

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 19

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1915.

No. 45

Plowing Match A Success

South Arm Grange Celebrates First Annual Affair.

Nearly one hundred and fifty people attended and participated in South Arm Grange's first annual plowing match held at the farm of Ira Bradshaw on Wednesday last. Outside the match, features of the affair was the meals served at the Grange hall by the ladies, and a dance given in the evening and attended by a large number of young people from this city. In a tug-of-war contest the side captained by Roy Bradshaw won out. Below is a list of the winners in the various contests.

- CLASS 1.—SOD.
1. Henry Black
 2. Will Eastcott
- CLASS 2. GENERAL PURPOSE.
1. Alfred Williams
 2. Ira Olney
 3. Ralph Ranney
- CLASS 3.—JOINTER.
1. Irving Crawford
 2. Elmer Meggison
 3. Claude Johnson
 4. Lance Kemp
- BOYS CLASS.—GENERAL PURPOSE.
1. Roy Bradshaw
 2. Clarence Murphy

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms Monday evening, November 1, 1915.

Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—none.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley, the following bills were allowed:

E. J. Hesse Co., Dickinson fire	\$ 19.00
D. H. Fitch, cal. & trip to Grand Rapids	57.62
G. A. Lisk, printing	18.00
Otis J. Smith, salary	25.00
Mrs. Bidwell, Slingland case	22.50
Mrs. Slocum, Slingland case	26.25
Henry Cook, salary	75.00
J. A. Lancaster, salary	25.00
Geo. Spencer, iron for bridge	108.52
Geo. Spencer, labor and material	28.68
Standard Oil Co., axle grease	.55
City Treas., pay't of bridge labor	125.00
City Treas., pay't of special police	4.50
Geo. Spencer, on sewer job	150.00
Reid-Gaff Co., installing meters, etc.	500.00

Moved by Gidley, supported by Lancaster, that H. L. Winters as engineer be instructed to draft plans and specifications for a bridge and fill across the South Arm of Pine Lake: to take the place of the present structure, same to be in quadruplicate, and to conform to the requirement of the War Department. Carried.

Moved by Lancaster, supported by Gidley, that, as E. E. Brown has not complied with the notice served upon him relative to building a cement sidewalk in front of certain premises on State street, Bert Hughes be, and hereby is employed by the City of East Jordan to construct said sidewalk and all necessary lateral support, the same to be at the proper cost and expense of said E. E. Brown, together with penalties, all as per ordinance of the city in such case made and provided. Carried.

On motion by Lancaster, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

No man ever lived long enough to get even with this big world of ours.

It sometimes happens that a marriage license furnishes a man with an excuse for trying to drown his troubles.

It's a safe bet that the man who barely escapes being run over by an automobile, doesn't call the driver a chauffeur.

Don't parade your troubles before the unsympathetic world. Bury them as a dog does old bones, and growl if any one tries to dig them up.

After a man has looked thru the bottom of a whiskey glass a few times it is difficult for him to keep his train of thought on the right track.

LOCATING THE TROUBLE.

When one is suffering from backache, rheumatism, lumbago, biliousness, sharp pains, sore muscles, and stiff joints it is not always easy to locate the source of trouble, but nine times out of ten it can be traced to overworked, weakened or diseased kidneys. Foley Kidney Pills gave benefited thousands of sufferers.—Hite's Drug Store.

Report of the Sunday School Convention

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Charlevoix county Sunday School Association was held in the Boyne Falls M. E. church Oct. 21, 22. It was opened by prayer service conducted by Rev. Duffy of Boyne City. Rev. Sheperd, pastor of the Convention church greeted the visiting delegates very cordially. Miss McManus of Boyne City rendered a sweet solo.

Mr. E. K. Mohr, state worker from New Buffalo, spoke on "The Winning Sunday School." He said, "We like to belong to an organization that is a winner and not a loser. There is no success in trying to be a has been, nor a will be but an iser. Ask to go with God when you find out where he is going and don't try to drag him along with you. Don't go round and round for the man is lost who does and so is the S. S. which makes a rut in that way. The Bible word is 'go forward.' If you want to kill your S. S. start behind hand, always use the same order of service, sing hymns in funeral march time, 'Hark! from the toombs, a doleful sound,' Have your S. S. board meet only once a year.

If you want to help your S. S. have a roll of honor, never give prizes, use rewards, sometimes, recognition always, make a quarterly report to parents the same as in day school, plan a long time ahead for special services, have variety in program and build it around the lesson, use maps, charts, black boards, bulletin boards on the outside of the church, use printers ink, 'Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, 'Make the S. S. attractive.

There are eight essentials for the minimum standard. 1. Extension—All reached. Have a Home Department and a Cradle Roll. 2. Organization—All classes above thirteen years old have officers and Co's. 3. Grading—Grade the S. S. that there may be advancement—Stepping stones upward. 4. Instructing—Teach missions and temperance. 5. Educational—Train workers. 6. Workers—conference regularly held to talk over problems of the S. S. and plan to win souls. 7. Decision for Christ urged. 8. Denominational offering for extension work.

There must be affiliation for the winning S. S. Must send delegates to district, county and state conventions, send reports to conventions, send an offering and as many subscriptions to the state paper as possible.

There are five things that every Sunday School must have to win. 1. Must have Bible in S. S. To say that one has a Bible S. S. when the quarterly is used is like the conundrum I heard the other day, 'How many legs will a dog have if he counts his tail one?' four of course. Counting a quarterly a Bible does not make it one. It may be part of the Bible as the tail is part of the dog, that is all. 2. Have adults there. About 3,000,000 men and women have lately come into the S. S.'s thru the adult Bible class movement. Forward men and women is the slogan of the adults of today. He or she who forgets it is like the colored man who promised to get an old army officer to the train on time and had nothing but an old army horse to do it with. It looked doubtful till the officer asked the privilege of driving. He said, 'attention, charge and the old horse shot forward at a rapid pace. When near the station he said halt, and he stopped quick. The colored man was greatly surprised but concluded to try that way to get speed out of the horse. Later he had another man to take to the train and was sure he could get him there on time so said attention, charge and the old horse shot forward. As they neared the depot the old colored man seemed worried and at last said, 'You will have to jump fer I dun forget de pass-word. The adult movement is so rapid today that if you who have forgotten the pass word want to get on the train you will have to jump. 3. Training teachers. The scholar is what the S. S. teacher is. That class that you have had so long who have not accepted Christ is where it is because you have not known enough—you lacked training. A boy was training a dog to do tricks. A man came along and was admiring the work of the boy and asked to be allowed to teach the dog a few. The boy consented. The man worked hard but failed and turned to boy for an explanation. The boy said, 'You must know more than the dog does if you want to teach him. In 19-

02 one in 111 teachers were being trained but now one out of every five are being trained to do better work in winning souls. 4. Touch. 'Man must not live to himself alone.' Get in touch with others... Get in touch with other people and schools to get and give help. There are 30,000,000 scholars in the S. S. army today. 5. Conquest. Teach missions. We must be out to work or we have no business to be out. The church's business is to take the gospel to other countries. If the S. S. has not this spirit it will die. Let the slogan be (Our S. S. must glow and grow and go and I will help to make it so.)

Mr. Fred Washburn, Supt. of Rural Department of state S. S. work, from Benton Harbor spoke on 'Rural Work.' Briefly he said, "We must get first a vision of the great work of the S. S. 'The harvest truly is great.' Souls are more precious than silver and gold. Second leadership. 75 per cent of the leaders in city S. S. work were trained in the rural S. S.'s. If we fail to discover and develop leadership in country schools our city schools will suffer. Study the boys and girls in your class. Find leaders and train them for positions for which they are naturally adaptable. 3. Organization. The successful rural S. S. is the one which meets the needs of the community in all stages of its development. It has put 1,000,000 in the cradle roll and an army of men and women in adult Bible classes. The Elgin Watch Factory which employs 3000 workers does not have one who could make a watch alone. They are organized to make their parts so they will exactly fit together into a perfect watch. You can do all kinds of work in your place in the S. S. but together you will win. 4. Cooperation. This is absolutely necessary to success. Don't put on the brake like the new brakeman but push. An engineer who had been on the run many years found a new engine waiting for him one morning. He had also a new brakeman. The pull-up was hard and they came near not making it even with the throttle thrown wide open and the fireman did his best shoveling coal. When they reached the top and stepped the brakeman said to the engineer, 'It was a lucky thing that I put on the brakes coming up the grade or we would have slipped down hill. Some think it necessary to put on the brakes to church and S. S. work to keep it from running down hill. 5. Prayer and personal work are essential to a successful S. S. If it is not saving souls for Christ it is a failure. Personal evangelism must be the watchword. Prayer is the great thing that holds us to God. Hearts must be burdened for souls like the Baptist pastor at Berrien Springs when the Stephens evangelistic party was there. He wrote the names of 55 men for whom he was praying on a board in the tabernacle. Before the meeting closed 53 were saved. Stamp the impression of your character upon others. Two little girls were playing together, one invited the other home to supper with her, and at table, grace was said. She went home and asked father if he would not say grace at the table. He refused but told her she might. She did it for one month and papa and mama were saved. The character of the home had been stamped with the character of the other and souls were saved. A workers-conference conducted by Mr. Washburn closed the afternoon service.

After supper the Song Service was conducted, Mr. Joseph Ekstrom, and Rev. W. Thurston Gibbs from Boyne City led the devotional service.

The first address of the evening was given by Ered Washburn on, "The Sunday School as a Religious Educational Institution." It is the greatest evangelistic force of today. It is within the power of the S. S.'s of America to evangelize the world in one generation. G. Campbell Morgan said, "The successful life depends upon having the word of God in the heart and giving it out to others." Religious training and Bible education for children is the most important work of the day. There are but three institutions that give religious training and culture. 1. The home. As a rule they are not furnishing it tho they have much better opportunity than either of the others. 2. The public schools. They have not given it. Some time ago New York City revised their song books so as to take out the names of God and Christ from every song. Penn. has 5,000,000 S. S. Scholars, one fifth of those in nation. Penn. state law requires the reading publicly by every teacher at least ten verses of scripture each day in the school and failing to do so makes it a misdemeanor and gives the opportunity to discharge them from service. 3. The Church. It exercises

restraining influences over the old and young alike. 75 per cent of young men who are in penal institutions between the ages of 15 and 25 never attended church nor S. S. 80,000 of these ages in the U. S. are criminals. Out of 909 in one of the penal institutions 809 never attended S. S., 89 seldom attended and only 10 were at all regular. A New York City Judge who had sentenced 2700 to prison said that not one had been a regular attendant at S. S. Another judge who had been on duty 18 years and passed upon many their sentences never had a man nor woman before him who had been a member for any length of time of church or S. S. It is better to form character than to reform criminals. The real secret of successful work is personal evangelism. If the world is to be evangelized it must be thru personal evangelism and not thru public appeal. I would like to speak a word to four classes here tonight on this subject. 1. Parents. There is a time for you to win every child if you don't neglect it. A christian mother went to her pastor to talk with him about the salvation of her 12 year old boy, Charlie, and asked the pastor to talk to him about it. 'Have you ever talked it over with him?' asked the pastor? 'No,' said the mother. Then said the pastor, 'You go home and ask him to come to Christ and if you fail to reach him I will try.' She did as told and Charlie putting his arms around her neck said, 'I have only been waiting for some one to ask me.' 2. Those who are advanced in years. Your opportunity is not passed. I stepped off the train at Portland, Mich. the other day and an old man from Ionia got off with a yoke on his shoulders and on trays on each end were flowers he had raised to sell to make his living. He was there again at night as I was ready to return and his yoke stood up beside the depot. I went over to look at it and found these words written on it: 'My yoke is easy, my burden is light, my Master's will is my delight.' Wherever he went he was preaching the gospel in this way. I began talking with him and as he saw I was interested he took from his pocket a little book which he used to preach from tho he could not read nor write. It contained only three pages, one black, one red, and one white and he preached his sermon. 'The black represents the life with sin in it, the red represents the blood of Christ which can wash your sins away, and the white shows the condition of life after the sin has been washed away with the blood of Christ.' He was 82 years old, could not read nor write yet he was doing much for Jesus as he won others. You are not too old nor too ignorant if you have given your heart to God and let him use you. 3. Teachers. These we win early in life we not only save their souls but win a long life of service. Some you will win may be a Moody, a Spurgeon or a Terry. 4. Scholars. If you will give out what your teacher gives you, you may find you can win many souls. Dr. Gordon was preaching an evangelistic sermon and at its close asked all who were interested in their souls salvation to go to his study to talk it over with him. After all the grown people had shown they were clear concerning their salvation and were ready to come into the church and were dismissed there remained a little girl. To her he said, 'It is time for you to go home.' She seemed so disappointed that he promised to talk with her teacher. He did so and found her the nearest ready of any of the class of converts and took her into the church. For a year she was in her place and then she ceased to come. Her father came to Dr. Gordon and asked him to preach her funeral sermon. On his way there he met on the walk a cripple boy crying. The boys answer to the Dr's question was 'I don't see how I can get along without little Mary for I can't go to S. S. and she always came this way and told the lesson she learned and I have found Jesus.' On the steps he met a woman with a similar story. Beside the coffin stood a mother and child. She said, 'I don't know how we can get along without little Mary for she taught us to love Jesus.' The lesson that has been taught you, may soothe many a heart if you pass it along.

The Boyne-Falls quartette gave a fine selection and were called back for another equally as good. The closing address of the evening was by Mr. Mohr, "The Possibilities of the Sunday School Enterprise." "The S. S. as an enterprise is gigantic like the building of the Panama Canal. Strong business men are attracted to it. J. Wanamaker said, 'If I had my life to live over again I would have more of S. S. and less of business.' The possibilities of the S. S. enterprise are, 1. It's demonstration

—What it has proven to be. The first S. S. was organized in 1780 by Robert Rakes. It was opposed by the church. In the 60's a minister in southern Ill. so opposed it that he said publicly, "There are four gates of hell, Temperance, Missions, Sunday School and the Republican Party. The church has at last found out that it could not oppose what God proposes and blesses. Its demonstration is proven by the 180,000 S. S.'s with their 18,000,000 scholars in America, by 75 per cent of all the churches in the land growing out of them, by 5000 S. S.'s in Mich. growing from them, and by the fact that the financial investment of 10 per cent in S. S.'s has brought 90 per cent of gain to the churches. God's blessing has done far more exceedingly than we are able to think.' God in it made it. God in us makes us. Never let there be an I ought without an I can. 2. Resources. It is full of ability and possibilities because God's blessing is upon it. 'I can do all things thru Christ who strengtheneth me.' The one who thinks it is too small a job and the one who thinks he is too nice to be on the job will be superceded by the one who says, 'I think I can' and afterwards is enabled to say, 'I thought I could.' 3. Preparation. Plan a program. Have it ready. Let every person feel that he is there for a purpose. 4. Efficiency. Look after the details. Friday morning's session was opened by a promise meeting conducted by Rev. Gibbs after which Mr. Washburn took charge of a meeting bringing out the "Lights and Shadows" of Sunday Schools in Charlevoix County.

The address of the morning was by Mr. Mohr on, "Our Boys." 'There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?' The boy looks so small. He is little among so many big men. An evangelistic meeting was counted a failure because only one boy was won. He turned out to be the great missionary, Robert Moffatt, who opened up Africa for Christ. A S. S. teacher became discouraged and quit teaching because she only had one boy in her class. He was Joseph Smith who founded the great curse of America, Mormonism. It would not have been here had she been true to her class of one boy. If we don't want the boy Satan does, and will set a trap for him,

The church problem is the one to make the true man out of the boy. Get wide awake. Let the boy know that he is wanted. Give him something to do. Go after him. Get after him personally. Go after him systematically. Never give up. Believe in boys. Don't call them bad. Be interested in what they are interested in, whether it be base ball, pigeons or electricity. Give them something to do for the S. S., let them know the requirements, organize them. Know them by name not nicknames. Get acquainted with them. Don't 'Don't' them.

