinnon as members of advisory board. The fifth member to be elected by the four present members.

The necessity for these additional officers indicate a prosperity with Company I of which every citizen should feel proud, since we are by far the smallest city in the state maintaining a company, and it is quite evident that the local company is by no means the least efficient in the state.

School Commissioner's Notes.

Two-thirds of the schools visited to date.

A classified list of qualified teachers will be out soon.

The new directories for teachers and officers were mailed the twenty-first. For extra copies of the same, apply to the commissioner.

Reading circle classes will soon be organized for winter study of live questions on pedagogy. There will be four of these classes with headquarters as follows: In Boyne Falls, under the leadership of Supt. Fox; in Charlevoix beginning Saturday, Nov. 20th in charge of Miss Himes, in Boyne City and East Jordan. Every teacher should belong to one of these circles.

The school officers' meeting will be later than usual this year. The state department writes that it can arrange for these in November and December. Watch this column for further particulars.

The state librarian writes that we can have but three of the old travelling libraries to have and to hold forever. Five have been ordered. We are sorry to disappoint the last two.

Several schools are getting the improvement germ. The Tainter school is plastering, Heart Lake is painting. Three Bells is remodeling in general. Norwood has introduced the recommended text in arithmetic and plans on putting in all uniform texts the coming year.

Marion center is studying on the "how" of a new standard plate. Her customary energy will make short work of this problem.

Three schools are now ready for a state inspector to tell them what else they need to do to have their buildings endorsed by the Lansing authorities. Will your school be in line?

The county commissioner will be in Saginaw this week attending the commissioners' section of the state teachers' association, on her return she will be ready to finish her fall round of visits with new vigor.

Let the commissioner know your plans, watch for your school in these columns.

FREE UNTIL 1916.

Have you subscribed yet for The Youth's Companion for 1916? Now is the time to do it, if you are not already a subscriber, for you will get all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1915 free from the time your subscription with \$2.00 is received.

The fifty-two issues of 1916 will be crowded with good reading for young and old. Reading that is entertaining, but not "wishy-washy." Reading that leaves you, when you lay the paper down, better informed, with keener aspirations, with a broader outlook on life. The Companion is a good paper to tie to if you have a growing family—and for general reading, as Justice Brewer once said, no other is necessary.

If you wish to know more of the brilliant list of contributors, from ex-presidents down, who will write for the new volume in 1916, and if you wish to know something of the new stories for 1916, let us send you free the Forecast for 1916.

Every new subscriber who sends \$2.00 for 1916 will receive, in addition to this year's free issues, The Companion Home Calendar for 1916.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

First Annual Plowing Match

South Arm Grange To Hold Same Next Wednesday.

The first annual plowing match to be given under the auspices of South Arm Grange No. 815, will be held at the farm of Ira Bradshaw, one and one-half miles west of this city on Wednesday, Nov. 3rd, commencing at 8:30 a. m. The Sisters Circle of the Grange will serve dinner and supper at the Grange hall, and a dance will be given in the evening. Everyone is invited to come and make this affair a success.

RULES FOR PLOWING:

Class No. 1.—Sod.—Furrows to show 6-in. face and 6-in. back as nearly as possible.

Class No. 2.—General Purpose. Plow 6 inches deep and may choose width from 11 inches to 13 inches, as may be best adapted to style of plow used.

Class No. 3.—Jointer Class. Plow may turn from 11 to 13 inches, 6 inches deep.

Boy Class—General Purpose. Plow may turn 11 to 13 inches, 6 inches deep. Scoring to be done by good competent judges: All boys under 18 to plow in Boys Class. All plowmen to be on the grounds at 8:00 a. m. No plowman will be allowed to have a driver. No plowman can plow in more than one class.

Prizes

Class No. 1.—Sod.

First Prize: Peoples State Bank, cash, \$5.00
W. E. Palmist, watch chain, 2.00
G. A. Bell, merchandise, 1.00

Second Prize: D. E. Goodman, merchandise, \$3.00
Chas. A. Brabant, merchandise, 2.00

Third Prize: R. C. Supernaw, 1/2 ton of coal, \$2.50

Class No. 2.—General Purpose.

First Prize: East Jordan Lumber Co., trade, \$5.00
W. P. Murray, whip, 1.00
M. E. Ashley & Co., merchandise, 2.00

Second Prize: C. H. Whittington, rocking chair, \$1.50
Hite Drug Co., merchandise, 1.00
W. T. Boswell, photographs, 2.50

Third Prize: Empey Bros., chair, \$1.00
George Carr, merchandise, 1.50

Class No. 3.—Jointer Class.

First Prize: Stroebel Bros., horse blankets, \$5.25
Enterprise Pub. Co., 1yr sub'n, 1.00
C. C. Mack, alarm clock.

Second Prize: Argo Milling Co., 1/2 bl. Iron
Duke Flour or trade to amt of \$3.75
E. Kirkpatrick, photographs, 1.50

Third Prize: J. Gidley, 11-lb Hes's Stock Food, \$1.00
Roscoe Mackey, stable blanket.

Class No. 4.—Boys Class.

First Prize: State Bank of East Jordan, cash \$5.00
A. Ward, shirt, 1.00
George Spencer, flashlight, 1.00
Charlevoix Co. Herald, 1 yr subscription, 1.00

Second Prize: Chas. A. Hudson, pair of shoes, \$3.00
A. Danto, sweater, 2.00

Third Prize: Malpass Hdw. Co., 22-cal. rifle, \$2.75
H. Rosenthal, shirt, 1.00

Fourth Prize: L. Weisman, Hat, \$1.00

A man doesn't have to be a detective in order to find trouble.

An old bachelor says that love is not only blind, but dumb.

Laugh at a fool and he imagines you are laughing with him.

Some people are witty and some others are not even half-witted.

The less brains a man has the easier it is for him to lose his head.

A knocker always has a large audience because he gives a free show.

All women would strive for religion if it was good for the complexion.

The more worthless a man the easier it is for some woman to marry him.

When money talks even a garrulous woman will close her mouth and listen.

When Adam got off a good thing, no one ever said: "I always liked that joke."

The imprudent man reflects on what he has said and the prudent man on what he is going to say.

And some married men believe that they should be allowed to spend part of the money they earn.

Watering places were popular resorts for females in biblical times: Rebekah got her husband at one.

CLEANLINESS NECESSARY FOR PUBLIC HEALTH

Mastery Over Premature Death Lies in Our Hands.

Great things have small beginnings. A spectacle maker, Jan Leippersheim by name, living in Holland, invented a crude magnifying glass in 1608. Anton von Leuwenhoek, born in Delft, this day 1632, improved this clumsy toy and evolved a compound microscope which has become the most valuable sanitary tool yet devised by man. That first microscope was far removed from the high powered instrument of today as is the modern American from the original caveman. Yet by this faulty means, Leuwenhoek, naturalist, physician and botanist, discovered certain minute bodies which he called "little animals." He made drawings of these and today we know them for those useful friends and malignant enemies of man, bacteria.

We spend our days surrounded by another world, a living world of countless billions, invisible to the naked eye, silent, tireless, destroying the living, consuming the dead, useful in the sciences and arts, yet often followed by a train of sickness, suffering and death. A curious paradox this, yet bacteria are at once the greatest friends and the fiercest foes of every living thing. Not animals, as Leuwenhoek thought, but vegetables, bacteria consist of two classes, those which prey on living things and those which reduce to their original minerals, fluids and gases, every dead thing which they attack.

They are of various shapes, round like marbles or straight like little sticks. They grow in clusters, chains, and in pairs. They are ubiquitous. The dusty air, the earth and its waters, the interior of animals and plants all contain them. They cause the fermentation of foods, they make cheese, they produce disease and some of them when killed and injected into an animal protect it against the very disease which they would have produced if living. Many of them live as harmless creatures in the body of an animal for years, only to kill their host when the opportunity presents. Their study has given birth to a science, bacteriology, one of the foundation stones of public health.