Teach positively instead of negatively or he will think he isn't wanted, go in to the back yard, and take a short cut to the devil. If your house is too good for your boy it should burn. Don't treat all boys alike. Study them as a good farmer does his soil. Allow for animal spirits. Don't try to cram a four quart boy into a pint cup, but direct his activities into proper channels. Be tactful with boys. Meet them during the week. Invite them to your home. Keep close to them. Sympathize with them, they need it, and miss it when it is withheld. Love your boys. Dr. Sheldon says, "There is nothing in this world but what will yield if you put love enough into it." Get into their hearts and natures thro the door of love. Trust the boys. Be happy with them. Smile. There is no religion in a whine. Confide in them. Advise them but don't scold. Be the kind of man you want them to be. Reports of officers were given and Boyne City Baptist church decided on for the next Annual Convention.

Friday afternoon opened with praise service led by Rev. J. M. Gleason of Boyne City. Miss Geneva Rogers and Mrs. Gibbs sang a duet very acceptably. Mr. Mohr led a conference on the county work. There were three 10 minute talks as follows: Cradle Roll, Mrs. Geo. Houghton, Missionary Instruction, Mrs. D. Heston; Influence of Summer Resorts, Rev. Walker. The male quartette of the M. E. Church of Charlevoix gave two fine selections. The question drawer was conducted by Mr. Mohr and the meeting closed by prayer.

The officers for the coming year are: Pres. Joseph A. Ekstrom, Boyne Falls. Vice Pres. Geo. Houghton, Boyne City. Sec'y Rev. W. Thurston Gibbs, Boyne City. Treas. R. O. Bisbee, East Jordan.

Executive Committee. C. T. McCutcheon, Chairman, Boyne City. Mrs. W. T. Pearson, Boyne Falls. M. H. Robertson, East Jordan. Rev. J. M. Gleason, Boyne City. Rev. Lloyd C. Vineyard, Charlevoix. Rev. Chas. A. Taggart, Charlevoix.

There were 52 delegates, 9 ministers and two state workers present. A great campaign is being mapped out for this year.

REV. W. THURSTON GIBBS,
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County Normal Notes.

Mr. Ruel Chellis of Ellsworth visited the normal room Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Florence Maddaugh and Miss Ruth Chellis gave a very interesting account of their trip to Mancelona.

The class have begun to write an account of the plowing match at Marion Center, and hope to send it to some of the farm papers.

Miss Hazel Richardson substituted in the seventh grade during the absence of Miss Lamoreaux.

Miss Whiting and Miss Himes left last Tuesday night to attend the Michigan State Teachers Association which was held at Saginaw. They returned Saturday.

Misses Florence Maddaugh and Rena Carroll had charge of the training room, during the absence of Miss Whiting.

Miss Anna LaLonde visited the normal Wednesday morning.

Miss Florence Milner had the general charge of the normal room, during the absence of Miss Himes, different members of the class conducting the different subjects.

Miss Sadie Blanchard was absent from school the latter part of last week and the first of this, being called home Wednesday by the illness of her mother.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY STORIES.

And every story a good one. They are entertaining, but that is not all you can say about them. You know there is hardly a periodical published that is not full of time-wasting stories, but not a single story in The Youth's Companion is a time waster. Take the stories of C. A. Stephens. It would be hard to pick out one from which you cannot learn something useful and yet entertaining.

Some of The Companion stories refresh your knowledge of geography; some tell you the mysteries of chemistry, some reveal the secrets of forestry and of general farming. They cover a wide range. They are chosen with an eye to the possible likings of every member of a Companion family—stories of vigorous action and stirring adventure for boys, stories of college life and domestic vicissitudes for girls, stories that range all the way from sheer drollery to deep seriousness for men and women. There are no stories quite like those in The Companion.

If you are not familiar with The Companion as it is to-day, let us send you sample copies and the Forecast for 1916.

New subscribers who send \$2.00 for 1916 will receive free a copy of The Companion Home Calendar for 1916, in addition to all the remaining 1915 issues from the time the subscription is received.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
Boston, Mass.
New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

"The Girl in the Other Seat"

by Henry Kitchell Webster

A thrilling love story crammed full of action—will be the next Serial Story offered by

THE HERALD

watch for the opening chapters.

"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"

Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not dry out; it can be used to the last drop; liquid and paste are of equal quality; it is not a waste; it does not dirt. You get your money's worth.

Black Silk Stove Polish

is not only most economical, but it gives a brilliant, silky lustre that cannot be obtained with any other polish. Black Silk Stove Polish does not rub off—it lasts four times as long as ordinary polish—so it saves you time, work and money.

Don't forget when you want stove polish, be sure to get Black Silk. It is the best stove polish you ever used—your dealer will refund your money.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Illinois.

Use Black Silk Air Drying Iron Essential on grates, registers, stoves, pipes, and other metal things. Prevents rusting. Try it.

Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silverware, nickel, aluminum, brass, etc. It works quickly, easily and leaves a brilliant surface. It has no equal for use on outdoor objects.

Get a Can TODAY

PARKER'S HAIR BALMS

A toilet preparation which helps to eradicate dandruff. For restoring color and beauty to hair. Faded hair, 50c and \$1.00 at drugists.

What is the Best Remedy for Constipation?

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

Rexall Orderlies

We guarantee them to be satisfactory to you. Sold only by us, 10 cents.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

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LADIES! For all ailments there is a sure remedy. FILLERS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your favorite dealer and ask for CHELSEA'S DIAMOND BRAND FILLERS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

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Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a.m., 1 to 5 p.m., and Evenings.

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Tonsorial Artist.

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before and after each meal. Sold only by us—25c a box.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

RHEUMATISM SUFFERERS GIVEN QUICK RELIEF

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

BETTER FARMING IN MICHIGAN IS OBJECT

Noted Speakers and Specialists Including Governor Ferris to Give Lectures Week of November 15-19.

BIG CROWDS EXPECTED DAILY

Prof. A. C. Anderson of Michigan Agricultural College, A. N. Brown, Editor Fruit Belt, Prof. Henry G. Bell of Soil Improvement Committee and Others Coming.

That the Better Soils Campaign in Western Michigan is to be one of the most notable ever held in any state in the interests of better farming is shown by the list of noted speakers and specialists in dairying, horticulture, farm management, marketing problems, soil fertility and soil improvement who have been secured to take part in the week's program, starting November 15, and lasting through November 19.

Governor Woodbridge N. Ferris of Michigan will address the meeting at Big Rapids, in Weatherford county, on the afternoon of the second day of the campaign, Tuesday, November 16. Governor Ferris is very much interested in the Better Soils Campaign and gladly consented to take part. His sub-



GOV. WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS. Michigan's chief executive, who is interested in the Better Soils Campaign in Western Michigan, and who will address the Big Rapids meeting Tuesday, November 16.

ject will be announced later, but will deal with the agricultural progress that is possible in Michigan. The annual State Potato EXHIBIT will be held in connection with the Cadillac meeting on the third day of the campaign, Wednesday, November 17.

Arrangements are completed to handle capacity crowds at each town where the one-day sessions of the Better Soils Campaign are to be held. Local committees in Howard-City, Big Rapids, Cadillac, Traverse City and Mancelona are prepared to handle the crowds of farmers who will take the opportunity to hear leading speakers from Michigan and other states. The campaign for better farming in Western Michigan is under the auspices of the Western Michigan Development bureau and the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad.

Foremost among the speakers who have consented to assist in making the Better Soils Campaign one of the best attempted in any farming community is Prof. A. C. Anderson of the dairying department of the Michigan Agricultural college, East Lansing. Professor Anderson's prominence in



PROF. HENRY G. BELL. Agronomist of the Soil Improvement Committee of the National Fertilizer association, who is on each day's program of the Better Soils Campaign, November 15-19.

dairying work has been national, rather than state-wide, and his consent to speak at each meeting indicates the efforts being made to make the campaign far-reaching in its benefits to Michigan farmers.

EDITOR BROWN ON PROGRAM DAILY.

Well-known throughout the entire Middle West is Editor A. N. Brown of

the Fruit Belt, published at Grand Rapids. Editor Brown will also speak at all afternoon and evening meetings. His knowledge of Michigan fruit-growing and fruit-belt conditions, and his prominence in the advancement of better methods through his publication combine to insure farmers who attend the meetings that they will hear lectures by Editor Brown which they cannot afford to miss. "Rules for Success in Orcharding" and "Insects and Diseases of Fruits and



J. W. HENGEROTH. Assistant Agronomist of the Soil Improvement Committee of the National Fertilizer association, who will conduct soil fertility lectures for school-children each morning.

Plants and How Controlled" are two of Editor Brown's lectures which should be heard by every Michigan fruit grower.

Featuring the campaign, in addition to the speakers already mentioned, will be the illustrated demonstration lectures on "Science and the Soil" which Prof. Henry G. Bell, agronomist of the Soil Improvement Committee of the National Fertilizer Association, will deliver each afternoon. Two large trucks of apparatus, equipment and materials for use in demonstrations of every principle of proper and successful soil management, are carried by Professor Bell and used in his noted lecture. Charts and diagrams, samples of soils, chemicals and scientific supplies fill the average stage, and are used in Professor Bell's "Science and the Soil" demonstrations. The services of an assistant are necessary in order to conduct the program.

FERTILITY PRINCIPLES DEMONSTRATED.

Professor Bell's famous lecture is of such benefit to farmers, because he not only gives the latest, most authentic information on soil fertility and management, but because he shows by conclusive demonstrations the principles which insure success. No one can see and hear the lecture-demonstration without getting a gripping knowl-



A. N. BROWN. Editor Fruit Belt, Grand Rapids, Mich., who will speak each day during the Better Soils Campaign in Western Michigan.

edge of the things that make for successful soil management. Moisture, plant food, drainage—dozens of important matters are covered thoroughly by Professor Bell in his place and time on the programs.

Each evening Professor Bell will give another of his lectures, on "The Manufacture and Use of Fertilizers," which will be illustrated with the best collection of slides in the country on soil fertility and fertilizer manufacturing. Each morning, J. W. Hengeroth, assistant agronomist of the Soil Improvement Committee of the National Fertilizer association, will give a modified "science and the soil" lecture before the high school boys and girls.

The committees on arrangements have additional information regarding the best programs, places where the lectures will be held and other details. Farmers should plan to attend at least one day's meetings. The committees are as follows: Howard City, Howard City Board of Trade, J. B. Hasking, president, chairman in charge; Big Rapids, Big Rapids Board of Trade, L. F. Bertréau, president, and chairman in charge; Cadillac, Cadillac Board of Trade, Perry F. Powers, president, James F. Zimmer, county agent, chairman in charge; Traverse City, Leon J. Baker, industrial agent, Traverse City State bank, chairman in charge; Mancelona, Mancelona business men, J. L. Wisler, chairman in charge.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

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

A BIT OF HISTORY.

The revenue system by which the United States became a partner in the liquor business originated during the Civil war. In order to prosecute the war to free four million slaves, the congress of the United States passed a bill putting a high tax on liquor.

When the bill had passed both houses, Salmon P. Chase, secretary of the treasury, brought it to President Lincoln for his signature. "Chase," said Mr. Lincoln, "I would rather have my right arm taken off than to sign that bill, but I reckon I'll have to do it. You say it is necessary to carry on this war to free those human slaves. We have got to do it. But tell me, Chase, will you promise, and will congress promise, to repeal this bill as soon as the war is over?" Chase promised.

But at the close of the war and before the promise could be redeemed, President Lincoln was assassinated and the promise forgotten. Doubtless had Lincoln lived the country would not today be under the domination of the legalized liquor traffic.

TREND OF THOUGHT.

At the convention in Chicago of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World no speaker evoked more enthusiastic applause than did Mr. Henry D. Estabrook, a New York attorney, when he made a plea for temperance and lauded the European rulers who are curbing the drink evil. This expression of temperance sentiment among the country's advertising men is, said Mr. H. S. Houston, the newly elected president of the associated clubs, "significant of the trend of thought. These men are in closer touch with the public feeling and desires than any other class except newspaper men. Perhaps better than politicians they reflect the general state of mind on a grave problem, and conclusions may be drawn from their attitude."

TRAVELERS WANT PROHIBITION.

Years ago the traveling man got many orders by taking his customers out and buying them drinks. In fact the system was highly approved and commonly employed. But now comes the Iowa Union of Commercial Travelers, in convention assembled, and calls for national prohibition. The very men who used to be regarded as the friends of liquor are now its enemies. Why? Because they know the saloon business cripples trade, and when trade is crippled traveling men can't sell goods. Any traveling man will tell you now that business is better in dry towns and collections come easier.—Sioux City News.

BEER A POISON.

The man who uses a quart of beer daily expends enough for it to buy three loaves of bread for his family, says Dr. Winfield Scott Hall. He gets for himself a trivial amount of nourishment worth half a cent and incidentally takes into his system nearly two ounces of a narcotic poison, the influence of which is to make him less alert and therefore more amenable to accidents, to make him less efficient and therefore more likely to lose his job, and to make him more likely to suffer from toxins and infections.

CANNOT AFFORD TO DRINK.

"In and for the future it will be known that no nation can afford to drink," says Rector Saleeby, distinguished British Scientist, writing in the London Chronicle. "Every molecule of the poison alcohol means a smashed and lost molecule of sugar, the superlative food and fuel for energy, work and warmth. Nations that choose this slow suicide will go down like their predecessors, in the night of Time."

WHY HE KEEPS SOBER.

"Why don't you drink?" I asked my friend, the honest saloonkeeper.

"Well, you see," he replied, "I'm a business man. I don't indulge, because I want to make money, not to drink it up. I insist on absolute sobriety among my bartenders and porters. It's bad enough for the boys to have to look at my patrons. Besides a drunken employee is only 15 per cent efficient."—Cincinnati Republican Gazette.

CONDEMN USE OF ALCOHOL.

Forty-one of the physicians of Oshkosh, Wis., have put themselves on record in writing as condemning the use of alcoholic beverages and declaring that "organized medicine should initiate and carry on a systematic, persistent propaganda for the education of the public regarding the deleterious effects of alcohol."

POINCARÉ A TEETOTALER.

To the National Anti-Alcohol League of France President Poincaré has sent the following statement:

"You ask the president of the republic to follow the examples of other heads of states and take an engagement to abstain from all spirituous liquors during the war. That is an engagement the president takes willingly and without difficulty, not only for the duration of the war, but even afterwards. He never drinks alcoholic liquors."

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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.

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Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid!

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WHO PAYS? TODAY and TOMORROW

EDWIN
BLISS

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EIGHTH STORY

"T-R-U-B-B-L-E, trouble, Mr. Payne," Pat Grady solemnly spelled his prediction. "I can smell it in the air plain as I smell the rotten food in the mess shack that's causing it all. And I'm telling you now that there's no saying where it'll lead any more than I can tell where it'll end. Trouble and bad grub—they been twins from the beginning of time."

Lee Payne tapped the table thoughtfully with his pencil. A young man, he was not inclined to take the matter so seriously as the old foreman of Ira Monroe's oil fields; still there was no dodging the fact that the men were lately become sullen and apathetic in their work, and a few of them openly insolent.

"And you think the food at the bottom of the men's actions?"

"Their stomachs is at the bottom of it—stomachs and lack of food," Pat corrected.

"But it can easily be remedied."

"Then why ain't it?" Grady did not wait for an answer, but pointed out of the window silently toward a group of laborers loafing boldly beside the nearest big tank. In the center of the group a broad-shouldered, swarthy, beetle-browed fellow was frantically gesticulating to emphasize his remarks, remarks which the two men in the office could not hear but which caused their brows to furrow anxiously.

"Brown Joe's at it agin," muttered the foreman, as though to himself, "and he's got the right of it this time. I tell you, Mr. Payne, I'd rather have a rattler sleeping with me than a mouthy workman. Get rid of that fellow and do it quick. Look at him."

Payne slowly nodded and turned back to his desk.

He glanced at his watch and felt a little tremor of anticipatory fear as he noted the noon hour was upon him. There had been open mutterings this morning. If the food had not improved for dinner what would those mutterings become? For a half-day's labor in the oil wells is not conducive to making one's appetite dainty or birdlike. The situation must be improved and that immediately. If only he could gain a little time.

As the whistle summoned the men from their work he waited for them in the shack, watching them being seated at the long table, noting the furrowed brows, the somber eyes, the significance of their steady scrutiny of Brown Joe, seated next himself. That there was something afoot he could not doubt.

The cook entered, heavily laden with a couple of steaming platters. There was something savory looking about that steam, but the look was dispelled almost instantly by the rancid odor that percolated through it.

As the cook placed a steaming plate before Brown Joe, the young superintendent strained forward, every muscle flexed to anticipate the trouble he knew instinctively had reached a crisis. But even as his fists balled, even as a hoarse cry of rage broke from Pat Grady's throat, the swarthy, evil-eyed fellow looked at the unsavory mess before him, lifted the plate as though to sniff its contents, then hurled it squarely in the cook's face.

As the fellow staggered back, digging wildly at eyes and ears and nose to wipe the stuff away, Brown Joe lunged forward. But not so quickly that he escaped the heavy right-hand swing of the foreman. Grady, quick to take advantage of the man's stagger, was instantly upon him.

For a second Payne felt himself glued to the spot, unable to grasp the full significance of what had happened. As he threw himself beside his foreman, swinging with both fists, the men lunged forward en masse. In a second the mess hall was a shambles. Chairs, dishes, tables, were hurled aside like straws before the brutal ferocity of the enraged crew. Wild with the delight of combat, Grady followed up his advantage, inflicting fearful punishment upon Brown Joe, regardless of the fact that he was getting into the open, where the fellow's supporters would make easy work of him.

Slipping upon the messes of food, stumbling over the wreck of the hall, they threw themselves upon him, swallowing him up as in a whirlpool. Payne tried to fight his way through that jam, only finding each effort sent him farther away. There was a murderous note in the hoarse gutturals of the men.

The original idea of mutiny against the food had now grown into hatred for those above them. For just a second Payne hesitated. The arms of Grady still swung like flails, now and then a heavy body crashing to the floor under the force of those piler-driver blows. Then the fists were pinned and waved uselessly in the air. Came another lunge and he knew his foreman had been taken off his feet. His hand kissed the cold butt of the revolver at his waist. He did not

know how it happened, how it came in his hand, was unconscious of the muscular action that pulled the trigger. He only saw the orange spurt of flame that leaped over the heads of the squirming mass, heard the splatter of splinters from the roof, then the weapon dangled uselessly in his hand.

A cold silence fell instantly upon the pandemonium. He was conscious of a long, sighing shudder and knew seconds would tell whether the victory was won. Brown Joe staggered to his feet, pushing the hair from his eyes and staring about him glassily, still dazed from the blow that had felled him. Payne waved the revolver threatening and the men quailed away from him, the expression of cowd beasts in their eyes, then as the gun steadied in his hand, dived fearfully out of the place.

Grady gripped the ring-leader by the arm as he would have sneaked out, throwing him heavily before the young superintendent.

"You're fired," Payne snapped. "Get out and don't wait for your time, either. If I catch you about the fields again I'll not shoot at the rafters. Get me?"

The fellow slunk backwards toward the door, darting fearful glances at the foreman.

Payne started to look about him at the wreckage, when a heavy step from the doorway made him turn abruptly, to see his employer entering the room. Framed in the doorway he stood, staring about him with knitted brows. Behind the men had gathered about his touring car, the sound of their threatening murmurs a low buzz—the buzz of a mob just barely held in check.

"Well," he snapped.

"Mutiny against the food," Payne explained. "I phoned you yesterday again for orders as to what was to be done. The men really can't be



Grady Conquers Brown Joe.

blamed, Mr. Monroe. They haven't had stuff fit for a dog to eat."

"Humph!"

The old man picked up a remnant of crockery upon the floor upon which some of the food still clung. He regarded it disgustedly a second, then allowed it to drop quickly from his hand as a sniff of it caught his nostrils.

"Phew!—Can't blame anybody kicking at such stuff," he muttered, then a frown of annoyance grew into heavy anger upon his countenance.

"You've written me three times about this situation, haven't you?" he demanded, abruptly; then, without waiting for an answer, as Payne flushed and started to stammer: "I don't want to hear anything about that. It's my own fault; trust Julia to ever do anything. Every morning the same thing; every night—wait till tomorrow. The girl seems absolutely to have no sense of responsibility, of the rights of others, anything save her own right to put off—put off—put off."

Payne hung his head, avoiding the glowing eye of the old man. There was no denying what had just been said.

It was characteristic of the man that the moment he saw a situation and grasped its full significance he took hold of it and battled for the mastery. Payne stepped quickly up beside him, fearful of the result of such an attempt while the men were in their present humor. Monroe brushed him aside, lifting his hand.

"I understand there's been some complaint about the food," he began, a twinkle in his eye that melted some of the threatening glances, fastened upon him. "I have understood it was bad for some time, but I didn't realize how bad food could be until I took a—"

He wrinkled his face wryly and the ice was broken.

From the back of the crowd a man laughed. In a second he was joined by others and soon Monroe held them in the palm of his hand.

"Well, it's going to get better and get better right away," he declared, emphatically. "I'll go you one better than that, men, and tell you its going to get good. Tonight you can look forward to a real supper—a real supper, understand."

He turned upon Payne, even as the men were wildly cheering, knowing that now was the psychological moment to make his strongest play.

"Get in my car, Lee," he commanded, "and don't waste any time—getting back here with a load of grub—have it here for supper."

For once Julia Monroe was ready, impatiently waiting the arrival of her sweetheart. He had told her nothing of the reason for his coming to town in the middle of the week, told her nothing of the row. But he had spoken of something which had made her jump from the mass of cushions against which she spent a goodly portion of her days and hustle into her most becoming afternoon gown. Just a week remained before the date of their wedding and she had delayed in characteristic fashion procuring any of the clothes she had spent so many hours planning and dreaming out upon the divan.

She plunged immediately to the subject, even before Payne's arms had relaxed about the waist of her, looking up into his face in the tantalizingly irresistible fashion which he, as well as her father, always found so irresistible.

"Now, there's no use telling me why you came to town; there's no sense trying to talk to me about food for the men. There'll be plenty of time after you look over a few little things in the shops with me."

"But I must have it there for supper—I tell you, Julia, the situation became so serious there was nearly a murderous row at the fields—"

"Both the fields," she exclaimed petulantly. "You're just like father—oil, oil, oil morning, noon and night, until I've even ordered the cook to leave any of the hateful stuff out of the cooking."

Payne laughed, despite himself, and catching her about the waist, drew her to him, trying to coax the pretty, pouting face towards his own.

"All right," he laughingly capitulated. "But on just one condition—that we go to the grocery together."

The irresistible music of her laughter intoxicated him and, as they swung into the car he wondered how in the world he had ever for a moment dreamed of resisting her lure. In fact, as they wandered from shop to shop that afternoon, he felt more and more the hero for the manful fight he had put up against her tempestuous assaults.

And once as he looked at his watch, to his strained, guilty ear came a sharp report, the report of a revolver. He started and moved swiftly toward Julia, placing his arm commandingly upon her wrist. She turned the witchery of her glance upon him and, for just an instant, the suspicion of a frown puckered her brow. It cleared instantly then, with an exquisite, little whimper she came very close to him, looking up into his face with the perplexed and worried expression of a child.

"I'm simply famished," she exclaimed. "Surely, you won't permit me to starve, Lee. Just a mouthful and then we can—"

"Hungry! He started as she voiced his thought of the unappeased hunger of those men he had visualized throughout the afternoon. "No really, Julia—"

She had his arm in her two, tiny hands. Ineffectual hands they seemed, dainty and blue-veined and almond-tipped at the fingers. And yet, like bands of steel, they drew him, despite himself, despite everything within himself that cried out aloud against their pressure.

III.

Ira Monroe settled back in his office chair, idly starting at the hands of the big clock. He had gone over the books for the first time in a week, had listened to Pat Grady's story of the fracas that had come so near ending fatally. And, as the old man's eyes closed, slowly, very slowly his mind traveled from the fields to his home in Los Angeles.

A faint smile hovered about his lips as he thought of his petted daughter, of the fearful consequences that might have occurred from her remissness in writing concerning the food supply out here. It seemed incredible that such a slight, fragile little thing could be the storm center about which such things revolved.

Two—three—four o'clock and still the hands traveled along their way. At five o'clock, the old man rose and stared anxiously out upon the road that led past the great derricks of his oil fields. Here and there he could catch a glimpse of the men, great, powerful fellows, cheerfully exerting their muscles to the utmost, their minds centered wholly on the mess hall and the elaborate supper that had been prepared for them.

Five-thirty.

He frowned heavily. Was it possible that Payne, knowing the seriousness of the matter, could permit anything to delay him. Failure was a

word which Ira Monroe had never tolerated in himself, any more than he tolerated it in others. Results—that had always been the foundation stone upon which he builded.

"Tick-tock—tick-tock—"

The strokes were pounding at his very brain now. Like blows from a sledge they were. He clamped his hands to his ears that he might shut out the sound of the clock.

Five-forty-five.

He shrugged his giant shoulders and moved out along the road for some sign of the motor. Not even a dust cloud rose above the shimmering heat waves that danced along the way to the city in the distance. He felt an irresistible desire to look at his watch, although he knew what tale it would tell.

Nervously looking about him he saw the men slacking in their labors. He hustled toward the mess shack. Something must be done but for the life of him he could not imagine what it would be. Supper was what the men wanted and supper was what they



She Turned the Witchery of Her Glance Upon Him.

intended having. He had sent his superintendent, the man he trusted sufficiently not only to put his business in his hands, but also the happiness of his daughter. And his superintendent had failed.

He joined Pat Grady in the mess hall. Silently the two men looked about them. Tables, chairs, crockery, food remained as it had been after the mutiny at the dinner table. Even the stench of the mess still hovered over the hall. He threw out his hands in a wide gesture of rage and helplessness.

"Hell! pay and then some," muttered the foreman.

Monroe started a nod but checked it, throwing up his head like a runaway horse as the shrill scream of the whistle pierced his ears.

Loud, shrieking, fiendish was the sound. He did not know what it might mean. There was no way of telling that. Of consequences he cared little compared to the broken promise to his men. Already they were rushing toward this very place. And he had promised that they would find the food there which they were entitled to, instead of which—this mess.

Before he had time to even talk the situation over, to reach any conclusion, a burly form hurtled in the doorway, followed by another, another, and then another. Monroe met the startled, incredulous eyes of the workmen. Then he lowered his own.

"Well, I'm damn—"

He lifted his head quickly at the threat in the angry voice. If the men were in his mood already, then, under full headway, there was no telling to what extent their rage would take them. He lifted his hand, his powerful shoulders lunged forward.

"Men, I'm sorry," he said, simply. "You know I sent the superintendent to town to remedy this condition. I'm going to the phone now and see what can be done."

The growl that went up showed that his declaration had far from mollified. He flushed darkly, his iron jaw creeping out.

"It's the first time I've ever had to apologize to you men," he snapped. "I'm going to do my best for you now. I said I'm sorry and I'll phone the city immediately. Now, you can take it or get your time. That's all."

Without a side glance he shouldered his way through and stamped angrily into the office, snatching the receiver from the hook. Swiftly he clogged his powerful finger gripping and un-gripping over the little bit of iron that spelled so much to him. A step sounded from the door. He turned to meet the eyes of his foreman, then shrugged his shoulders.

"The phone won't work," he announced, slowly putting the receiver back in place.

Pat Grady did not answer. For just a moment the two men stared at one another. Then Grady quietly put his shoulder against a big cupboard at one side the room and hauled it before the window, so that just a mere slant of light showed through.

"Bolt the door double, boss," he said softly. "The devil's in those men at the best. But he's got so much room to locate in their stomachs this

day, I'm thinking we'll have a bit of a scrimmage."

Monroe stared at him irresolutely a second, then moved decisively to the door. Outside the men waited eagerly, their brows still lowering, their faces dark and sullen, yet expectant.

"Men," cried the oil king, a slight tremor in his voice despite the effort made at control. "I've just tried the phone and it's out of or—"

A hoarse laugh that had nothing of mirth in it halted him. Then he leaped back into the office, hurriedly, tossing the bolts into place, as the laugh grew into a roar, a roar of such menace as even he had never heard before. A roar and then a wild, insane rush forward.

Came the crack of a revolver. He shuddered at the sound. Never before had he heard the sound of a gun in fields within his dominion. He looked around to see Pat Grady, chuckling silently to himself, as he squinted through the aperture beside the cupboard which concealed the window, his right hand firmly gripping the revolver he had found in Payne's room—Payne, whose delinquency was the cause of all this.

IV.

Brown Joe laughed aloud as he stuck the pliers in the waistband of his trousers and clambered laboriously down the telegraph pole. Above him dangled the wires to the city, the wires along which the message of Monroe was futilely seeking way.

He had seen his opportunity for revenge when, peering furtively through the mess hall window he saw there was no chance for the promised supper.

Quick thinking had it been that led him to the phone wires, thinking inspired within his cunning brain by the master of evil himself. And now he would go back and complete the work. As he rushed toward the group about the office door he caught the laugh that greeted Monroe's announcement of his inability to get Los Angeles on the wire. He knew that laugh might be turned in either direction. He took it up instantly, a wild yell of hatred and defiance bursting from his throat. He grinned to himself as the workmen caught that yell and lunged toward the man who seemed mocking them.

Then he whirled back, staggering slightly, but quickly righting himself from the blow that had tossed him round lightly. He pressed his hands to the place where the blow had fallen, staring at them in astonishment as they came away, a red sticky smear upon them.

And then the rage that he had so cunningly controlled leaped up and overwhelmed him. He had been shot, had been shot by the same man who had knocked him down and then discharged him from the place without even giving him opportunity to get his pay check. And for what? Because he refused longer to tolerate the vile food that was served him.

With little whimpers of anger shrilling from his brawny throat, more like an animal of the African jungle than human being was he as he gathered the men together behind the mess hall, planning with them how to capture the office and take revenge upon the pair within.

"Two men—and a gun, boys," he declaimed shrilly. "Let 'em use up that bunch of cartridges and they won't amount to two whoops. Draw their fire while—"

He did not finish, turning and ducking the leaden messenger which was sent from the office toward him. In a few moments he reappeared with a rifle, waving it triumphantly above his head, exultantly shrilling a defiance toward the two in command.

In command no longer. For two men and a gun had been offset by this crowd and a rifle.

Quickly Brown Joe made out from where the fire came, carefully plugging away at the aperture, disturbing and at the same time drawing the fire of Grady. And always did his lips move in careful count, a slow smile distorting his face evilly as he realized the supply of bullets must be getting low.

"There's a big timber round the other side of the shack," he suggested. "His rifle is getting weak now. Get that timber and make a rush at the door. I'll keep his aim wild with the rifle."

Without a hint of disobedience they fell into the suggestion. Moblike they had been led into this affair and now all the wild, unthinking, ungovernable impulse of mob spirit was upon them.

Swiftly Grady discharged his revolver in their midst. One man fell and they stared at him, wonderingly, brutishly pained that such a thing should happen. Brown Joe saw the hesitancy and let out a wild whoop of exultation.

"I got him—wflged him—"

"You're a dirty, brown liar," thundered back Grady from the cabin.

But his retort was drowned by the cheer from the mob, as they picked up the log again and lunged toward the office door.

"Short jabs, boys," yelled the leader, punctuating his howl by a rifle shot. Manfully they stood to their work, ramming, ramming against the door. It was sagging at the upper corner now, sagging heavily.

And then, even as they exulted, it slapped back into place, re-enforced from inside.

Easily as a mob is encouraged, it becomes discouraged quite as readily. They dropped the log and stared at one another, then fell back to Brown Joe for advice. He started to speak, then started toward the rear window of the office, a howl of execration and triumph coming from his lips.

Snatching a lantern and followed by a few of his fellows, he darted out

into the open, after the swift moving, shadowy outlines of a man who had lunged through that window. He was able to make out the outlines finally, as he drew closer to the fleeing man.