Their mere presence does not necessarily produce disease. Recalling the parable of the sower, some bacteria fall by the wayside, some fall upon stony places, and some fall in good ground and bring forth the fruit of suffering, perhaps of death. A normal temperate life, free alike from the gluttony of idleness or overwork, the sound mind in the sound body, a cheerful, sunny environment, these form the stony places in which bacteria take no root. The depraved appetites of mind and body, the dark and sordid atmosphere of penury, the nerve racking and strength undermining trades, these prepare the good ground.

The great weapon against bacteria is cleanliness. The mastery over premature death lies in a great measure in our own hands. Clean persons, clean cities, clean workshops and clean lives are the makers of public health. The United States Public Health Service and other sanitary bodies of this country are gradually bringing these facts home to the general public. In this way cleanliness is becoming more general and the span of life in America is gradually being lengthened. All of which is largely due to the microscope.

Policemen, like the hairs of a man's head, are numbered.

Anyway, when a man accuses his wife of having married him for his money he pays tribute to her good sense.

Beware of the friendly chap who pats you on the back. The chances are that he is trying to jingle the coins in your pocket.

It may be better to lead the procession than to follow it—unless the leader happens to be riding in a black wagon with glass windows.

Many a woman who doesn't object to cigar smoke before marriage draws the line at a pipe before the honeymoon has begun to slump the slumps.

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.

BEARS THICK AS SQUIRRELS

GRAND OLD MAN OF THE WOODS TELLS OF THE TIME IN MAINE.

PELTS SOLD AT DOLLAR APIECE

Veteran Hunter, Now 98, Chats of Early Days and Doughnuts Fried in Bear's Grease.

Bangor, Maine.—Uncle Greenleaf Davis, the hermit of Shin Pond, bear hunter, nature lover and philosopher, is the "grand old man of the woods." On the death of his father fifty years or more ago he inherited a log house, a primitive sawmill driven by water power, and a township of timberland containing about 23,000 acres of spruce and pine. But of all this he has little or nothing left save a camp on the shores of Shin Pond and a few acres surrounding it; for he never was a business man, his tastes running rather to poetry and the study of nature.

For many years he has spent most of his time at Shin Pond, which is near the town of Patten, in the northern tip of Penobscot county, where he kept bachelor hall and followed his natural bent of seeking companionship with birds and animals and fishes rather than with men. In mid-winter it has been his habit to seek greater comfort in the village of Patten, but by far the greater part of the last sixty years has been spent apart from mankind.

Henry D. Thoreau, the famous American naturalist, visited Mount Katahdin in 1843, and Davis, then only twenty-six, accompanied him on several weeks' tour of the forests of that region, assisting him in gathering material for his book "The Maine Woods." Besides being a hunter and fisherman, Davis is something of a naturalist. It was he who made the discovery that the beautiful markings of birdseye maple are caused by woodpeckers seeking the sweet sap of the tree, the dents of their sharp bills leaving scars that in time assume a reddish hue.

The old man's memory goes back to the days when game, instead of being scarce, was rather too plentiful, and when the Tarratines, original proprietors of this part of Maine, had not taken to wearing "store clothes" and living in frame houses, but were real Indians without an idea in the world outside of hunting and eating, and a little fighting between times.

"When I was young," he says, (he has killed more than 250 bears in his time), "fat bears were almost as thick among the old growth beeches along the slopes of Mount Katahdin as red squirrels are today. In the fall, after the early frosts had loosened the beechnuts, I could go out with an old smoothbore gun and shoot two or three most any day. Every fall father used to call us boys and get up a bear hunt to get meat to roast through the winter. Sometimes the hunt lasted a week, sometimes longer, but we never quit till we had put by the carcasses of eight or ten fat bears.

"In the days when 'Tippecanoe' ran for president there was no railroad within 100 miles of where we lived, and if any one had told us about Chicago dressed beef coming through to Maine in refrigerator cars, we would have looked him up as crazy. The hindquarters of a fat bear that had fed on beechnuts, when hung on a spit, roasted before a hardwood fire and basted in its own fat until it was shiny brown, made eating good enough for the minister or the first selectman.

The kidney fat of bears, which was oily and soft, like lard, was used for frying doughnuts and for bread shortening, while the harder belly fat was run into candles. I have eaten thousands of brown doughnuts that were fried in bears' grease. That same grease today I could sell to druggists for \$4 a quart.

"As for the skins of the bears, we rubbed them on the fleshy side with powdered alum and salt and used them for rugs, bed coverings and sleigh robes. Nobody placed any great value on the pelt of a bear in those days. It was the meat we were after, and as the skin had to come off before we could get at the meat, we considered it merely a by-product. Sixty or seventy years ago one could buy all the bear pelts he wanted for a dollar apiece. Now they are \$15 to \$25, and many of them poor at that.

"See this wife?" pointing to a long

white mark across his cheek. "A mother bear gave me that when I caught one of her cubs. She caught me 'with the goods' as they say now. A mother bear can lick anything in creation when defending her young."

MOUSE SCARES GIRL TO DEATH.

She Falls Unconscious at Sight of Tiny Intruder.

Kenosha, Wis.—Miss Edna Engle, the 17-year-old daughter of Caspar Engel, was scared to death by a mouse. The mouse ran out from under a piece of furniture as she entered her room. The girl fell unconscious and died without regaining consciousness.



"That anti-race-suicide advocate is healthy looking, isn't he?"
"Yes, he's a fresh hair fend."

LUBRICANT NEEDED.



Uncle Ezra—What is that noise?
Jamie—Oh, that is sister cultivating her voice.
Uncle Ezra—Tell her to oil the wheels of the cultivator; it makes a horrible noise.

... MERITORIOUS NOSTRUM.



"Yes, madam, this remedy is sold under a positive guarantee—if it proves fatal return it and get your money back!"

PROFESSIONAL.



"That woman with the imitation diamonds is the wife of a bill post."

"Oh, I see, post."

Temperance

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

CRIME INVESTIGATION.

Mr. Fletcher Dobyns of Chicago says in a published statement that his investigations as attorney for the city council crime commission have influenced him to go out and fight the saloon as the greatest source of crime in Chicago. He asserts that almost all crimes are committed by abnormal persons, and that in tracing the source of these abnormalities he has found it to be, in a large majority of cases, the liquor evil.

"Before I started my investigations in regard to crime," says Mr. Dobyns, "I was not a total abstainer or an advocate of closing the saloons. But now I believe that alcoholic drinks do more than anything else toward creating the abnormal person. We must face the liquor problem. I say it not as a prohibitionist, but as a student of crime."

PRACTICAL SALOON SUBSTITUTE.

The Illinois Steel company started a campaign against drinking among their employees in their South Chicago mills a short time ago. The saloonkeepers, by the way of retaliation, established elaborate free lunches and advertised the fact. They posted signs which told of the bad effects cold lunches have on digestive organs. Over the doorways of saloons pictures of large steaming bowls of soup were painted. One sign read: "Don't come in to drink; come in to eat."

The steel company came back with the establishment of a restaurant in the plant with the following menu:

Bowl of Soup 2c
Roast Beef and Potatoes 5c
Ham Sandwich 2c
Beans 2c
Tomato 1c
Pie 1c
Coffee 2c
Ice Cream 2c

ALBERTA DRY.

Alberta, Canada, is the first dominion province to abolish the saloon by direct vote of the people. It voted dry July 21 by 20,000 majority, the law to go into effect July 1, 1916. This great newly white territory comprises 260,000 square miles, an area larger than the combined states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

A factor of great influence in the victory was the indorsement of the prohibition measure by the medical men of Calgary who thus placed themselves in the front rank of efficient and up-to-date physicians who are everywhere declaring the evil effects of alcoholic beverages.

HAD SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

The artist was painting sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots. The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching.

"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulfurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I signed the pledge."

WILL STAY IN JAIL.

With tears in his eyes Charles Boyer, sixty-three years old and a prisoner in the Multnomah county jail, Oregon, pleaded with county officials that he might be kept in the jail until the state goes dry on January 1, 1916. "Every time I get near booze," explained Mr. Boyer, "I get drunk. Every time I get drunk I hire a rig and go for a ride. Every time I go for a ride I forget to bring the horse back to the stable." "We will keep you in jail until January 10," the judge assured the prisoner when he heard the plea. "The state ought to be good and dry by that time."