It was Grady—Pat Grady, the man who had knocked him down and winged him in the same day. Rage gave wings to his feet. He was gaining, gaining upon the man. He started to yell, then clamped his lips shut, realizing it would require all his strength to catch up.

Almost upon him, something slipped from beneath his feet. Wild at the thought of losing, he hurled the lantern at Grady's head. The foreman ducked and the red-eyed thing crashed to the ground.

Brown Joe recovered his balance and started again in pursuit, then halted.

For, from beneath his very feet, a long siver of flame was reaching, a beautiful little trickling stream of yellow light over which hung an acrid, black plume of smoke. It reached out eagerly, devoutly and the man leaped back, staring aghast at the fire monster, creeping, insidiously yet remorselessly toward the tank from which the treacherous oil had leaked.

V.

After the theater Payne left Julia and spent a restless night. Next morning he was at the grocery store early to make the selections of food, and was on his way back when he met the messenger with the news that the oil refinery was besieged and burning and that the old boss was fighting off the hordes alone. Payne aroused the sheriff and, loading his car with deputies, rushed off, only to arrive too late. Ira Monroe was rescued, his true, but only after his entire plant had been destroyed by fire.

Yesterday he had been rich; today, now, he was a poor man. His life had been devoted to these fields that were now but signs of what devastation can be caused by the thing which man had harnessed.

Triumphing in its freedom, exulting, wild clamored the fire. And still he stood and stared at the ruin of everything he had held dear. He turned to his daughter and his eyes fell upon Payne, who hung his head, unable to meet again those eyes.

"Well," he laughed, harshly, "I trusted you, Lee Payne. I always trusted you. And my reward is this—"

He waved his hand in a wide gesture toward the terribly beautiful sight.

"You may go now. I suppose you will wish to go now, you have done—your worst—"

Julia sprang forward, her arms affectionately about the broken old man's neck. But he made no re-



"You May Go Now, You Have Done Your Worst!"

sponse. As well might he have been dead for all sign of response he gave.

"Oh, dad, I did it—it was my fault—"

"I trusted you," Ira Monroe repeated as Payne would have opened his lips to spare her.

Gently but firmly the old man reached up and disentangled her arms from about him, slowly moving toward the waiting motor car, wherein the deputies were already piling, after scattering the rioters.

Julia turned toward her sweetheart, her hands outstretched in appeal, the agony of worlds upon her face.

"And I did it—I did it, Lee. And I only wanted to be with you because—I loved you so much. But I did it all—and now—"

"He trusted me—for this—" the superintendent answered slowly, the words falling dully from his lips.

"Lee—Lee," she clung to him desperately. "Say you forgive me—that you understand why—"

"He—trusted—me—for—this—"

Slowly, heavily he turned. She reached out her arms toward him, but he did not turn, did not even turn when the black smoke swallowed up his form from her sight.

Blinded she looked upon the havoc. She could never see again for the memory of this mass of fire and smoke. But always could she hear—always would she hear that merciless sound—the tick-tock, tick-tock of a watch to which she gave heed, too late.

WHO PAYS?

End of Eighth Story.
(The next story is "For the Commonwealth.")

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.

LADIES' APRON WITH PRINCESS FRONT.



1431

A POPULAR PLEASING STYLE.



1442

1442. Girl's Suit with Gored Plaited Skirt and Norfolk Blouse (Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths).—As here shown checked gingham in blue and brown tones, was combined with blue chambray. For comfort, style and practical features, this model has much to recommend it. The blouse may be finished with or without the back yoke facing, and the belt may be adjusted at Empire or low waistline. The skirt is a 4 gore model, with plaited fulness. It may be finished with the skirtband or joined to an underwaist. The sleeve is to be made in wrist length, with a hand cuff, or finished at elbow length with a turnback cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. It requires 5 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 1 year size.

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

A PRACTICAL "SHORT CLOTHES" OUTFIT.



1201. Child's Set of Dress, Petticoat and Drawer.

This combination will readily appeal to the home dress maker. The dress is in simple Bishop style, and may be finished in French waist style, and with short sleeves and low neck. The petticoat is cut with a long waist, and is sure to prove a comfortable garment. The good features of the drawers will be at once apparent. Muslin, cambric, nainsook, or cotton flannel are good for the petticoat and drawers, with edges, embroidery or feather stitching for a finish. The dress is lovely for lawn, batiste, nainsook, cashmere, percale, gingham, challie or voile, also for flannellette and crepe. The pattern for this excellent trio of garments is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 27 inch material for the dress, 2 3/8 yards for the petticoat and 3 1/4 yard for the drawers for a 3 year size.

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

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

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

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

An expressman says that spinsters are uncalled for packages.

LADIES' APRON.



1429

1429. A Very Desirable and Popular Style Ladies' Apron.

For percale, gingham, drill, sateen, lawn or cambric, this model will be found very satisfactory. It is cut with sufficient fulness for comfort and ease in wearing, and has deep arm opening, which assures freedom of movement for the arms while working. The back is finished with a belt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 3 7/8 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size.

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

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

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

Even a dead beat is always willing to pay an old grudge.

The late husband catches the early morning lecture.

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

LADIES' KIMONA AND LOUNGING ROBE.



1434

1434. A Dainty Garment for the Hour of Rest and Repose.

Such pretty patterns in crepe, lawn, batiste, dimity and silk may be obtained for garments of this kind. This model expresses grace and comfort in its simple lines. Dainty pink and white lawn was chosen with a neck finish of washable edging, and a decoration of velvet ribbon. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small medium and large. It requires 6 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size.

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

A POPULAR PRACTICAL STYLE.



1457

1457. Girl's Dress With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

As here shown checked gingham was used, with white linens for trimming. This design will develop nicely in serge, plaid suiting or wool mixtures. It is also nice for linen, pique, linens, velveteen, corduroy or nonlin. The fronts are finished with slot tucks underneath which the closing may be affected. The skirt is a four gore model with a charming "grown up" flare. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 40 inch material for a 4 year size.

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

A COMFORTABLE, NATTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1488

1488. Girl's Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths, and with Convertible Collar.

White serge with black satin facings is here shown. Checked gingham, striped galatea, brown repp or poplin, taffeta, velveteen and corduroy, are all attractive materials for this style. The fronts may be closed high at the neck, or rolled low in revers style. The pockets may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 1/4 yards of 44 inch material for an 8 year size.

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

Food Value of Milk

Good milk is the most valuable single article of diet known to man, while bad, impure, so-called "loose milk," is one of the most dangerous foods possible.

In clean, pure, pasteurized milk we have the one perfect food for the human being, and the education of the consumer in the care of milk should go hand in hand with the increased demands made on the milk farmer for a cleaner, higher grade of milk, and on the distributor for greater care in the handling of the product, bringing it to your door clean and not contaminated with any bacteria which would cause disease.

It is a well known fact that the average housewife, living in the town or city, knows comparatively nothing about the milk that is supplied to her family.

She knows nothing as to where the milk comes from that is delivered at her door each day, and she knows almost as little about how the milk is cared for, once it has reached her refrigerator.

If the housewife inspects her kitchen and refrigerator each day, she sees in it a bottle of milk; possibly the milk may be in a bowl or pithor but the chances are that nine times out of ten, whatever container the milk is in, it is uncovered.

The milk is left to absorb every odor from every particle of food in the ice box, which it does as greedily as a sponge absorbs water.

If the milk is not in the ice box it may be left in a warm pantry or on the kitchen table uncovered. In the summer time it offers an ideal drinking fountain for the typhoid fly, which is sure to haunt the kitchen of the careless housewife.

Or, if the city apartment house is the home, the milk reaches the kitchen by the dumb waiter shaft, or the servant elevator after it has been handled by any number of hands,

mostly dirty.

At one apartment which I once lived I was horribly shocked one morning upon opening the dumbwaiter shaft door to find my bottle of cream closely nestled against a garbage can and the contents of many waste baskets from other apartments emptied around it.

This was my first awakening as to the manner in which my milk was being delivered to me each morning. I perhaps had seen it at its worst, but it was the last time I saw it in this condition, for I immediately made other arrangements for the delivery of my milk.

Sometimes it takes a rude awakening to bring us to our senses. If the tenement house flat is the home it may be left at the door of the poor woman if she can afford to buy bottled milk, where any stray cat or dog can inspect it and then it is opened without washing the outside of the bottle.

This was true last summer, when, riding early Sunday morning out into the country, all along the outskirts of the city, we noticed bottles of milk standing on the porch, while the sun beating down upon them and within easy reach of any stray cats or dogs.

Most of these were houses of apparently a thrifty class, and if they had only thought of the danger their milk would have found a place where the milkman could have left it in the shade and out of the reach of hungry animals.

The careless handling of a product the most delicate is due to one of two causes—either the housewife is indifferent to the health of her family, or she is ignorant as to the effect of such careless handling of milk. One knows that no housewife could be indifferent to the health of her family; hence we must conclude that the careless handling of milk in the home is due to ignorance.

The campaign of education carried on through the recent milk shows has done more to educate the housewife and all other consumers of milk than tons of printed books on the subject.

Of what use is it for the federal government to enforce the pure food

law, as it relates to milk, or for the individual state or for the city or the town to enact and enforce, at great expense, laws for the protection of the milk supply, or for the dairy farmer and the distributor of milk to expend large sums of money in producing and delivering a clean, pasteurized, pure supply of milk, when the ignorant and indifferent housewife, by her careless methods in the home, nullifies all the work done by the federal, state or municipal authorities and renders useless the time and money spent by the farmer and distributor of milk?

In many a home milk is treated with as little care as a bag of potatoes.

No pains and no expense should be spared to educate the consumer of milk: first as to its food value, second as to the danger of contaminated milk from tubercular cattle, and third as to its care in the home.

If women were educated to appreciate the food value of pasteurized milk, the campaign for its production would go forward by leaps and bounds.

If consumers knew how dangerous to health is the consumption of any other kind of milk they would with one accord demand the best product and willingly pay the increased cost if required.

No matter how bad a man may be, there is one woman who can find some good in him.

Roucheffoucauld said that there are no pleasant marriages. But he had not tried them all.

It is easy to make a bad matter worse than it is to make a good matter better.

We have enough unwritten laws; what we need is a few more unbroken ones.

Fishing for husbands or fish is much the same. The big ones get away.

Don't overstep yourself in trying to put your best foot forward.

One right the taxpayer has is the right to pay the freight.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

Madam, Do Your Silks Give Positive Satisfaction?

Or have you been disappointed by your garment being ruined because of the silk slitting? Women buy silk fabrics by judging from appearance and texture. They cannot discern the adulterations of iron and tin and therefore are subject to the prey of some manufacturers. When you buy

BELDING'S GUARANTEED SILK FABRICS

You are protected by the guarantee of the largest silk manufacturing company in the world.

Belding's Dress Silks, \$1.50 per yard

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

Belding's Lining Silks, \$1.00 per yard

36 inches wide. Have long held the lead for lining Cloaks, Suits, Jackets, etc. They excel in appearance and wear, and give the most satisfaction.

YOU SHOULD INSIST ON "BELDINGS"—NOT THE CHEAPEST BUT THE LEAST EXPENSIVE.

"Guaranteed Not To Rip, Split or Tear"

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Brownell, a son, Oct. 30th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Conway, a son, Oct. 29th.

About fifty of W. P. Porter's Young Peoples Bible class took supper at the Presbyterian church Wednesday evening.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Don Palmer of Butternut Corners was buried Sunday last at Densmore cemetery, Rev. John Clemens officiating.

The Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church will meet at the home of Mrs. E. A. Lewis on Friday afternoon, Nov. 12th, at 2:30. Mrs. R. O. Bisbee will have charge of the program.

A party of hunters consisting of Messrs. A. Cameron, Geo. G. Glenn, Harry Curkendall, Harry Price, Dr. Dicken, Roscoe Mackey and N. Muma leave this Saturday for their annual hunting trip at Deconanaw near Newberry.

Miss Alice Rosetta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Sheppard, and Orvie Gunsolus were united in marriage by Rev. Quinton Walker at the Methodist parsonage, Charlevoix, Saturday afternoon last, Oct. 30th. Both the young people are well-known residents of near this city and have a host of friends who extend congratulations. They will make their home at the Gunsolus farm for awhile.

It wasn't exactly a "family reunion" which was held at the home of Mayor and Mrs. A. E. Cross, but nevertheless there were five generations present at one time this week. Those present were, in their order, Mrs. Amada Olmstead and Mr. and Mrs. E. Mudge of Central Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Porter and their son, William. Mrs. Olmstead is ninety years of age. The Central Lake visitors returned home, Thursday.

Supt. of Schools O. M. Misenar of Northville, was acquitted Monday afternoon of the charge of assault and battery made against him by the parents of Charles Gray, a 13-year-old school boy. The charge grew out of a whipping administered to the boy by Misenar as a punishment for an infraction of school rules. Dr. T. H. Turner testified that the boy was not severely punished and added, "He did not get it anywhere near as badly as I did when I went to school."—Detroit Times.

Mrs. Mary Jackman, a former well-known resident of this city, died on Wednesday, October 27th at the home of her sister, Mrs. Anna Chadcock, in South Haven, Mich. Deceased was born in Norman, Canada, sixty-one years ago, the first child of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Zeas. At an early age she came to East Jordan with her parents and has spent most of her life here. She was married to John Jackman in 1890 and he died about six years ago. No children were born to this union. Deceased has been an invalid for many years, suffering from paralysis. The remains were brought to East Jordan Friday evening and the funeral took place on Monday from St. Joseph's church. The following brothers and sisters sincerely mourn this first break in the fraternal chain of eleven children: Theodore, Joseph and Robert Zeas of East Jordan, John and Alexander, who reside in Canada, Moses of Iowa, Louis of Toledo, Mrs. Anna Chadcock of South Haven, Mich., Mrs. Hattie Wilks of California and Mrs. Josephine Vandell of East Jordan.

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

Phone 112 for an appointment today.

KIRKPATRICK PHOTOGRAPHER

Fred Lanway drives a new Ford automobile.

E. N. Clink returned from Detroit, Friday.

M. Kowalske is visiting relatives in Manistee.

E. A. Ashley is now driving a new Chevrolet car.

A. B. Meech left Sunday for Asheville, North Carolina.

Chris Bulow returned from Detroit first of the week.

The Electa Club met with Mrs. H. C. Blount, Tuesday evening.

Att'y F. R. Williams left Tuesday on a business trip to Chicago.

Miss Mary Kitman left this Saturday for her home at Standish.

Vern Whiteford left Thursday for Lansing to seek employment.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brabant drove to Harbor Springs first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Monroe left Saturday last on a business trip to Detroit.

Rev. J. W. Gleason of Boyne City was in the city Thursday and Friday.

Misses Jessie and Ruby Taylor returned from Traverse City, Wednesday.

Guy Graff of Rogers City is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Graff.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Balch and Mrs. Harry Price drove to Petoskey, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Porter and son drove home from Mt. Pleasant, Tuesday.

Mrs. L. C. Madison left Monday for a week's visit at her old home Brimfield, Ind.

Our Stamped Coods for Christmas work is now on display.—M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Mrs. Countess Flanders of Churchills Corners is visiting friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Grozier now occupy rooms in the Boarding house on Main-st.

Miss Mildred Drescher spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents at Ellsworth.

Mrs. Guy Hunsberger of Petoskey is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hunsberger.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter went to Northport Friday to attend the funeral of a relative.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Flye of Munising are guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mollard.

Archie Menzie of Traverse City is guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. Rdy Sherman.

Mrs. Chas. Malpass entertained the Improvement Club at her home Tuesday afternoon.

L. Miles and family moved from their farm into rooms in Miss Kneales tenant house on Esterly-st.

Miss Norma Johnson returned to her school near Pleasant Valley, Sunday, after a two week vacation.

Clifton Heller left Thursday for Milwaukee where he will take a course at the Mollar Barber college.

Mrs. John O'Connor of Boyne Falls visited at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Milford first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman and John Waterman left this Saturday on their hunting trip at Munising.

Mrs. John Kolk of Deward who has been visiting relatives and friends here returned home Thursday.

Miss Amie St. John left Saturday last for a visit with her sisters, Mrs. Oral Misenar and Miss Audrey at Northville.

Mrs. Bert Patterson of Battle Creek, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Crothers and sister, Mrs. E. Flagg.

Mrs. Jay Hite and children returned home Saturday last from a visit with friends at Northport and Traverse City.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kirkpatrick returned from Detroit, Thursday, where Mrs. Kirkpatrick underwent an operation.

Jay W. Carr of Rexton, Mich., and James M. Carr of Cadillac, Mich., are visiting at the home of their sister, Mrs. Freeman Walton.

Miss Leone Miles and Sergeant Jas. D. Cook of this city were united in marriage Wednesday evening at the Methodist parsonage by Rev. John Clemens.

New DRESS GOODS just arrived—Flowered chiffons and Georgette Crepes for evening and afternoon waists and gowns—\$1.25 to \$1.50.—M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Mr. and Mrs. James Milford with daughter, Miss Thelma, of Springvale were in our city Monday night. Mrs. M. Chaplin who has been visiting at that place returned home with them.

George Anderson and daughter, Mrs. A. A. Miner with the latter's children, arrived here from South Boardman, Tuesday, and will make their home in this city during the winter. Mr. Mizer will follow in a few weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Risk and son spent Sunday at Boyne City.

Thos. Joynt was a Traverse City business visitor first of the week.

Mrs. Frank Stewart returned from the Petoskey hospital Sunday last.

Com'r May L. Stewart returned home first of the week from Saginaw and Bad Axe.

Miss Lottie Miller of Boyne City spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miller.

Eugene Tillotson and family moved to Boyne City this week where Mr. Tillotson has employment.

Mrs. W. S. Carr returned home from the Petoskey hospital, Tuesday, where she underwent an operation.

Mrs. Samuel Whiteford is confined to her bed with illness. Her daughter, Mrs. Etta Siminaw of Charlevoix is caring for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Pete Lalonde visited at the home of Mrs. John Beuser at Boyne City, Sunday last.

Mrs. E. Flagg was at Traverse City first of the week with her son Robert, to consult a specialist in regard to the accident to her sons eye.

Mrs. H. J. Bryant and daughter, Miss Daisy, of Leland have rented rooms of Mrs. M. E. Heston on Second-st. where they will do dress-making.

Rev. John Clemens left this Saturday morning for Bates, Mich., where he was called to officiate at the wedding of one of his former parishioners.

Mrs. B. Swab and daughter left Monday for their home at Stewartville, Minn., after a few weeks visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. L. Lorraine.

Mrs. John Clemens with children, Ernest and Helen left Thursday morning for the hospital at Ann Arbor, where the boy will undergo an operation for adenoids and treatment for gland difficulties.

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

Outing Flannels, regular 10c quality, next week 8c.—M. E. ASHLEY & Co.

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

1 Lot Childrens Coats for next week at 20 per cent discount.—M. E. ASHLEY & Co.

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

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.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 7, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—"The Searcher of Hearts"

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League—"A Prophets Great Promise to Youth."

Leaders—Mrs. H. Smith and Mrs. Mac Donald.

7:00 p. m.—"The Character of Jesus."

The League will hold special young peoples meetings every night for the week Nov. 7-13, from 8 p. m. till 9 p. m. in connection with Win-My-Chum Campaign. An address from the pastor each evening. Topics:

Monday—"What Became of Billy Sunday's Colleagues, or The Game of Life."

Tuesday—"Sponging Ones Way."

Wednesday—"The Lion's Kiss."

Thursday—"Stunts" and "Stints."

Friday—"Daring to be a Soldier in a Warring Nation."

Young and old alike are welcome.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 7, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—"Doing Impossible Things."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

2:00-4:00 p. m.—Visitation Work.

6:15 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"Our Church Work."

The time of the evening service is changed to 7 p. m. for the winter months.

Sunday afternoon we plan to visit each family connected with the church. We shall appreciate if all in any way connected with the church will remain at home until the visitors have called.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Nov. 7.

10:30 a. m. High Mass.

7:00 p. m. Devotions and Benediction

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 whole some. Ask for CITROLAX.—Hite's Drug Store.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

PROPHECIES THAT FAILED.

When agricultural extension work was comparatively new several theories were advanced which a test has knocked into a cocked hat. Wise men told us that young men who had not had years of experience in farming would never do as county agents or agriculturists. There were several very good reasons why they would never succeed. Now the majority of county agents are such young men and they are making good in the most surprising fashion. Perhaps no more useful body of men exists in our country than these same youngsters who were doomed to failure according to the seers and prophets of a few years ago. Another theory was that a "survey" was necessary before a county agriculturist could accomplish much. Various surveys were made and discussed and forgotten. No doubt some of them helped the county agriculturist and other folks too. But the men who sailed into work without any surveys other than a general acquaintance with their field are doing well and accomplishing much good. Another theory held in esteem by certain writers who "knew" farmers well was that these farmers were a hard-headed and hard-shelled species of mankind who would not take a youthful agriculturist into their fields, barns and confidence, as a result of which he would accomplish little. Experience has completely demolished this notion. Farmers have shown themselves to be ready and anxious to learn and to cooperate with the agriculturist. Other words of wisdom escaped from the pessimists which are better forgotten; but we can't help reminding them of these few prophecies which failed.—National Stockman and Farmer.

A PORTABLE SCHOOLHOUSE.

—authoritatively announced that Boston has recently acquired sixteen new portable schoolhouses, a bit of news which the schoolboy, today as in Shakespeare's time,

—with his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwilling to school—

will hear with dismay because of the possibilities of woe involved in their use.

Who knows but that the day may come when, thanks to modern progressive ideals, boys will no longer go to school, but, alas, school will go to them? Of what avail then will be the measles, the mumps, or the everwelcome whooping-cough? What boots a stomach-ache at eight a. m. if Father can go to the phone and have a portable school wheeled around to the back door, and the multiplication-table spread as per usual? What use to play that glorious game of hockey if the fleeting truant can actually be pursued by a handsome sixty horsepower, six-cylinder schoolhouse, set instantly upon his trail?

Indeed are we glad that our school days are over, and were not deferred to these overprogressing times when even rights of childhood are not safe from the ravager. Whether the new schoolhouses are electric or gasoline, we are not informed, but in any event we like them not, and behalf of the downtrodden youth of the land whose privileges in the line of avoiding education are thereby threatened, we emphatically enter our protest against the innovation.—From Judge.

TRUTH SPOKEN IN JEST.

A selfish friend is like the letter P, because he is the first in pity and the last in help.

Debt is about the only thing that increases the more it is contracted.

The noblest pursuit of woman is an honest man.

Men who beg are usually those who formerly squandered.

When a man is willing to go without his dinner to do you a favor, place his name at the top of your list of friends.

Straining a point rarely makes it clearer. Blunt people are apt to say sharp things.

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

New York state gets more of the immigrants arriving in America than any other commonwealth.

There will be fewer pessimists as soon as people learn what is fit to eat and are able to secure it.

WENT TO THE HOSPITAL.

C. E. Blanchard, postmaster, Blanchard, Cal., writes: "I had kidney trouble so bad I had to go to the hospital. Foley Kidney Pills completely cured me." Men and women testify they banish lame back, stiff joints, sore muscles and sleep disturbing bladder ailments.—Hite's Drug Store.

At Temple Theatre 10th
Wednesday, Nov. 10th

The Cort Film Corporation present
Israel Zangwell's famous Drama

The Melting Pot

A MAMMOTH FEATURE PICTURE PLAY.



A Splendid Visualization of Israel Zangwell's wonderful story with

Walker Whiteside and
Miss Valentine Grant
In the Principal Parts.

Admission - - - 15c

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 Foleys

Honey and Tar compound, for coughs,

colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills,

and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's

Drug Store.

—Wedlock is truly a combination lock

It sometimes happens that a woman's

hair is a bit of fiction founed on fact.

You can usually ascertain a woman's

real age by asking some other woman.

A Chinese philosopher says there is

an ounce of wisdom at the root of

every gray hair.

The trouble with the man who thinks

he knows it all is that he always wants

to tell more.

The brain of an elephant is larger

than that of a man, but his trunk is

smaller than that of a woman.

CHEAPER THAN HOME-MADE.

You cannot make a good cough

medicine at home for as little as you

pay for Foley's Honey and Tar, nor can

you be sure of getting the fresh, full

strength, clean and pure materials. Did

you ever hear of a home-made cough

medicine doing the work that Foley's

is doing every day all over the country?

—Hite's Drug Store.

A man isn't necessarily bashful because he declines to meet his obligations.

The real secret of many a man's success lies in doing a thing today and talking about it next week.

The evident admiration of a strange man makes a girl almost as indignant as his failure to notice her.

CURED BOY OF CROUP.

Nothing frightens a mother more than the loud, hoarse cough of croup. Labored breathing, strangling, choking and gasping for breath demand instant action. Mrs. T. Neureuer, Eau Claire, Wis., says: "Foley's Honey and Tar cured by boy of croup after other remedies failed." Recommended for coughs and colds.—Hite's Drug Store.

We Show Men & Women

How to make \$20 to \$100 weekly, year around. Amazing opportunity for large income. Why waste time working for others? Use your spare time at home and earn financial independence. No canvassing. Be your own master. Write today. Universal Success Co., Dept. A, No. 50 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Yes—Many People

have told us the same story—distress after eating, gases, heartburn. A

Roxall Dyspepsia

Tablet

before and after each meal will relieve you. Sold only by us—25c.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

Fresh Pastuerized
Milk and Cream
McCOOL & MATHER
Phone No. 29.



BEAVER

Get "More Money" for your Furs
BEAVER, FOXES, MUSKRAT, RACCOON, SKUNK, MINK, WHITE WEASEL and other Fur bearers collected in your section
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Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning.

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, feel clean inside; no sour bile at your tongue and sicken your path or dull your head; no constipation, bilious attacks, sick headache, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach, you must bathe on the inside like a bath outside. This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do, says a well-known physician.

To keep these poisons and toxins all flushed from the stomach, liver, lungs and bowels, drink before breakfast each day, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your pharmacist. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation.

To feel like young folks feel: Like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up! Use soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limestone phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

RAISE THINGS

When the farmer's family could raise what they ate, weave what they wore, fashion most of the crude implements they used, pay taxes in pelts or things other than cash, it was not necessary for the farmer to raise much to sell even if it were possible. But that day has forever passed away. The farmer of this century is a buyer of things—most of the necessities and his family used to make and a host of implements, machines, comforts, luxuries and pleasures. His taxes must be paid in cash. He is a part of an advanced and an advancing civilization, he wants to act his part and does so. He cannot bring all these things home from town unless he raises things to take to town in exchange for them.

Civilization demands that farmers raise things—for the sustenance of others, for the development of the nation, and especially for their own business and social advancement. The men who raise most at least cost, who find best markets for their products, who are not given to waste and extravagance, these men are the substantial farmers and solid citizens of our nation. They are creating wealth out of the soil, the sunshine and the rain without impoverishing any man or destroying any asset of civilization. Raising things is the cleanest kind of business. The farmer as an individual must raise things in order to live and prosper. Farmers as a class must raise things to exchange for the products of other men or else fall behind others in every way. And the measure of what farmers raise is the measure of their economic and social standing in all lands. The "poor white" of the southern mountains raises a handful of grain and a bite of hay for his beast of all purposes. He lives in a cabin and has missionaries sent unto him and his household. The farmer on fertile soil raises a surplus to sell, lives in a good home replete with conveniences and luxuries, gives his children an education, rides in an automobile and helps to pay the missionary to the man who can't produce more than a bare existence. That expresses the economic and social difference between raising things and not raising them. Let us raise things for the sake of ourselves, our families and our standing among men if for no higher reason.—National Stockman & Farmer.

WOMBS SAGE TEA IN HAIR TO DARKEN IT

Grandma kept her locks dark, glossy, thick with a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's treatment, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage. Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the musky mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product called "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" for about 50 cents a bottle. It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply mistle your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what detaches the hair after a few applications. It also produces that soft lustrous appearance of abundance which is so attractive; besides, prevents dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair.

Postillion D'Amour

The disturbing prick of conscience came to Holger Kragh as he was idling away time at an open window in Cafe Continental listening with half an ear to a retired colonel with a grievance against the minister of war.

"Was he doing his full duty toward that kid?" Conscience asked suddenly apropos of nothing. He shut his eyes and let the colonel ramble on unheeded.

The kid had been forced on him, he had tried to get out of taking it, but he had been the only relative upon whom the poor little orphan had the slightest claim, so he had to give way.

But as he sat there, after a rather solid dejeuner, looking out upon the heated pavement of Kongsens Nytorv, he began to doubt if he had really done his duty by the kid.

The boy had been very little trouble to him. He had turned him over to the care of the servants and had gone away. There was no one to love the kid but the servants; no one to play with him but the servants. Sincerely little Viggo must want to get out in the country, and it must not be with the servants this time. He would take him to the seashore himself and show the kid what it was to have a real, jolly good time.

"I am very sorry," he said to the colonel, "but I just remembered an engagement," and he hurried home full of his new idea. Up to the nursery he ran and seized Viggo by the shoulders.

"Look here, kid, can you wash and dress yourself?"

"Course, I can," the boy replied with all the wounded pride of seven years and ten months in his voice.

"If I take you away with me—just me and you—would you cry for Anna?"

"Course not," said the child still more indignantly than before.

It certainly was a glorious time for Viggo, a very different vacation from all the others he had ever known. There was no nurse to say "Don't!" to everything one naturally most wanted to do or to make one's life a misery by continually examining one's hands to see if they were clean.

One day while going home to lunch with his guardian little Viggo was suddenly tempted and fell. They passed by a cunningly-built sand castle, to which a chubby little girl with most of her garments bunched up around her waist, was just putting the finishing touches. The demon of destruction whispered a hint to Viggo, and with a wild shout he plunged his spade into the middle of that castle, and threw it into ruins.

Laughing, he looked into his guardian's face, expecting him to laugh, too; but Holger Kragh did not laugh.

"Viggo," he said, "that was very wrong of you." His tone was solemn, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

"Go back to the little girl," he went on, "and beg her pardon and tell her you are sorry you made her cry."

"I won't," said Viggo, who had come to regard his guardian merely as another little boy, who happened by some freak of nature to be six feet high.

A peal of laughter came from somewhere nearby, and Holger caught the glimmer by the collar and swung him to the feet of the little castle builder.

"Say, I beg your pardon, Viggo," he commanded in an awful grown-up voice that struck terror to the boy's heart.

"Beg your pardon," said Viggo, tearfully, and a sweet, bright voice called out: "Oh, please don't be cross with him. He didn't really mean to be unkind."

Holger turned and raised his hat to a very charming young lady sitting on the sand with a piece of embroidery in her lap and a pair of laughing eyes, which, unknown to him, had apparently been enjoying the whole scene.

"I am sorry, madam, this young monkey interfered with your daughter," Holger said, bowing gallantly.

"Oh, that is not my daughter; that's my sister," replied the girl on the beach. And that was how the acquaintance with Sigrid Holm began.

Two days later it was cemented into formal friendship, thanks to another indiscretion of Master Viggo.

Sigrid Holm was angry, very angry still, though 24 hours had passed. Yesterday, while the children were busy paddling Holger Kragh had made love to her. She had been cold, but he had been persistent and only an unmistakable snub had made him change the subject.

How dare he, she asked herself half of the night long, and again and again as she sat on the beach, where only for the sake of her little sister she had consented to go. How dared he! Had he not told her quite plainly that he was not a widower? Therefore, having a little boy, it followed that somewhere, divorced, perhaps, there must be a wife! And yet he had dared to make love to her. What did he think of her? A heartless, frivolous flirt—or something worse?

"Aren't you going to play with the big girl, and let me play with the little one this morning?" asked Viggo of his guardian.

"Not today, my boy," Holger replied, with affected carelessness; "she does not want to play with me today. We have just got to keep out of her way for a while," he sighed as he threw himself down on the other side of the breakwater, where he could just see the top of her hat. "Remember, you

are not to go near her, Viggo; you must not worry her. Take off your shoes and stockings and amuse yourself."