GOVERNMENT FIGURES.

According to statistics made public by the treasury department, internal revenue collections on spirits are decreasing about \$1,250,000 a month, and this despite the emergency "war tax" levied on wines by the last congress.

That there has been marked decrease in the amount of distilled spirits consumed in the United States the past year is shown by the following figures: From July 1, 1913, to May 1, 1914, the taxes were \$135,518,495. From July, 1914, to May 1, 1915, they were \$121,804,705—a decrease during the ten months of \$13,713,790.

CONDITIONS IN VERMONT.

When Vermont first went back to license, in 1903, 90 cities and towns voted that way. This year there were but 17, and two of these (Burlington and Rutland), the only ones of any importance which remained wet, stayed so by but from 25 down to 13 majority. Its return to prohibition by popular vote on March 7, 1916, seems assured.

ABOUT BEER.

Beer is more prolific in producing certain organic diseases of the liver and kidneys perhaps than any other form of alcohol. The end of the beer drinker is often a "hob-nailed" cirrhosis of the liver or Bright's disease. Its food value is hardly worth mentioning.—William Edgar Darnall, M. D., F. A. C. S., Atlantic City, N. J.

TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

About a million railroad men in this country have to be total abstainers from all intoxicating liquors.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

For the Housewife.

Breadboards and other wooden utensils may be kept white and stainless by scrubbing with soap and lukewarm water, to which may be added a little common soda or household ammonia.

To clean white ostrich feathers make a solution of four ounces of white soap (cut small) and four quarts of rather hot water. Beat this into a lather with a paddle or clean large spoon. Dip the feather in this and rub it gently but well for five or six minutes. Then wash in clear water as hot as the hands can bear, and shake until dry.

A clever idea for storing away hats, furs, blouses, etc., was evolved by a woman who lived in a tiny apartment. She had a wide shelf erected across one end of her bedroom, about a foot and a half below the ceiling. Then she bought six or seven hat boxes and covered them with wall paper in a rose design that harmonized with the rose color of her room. These formed a kind of frieze across one wall, and without detracting from the general appearance made a little store-room easily accessible. On the outside of her cupboard door was kept a hat showing just what was in box No. 1, box No. 2, etc.

Wanted Shine, Shoes Stolen.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Thomas Loughlin, Lehigh avenue near Memphis street, fell asleep in a bootblack's chair at Frankford avenue and Huntington street while waiting for a shine. He awoke a few minutes later in his stocking feet and saw a man hurrying down Frankford avenue with a pair of shoes under his arm.

He ran after the man in his stocking feet until he saw Policeman Wiedenberg of the Trenton and Dauphin streets station, who arrested the man. The prisoner gave his name as Richard Matlack of Coral street, above Susquehanna avenue.

The average man is proud of his ability as a letter writer—until a few of them show up in a breach of promise suit.

Once a coward, always a liar!
It takes a big eater to beat a board bill.

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.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold DENTIST

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

Dr. C. H. Pray Dentist

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

Frank Phillips

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

MOTHER TELLS HOW VINOL

Made Her Delicate Boy Strong
New York City.—"My little boy was in a very weak, delicate condition as a result of gastritis and the measles and there seemed no hope of saving his life. The doctor prescribed cod liver oil but he could not take it. I decided to try Vinol—and with splendid results. It seemed to agree with him so that now he is a strong healthy boy."—Mrs. THOMAS FITZGERALD, 1090 Park Ave., N. Y. City.
We guarantee Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, for run-down conditions, chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis.
W. C. Spring Drug Co., East Jordan

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. L. O. ROTENBACH.

Text: A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. Love never faileth.—John 13:34, and I. Corinthians 13:8.

There is contrast between the love of John and the callous unresponsiveness of Judas toward the Master.

What elements can we discover in this love which is pre-eminently the love of Jesus? Are they not these, namely—vision, faith, sacrifice? As to vision. Just recall the age or rather Jesus' point of contact with the age. Through Nazareth ran one of the great caravan routes connecting the great sea on the west with Damascus in the east, and this was crossed at points by the coast route to Egypt, so that Nazareth's streets were familiar with Syrian and Tyrian, Roman and Greek, as well as Jew. As a caravan centre much that was coarse, unclean and degraded, the detritus of humanity, was in evidence, to say nothing of the vices of the Roman times that even so-called culture boasted. No wonder the exclamation, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Thirty years of that unique life were spent here. There is also His contact with His own people, the Jews; well did He know their inconsistency of character, so startlingly revealed when one day they cried, "Hosannah, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," and the next with equal vehemence, "Away with Him; crucify Him!" And then there is the irreligious attitude and activity of the great leaders of religion, Pharisee, Sadducee and scribe, whose envy and hatred hounded Him to death, to say nothing of the weak, halting and vacillating character of those called to be His disciples.

Such was the Master's world contact—His touch at different points with the spirit and conditions of His age. This was what He saw; but was this all that He saw? For this surely no vision was needed and no man need become a seer.

The love of Jesus is characterized not only by vision, which sees the best in man and his noblest possibilities, but also by faith which unfalteringly believes that there can and shall be realized in the spirit and life of personal experience by man, so that He shall be their living expression. Will you say that His own experience had nothing to do with this faith? Then remember "He was tempted at all points like as we are." He knew what the power of sin was and He also knew that sin could overcome by the faith and the love of God, and He overcame, as we must overcome. How else His attitude toward the woman of sin at His feet in the temple whom the religionists accused, when He said to her, "Neither do I condemn thee." Or how understand His potent, pain-taking efforts to teach and train, to develop and to give character to His very imperfect and oft-times sinning disciples?

And once more He not only saw the vision beautiful, not only believed that it could be realized in living human expression, but He utterly abandoned Himself in sacrifice to its actual realization, "who for the joy set before Him endured the cross, despising its shame."

The vision with its penetrating glance into the depths of life with their wondrous possibilities, which angels might envy; the faith that believed, yes, knew that all this could be actualized in the living experience and expression of spirit and character in man, these and only these made possible the joyous abandonment of Jesus Christ in the self sacrifice of love to their certain realization.

Then take that scene in the upper chamber. Jesus bathes the disciples' feet? Yes, but notice, He bathes the feet of Judas! Judas, yes, more, as He sits down He says, "He that eateth My bread lifted up his heel against Me." It would seem as though a heart of stone would break. Yet there sits Judas unmoved. Did Jesus desert? He speaks again, and He is moving toward a climax in His reaching after the soul of this man. "Verily, verily, I say unto you that one of you shall betray Me." Just imagine the oppressive awesomeness of that moment as the disciples' conscience smitten cry, "Lord, is it I?"

The sop, that mark of love and favor in Oriental custom which implies honor and affection! If anything is calculated to touch to the quick the hidden life of noble manhood that is! But, alas, no sooner does he receive the sop than he goes out straightway, but ere he goes that Master will make one more effort, for Jesus has seen the vision of the capable life in Judas and His is still the faith that believes in its possible realization. Only one thing more can be done; perhaps the sudden shock of realizing that his treason is known will awaken the man, so Jesus says: "What thou doest do quickly." Then out he goes, and it was night.

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

HISTORY SHORT CUTS

Three Times Three Brothers on the French Throne.

When I was at school, my teacher, who was quite a remarkable historian, called by attention to a somewhat curious coincidence in the history of France, which was of much assistance to me afterward in placing various personages and events. Perhaps the boys and girls of the present day have already made this discovery, but lest they have not, I am going to tell them what my teacher told me.

It is simply this: That since France became a kingdom by itself, under Hugh Capet, three brothers have ruled in succession at three different times, and after each of these groups of royal brothers a family with a new name has come upon the throne.

The first time his trio of brothers occurred was in 1314, when, at the death of Philip IV., called "le Bel," his son Louis X., named by the people "Hutin" on account of his quarrelsome disposition, became king. In two years he was followed by his brother Philip V., who reigned but six years, and then came the third brother, Charles IV.

These three were the last of the direct Capetian line, and were succeeded by the first Valois king, their cousin, Philip VI.