But Viggo wanted a companion, someone to witness his boldness; so noticing his guardian absorbed in his book and pipe, he scrambled over the breakwater and marched straight up to the big girl.

"Why aren't you playing today?" he asked abruptly.

"Playing!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"He—Viggo had taken lately to allying to his guardian by his disrespectful pronoun—he says you don't want to play with him today, and 'cause of that I can't play with your little girl."

"You should always do as your father tells you, Viggo, and you should not call him 'he,'" said Sigrid, sententiously.

"He is not my father, silly," cried Viggo, astonished at such ignorance. "I'm an orphan."

"An orphan—one of the little boys that don't have fathers and mothers. He's my guardian."

For a minute or two Sigrid sat silent while Viggo stood in front of her, digging his heels into the sand and turning round and round.

"Tell your guardian to come and talk to me," she said at last, and Viggo ran off to deliver the message.

"The big girl says you are to come and play with her," he announced triumphantly.

Rather hesitatingly Holger Kragh arose and clambered over the breakwater.

"You said I might come to you?" he said, raising his hat.

"Only to talk to me, because I am out of humor," she said quickly, her cheeks a little flushed.

"I am afraid the only subject I care to talk to you about does not interest you."

"Are you interested in the state of my heart?"

"I am interested in everything except politics, which I do not understand," she laughed.

Her flush grew deeper, but after a pause, which seemed to him an age, she said simply: "Yes, tell me about your heart."

"You ought to know all there is to tell, for it is yours."

"Viggo," whispered Sigrid a few minutes later. "I'll tell you a secret—I am going to marry your guardian and be your mother."

"Hooray!" shrieked the imp. "What a lot of fun we'll have—all four!"

"Yes," she laughed, taking him into her arms; "sometimes, but we will also teach a certain spoiled little boy good manners."—Oscar Esasmann.

TIT FOR TAT

There was once upon a time an old lady who rented a furnished villa for the summer and with the villa a large dog also went.

In the sitting room of the villa there was a comfortable armchair. The old lady liked this chair better than any other in the house. She always made for it the first thing. But alas, she nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog.

Being afraid of the dog, she never dared bid it harshly to get out of the chair, as she feared that it might bite her, but instead she would go to the window and call "cats."

Then the dog would rush to the window and bark and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly.

One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He stroled over to the window and, looking out, appeared much excited and set up a tremendous barking.

The old lady arose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter, and the dog quietly climbed into the chair.

SIGN PUZZLED THEM

When the late Senator Wolcott first went to Colorado he and his brother opened a law office at Idaho Springs under the firm name of "Ed Wolcott & Bro." Later the partnership was dissolved. The future senator packed his new assets, including the sign that hung outside of his office, upon a burro and started for Georgetown, a mining town further up the hills. Upon his arrival he was greeted by a crowd of miners who critically surveyed him and his outfit. One of them looking first at the sign that hung over the pack, then at Wolcott, and finally at the donkey, ventured:

"Say, stranger which of you is Ed?"

A FIGHT FOR SUPREMACY

Mrs. Carnes had a new maid, and while she went on a day's motor trip she ventured to leave the children in charge of the girl.

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

A GOSPEL OF LEISURE.

BY REV. GEORGE CLARKE PECK.

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."—Mark vi, 31.

Life is not all work days; it includes holidays. To know the importance and use of a "day off" is only less vital than to realize the importance and use of "day on." Every man should understand both the Gospel of Toil and the Gospel of Leisure.

But a real Gospel of Leisure can never be preached to any except tired people. One of my friends used to boast that he had not taken a summer holiday in sixteen years. He looked so righteous when he said it that he made the rest of us feel half ashamed that we were planning for a summer vacation. Moreover, he was a devout man. But his boasting was like that which one might make concerning the magnitude of the mortgage on his house or the number of carbuncles he had undergone. Weariness is a claim. All the world needs an outing. Millions of people need fresh air more than they need an extra sermon. They are too tired to do themselves credit either at work or at church. Oh, the heaven of giving a heaven of respite to jaded bodies and springless minds!

Real leisure must always be earned. By sweat of brow or brain or soul a man must earn his vacation or he will not know what to do with it when he gets it. There is no such thing as summer holiday apart from winter workday. The man who failed to put his whole self into his winter's task, the woman who has dawdled and dreamed through a series of society functions, is no better qualified to "enjoy" a month of leisure than a sturgeon would be to "enjoy" a walk up Broadway. No use to talk about giving vacations to ourselves or others. We cannot give them; they must be earned. Leisure is one of the beautiful things which must be sweat for before it can be truly possessed.

Vacation—where? In the country if possible. No substitute for Mother Nature as a rest giver has yet been discovered. To get away from the things which man has made or marred and to get close to things as they come from the hands of God is a means of recreation. You can remember the days when your mother took you up into her lap and crooned over you and soothed you. Was there ever any other rest like that? I doubt it. The nearest approach to it, however, is found in the lap of nature. By some brook which has been running for ages, undisturbed stars which have scarcely winked since Abraham's day, out on the sea with its reaches of silver and mountains of foam, following the trout or studying the habits of the thrush, we shall find the most perfect rest. Weariness of limb in such avocation will refresh the soul.

"The world is too much with us late and soon, and we must freshen and resanctify ourselves in the quiet of field or hill."

Each Trial Has Its Lesson.

We never have more than we can bear. The present hour we are always able to endure. As our day, so is our strength. If the trials of many years were gathered into one, they would overwhelm us; therefore, in pity to our little strength, He sends first one, then another, then removes both and lays on a third heavier, perhaps, than either; but all is so wisely measured to our strength that the bruised reed is never broken.

We do not enough look at our trials in this continuous and successive view. Each one is sent to teach us something, and, altogether, they have a lesson which is beyond the power of any to teach alone.—Scottish Reformer.

The Choir of Birds.

At the Chapel of St. Peter, in Florence, there is a choir of birds, the only one of its kind in existence. The birds—three hundred in number—are all in separate cages, which are arranged in rows on both sides of the altar. The leader is a girl, who has had the birds under her personal training for over two years. The whole of the musical part of the service is most exquisitely rendered by them. The leader starts each hymn by whistling the first few notes, and then the birds take it up, in obedience to the movements of their instructor's hand.

Real Prayer.

The Jews had a saying that everyone who multiplies prayer is heard. This is probably what Jesus meant when he bade His disciples in praying not to use vain repetitions and practice much speaking. Christ made prayer a thing of marvelous reality. A prayer-wheel would suit almost any other religion but that upon which Jesus set His seal. The life that corresponds with God must, henceforth, worship not in places made with hands, nor under the structure of established formula, but in spirit and in truth.

REMEDIES FOR FLEAS

Persons whose houses, pet animals or live stock are infested with fleas are warned in a new publication of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bulletin No. 248, that it is almost hopeless to get rid of the pest if no attention is paid to the breeding places of the insects. It is, of course, important to destroy the dirt-flea but this should be accompanied by a thorough cleaning out of all places in which their eggs may be laid. Since it takes for the eggs of fleas to develop to adults there is always danger of a reinfestation unless the breeding places are thoroughly destroyed.

It is a well known fact that certain kinds of fleas are responsible for the spread of the bubonic plague and this alone would make their destruction a universal duty. They are, however, responsible for other diseases as well as the plague, and entirely apart from their share in spreading contagion they are a great nuisance to human beings, and may annoy live stock to such an extent that they seriously injure the health of the animal. The flea can exist practically everywhere that man can, and if the conditions are permitted to be favorable it will multiply with great rapidity.

Of the approximately 400 species known to exist the human flea, the dog flea, the cat flea, the rat flea—which carries the plague—and the sticktight flea are the varieties which most commonly affect human beings and domestic animals. The sticktight flea differs from the others in that when it has once attached itself to a host it remains with its mouth parts immovably imbedded in the flesh. Chickens suffer in particular from this pest and for this reason it is sometimes called the chicken flea. It is frequently seen in dense masses also on the ears of dogs and cats. It is difficult to loosen it from its hold and its destruction therefore presents some difficulties. Fairly good results are obtained from the local application of kerosene and lard in the proportions of 1 part kerosene and 3 parts lard, but if used too freely this may injure poultry.

In the case of other species the insects hop about much more freely and may or may not, therefore, be found at any given time on their hosts. When dogs or cats, however, are found to be suffering, a bath in a 3 per cent solution of creolin will probably be found to be effective. A sufficient accurate method of making such a solution is to add 4 table-spoonfuls of creolin to each gallon of water. Warm water should be used and the animal placed in a tub with the solution in it. A stiff brush should then be used to work the solution into the hair, particular care being taken to wet the fleas on the head of the animal. The bath should last five or ten minutes, after which the creolin should be rinsed off and the animal washed with warm water and soap. This treatment is desirable for cats and will prevent the skin of the most delicate animal from being burned. Finely pulverized methicillin worked into the fur of the cat are also useful. The naphthalene in the moth balls drives the fleas out of the hair. They emerge into a stupified condition and can then easily be killed. Insect powder, sometimes called pyrethrum buback or Dalmatian insect powder, may be used in the same way. Fresh, undiluted pyrethrum is necessary to secure satisfactory results.

It has already been said however, that it is useless to attack the adult flea if no attention is paid to its breeding places. The flea may lay its eggs upon the host animal, but in the case of the human flea most of the eggs are probably deposited while the insects are in their nests somewhere in the vicinity. If houses, the cracks of floors or under matting or carpets are favorite places. The conditions under building are often favorable for breeding. For this reason it is desirable that dwellings, stables and sheds should be so arranged that cats, dogs, chickens, and other animals that harbor the flea can not go beneath them to sleep. Dirt floors in chicken houses and sheds furnish more favorable conditions than wooden floors, and young fleas are often found in the straw, feathers and waste in such places. Where chicken houses and sheds are found to be infested, the manure should be hauled away and spread in fields. Unnecessary rubbish and dry animal matter should be piled up and burned. The ground, the floors of outhouses, and similar places where the breeding is supposed to occur should be sprayed with kerosene or crude petroleum sprinled about. An inexpensive preventative measure is the liberal use of salt scattered about the breeding places and then wet down.

ELECTRICITY PRESERVES EGGS

A French contemporary grimly observes electrocution is not applied to criminals only in the United States. Electricity has found a new application, with results that are said to be remarkable. The chemist has sought in vain a method for the preservation of eggs, and the physicist, it is said, has succeeded where the chemist has failed. The method is not costly, nor is it difficult to apply. It is speedy and has no bad effect on the taste of the egg. The egg is submitted to a battery. A current of several hundred volts passes through, and by this means the germ which causes the deterioration is destroyed.—London Globe.

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 see Jack Robinson—out come 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.

DRUGS EXCITE YOUR KIDNEYS, USE SALTS

If your Back is aching or Bladder bothers, drink lots of water and eat less meat.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salt which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 600 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will 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 clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent mineral-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also stop up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of our kidney trouble and backache.

A SABBATHARIAN NUT

Orville L. Kiplinger, chaplain of the Michigan City, Ind., reformatory, tells the following instance of a scrupulous conscience:

Some years ago an insane patient was given to the immodest not to say expensive, habit of tearing his clothing from him and converting jeans, tucking, denim or whatever the clothes were made of into carpet rags.

The prison physician remonstrated with the shredding nut as follows: "Say, old man, you're certainly making a lot of unnecessary trouble for us. We don't think it's fair. Wouldn't you like to make money?"

The insane man emphatically averred his willingness to make ready cash.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," resumed the doctor. "I will give you ten cents for every day you don't tear your clothes off. Eh?"

The offender assented eagerly, and started in to make good. Tuesday his clothes remained intact; Wednesday, ditto; Friday and Saturday the same. His reformation was the talk of the institution.

But on Sunday morning the garments the crazy man had worn all week were torn into strips and thrown to the four winds of his cell.

"What does this mean?" asked the indignant physician. "I thought I had you hired to keep your clothes on and be good!"

"Well," said the prisoner, innocently, "you didn't suppose I was going to work on Sunday did you?"—From Judge.

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

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

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

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

OLD-TIME COLD 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.

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THE DOUBLE DEALER

By VARICK VANARDY.
Author of "Missing—\$21,500."
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CHAPTER XIII.

The Disappearance of Three Crooks.

A block and a half is not far for two men to go who are eagerly in haste. The telephone message transmitted by Centrat, as Moreaux had arranged, reached Muchmore and Bunting speedily, and they lost no time in following its directions.

Moreaux had not exchanged half a dozen sentences with Mr. Delorme before his listening perceptions heard the opening and closing of the great front door, and he knew that the two officers had arrived.

He also felt assured that they would follow the directions he had left for them with Comiskie and ascend the stairs slowly and quietly, and if they did that he knew that they would wait as quietly until they heard more before they would show themselves.

Mr. Delorme discovered the presence of Moreaux as soon as he came out of his daughter's room, and he went toward him eagerly and with both hands extended.

"I am so glad that you are here, Birge," he said quickly. "A most astonishing thing has happened. Burglars have been in the house. I suppose all that newspaper talk about the presents must have attracted them. We have captured one of them at least."

"How did they get inside?" Moreaux inquired. He wished to kill time until Muchmore and Bunting should arrive.

"Must 'a' had a duplicate key to the front door," Marline announced, pushing himself forward.

"This man"—Delorme indicated the handcuffed Rickett—"insists that he was alone. But these men—Lieutenant Baxter and the officers with him—insist that there were two. Apparently nothing has been stolen. My daughter's strong-box was broken open, but nothing appears to have been disturbed inside of it. A few of her smaller toilet articles have been moved from the bedroom to the boulevard."

The old gentleman turned impatiently toward Baxter—and it was at that moment when Moreaux became conscious of the arrival of the other officers.

"There is no necessity for you to remain here any longer," Delorme continued. "This man seems to have been alone, and—"

Baxter interrupted further speech by stepping in front of Bobcat and shaking his first in the yegg's face.

"You lie when you say that you came here alone, Rickett!" he shouted. "Out with it now. Who was your pal? If you don't tell me now, I'll wring it out of you down-town. Name him."

"There wasn't anybody with me. I was alone," was the sullen reply.

"Scared stiff, ain't you, Bobcat? Scared of Crewe, eh?"

"No, I ain't."

"Well, you'd better be. Take him out, boys. Mr. Moreaux, where'd you blow in from?"

"The street, lieutenant," Moreaux replied calmly; and then he crossed quickly to Bobcat and bent forward as if to peer more closely at the man.

Next he turned his gaze to Baxter, and there was a quizzical half smile in his eyes as he said with deliberation:

"Why, lieutenant, this burglar is a friend of yours. Artists do not forget faces—especially types; and this one is a type. I have seen you together, I am sure. Isn't he that thing which you call in your lingo, a 'stool-pigeon'?"

He wheeled upon Mr. Delorme before Baxter could reply and added rapidly:

"I think, sir, that you should report this affair to the inspector at headquarters. It is plainly a 'put-up' job. This man with handcuffs on his wrists was SENT here."

"Whaddayuh mean by that, Mr. Artist?" Marline demanded, blustering forward.

"I mean that it is quite evident to me that you two plain-clothes men not only knew that this house was to be entered tonight, but it is quite likely that you SENT the burglars here yourselves for some ulterior purposes of your own." Moreaux turned his head and called out: "Lieutenant Muchmore! Bunting! Come here, please."

The two officers thus summoned apparently quickly at the top of the stairway and waited there quietly.

"Lieutenant Muchmore—" Moreaux began, but that officer interrupted him smilingly.

"Captain Muchmore, if you please, Mr. Moreaux," he said. "I received my promotion late this afternoon."

Baxter and Marline glared.

"Good! Capital! I congratulate you, Captain Muchmore! Also, the fact greatly simplifies conditions here. I charge that man—pointing a finger at Bobcat Rickett—"with burglary. I charge those two men, Baxter and Marline, with being accessories to the

crime, and therefore, also, with burglary. Mr. Richard Delorme joins with me in preferring those charges. Tomorrow we will present formal charges to the commissioner. Just now, captain, your duty as the ranking officer present is plain."