The next group of three brothers ended the reign of the Valois family. They were the sons of Henry II., who died in 1559, and their mother was Queen Catharine de Medicis. The first was Francis II., who was king only a year, and who is remembered more because he was the first husband of Mary Queen of

Scots than for any other reason. The second was Charles IX. These two brothers had both been very young, boys of fifteen and ten, when they were made kings. The third, Henry III., had grown up before his turn came, but he was certainly no better than his brothers. He was killed by Jacques Clement, a monk, in 1589, and Henry of Navarre, the first Bourbon king, came to the throne under the title of Henry IV.

The three brothers came again after nearly two hundred years, when in 1774 Louis XV. died, leaving three grandsons. The first of these to rule was the unfortunate Louis XVI. You all know of his queen, Marie Antoinette, and how he and his wife were both beheaded, and their poor little son, the Dauphin, who would have been Louis XVII. had he come to the throne, died of hard treatment in prison, and the two brothers, who were to be kings later, had to keep away in exile. It was a long time, and they were old men before they were crowned, because France went through many changes, first as a republic and then under the Directory, then under Napoleon Bonaparte as first consul, and afterward Emperor. But the Battle of Waterloo was fought and Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, and the two remaining Bourbon brothers, first Louis XVIII. and then Charles X. had their short reigns. And so ended the straight line of Bourbons, for after them came Louis Philippe of the house of Orleans, who no longer called himself King of France, but "King of the French."

So we have the three Capet brothers:

- 1314. Louis X.
- 1316. Philip V.
- 1322. Charles IV.

followed by the house of Valois:

- After a little more than two hundred years come the three Valois brothers:

- 1589. Francis II.
- 1590. Charles IX.
- 1574. Henry III.

followed by the house of Bourbon. Then, after a little less than two hundred years more, come the three Bourbon brothers:

- 1774. Louis XVI.
- 1814. Louis XVIII.
- 1824. Charles X.

followed by the Orleans family, and soon after by another republic and the Second Empire.

Curiously enough there has been one similar instance in English history, when Henry VIII. died, and his son, Edward VI., became king in 1547. He was succeeded by his two sisters and they were the last of the house of Tudor:

- 1547. Edward VI.
- 1558. Mary.
- 1558. Elizabeth.

followed by the house of Stuart. James I., the son of Mary Queen of Scots, was the first Stuart king.

Real art is to make it pay.
Girls, if you are at a loss to know how to take a man, let him stay where he is: Yet a man hardly ever strikes a happy vein in the vicinity of his funny bone.

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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36 inches wide. Unequalled for beauty of finish, variety and charm of designs. A most complete line of Messageries, Poplins, Taffetas, etc. All the latest colors, plain and novelty designs.

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East Jordan Lumber Co.

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Get a small package of Hamburg Brest Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," 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 driving a cold from the system.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Rub Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of old honest St. Jacobs Oil

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 25 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

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.

Yes—Many People have told us the same story—distress after eating, gases, heartburn. A Renall Dyspepsia Tablet before and after each meal will relieve you. Sold only by us—25c.

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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.

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GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

She made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to bring back color, gloss, thickness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, gray or dry, scraggly and thin. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While wispy gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You justampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, lustrous, soft and luxuriant.

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.

A PLEASING COSTUME ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR MATURE FIGURES



1420 MISS

A POPULAR STYLE



1417

1417. Girl's Gumpie with Sleeve in Either Length.

This model is good for lawn, batiste, crepe, crepe de chine, cashmere, voile, challie, linen, repp, poplin or silk. The front has tucks and a box plait at the center. The sleeve in wrist length is made in bishop style, with a band cuff. In short length a turnback cuff forms a smart finish. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 2 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

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

A DAINY NEGLIGEE



1411

1411. Ladies' Dressing or House Sack.

This attractive model is made up in lavender flowered challie, with facings on collar and cuffs. It would be nice in pink or blue figured lawn, dotted dimity, or any of the pretty soft shades in crepe or china silk. It is also nice for lawn or cashmere. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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A MOST ATTRACTIVE FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL



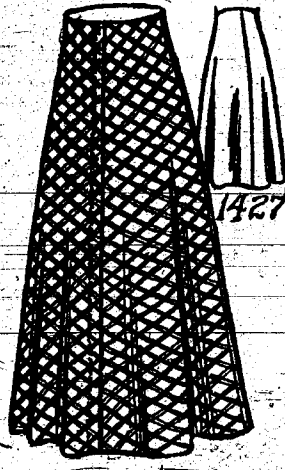
1402

1402. Pique or linen with wash broad trimming would be nice for this model.

el. It is also good for gingham, chambray, percale, galatea, challie, serge, tub silk, taffeta or voile. The fronts are made in surplice style, and with vest portions, that are turned back at the neck, and meet a rolling collar. The sleeve may be loose and flowing in short length, or finished with a cuff at wrist length. The skirt has smart graceful plaits at the seams. It is a five gore model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It will require 3 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 10 year size.

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A NEW AND POPULAR MODEL.



1427

1427. Ladies' Two Piece Circular Skirt (In Raised or Normal Waistline).

Checked brown and white suiting was used in this instance. The style shows new skirt lines, and is most comfortable and attractive. It is good for broad cloth, chevot, serge, voile, poplin, gabardine and crepe, and also desirable for linen and other wash fabrics. The closing is under the tuck lap in front. The skirt may be made in raised or normal waistline. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 48 inch material for a 24 inch size, which measures about 3 yards at the foot.

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

PRACTICAL FASHIONABLE MODEL



1396

1396. Ladies' Four Gore Skirt, in Normal Waistline.

Striped voile in a new shade of gray was used for this model. The style is also good for golfine, ratine, corduroy, linen, or pique, for serge, gabardine, taffeta, faille or poplin. It is nice for gingham or chambray. The plaits may be stitched in tuck effect and pressed to position, or left to flare in soft folds. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 4 5/8 yards of 36 inch material for a 24-inch size, which measures about 3 1/3 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out.

COMFORTABLE SUIT FOR MOTHER'S BOY.



1415

1415. Boy's Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers and with or without Shaped Band.

White linen, with blue linen for trimming is here shown. The blouse has a simple coat closing, and a rolled collar, with low neck opening. The trousers are made with side closing and straight lower edge. The shaped band may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2 yards for the blouse and 1 3/4 yard of 27 inch material for the trousers for a 3 year size.

Making the Home Comfy

Beauty and Habit.

It is impossible to be beautiful without being healthy. Health is the foundation of beauty. If one wants to be really beautiful the beauty must be more than skin deep. The trouble with most people is that they are quite satisfied with a beauty that is superficial enough to deceive the on-looker. Beauty includes vigor and efficiency.

To be really beautiful one must have, not only a beautiful face, but beautiful hands as well; not simply a good complexion for the face, but a good complexion all over. Not infrequently a person's body is covered with pimples. With such blemishes on the face one would feel very badly, but so long as they are out of sight, they are not regarded. However, they mean that the whole body is in a state of uncleanness, and of low resistance because of this uncleanness.

The only way to be really beautiful is to live beautifully, to live rightly. That means to live naturally. For example, if one is aiming to be beautiful, one must eat beautiful things, because our bodies are made of what we eat. If one eats corpses, how can one expect to be beautiful? But if one eats the beautiful fruits and nuts that are hung from the trees, inviting us to reach up and partake—if one eats these and other natural foods that nature has prepared for us, that are all pure and sweet and good and clean, then one may have normal, clean blood, and the result of good, clean blood will be a clear skin and a good complexion. A lady once asked the writer what was good for her complexion, and we told her oatmeal. "Yes," we said, "rub it on, and rub it in—swallow it."—J. H. Kellogg, M. D., in Good Health.

Rule By Fear.

"One of the tragic injustices of which a great multitude of parents are guilty even in this age, is the bending of children to their will through the power of fear. There is a large class of parents who are positively brutal with their little ones. Instead of using reason with a child, instead of being self-controlled and patient (as a gardener of fine plants must be) they plant dread in the plastic mind, and though they may not know it, these nervous shocks in early life account for many a mental wreck in later years." So writes John Nicholas Bessel in The Mother's Magazine. Continuing he declares:

"A child quickly comes to understand reason, if reason is applied. He is keenly receptive to truths, and to right ways of doing things. He deserves to have mysteries explained to him. He is entitled to legitimate reasons when he is told that he must not do certain things. It is unfair to insist that he must not commit some act solely 'because papa tells you not to.' The child should be taught not to be afraid. He should be given a chance to learn what the darkness means, and to learn that there is little to fear in the dark. Ghost stories have worked irreparable harm to children for many generations."

Needlework.

Quaint doll workbags have the ordinary round bottom of pasteboard, to which the bag is sewed in the usual way.

Fastened to one side of the top, so as not to interfere with the drawing string, is the head of a doll dressed in a big bonnet and neckpiece made of the material of the bag.

When finished the bag looks like a maiden of Civil war times; sometimes narrow pinked ruffles are added to the outside of the bag to increase the resemblance. Choose a dark, old-fashioned silk or India print and make the bonnet in poke shape with long pointed lappets around the neck and falling halfway down the bag.

"TIZ" FOR TIRED SORE, ACHING FEET

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet, swollen, bad smelling, sweaty feet. No more pain in corns, callouses or bunions. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use "TIZ." "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; "TIZ" is magical; "TIZ" is grand; "TIZ" will cure your foot troubles so you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen or tired. Get a 25 cent box at any drug or department store, and get relief.

EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts before breakfast if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you.

The American men and women must guard constantly against Kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

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Rely on your own judgment as to pattern, but remember that durability is the most important feature.

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This is a question asked us many times each day. The answer is **Jexall Orderlies**.

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

WHO PAYS?

Blue Blood and Yellow

By EDWIN BLISS

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SEVENTH STORY

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puise wildly, and fought for expression on his feverish lips.

"Ann," softly, intensely.

"Yes, Paul."

"I love you, Ann. Love you, and thought you must know. Tomorrow I leave for the mountains. Tomorrow row! And I want to know now. There will be plenty for us two; we won't need any more. Oh! Ann, will you?"

She was by this time so confused, so torn between her desire to say "yes" and her conviction that she must not, that she welcomed the interruption made by Paul's father.

He had arisen, unable to bear the dignified magnificence of it any longer, and without a word of explanation or an "excuse me," had shuffled over to French window and, opening it, stepped out into the garden.

Paul, distracted for a moment by his father's unmannerly exit, but easily accounting for it, turned to Anita and laughed indulgently. But her struggling soul only needed this show of unmannerliness, this patent lack of culture, this stiff, clumsy uneasiness in his father, to bolster its faltering conviction of class distinction.

She was herself again in a moment, and when he turned to her for an answer, said:

"I'm not sure, Paul—I can't say, now. You must give me time. I'll tell you when."

II.

Alfred Scott, blue-blooded aristocrat, and last surviving member of the noted Josephus Scott family, was born at thirty. His father, Rankin Scott, had died when Alfred was just twenty-one, and had left his only son in care of his large estate. Alfred was no more fitted for handling a large fortune (or a small one, for that matter) than for building a bridge. He had placed the property in the hands of a large real estate firm, and was content to sit back and take what profits they saw fit to give him, unquestioningly. However, although he was not capable of handling a large estate, he was capable of handling ready cash.

Things had taken a turn for the bad, lately. Following an unnatural boom (on the strength of which he had contracted prodigious debts), real estate had rapidly depreciated in value, and the returns on his holdings were unusually small. This fact, combined with the fact that his outstanding debts were unusually large, and his creditors unusually active, had made him cast about for an avenue of escape that would clear his every path of dunning tradespeople and at the same time allow him to continue his life of luxurious extravagance in the accustomed way. Marriage seemed the only way out, and the eligible list, that is, the people of any (bank book) account, was markedly limited. In fact, there was only one in town whose fortune was reassuring enough to compensate for the disadvantages of restricted hours and a life half taken up in leaving and receiving cards. He had decided to "risk it," as he preposterously phrased it to himself, and accordingly, a few months before, had started to make frequent calls at the Logan mansion, in an effort to become "better acquainted."

III.

His calls were received hospitably at first, and as they continued, graciously. He was of the best stock in that part of the country, and as the only surviving member of a family whose ancestors were traced back to the Landing of the Pilgrims, he was assured a reception and respect from Anita Logan (that worshiper at the shrine of aristocracy) his accomplishments would never have entitled him to.

Scott had decided that the time was ripe for "protesting his love" and called the day after Paul and his father had been at the Logan mansion.

Anita looked up quickly as he approached, her face brightening at the sight of his well-groomed appearance, and utter lack of the self-consciousness so evident in people of less breeding.

He dropped gracefully into the seat beside her, and gently led the talk to personal matters. "Miss Logan," he

said, "I have a question to ask, and on its answer will depend my whole future. The Scotts have never been men of many words, and though our passions are less volatile than are those of the great majority"—with a deprecating wave of his hand—"they have the quality of steadiness and endurance. I'm one of the old Scotts—the last of the old Scotts, I assure you (how fine that sounded) and I assure you that in asking for your hand I do it with all the sincerity and respect a Scott can be capable of. Will you marry me?"

"Yes—Alfred," she said, blushing up at him, and in a moment she felt the dispassionate embrace and judicial kiss of the last highly evolved member of the ancient family of Scott.

She felt he might have shown some emotion, if ever so little, at this, the greatest moment of their lives; but was reassured with the thought that his high breeding and fine origin more than compensated for the lack of any momentary display of passion.

"I have my car at the door, Alfred. It's been waiting for me for over an hour. Will you ride with me, out into the country? We can be alone. I feel we should be alone today."

"As you wish, dear. I shall be delighted."

"Then go off and wait for me at the gate. I shan't be a minute. I want to get some wraps."

She went with swift, glad steps toward the house and he sauntered languidly to the gate.

When he reached the sidewalk, his gentle, delicate nature was shocked at the sight of John Huff, his tobaccoist, and one of his many creditors, in an attitude denoting deliberate waiting.

"Mr. Scott, sir. I've taken the liberty."

"I should say you had taken a liberty," Scott cut in. "How dare you, sir!"

"But," pleadingly, "this bill has been running for eight months now, and I have bills I myself must meet."

"I can't talk of this matter now." Then, suddenly, as he saw a nasty glint harden the other's eye, "Listen, Huff, in a conciliatory tone, "and don't let this go any further"—confidentially—"I expect to marry the mistress of this house very shortly, with a look of subtle assurance, "and then I shall settle in full. In the meantime, don't make yourself evident. Go away now."

A moment later Anita, dressed for motoring, and looking infinitely happy, appeared at the gate.

IV.

They rode a great distance, through small towns and sleepy villages, way on up into the mountains, and arriving at the village of Haslon about two o'clock in the afternoon. The car was crawling slowly along the main street when their attention was attracted to a low red brick building, the only brick building they had thus far seen in the town.

"I wonder what that is. It seems out of place here," she laughed.

"Courthouse, probably," he said; and then, struck with a sudden thought, "I say, Ann, wouldn't it be a lark to go in there and get married—right now?"

They went, and when she rode home again in the sweet pink glow of a June evening, it was as the wife of Alfred Scott, the last of the noble old family of Scotts!

They were met at the gate by her butler.

"Miss Logan, ma'am. There's a man in the library, ma'am, who says he wants to see you. Very important business, he says."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"Yes'm, Rodgers," he said. "Henry Rodgers."

"Oh, to be sure. Rodgers. He's my attorney."

When they reached the library, Henry Rodgers rose from his chair and bowed courteously.

"Good evening, Miss Logan. I shouldn't have awaited your coming so persistently only in going over your father's will again today. I happened on a clause which, I'm sorry to say, has hitherto escaped my attention."

"What is it?" she asked nervously.

"Why it's in the nature of a restrictive clause, Miss Logan. It provided that if either you or your sister marry before reaching the age of twenty-five, you forfeit your share of the fortune."