Muchmore turned to the two uniformed policemen.

"Take Rickett to the station-house and lock him up," he ordered shortly. "Baxter, you and Marline had better report at headquarters without delay. In the meantime I will telephone in that you are on your way."

Baxter turned away with bowed head and without replying.

Not so Marline. He took a step toward Moreaux, then stopped; but he shook his fist in the air, and every one of his fiery red hairs seemed to bristle as he ground out savagely:

"I'll get your goat yet, Mr. Birge Moreaux, and when I do I'll get it good and hard. You was more'n half responsible for me bein' laid off before, and by—"

Moreaux stepped forward in front of the man.

Marline hesitated, stopped, then turned away and followed Baxter down the stairs.

Just half an hour later—that is to say, at half past two o'clock in the morning—Moreaux, alone, unaccompanied, halted in the street beneath an arc light and attentively examined two small flat keys that he held in the hollow of his hand. He was endeavoring to decide which one of the two he should make use of first.

One of them, he felt assured, would unlock the mystery of the lost wedding presents—but which one? Which one?

He asked himself that question over and over again as he went on his way.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Jewel Worshiper.

After a rapid walk of ten minutes Moreaux came to a stop in front of a low, one-and-a-half story brick structure which once had been a stable, although it was plain that a long time had elapsed since it had been put to such uses. The wide doors seemed to be solidly sealed; but a smaller one had been cut through it, and into the lock of the little door Birge Moreaux fitted one of the keys.

He stepped through quickly, closed the door after him, and then struck a match, and so found the switch of the electric lights.

The room in which he stood extended the entire width and half the depth of the small building. It was the studio, the workroom, of a sculptor.

Busts, figures, groups, plaques, reliefs, many of them finished or half finished and others just begun, and abandoned, were everywhere, on tables, tabourettes, shelves, and even chairs. Mounds of clay waiting to be softened for use were there.

There were some valuable paintings against the walls; there were curios and decorations about the room which evidenced the fact that the sculptor—whatever the sculptor might be—did not depend upon art for a livelihood.

In the left-half of the partition which divided the depth of the building a door was wide open, and through it Moreaux could see a luxuriously appointed lounging room. To the right of the door the partition was concealed by a tapestry of unquestionable richness.

Moreaux, without hesitating, stepped forward and pulled the tapestry aside, and so disclosed a second door, which was locked.

But the small object that Crewe had taken from the oblong silver box in the safe-deposit compartment of Lorna Delorme's room, and which Rickett had not been able to see, was the tiny key to the lock of that door.

Moreaux produced it, opened the door, and so disclosed another door behind it—a door which was unmistakably made of steel, and which was fastened against intruders by a combination lock.

And here Moreaux referred to the small, silver-bound book which, as Crewe, he had been at such pains to procure, and the clasp of which Rickett had forced for him in Lorna's room.

He opened it, turned the thick, gilt-edged leaves rapidly until he found the place he sought, studied the figures he had found for a moment, and then turned his attention again to the steel door, reaching out a hand toward the dial of the combination lock.

But his extended hand paused ere it touched the dial.

Moreaux bent forward and studied it attentively for several seconds.

Then, with a startled intaking of his breath, he grasped the handle of the door below the dial and turned it.

The steel door was not locked! He pulled it open with a jerk—and then, with an exclamation of startled amazement, he sprang through the opening and got down upon one knee and beside a prostrate figure that was lying at full length upon the rug of black velvet that covered the floor.

The prostrate, motionless, unconscious figure on the floor was Lorna Delorme Beverly, the bride of less than three days before.

Moreaux paid no attention to the glittering array of jewels that adorned the walls of that remarkable room, the walls and ceiling and floor of which were entirely covered with black silk-velvet; nor to the ebony pedestals, tall and short, with which the room was littered, each one bearing its precious burden of precious stones.

He lifted Lorna gently in his arms, and carried her into the lounging

room at the other side of the partition; and he saw, when he put her down upon the couch, that she had only fainted, and that nature was rapidly restoring her again to consciousness.

Knowing that she would open her eyes presently to a full realization of her surroundings, he left her and returned to the velvet room and its incalculably valuable contents, where a single cluster of electric bulbs glowed from the middle of the black-bound ceiling overhead.

The riches, the values, the wondrous collection of precious ornaments and stones that were there appalled even Birge Moreaux.

He had anticipated something of the sort, but nothing that approached the reality of it. He knew that Lorna's father was a multimillionaire and that the daughter had ever been unattained in her allowances; but he had expected no such revelation as this.

Nevertheless, he devoted no more than passing glances upon the various treasures of that strange room.

He had gone there to seek the missing wedding presents—for, ever since that time when he had painted Lorna's portrait while she was still a girl, ever since she had gone into such raptures over the wire-gold raja's bracelet, with its setting of a single ruby, and had insisted that it should appear on her arm in the portrait, Birge Moreaux had known her as one who was obsessed by a mania for jewels—a jewel worshiper!

Upon one occasion, two years before that night, he had met her in the street when she was returning to her home from the studio which her father had purchased for her, and which she had reconstructed according to her own designs; for she was an enthusiastic student of sculpture, and had demonstrated considerable talent in the art even then. She had at the time, carried a little silver-bound book under her arm, and in a burst of confidence when he had asked her, "What is inside of the little book with the locked clasps, Lorna?" she had replied:

"It holds all of my most precious secrets, Mr. Moreaux."

And so, when the wedding presents disappeared so mysteriously at the reception, Moreaux had at once surmised that they had been taken by none other than the bride, and that she had reported the loss to him the better to cover up her crime against herself.

And Moreaux had taken this roundabout method for their recovery only because he believed that the outcome of it would result in an absolute cure of her mania.

He had confidently anticipated finding the lost jewels in the secret room of Lorna's studio. He had not at all expected to find HER there.

But Lorna WAS there, notwithstanding the fact that she was supposed to be traveling westward in her father's private car—and a quick though thorough search convinced Moreaux that the lost jewels were not there.

A slight sound attracted him, and he turned quickly.

Lorna was standing in the doorway of the jewel room, clinging with clenched fingers to the casing. Her face was as white as glabaster. Her eyes were wide, frightened, appealing. Her lips parted, and she breathed spasmodically.

Moreaux went quickly to her, and he led her gently and unresistingly again to the lounging-room.

"Wait a moment, Lorna," he said then, "and don't be frightened," and he returned to the jewel-room, snapped off the lights, closed the steel door, twirled the dial, drew the tapestry into place over it, and went back to her.

His first question was a natural one. "How does it happen that I find you here?" he asked her.

She did not weep, but she stared long and intently at him before she replied: "Then—"

"I—I was half-crazed by the thought that the wire-gold bracelet, the lavalier, and the other jewels might not have been delivered—might be lost," she faltered, still staring into Moreaux's eyes unblinkingly.

"I was possessed by the fear of it. We were detained two hours at Detroit. Jerry left me alone to make some purchases. A through train to New York was standing upon another track, ready to pull out. I scribbled a hasty note to Jerry, seized my little hand-bag, and—I came back here on that train."

"I told Jerry to wait there for me. I explained to him in that note I wrote exactly why I was returning. I told him the truth—that I had stolen my own jewels. It was incoherent; but it was plain, and it was the truth."

When I arrived in New York I telegraphed to him to go to a telephone at the Wayne hotel across the street. Then I waited two hours, and talked to him. He will wait there for me. He says he understands. Oh, isn't he good? Isn't he?"

"Then I came here. I don't know what time it was—midnight, I think, or later."

But Lorna, why did you come here? Surely, you did not expect to find the jewels here? You had no opportunity to bring them here from the reception," Moreaux said quietly.

"No. But I did put them in a round leather case, which I wrapped and addressed to myself. Then I wrapped that and addressed it to the woman who takes care of the studio for me—and she comes here every day and stays until evening. I wrote a hasty note, telling her what to do with the package and where to put it."

"But she did not receive it. I went to her house and roused her when I found that the package was not here. She had neither seen it nor heard of it."

"The man to whom I gave it to forward for me did not send it or deliver it—and I have not the least idea who he was, although he was properly presented to me. Then—then, Mr. Moreaux I came here again. I went into the jewel-room and closed the door after me—and that is all I know until—until—"

"I understand, Lorna. Now, tell me: You gave the package to one of the guests to mail for you?"

"Yes, yes; but—"

"And you do not know who the gentleman was?"

"No. He was a stranger. I don't think I had ever seen him before. That was why I selected him for my messenger. An acquaintance might have thought it strange."

"Can you describe him, Lorna?"

"No. No, I cannot. I was excited, nervous, distraught, bewildered—miserably ashamed of what I had done, but alive to the fact that it was too late then to remedy it. Oh, Mr. Moreaux! Birge, help me! Tell me what I must do. I have been insane, but this experience has cured me. I will strip that room of everything it contains. I will have the steel door removed. Tell me what I must do!"

"And the lost jewels?" Moreaux asked quietly.

"Let them go. I will explain it all to Jerry and papa. Nobody else need know."

"Have you eaten anything since—when?"

"Yes, I have eaten. I am not hungry. I need nothing."

"Then I will leave you here until morning, Lorna. You can make yourself some tea over the alcohol burner there. I will leave you now. I will send a telegram to Jerry within a few hours. I will ask him to meet you at the station in Buffalo, and I will return here for you at eight o'clock. In the meantime brew yourself a cup of tea, and then go to sleep."

"But—why need you leave me? It is almost morning now. See—it is nearly half past three."

"I MUST leave you, Lorna."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to make one more effort to recover the lost jewels," he replied gently.

"Oh, if you only could! And yet I don't much care now. I have been all my life a jewel worshiper. It is a mania, and it is horrible! I have sat in that black room by the hour, all alone, gloating, gloating, gloating, until every fiber in me burned and glowed just like the stones I worshipped. But all that is past now, thank God! Oh, thank God for it!"

Moreaux picked up his hat.

Lorna sprang from the couch and went hastily to him, resting her hands upon his shoulders, and with her beautiful face dangerously near to his; and he pushed her away from him, almost roughly.

"Birge," she said quietly, but with conviction, "next to Jerry and papa, I love you more than anybody in the world."

A moment later that Birge Moreaux was again in the street.

CHAPTER XV.

The Third Key.

His errand, then, took him to that part of the city which is known as Greenwich village to a house in Charles street, which must be numberless here.

He opened the outer door with an old-fashioned brass latch-key that he had taken from the pocket of the sleeping Sindahr in the room over the saloon down at Crewe's.

He had for a long time had the impression in wax of the flat key that went with it—the third of the three keys that Christy secured for him. The procurement of that impression long ago had been a mere matter of expediency, when the opportunity had offered itself to secure it.

Inside the house—it was then nearly four in the morning—he ascended to the top floor and halted before a door which was securely fastened with a Yale lock; but the third key fitted it perfectly, and he passed inside the room.

Every characteristic of the juggler was visible there: implements and various paraphernalia of his trade, Oriental ornaments and curios, odd weapons, and a medley of articles that were entirely foreign to Moreaux.

He paid little heed to any of them beyond a mere glance; but his eyes roved rapidly from place to place, seeking the most likely receptacle for the stolen jewels, for since his talk with Lorna and her statement that the man to whom she had given the package was an entire stranger, whose description she could not even recall, Moreaux had not a doubt of his identity.

More than likely the Count Suchni was the only man present at that reception whose face at least she did not know.

Nevertheless the search was not a simple one.

Sindahr was crafty and shrewd. Where would a man who was both crafty and shrewd be most likely to conceal such small articles as the lavalier, the tiara, the bandeau, and the two bracelets?

We need not describe the search more than to say that within a short time the interior of that room was in a state of utter confusion, for as he searched various articles he hustled each one into the middle of the floor

lest he waste moments in searching them a second time.

A leather case, containing an E-flat cornet, remained when it seemed to Moreaux that he had examined everything else that was there; and—well, he found what he sought, tightly wedged in the bell of the cornet, and covered by the soft cloth which was kept for polishing the instrument.

Did he take those jewels away with him? Not a bit of it. He had made a promise to two certain men of his acquaintance, and Moreaux believed in keeping his word.

He replaced them in the bell of the horn and returned that to its case. Then, leaving the room still in disorder, he left the house, hurried to the elevated station at Eighth street, and traveled as quickly as possible to police headquarters.

"I wish to see Captain Muchmore and Detective Bunting as soon as possible," he told the man in charge of the desk at the bureau. "If you can communicate with either of them by telephone or otherwise—"

"Muchmore is asleep on the couch in the skipper's room right now," the lieutenant at the desk interrupted him. "You are Mr. Moreaux, I believe?"

"Yes."

"It was late when Muchmore got in, and he had to be here early in the morning, so he took a shake-down in there. Also, he said that you might possibly telephone to him—that you suggested that you would."

Moreaux was already moving toward the door of the inspector's private office. "Thank you," he said over his shoulder and passed inside.

"Here are two keys, Muchmore," he said when the captain was aroused. "The brass one fits the door of number—Charles street. The flat one unlocks the door nearest to the top of the second flight of stairs. Inside of that room, in a corner near the window, is a leather case containing an E-flat cornet, and in the bell of that horn you will find the missing jewels. You had better send for Bunting, and go there without delay."

"Good gracious, Mr. Moreaux! How in the world—"

"Wait, please. I have not finished—and never mind how."

"Very well, sir. But I'll take off my hat to you if this is correct."

"It is correct, as you will discover. Now listen! When you have recovered the jewels make a list of them and bring them here. Then at eleven o'clock, or shortly after—before twelve, certainly—go to Crewe's. If Crewe is not there—but he probably will be—ask for Christy for the key to the room over the saloon, where Sindahr is now, and will be then, asleep."

"Wait a moment. There is one more thing. I do not want Sindahr arrested and prosecuted, but I do want him to be sent out of the city, and out of the country; also, I want you and Bunting to get the credit for this affair, as I promised."

"But that is not—"

"Yes, it is. Pardon me. If you will go personally to the commissioner and prefer the request that I have made, I feel sure that he will grant it. But I want you to frighten the life out of Sindahr, so that when he is sent away he will never attempt to return to this country. Can you do that?"

"Can I? Say, you watch my smoke. Say, what about Crewe in this affair?"

"This about Crewe, Captain Muchmore: Without his aid we might never have recovered the lost jewels. I will say that much and no more in regard to his connection with the affair. But you know that, as a principle of his not to permit an arrest to be made in his place, and if he has seen fit to betray one thief to us we must stand to the agreement I made with him in regard to that thief; nor is it to be assumed that he will betray others in the same ready manner. I happen to know that he is as anxious to rid the community of Sindahr as—as we are."

"And the jewels? What is to be done with them finally?"

"After you have shown them to your chief, and to the commissioner, take them to Mr. Richard Delorme, and tell him how and where they were found. My name need not be mentioned—nor Crewe's. You understand?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Moreaux."

Moreaux returned for Lorna at eight o'clock, took her to breakfast, and then to the train for Buffalo, for he had telegraphed to Fitzgerald Beverly as soon as he left police headquarters.

"Lorna," he said to her when they were about to part, "you need confess to nobody but your husband. Your father need never know, and it is better that he should not. The man to whom you gave the package to mail was a professional thief who was sent to your wedding reception for a special purpose."

"Besides being a thief, he is also a sleight-of-hand performer—a juggler. He gives lessons in the art. Jerry Beverly, your husband, has been one of his pupils; his friend Ross MacGregor has been another. They have studied it, apparently, merely for the pleasure—it could afford them in entertaining their friends."

"Young men are fond of doing such things. But, nevertheless, for a time, I was not sure that either Jerry or young MacGregor might not be jewel-worshippers, too—and I was not entirely sure that you were."

"Never again, Mr. Moreaux," she replied with a shy smile. "Oh, how can I thank you?"

"By being the happiest little wife in the world, and by making Jerry the happiest of husbands," was the quick reply. And then the train began to move.

Crewe was behind his bar, at 11:45 that forenoon, when Muchmore and Bunting entered the place in South Fifth Avenue.

"I will go up-stairs with you," he announced when told of their errand; and he led the way, in fact.