Anita was stunned at this startling disclosure, and for a moment was speechless. Then she turned quickly, confidently to her husband, and found his eyes intent upon her. His face had gone suddenly pale, his eyebrows were contracted in fear, and his lips pressed into a tight line of mute warning for her to be alert, as his head shook ever so little—just suggestively—from side to side.

"Very well, Mr. Rodgers, but we should have known this before. You will write immediately to my sister, please."

He bowed, walked toward the door, they following. Scott bent low and whispered into Anita's ear, "We must keep quiet, Ann—for your sake."

are! It's only weakness, Ann. Too much books. Too much grind. A week in the mountains will fix me up tip-top. Worked like a beaver—like a school of beavers, or don't they come that way?—for those mid-term tests. When can we start?"

"Any time you say, dear. In the morning, if you feel up to it."

"Oh, I feel up to it all right. Lots better than I was—two days ago. We'll start in the morning."

The next morning early, Ann phoned to Scott, telling of her sister's arrival, and their intended trip.

"Won't you come?" she asked.

"Rather risky, don't you think? Likely to cause talk."

"You won't have to come with us. Listen. You come over this morning as soon as you can. I'll tell Bess I've invited you to a little informal breakfast in honor of her home-coming, and you can meet her. You may speak of your proposed trip, for tomorrow, say, up to the mountains, and then we'll be surprised and tell you we're going today. Won't that be jolly? It's scaming, I know, but it's the only way out if we're to keep

She had slid about fifty feet when her outstretched, frantically-grasping hand closed around a tough twig deep rooted in the earth. She stopped abruptly, luckily having caught a grip there, for a few feet below her the slope stopped abruptly on a chasm yawning wide.

She looked appealingly, beseechingly at her husband, shrank tight, horror-stricken against the wall.

Her plight, however, was not affecting her reason, as she thought when she was aware of his change of expression; the change was actual, and due to the fact that his ear had caught the sound of approaching footsteps along the hard, narrow path. These footsteps became more and more distinct, until a man appeared around the bend in the trail. This man was Paul Reed.

At first he saw only Scott, dreadfully pale and nervous looking; then, following Scott's gaze down the cliff-side, he went icy cold with terror for a moment. Had he been better bred, had the same blue blood which so distinguished Alfred Scott flowed in his veins, his terror might have lasted indefinitely, and Anita had plunged into the bottomless canyon. But he was vulgar, emotional, impulsive; and his poor brain, a product of centuries of nondescript admixture, took in the situation—comprehensively, and had only realized the one course open a moment before his unpoised body had started to crawl carefully down—where Anita held on with a last despairing grip.

In a moment his strong grip was around her, and he began slowly, warily, laboriously, to fight his way back to the path. Scott's panic, meantime, had abated considerably, and continued to abate the nearer the man and his burden came, and when they were almost to the edge of the trail, half-way over it in fact, he bent and relieved Paul of Anita's weight, Paul managing to drag himself exhausted to the road.

She turned simply and said, "Thank you, Paul." She could say no more. So, taking Scott's proffered arm, she walked slowly away, leaving Paul standing puzzled, incomprehending, in the middle of the trail.

VII.

John Huff was tired of waiting. Huff was the tobaccoist, creditor of Alfred Scott, whom Scott, a few days previously had silenced in his demands for payment by telling him that he would shortly be befriended to Anita Logan, when his various debts would be settled.

It was the morning of the second day that he called at the Logan mansion and learned that Anita had gone up into the mountains with her sister, to spend a week there. Accordingly, he took the first train, and by noon arrived at the hotel in which Ann and her sister were stopping. He learned there that Ann and the young man lately appointed astronomer at the mountain observatory had left a half hour ago for a walk down the mountain side, and he set out immediately to overtake them.

The life-saving incident of the day before, and Anita's cold, formal "Thank you," had been a bit too much for Paul Reed.

He had some important duties to attend the next morning, and could not free himself of them until eleven o'clock. He then set out for the mountain hotel, only half a mile distant, his spirit troubled; his mind anxious and on the defensive against a maze of complications he scented but knew nothing of definitely.

VIII.

He met her alone, on the porch. Bess and Scott had gone for a walk together.

"Good morning, Ann"—awkwardly. She came forward, her lips silent, her eyes eloquent, and held out her hand to him. Together, as by prearranged understanding, they started to walk away from the house.

"I say, you haven't forgotten, Ann? You promised you'd let me know. Oh, Ann, don't you love me?"

His warm, magnetic personality, that personality which had always made her fearfully glad, now again woke in her that feeling of infinite affinity which no personal effort could overcome.

She looked up at him, her eyes liquid and pain-drawn.

"It can never be, Paul," she said half chokingly.

He was about to ask that fearful "Why?" when they became conscious of a man approaching them. It was Huff.

He came up, hat in hand, and bowing respectfully, said to Ann, "Miss Logan, my name is Huff—John Huff; I'm a tobaccoist in town, and a creditor of Alfred Scott's. Not a large creditor—not nearly as large as some of them—but then I'm only a small retailer. Scott's bill has been dragging along now for over eight months, and I'm anxious to get it settled. Is there any truth in Mr. Scott's statement that you will marry him and pay his debts? He told me so two days ago, and I want to know whether there's any truth in it?"

Anita's eyes, soft and tender a moment ago, flashed with the fury of a vengeful goddess.

"Did he tell you that?" she queried.

"Yes, miss."

"Will you leave this affair to me?"

"Yes, miss."

"Very well, then. You may go. I shall communicate with you."

He bowed, and was gone.

Ann had, at this latest revelation of her husband's blue blood, forgotten Paul entirely. She started walking quickly back, and there was that in her stride which boded ill for the last

of the Scotts. Paul followed behind, keeping her ever in sight and was surprised when at a turn in the road, she stopped suddenly, her whole body tense. He came up with her and saw what had caused her to stop so shortly.

IX.

This trail ended abruptly at the back porch of the hotel; and from where they stood they could see quite plainly, Bess, seated in a large easy chair, on the broad arm of which Scott had perched himself. As they watched he fondly kissed his wife's sister.

Anita watched but for a moment; then, running forward swiftly, followed by Paul, she dashed up the steps of the porch, and stood, a torch of wrath, confronting Scott.

"You most contemptible!" The sentence remained unfinished, her scorn for the vile thing before her making words futile.

"Bess," she said, turning suddenly and trying to make her voice softer, "I'm married to this"—with a wave of her hand—"I've kept it secret, because the fortune left us would be forfeited, were I to marry before I reached the age of twenty-five. You received a like notice, so you know. She spoke quickly, anxious to get the preliminary explanation over with, so as to execute the action she had in mind. "Why I did it, God only knows, but I was blinded by the light of his ancestry."

"You might have done worse, you know," Scott sneered. "There weren't many opportunities left, you know, after your well-known intimacy with"—here he looked toward Paul—"the bricklayer's son."

Paul had been standing silently by, his face heavy and dull with despair, his heart unutterably sad within him, as the "queerness" of all the last few days became understandable.

He sprang at Scott, his face distorted horribly, his teeth bared, a low animal sound coming from his throat, and his hands shaking fearfully as they found their way to the other's throat. For the length of half a minute he held him thus—then, a sudden loathing for the resistless creature before him took the place of his fury, and he flung him, choking, to the ground.

When Scott recovered, a few minutes after, he learned from the hotel proprietor, that Ann, Bess and Paul had hastily left for town. He started immediately in pursuit, sure that Ann had for her destination the office of her attorney.

He arrived at Rodgers' office just in time to hear Ann, through the closed door of the private office, flashing her story to the astounded attorney.

"My fortune is gone. Now I want a divorce from that yellow thing called a blue blood."

Scott came in as she finished. "One moment, please," he said. "You travel fast. Too fast. True, your declaration of our marriage has forfeited your part of the fortune"—here a cunning, insolent smile shaped his mouth—"but if you dare to push this divorce suit"—his voice became emphatically slow and intense—"I'll drag in your sister's name, and blacken it in the eyes of the whole world—utterly. Do you understand? Utterly! Yes, I know that your fortune has been forfeited; rather stupid of you, don't you think? But we'll manage. I know your sister will gladly share her part with us"—he accentuated

the word hideously—"if she would protect her reputation."