Sindahr was still asleep, but a few hearty shakes aroused him, and he sat up, rubbing his eyes sleepily.

Muchmore held out his hands, containing the recovered jewels, and the miracle worker's eyes dilated with terror.

He began instantly an attempt to explain how he came by them, but Crewe stopped him.

"You are not to be arrested and imprisoned, Sindahr," he said coldly. "You are to be sent out of the country, never to return, so you need not try to lie out of it. There is no occasion for that. There is a ship that starts for Italy this afternoon. From Genoa you can get a P. and O. steamer for Bombay. If you ever show up in this country again you will be locked up—in it, take it from me."

That is all.

The records show that Baxter and Marline were both dismissed from the force, but whether because of the specific acts in association with Bobcat Rickett, or because of an accumulation of misdeeds of like character, and worse, cannot be said.

Late that same evening Birge Moreaux called upon Mr. Richard Delorme at his home, and was properly amazed to hear that the lost jewels had been returned, and just how, and when, and where, they were recovered; and the old gentleman concluded his tale by saying:

"I telegraphed the good news to Lorna at once. And say, Birge, the remarkable thing about it all is that the cameo brooch was with them. Lorna will be delighted."

[THE END.]

Whisky has caused many a man to go to work—in order to get the price.

"The Girl in the Other Seat"

by Henry Kitchell Webster

A thrilling love story crammed full of action—will be the next Serial Story offered by

THE HERALD

watch for the opening chapters.

WOMAN 81 YEARS OLD

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Greenville, S. C.—"I want others to know of the great benefit I have derived from Vinol. I am 81 years old and Vinol has given me strength, a healthy appetite and overcome nervousness. It is the best tonic reconstitutor I ever used."—Mrs. M. A. HUTCHINSON.

Vinol is a delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil, guaranteed to overcome run down, weak, debilitated conditions and for chronic coughs and colds.

W. C. Spring Drug Co., East Jordan

"TIZ" FOR ACHING, SORE, TIRED FEET

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelling 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, acts right off. "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous crustations which puff up the feet. Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel.

Any drug or 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any grocery 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.

Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel.

Any drug or 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any grocery 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.

Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel.

BILLION GERMS IN DISH ICE CREAM

KANSAS UNIVERSITY BACTERIOLOGIST EXPERIMENTS WITH MICROBES SIX MONTHS

THE COLD DOES NOT KILL THEM

They Live In Ice and Continue to Multiply Rapidly, He Says in Bulletin

Topeka, Kan.—When one goes into the corner drug store and purchases a dish of ice cream he purchases, in addition to the cream, 2,522,666,666 germs. That is the number of microbes found by Prof. F. H. Billings of the Kansas University Bacteriological laboratories in 10 cents worth of fresh ice cream.

Prof. Billings has been conducting experiments in germs in ice cream for six months, and his conclusions are that there are never less than 2,500,000,000 of kicking, squirming microbes in the average dish of ice cream, not more than a day old. As the age of the cream increases the more bugs one gets for the same money. The smallest number of microbes found in ice cream three days old was 3,941,666,666. These figures are for the cleanest, purest, and best of ice cream that Prof. Billings could buy.

The Kansas University has just sent out a bulletin on the germs to be found in ice cream, prepared by Prof. Billings, to show the results of his experiments. The bulletin says:

"Cold is unquestionably unfavorable to the activity of the germs, but the experiments showed that germs are the most resistant to extremes of temperature of all known organisms. Often one thinks nothing of using ice from a river when one would not think of drinking the water from the same stream. The process of freezing removes some of the germs but others will live in the ice all summer and have their activity restored when they are put into a pitcher with the ice to make a cooling drink.

"The experiments proved that germs increased in number in stored ice cream. A sample of fresh ice cream tested 16,000,000 germs to the cubic centimeter. After three days storage in a frozen state the number of germs in the same sample had gone up to 25,000,000 germs to each cubic centimeter. This equals 2,522,666,666 germs to the ordinary dish of fresh ice cream and 3,941,666,666 microbes to the same sized dish of cream three days old.

Tuberculosis germs have lived for 45 days in the laboratories when they were kept at a temperature of 345 degrees below freezing. The germs lost none of their vitality or virulence in that time. Other germs have stood equally severe tests without injury.

"Cold cannot be depended upon as a germ exterminator, but the winter is a bad time for the microbes. They have fewer opportunities to get in their deadly work. The cold weather renders the germs less active and they are not so harmful. Sufficient use of ice during the summer will stop the ravages of the germs in warm weather. It is impossible to find milk that is free from germs. Some milk has many millions less germs than other milk, depending upon the sanitary conditions of the dairy and how the milk is handled. The fifth germs kill many bottle fed infants and infant mortality is most prevalent in warm weather, when the germs are most active. Keeping the milk cold in warm weather does not reduce the number; in fact, it increases the number, but it makes the germs less active and hence less harmful.

IDENTIFIED BY HER BIG TOE

Woman Convines Relatives She Was Child Kidnapped 31 Years Ago.

San Francisco.—By a mishap great toe and a birth mark, Mrs. G. E. Kostadt established her identity as Annie Mooney, who was kidnapped from her parents in this city 31 years ago, when she was five years old, kept by Chinese for several years and rescued by police from a trunk in which she was hidden.

After her rescue Annie was adopted by a Portuguese family. Her foster mother died when she was 14 years old, and four years later Annie married Kostadt. James Mooney, her father and others offered rewards aggregating \$2000 at the time of the child's disappearance. Mooney and his wife died several years ago.

Alderman Henry A. Lewis of Bridgeport, Conn., is said to own a cat which is part Angora and the rest just plain cat, and which is so strictly vegetarian that it refuses to eat meat or any delicacy covered with meat gravy, but relishes corn on the cob, turnips, cold potatoes and watermelon rinds.

Charles H. Heaps of Oxford, Mass., on Thursday evening bought an acre of land; Friday morning he bought some lumber, and had it on the ground by noon and with the help of his wife who held the uprights, he finished a two room house, 15 feet by 30, and moved his furniture into the building by Saturday night.

TRUCK FARMER CROSSES TOMATO AND EGG PLANT

Texas Believes Consumers Will Give This New Vegetable Warm Welcome.

La Marque, Tex.—P. Dan George, a truck farmer of this place, has succeeded in producing a new variety of vegetable by grafting the tomato plant upon the eggplant. The product of this blending of plant types is a vegetable that in some respects resembles the eggplant and in other ways is typical of the tomato.

Mr. George has one-half acre devoted to eggplant tomatoes, as he calls the new garden product. The yield is enormous. The fruit of the cross-blend plant is of deep purple color on the outside, closely resembling the eggplant product in that respect, but the meat on the inside is red.

The fruit is almost entirely free of seed. In size the new product is much larger than any of the different varieties of the commercial tomato. Each plant grows to a height of five or seven feet and puts on an enormous crop of fruit.

Mr. George claims that the new vegetable will receive warm welcome from the consumers of the country. It was quite by accident that he made the discovery that the two plants could be crossed. He was growing the young plants in beds early this spring, and one day, for want of something to do, he grafted a tomato plant upon an eggplant, never thinking for a moment that the merged plant would grow. Greatly to his surprise he saw that the grafting was a great success. He immediately grafted enough plants to set a half acre in them.

FEATHER BED TRUST

Farmers' Wives Fall For Scheme and Later Make Heartrending Discoveries.

Toronto, Ont.—Ever hear of the Feather Bed Trust? Of course you didn't. No one ever hears of trusts nowadays. Still, the Feather Bed Trust is a different sort. You see, it isn't a trust with an enormous capitalization, and one of those fancy interlocking directorates, it's just a simple little organization of a few manufacturers here in Canada and the States. They met a little time ago, and portioned out the continent, so much for each firm.

The way they make their money is delightfully old fashioned in its homely simplicity. The agent of the trust, a suave young gentleman, takes his group of assistants into an Ontario town. Any small Ontario town you know of will do. He rents a vacant house or store, sets up a steam cleaning boiler and other washing devices for washing feather beds, and then, three or four bottles in his pockets goes off to work the town and countryside.

He shows this urbane young chap, his bottles to some housewife, who has read a lot about cleanliness and hygiene. One bottle shows a feather as it comes direct from the pelt of the innocent chicken. Bottle No. 2 shows a little spot developing into a nest of germs, and the other exhibits continue the fearful lesson.

For a couple of dollars each feather bed in the house will be cleaned. A wagon waits without, and away goes the beds to the steam cleaning plant. They are washed well, give the trust credit for doing that. But the feathers are blown full of very live steam, and they swell. When the time comes to stuff the fluffy feathers back into their cases only about half can be crammed in. The other half is shipped to a Toronto factory, where feather beds are made.

The housewife gets back her feather bed. For six months it is soft and lovely. Then it develops their spots and lumps. About this time a new young salesman comes into the town selling factory made feather beds. He knows just where to make sales.

Funny isn't it, that all the best money making ideas are comely and simple.

BILLY GOAT IS BOSS OF TOWN

Puts Pedestrians to Flight and Ties Up Street Traffic.

Kokomo, Ind.—A billy goat tied up traffic here as effectively as the street car strike did in Chicago. The goat broke away from a colored man who was leading it at the transfer corner.

The conductors of two cars standing there were on the sidewalk at the time. They started for their cars and the goat started for them. The men "beat it" for a candy store and won.

The goat then turned his attention to several pedestrians and soon made a scatterment. About this time patrolmen Elkins and Webb came along.

Webb lived on a farm and knew the habits of the goat. He kept in the rear. Elkins bravely went forward to capture the goat. He managed to seize the animal by the head and tried to go with him to the station. Every time he pulled the goat started to butt him. He held on for several minutes, afraid to let go, until the owner of the goat relieved him.

Nelson H. Balcom, a Cleveland, O., court stenographer, has made a long distance record on the typewriter by working twenty-eight hours without a rest. In that time he made out a duplicate jury list of five thousand names and addresses.

James Carrol of Tacoma Washington drove a motor car weighing one and one-half tons down a wooden staircase of seven steps.

TO RE-ESTABLISH RUINED VINEYARDS.

Government Study of Varieties and Methods Best Suited to Phylloxera in California.

Two hundred thousand acres of vineyards planted with European vines, it is estimated, have been destroyed in California by phylloxera since its introduction into this country. Except in the case of vineyards which can be flooded cheaply and the insect killed in this way, the only means of reestablishing these vineyards is to grow the European varieties on native stocks that are resistant to phylloxera.

To assist grape growers to do this the United States Department of Agriculture has just published bulletin No. 209, "Testing Grape Varieties in the Vineiferous Regions of the United States," which records the results of investigations carried on at a number of experiment vineyards in the last four or five years. The chief feature of this bulletin is a series of extensive tables showing the behavior of the important European varieties of grapes when grown on their own roots and also when grafted on the various stock varieties whose roots are resistant to phylloxera. It is, of course, important to know the relative relationship of stock and scion and the behavior of each variety towards the resistant stocks on which it may be grafted, and it is this information which the tables already mentioned furnish.

In the past the lack of this information as to the best varieties and stocks for special conditions has rendered useless the efforts of grape growers to reestablish vineyards which have been destroyed by phylloxera. The growers planted varieties that were not resistant, or used the wrong resistant for the locality, or selected stocks that were not suitable for the varieties grafted on them. These and similar mistakes have prevented the more widespread use of resistant varieties as stocks. The information now collected and

published by the Department of Agriculture, however, should render such mistakes unnecessary in the future.

A HEN WONDER

Recently a Pennsylvania poultry breeder was offered and refused \$12,000 for a hen. Perhaps most people will have no trouble in finding a brief and suitable description of the two gentlemen who met on this occasion and parted without transacting business. It is asserted that eggs from this hen will sell from \$100 to \$150 apiece. And here a few words of Solomon might be fittingly quoted. The right words will readily occur to those who are familiar with the scriptures and other folks will profit by a search for them.—Stockman and Farmer.

Soil Requirement of the Apple.

The statement that "a given variety of apple, for the most successful growth within its general climatic region, requires a certain kind of condition of soil" seems incontrovertible, inasmuch as it is so well substantiated by orchard results under a wide range of conditions. The reason why this should be so is not so easily stated. It seems to depend fundamentally upon the water-holding capacity, or rather the moisture coefficient, of the soil. The capacity of a soil to hold capillary water, which is the only kind plant growth can use, depends on (1) the soil texture, meaning the size of the soil grains; (2) the soil structure or the grouping of these tiny grains into clusters, thus making it granular; (3) the amount of humus in the soil; and (4) the degree of soil tilth, which is a combined effect of the foregoing and tillage.

Crown gall nearly always makes its first appearance on young trees in the nursery. The microscopic organ-

isms attack the roots, causing an abnormal growth or a development of rough irregular galls. This trouble should not be confused with galls arising from the injury of the woolly aphid. Every tree before planting should be inspected with the greatest care and if galls of any size are found the tree should be burned. When infected trees are planted the disease usually becomes more serious from year to year, materially reducing the vigor of the tree.

It is a very bad policy to feed hens nothing but corn, but it is being done by many. Feed a variety, feed grain in litter, making them work for all they get, and do not forget green food. It may be a little extra work, but it is cheaper and more profitable.

The farmer who is bound to make ministers, doctors, lawyers, etc., of his sons has no right to complain about the scarcity of harvest hands.

Don't complain if you lose some of your grain sacks at the mill—if you have not marked them. Have every bag plainly marked.

Selling milk is selling fertility. It's all right if it is brought back in feeds and fertilizers—but soil poverty must follow otherwise.

The hill system of strawberry culture is gaining in popularity. It results in large berries that command large prices.

Any woman can keep an expense account but not more than one in a thousand can make it tally with her cash.

In looking backward a woman sees only the bright places in her past, and a man sees only the high spots in his.

VIRGINIA FARMER

Restored To Health By Vinol
Atlee, Va.—I was weak, run-down, no appetite, my blood was poor, I could not sleep nights and was rapidly losing flesh, but I am a farmer and had to work. Medicine had failed to help me until I took Vinol. After taking three bottles my appetite is fine, I sleep well, my blood is good and I am well again.
—ORLANDO W. BORKET.

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W. C. Spring Drug Co., East Jordan

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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.
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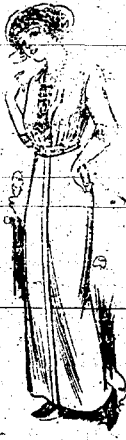
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Our entire stock of these celebrated garments, consisting of velvet corduroys in all colors, plush and astrachan—1915 fall and winter models—will be offered at reduced prices.



Special Opening Sale of Ladies HOUSE AND STREET Dresses \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 values at 69c ea.



Outing Flannels

Our entire stock of 12c and 10c Outing Flannels, in all colors for 8c yd. 8c Outing Flannels at 6c 6c and 5c Flannels at 4½c.

Ladies' Fleeced Union Suits



with low neck and short sleeves, 45c Heavy Fleeced Union Suits, same style 90c Ladies' Heavy Wool Union Suits, white or silver, \$2.50 values Opening Sale \$2.

Dress Goods Opening Sale

Several Patterns of Wool Plaids, regular 50c values, Opening Sale 39c yard 18c Figured Kimona Crepes, Opening Sale 14c 40-inch Wool Crepes, \$1.00 value at 79c yard Extra Best Percales, yard wide, 15c value, 11½c ALL OUR SUMMER WASH GOODS will be closed out at cut prices.

One lot Ladies' Shoes

sizes 2¼ to 4½—up to \$3.00 in values, for the Opening Sale only 69c pair

Blankets!

55c Blankets at 44c \$1.00 at 89c \$1.25 at \$1.00 \$2.00 at \$1.65 \$3.00 at \$2.49 \$4.00 at \$3.39

Blankets!

75c Blankets at 59c \$1.50 at \$1.19 \$3.50 at \$2.98 \$5.00 at \$4.19

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75 Young Men's Suits, sizes 33 to 36 values up to \$15.00. Opening Sale price \$4.98 Men's Heavy Woolen Pants—extra special 98c \$1.50 values at Opening Sale only Men's Hats—up to \$2.00 values—at our Opening Sale, only 98c

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