Ann stood back, appalled, unable to conceal her knowledge that she was powerless. She knew he would go to any lengths to compromise Bess, innocent as she was, in the eyes of the world, and realized how easy that would be. She would rather have suffered anything than have exposed Bess' fair name to this slander, and the world's contempt, and realized with resigned despair that he was aware of her nature, and was playing on it—realized that she must live out her days with a man she loathed—realized it and was helpless to avoid it.

She had paid dearly for her worship of "class," and would pay and pay and pay—endlessly.

Bess' young dream of love had degenerated to a hideous nightmare. Paul stood by, the bright air castles of his youth burying in their tumbled debris his aspiring soul.

The Family Tree had borne its fruit.

WHO PAYS?

End of Seventh Story.

The next story is "Today and Tomorrow."



The Bricklayer's Son Proposes to the Millionaire's Daughter.



"If Either You or Your Sister Marry Before You Reach the Age of Twenty-Five, You Lose Your Share in the Fortune."



For Half a Minute He Held Him Thus.

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Briefs of the Week

Hallowe'en is in the air and Hallowe'en parties are ripe.

The Members of the East Jordan Fire Department with their ladies will hold a banquet at the K. P. hall this Saturday evening.

The marriage of Thomas I. McCarr of East Jordan, and Miss I. Pearl McMillan of Echo township, Antrim Co., took place Thursday, Oct. 28, at the home of the bride's parents. The Rev. John Clemens was the officiating clergyman.

Vernie E. Wyble of Vermontville, Mich., has been secured by our Board of Education to take charge of the new course in Manual Training, which the board recently decided to introduce. Mr. Wyble will commence his work here Nov. 8th.

The October issue of The Spectator, published by the students of our high school is being circulated this week. Price 5c per copy. Former members of East Jordan High can secure same by remitting fifty cents for the school year, to Supt. Holliday.

Archie Ray, the two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kowalske, died Tuesday last with convulsions. The funeral services were held Friday from their home, conducted by Rev. John Clemens of the Methodist church. Interment at East Jordan.

U. C. Zeluff, instructor of science and agriculture in our public schools, resigned this week and left Thursday for Florida where he has accepted a position as orchard inspector for the government. Mr. Zeluff's successor will be here next Tuesday to take charge of the work.

Supt. Holliday reports that the monthly fire drills for our public schools was held Wednesday. The various school buildings were emptied in the following time: Central Grade building 55 seconds; High School building, 70 seconds; West Side building, 60 seconds.

"Through Life in That Old Love Canoe" is a late song soliciting public favor which is of more than passing interest to East Jordan citizens, as City Clerk Otis J. Smith, is author of the words. Felix West wrote the music and it is being published by the Needham Music Co. of St. Louis, Mo. Ten cents per copy.

The East Jordan stock shippers will be interested to learn that the East Jordan & Southern R. R. Co. have just completed a new stock pen for their accommodation, located just south-west of the Flooding Co's sheds. They have hauled in a quantity of cinders so as to make the pen perfectly dry and free from any mud. The pen is of woven wire and board construction, with a few nice shade trees in it and a stream of water running through the edge of it very conveniently.

The marriage of William Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Taylor of this city, and Miss Edna Anderson of Evanston, Ill., took place in their new home at Leeland, Saturday, Oct. 16th, at 8:00 p. m. Dr. Murphy of that village was groomsmen and Mrs. George Zeitler of Evanston, Ill., bridesmaid. The groom holds a responsible position with the Electric Light Company of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Chris Taylor and the Misses Ruby and Jessie attended the event.

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

James Gidley was a Central Lake visitor first of the week.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nachazel on 15th inst.

Mrs. G. A. Lisk with son Paul is guest of Charlevoix friends.

Att'y D. H. Fitch was a Grand Rapids business visitor first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Pringle now occupy the Addison Stewart residence.

Mrs. Henry Smith with children were guest of Mancelona friends over Sunday.

Rev. Joseph Camirand of Elk Rapids, was a visitor at St. Joseph's rectory on Monday.

Mrs. Bert Hughes and Miss Ethel Crowell were guest of Bellaire friends, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Porter with son are guest of Mt. Pleasant friends this week.

Miss Louise Loveday gave a reading of "Within the Law," at Ellsworth Friday evening.

Mrs. Fred Longton with daughter, leaves this Saturday for a visit with relatives at Gaylord.

Methodist Episcopal Ladies Aid will meet at Mrs. Charles Alexanders next week Wednesday, 2:30 p. m.

Father Kroboth attended the Confirmation in St. Mary's church, Charlevoix, on Sunday afternoon.

Miss Ethel Sweet returned home last Saturday from Flint, where she has been spending the summer.

F. A. Kenyon, superintendent of Mackinaw Island State park, was home a couple of days first of the week.

Mrs. Ashton, who underwent an operation at the Petoskey hospital recently, is expected home this Saturday.

Misses Jessie and Ruby Taylor left Tuesday for Traverse City where they will conduct a subscription agency campaign.

Commissioner of Schools May L. Stewart is at Saginaw this week attending the annual meeting of the State Teachers' Ass'n.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whittington entertained the former's sisters, Mrs. F. W. Fincher of Pentwater, and Mrs. J. S. Coffin of New York, the past week.

LOST—Eye-glasses in case somewhere between Temple Theatre and the Weisman residence, Tuesday night. Will finder kindly return same to Weisman's store.

Mrs. Clarence W. Bowman leaves this Saturday for Detroit where she joins her husband, who has a position there, and where they will make their future home.

A small blaze in Charles Dickinson's blacksmith shop Thursday evening called out the fire department. The blaze was extinguished before the department arrived.

Supt. and Mrs. L. P. Holliday left Wednesday for Traverse City where Mrs. Holliday visited friends while Supt. Holliday went on to Saginaw to attend the State Teachers' Ass'n annual meeting.

Invitations are out for the Ladies' Annual Maccabee Hallowe'en Masquerade party at the K. of P. Hall Monday evening, Nov. 1st. A prize is offered for the best costume, also, for the most comic.

Presbyterian Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. E. N. Chink next Friday afternoon, Nov. 5th. A feature of the program will be an address by Dr. Heston. Members are requested to be present; visitors welcome.

Miss Cleo Thorne teacher of the Star school in Eveline and Miss Ruth Durfee teacher in the East Jordan schools were week end visitors at the home of Miss Cora Driggett, Charlevoix. Miss Durfee was a college chum of Miss Driggett.

At the last business meeting of the East Jordan Fire Department, the following officers were elected for ensuing year: President, A. E. Cross; Secretary, Frank Bretz; Treasurer, James Gidley; Captain, Charles Coykendall; Lieutenant, Ben Reid; House Marshal, Mike Shubrick. The Fire Chief, Eugene Adams, is appointed by the City Commissioner.

At the home of the bride's parents in Eveline township, Miss Mary Kathryn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cooper, was united in marriage to Wellington P. Walker, at high noon Wednesday last. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Quinton Walker of Charlevoix, in the presence of nearly one hundred relatives and friends. Charles and Walter Cooper and the Misses Hazel Walker and Vera Sherman attended the bridal party. The happy couple left for a short wedding trip to Sault Ste. Marie. They will be "At Home" on their farm in Eveline township after Nov. 3rd.

Chas. Johnson returned from Grayling, Thursday.

Wallace Weiss and family were over from Ellsworth, Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Raino was guest of Alba friends first of the week.

Jos. Beal and family now occupy the A. Burney residence on Josephine-st.

Mrs. D. L. Wilson returned Saturday last from a visit with her sister at the Soo.

Ned Daley of Alger is visiting his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilks.

Mrs. Eliza Bowman, who has been visiting East Jordan friends, returns home to Bay City today.

Ray Hott left latter part of last week for Grand Rapids where he has a position at his trade—barber.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Houghton were called home from Detroit, Tuesday, by the death of their grandson, Archie Ray Kowalske.

Frank G. Davis of Jordan township and Miss Tillie Lavalley were united in marriage at the Alba Methodist parsonage, Saturday last.

C. G. Isaman and family and Mesdames M. C. Isaman and C. A. Brabant attended the Cooper-Walker wedding on Wednesday in Eveline.

Sydney Stewart is guest of his mother, Mrs. H. B. Souby. Mr. Stewart holds a government position in the public schools of the Philippine Islands.

At Petoskey Monday the proposition to bond for the purpose of buying the McManus power dam was defeated. The vote stood 377 for it to 273 against, but a two-thirds vote was necessary to carry the proposition.

Ray Fox has purchased of H. I. McMillan the dwelling which the latter recently moved from Esterly to Fourth Sts.—also the lot on which it stands. Mr. Fox and family will occupy same the fore part of November, and will remodel the structure.

An auto driven by County Road Commissioner Hammond and containing a party of friends including Engineer H. L. Winters, turned turtle on the Charlevoix road north of this city, Sunday afternoon, when the steering gear failed to respond. Several of the party received some bad bruises.

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

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

House for Rent or Sale, on corner Third and Garfield streets. Inquire of Mrs. Allison Pinney, phone No. 167 & 21.

Watering places were popular resorts for females in biblical times. Rebekah got her husband at one.

Card of Thanks

To the many friends whose assistance and sympathy was so freely tendered in our bereavement, we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kowalske
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Houghton
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kowalske.

Editor Didn't Eat Paper.

Omnulgee, Ok.—Andrew Carmical, managing editor of a local newspaper, was alone in his office the other morning when a man entered the door, which he quietly closed and locked.

"Are you the editor?" Carmical was asked.

"No, but I represent him," the newspaper man replied.

"Then I'm going to make you eat last night's issue of your paper," the visitor said.

"All right, but before you do you'd better look the door again. It has come open," Carmical said.

The man turned, but the door was still locked. When he faced Carmical again he looked into the muzzle of an automatic pistol.

The newspaper was not eaten, but the stranger was arrested. In jail he gave his name as John Clark and said that an article in the paper was a direct slap at him.

One Girl Refuses Tips.

Seattle, Wash.—May Stehle, in charge of the cloakroom at the Hotel Washington here, is untippable.

If she would take tips she could make \$2500 a year in addition to her salary. "But," she says, "I would lose my self-respect."

The hotel management could, if it desired, fire Miss Stehle and save her salary, and, to boot, sell the cloakroom "privileges" for \$150 a month.

But the mere fact that it has an employe who actually spurns tips has proved such an advertisement that the hotel can't afford to let Miss Stehle go if it wanted to—which it doesn't.

The traveling public cannot believe its ears when it hears Miss Stehle refuse tips. "Thank you," she says, with a gracious smile, "but I do not take tips."

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

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 31, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—"A Healthy Church."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:45 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

7:30 p. m.—"What is the Kingdom of God?"

The evening service is the last of the series under the auspices of the Young Peoples' Bible Class.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting.

Last Sunday morning the following were installed as officers of the Christian Endeavor Society:

Pres.—Donald Porter

V. Pres.—Dick Dicken

Recording Sec'y.—Helen Hilliard

Cor. Sec'y.—Grace Malpass

Treas.—Leanne Kenny

Organist—Marjorie Bowen.

Watch our announcement next week in regard to church plans for the year.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 31, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—"The Depths of God."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School. You are welcome.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Miss Heath, leader.

7:00 p. m.—"Christian Service." A special sermon to Epworthians preliminary to their activities for Win-My-Church-Week—Nov. 7-14, under the direction of the Methodist Forward Movement.

Special musical selections at each service. Morning Anthem—"The Home of the Soul." Evening Anthem—"I Am a Pilgrim."

Sunday afternoon is Stay-at-home Sunday for our membership. The committees will call on you in the interests of the Church.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting Come.

Friday 2 p. m.—Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at the home of Mrs. R. Barnett.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Oct. 31.

8:00 a. m. Low Mass and Benediction.

Monday, Nov. 1st. Feast of All Saints; a Holy-Day of obligation.

10:00 a. m. Low Mass.

7:00 p. m. Devotions and Benediction.

Tuesday, Nov. 2. Feast of All Souls.

5:00 a. m. Mass and Holy Communion

6:00 a. m. Mass and Holy Communion

8:00 a. m. Requiem High Mass.

Friday, Nov. 5. First Friday.

5 and 6 a. m. Holy Communion.

8:00 a. m. Mass.

7:30 p. m. Sacred Heart Devotions.

8:00 p. m. Meeting of the Holy Name Society.

DEWARD

Mrs. Robt. Herron left for Mancelona Friday to spend a few days with friends.

George Ward was called to Detroit, Friday, by the death of his nephew, W. W. Hicks.

Mrs. Albert Tousch and daughter, Sylvia went to Frederick, Saturday.

Miss McGillis spent the week end at her home at Roscommon.

Mrs. Geo. Ward and Miss Wiley were Frederic visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Jos. Killarney took a trip south, Saturday, to visit friends at Gladwin and Flint.

Henry Smith of East Jordan was in charge of the depot a few days this week during the absence of the agent.

Wm. Damoth and family are moving to Gaylord this week, to take charge of a restaurant there.

Mrs. Chas. Flynn has purchased a residence in East Jordan and moves there in a few days.

Kenneth Ward left Saturday to take a position with the Mich. Central at Mackinaw City.

The teachers, Miss McGillis and Miss Wiley attended the Institute at Saginaw Thursday and Friday of this week and the children are enjoying a few holidays in consequence, these bright days.

D. Worth who has been spending several weeks south for the benefit of his health is home again and feeling considerably better at present.

Miss Jennie Killarney of Gaylord is spending this week with her brother, Jos. Killarney and family.

Miss Vlesta Tousch returned home Thursday from East Jordan for a few weeks vacation.

Lot's wife at least earned her salt. A cuff on the wrist beats two on the ear.

Floating debts are no sort of life preservers.

Concealed knowledge is as useful as buried treasure.

Many a young man who starts out in life under the impression that he is a born leader, gets married and retires to the rear of the procession.

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

Blessed is the peacemaker if he keeps at a safe distance.

It's almost as bad to say mean things as it is to do them.

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.

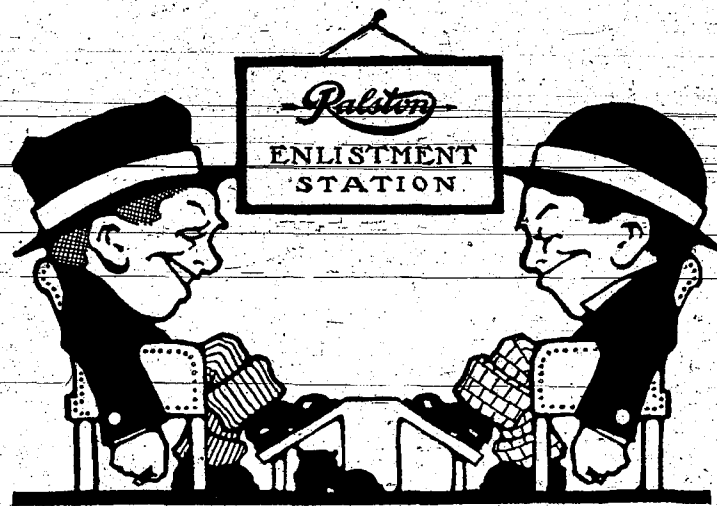
BOLTS WANTED.

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

Citrolax
CITROLAX

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

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.



Join the Ralston S. P. C. F.

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

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

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

Prices \$4.00 to \$6.00.

CHAS. A. HUDSON EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEALER

EAST JORDAN CABINET CO.

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

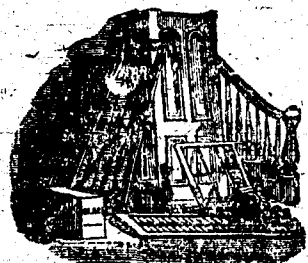
Doors, Windows and Glass,

Siding, Ceiling and Flooring

Mouldings, Turned Work,

and Scroll Sawing.

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS



Fresh Pastuerized

Milk and Cream

McCOOL & MATHER

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